

Evolution 166

Chapter 166: The Abyssal Lost Nest...Conquered.

Lord Idriss turned his back on everything that was cut in half, his stone-cold expression melting at his father's wide back.

He stood next to him, watching as the heat turned his father's statue into fine dust. His eyes trailed the dust as it faded into nothingness...

"I hated you for not being around when I was young... But I have realized late just how much responsibility and burden were on your shoulders... I only wish you were still around to help you carry some of it." Lord Idriss whispered with a faint, bitter smile, "Rest in peace, old man... Your legacy shall live on."

As his voice echoed away, Lord Idriss's body began to shut down... Blood Fusion Aspect was immensely powerful for the right ones, but the damage done to one's body wasn't for the faint-hearted.

At the moment, Lord Idriss could feel that his organs were being melted off and healed simultaneously, which wasn't a pleasant sensation.

The only reason he was still alive was due to his Dominion's empowerment. Yet, Lord Idriss didn't hesitate to leave it, knowing that a job wasn't done.

Lord Idriss refused to rely on his Dominion at the start of the raid to avoid leaving his wife, daughter, and people under the enemies' mercy while he was too weak to move.

For all he knew, Grave'Maw might have wanted him to fight in the Rift of Binding Laws to deal with his people properly.

The instant he stepped out of the rippling spiritual tree's trunk, he found himself falling underground. When he landed, a soft, flowery cushion awaited him.

It was like a safe underground pocket amidst the rubble, ensuring that he wouldn't get crushed by the mountain's weight in his weakened state.

No one was around, but Lord Idriss still chuckled with a pained cough, "Thanks, Darling."

Madam Naima's voice resounded in his mind, 'Don't talk, drink this.'

A vine slithered next to him with an already prepared high-grade recovery totem. Lord Idriss drank it at once and remained lying there, feeling a cool breeze wash over his burning body.

When one reached Lord Idriss's current level, they prepared the best possible recovery totems for their most anticipated injuries.

After he started feeling slightly less shitty, Lord Idriss asked his wife about the updates on his main army and Seraphis' squad.

Madam Naima told him that she had just received some crazy news from Velmira when he was in the Rift of Binding Laws.

'There is so much to unpack... But one thing is assured.' Madam Naima reported with a faint smile as she stood some distance away from the crumbled mountain, 'We have won, and all surviving members are safe and sound.'

'For now... That's all the news I wanted to hear.' Sighed Lord Idriss, 'Now, when are you getting me out of here?'

'Sit tight, it might be a while.' Madam Naima teased.

After the dimensional call ended, Lord Idriss remained lying under the rubble, his thoughts roaming about someone else.

Someone who shouldn't have any relation to this expedition. Yet, he was there, he was always there...

'Should I check or wait until he calls? If he is right, he should have it by now...'

Sometime ago... Right when Sir Alaric contacted Grave'Maw.

Lord Darius and his people were seen engaging in a chaotic war against poisonous nightcrawlers of many insect species.

The Sunstrike Daywalkers were holding strong... Already preparing many anti-poison totems and such.

However, just when victory seemed on the other side, the nest's Lord, Ha'vek, shouted murderously, "Dariuss!! How dare you disturb my hibernation!"

"Monsters have no rights for a sleep schedule." Lord Darius responded calmly.

"Then, none of you will have the right to live..." Ha'vek said, his voice low.

Before anyone could react, Ha'vek snatched Lord Darius into his Dominion of Slumbering Toxins, leaving the Sunstrike army on its own.

"Do not falter! Our lord will emerge victorious!" Sir Alaric inspired, taking the commander's role.

Masai and the rest of the Sunstrike troops shouted back and continued assaulting the insects' army, slaughtering them left and right!

'It's time...'

Sir Alaric suddenly picked up on the shift in atmosphere... The wind started flowing differently and had gotten thicker with a green hue.

The Sunstrike troops soon began to notice it too, but none of them felt worried. In their eyes, their anti-poison cleansing stationary totems were capable of cleaning even the vilest poison out there.

Alas...

The green gas was no poison... It smelled like it, it might taste like it, but the cleansing totems didn't consider it as such.

That's because it was a peculiar type of gas like air... It did nothing once absorbed, however... The instant it was exposed to water.

'I hope the main squad survives at least...' Sir Alaric murmured one last time with an extended palm, watching a drop of water fall on it.

Rittle... Rittle.

Rain was here, and yet, no one paid it any attention... But this time, rain commanded everyone's respect as the moment a raindrop touched any infected Daywalker or Insect, an unnatural agony assaulted everyone.

Arghhhh!!! AAAAA!!! My stomach!

Confused, pained, and fearful gasps echoed across the battlefield as everyone dropped to the ground, holding their stomach tightly.

Daywalkers glanced at their closest allies for help, just to be horrified at the sight of withered green vines popping out of their bodies.

Thud! Thud!...

By the tens... The Daywalkers collapsed, pronounced dead. Yet, the horrifying vines were still piercing holes through their bodies, turning them into an unrecognizable monstrosity.

The insect army was no different, suffering from a similar fate.

Only a couple of Warden Daywalkers and Nest's Tier 4 nightcrawlers managed to survive this fate, using multiple ways.

Some relied on their spiritual auras to crush the vines within them. Some used their powers to cut off the water supply for the vines, and the list goes on.

However, they were still weakened, and the vines refused to die out completely.

Sir Alaric was one of them... Forced to suffer a similar fate to sell the illusion.

"Cough! Re... treat... We have been infected!"

Sir Alaric shouted amidst his harsh coughing, pulling out a recovery totem to kill the multiplying parasites within him.

"Argh... What is this..."

The surviving few squad captains grouped up around Sir Alaric, their bodies a hellish battlefield against the parasitic invasion.

"I have no clue..." Sir Alaric gritted his teeth, his eyes affixed on the two spiritual trees, "The bastard must have taken our Lord in his Dominion to ensure our death!"

The others nodded, their expressions gloomy.

They knew if Lord Darius was around, his spiritual prowess was potent enough that he might be able to notice the peculiar gas or even kill the parasites before causing any damage.

"Let's leave quickly... I have left him a message."

Sir Alaric turned his back on the expedition and retreated with what remained of his agency.

The noisy battlefield from before was silenced at once... humans and insects. Once at war against each other, now fallen next to each other, as parasitic worms kept emerging out of their bodies with a blood-red hue...

They resembled withered vines before, but now... They appeared as long, healthy worms, ready to release another round of the same gas.

But, just as instincts were about to take over their minds, Lord Darius emerged, wounded, weakened, and armor tainted in wicked acidic green poison.

He shouted, his voice cracking up, "Enough!"

His spiritual pressure was unleashed, and all the parasitic worms were killed at once, their bodies turning limp... Then, he coughed out blood, its hue looking sickly green.

Lord Darius stood up with great difficulty, his despairing eyes tracing across the silent battlefield and over the dried-out corpses of his agency members.

"Everyone... Everyone is gone." He mumbled, his voice nothing but a masterwork of art... An actor so convincing, not even Leonardo DiCaprio could hold it against him.

Suddenly, Ha'vek emerged from his Dominion, not as wounded or weakened as Lord Darius.

"To cancel your own Dominion while knowing of the grave repercussions on your body and soul... Are you bold or dumb?" He asked, his tone filled with ridicule.

Lord Darius remained silent, his eyes never leaving his fallen people.

"Oh... Are you a fan of my nest's trap mechanism? Rootlurk Worms... A parasitic organism that lays microscopic eggs in a gas form." He shared with a proud smirk, "Once released, even my nest's army suffers an instant death, but I don't care... I can always build a new one."

"Unlike you."

Lord Darius tightened his grip and turned around, facing the smug-looking Ha'vek. He was a Tier 5 humanoid butterfly with transparent green striped wings, long hairy legs, and antennae curling inward with hundreds of sensors.

"Ha'vek... You might have won the battle... But not the war." Lord Darius uttered at last, his tone as chilling as it could get, "I will be back... You can count on it."

"Be back?" Ha'vek sneered as he rushed at him. "You ain't going nowhere."

Before he could catch him, Lord Darius was encased in golden light and dissolved into particles, disappearing at once.

"Tsk, he really used a Grade A totem... Aetherlink," Ha'vek clicked his tongue. "He wants the refined blood bad, huh..."