

## **Darkness 731**

### Chapter 731 The Wall

Two Days Later.

There was an army surrounding all four sides of a region that spanned 60 kilometers in total perimeter filled with many mountains and mines at their foot while being inhabited by over 100 thousand people.

Among this populace, at least 40% belonged to the same species as the clients that came to visit the Misthios guild recently.

This place was called Lukania, the home of the Lukion species and the lands ruled by the Grayborne tribe.

Swoom!

Swoom!

Few flying ships passed over the air as people from Misthios guild arrived. However, their entire envoy of 300 people only had 1 Saint.

"Tch! The Misthios guild leader is mocking us it seems. Sending only one Saint while others in the past couldn't even stop the monster tide with 3 saints." complained one of the members of the main council.

The people who followed Orion Grayborne back then were all the members of the Tribe Council who appeared during their previous meeting.

"At least they accepted our request while others declined it even after we begged them.

Even the 12 Valkyries refused to accept this job, saying the pay wasn't enough for this level of battle." refuted another council member who seemed much older than the former.

"No time to quarrel among ourselves. The guild leader boasted that this Commander of his will be able to finish the task.

If not, we don't have to pay them a single itikar. It's not like we're losing out much.

The only issue is... protecting the lives of our people and our settlements that get decimated every year." spoke Orion in a somber voice.

Thud!

Thud!

The flying ship descended and Sigurd's tall figure walked out. To the Lukions, he was a Demi-Human, a rank above them in the social hierarchy so they all gave a respectful bow.

"Let me investigate the terrain first and I also want all the intel about entry points for the monster tide." spoke Sigurd aka Blackwall and quickly disappeared.

1 hour later.

A scenario akin to a war council came to be where Sigurd received the requested intel.

"So that's how it is. No wonder other guilds didn't accept this job.

You have to fight on 4 fronts at the same time with at least 5 to 8 thousand warriors while killing the monsters as well as guarding the people inside the settlements.

Why didn't you build a wall to protect your borders yet?" he iterated and asked.

"We couldn't. The dungeons appeared only 9 years ago and most of the region has hundreds of deep mines.

Excavation of ground to build walls would only cause landslides and the territory would be destroyed.

If not for that issue, we would've built a wall already." responded Orion.

"I see. Then I have a proposition." spoke Sigurd in a stern voice, his confident and domineering gaze landing on all the Lukions in the room.

He then proposed them a method but all the listeners only had their eyes and mouths wide open.

"Impossible! If you can do that, I swear in my tribe's name that we will pay your guild triple the amount!" declared Orion Grayborne.

"Ha ha! Just make sure that no one is in those regions and nobody bothers me during my work.

I'll be done by tomorrow morning and we will be ready for the monster tide." declared Sigurd nonchalantly and left the building.

His figure soon disappeared as he headed to work on the deal he just made. As for the Lukions going back on their word... he wasn't worried in the slightest because he was a saint in their eyes, more than capable enough to destroy their entire territory if they did not hold the end of the deal.

The Next Morning.

The leaders and all the people inside Lukania had a look of disbelief, everyone gossiping about the same thing.

Out of nowhere and without even making any noticeable noises or damage to their lands... the entirety of the 60 kilometers of the region now had 50 meters tall walls surrounding the territory from all sides.

And on top of it, these walls were made out of hard metal, minerals and ores that were extremely hard to combine.

Even if the entire Grayborne tribe had invested their time in building such walls surrounding their lands... it would've taken them at least a couple of years and not to mention the manufacturing costs and other expenses.

"How? When?" asked Orion to his people.

"He did it all in the dark of the night.

Not only that... there are deep pits surrounding the walls outside and our experts found that those pits are filled with thousands of spikes made from solid rocks.

If a monster tide comes... forget climbing the wall, most of them would not even be able to cross the pits themselves.

The entire Lukania... is now an Impregnable Fortress." reported the head of intel from the Tribe Council.

Swoosh!

Just then, Sigurd appeared in front of their group. He didn't explain how he did it... but the actions spoke for themselves.

What they didn't know was that Blackwall had used Earth Sense skill to check the terrain and chose which places he could extract the minerals and ores from.

Then he used Terrain Manipulation skill to create these massive walls.

And finally, he used Mineral Transmutation skill to change them entirely into solid metallic walls that could also be used as a place to monitor the borders like a watchtower.

The deep pits, all of which were more than 5 meters in width alone were actually where he took the source material for the construction from and the spikes were there to kill the monsters that fell in them.

Blackwall was a variant Primordial Titan with Earth Elemental affinity. This made every land and battlefield made with the solid ground as his own territory even though he didn't have a Domain of his own like Omega, Jugram and Oliver.

So contrary to how the story went where the Titans destroyed the Wall... he created one by himself.

The Lukions had an expression full of bewilderment.

Forget the triple amount they had to pay... most were amazed by how profound Blackwall's control over the earth element and metals was.

Lukions were the species with the highest affinity with earth and metals in Zivot Empire, yet there was a being whose accomplishments were far greater than even their ancestors.

At this moment, as if having a deep sense of inkling towards the saint tank warrior in front of them... all of them instantly knelt on their knees and spoke in a worshipping tone.

"Thank you... Lord Sigurd."

Chapter 732 The Outbreak

At this moment, an unexpected occurrence came to be as all the Lukions including the tribe leader suddenly knelt in front of Blackwall in his Sigurd form after getting a look at his deeds and accomplishments overnight.

What they vehemently worshiped at this moment wasn't the Abyss Knight general but his skills and affinity to both earth element and metals while addressing him as 'Lord'.

"My eyes have been opened.

I never thought someone could be superior to our race in perfecting the earth element to this degree.

Even the powerful saints of our kin never managed to achieve such control in the past 10 thousand years." said Orion in a respectful tone. Others behind him also nodded in agreement.

"Alright... there's no need to get so overwhelmed.

The monster tide would arrive soon as per your estimations. So let me prepare beforehand." spoke Sigurd in a rustic voice.

On the surface, he seemed humble... but inside...

[Ha! You have good eyes, people of the Lukion species.

I am a being of an unparalleled primordial bloodline. How could I be compared to your mere race?

Just wait till I find other titans and absorb their bloodlines. None shall dare to look down upon me then.] thought the general without revealing any hubris or arrogance on his face.

In reality, his confidence and self-praise weren't undeserved.

Even when compared to other saints who practiced the Earth element, Blackwall was leagues above them. Just that he rarely had the chance to showcase his skills and supremacy.

As for going overboard and doing more than necessary such as creating the protective wall for the Lukion clients... he wasn't so stupid.

All of it was done under Kahn's orders before he even arrived here.

The Lukion tribe was one of the special species in the empire and their guild needed an extraordinary deep relationship with them for future purposes and goals Kahn had planned.

So when it came to making a first impression... Blackwall had knocked it out of the park.

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At noon, the surrounding region outside of Lukania started trembling as a stampede of a monstrous army started going awry.

Just as they estimated, the dungeons had started throwing out all the inhabitant monsters outside because of the oversaturation of mana inside.

The only relief people of Lukania had was that the dungeons didn't expel the Dungeon Bosses with them. Otherwise... there would be nothing but a brutal massacre.

The guild members of the Misthios guild were stationed at the top of the walls in batches across all four points of entry. And since Blackwall hadn't even left an entry point while creating these walls, none could even breach them.

Yet, the issue here wasn't the rank but the overwhelming numbers of the rabid monster army.

As they marched towards the local citizens... some monsters were already out of control and started attacking their fellow monsters.

There was no leader in this army so they had no order and only followed their instincts.

But because of this, the weaker monsters ran towards the walls after smelling living beings.

Sigurd floated in the air while the Misthios guild member teams were tasked with informing him if a strong monster that could damage the walls appeared.

But nobody here knew that Blackwall had a separate set of instructions from Kahn.

While making these walls, he had purposely made some parts hollow from the inside. Although they looked impenetrable...

Lord Rank monsters had enough physical strength to break past these walls. However, they were extremely rare and even at best, there'd be only 4 Lord Rank monsters and 2 High Lords at best.

This way, there was still leeway for an attack and thus, the Lukion Tribe would still be needing them in the future.

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Soon, the numbers of this monster army rose to a few hundred thousand in just half an hour and surrounded the perimeter of Lukania from all directions. On top of it... this was just the first wave.

"I guess it's time for me to act." spoke Sigurd in a thoughtful voice, revealing a prideful expression.

Soon, he appeared at the north entry point of the monster wave.

Growl!

Roar!

Wraaa!

Screech!

Shrill!

Various kinds of monsters that he had never seen before, which were exclusive and native to the dungeons in these regions roamed and rampantly destroyed everything that came in their way.

In just this one entry point, more than 30 thousand giant monsters had amassed and many of the flying monsters were being attacked by the Grayborne tribe's own forces.

The main task for Blackwall here wasn't to massacre these monsters but to defend the people.

Yet, he had different plans of his own.

"Lord Sigurd... we will be relying on you." spoke one of the Lukion council members who was stationed in this area and flew on a flying ship.

Sigurd nodded and soon, he waved his hand.

Just when the entry point was overwhelmingly crowded and the stampeding monsters full of bloodlust were crashing into the walls while thousands had already fallen into the deep pitfalls...

Crack!

Crackle!

Shatter!

The nearby 3 kilometers of ground that these monsters were running on suddenly started cracking as hundreds of cracks and crevices suddenly formed.

Thud!

Bang!

Dhoom!

Dhoom!

Right before everyone flying in the sky, an unexpected scene occurred. Because at this moment...

The entire battlefield had turned into a ginormous 3 kilometers wide pitfall!

Blackwall hadn't been sitting idly since the morning. Without letting anyone find out... he had been changing the entire perimeter of Lukania, making a battlefield suitable enough for him to deal with this innumerable army of monsters in a single go.

Inside these, were millions of pikes made of sharp edges and hard stone. The majority of the monsters who fell inside were instantly killed before they even got the chance to adjust their footing.

Blood and flesh filled this deep pitfall as more and more monsters kept falling and dying with no exception.

Even those who landed on the bodies of others were soon crushed under those who fell upon them. There was no room for escape in any way.

While everyone was gobsmacked after looking at Sigurd's immaculately planned battlefield... The saint had smirked devilishly.

Because this was just the first phase of his plans.

And now... it was time for Blackwall to mete out his final judgment.

A Slow and Painful death.

Chapter 733 The Undisputed

A scenario of an absolutely ruthless massacre was in front of everyone whether they were stationed on the wall or in the flying ships. Just with a single wave of his hand, Blackwall aka Sigurd had given a death sentence to more than 20 thousand monsters at once as the 3 kilometers region had become nothing but a pitfall of death.

Even the Lukion tribe council member stationed was speechless and couldn't help but be stunned. This was a simple but unattainable battle tactic to even their race.

[What kind of monster is this person?

Even a 1st stage saint of my species can affect only 1 kilometer of ground and change the terrain after great effort.

Yet he completely reformed the terrain of 3 kilometers with just a simple wave of his hand.

Powerful! He's simply too powerful!] thought the middle-aged Lukion with a slim build.

But soon, his expression turned stiff and even he felt a chill in his spine.

He gazed at the battlefield below and saw the bellowing monsters howling, grumbling and roaring as they fell on the sharp spikes and got mortally wounded.

Many of the massive monsters started wailing as their bodies and heads were poked through. No ability was helpful because of this sudden destruction of the battlefield and the majority were just like water balloons falling on a needle... their fate already sealed.

With this move, Blackwall subjugated 90% of the monsters, the lucky ones running away due to their survival instinct. Even so, some lucky and powerful monsters did not die, they had defensive capabilities and physiques that saved their lives.

However, this was just the first phase of his plans.

Rumble!

Rumble!

A rumbling echoed in the surroundings as Blackwall moved and soon, some of the tall mountains and peaks in the nearby terrain started cracking on their own as if an earthquake had shaken their entire being. Despite so, they weren't falling or breaking from below, rather most of them crackled and turned into thousands of boulders, being lifted high in the air by an invisible force.

The saint then used his insurmountable pressure to pull down the flying monsters in the sky inside the pitfall.

This was Blackwall using his saint pressure and Terrain Manipulation skill.

3 mountains were rooted out and restructured, turning into thousands of massive boulders, almost covering the entirety of the sky as they started moving together like cannonballs ready to be launched.

Roar!

Growl!

Monster cries filled in the region again as the massive army of giant boulders floated right above this widespread and deep pitfall.

As if doing the 'mic drop' pose... Blackwall simply made a gesture and soon...

BOOM!

BANG!

Bam!

Thud!

Splat!

Thousands of these incredibly heavy and hard boulders dropped like raindrops on the bodies of the pitiful monsters and crashed onto their bodies from above, instantly crashing them like a stone flattening a grape, the latter having no way to resist and getting turned into mush.

Sigurd then looked around, his hands moved parallel to each other as he released his dark brown saint pressure and infused the earth elemental aura in between the gap of his palms.

Soon, a massive brown orb formed that shimmered and revealed an incredibly oppressive pressure as if Blackwall was summoning Kamehameha.

Whoosh!

Without wasting another moment, he shot the brown orb towards the pit like a cannon.

BANG!

However, instead of causing an explosion, the world energy in the orb instantly spread in the 3 kilometers wide region and right before the monster tide could even react...

Rumble!

Crack!

The nearby terrain started changing again... most of the land and trees started cascading towards the pit and covering all the cracks and air gap between those massive boulders that fell before.

Screams and roars filled the surrounding environment as the remaining monsters who luckily survived were now buried alive.

This was no longer a battlefield... but a massive graveyard.

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Silence ensued and everyone who saw the aftermath of this first wave of the attack was stupefied.

Sigurd on the other end had a carefree expression.

What would happen if all your enemies were buried underground... alive?

Did it matter if they had strong bodies or incredible strength?

What if they couldn't even breathe?

How would they even resist or struggle?

What if they just suffocated to death while unable to move?

What if their bodies were poked through by spears and stone projectiles while being crushed from above?

What Blackwall did here wasn't just utilizing the terrain to his advantage... no, he turned it into a slaughterhouse.

First, he created a big wall to attract and amass all the monsters of the enormous tide in a single spot.

Then, he made the ground hollow from the inside and created spikes within while controlling the surface as the monster army marched upon it.

And once most of them were gathered in the place of battle... they simply fell to death.

Yet, this wasn't enough to completely eradicate the enemy force. So Blackwall used the soil to simply seal the deal as thousands of monsters had no choice but to devotee their bodies and become fossil fuel for future generations of living beings.

"Alright then. Let's go to the other side." spoke Sigurd merrily and flew away to the other 3 sides.

In an hour... he performed the same battle tactic and completely subjugated the monster on all fronts.

There wasn't even a single casualty or any of their soldiers had a scratch on their bodies.

Not only did Sigurd single-handedly stop the monster tide... there wasn't even a drop of blood or a body on the ground except for extremely well-paved and flat grounds akin to a football field.

At this point, all the soldiers of Lukania, the Lukion tribe council members and anyone who was in a position of authority or fought in this battle had seen how one Saint alone killed more than 150 thousand monsters without even drawing his weapon or the shield.

Orion Grayborne was simply dumbfounded after witnessing the battle himself.

[If this person fought in an open battle against an army of soldiers... who can even face him on the ground?

He will simply bury them alive before they even draw their weapons.] he thought, his mind running wildly.

Not only him but everyone present was truly impressed because what Sigurd did was something no other guild had managed to achieve ever since these annual monster tides started 9 years ago.

But all of them knew the deciding factor here.

It's not that other saints of other guilds and their mercenary warriors were incapable.

Just that they had the wrong approach towards the issue.

They faced the enormous monster tide in a direct clash and lacked earth elemental abilities or had any incredibly astounding control of the terrain like Sigurd.

Finally, the supposed 2nd wave came and their fate was no different. As for the Lord and High Lord rank monsters that appeared, Sigurd killed them with a single slash of his battleaxe, showing his great might to the clients.

After the tide was taken care of... all the inhabitants of Lukania came to learn of what transpired during the tide. Without suffering a single loss of life or having their homes destroyed this time... the doom was averted and they all had only one person to thank for saving their lives.

On this day, the Great Wall of Lukania came into existence and Sigurd Suttungr of the Misthios guild and their Savior was now titled as...

Lord of Battlefield.

#### Chapter 734 Expanding Numbers

The Grayborne tribe of Lukania was overwhelmingly grateful towards Blackwall and after seeing how he easily defended their lands and swept away the entire battlefield as well as provided long-term security to their terrain from the ground level attacks and enemy breaches... the entire populace titled him as Lord of Battlefield.

As expected, the higher-ups paid 3 times the promised payment as well as SS Rank cores according to their word and also requested Blackwall to open several entrances in the wall that they'd use for the population to enter and exit.

Given their specialty in crafting and smithing trade, they planned to invest in making ginormous gates that would be unreachable in the future.

Blackwall in his Sigurd form showed a humble expression and used a respectful tone towards the council members, sometimes praising Legolas aka their guild leader who instructed him to protect the innocent inhabitants of these lands even if it meant working more than what was expected of them.

Because of this generosity, a form of verbal pact was formed with them and the entire tribe of 400 thousand Lukions who specialized in weaponry and making flying ships in the entire Alfheim were now strongly allied with the Misthios guild and also promised to give them preferential treatment in the future.

What none of them knew that Kahn had already predicted this to be the case when he accepted the job in the first place.

Lukion species had their position as 4th superior species in the empire because of their innate abilities and bodies. Some saints of their kind even worked as forefront warriors in the military. But the case was that their numbers were very few and the reproduction rate was also low.

Thus, they greatly emphasized the preservation of the lives of their people even though they had enormously strong bodies and couldn't be killed easily. This was something ingrained in their minds because of their customs. Thus, Kahn specifically told Blackwall to go all out because sooner or later... he was going to need their help in upcoming plans.

A grand celebration was held by the tribe and Sigurd was their honorary guest for the night.

The next day, Blackwall told everything about what happened and how he tripled their gains in a triumphant tone.

"Good. As expected of you. So did you bring them as well?" asked Kahn with an anticipating voice.

"Yes, of course." spoke Blackwall and Kahn activated his Dimensional Domain.

As both entered inside the separate plane of dimension exclusive to Kahn that now spanned for 10 kilometers in radius after Kahn broke through to 2nd stage saint rank... he took out over 30 space rings and unloaded their contents.

Whoosh!

Clatter!

Thud!

One after another... thousands of bodies of dead monster corpses varying from species to species and sizes spread and formed hundreds of small mountains in the entirety of the domain.

Kahn used Hunter Domain and sensed the total numbers.

"Great. Close to 700 thousand corpses, most of them in good condition.

This shall do." said Kahn in an applauding voice and revealing an excited expression.

All of these monsters were Blackwall's kills during the monster tide.

What others didn't know was that when he dropped those massive boulders created from nearby mountains; he butchered only the ones on the surface and suspended them at a level in the air before using the ground and soil to bury them alive.

After all the monsters died, he used those pointy and sharp stone pikes and turned them into pillars that supported the now hollow ground.

This way, he had preserved many bodies while everyone thought that he turned them all into flat meat using his skills. Later, the Assassins that Kahn left in Blackwall's shadow secretly went into the hollowed ground when everyone was celebrating their victory against the monster tide.

They all collected their corpses and came back to Blackwall without anyone noticing anything.

The monster tide was also a great opportunity for harvesting monster corpses if one could successfully subdue them.

And no way someone as shrewd and greedy as Kahn would let this opportunity go.

"With this... we can sell most of their bodies and parts in the Adventurer Association or Black Market.

As for the fully intact ones... they should serve the main purpose." he revealed as a grin formed on his face.

"System, get to work." he ordered.

In response, the system replied after a long time.

[Ability Absorption activated!]

In just one hour, the absorption was done and then when Kahn moved to Synthesis... he was sadly left disappointed.

Although the numbers and abilities varied greatly... he couldn't create any Saint Rank or Legendary Rank skills and abilities. At the end of the day, these were only small mob monsters and not the dungeon bosses.

"Alright then... I guess I'll have to focus on the main objective at hand." spoke Kahn and then continued in a stern voice...

"Awaken."

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10 hours later, the Synthesis divine ability finished its work and now... other than the bodies Kahn planned to sell, there stood an army of massive and ferocious monsters from different species, many being amalgamations of two to three different monsters.

200 Thousand.

These were the new members of the Legion.

During the battle against Axel and his Blood Monster army... Kahn understood one of his drawbacks.

That unlike Axel, who could recreate and increase a massive army of millions of fodder monsters... Kahn severely lacked in that sector.

Although he had powerful subordinates but sometimes... the advantage of numbers, especially against a large enemy force could not be overlooked.

A powerful attack from a saint could easily raze the battlefield and turn it into a pool of blood but most of those bodies would be beyond recognition, destroyed into small pieces.

Thus, Kahn had an inspiration from that incident. From now on, he'd target these monsters to keep increasing the numbers of the Legion army.

Who knew if one day, he'd have to face an unending army or millions of monsters all at once and even his Legendary Rank abilities didn't help during the battle of this scale?

Then, he'd have to fight numbers with numbers. So it'd be a good thing if he had a bigger force.

"Added with the 150 thousand legion monsters I created in Verlassen during my time as the Sovereign... now I have 350 thousand subordinates in my own army who can always fight for me at a moment's notice.

Out of them, 230 thousand are pure monsters while the rest are fighting class subordinates with weapons and armors.

Among them... I have 30 thousand Elite Rank monsters.

Close to 10 thousand Lord Rank monsters and only 2 thousand High Lords.

Man... Only if I had some suitable monsters such as dungeon bosses, I could've created at least a dozen Legendary Rank monsters with the amount of SS Rank cores and ores I have on hand." spoke Kahn with a dejected face.

However, if any other Saints of the empire heard Kahn... they'd choke on their saliva.

What were Legendary Rank monsters?

Those were the creatures that stood on par with saints and could easily kill an army of hundreds of thousands of soldiers on their own if a saint didn't interfere during the battle.

Even the entire Zivot Empire barely had 80 legendary rank creatures spread in various sections and regions. Each one being no different than a world calamity.

Yet Kahn was complaining that he didn't get a chance to create a dozen of them as if they were sold in the farmer's market.

Forget Legendary rank monsters... even 1 High Lord rank monster required at least 5 to 10 thousand well-gear'd troops. In many middle-tier dungeons, High Lord monsters were often the Dungeon Bosses themselves.

But Kahn already had 2 thousand High Lords in Legion. This was a feat that even a Necromancer like Ceril hadn't accomplished yet despite having more than 10 million undeads in his army.

"Tch! I guess I'll have to kill a few dungeon bosses in the future and maybe I can create a few more reliable subordinates." he expressed with a countenance full of loss.

"Alright then... I hope the last phase of the plans goes perfectly. After that... I will be completely set up in this empire." spoke Kahn.

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At midnight, inside a deep and forested mountainous range a few thousand kilometers away... a mysterious figure under green robes came out of a dark and humid cave that was protected by various barriers and formations.

This tall humanoid being looked at the bright stars and two dazzling moons in the sky, basking in the tranquility of nature while taking a deep breath.

"I am finally awake after over 100 years." spoke this person in a hoarse and grim voice.

"My rank has fallen to 5th stage saint now. Being a High Elf surely takes a toll on one's mana and world energy.

Still... I guess it's time for me to start making my move.

That place... and that 'thing'... It's about time everyone starts putting their chess pieces together." he spoke, his voice being icy cold and his eyes brimming with evil intentions.

"I shall depart... for Alfheim."

Chapter 735 The Manpower

1 MONTH LATER.

In the central region of Alfheim, a meeting was being conducted inside a grand manor where a heated discussion was going on in the big main hall that could hold over a thousand guests at once.

Despite the intricate, pristine architecture and refreshing decor of this hall, the topic of discussion had left all 26 individuals feeling despondent and agitated at the same time.

A large round table was arranged at the center where the leaders among their respective groups were seated and representing their interests as well as arguing among themselves.

The rest of their people stood behind them varying in numbers for each leader.

However, there were no normal people or even servants in this massive manor. The secrecy of this meeting was something no low-ranked or commoner individual would even dream about because all of these people present here were...

Saints.

At this moment, out of 31 saints in Alfheim that were in the Mercenary business, 26 had gathered together.

There was one common factor that brought all these people to this meeting, a threat that greatly affected them...

The Mithios Guild.

Bang!

"This cannot go on! Many of us have lost a lot of our clients and suffered too many losses.

And all of that because of that crafty bastard Legolas Ragnarsson!" an Elf who appeared to be in his 40s spoke loudly, openly revealing the hatred filled in his eyes.

However, no one dared to make any remark or even speak anything that could offend this person given his identity as a 4th stage saint.

Sedaris Evarn, the elf in red and blue attire of a businessman, spoke with a vengeful voice.

His identity was none other than the President of the LNP guild. The one who tried to obstruct the procedure of the Mithios guild coming into existence and his machinations ended up in being the Mithios guild sending him a 'message' in the form of a detached head of their vice-president as well as his friend named Ranobes.

"This cannot go on. Although my guild had suffered the least... but we can never be too cautious." spoke a female warrior who sat besides Sedaris. But her standing and prestige in this meeting was no lesser than the former.

Lagertha Skjoldottir, the guildmaster of 12 Valkyries had come with all of their saints as well.

Behind her, was a group of extremely strong, well-equipped and unusually attractive females. All of them were none other than the female saints of their guild titled as the Valkyries.

Yet, despite their differing clothing, fighting classes and demeanor... they stood in order, giving an oppressive aura that sent a subconscious message to not even look at them the wrong way.

"Should we target them? If all of our guilds create trouble and ostracize them in our community... it won't be hard to make them abandon their guild." spoke Sedaris.

To his words, many of them nodded as this seemed like an effective way.

"Wishful thinking. The other side has the 2nd highest number of saints in their guild now.

Do you think it will be that easy?" asked Lagertha, her heavy and thunderous voice sending shivers down their bodies.

Although she had a brutish demeanor, many already knew how insightful she was. Otherwise, the 12 Valkyries would not be the number 1 guild of Alfheim.

Just then... Sedaris and everyone else had their eyes wide open, then their expression turned solemn.

"They're here!"

Creak!

The massive metal door to this meeting hall opened and silhouettes of many figures appeared.

Step!

Step!

Thud!

Step!

7 figures walked in with firm and loud steps. 2 of them being 2 meters in height while the rest were close to 6 feet tall.

The new arrivals also did not bother hiding their auras and revealed their saint pressures without restraints.

Sedaris revealed a scornful gaze as he spoke...

"The Misthios guild."

Kahn in his Legolas personal, along with the 6 generals with their alternate identities as his commanders had also appeared with him leading the group. He was revealing his aura of a 2nd stage saint and others were only 1st stage saints. Yet their numbers were only second to the 12 Valkyries.

Rose Hightower, one of the valkyries who was previously implicated in the matters of Lord Horik's territory and the legendary rank monsters, was also present with other Valkyries. She walked forth and whispered something in Lagertha's ears who was seating on the chair.

Just with Legolas and his commanders appearing, the atmosphere of the meeting hall instantly turned tense and grim.

All of the saints revealed their discomfort and hate towards his group without hiding it.

Legolas then walked close to the table, yet there was no chair left for him.

"Tch! You all invited me here for a meeting but there's no seat for me." he spoke in a discontent voice.

The other leaders other than Lagertha revealed an uptight expression as if they felt some sense of superiority with this action.

"Ah... so petty." spoke Legolas.

Thud!

But the next moment, he pulled out something from his space ring and placed it away from the round table.

Unlike the rest... this wasn't a chair but a throne.

Without showing any sense of shame or manners, Legolas sat on this black and golden tall throne with his legs folded.

He then took out a cigar from his black and blue longcoat and summoned a small flame on his forefinger, lighting it up and having no sense of fear or courtesy towards any of the saints as he started smoking it.

"I heard all of you were talking shit about me." he spoke fearlessly and looked around the hall, having no sense of respect for anyone in this meeting.

This conduct arose the ire of many saints.

BOOM!

The entire manor was then filled with intense killing intent as the leaders were offended so casually by the Ironborn Elf guild leader.

BOOM!

However, Legolas activated War Dominance and his black and red aura filled with sovereignty and bloodlust while his 6 commanders also revealed their highly murderous and oppressive aura; instantly repelling all of the auras revealed by the other side.

Even 4th stage saints like Sedaris and Lagertha were taken aback. Both could sense that Legolas was much powerful than he looked.

Rumble!

Rumble!

The entire manor started shaking because of these saint pressures and even the walls shook while the furniture vibrated continuously.

Luckily, no normal individual below saint rank was here. Otherwise, they would've died... more like plastered on the floor already.

Soon, some of the saint guild leaders who were oppressed and felt threatened by the auras from the Mithios guild's side started talking.

A heated discussion filled with several complaints echoed in the hall.

"What you did is immoral and beyond the ethics of the community." spoke Sedaris in a ghastly voice.

"Bullshit! If that was the case, why isn't every guild leader of Alfheim present here?"

Only those who lost their clients to us are gathered in this meeting." rebuked Legolas as he kept smoking his cigar.

"And what morals and ethics are you people talking about?"

If you hadn't made underhanded deals and scammed your own clients for money, I wouldn't have been able to reel them in to my side in the first place.

So don't try to use this fake facade of righteousness in front of me. After all..." said Legolas and continued in a stern voice.

"There's no honor among thieves."

-----

The expression of all the leaders had turned aghast after Legolas spoke those words without hiding his thuggish conduct.

But his words were indeed the truth that none of them openly wanted to admit.

No criminal ever admitted to committing the crime when caught.

These guild leaders were no different than the prestigious figures akin to people in high places of power. So no way would they openly admit ripping off their own clients for personal greed.

Finally, the president of LNP spoke... unable to hide his hatred.

"So what? Everyone looks after their interests!"

Yet you dared to steal from all of us! Aren't you afraid?" this time, he openly threatened Legolas as he revealed his enraged face, full of malice.

"You're all surrounded by people who despise you... the people you offended by poaching clients.

If we all banded together... not a single one of you will leave this place alive and neither will anyone ever know about what happened here." he declared loudly, trying to make his rival fear by borrowing the name of other saints who also hated them equally.

"There are 31 saints. You're only 7... More than 4 times your numbers.

You think you stand a chance?" asked Lagertha, her gaze being stern but showing no interest in a skirmish.

In a way, she was trying to gauge the elf on the other side of the table.

"Oh... I wonder why I didn't bring up any backup then?" spoke Legolas to himself. But the next moment, a sly grin appeared on his face.

"Oh wait... I did."

BOOM!

Crackle!

The entire manner shuddered and cracks formed on the walls while the ceiling started crumbling in some parts of the manor.

Clang!

Clang!

Step!

Just then... another new entry arrived through the main door, giving an eerie aura while the intense bloodlust had basically frozen everyone from the rival side.

A man with tall build and silver hair walked in. His bare-chested upper body and two Katanas were the striking features.

Omega aka Raiden Hrodvitsson had appeared in this meeting hall.

However, everyone present here including the two strongest saints were taken aback and surprised to their core because of the aura he revealed.

A 4th stage Saint!

Chapter 736 New Commander

Suddenly, Raiden appeared in this meeting hall and everyone was left speechless after he revealed his aura of a 4th stage saint.

Kahn's subordinates were a mixture of fighting-class humans and monster species, so replicating the aura of a Saint was never an issue for them since all of them were hybrids anyway. Thus, everyone felt like a legit saint was standing in front of them.

Raiden quietly walked and stood beside Legolas who was grinning while smoking his cigar.

"I love it when everything goes according to the plan." he said in a smug tone.

"What do you mean?" asked Sedaris with a gloomy expression.

"Did you all really think I would dare offend the entire mercenary community without having my own arrangements first?"

There is only one rule in this world..." he iterated, his voice turning solemn in the following moment.

"The strong always win while the weak can only allow themselves to be oppressed." he stated loudly.

"History is written by Victors."

"If you are the winner... you're righteous and virtuous.

If you are the loser... then you're evil and treacherous."

Legolas then gave a deathly stare to Sedaris in particular.

"I already knew that one day, you all will band together to create trouble for me.

But I don't have time to deal with these pesky skirmishes.

I have but a simple rule..." spoke Legolas, his voice resounding in the hall as he revealed.

"I don't like to mess with innocent passersby.

But if you throw stones at my house; I'll throw a fucking mountain at yours." he openly threatened. This time, it was him being overbearing.

His stern gaze filled with killing intent gave everyone a sense of dread.

Everyone was under the impression that with their numbers, they could put a leash on the Mithios guild and also make them compensate for the losses. But with a 4th stage saint in the form of Raiden... the tables had turned.

The strongest members in this hall were 4th stage saints, both were the undisputed leaders of their respective guilds. Yet now... there was another individual of the same strength. And on top of it, he was just a commander of the guild who stood besides the ironborn elf like a loyal guard.

"Hmph! So what?!

There's only one 4th stage saint. And there are two of us!" rebuked Sedaris.

Lagertha's expression on the other end turned ugly.

[This cunning elf! He's trying to use my name and reputation against the Mithios guild, trying to sow discord between us.

But if I back out now... my guild will lose face in front of everyone here.] thought Lagertha with an indignant feeling.

[If this was before... it wouldn't have been a problem. But now... they have a 4th stage saint as well.

Why would we make an enemy out of them just for few clients that won't come back to us anyway?]

Legolas still had a carefree expression as he replied.

"Oye... do you think I'm here to play house with any of you?

I simply took an opportunity that appeared because you people had fucked up in the first place. It's not like none of you haven't done this to your competition before.

So don't expect me to compensate your guilds a single dime. Besides... how many of you are willing to get killed just because president Sedaris here is provoking you?" he openly said without hiding the mockery in his tone.

Clink!

Omega put both hands on the hilts of katanas, giving a deathly stare around the room.

Everyone here was as hypocritical as one could be. And with Raiden being a 4th stage saint... 90% of the guilds and their saints lost the right to complain.

If a fight broke out here... these people would be the first to die; only Sedaris and Lagertha would have a chance to get out alive.

Right now... although most of the saints were infuriated, they chose to shut up.

"Let me make things clear here first.

We're done establishing ourselves so there's no reason to cross paths with any of your guilds from now on.

So let the bygones be bygones." he 'requested' in a domineering tone.

Now... who could rebuke him?

Everyone here came to an understanding. That finding trouble with the Misthios guild was no longer an option... rather, avoiding them like a plague would be in their best interests.

BOOM!

However, the 4th stage elf was still hellbent on stretching this matter.

"Don't think it's that easy, Ragnarsson!" shouted Sedaris as he revealed his battle intent.

"Arrsh... You're really dense, aren't you?

You think I'd be so confident just because I have one strong guy?" he asked with a coy grin.

Lagertha's heart was filled with trepidation as if she sensed something wasn't right.

Right in the very next moment...

SHRILL!

An ear-piercing shrill noise resounded in the surroundings and a terrifyingly monstrous aura suddenly encapsulated the entire manor.

Dhang!

Thud!

Most of the saints including majority of the leaders were hit with insurmountable pressure that made their bodies drop on the ground and cave in without any forewarning.

Sensing this aura... even Sedaris and Lagertha were gobsmacked because this was too big of a surprise.

"Don't tell me..." spoke the elf president and just then, a new figure who had completely hidden their existence till the point walked through the main door.

A man with waist-length white hair, a body made of gray skin, having pitch-black black eyes with yellow iris in them revealed himself.

This figure with an exposed upper body, having ripped build while adorning black pauldrons on his shoulders, had two wildly spread violet horns coming out of both sides of his head.

Just like Raiden, this new arrival did not hide his aura in the slightest and revealed himself to be another 4th stage saint.

The right arm of this being was covered in violet snake-like scales while the hand was like a claw of a ferocious monster.

Tung!

Tung!

A black and yellow trident in his hands hit the ground with each step as a grim and stoic voice resounded in the entire hall.

"The hierarchy of power in this city is about to change." he openly declared.

Next, he stood besides Legolas on the other side of the throne and asked...

"Guild Leader... who do I have to kill here first?"

He spoke while looking at Sedaris and Lagertha with eyes full of murderous battle intent, a smirk visible on his face.

Legolas then decided to do the introductions.

"Everyone... I would like you to meet the new Commander who just joined our Misthios guild." he said with a benign smile.

This man let out a ruthless, domineering and devilish grin as Legolas introduced his name to everyone.

"Rudra."

#### Chapter 737 Hierarchy of Power

It had been 2 and half months since Rudra ate Axel's body and was continuously processing his bloodline to use it as a catalyst in order to balance his Basilisk and Draconian bloodlines.

Just over a week ago, he had finally succeeded in doing so and managed to take a human form for the first time since Kahn created him inside the Abyss Forest.

But under Kahn's order... he had been hiding from the outside world as the former expected this current predicament and gave Rudra to a fitting stage to make his official debut.

The Voronir subordinate was already comparable to a 3rd stage saint based on stats alone but after he ate Axel's body that was none from this world... he gained an immense boost in strength and levels and now, he was already comparable to a 4th stage saint just in terms of physical strength.

In his hands, was Atlan.

The legendary rank Trident was created by Throk. The one which carried the will of the Guardian Dragon.

Rudra had the ability to comprehend and use the bloodline effects the most in their group. Thus, he managed to subdue the will and control the aura of this weapon perfectly.

On the surface, Atlan looked like an Epic Rank weapon normally. And only when Rudra willed it, it would show its true strength and the Dragon's aura during a battle.

Kahn as Legolas had told Rudra to hide his presence previously and introduced Omega as Raiden, showcasing only him as their 4th stage saint.

Omega had also broken through after eating Drigger's core to become a being comparable to a 4th stage saint after breaking the final threshold inside the Chamber of Exaltation.

So now... Kahn planned to break the last line of resistance and send a clear warning to all the saints gathered here. Thus, Rudra made his appearance and overturned the situation in their favor.

With two 4 saints present on their side... their total strength became too terrifying.

"This is Rudra Fafnir. An old acquaintance of ours who recently arrived in Alfheim and decided to join our guild." revealed Legolas with a coquettish tone, not hiding his shameless grin.

"Ah... since we're revealing our battle prowess... let me go a bit overboard." he said and the very next second...

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Three bursts of shockwaves filled the entire hall as one crimson red, one brown and one blue pillar emerged from behind Legolas.

The source being 3 of his commanders.

The entire group of saints on the opposite side were left flabbergasted again as Dante aka Jugram, Loki aka Ceril and Icarus aka Oliver also revealed their strength as 2nd stage saints respectively.

The Misthios guild had 6 saints apart from Legolas when they entered this hall. But everyone was under the impression that they were only 1st stage saints. But suddenly... 3 of them turned out to be 2nd stage saints.

Along with the two 4th stage saints... this was too big of a powerful force.

The cores from the legendary rank monsters Raiden killed in Count Horik's territory went to these subordinates back then, allowing them to break past their limits and make a breakthrough alongside Omega. Just that Kahn had ordered them to hide their strength to gauge the true intentions of these saints amassed here.

All these subordinates were given the cores based on priority.

Omega was Speed, Ceril was Magic, Jugram was Attack power and Oliver was Sky Force of their guild.

They were needed for many of the mercenary jobs based on the demand of many clients when Kahn poached them using the intel acquired from Logan. Thus, they were the best choices for him to upgrade first.

Now, only Blackwall and Armin were left as Ronin didn't need cores. But fortunately, Rudra had also finished and given them a surprise.

With this lineup... their situation had completely changed.

"Hiding behind your subordinates. Some strong leader you are." scoffed off Sedaris, still trying to pick a bone with Legolas as if he would not stop no matter what.

Even the other guild leaders including Lagertha sneered inwardly. None of them had the will or confidence to go against this group anymore.

"Ah... you're right. In the end, nobody would look up to a weak leader when his subordinates are way too stronger than him.

The law of the jungle only acknowledges the strong." responded Legolas with discerning eyes.

"But I never said I was done with going overboard." he spoke and let out an evil grin.

BOOM!!

Once again, Legolas revealed his black and red oppressive saint pressure... but this time, there was a big qualitative change.

"3rd stage saint!" shouted one of the guild leaders who was an orange tigerkin knight.

Everyone's eyes were popping out in shock.

One after another... the people from Misthios guild were just flexing their manpower, almost giving a heart attack to the onlookers at this point.

In the past month... Kahn had also finished absorbing Axel's Divine Key. He was currently level 458, comparable to an intermediate 3rd stage saint.

Axel himself was a legit 3rd stage saint but he was a chosen Hero. This divine key was different from a normal saint's core. So it took Kahn a lot of time to absorb it. And since Chamber of Exaltation along with his War Deity Body boost required 2 times normal resources, his breakthrough was stalled for quite some time.

From outer appearance... he was a 3rd stage saint but in terms of raw fighting power, range and physical stats... Kahn was actually comparable to a normal Beginner 4th stage saint at this moment.

Yet... he chose to display his rank at this moment instead of hiding it.

The main reason why Legolas and all of his commanders were going overboard instead of choosing to act like an underdog was simple.

Not all battles were won with fists and weapons. Some battles were won with spirit.

Legolas used a simple effective battle tactics from Art of War.

'Supreme excellence consists of breaking the enemy's resistance without fighting.'

And with this overwhelming display of strength in both numbers and ranks... they didn't just send a loud and clear message of might and superiority but also established their unquestionable hierarchy as they broke their enemy's willpower.

Everyone understood one thing clearly at this point. The Misthios wasn't a rookie guild anymore.

It was the new Overlord of Alfheim.

#### Chapter 738 Final Stage

With Legolas revealing himself as 3rd stage saint, no one had the guts or even slight courage to go against the Misthios guild anymore. The number one guild aka the 12 Valkyries was no different.

Misthios had a total of 9 saints. 2 of them were 4th stage saints while one was a 3rd stage. A total of three 2nd stage saints and three 1st stage saints. This was a lineup far stronger than any other guild.

Even the 12 Valkyries had only one 4th stage saint and one 3rd stage saint. Among their group, four were 2nd stage saints and the rest were 1st stage saints. In terms of overall firepower based on rank, the Misthios guild outshined even with 3 less saints on their side.

What no one here knew at this moment was that it wasn't the end of it all.

Kahn still had Ranobes aka the 3rd stage saint's core that he would soon absorb in upcoming months. Even if it didn't help him breakthrough, it would still be enough to make him a peak 3rd stage saint.

Then who would be able to even touch their guild?

On that level, Kahn could at least fight an intermediate 5th stage saint by himself if he went all out.

On top of it... both Rudra and Omega, given their Mythical Rank and current levels, were fully capable of even killing a peak 5th stage saint. If they both fought together, maybe even standing on the same footing with a 6th stage saint wouldn't be impossible.

The strongest person in the entire Alfheim was a 6th stage saint, namely an Elf from the Imperial Guard. But their line of people didn't mix with mercenary guilds unless someone committed a crime, which they were caught of.

So other than that person... not a single soul could go against their guild now.

Forget suppressing them... they'd be lucky if the Misthios guild did not find trouble with them.

Now... all the guild leaders were in a lurch. Because soon, this news will spread and it would be a problem to keep the current clients they had.

Because the type of people they dealt with preferred the strongest as it ensured the safety of their assets.

Business was not a family relationship. The preferences shifted as soon as interests did.

Everyone present in the meeting also understood that Misthios, on paper, was already the strongest guild in the entire Alfheim.

Means, Legolas Ragnarsson hadn't come here to settle their misgivings and give in to their demands, knowing that he could be oppressed with 31 saints present here.

No...

He came here to establish his dominance.

That there was a new Overlord of this domain.

And without knowing, all of them were just witnesses of his official Coronation.

"So... are we done discussing?"

I will keep my word. And your guilds do not find trouble with us, we won't find with yours.

If your people come across mine where our interests collide... look the other way or heads will start rolling.

There won't be a second warning." Legolas gave a final intimation.

This warning was also given to the 12 Valkyries as he daringly gazed at Lagertha and her saints.

"So let's hope there won't be another incident where all of us have to meet like this again." said Legolas and got up from his throne.

The throne disappeared and the ironborn elf walked out, followed by his two strongest commanders and the rest of his subordinates.

After they left the manor... no one dared to kick up a fuss.

Sigh!

Most of them sighed as after the Misthios guild left, majority could now stand up on their feet again.

Everyone had a dejected and also infuriated expression but nobody dared to curse or even speak loudly.

For the first time in their lives... all of them were thoroughly suppressed and also humiliated by a newcomer in town.

Why did it happen?

The answer was obvious... It was because of Strength.

It was a form of power that intelligence and knowledge couldn't always overcome. It was as important as the latter two and you could never stand at the top without it.

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In the evening of the same day... the 12 Valkyries held a group meeting in their main headquarters.

This group had only 4 Humans while others belonged to different races. And all of them were showing their anger and cursed their entire ancestry.

"Who cares! They were really hot.

Especially that Raiden Hrodvitsson and Rudra Fafnir.

I could barely stop myself from pouncing on them." spoke a female saint with saliva dripping from her mouth as she revealed a lascivious expression.

But the other Valkyries rolled their eyes and chose to ignore her as if they expected nothing else from this female belonging to a Succubus species.

At the front of this long table where the Valkyries were seated, 3 human females had a gloomy expressions.

One of them was Rose Hightower, a 2nd stage swordmaiden while the one on the opposite side was the vice-president of their guild.

"Those Misthios bastards... who do they think they are?!" she bellowed in rage.

"Don't do anything stupid! We're not their match." said Lagertha with a constricted expression.

"How can you say that, guildmaster? You're our strongest saint." spoke the silver-haired vice-president who seemed to be a magician.

"I bet none of you could feel it because you're not a 4th stage saint like me.

Raiden Hrodvitsson and Rudra Fafnir; they may be 4th stage saints... But their aura and saint pressures were nothing like I've seen before.

Forget me, if both I and Sedaris fought together with just one of them... we would still lose." she revealed with a helpless countenance.

"Because I've already faced a similar aura once before.

Their auras were similar to that of a 5th stage saint." she explained.

Gasp!

All the female saints gasped.

"But then why do they follow that Ironborn Elf? He's too weak to command them." queried another member who was an archer.

"Their identity is still too mysterious.

Let's stay out of their way for now. There's no shame in being the number 2 guild.

At least, we won't be as miserable as the LNP guild." spoke Lagertha.

Unlike her appearance, she wasn't a hot-headed woman but a very calm and calculative one.

"Because those men aren't the type to settle a score with just words or diplomacy." she iterated.

"What do you mean?" asked Rose.

"Did none of you notice this?" the guildmaster asked as she looked around her group.

"Notice what?" queried the magician saint.

Sigh!

Lagertha sighed and explained...

"The way Sedaris was hellbent on making an enemy of Mithios guild and trying to get all the guilds to act against them, even going as far as instigating a battle... His motives weren't professional but personal.

I could tell the real cause after noticing his expression." she declared.

"It is because the Mithios guild..." she declared the reason why she chose not to make an enemy of this new guild with a somber voice.

"Killed their vice-president just to make a statement."

-----

Back in the main headquarters of the Mithios guild headquarters... Kahn stood outside the topmost balcony of his mansion and looked around the current settlement.

"Finally I'm done settling my roots in this empire. Now I have nothing to worry about." he spoke with a content smile.

"Now I guess I have to spend a few months on my last plan." he revealed an exhilarated expression.

"The Expansion."

Chapter 739 The Expansion

3 MONTHS LATER.

Tung!

Tung!

The noise of hammers banging on metallic joints echoed incessantly throughout the surroundings while burning flames arose, joined by the sound of wood being cut by multiple carpenter workers.

Legolas looked at the construction going on in front as thousands of workers from numerous species were carrying on with the work of constructing new buildings in the 5 kilometer radius of the Mithios guild headquarters.

At this moment, the total number of guild members had risen to 7 thousand people and the guild was expanding its territory.

In the past 3 months, Mithios guild had a meteoric rise in fame and also in their clientele after their lineup of powerful saints was revealed to most of the top brass in various sectors of Alfheim.

And their way to take half payment in cores and ores was affordable to many so like a moth attracted to the flame... nearly 60% of all the high-end clients who needed the help of mercenaries had approached them and made deals with them.

Just as Kahn had predicted, the way he set the foundation of his guild had shaken the very foundation of this community and established themselves as the number one guild of Alfheim to the point that they didn't have enough people to send for these jobs.

Hence, Kahn decided to expand the guild and with their rising popularity and extremely appealing offers set for the members, many people joined their guild.

And the ongoing construction in front of Legolas was the result of that event. Now, they didn't have enough facilities to house all these people so he decided to invest in building new lodgings for their guild members to live in.

"At this rate... I will have to expand in the next few months again." spoke Legolas with a tranquil expression.

Just then, two figures arrived from the sky and stepped through the balcony of his office.

"How did it go?" asked the elf guild leader to the new arrivals.

These two powerful saints were none other than Rudra and Omega.

Instead of responding to him, Rudra took out something from his new high-tier space ring and held it in his hand.

A horrified expression of a middle-aged Elf on a detached head came into sight.

Legolas then nodded and sighed in relief.

"This should be enough to make everyone lose any ideas to make trouble for us." he said in a somber voice.

The detached head belonged to none other than Sedaris Evarn, the 4th stage saint president of the LNP guild.

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Over a month, the LNP guild had been creating unnecessary trouble for them despite the display of overwhelming might during that meeting 3 months ago.

Purposely taking commissions from the rival parties who stood in way of the clients that hired Mithios guild for the job...

Then harassing some low-ranked members of their guild in restaurants, mercenary association and even their homes.

Under their president's orders, they even tried to poach the clients the Mithios guild already had by offering lower prices despite taking tremendous losses.

Legolas aka Kahn understood that Sedaris was a very vengeful elf who would stop at nothing to get back at them.

But Kahn couldn't just outright kill him.

Sedaris was a native of Alfheim and had a lot of allies in this city, something their guild couldn't oppress in such a short time when they had just settled themselves properly.

Thus Kahn decided on a different strategy this time. The one which would kill even the slightest chance of suspicion towards them and no one would even look into the matter seriously.

So since the past month, Kahn and the gang had been taking down all the influential and powerful people connected to Sedaris by either revealing their dark secrets or some crimes such as scams, bribery cases, and many more things.

Soon, all the people in power who had ties to him started losing their standing in society, and offices, got caught and punished by the imperial rule, and even the top-ranking officers of the military weren't spared in their quest.

This was no different than a surgical strike.

In the end, Legolas had taken out all the people this elf was relying on, even the ones from the underworld organizations and the black market.

Recently, many people took a hint that someone very powerful was targeting Sedaris and the LNP guild. Thus, they started avoiding the elf and cut off all business ties with him. Even 30% of the guild members whose mandatory period was over abandoned the guild.

As for killing the Elf... Even luring him out by himself to a secluded place took a lot of planning and weeks to set everything in motion.

But after he fell for it, Rudra and Omega ambushed him outside of Alfheim in a barren area where no one would usually go.

In this battle however, Omega only used Gravity Domain but did not engage in combat.

Rudra chose this fight as a testing ground.

"So how would you assess it?" asked Kahn to Omega who was currently in his Raiden persona.

Omega rolled his eyes out and looked at Rudra with disdain.

"He has only brute strength and no fighting skills or any techniques.

Even a beginner rank trident or spear user has more skill and finesse." declared Omega as he sneered, not hiding his disgust towards this new commander of their guild in the slightest.

"Hey! I'm not like any of you who were created using fighting class people of different jobs.

Even all of your swordsman skills originated from that peak grandmaster swordsman Arkham. So don't give me that attitude." rebuked Rudra angrily.

"So what?! Other than the skills master gave me, I improved and perfected most of them by myself. Everyone else has done the same so far, freeloader!

If you didn't have that overly strong body and impenetrable defense... that elf would've killed you easily." he revealed about the happenings of the battle.

"Tch! I would've eventually killed him anyway. I have high-rank regeneration abilities." said Rudra and sat on a chair in the office.

"That's not the point, you dimwitted buffoon!"

What if he had run away?

We got the guy because I was obstructing all of his escape routes. So you only swung that trident like a rookie.

In the end, I had to use Gravity Imprisonment so you could land the killing blow." he iterated and continued...

His following words even left Kahn gobsmacked.

"You're a disappointment to this family."

Chapter 740 Family Drama

Right before Kahn, Omega declared Rudra as the disappointment of the family like an Asian parent looking at the bad grades of their child.

But the very next moment... Rudra flared up in rage after being talked down so candidly.

"Oh really? Then why don't we have a bout?" provoked Rudra as he pointed the end of his trident towards Omega.

"Gladly!"

Let's see if I can cut your head or not." replied Omega with eyes filled with battle intent while placing his hand on the katana.

Kahn on the other end had a tired face.

This wasn't the first time of their quarrel ever since Omega became a 4th stage saint & Rudra managed to get a human form.

Every week, these two would argue over one thing or some minor issue.

And sometimes, these two would even leak their auras of 4th stage saints unrestrained, which resulted in many people fainting inside their headquarters settlement spread over multiple buildings.

Yet, Kahn was helpless, no different than a helpless parent watching his sons fighting each other.

"Enough! Can't you two at least act like grown-ups?"

Who the hell in the guild will respect you two if you keep acting like this?" he reprimanded both manchildren in front of him.

Both of them shut up but kept taunting and cursing each other through their gazes.

GRRR!

Omega growled.

HISSS!

Rudra hissed at the former.

"Silence! He's right. A saint has a particular job and their mastery of at least one of their weapon skills is also at Saint rank.

Since you chose a trident, you will have to practice daily and unlock those skills on your own. Otherwise, it could blow up our cover." iterated Kahn.

"Or do you want to fight people stronger than you without having any combat techniques at all?" he asked mockingly.

"Fine! I will start practicing them. Just arrange a trainer for me who would keep his mouth shut." said Rudra with an indignant tone.

"Alright... did you bring his body?" asked Kahn to the latter.

Rudra then pulled out the rest of the corpse from his space ring.

"Absorb!" commanded Kahn.

3 Hours Later.

"What the hell is wrong with this guy?! Was he a fake saint?" wondered Kahn with an incredulous gaze.

Sedaris only had one Saint Rank skill related to swordsmanship. However, compared to Kahn's Sword Emperor, Sword Apostle, Dark Lightning Strike and Dragon Strike... it was mediocre at best. Hence, Kahn was greatly disappointed.

What he didn't know was that all of his abilities were merged using different and very strong abilities at Grandmaster Rank. Because of which, when they rose to Saint Rank... their effects were 2 to 3 times stronger than a saint of the same rank as him.

After calming himself, Kahn moved to the next important issue.

"Anyone wants it?" he asked as he used Attraction to pull out the 4th stage saint's core that now hovered in the air.

"No. I need a high-tier core than this." spoke Rudra.

"Likewise." replied Omega.

Just then, a ghastly voice resounded...

"Master, others aren't high-level enough to use it. Their bodies will explode if they try to absorb it.

And you also need to become a 4th stage saint soon.

So naturally, you should have it." said Ronin who appeared out of nowhere.

At this moment, all three of them had alarmed expressions.

Forget Omega and Rudra... even Kahn hadn't sensed Ronin in the slightest despite having an innate connection with him.

"When the hell did you arrive?" asked Omega and Rudra in unison.

"I have been here before you even arrived." spoke Ronin, unbothered to even spare a glance at the two strongest people in their group.

Then, the topic shifted back to the issue.

"I became a 3rd stage saint just a few months ago. And Although I used Ranobes' core, it wasn't even to make a breakthrough, only brought me to the final stage." he revealed.

[Kid, I'm telling you... you still need at least 5 more months till your body has become adapted to your current rank.

Each Saint rank upgrade transmutes the body in many ways. Each rank-up should have a long break.

Otherwise, you'll ruin your body's potential and won't be able to rank up effectively in the future.] spoke Rathnaar, his voice echoing in all of their minds.

[Besides, the Chamber of Exaltation also concentrated mana and world energy by twice, so it will take double the time than a normal saint.

And after 5th stage saint, you will have to wait at least a year or two before your next rank up. Or you can forget about finding the other half of my soul to become a Demi-God.

It will be a lost cause to hasten your strength so rapidly.] he spoke like an authority on this matter.

Kahn nodded and agreed with his statement.

Because he could already tell the difference.

After he became a 2nd stage saint, he broke through the 3rd stage saint only in close to 3 months because of Axel's powerful core.

Then, using Ranobes' core, he became a peak 3rd stage saint and was currently level 497.

But the last 3 levels weren't rising as if his body was shutting down excess absorption of world energy altogether.

And with what Rathnaar said, Kahn found this logical.

You couldn't go from Level 1 to 100 just in a couple of days. Otherwise, all the people in the world would've easily become a saint in just a few months if they had enough resources already arranged.

It was one thing if he went from a beginner to a grandmaster within a month, but going from 2nd stage saint to 4th stage saint in succession wouldn't be possible even if he was a chosen Hero.

The body would either reject these sudden changes or it would explode due to oversaturation of energy while the container itself was weak and thin.

Even someone overpowered like Rathnaar needed more than 300 years to become a Peak Saint with the help of the Chamber of Exaltation.

Even with his Divine abilities, Kahn too had to follow the rules of reality. And the more ranks rose, the longer time he would need in the future.

"All right then. I will keep it for the future." said Kahn.

"So what's new? Why did you suddenly show up?" he asked the Spirit Assassin general.

"I have a message from Armin. He is bringing us a new client he met today in the Alchemy Association of Alfheim." stated Ronin with stern experience.

"What's so special about it? We already have the big guns of the city as our client." asked Kahn curiously.

"Because the client..."

Ronin revealed he came in a hurry to relay this message.

"Is a Saint Rank Alchemist."