

Demonic 2291

Chapter 2291 2291. Teacher

The announcement could sound arrogant, but Marcella was one of the leaders in Heaven and Earth's army. It made sense for her world to be as boundless and unreasonable as she claimed.

A pattern started to form in the minds of the landmass' group. They had been busy with their battle, but that didn't prevent them from learning about their other opponents.

Decumia expressed pure chaos, the old man's world contained an aspect of perfection, the Rulers' Resolve had founded his power on the strongest being in the higher plane, and Divine Architect was the greatest inscription master in history.

An expert who could express the entire magical plants' field didn't sound too unreasonable compared to the other leaders. Actually, it added information to the general understanding that the landmass' forces had of those privileged cultivators.

All the enemy leaders wielded immense power polished through many eras, but that wasn't everything. The nature of their worlds was the most incredible aspect of their existence.

"We might need the dragons," Maribel suggested before glancing at Divine Demon.

Divine Demon didn't care about Maribel. He lifted his arm to point his fingers at Marcella, and a sea of blood-red energy shot out of them. The attack couldn't engulf the giant array of trees, roots, and branches, but it still covered more than half of it.

Marcella wore a smile when she saw the incoming energy. Some branches stretched in front of her figure right before the impact, but her figure became impossible to see afterward.

Divine Demon had targeted the entire technique with his offensive. Anything carrying Marcella's energy was an enemy that the blood-red power had to destroy.

Marcella didn't resort to any unique technique. She let her plants take the full power of the blood-red sea. Leaves and green shards flew everywhere due to the destruction inflicted on her creations, but no significant changes happened in the environment.

The cloud remained in its place. Actually, the smoke stretched even forward while the destruction continued. The roots, branches, and trees outside of the attack's range also kept growing, uncaring that many of their companions were turning into dust.

The destruction continued until the sea depleted its energy. No dispersion happened at that time since the entirety of Divine Demon's attack had expressed its effects. He had destroyed everything he could, but the scene that followed stated how even his might wasn't enough.

Marcella reappeared at the center of a lake of fuming and maimed plants. Every tree, root, branch, and flower touched by the blood-red energy had crumbled, burned, or directly vanished. Half of Marcella's technique had become useless, but she didn't suffer any injury.

"Is that it?" Marcella asked as she waved her hand.

The gesture waved away the grey smoke caused by Divine Demon's attack and pushed it out of the cloud. Soon, the poor state of Marcella's plants became completely visible, but she didn't seem worried about them.

"Do you know what a magical plant does when someone breaks it?" Marcella asked when she saw that Divine Demon didn't send another attack. "It blooms again."

The broken and burned plants around Marcella suddenly started to tremble. New branches and leaves came out of the damaged parts and grew until they turned into fully formed trunks that continued to enlarge.

The process clearly required a massive amount of energy since even the tiniest leaf carried peak rank 9 power, but Marcella didn't suffer at all. She appeared utterly relaxed while her world fueled that rapid growth.

It didn't take long before the vegetation returned and surpassed its previous state. The growth didn't stop at that point either, and the cloud imitated its behavior by continuing its expansion.

"The real roots are in your world," Maribel commented.

"You should stop speaking," Marcella replied. "Your understanding is too shallow to understand my power."

"She is right," Divine Demon declared before launching another massive attack.

A blood-red sea crashed on the vegetation, but nothing managed to reach Marcella. Countless plants shattered and died, but Divine Demon's attack remained unable to destroy all of them. That second exchange had actually left more survivors compared to the previous offensive.

Marcella repeated her waving gesture. The grey smoke left the environment while the various broken plants gave birth to new vegetation that refilled the damaged area before expanding past its previous limits.

Divine Demon interrupted his offensive. He appeared bored in front of such a resilient shield. Marcella's energy reserves were truly impressive, but he hated that type of battle.

"I understand what you feel," Marcella suddenly announced. "You don't want this battle to be a mere endurance test. Do not worry. Plants get unruly when mistreated."

A tremor ran through the vegetation, and countless flowers grew from every surface. Even the leaves gave birth to them. Their bright green petals gathered energy before summoning a series of whips that shot toward Divine Demon and his companions.

The whips were ethereal, which allowed them to be far faster than Maribel and Sepunia. Yet, Divine Demon covered them in his energy before activating an instantaneous teleport that brought everyone next to the two dragons.

The whips didn't disappear after the group left their range. They continued to wave left and right as more plants gave birth to them. The vegetation transformed into a defensive technique as more and more flowers released their energy.

Divine Demon couldn't help but smirk after reappearing next to the dragons. Marcella had decided to attack. Her immense creation resembled a monster worthy of his efforts, and he couldn't wait to test it out.

"You two can do whatever you want," Divine Demon ordered. "Still, trying not to get in the way. I will kill you if you aren't careful."

Sepunia and Maribel glanced at Divine Demon but remained silent. Trying to reason with him was pointless. Moreover, they understood that the imminent battle wouldn't allow distractions or similar hindrances.

"As for you two," Divine Demon said while turning toward the two dragons. "It seems that I have to improve Xavier's work. He really has a long way ahead of him."

Divine Demon waved his hand, and rivers of blood-red energy came out of his body to surround the two dragons. The fuel solidified to add layers of scales and enlarge the creatures' wings to make their size more imposing.

Divine Demon created proper armor that fused perfectly with the two dragons. Still, his technique wasn't a mere defensive measure. The two magical beasts felt a foreign power invading their minds and enhancing their instincts.

"A dragon should always be at the top of the food chain," Divine Demon declared. "I can't stand seeing you fail to recognize your prey."

The new understanding brought by Divine Demon's energy cleared the confusion caused by Marcella's odd world. The space dragon roared to express its anger, and its aura spread to establish a space-time array that opposed Marcella's vegetation.

The space dragon wanted to charge ahead right away, but Divine Demon prevented that reckless action with a mere glare. The creature looked at Divine Demon before pointing its head toward Marcella again. The blood-red armor made it understand that it had to wait for its companion to be ready.

"Now," Divine Demon spoke while turning toward Marcella.

"Are you done?" Marcella wondered as she left the sky and advanced while bringing all her vegetation with her. "Can I attack?"

"You are a few eras too young to attack me," Divine Demon stated. "Fear not. I am the best teacher in the entire universe. I'll make a demon out of you."

Chapter 2292 2292. Petals

"You have rejected the help of the higher plane by absorbing all the "Breath"," Marcella announced. "Your imagination and knowledge are exceptional, but they remain inferior to an entire world. You can't surprise me."

"It's not about surprises," Divine Demon explained as he spread his arms. "It's about lessons."

A torrent of blood-red energy came out of Divine Demon's figure and pushed the green smoke. A domain expanded inside Marcella's cloud, but it didn't solidify.

Divine Demon kept his influence limited to his energy as he split and condensed his domain to create various giant figures. Roars began to echo through the green cloud as multiple scarlet dragons materialized all around the expert.

The creatures had no fixed shape. Some had horns. Others had additional pairs of wings, and a few even lacked limbs. Yet, even those without a deep knowledge of the magical beasts' field would understand that the pack featured multiple species of dragons.

The scene didn't surprise Marcella. Divine Demon had to use his imagination to give birth to techniques, and everyone knew that he liked dragons. He used those creatures to teach, so they were in line with his previous statement.

Still, Marcella was the only one who could keep a straight face. The amount of energy contained inside the dragons was immense and felt on par with the power radiated by the vegetation.

Divine Demon's energy reserves were also monstrous, and he didn't refrain from pushing himself to his limits. He couldn't be happier to be against an opponent who could take his full power.

"More magical beasts," Marcella sighed as she pointed her arm toward Divine Demon.

The vegetation advanced while the ethereal whips shot forward. Those weapons enlarged and stretched while converging at high speed toward Divine Demon.

Most of the whips abandoned their trajectory to fly in different directions. The space dragon even teleported among them and created big portals that began to float among the cloud.

The scarlet dragons voiced one last roar before charging ahead. Some of them flew toward the portals, while others shot forward without caring about the hindrances on their path.

Divine Demon's creations weren't completely solid. They were almost pure energy that had taken a specific shape, but even that wasn't fixed.

Some ethereal whips managed to get past the hindrances created by the space dragon. However, they found nothing to destroy when they slammed on the scarlet dragons. The weapons flew through the creatures without inflicting any damage.

A few whips managed to cut the scarlet dragons into two halves, but they simply reattached their bodies after flying past them. Divine Demon's creatures appeared untouchable, but that wasn't their only feature.

Some dragons directly slammed on the vegetation and started a violent battle that involved their limbs and teeth. They bit, clawed, and tore apart any plant on their path without dispersing their energy.

Instead, other dragons halted their flight right before reaching their target and opened their mouths. Flames gathered in their throats until vast scarlet pillars shot out to crash on the magical plants.

Divine Demon's offensive didn't stop there. Some of the dragons that had crossed the portals reappeared behind the vegetation to imitate their companions' attacks. They split themselves into two teams that handled melee and ranged exchanges.

Only three dragons among the entirety of the pack used the portals to appear among the vegetation. The light carried by their bodies intensified while magical plants tried to wrap themselves around them. Their figures shook until they exploded into raging storms of pure energy that destroyed anything in their path.

All of that happened during a single offensive. Marcella's technique was immense, but Divine Demon appeared able to match her prowess and force her into a defensive stance.

The vegetation couldn't do anything against the dragons. Those creatures were everywhere, and their attacks carried Divine Demon's unreasonable power. The magical plants could only crumble, shatter, and burn.

The space dragon used every trick in its power to provide its support. The portals created paths that Marcella couldn't track, and its aura established a space-time array that deflected the whips and suppressed a few magical plants.

The space dragon also seized every shard and broken magical plant that tried to return to Marcella's array to transform it into energy. That power remained inside the portals, in a separate dimension that no one could reach to accumulate and reach a decent level.

The odd dragon tried to do its part too. The blood-red armor and Divine Demon's influence filled its mind with enough confidence to jump into that mess.

The armor also enhanced its innate ability. The odd dragon felt able to generate far more black liquid than usual, and it didn't hesitate to do so. Yet, it didn't immediately pour it on the vegetation. Instead, the creature sent it inside the portals and left the matter to the space dragon.

The scene was spectacular, but Sepunia and Maribel weren't in the mood to remain in a daze. They wanted to help, but they couldn't find the chance to join the battle. Their worlds wouldn't survive if they jumped into that mess.

There was way too much going on inside the green cloud. The giant dragons didn't leave any area unoccupied, while the plants struggled to no end to survive.

Every inch of the vegetation featured a battle at the peak of the ninth rank. Sepunia and Maribel didn't know how to help without dying in the process. Actually, they weren't even sure that their power could affect the fight's outcome.

Divine Demon had already given his orders, so he completely disregarded his two companions and shot forward to join the dragons. His arms darted left and right to launch giant pillars of energy that overwhelmed anything that tried to stop his creations.

A few attacks also flew toward Marcella to prevent her from summoning new techniques, but Divine Demon soon understood that the approach wouldn't work.

New plants always grew in front of Marcella and shielded her from the blood-red energy before the next attack could arrive. Divine Demon's massive offensive couldn't overwhelm her, but it seemed that her vegetation was reaching critical levels.

The various magical plants had never stopped growing and expanding, but the arrival of the scarlet dragons had finally put an end to that process. The cloud even started to shrink after a while, which confirmed how the approach was working.

Marcella honestly wasn't to blame. Anyone would find it hard to deal with so much power. The dragons were untouchable and unstoppable. The space-time array worked against her, and Divine Demon's offensive was relentless.

The plants couldn't even recycle their fabric since the space dragon sucked everything away. Marcella could refill her vegetation through her world without worrying too much about her energy reserves. Yet, the issue involved the speed of her technique.

The destruction was faster than the expansion. The magical plants couldn't compensate for the damage caused by Divine Demon and his dragons, so they retreated to save energy and fabric.

Still, Marcella wasn't a random expert. She wasn't even a mere privileged cultivator who had reached the absolute peak of the journey. She was an elite among elites.

As soon as the vegetation started shrinking, part of the plants above Marcella opened to reveal a giant green flower. The energy contained in its petal was so intense that the entire cloud shook, and those tremors expanded past the green smoke due to how heavy they were.

Sepunia and Maribel didn't even bother to think. They immediately retreated inside one of the portals, and the odd dragon soon joined them. Only Divine Demon, the space dragon, and the scarlet dragons remained in the area, but that was about to change.

"A plant won't remain still when its home is under attack," Marcella declared, and the giant petals exploded. The energy they radiated was so heavy that even Divine Demon lost control of his senses for a few seconds.

Chapter 2293 2293. Purpose

The explosion unleashed enough energy to illuminate the entire higher plane. The event wasn't only powerful. It was also massive, and many battlefields outside the green cloud ended up being affected.

Of course, even if Marcella claimed to have bottomless energy reserves, her attacks couldn't have unlimited range. The wave of energy lost power before leaving the cloud, so the other major experts could easily fend it off once it reached their battlefield.

Still, that sheer show of power put Marcella above the other leaders in many experts' minds. She appeared far too strong to be a mere cultivator at the peak of the ninth rank.

The green cloud resumed its expansion once the bright energy left its edges. Magical plants grew and flourished due to the absence of attacks crashing on their structure.

The scarlet dragons had disappeared, and the same went for the orange portals. Only Marcella remained inside the green cloud, but she knew that victory had yet to come. Her gaze remained fixed on a spot in front of her, where an orange radiance soon began to shine.

Divine Demon, Maribel, Sepunia, the odd dragon, and the space dragon slowly materialized among the orange light. They appeared confused about that teleport, but an explanation quickly became evident.

The space dragon growled in pain while spitting black blood from its mouth. Its figure featured holes and cracks that dimmed its orange color, and one of its wings had disappeared.

Divine Demon's armor was nowhere to be seen. The explosion had destroyed every trace of his power, but only the space dragon featured injuries. The others in the group were perfectly fine, without the slightest wound on their bodies.

"It protected us," Maribel gave voice to the thoughts that her companions shared.

Many pairs of eyes inevitably fell on Divine Demon. He had never said anything specific, but his companions had already appointed him as the leader of that team. Maribel, Sepunia, and the odd dragon wanted to hear his opinion about the space dragon's state, but that didn't arrive quickly.

Divine Demon stretched his hand toward the injured creature and ran his fingers over its smooth surface. He could sense scales hidden under that seamless orange color, but his focus wasn't on something so superficial.

Divine Demon closed his eyes to probe the depths of the space dragon's mind. The old rulers and King Elbas had deeply altered its species and purpose, turning it into something similar to a living weapon. Still, Divine Demon wanted to hear the intentions hidden past those thorough modifications.

"It won't last long if it keeps fighting," Sepunia commented before glancing at the odd dragon.

"Its endurance brings pride to my kind," The odd dragon announced, "But it remains limited."

"There must be inscriptions capable of stabilizing its condition," Maribel pointed out. "We can send it to Pellio and buy enough time for its recovery."

"You plan to deny this creature's purpose," Divine Demon declared.

Maribel didn't want to contradict Divine Demon, but the space dragon was a priceless asset that the landmass' forces couldn't lose. She was willing to argue if that helped her organization.

"You sent June away for similar reasons," Maribel stated. "There is a difference between determination and suicide."

Divine Demon opened his eyes and retracted his hand as he turned toward Maribel. The latter couldn't help but experience some fear under that heavy gaze, but the pressure radiated by her powerful companion soon transformed into faint sadness.

"The dragons are already dead," Divine Demon revealed.

Maribel couldn't say anything in front of that statement. Still, some of Divine Demon's sadness seeped into her mind and allowed her to understand his mental state. He didn't enjoy that situation at all.

Divine Demon didn't let his feelings affect his role. He turned toward Marcella as soon as he confirmed that the group had understood his intentions, and words inevitably came out of his mouth. "The break is over."

"Good," Marcella exclaimed. "I was getting worried."

Marcella lifted an arm to point it at Divine Demon, and the vegetation around her instantly reacted. Every plant shook and accelerated its growth while the whole array advanced.

Ethereal whips came out of the many flowers among the vegetation, and Marcella added more attacks during the advance. Bright petals appeared and prepared themselves to explode, giant trees expanded their reach to protect the whole array, and poisonous gas came out from some areas.

Marcella didn't stop there. Tall plants grew from specific spots of her technique to create flowers capable of shooting piercing bullets. Other plants appeared and filled the whole area with leaves that could resist fire.

Each of those plants seemed to express the peak of its field. Marcella could summon the best vegetation the higher plane had ever seen, and all her creations carried her overwhelming power.

The technique had changed shape and level of danger, but Divine Demon faced it without showing any fear. He raised a hand, and a pack of giant dragons filled his surroundings. They all carried the space dragon's maimed appearance, but their roars appeared unaffected by those fake injuries.

Divine Demon showed his respect for the upper tier companion before shooting forward. The pack flew with him, and the same went for the space dragon. As for the others, they remained behind since they couldn't join the imminent exchange without the portals' protection.

The space dragon summoned the entirety of its remaining power to create a space-time array that forced the vegetation to freeze for a single second. Its wounds expanded during the process, but Divine Demon didn't waste that chance.

The scarlet dragons crashed head-on on the vegetation while transforming into sharp attacks that severed as many plants as possible. More energy flowed in their insides once they started to deplete their power, and a partial success eventually arrived.

Marcella could only watch as the dragons severed her away from most of her creation. They limited her connection to the plants in her immediate surroundings, but she didn't hesitate to attempt to restore it once she regained control of her movements.

However, Divine Demon appeared in front of her at that point. Many plants divided the two, and Marcella had even filled that space with some of her toughest creations, but Divine Demon disregarded everything as he snapped his fingers.

Marcella and the plants around her suddenly took fire. Scarlet flames danced above the vegetation severed from the rest of the array, but they failed to pierce the special leaves that Marcella had prepared beforehand.

Still, the flames suddenly stopped flickering and transformed into an ethereal fluid that seeped inside the plants and forced them to rot from their insides. Countless flowers wilted, and blood-red spots even appeared on Marcella's body.

The infection expanded until Marcella felt forced to create new petals that enveloped her figure and attempted to heal her. Yet, Divine Demon teleported in front of her before the cocoon could close, and a sea of blood-red energy immediately exploded outward.

Marcella burnt under the raging might unleashed by the explosion. Her skin disappeared and showed its many defensive layers, but even they crumbled under Divine Demon's unstoppable power.

It didn't take long before the entirety of Marcella's body vanished among the blood-red sea. The attack pierced her previous spot and continued to fly until it crashed into the sky behind, where it finally dispersed into the void.

Traces of happiness appeared on the three companions who had remained behind, but that feeling vanished in no time. The vegetation that Divine Demon didn't target remained strong and healthy. Actually, more flowers grew from the various magical plants, which meant that the source of their power was still alive.

A blinding green light appeared above the space dragon while Divine Demon was still busy inspecting the area in front of him. A cocoon made of petals materialized, and Marcella's intact figure came out when it opened.

The space dragon was in no condition to activate another technique, and dodging wasn't an option either. Roots quickly came out of Marcella's body and pierced the creature in multiple spots. The already wide cracks expanded under those attacks until everything crumbled into a rain of orange shards.

Chapter 2294 2294. Failure

The oppressing, powerful, and reassuring presence of the space dragon slowly waned until nothing remained in its previous spot. Its shards continued to crumble even after the shattering, but a force prevented them from dispersing into the void.

Marcella closed her eyes as more roots came out of her body. Those branches had ethereal leaves shining on their surface, and they stretched toward the shards when they entered their range.

The ethereal leaves absorbed the shards and fused with them until every trace of their orange color left their surface. Some energy abandoned those maimed body parts and flowed into the void, but the roots absorbed everything else.

Marcella appeared uncomfortable during the process. Her expression showed frowns and sweat as she absorbed the space dragon's energy. Even the purification applied by her plants couldn't completely remove the dangerous nature inside the shards.

Still, Marcella had decided to seize that power to prove her superiority and inflict a mental defeat on her opponents. Her eyes soon opened, and her expression relaxed before turning into a smug smile. Her aura even surged stronger than ever to announce her appreciation for that meal.

The space dragon was dead, and the event inevitably triggered reactions that spread through the entire higher plane. The remaining dragons and their last leader instinctively voiced battle cries to express their grief, but anger soon replaced that feeling.

The pack started fighting with even more frenzy, and the time dragon expanded its influence as it flew toward Queen, Emperor, and Vesuvia. It seemed that its instincts had evolved after the death of its companion. The creature wanted to leave a deeper mark on the battlefield, and he needed to help the three cultivators to achieve that.

Maribel, Sepunia, and the odd dragon didn't know how to react to the event. The space dragon was the sole reason behind their survival in that incredible battle. Moreover, the creature was a core asset of their army, but Marcella had killed it easily without suffering any lasting injury.

The three experts felt lost. They couldn't fight without the space dragon, and they didn't know whether Divine Demon could actually win. They had only respect for their superior, but the previous exchanges had failed to put him above Marcella.

As for Divine Demon, he appeared stuck in his place. There seemed to be disbelief in his expression as he stared at Marcella and the spot where the space dragon had died.

Divine Demon's stance didn't inspire confidence, and that apparent insecurity ended up affecting Maribel and the odd dragon. They didn't know how they could face Marcella when even Divine Demon appeared lost.

Only Sepunia seemed to retain some confidence, even if the feelings running through her mind were far different. Her gaze darted among various areas of the battlefield before ending on the castle in the distance.

King Elbas was fighting, and the same went for the other major leaders from the landmass' army. Everyone was doing their best since Heaven and Earth's arrival was imminent, and Sepunia wanted to do her part too.

Silent resolve spread through Sepunia's mind as plans and ideas surged. Her world was the creation of two mighty experts, so she knew that it had the potential to affect the peak of the cultivation journey. She only needed time to understand how to achieve that power.

"Are you mourning?" Marcella asked once the cries of the dragons quieted down.

The question obviously was for Divine Demon. Marcella saw the others in that team as nothing more than ants. Only Divine Demon was worthy of her words.

"That annoying dragon is finally dead," Marcella announced as she retracted part of her roots to leave room for different plants. "You are all alone now, and the previous exchange has already revealed your flaws. You won't win unless you have another trump card."

"Flaws?" Divine Demon finally spoke.

"Yes, the flaws in your breakthrough," Marcella explained. "Your previous attack revealed the limits of your mind. I wouldn't have won the exchange if you still had the help of the higher plane."

"Are you trying to put the dragon's death on me?" Divine Demon asked.

"It is your fault," Marcella declared as she summoned a flower with blood-red petals. "I could isolate your toxin because your mind carries no knowledge of the magical plants' field. It would have been different if you still had the higher plane on your side."

The revelation felt earth-shattering to Divine Demon's companions. Maribel, Sepunia, and the odd dragon didn't even notice that flaw, but they couldn't deny Marcella's world. Divine Demon had really failed to affect the magical plants with his power, and his lack of knowledge seemed to be the reason behind that failure.

Solid doubts inevitably appeared in the experts' minds even if they tried their best to wear stern faces. Marcella had found a flaw that had heavy repercussions in the entirety of Divine Demon's power. He couldn't kill her if his foundation simply failed to be effective.

"Defeat is hard to accept," Divine Demon eventually announced. "I remember that now."

"Ooh?" Marcella gasped. "Did I trigger a bad memory? I'm honored."

"There is no such thing as an expert who never experienced defeat," Divine Demon declared. "We all lose during our journeys. Sometimes we even lose part of ourselves."

"You know," Marcella uttered, "Heaven and Earth would happily accept your world. You can switch sides if you don't feel like fighting anymore."

"That's the difference between a mere expert and a demon," Divine Demon pointed out. "I might have lost something to achieve my breakthrough, but that process was inevitable. I would have never achieved my true potential otherwise."

"Your true potential has failed you," Marcella declared.

"No," Divine Demon corrected. "I'm still learning how to express it."

"I wonder how many of your companions will die during that time," Marcella replied as her gaze fell on the three experts who had kept themselves out of the exchanges.

"You are right," Divine Demon sighed. "I don't have time to learn how to control my power."

"Are you admitting defeat?" Marcella wondered. "I never thought I'd see-"

Marcella couldn't finish her sentence since an immense wave of energy suddenly left Divine Demon. His aura seemed to expand endlessly, and Marcella's expression froze when she saw that the blood-red light filled every corner of the higher plane.

Divine Demon's aura didn't carry any specific purpose. He had simply released the entirety of his energy without creating any technique, but that sheer discharge of power left many experts speechless anyway.

"The requirements for the final battle have just harshened," Divine Demon spoke, and his voice resounded from every inch of his aura. "If you die, remain proud. You have been part of the greatest event in the history of this higher plane."

"What are you doing?" Marcella asked in a calm tone, but traces of surprise inevitably seeped into her voice. "How many of your companions are you willing to kill to win this battle?"

"All of them, obviously," Divine Demon responded.

"You truly are a monster," Marcella sighed.

"I am a demon," Divine Demon declared, "And you are about to learn what it means together with the entire higher plane."

Chapter 2295 2295. Everything

"Your friend is doing something strange again," Divine Architect commented as a barrier came out of the balcony and fended off the blood-red light. "You all don't know when to give up."

King Elbas patted his robe to remove the white dust that had accumulated on his figure. He had gone through a few casual exchanges with Divine Architect, and his inscribed items had turned out to be inferior, but he had predicted that outcome.

"Don't you think it's too early to get confident?" King Elbas asked. "We were just playing around."

"I have been confident even before you pulled us out of the sky," Divine Architect calmly responded.

"I expected that answer," King Elbas sighed before his eyes fell on the blood-red aura lingering outside the castle's range. "How do you even call that strange? It perfectly fits that idiot's behavior."

"I prefer not to relate to idiots," Divine Architect mocked.

"That actually is a good approach," King Elbas admitted. "Those idiots can make anyone go crazy, but their behavior is quite easy to predict after a while."

"Is it?" Divine Architect wondered. "We are talking about a being who defies logic. How could anyone claim to predict his next move?"

"I can because I'm better than you," King Elbas claimed.

"What is he doing then?" Divine Architect asked.

"That idiot has tried to learn how to use his new power until now," King Elbas explained. "He finally decided to change his approach."

"How is filling the entire higher plane with harmless energy of any use?" Divine Architect questioned.

"That's not intentional," King Elbas stated. "I mean, that's not a real attack. He simply abandoned the idea of using his stupid mind to fight."

"What a reckless brute," Divine Architect sighed.

"Reckless, definitely," King Elbas added. "I'd normally agree on the brute part too, but it might be the right approach this time. After all, it's pointless to obtain a superior power if you can't use it to its fullest."

"Is this using it to its fullest?" Divine Architect asked.

"This is only the beginning," King Elbas explained. "This is him going all-out."

"Is that your idea of teaching?" Marcella laughed when she saw the new shade that had filled the higher plane. "Do you want to destroy everything? Fine by me!"

Marcella spread her arms, and countless magical plants quickly grew out of her. Vegetation expanded past her figure before stretching toward the creations left behind during the teleport.

The technique stopped being a flat mass of magical plants and transformed into something similar to a giant forest that expanded in every direction. Divine Demon, Maribel, Sepunia, and the odd dragon happened to be at the center of that vegetation, but none of them dared to move during the process.

The appearance of so many magical plants didn't remove Divine Demon's light from the aura. The green cloud expanded and shone with brighter colors, but the blood-red shades remained and continued to taint that separate environment.

"Destroy?" Divine Demon asked. "No one said anything about destroying everything."

Divine Demon also spread his arms, and the entirety of his aura began to shake. The higher plane fell into a constant earthquake even if most of it had become part of the void, and the weaker experts could only hurry toward Pellio to find safe areas.

Of course, the weaker experts from Heaven and Earth's army didn't have similar hiding spots. Some of them managed to find cover under the auras of their superiors, but many ended up trapped in the shaking that filled the entire world.

The tremors slowly intensified, but Marcella didn't care about that. Her magical plants could easily fend off that pressure, so she kept her attention on Divine Demon.

"You have yet to do anything," Marcella pointed out as the vegetation that had enveloped her opponents started to generate offensive magical plants.

"I did," Divine Demon revealed. "I've stopped controlling my power."

"What does that even mean?" Marcella mocked. "Every expert controls their power."

"You said it yourself," Divine Demon stated. "The limits of my mind are flaws you can exploit, so I'll stop using it. You are about to face the entirety of my life."

"More confusing words," Marcella sighed. "I guess there is no point in this conversation."

Marcella pointed her arms forward, and the vegetation unleashed its attacks. Sharp darts, dense poisonous clouds, ethereal whips, and entire plants shot toward Divine Demon to encircle him in an offensive that left him no escape path.

Maribel, Sepunia, and the odd dragon felt lucky. Marcella didn't even mind their presence inside her technique, and the trembling blood-red aura shielded them from the weight of her offensive.

The three experts could find a safe hiding spot among the vegetation while the attacks converged toward Divine Demon, but the scene that unfolded afterward left them speechless.

The countless attacks froze before they could land on Divine Demon. He remained at the center of a spherical area devoid of any plant or technique, and nothing seemed able to enter it.

Divine Demon scoffed as he showed his palm to materialize a cup full of wine at its center. He pretended to care about the various attacks frozen around him as he drank, but he soon disregarded that behavior to lie mid-air.

The barrage of attacks obviously didn't prevent Marcella from studying the insides of the empty area. The scene inevitably tried to get to her nerves, but she remained calm as a question left her mind. "Do you really want to disrespect me so badly?"

"I'm not disrespecting you," Divine Demon claimed. "I'm going all-out."

As if listening to Divine Demon's words, the blood-red aura around the higher plane began to condense. The shaking didn't stop, but the various waves of energy quickly gave birth to different shapes.

Packs of dragons formed in some areas, and humanoid giants equipped with different weapons materialized somewhere else. Cylindrical cannons that featured countless inscriptions appeared in other spots, and the list went on.

Divine Demon wasn't doing anything. He was merely relaxing at the center of the barrage of frozen attacks, but his aura was transforming in ways that affected the entire higher plane.

Countless techniques materialized all around the world, and Divine Demon's companions ended up recognizing some of them. He had already used those attacks, but his current display of power was creating bigger and mightier versions of them.

Moreover, Divine Demon wasn't holding anything back. He wasn't satisfied with a single, powerful technique. He was summoning everything he had ever created in his life, and the process inevitably killed many unfortunate experts.

Most of those experts belonged to Heaven and Earth's side due to the lack of hiding spots, but Divine Demon still killed some of his underlings. Of course, he didn't care about those deaths, especially when techniques materialized around him to fend off Marcella's offensive.

Marcella saw a perfect intact copy of the space dragon materializing next to Divine Demon and affecting the space-time array in the area. Her offensive teleported against her will, and many attacks reappeared among her vegetation, where they unleashed their power.

Meanwhile, the techniques in the rest of the higher plane shot toward Marcella as soon as their structures stabilized. She saw the energy that had filled the world just a few seconds ago flying toward her while wielding different natures and properties.

At that sight, Marcella stopped seeing the battle as a mere struggle against an incredible expert. The entire higher plane had just become her opponent, and she prepared herself to face it.

Chapter 2296 2296. Monster

Marcella opened her mouth, and a green pillar came out of it. Countless roots, branches, and flowers materialized among the light and grew rapidly to thicken the vegetation in the area.

Layers over layers of magical plants moved toward the edges of the vegetation and prepared themselves for the imminent impact. Countless techniques were converging in the area, and the inevitable crash eventually happened.

A deep noise capable of making the entire higher plane shake spread through the world as the many techniques crashed on the magical plants. The impact generated a shockwave that expanded everywhere and stopped only when it reached the sky.

Some of Divine Demon's techniques crumbled when they landed on the defensive magical plants. Yet, their destruction generated storms that carried the trembling blood-red energy.

Violent earthquakes surrounded the entire vegetation while the intact techniques pierced their way through the countless magical plants. Roars and screams resounded everywhere as Divine Demon gave birth to the messiest battlefield that the higher plane had ever witnessed.

The giant copy of the space dragon also did some work. The creature used its influence on the space-time array to teleport some blood-red techniques inside the vegetation and make them avoid strong defenses.

Marcella didn't let that sea of techniques overwhelm her. A shout left her mouth, and the green smoke brightened. The various magical plants absorbed that gas and grew stronger before generating more flowers and branches.

Soon, countless giant trunks and unstable petals appeared in front of the various blood-red techniques. Divine Demon was assaulting the vegetation from every corner, but Marcella was slowly managing to match that offensive. She had the energy to back up those defenses. She only needed to decide how to approach the array of attacks.

The scene was beyond incredible. The final battle had forced all the living beings in the higher plane to fight, but the battlefield with Marcella and Divine Demon seemed to surpass the chaos witnessed previously.

There were too many fights going on in that relatively small area. Hundreds of techniques fought against entire armies of magical plants, and the victories on both sides never led anywhere.

The blood-red energy transformed whenever the plants managed to win over some techniques. Most of it became part of the earthquakes, while others took other shapes that increased the diversity of attacks among the vegetation.

As for the magical plants, they had an endless stream of energy flowing through their fabric. Marcella was going all-out to keep her creation full of power and close any opening created by Divine Demon's offensive.

The assault was relentless, and its relatively isolated location didn't prevent the various underlings from dying due to the shockwaves it unleashed through the higher plane. Many continued to suffer due to the presence of a battle that only the leaders could withstand.

The situation was a bit different for the three experts who were stuck among the vegetation. Sepunia, Maribel, and the odd dragon had summoned many defensive layers while hiding under one of the sturdiest magical plants in the hope of surviving that mighty assault.

The defenses held strong for a while, but some of Divine Demon's techniques eventually got close enough to spread shockwaves in their direction. The three experts could only move through the vegetation to find a new hiding spot at that point, but they were slowly running out of options.

Marcella wasn't exactly losing. She actually had an answer for any attack that Divine Demon used against her. Yet, the assault never stood still. The various exchanges moved through the vegetation as teleports and small victories happened, so the three experts could never settle in a single location.

Of course, Divine Demon didn't care about his companions at all, and the same went for Marcella. The two mighty experts had already decided how the rest of their battle would go, and nothing could stand in their path.

"Is that all?" Marcella shouted as new waves of energy left her body to flow into her magical plants. "Is this what the great Divine Demon can do?"

Divine Demon disregarded the taunt as he refilled his cup of wine. His techniques were on auto-pilot since his world was using everything contained inside his mind to summon and control them. He only needed to wait for the battle to end, and Marcella's words weren't interesting enough to force his attention to move.

The earthquakes slowly became so intense that the vegetation felt forced to retreat. Marcella wasn't exactly losing ground. She was only sacrificing the width of her technique to prioritize sturdiness. She needed firm magical plants to fend off the tremors, so she couldn't create them without condensing her influence.

Divine Demon was in a similar situation. The earthquakes had grown so intense because many techniques had shattered and had added their energy to those tremors.

The exchange was nowhere near its end, but it was transforming to reach that phase. Both Divine Demon and Marcella were condensing their influence to make it converge toward their opponent, and neither had seized the advantage.

"So much for teaching me how to be a demon!" Marcella eventually shouted as excitement surged in her mind. "You have yet to beat my creation."

Divine Demon sighed when he saw that his cup was empty again. He wanted to refill it, but Marcella finally attracted his attention. His uncaring gaze pierced the various plants to focus on the privileged cultivator, and a teleport happened.

"You can get excited then," Divine Demon's voice spread through the entire vegetation as he teleported in front of Marcella.

The teleport didn't take Marcella by surprise. She had sensed that movement technique, and green petals had grown around her to make her ready for an eventual attack.

"What are you even saying?" Marcella asked before realizing that a grin had appeared on her face.

"You aren't fighting for Heaven and Earth now," Divine Demon revealed. "You are fighting for yourself. You want to prove that you are stronger than me."

"So?" Marcella snorted. "Triumphing over strong opponents is a core aspect of the cultivation journey."

"But magical plants shouldn't have that urge," Divine Demon pointed out. "They only have to thrive."

Marcella's eyes widened, but she quickly suppressed that surprised expression. Divine Demon was partially right, but she didn't want to show the slightest trace of defeat.

"Well, there is another explanation," Divine Demon continued. "No one ever dared to match your position, so finding a worthy opponent awakened something you forgot long ago."

"I'm sure you will enlighten me now," Marcella mocked.

"When was the last time you enjoyed a battle?" Divine Demon asked as wine materialized in his cup.

"You are about to tell me that you are enjoying this," Marcella responded.

"Of course," Divine Demon laughed.

"You have killed recklessly," Marcella pointed out. "You have ruined the lives of many of your companions due to your lack of control. Do you think they enjoyed being overwhelmed by your power?"

"Who cares!" Divine Demon shouted. "We are gods fighting to create a path through the sky. We are the peak of the world! Those who can't survive or whims don't deserve to see the end of this struggle."

"You should talk to Decumia," Marcella sighed. "I'm sure she will find your thoughts interesting."

"But she isn't the one matching my techniques," Divine Demon declared. "You are fighting on par with this monster. Are you sure you aren't a monster too?"

Chapter 2297 2297. Stalemate

Marcella couldn't lie in that situation. Divine Demon had already seen her grin, and her feelings were evident. She was enjoying that struggle against an opponent capable of matching her boundless energy.

Still, Marcella wasn't Divine Demon. She didn't share his merciless mindset, and part of her even despised it. She was willing to kill anyone to reach her goals, but she didn't enjoy adding pointless deaths to her experience.

"I am a monster," Marcella eventually admitted. "I was a monster even before your birth. That doesn't make us equals."

"You are right," Divine Demon stated. "This exchange is making us equals."

"You have yet to win," Marcella pointed out. "You have yet to win a single exchange."

"I have already won," Divine Demon laughed. "I forced one of Heaven and Earth's best pawns to forget her higher purpose. How does it feel to fight to prove yourself superior to your opponent?"

"You are speaking nonsense," Marcella scoffed.

"It feels good, right?" Divine Demon continued. "Going all-out without caring about your surroundings or situation, using your power to its fullest to achieve a single victory. That's what we live for! That's why we forced our existence to reach these peaks!"

"Speak for yourself," Marcella sighed. "Not everyone shares your maniacal urges."

"Everyone at this level does," Divine Demon shouted. "The peak is achievable only to those willing to push their urges to the limit."

"Heaven and Earth created a different path," Marcella corrected.

"And how many of their leaders walk on it?" Divine Demon asked. "How many of you abandoned your urges for the sake of the peak?"

"An entire army is proving you wrong," Marcella stated.

"Is it?" Divine Demon laughed as he spread his arms. "I only see ants running away in front of a superior power."

Marcella was getting tired of that topic. Divine Demon twisted it to benefit his vision with every answer, and Marcella couldn't correct him properly. Part of her also knew that he was right, especially when she inspected the battlefield.

Heaven and Earth had really offered an alternative path to the peak. Their safe environment had allowed many experts to reach the solid stage without encountering hindrances or challenges.

However, those experts couldn't find a proper footing in the final battle. They were valuable assets who had slowed down their opponents' advance, but none had managed to be relevant in the major fights.

Even the numerical advantage didn't help. Emperor, Queen, and Vesuvia could keep many privileged cultivators at bay because they had achieved the peak through normal methods. They were maniacs, and that made them superior to anyone who had become able to match their power through a journey devoid of challenges.

Divine Architect was the only vague exception among the leaders since Heaven and Earth had recruited her relatively early. Still, her achievements and sheer drive compensated for the lack of challenges in her journey. Even without hindrances, she remained a proper maniac.

"I don't get what you are trying to achieve," Marcella sighed. "There is nothing wrong in enjoying a worthy battle as long as I continue to serve Heaven and Earth."

"That's the issue," Divine Demon declared. "Why even serve them when you can summon so much power?"

"Are you praising me now?" Marcella teased.

"Why wouldn't I?" Divine Demon questioned. "You can match my blows. That alone proves your value."

"Simple-minded experts like you sure have it easy," Marcella commented. "You'll keep moving forward without caring about the consequences of your action. You'll advance even with defeat as the only possible outcome."

"We can't change what we are," Divine Demon announced. "That's the secret behind our power. We are the best expression of ourselves, even with superior beings trying to crush us."

"Your approach carries some beauty," Marcella admitted, "But it also makes you a fool. You fail to see the big picture. You can't win, and defeat carries no beauty."

"We have already proven many predictions wrong," Divine Demon exclaimed. "What makes you so sure that we won't succeed again?"

"Because I've seen the big picture," Marcella explained. "I might suit your standards, but I'm not an idiot."

"What a waste," Divine Demon sighed. "You already have what it takes to be a demon, but you lack resolve."

"I have the resolve to fight for what I believe in," Marcella corrected. "It simply happens to go against you."

"Which makes it wrong," Divine Demon snorted.

"Such arrogance," Marcella giggled. "Do you think that's enough to beat me?"

Divine Demon didn't speak anymore. He emptied his cup and refilled it while keeping his eyes fixed on his opponent. Marcella also remained in her position, and the two focused on each other while their techniques fought.

Plants and waves of blood-red energy spread everywhere. Destruction filled the area occupied by vegetation, but no significant victories happened.

Some of Divine Demon's techniques lost against their opponents, but they transformed instead of dispersing. Part of their energy flowed toward the earthquakes to enhance their violence, while the rest of it morphed to generate new abilities.

The magical plants didn't remain still either. Many techniques managed to pierce and destroy them, but Marcella's energy reserves were genuinely boundless. They always found the fuel to regrow and flourish while the assault continued.

Marcella and Divine Demon seemed stuck in a stalemate, even if their techniques never stood still. Yet, the exchange was slowly moving toward its final phases, and neither did anything to interrupt the process.

Soon, the entirety of Divine Demon's offensive fused with the earthquakes around the vegetation. Even the copy of the space dragon shattered willingly to join that massive technique.

Marcella found herself against a single attack carrying enough energy to fill the higher plane, but she didn't back away. Her plants retreated to generate stronger trunks and flowers that could resist the violent tremors landing on them.

The earthquakes didn't stay completely still. Figures came out of the shaking spherical cage and assaulted the various magical plants on their path. Dragons, giants, weapons, and much more fought Marcella's creations, but the latter held strong.

Marcella and Divine Demon appeared evenly matched on every field, and they slowly understood that. Still, they kept powering their techniques while staring at each other. Neither wanted to back down, but they had to wait for the exchange to end to find which approach was correct.

The tremors eventually became so violent that no plant in Marcella's arsenal could stop them. The earthquakes spread through the vegetation and reached the two experts, who spat mouthfuls of blood almost at the same time.

The process was hurting Divine Demon, but he didn't move. He had something to prove there, and the same went for Marcella. Their struggle wasn't something that words could solve, and both were too proud to abandon their position.

It was clear that only one of them would survive that exchange, but Divine Demon and Marcella were fine with it. They were both holding their ground to defend their opposite beliefs, so moving wasn't an option.

Nevertheless, something unexpected affected the exchange before Divine Demon and Marcella could find a winner. Patches of pink energy suddenly spread through the entire vegetation and destabilized its structure for an instant.

That moment was enough for the earthquakes. All the plants crumbled at the same time due to the tremors flowing through the vegetation.

Marcella and Divine Demon remained exposed, and they both turned toward the source of that unexpected power while violent energy flew toward them.

Sepunia had revealed her presence. Pink patches of energy covered her body and forced her cultivation level to reach the solid stage. She kept her eyes closed and her legs crossed while Maribel and the odd dragon burned their existence to protect her from the tremors.

Chapter 2298. Laugh

Decumia was truly going crazy. Multiple exchanges had followed Wilfred's arrival, and she struggled to win them. The Foolery's insane influence was too much to handle through standard methods. The privileged cultivator even believed that nothing in her power could actually counter them.

The problems didn't stop there. Decumia was strong enough to preserve her life and power during the exchanges, but that gave her the time to inspect the other major battles.

Sword Saint and the old man were evenly matched. Noah had locked Caesar in a prison that no one could inspect, and Marcella had found a suitable opponent who was forcing her to go all-out.

The Rulers' Resolve had also fallen into a giant cage under the attacks of his three opponents. Divine Architect seemed to be the only one among Heaven and Earth's leaders who had yet to suffer significant defeats, but her adversary couldn't be underestimated. Moreover, she and King Elbas were still playing around, which only made their situation more surprising.

Heaven and Earth had yet to break free from their restraints, but that didn't change the incredible scenery of the battlefield. A lousy group of rebels and maniacs had forced the rulers' army into a corner. They weren't winning, but they weren't losing either, and that alone was incredible.

Decumia's struggles were another detail that added value to the landmass' forces. Noah had created an organization that could hope to win. The odds were against those crazy rebels, but they were disregarding them through sheer determination and overwhelming power.

Decumia wasn't the only expert in Heaven and Earth's army who had reached similar conclusions. Many lesser privileged cultivators had understood that they had misplaced their arrogance.

Noah and the others were the best opponents that the higher plane could ever produce. They were defying a plan that had been in place for eras. They were the true protagonists of that final battle, and the sole thought that they could win made many lesser privileged cultivators experience deep fear and worry.

Of course, the leaders in Heaven and Earth's army were different. Their worlds were deeper, and their resolve reached realms that their weaker companions had never witnessed.

Decumia was even different from the other leaders. Their devotion toward Heaven and Earth had various sources, but they were all firm and deep. Caesar stood far above them in that aspect, but Decumia occupied the very opposite extreme of the spectrum.

Wilfred and the Foolery had good teamwork. Wilfred kept his distance while delivering punches on the void that created precise attacks, while the Foolery continued to charge ahead with sprints empowered by its farts.

Decumia would typically have no problems against Wilfred. His attacks were insanely powerful for a hybrid in the liquid stage, but she was stronger than him in multiple fields.

Decumia would simply charge ahead and turn Wilfred's strength against him in normal circumstances. His ability was too straightforward. Her chaos would defeat it in no time.

However, Wilfred seemed to have a deep battle sense. His instincts told him how to maximize the effects of his attacks to create more problems for Decumia.

That alone would still fail to be enough, but the Foolery created a situation where Decumia couldn't act freely. Its charges were impossible to dodge, and Decumia saw part of her energy vanishing from her body after every exchange.

Whenever the Foolery completed its charge, chunks of flesh, entire limbs, and even internal organs disappeared, but Decumia didn't panic. Giant attacks aimed at her injuries landed on her body right afterward, but she kept her cool and studied the situation.

After a while, Decumia exploded into a loud laugh. Her companions had found worthy opponents, and she didn't know how to win her battle, but she still laughed.

The Foolery and Wilfred didn't hesitate to exploit that chance. They continued to assault Decumia, and she didn't bother to resist. Large chunks of her body disappeared, and some attacks even ended up affecting the energy inside her world.

"I can laugh louder than her!" The Foolery shouted before taking a deep breath.

Wilfred teleported next to the Foolery to smack its belly. The pig spat the air accumulated in its lungs, but a laugh resounded anyway. Its voice even surpassed Decumia's.

"No one can stop m-!" The Foolery shouted, but Wilfred promptly closed its mouth.

"Let's kill her now," Wilfred ordered. "I don't know what she is doing, but Heaven and Earth are coming. Don't waste time."

"I must overwhelm her in every field!" The Foolery spoke even if Wilfred was keeping its mouth closed.

Wilfred knew that trying to reason with the Foolery was impossible, especially after it achieved that new power. He wasn't even the best when it came to those social interactions, but that allowed him to think like the pig.

"Steven didn't care about her," Wilfred stated. "He wanted you to defeat Heaven and Earth. We can't waste time here."

The Foolery couldn't help but calm down after hearing the word "Steven", and Wilfred's following line succeeded in changing its mind. "Besides, I'm hungry."

"You are right!" The Foolery exclaimed through its closed mouth. "We should eat!"

Wilfred let go of the Foolery and turned toward Decumia. The privileged cultivator was still laughing, but no energy left her figure. She seemed to have gone mental, but Wilfred didn't believe that someone at her level could have lost her mind so quickly.

The Foolery didn't bother to inspect Decumia's state. Loud farts came out of its butt, wings, and legs to create a sprint that the privileged cultivator couldn't follow.

The smelly farts almost broke Wilfred's concentration, but he had grown used to them by now. He bent his legs and retracted his massive arms while placing them at his sides. His face lost any trace of emotion as he delved deep into his knowledge to prepare for his attack.

Decumia could dodge the incoming charge. She couldn't follow the Foolery, but she knew powerful evasive maneuvers that could make her avoid anything coming in her direction.

Yet, Decumia had already failed to avoid suffering injuries through those methods. She had accepted that the Foolery existed in a realm that her thoughts couldn't reach. So, she gave up on dodging the incoming attack and continued to laugh.

The Foolery slammed on Decumia and pushed her into the sky. The violent impact created a shockwave that shattered once it reached the other waves of energy running through the battlefield. Yet, that didn't affect the overall power of its attack.

Decumia's torso disappeared, leaving behind only her limbs and head. Purple energy refilled the missing parts, but that fuel vanished under the influence of the Foolery's hunger.

Wilfred launched his attack at that point. His arms slowly moved forward until he stretched them completely. The gesture didn't create anything in front of him. Still, an invisible wall appeared above Decumia and tried to squash her on the sky.

In theory, Decumia was defenseless. Her figure had no energy, so her flesh was bound to shatter under the immense force falling on her.

Nevertheless, the wall of energy stopped moving forward as soon as it touched Decumia's maimed figure. All the power inside the attack turned purple and crumbled into a rain of shards that rearranged themselves to create different structures.

Part of the shards fused with Decumia's body to fix her injuries. Instead, the rest of the rain condensed into an array of tentacles that expanded from behind her back.

"More food!" The Foolery squealed at the sight of the massive tentacles. Intense hunger spread from its figure and fell on those limbs, which immediately started to lose power.

Still, the tentacles exploded before the Foolery could completely absorb them. The energy released during the detonation lost any connection to Decumia and gave birth to violent storms that seemed to carry no specific nature.

The Foolery could only absorb part of the storms before finding itself inside gales that even its powerful body couldn't oppose. Wounds opened on its thick flesh during that barrage, but a wave of energy dispersed all of them.

Wilfred blew over his fuming right fist. He had managed to disperse the storms, but he had suffered a backlash. It seemed that Decumia had found a suitable approach, but Wilfred couldn't understand much from her crazy laugh.

Chapter 2299. Sure

Decumia didn't counter the Foolery's offensive. She didn't stop the mindless charge or the intense hunger. Her approach carried power and secrets that Wilfred and the pig didn't completely understand.

Of course, the Foolery didn't care about the event or the details behind it. The pig studied glanced at the shallow cuts on its body before lowering its head in preparation for its next charge.

Instead, Wilfred had a more careful approach. He needed to be the mind of that team, but he felt pretty lost when he reviewed what had just happened.

Decumia didn't do anything special. She had detonated her technique to generate energy that could hurt the Foolery. The severing of any connection with the explosions was the only unique aspect of the attack.

The lack of connections had allowed the energy to ignore part of the Foolery's advantages. Yet, the chaotic storm that had formed after the explosion retained aspects belonging to Decumia's world. Wilfred and the Foolery's hunger couldn't sense them, but those gales had been too violent to be part of a natural event.

Wilfred tried to compare the storm to Divine Demon's earthquakes. The two attacks had similar natures, but the latter carried Divine Demon's unmistakable influence. Instead, the gales that had hurt the pig resembled a natural catastrophe.

'It would make sense,' Wilfred accepted in his mind, 'But can she really do something like this? It should be impossible to achieve so much power without relying on worlds.'

Wilfred knew that his understanding of the word "impossible" didn't express the reality of the final battle. The higher plane had seen many experts ignoring its general meaning, and his companions were mostly to blame for that.

The Foolery was a perfect example of that topic. Steven had allowed it to achieve an unreasonable ability that even a leader from Heaven and Earth's army couldn't oppose.

Still, Decumia wasn't the Foolery. No matter how insane they sounded, her ability had to follow general rules, which didn't happen during the last exchange.

'The storms weren't as strong as the earthquakes,' Wilfred thought, 'But we aren't as strong as Divine Demon or his opponent either.'

The Foolery launched its offensive while Wilfred was busy reviewing the previous exchange. The charge was even faster than before, but Decumia decided to remain still once again.

The pig slammed on the privileged cultivator, but the impact didn't send her away since the sky remained intact. Decumia saw her flesh being squashed on the white layer as power left her body, but a laugh continued to leave her bleeding mouth.

"Still laughing?" The Foolery asked. "I can do that too!"

The Foolery gave voice to a loud laugh that mixed with its squeals as farts came out of its limbs and butt. The smelly gas gave birth to another powerful sprint that squashed Decumia even more.

Decumia's figure seemed about to turn into a gory mess, but a blinding purple radiance suddenly came out of her shattered body and filled the area.

The smelly gas, shockwave, and overall energy released during the sprint fused with the purple light to transform into a colorless wave of power. Part of that fuel put some distance between the Foolery and Decumia, allowing her to rebuild her body.

Decumia stretched her arms forward without interrupting her laugh. The vast sea of colorless energy churned and condensed in her palms before transforming into a violent current that pushed the Foolery away.

The pig couldn't oppose the current. Its superior strength couldn't defeat the sheer violence slamming on its body, but that wasn't enough to stop it.

Anger and hunger exploded out of the pig's body and took control of the area. The violent current became unable to touch it even if it was standing right in the middle of its raging energy.

The Foolery didn't turn ethereal. Its power had actually reached new depths, which added weight to its presence. The space didn't seem to like that process, but the changes in that space-time array remained too faint to gain any meaning.

"Hitting you doesn't necessarily lead to injuries," Decumia announced while interrupting her laugh. "You don't need to dodge to avoid an attack."

"Did you finally acknowledge my superiority?" The Foolery proudly asked while rising its head, uncaring that the wild energy was still flowing around it.

A pillar made of invisible energy fell on the violent currents and interrupted its flow. The colorless fuel lost its momentum and dispersed into the void, but Decumia didn't bother to glance at the source of that attack. Her eyes remained on the pig, and her expression grew happier with each passing second.

Wilfred frowned when he inspected his fuming hands. Injuries had opened on his knuckles due to the remote contact with the violent current. Drawbacks had happened again, confirming that Decumia had obtained a new power.

"Your power makes no sense," Decumia exclaimed as she suppressed a new laugh. "That makes it limitless in terms of abilities. How interesting."

"Even Heaven and Earth's leaders accepted my might," The Foolery sighed as a single tear left its right eye. "Steven, Xavier will be our next target."

"Your idiocy makes you troublesome," Decumia stated, "But I'm the most troublesome expert in the entire higher plane. My chaos always finds a way."

Decumia shot forward to reach the Foolery, but she failed to touch it. Her hand seeped through its skin as if it wasn't really there, but everything changed when her arm ended in its mouth.

The Foolery allowed Decumia to touch it again only to eat her arm. The limb couldn't survive the pig's teeth, but a purple cloud came out of the maimed spot.

The cloud didn't affect the Foolery. Actually, that purple energy began to rotate as the pig ate it. Yet, Decumia laughed again, and a colorless spot appeared among that gas before expanding to remove any trace of the purple color.

The pig's eyes widened in surprise as a violent cough took control of its body. It had absorbed part of the transformed gas, which turned out to be toxic for its world.

Decumia's smile widened as she pressed her hands on the Foolery's head. Her body emitted a purple light that turned colorless before focusing on the pig's mind.

The attack seemed to work on the Foolery. The pig rejected any form of control that Decumia was trying to apply to its mind, but it remained stuck in that position.

A mere suppression couldn't keep the Foolery immobilized for too long. Intense hunger soon resumed to seep out of its skin, and anger also fused with that feeling to hurt Decumia and eat her energy.

Still, Decumia didn't seem to care about the energy leaving her body. She wanted to inflict a lasting injury on the Foolery, and she appeared able to succeed. She only needed to endure the next blow.

Decumia suddenly disappeared. The Foolery regained control of its body only to wear a frown. It didn't understand what had happened, but the shockwave that exploded before it solved that mystery.

A loud noise expanded from the spot previously occupied by Decumia and spread in every direction. The Foolery didn't summon any defensive ability, and a superficial layer of its skin turned into a fuming mess that hid some burns.

"I had her," The Foolery complained.

"I won't risk losing you," Wilfred stated while teleporting next to the Foolery. "Your power is too useful."

The Foolery's eyes lit up when it saw that Wilfred's massive arms had greatly suffered during the last exchange. His muscles were in the open, and smoke came out of those injuries.

"We will be unbeatable now!" The Foolery squealed.

"What?" Wilfred casually asked without moving his eyes from his opponent.

"We can both exploit the smoke to get faster and stronger!" The Foolery proudly announced.

Wilfred glanced at the Foolery while trying his best not to show any emotion. He didn't know how to react to the pig's excitement, so he limited himself to a simple "sure".

Chapter 2300. Scuffle

"Alexander's weaker version," Decumia called while straightening her position to stand on the sky. "You wouldn't belong on this battlefield without the help of your far stronger companions."

"How many of you wouldn't be here without the sky's protection?" Wilfred responded. "The weakest of us is as strong as hundreds of you."

"My, my," Decumia laughed. "You speak arrogant words for someone hiding behind a corpse. I wonder, will you also sacrifice yourself to give power to the pig?"

Wilfred didn't take those words well. He had shared Steven's situation in the past. Supreme Thief had to save their lives and add aspects to their worlds to pave the path toward the ninth rank.

Seeing how Steven had to give his life to make his power effective didn't promise anything good. Wilfred also knew that he was finding chances to attack only because the Foolery had become strangely reliable.

Still, those opportunities weren't leading anywhere. Wilfred could push Decumia away and interrupt her attacks, but he couldn't hurt her deeply. He even struggled to open wounds in her already weakened figure.

Questions on how to act piled on in Wilfred's mind. He wasn't the type to think during a battle. He preferred the straightforward approach that tested the limits of his physical strength, but it was clear that he couldn't defeat Decumia like that.

Wilfred couldn't even expose himself since Decumia's chaos was too scary without the Foolery's influence acting as a defensive layer. Long-range attacks that exploited his new techniques were his only real option, but they couldn't help the pig too much.

'She has yet to understand how to counter the Foolery,' Wilfred thought, 'But she is getting there. If she learns how to ignore its influence, we might be in trouble.'

Those thoughts ruled out the slow and ineffective long-range attacks from his options. Wilfred couldn't allow his opponent to become a problem for his companions. He wanted to ensure the Foolery's victory, but that might require a price, and he was willing to pay it.

"Do you know how she is doing this?" Wilfred whispered as he tried to come up with a plan.

"Doing what?" The Foolery asked.

"Going past your power," Wilfred explained. "Her power is stretching past the limits of her world while remaining bound to it."

"When did that happen?" The Foolery questioned.

Wilfred couldn't help but glance at the Foolery. The pig appeared utterly clueless, but that didn't stop Wilfred from voicing another question. "Didn't you notice anything strange at all?"

"I'm still eating her," The Foolery stated. "What changed?"

Wilfred gave up on the matter. That idiocy probably favored the Foolery's new power, but it also made it unreliable when it came to plans or strategies. Wilfred had to handle that part on his own, so he came up with something relatively simple.

"I'll distract her," Wilfred uttered. "Her chaos is troublesome, but she probably can't defend against you and me at the same time. I should also hurt her pretty badly if she decides to focus on you. We can do this."

Wilfred was quite confident in his guess. Decumia had always needed to sever her energy from her existence to create abilities that could pierce the Foolery's defenses.

His plan sounded beyond reasonable. Wilfred would be able to land a direct attack if Decumia didn't stop him, and the Foolery could do the same in the opposite situation.

Of course, Wilfred's life would be in danger if Decumia decided to focus on him, but he didn't care about that. The Foolery would be able to deliver a clean blow through his sacrifice, and the lack of valuable defenses would probably make it reach Decumia's world.

Both options would lead to positive results if Decumia didn't have anything surprising, which sounded reasonable since she had just learnt how to handle the Foolery. That was enough to push Wilfred in that direction.

"What are you doing?" The Foolery asked when it saw that Wilfred was ready to charge ahead.

"I'm preparing for the plan," Wilfred stated.

"What plan?" The Foolery asked while tilting its head to its right.

"Are you even listening to me?" Wilfred sighed.

"I have a plan!" The Foolery squealed. "Let's go!"

Wilfred had no idea what the pig had in mind, and he soon discovered that no amount of thinking could affect that situation. The smoke coming out of his arms suddenly grew violent and made him shoot toward Decumia, who could only laugh at that scene.

The Foolery also used the smoke coming out of its damaged skin to accelerate. The pig flew in a straight line with Wilfred at its side, and both of them ended up leaving a smelly trail along their path.

Wilfred didn't understand what was happening. His body sprinted on its own, and it even adjusted its path and momentum to match the Foolery's speed.

Decumia let the two converge toward her without summoning any technique, so Wilfred had the chance to make a point of the situation. He connected that unreasonable development to the Foolery's ability, which forced him to move his thoughts to the next step. He had to attack.

Wilfred closed his eyes and joined his hands above his head. His whole body tensed up, and his muscles bulged as they prepared themselves for the inevitable backlash.

A long-range attack had reflected injuries to his body, so it was very likely that a direct blow would cause even more damage. Wilfred knew all of that, but he pressed forward and mustered as much strength as possible, uncaring that his limbs could explode during the impact.

The Foolery limited itself to a simple charge, and its body landed on Decumia together with Wilfred's joint fists. A massive force fell on the privileged cultivator and ran deeply into her existence, but storms suddenly came out of her and sent everything flying away.

The energy inside Decumia, Wilfred, and the Foolery saw an unstoppable force sending them away. The power released by their previous attacks acted as a shield, but their bodies suffered injuries anyway.

It didn't take long before Wilfred and the Foolery reunited somewhere among the void. Their attention was still on the laughing Decumia, but their stances were quite different.

"We almost had her!" The Foolery squealed. "Let's go again!"

The Foolery had every intention to charge ahead right away, but Wilfred promptly wrapped his legs around its thick neck to stop it. The pig instinctively thought that Wilfred wanted to jump on its back, and anger burst out of its figure.

Nevertheless, that anger waned when the pig noticed that Wilfred lacked his arms. He couldn't grab the Foolery with other limbs, and his condition actually created a problem.

"Hurry up and regrow them," The Foolery ordered.

"I can't so quickly," Wilfred complained as he kept pulling to express his intentions. "Give me some of the energy you have taken from her."

"I didn't take anything," The Foolery snorted while tilting its head. Wilfred's legs were still bound to its neck, so the gesture ended up waving him around.

"Don't copy Defying Demon," Wilfred scolded while crouching forward and headbutting the Foolery on its forehead. "I know you are eating under all that skin."

"That's a complete lie," The Foolery declared before tilting its head on the other side. The gesture separated the two and slammed Wilfred on the pig's belly.

"I can't fight like this!" Wilfred voiced an annoyed remark before bringing its legs back on the pig's neck.

"I can't do anything about that," The Foolery squealed. "I'm almost done absorbing her energy. You can't take it at this stage."

"You lied to buy yourself some time!" Wilfred shouted as he began to kick the side of the pig's head.

"It's my energy!" The Foolery complained. "I took it! My belly is my domain!"

"I am close to approaching the breakthrough-! AH!" Wilfred said before the Foolery bit his leg and forced him to interrupt his line.

"You dumb pig!" Wilfred cried. "At least make one of those awful plants. They should have improved too, right?"

The Foolery froze before slowly moving its head toward Wilfred. His leg was still in its mouth, but it didn't press on it anymore.

"You forgot that you could do that, didn't you?" Wilfred sighed, recognizing the guilt behind the Foolery's expression.