

~ Day 66 ~

Verdant fields of lush grass and vegetation surrounded me on all sides and stretched long into the horizon. With the smattering of sparse but vigorous trees and a rich vitality that brimmed from the natural wonders, it created a stark contrast to the atmosphere thick with belligerent and bellicose intent to battle.

Swallowing the sight of the verdant surroundings was a veritable sea of bodies that struggled to consume even the horizon. Figures of all kinds of races could be distinguished; humans, elves, greenskins, what I guessed was trolls, and many other creatures both recognizable and not.

Encircled on all sides by the armies, stood only one figure. The Paragon of Eldritch. From above, I spectated the awe-inspiring scene. Although I had no real physical manifestation in this vision, it was still clear to me that these armies comprised of an endless number were all creatures and beings of overwhelming power.

Many were just simple and weak soldiers, the cannon fodder of armies, however, there was still an incredible number of powerful entities whose power I couldn't even begin to imagine. The strong all stood at the forefront, ready to face the singular and lone figure encircled by the innumerable faces of malevolence and grudge.

Although such a situation seemed utterly hopeless and excessive for a single person to face, the Paragon of Eldritch was wholly unperturbed. No fear nor hesitation could be seen in his vibrant crimson eyes, only the chilling glint of a predator having found his prey was to be seen. Glancing around at the sea of bodies, a satisfied smile crept its way onto his face, as if satisfied with circumstances.

That look almost gave me the notion of a farmer looking over his lush and matured fields... expectant of a bountiful harvest...

Stepping out from the sea of potent and inundating auras, a draconic woman made herself known as she held an absolutely massive sword. It looked more a cleaver than a sword, the blade as long as her entire height and as wide as she was. And that was saying with her already huge and muscular frame, much larger than any ordinary human woman, almost rivaling that of orc women.

The blade looked utterly unwieldy and must've weighed a ton, not even considering that was no most likely no ordinary metal like iron or steel. So it probably weighed even more. However, she simply wielded in one hand, not even straining to keep the blade raised as she did. But it honestly wasn't all that surprising when you took the domineering and boundless aura she radiated into consideration.

Even though I was only observing a vision, her aura felt suffocating, not even mentioning the equally strong auras subtly seething from other strong individuals in the sea of faces.

"Demon! This is where you end, the corrupted scourge that is you will no longer taint this world with your presence." - ???

Looking into her predatory and steely eyes, the Paragon of Eldritch chuckled mirthfully.

"I am no demon, gorgeous. They're some real nasty beings, although I could be considered... *nasty*... which is something I only hear from those who warm my bed, a demon I am not." - Paragon of Eldritch

Scrunching her face, the draconic woman glared menacingly at the very salaciously teasing paragon.

"Cease with your silly jokes, you blasphemous creature of eldritch." - ???

She almost spat the word eldritch, as if it stained her very tongue to simply mention the word. Hearing her words, the paragon sighed and actually surprised me as I spotted the look of someone being misunderstood on his face.

"You haven't the faintest comprehension of what eldritch truly is. You all think it some wicked warping of the natural laws, simply because you as living being fear change and the reality of life. So you hide from the truth, keeping the veil of ignorance you've built during your entire lives from shattering. You self-righteous rulers of mindless piety to the gods of stagnation are the real scourge. The pantheon that dares to take concepts as their own, only to violate their own true purpose in favor of power and control. That is what's truly despairing."
- Paragon of Eldritch

"Silence heathen! By the decree of the holy mother of fertility and life, your twisting of her divine gifts will end today. It is my goddess-given prerogative to put an end to all you unholy eldritch practitioners." - ???

"*Her* divine gifts? My-oh-my, you are truly blinded by your own religious fervor. She's nothing but a thief, someone who takes credit for being the creator of a universal law that has existed for all eternity. What a fucking joke. A mere being as your pitiful gods being capable of such a feat, stop with your preposterous claiming, don't you realize how gullible it is?" - Paragon of Eldritch

I wasn't sure of what to make of all of this. While all these were visions that all the paths shoved me, they all seemed to be based on actual elements of this world. Like how there were humans, greenskins, and other creatures I've so far found in my new world. But all of this proclamation of gods and such, what was to be believed, and what wasn't?

However, I couldn't ponder further as the last of words of the paragon seemed to expect the remaining patience of the draconic woman. Charging with an unstoppable charge, his massive sword swiped at the figure of the paragon. A wide beam of translucent energy shot out from the edge, only to expand further and scream through the air as it almost seemed to split the very space it flew past in two.

Not moving from his position, he simply swiped his hand, and a huge screen of crimson liquid shooting from his hand. The blood that suddenly emerged from his body to create a massive shield hovering in front of him was a lot more than what his body would've otherwise suggested that it could contain.

Upon the blade of translucent energy hitting the screen of vibrant sanguine liquid, a massive shockwave and blinding light exploded out to knock over thousands of the weaker warriors in the immediate surrounding. The simple power contained within that attack stunned me, and I

knew as an undeniable fact that if I were to even attempt to face that strike, I would've been annihilated to my very molecules.

After I regained sight, I was stunned to see that the shield was only slightly cracked. But suddenly the crimson shield shattered as the draconic thundered through it with an overpowering leap. Landing with the force of a meteor, the overhead swing of her massive sword cleaver split the earth and left a huge gorge of at least twenty meters in the wake of the attack.

However, the paragon of eldritch was nowhere to be seen. Instead barely able to react in time, the draconic woman swept her blade behind her, deflecting the thousand of crimson shards of the shattered shield that had turned into deadly spikes. Although her massive weapon gave her a lot of leverage to block the many projectiles, she simply couldn't block the overwhelming number fully as some managed to slip through and clang off her armor, leaving dents and furrows in the seemingly holy material that it was comprised of.

The paragon was standing few dozens of meters from his original position, the same unconcerned expression on his face as always, as if he didn't see her as a threat all by her lonesome. But the woman wasn't alone. The sudden emergence of twelve other, just as strong or if not stronger as the draconic woman, individuals all assaulted the paragon.

A cacophony of sounds and explosions rattled the earth and the sky. Those in the immediate surroundings who didn't get out of the way quickly enough turned into meat paste or had themselves torn from limb to limb by the mere aftershocks of their attacks. It chilled me to the bone to see such a scene, as I knew that just the immediate bystanders were many leagues above even my own power.

With elegance and finessed moves, the paragon of eldritch dodged and swerved around the arrows, swords slashes, and many other destructive skills. He used all kinds of moves to suddenly shift his trajectory with the morphing of a seemingly endless supply of vibrant and vigorous blood that he shaped into any needed object.

There were even times where I literally saw some of his limbs or entire body suddenly vaporize into a crimson mist to dodge certain attacks, only to reform completely unscathed. Even if parts of his body actually was disintegrated by some of the more devastating attacks, they were instantly regenerated by the terrifying vitality running through his veins.

Although it seemed that the paragon was doing all the dodging while only throwing a few weak and unglamorous attacks at them, the faces of the unimaginably powerful individuals turned more and more dire by each second they failed to put an end to him.

"Enough." - Paragon of Eldritch

The sudden proclamation that came from the paragon was accompanied by a world-consuming presence. As if his single word was an unshakeable and infallible command that every single living being had to adhere to, everybody stopped, frozen in their tracks. Rippling from his body, his aura caused the very air to shudder, suffocating many of those weaker who stood too close.

Although his aura was beyond powerful, it would only have been able to restrain the others who were weaker than the thirteen powerhouses. The reason why powerhouses were as powerless and hindered as the others were because they were under the effects of more than just his aura.

Clutched to their bodies and underneath their armors, crimson liquid was seeping into and hindering their bodies' movements. The inconspicuous and weak attacks that he had thrown at them had actually slowly accumulated blood to start invading their bodies, and they had no ability to stop it.

The only one who was seemingly able to slightly push against the paragon's powers was the draconic female, holy and radiant light exuding from her body like some divine being was trying to lend their help. However, even with that, she wasn't able to overcome his power as she fell to her knees.

"You think your fake god has any calling over the true power of life? And that measly amount power you're lending, not even your own, will be able to help?" - Paragon of Eldritch

"Y-you filthy heathen! Worshipping those ancient and decrepit beings as if they were gods!"
- ???

Frowning as he approached the woman desperately struggling against her restraints, he locked gazes with her.

"Worship? They are not gods, neither do they ask for any worship. Unlike your pitiful beings who managed to attain some power in this world and ascended to their self-given titles as gods demand for the worship of the various concepts that already govern existence itself. They are not like your fraudulent gods that manipulate the illusionary concepts of good and evil to their own ends. They do not claim that they're the sole rulers of the domains, neither do they claim that they are the ones who created them. I am simply following the same path that they themselves do." - Paragon of Eldritch

It was clear she was about to protest with some religious nonsense even further, but before she could utter a word, he suddenly extended his open palm out before her face. With an inhuman and mind-rending scream that tore from the draconic woman's throat, streams of crimson mist spumed from her eyes and mouth. Ripping her very life force from her body.

With terror in their eyes, everybody could only stare petrified at the horrific scene. Slowly, but surely, the woman's body turned into a desiccated husk of her former self. Any and all vitality gone, even her soul leeched clean. Falling to the ground, there was even the sound of her now brittle bones simply breaking upon her body hitting the ground.

Now unrecognizable, the strong draconic woman died. Glancing around at the many horror-stricken faces he nodded to himself as if satisfied. He lifted his hand high into the air, palm facing upwards.

"Now that you've decided to oppose me, don't curse me for you own idiotic decisions." - Paragon of Eldritch

Thick and viscous crimson mist suddenly spumed from his palm like a maelstrom into the sky. Within moments, an all-encompassing dome of crimson fog covered the endless sea of bodies. The fog was easily see-through, not really hindering the vision, but that wasn't its true purpose. Those at the edges of his aura's domain were desperately trying to get their animated bodies to flee, however, they were all doomed.

Screams of pain and terror soon radiated throughout the lush plains. Every single individual of the endless sea of bodies started to suffer the same fate of the draconic woman, not a single

one an exception. Their life essence all swirled up into the air, joining the still all-consuming maelstrom in the sky.

It wasn't just only the armies that were affected by the paragon's all-consuming power as even the surrounding vegetation and life that existed within the plains was utterly consumed. With it all accumulating into the maelstrom, the Paragon of Eldritch consumed it all as if his body was an unending abyss. When nothing was left to be reaped, the maelstrom disappeared as fast as it had appeared, returning to him, the domain with it.

The only things left in the now desiccated wastelands that once were the plains were a lone figure and a sea of gaunt husks. For dozens of miles, life would not be able to return to these lands for centuries to come. This was the last sight I saw before returning to the spirit realm.