

## **Abyssal 1021**

Chapter 1021 Near victory

"You!"

The Knight turned his head, his eyes a mixture of rage and awe. Nihilak observed how the sword had managed to impale his chest, instantly comprehending that the attack had harnessed every ounce of strength in Zatiel's body and must have been charged for an extended period of time.

Zatiel was not slower than Nihilak when it came to reconstructing his body. He utilized the extra time to leave a decoy, one capable of incapacitating Nihilak when he attacked the samsara lotus. Numerous complications could have arisen, but Zatiel understood that triumphing in this battle necessitated risks. Thus, he enacted the plan without a moment's hesitation.

The Samsara Thearch's lips curled into a cold smile as a burst of flame erupted from the sword, sowing chaos within the Harbinger of Desolation.

"¡AHHHHH!"

Nihilak's scream of agony jolted Ravakir and Tormentras to consciousness. Despite Zatiel's overwhelming power, the duo couldn't remain passive, for if Nihilak perished, they would swiftly follow him to the grave.

Ravakir's eyes gleamed, making his energy burst as he directed an order at Tormentras. Then, both surged toward the Samsara Thearch, determined to sever his connection with the Beyonder Army's Leader.

Zatiel's eyes narrowed as he spotted the Echo of Doom and Bringer of Excitation hurtling towards him. Even though he was significantly stronger than them, his focus was solely on his sword lodged within Nihilak's body. He couldn't afford any distractions.

Nonetheless, he harbored no concern. His smile grew icier as he faced the two Knights, one wielding spectral hands and the other a colossal ax, charging at him with ferocity.

Ravakir and Tormentras attacked with intensity, but before they could close in on Zatiel, Ezequiel and Venganza rejoined the fray.

Ezequiel hadn't ceased his advance, clashing with the Bringer of Extinction at full force and driving him back.

Venganza's maneuver was more elegant. He seized the spectral hand before it could reach Zatiel, twisted it, and flung Ravakir away with all his might.

The Revenge Thearch merely nodded at Zatiel before darting after the Echo of Doom, intent on finally ending his life as he had planned all along.

Zatiel's eyes blazed as he expended every ounce of his energy, continually channeling more dark purple and golden fire through the sword.

The flames consumed Nihilak's internal organs, inflicting immense pain upon the Harbinger of Desolation. However, he refused to lose control, gritting his teeth as the power of the black hole halo behind him surged forth with formidable might.

Zatiel's eyes widened as he encountered the repulsive force of the black hole, nearly hurtling him away. Instinctively, he transformed his wings into spikes that pierced into Nihilak's chest, anchoring him and preventing him from being propelled away.

Nihilak's agony intensified, the intrusion of the wings exacerbating his ordeal, and the power of the black hole halo augmenting his turmoil.

Zatiel unleashed his energy explosively as the flames continued to consume flesh and blood, creating a growing hole in the center of Nihilak's body. A flash of excitement gleamed in his eyes as he observed the wounds.

Nihilak possessed an incredibly powerful body and soul, which meant that inflicting wounds on him was an immensely challenging task. However, it also meant that healing during battle was nearly impossible for him.

Those wounds alone were akin to a near-death sentence, yet Zatiel understood that he couldn't afford to be overconfident. He was dealing with the leader of an army born from a Late Stage life form, and Nihilak's resilience could not be underestimated. Thus, Zatiel persisted, pouring his attacks onto Nihilak with every ounce of his power.

Driven by desperation, Nihilak summoned the entirety of his strength. His black hole halo surged with unparalleled energy, and the dark maw on his back pulsed ominously. The pressure in the surroundings intensified as the event horizon of the black hole distorted reality itself.

With a deafening roar, Nihilak's body trembled, his black hole halo reaching a point of no return. In a cataclysmic eruption of energy, the black hole exploded with unprecedented force. The event horizon warped and twisted, shattering the fabric of reality around it.

Zatiel's eyes widened as the shockwave struck him, propelling him backward. The force was incomprehensible, a maelstrom of annihilation threatening to tear him apart. He fought to stabilize himself, his wings flaring to regain control.

The explosive blast drew the attention of combatants across all battlefields. Even Sacred Kings and Initial Stage Knights diverted their focus to the parallel dimension to witness the unfolding destruction.

Thrill and excitement filled the hearts of the warriors of the Daybreak Universe. Sensing the weakened soul force emanating from the three strongest Knights, they felt that victory was within their grasp. Their battle spirits surged with even greater strength as they attacked ferociously, eager to eliminate their enemies.

As Zatiel recovered from the blast, his eyes narrowed, fixated on Nihilak.

The Harbinger of Desolation bore a massive hole where his heart should be. An expression of agony and exhaustion etched across his face as he locked eyes with the Samsara Thearch.

Ravakir and Tormentras managed to extricate themselves from their own battles, arriving beside the wounded Nihilak. The Bringer of Extinction's soul force was too unstable for rational thought, but the Echo of Doom recognized the gravity of the situation. Observing Nihilak's grievous wound, he understood that things had taken an extremely dire turn.

Zatiel didn't rush forward alone. Only when Venganza and Ezequiel appeared by his side did he begin to formulate his next move. He carefully strategized how to deliver the decisive blow,

realizing that the battle was far from over. The fate of the universe hinged on the choices they would make in the moments to come.

Nihilak struggled to breathe as the overwhelming damage to his internal organs left him gasping for air. His blood seemed to stagnate, and his energy could no longer circulate freely through his body. Continuing to fight in this state was unthinkable, and winning under such conditions was nothing short of an impossible dream.

Yet, despite the awareness of the danger and the high stakes, there was no trace of fear or defeat in the countenance of the Harbinger of Desolation.

A gleam of sharp light appeared in Nihilak's eyes as three white crystals materialized within his body. One emerged in each of his palms, and the third positioned itself at the center of his chest, where his heart should have resided. White flames danced within each of these crystals, although the flames in the one at his chest and left hand were nearly depleted, leaving only the one in his right hand fueled and vibrant.

Zatiel, Ezequiel, and Venganza exchanged solemn expressions as they sensed the presence of the white flames and comprehended their true nature. This was none other than the power capable of triggering Reality Override Spells.

The Samsara Thearch analyzed the storage capacity of each crystal and deduced that the one in Nihilak's chest was nearly ten times larger than the other two.

As for the depletion in the left hand's crystal, that must have resulted from the teleportation of the entire army at the beginning.'

'That larger crystal must have been the one Nihilak used for Rewind

—reviving the entire army and healing all the wounds he and the other two Middle Stage Knights sustained at the start of the battle. As for the depletion in the left hand's crystal, that must have resulted from the teleportation of the entire army at the beginning.'

Zatiel clenched his fists, feeling the power contained within each crystal. While advancing might seem like a logical course of action, a Reality Override Spell was not something he could simply halt at will.

Just like Zatiel felt apprehension facing Nihilak, so did the Knight as he stared at the Samsara Thearch, trying to discern the thoughts in this one's mind.

Nihilak's expression remained solemn as he locked eyes with the Samsara Thearch, attempting to discern the strategy that would be employed.

At this juncture of the battle, the Harbinger of Desolation had grasped just how perilous a foe the Samsara Thearch was. However, regardless of how deeply he contemplated, there was no avenue to halt him. Time was not on his side, and he couldn't merely wait, especially given the severity of his wounds and the imminent depletion of Tormentras' soul force.

The Harbinger of Desolation raised his right hand and clenched his fist, causing the white flame within the crystal to burst forth.

"Reality Override Spell: Regeneration of Body and Soul."

As soon as Nihilak spoke those words, the white flame within the crystal began to dissipate. His wounds, as well as those of Ravakir and Tormentras, started to heal, gradually erasing the severe injuries they had sustained.

Ezequiel and Venganza witnessed this unfolding with a mixture of frustration and anger. All the damage they had inflicted upon the Knight was being undone, and there was nothing they could do to prevent it.

In less than a minute, all traces of the damage had vanished completely from the three Knights.

Zatiel's lips curved into a small smile as he kept his gaze fixed on Nihilak. With resolve, he finally unleashed the power of the White Sun Pupil.

"Reality Override Spell!"

Chapter 1022 Beyond Knight's Sacrifice

"Reality Override Spell!"

Zatiel's ascendant power, accumulated over decades, now pulsed within him, allowing him to master the potential of the White Sun Pupil bestowed by his True Name.

Nihilak's eyes narrowed, as killing intent burst in them. He sensed the influence of the White Sun Pupil, recognizing Zatiel as the epicenter of a force capable of manipulating time and reality itself.

Ravakir and Tormentras also perceived this immense power. They braced to leap forward, eager to unleash their strength and disrupt Zatiel's incantation. But Nihilak's gesture halted them, an unspoken command to stand their ground. Just as the Thearchs had been powerless to prevent Nihilak's employment of the Reality Override Spell, so were these Knights unable to thwart Zatiel's use of it.

A glint of anticipation flashed in the Knights' eyes as they awaited the trigger for the Reality Override Spell. They assumed that the Samsara Thearch was preparing to mend his team's wounds, initiating the next phase of the battle.

Despite their previous defeat, there was nothing but pure killing intent and fighting spirit in the heart of the trio. The enemy was indeed strong, stronger than they had ever faced before, but they served the Beyond, and no matter the outcome, they could always revert things until victory smiled upon them.

While Zatiel could deduce their line of thought, he merely offered a cold smile. First and foremost, their victory had been influenced by fortune and stratagem, and the next encounter could easily pivot in favor of the Knights.

Zatiel had no intention of spending his sole Reality Override Spell merely to replay past events. The Reflection of Ascension materialized on his armor as he clasped his hands, ready to unleash his power.

Initiating the spell, a vast samsara pentagram materialized, depicting every facet of the life forms Zatiel had encountered on his journey. Joy and sorrow, triumph and suffering, love and anguish, all these emotions manifested as distinct races.

Nihilak, Ravakir, and Tormentras cast their gazes skyward, beholding the Samsara Cycle Formation enshrouding their dimensional realm. Curiosity and uncertainty etched across their expressions as they pondered the nature of the impending spell.

With an assured smile, Zatiel ignited his White Sun Pupil, its radiance reaching its zenith as the power of the Samsara Cycle Formation surged to its pinnacle.

At that climactic juncture, Zatiel unleashed his might.

"Samsara Style: Inversion of Cause and Effect!"

In an instant, the pentagram shone with an intensity akin to a thousand suns, its luminescence transforming the battlefield into a realm of blinding brilliance. Energy surged outward, intertwining with the very fabric of existence itself. The very concept of causality began to waver, its pillars faltering as the spell took hold.

Nihilak and his Knights felt the shift, an intangible disruption to the foundation of reality. Uncertainty and awe mingled within them as they gazed upon this spectacle, their senses attuned to a power they could scarcely comprehend.

Zatiel's smile remained, for his spell had been initiated.

battlefield itself, to invert sequences of events.

16:06

The Samsara Style: Inversion of Cause and Effect was no mere healing or reversion spell; it was a potent tool to reshape the battlefield itself, to invert sequences of events.

Just as Nihilak, Tormentras, and Ravakir found themselves pondering the impending effects of the spell, their eyes widened in astonishment as their wounds began to regrow before their very eyes. The shock coursing through the Knights was palpable, for they couldn't comprehend the reality unfolding before them. Their bodies remained untouched, yet ghastly and grievous wounds manifested upon their forms.

A profound sense of bewilderment overtook the Knights as they grappled with this inexplicable phenomenon. They felt no physical harm being inflicted on their bodies, yet the visual evidence of severe wounds appearing left them utterly confused. Nihilak channeled his soul force and energy with desperate intensity, straining himself to the absolute limits, yet even his formidable power proved ineffectual against the relentless tide of the spell's influence.

The situation grew even more dire for the Knights when they beheld the color gradually returning to the faces of Venganza and Ezequiel. While not an instant or complete restoration, the weakening of their wounds signaled a stabilization of their souls. The perplexing turn of events sent shockwaves through the Knights' hearts.

"What power is this?!"

Nihilak's voice was tinged with a mixture of astonishment and frustration as he watched the wound on his chest reopen despite his efforts to prevent it. If the Reality Override Spell wielded such monstrously offensive power, he would have undoubtedly utilized it earlier to crush Zatiel's

defenses. However, the spell's potency diminished substantially when confronting life forms of Omnipotent capabilities, a fact Nihilak was acutely aware of. That was especially true for someone like him that used borrowed power.

Zatiel's smile only grew more pronounced as he bore witness to the escalating plight of Nihilak and the worsening state of his injuries.

"It's quite straightforward. I've enacted an inversion of cause and effect over the temporal flow. The force you employed to mend your wounds is now being turned against you in reverse. The same applies to your comrades."

Zatiel explained calmly, his eyes gleaming with an coldness.

Nihilak's eyes widened as the significance of Zatiel's words dawned on him. In that moment, he grasped the formidable power at play, a power that harnessed the Samsara Truth itself as the catalyst for the Reality Override Spell. This indicated a level of mastery that transcended even the might of the Beyonder's capabilities. The scope of the spell's influence extended across the entire domain of the Samsara Cycle Formation, leaving no corner untouched.

Since the spell affected everyone inside the parallel dimension, it also acted on Venganza and Ezequiel. Their actions had involved expending their soul essence and bloodline energy to fuel their combat prowess, and now this very process was being reversed.

While restoring their soul force to their peak was not possible, and the explosion of the Lord of Emptiness Bloodline would not be reverted, the spell would stabilize the Thearchs' condition, enabling them to continue fighting for a long period of time.

In the face of this unexpected twist, Nihilak's gaze flickered with a mixture of anger and frustration. The cunning intricacy of Zatiel's countermeasure was undeniable. His mastery over the Samsara Truth and its application to the Reality Override Spell was nothing short of awe-inspiring. It had turned the tide of battle once more, and the Knights found themselves caught in a relentless whirlpool of reversed cause and effect, their very bodies betraying them.

"CRACK!"

The colossal Samsara Formation sprawled across the sky of the parallel dimension shattered in less than ten seconds, but it had already fulfilled its purpose.

Nihilak, Ravakir, and Tormentras were unceremoniously reverted to the state they were in prior to enacting the Reality Override Spell: Regeneration of Body and Soul. The trio found themselves gasping for precious air, their bodies and spirits drained, and their capacity for immediate combat severely compromised.

Zatiel's complexion turned pale, and the radiance of his White Sun Pupil dimmed. Blood trickled from the corner of his mouth, evidence of the strain he had endured. Despite this, a smile persisted on his face.

Though he and the other two Thearchs were not at their prime, overcoming Nihilak, Ravakir, and Tormentras would pose no challenge.

Nihilak observed the frigidity of the Thearchs and sensed their intent to kill. Then, an apathetic expression overtook his countenance as if the perils and predicaments he faced were trivial.

"I must admit, you're a threat unlike any I've encountered. But I am the Beyonder's Ultimate Knight. Do you truly believe wounds like these could deter me? That you could compel me to surrender?"

A surge of energy enveloped the Harbinger of Desolation, igniting the remnants of white flames within the gem on his chest and left hand.

"Think again!"

Zatiel's brows furrowed as he heightened his vigilance.

The remaining fuel in those gems was meager, barely sufficient to restore Nihilak, let alone all three of them, but the plans of the Harbinger of Desolation were much crueler.

While the Samsara Thearch excelled in wisdom and stratagems, the Harbinger of Desolation was unrelenting and merciless, prepared to pay any cost for victory in the Beyonder's name.

Astonishment etched itself onto the faces of Ravakir and Tormentras as they witnessed hands penetrating their chests. They turned toward Nihilak, a mixture of shock and bewilderment painting their features, for it was he who had assaulted them.

Zatiel, Venganza, and Ezequiel were shocked as they did not understand what Nihilak's plan was, but they were certain it was not good for them. Before they could even make a move, the power of a new Reality Override Spell exploded.

"Reality Override Spell: Beyonder Knight's Sacrifice!"

"¡AHHHH!"

"¡AHHHH!"

Ravakir and Tormentras began to scream in agony as their flesh, blood, and soul particles began to fuse into Nihilak's body and soul.

The Thearchs adopted solemn expressions as they stared at the Harbinger of Desolation and saw the monster he was becoming.

Chapter 1023 Just in time

Zatiel, Ezequiel, and Venganza felt the aura of Nihilak growing higher and higher as he devoured the souls and bodies of the Echo of Doom and Bringer of Extinction. The three Thearchs exchanged glances, clenching their fists and bolstering their energy and soul force. Only a Late Stage life form could interfere with the activation of a Reality Override Spell, and as none of them possessed that power, their only recourse was to prepare for the impending battle.

Despite the numerical advantage of three against one, the Thearchs found themselves lacking in confidence as Nihilak's aura continued to escalate without any sign of stopping. The Harbinger of Desolation was not merely consuming Ravakir and Tormentras's flesh and blood but also assimilating their essence into his own, absorbing the entirety of their power.

It was logical that the mightiest of the Knights would have access to a spell emulating the essence of the Beyonder, the ability to assimilate others, incorporating them into his being and growing stronger.

Nihilak's right arm began to bulge, morphing into a grotesque mass of muscles tipped with sharp claws. All of Tormentras's brute strength had now condensed into this single extremity, imbuing it with the potential to rupture the very fabric of reality with a mere clench of his fist.

Simultaneously, the left side of Nihilak's face underwent a mutation as flesh melted away, giving rise to a dark, skeletal shadow adorned with a prominent horn and an inverted cross-like symbol in his eye. Fiery shadows emerged from his feathers, lending his form an ethereal, eternal quality.

Once the Knight's transformation concluded, the three Thearchs exchanged determined glances and fell into a battle formation, with Ezequiel and Zatiel taking the frontline while Venganza assumed a strategic position behind. Each of their eyes shone with a resolute intensity as they steeled themselves to confront an adversary of unprecedented power.

Nihilak's gaze remained cool and collected as it rested upon the assembled Thearchs. Slowly, he extended his colossal right hand, summoning Tormentras's massive ax into his grip.

"Fourteen Epochs," Nihilak's voice echoed across the tense atmosphere. The utterance itself was not the issue; it was the chilling calmness in his tone that struck Zatiel as unsettling. It was as if the Knight held absolute certainty that victory was within his grasp.

Although the Reality Override Spell had concluded, none of the Thearchs initiated an attack. Instead, they waited, focusing on what Nihilak had to say.

"I have lived for fourteen Epochs. In the initial span of my existence, my life lacked meaning. My sole preoccupation was amassing strength, and I was truly invincible. Every adversary that crossed my path was crushed beneath my power. No one could rival me, even after transcending the Cosmic Wall and venturing into other universes.

For a time, I even contemplated whether I was the supreme life form in all existence."

A complicated smile appeared on Nihilak's face, his eyes narrowing as a surge of murderous intent emanated from them.

"Yet, it didn't take long for me to realize the folly of my actions. I confronted an individual whose might was unquestionable. If I were a star, illuminating above others, he was a moon radiating brilliance like no other.

This man not only defeated me but also imprisoned me for innumerable years. Eventually, I managed to escape, but while rage festered within me, I lacked the strength to exact revenge."

Nihilak paused, his eyes aglow with a mixture of awe, devotion, and admiration.

"That was when I encountered the One Above All. He unveiled a purpose for my life, revealing the path forward, the sole path. To merge with him, become one with the meaning of existence itself, and so I did. With my master's guidance, I confronted that man again, vanquishing him and claiming his body and soul as my new vessel."

The Harbinger of Desolation directed his focus upon the trio, his eyes igniting with an overwhelming wave of killing intent.

"You were granted the opportunity to merge with the Master, to exist eternally and join us in our conquest of the central reality tower. However, your arrogance and lack of discernment led you to squander the chance of being part of the entity destined to supersede existence itself. Now, the sole



course before you, along with all those whom you have ever cherished, is to be consumed, mere sustenance for the One Above All. In a few million years, it will be as if you never existed."

The very moment Nihilak concluded his chilling proclamation, he surged forward with a colossal velocity, materializing right in front of the Thearchs before any of them could react.

Ezequiel's eyes bulged, and he managed to barely raise his arms before the ax cleaved down upon him. The Emptiness Thearch bore deep lacerations that sundered flesh and bone, the impact propelling him through the air in a brutal trajectory.

Zatiel and Venganza were staggered by the astounding speed and formidable power Nihilak had gained from devouring Tormentras, yet their astonishment did not hinder their reaction time. Without delay, they retaliated by channeling their accumulated energy into potent spells.

A samsara cycle materialized behind the Samsara Thearch, who activated the Reflection of Annihilation and swept his sword downward, birthing a torrent of pitch-black flames.

Simultaneously, the Samsara of Sin and Man manifested behind Venganza, its power harnessed to unleash a tempest of dark, multi-hued flames.

"Sundering Samsara: Flame of End!"

"Samsara of Sin and Man: Sinful Ignition!"

Nihilak perceived the formidable flames hurtling toward him, yet his response to the impending danger was an audacious grin.

"BOOOOMMMMMMMM!"

A cataclysmic detonation engulfed the parallel dimension, setting the surroundings ablaze as the twin attacks struck Nihilak at point-blank range. Both Venganza and Zatiel were in close proximity to the Knight as their strikes connected, suffering from the blast's force and being hurled away by its impact.

Swiftly regaining command over their bodies, both Thearchs' expressions sharpened as they fixed their gazes upon the conflagration resulting from their combined assault.

Despite these attacks being marginally reduced in strength due to the compressed timeframe for their execution, their destructive potential was more than enough to wreak havoc on the integrity of an entire universe.

Zatiel and Venganza anticipated that the flames would need several seconds to disperse, but a sudden gust of wind swept them away, revealing the figure beneath.

As they pondered the force capable of dispersing the flames, their attention was drawn to the rhythmic movement of Nihilak's wings. Though small wounds dotted his form, and some feathers were charred, his injuries were trifling.

The eyes of the Venganza, the Revenge Thearch, and Zatiel, the Samsara Thearch, widened as they registered the astonishing resilience Nihilak's body had achieved. Yet, this was not the extent of his enhancements.

While the Flame of End and Sinful Ignition had the potential to inflict harm on the soul, Nihilak's mind and spirit were safeguarded by enshrouding flames.

"Hahaha. Are you truly intent on persisting in battle?" Nihilak's voice dripped with derision as he uttered the words. Having endured direct impact from two Fourth Realm Omnipotent Spells, his injuries were minimal.

Without awaiting a response, the Harbinger of Desolation launched himself toward the pair. Zatiel and Venganza were well aware that Nihilak's power had ascended to an astonishing level, but this did not translate to submission. They erupted with their energy and initiated an assault fueled by their utmost might.

Though Nihilak swiftly overpowered the duo, before he could inflict substantial damage, Ezequiel rejoined the fray, launching his own ferocious attack.

The three Thearchs expended their life force and soul force, harnessing every reserve of energy within their bodies and souls to contest the mutated Nihilak. Nonetheless, the tide was against them, as they gradually grew weaker, accumulating wounds.

Meanwhile, Nihilak maintained stratospheric energy levels. The assimilation of Ravakir and Tormentras proceeded without impediment, bereft of backlash or temporal constraints. The Thearchs' solitary path to victory lay in his termination, but time was not on their side.

The battle teetered toward dire straits for the Thearchs in a swift span.

"¡AHHH!"

"¡AHHH!"

need a second to kill him. Then, just at the right moment, a detonation reverberated.

Pained cries emanated from Venganza and Ezequiel as Nihilak sent them hurtling through the air, subsequently homing in on Zatiel.

The Samsara Thearch perceived the oncoming ax and lunged sideways, but his speed proved inadequate, resulting in the severing of his arm.

Before his injury could recover, Nihilak positioned the weapon for a finishing blow, aiming for Zatiel's head.

The Samsara Thearch's mind raced, seeking an escape route since once his head was separated from his body, Nihilak would only need a second to kill him. Then, just at the right moment, a detonation reverberated.

"¡BOOOOMMMM!"

A surge of soul force and power surged into the emptiness, originating in the parallel dimension where the Sacred Kings confronted the Initial Stage Knights.

It was not just a burst of soul force and life force, but the rise of a life form to a higher place of existence, one much higher than the Initial Stage Fourth Realm!

Chapter 1024 Orgullo vs Nihilak

The eyes of every great warrior from the Daybreak Universe and Beyond's Army turned toward the parallel dimension where the Sacred Kings were fighting against the Initial Stage Knights.

The reason was simple: a burst of life and power emerged from one of the Sacred Kings, one so immense that it could only signify the rise to the Fourth Realm in both the Law Path and Essence Path.

"¡BOOOOMMMM!"

Shock waves emerged from Orgullo as his power rose higher and higher. Golden energy that embodied the essence of pride itself and a dark light whose power seemed capable of sundering the universe burst from the Depravita of Pride.

Necrothorn and Deadmourne, the two Sky Demon Knights, saw how their enemy's power rose exponentially to a level they could only dream of, but they could do nothing about it. Not only were those shock waves of golden energy and dark light to power, but Codicia and Ira were in front of Orgullo, and the determination in their eyes made it clear they were willing to give their lives to protect their brother.

Everything was happening extremely fast, but for Orgullo, every nanosecond was like a whole day as his mind's Law Path finally broke through, allowing him to master his Truth.

The battle with Necrothorn and Deadmourne and the pressure of understanding that failure could mean the end of the Daybreak Universe allowed Orgullo to fully excavate every ounce of talent and energy inside his body and soul, finally allowing him to take the next step.

Since his Law Path had completed his evolution, Orgullo no longer suppressed his Concept Path, allowing his Eternal Flame of Pride to burst with all its power.

The name of the Truth manifested as a dark light capable of obliterating everything in its path was Domination. It was a power that sought to attain domain over all things, to rise above every obstacle, allowing its master to see things from the highest stage, looking down on existence itself.

Orgullo's right eye glowed with dark light while golden flames burst from the left one as his existence broke through the Fourth Realm, but that was just the beginning.

Just reaching the Fourth Realm would not be enough. There was a reason why he waited for so long and suppressed his cultivation even after starting a fight with two extremely powerful Initial Stage Knights. He wanted to achieve the same feat as the Samsara Thearch, to simultaneously breakthrough in both paths and rise to the Middle Stage immediately!

With a deep inhalation, Orgullo closed his eyes, seeking a connection with the very essence of his being. Within him, the Eternal Flame of Pride roared to life, its vibrant energy resonating with his heartbeat. The flame symbolized not just his inner strength but also his unyielding determination and his unwavering pursuit of self-perfection.

Yet, the Eternal Flame remained untamed, a wild force of unrefined potential. Orgullo understood that his journey to the Fourth Realm demanded more than brute strength; it required insight, control, and the mastery of his innermost truths. His consciousness delved into the essence of his Eternal Flame, seeking to unveil its true nature.

As he journeyed through the depths of his own being, a revelation struck him. The Eternal Flame was not merely an external force; it was a reflection of his innermost desires and convictions. It was a manifestation of his unquenchable thirst for greatness, his indomitable spirit that defied all odds.

Orgullo realized that this flame was not a mere power to be harnessed but a part of his identity, a representation of his very essence.

And so, he began to merge his consciousness with the Eternal Flame, forging a profound connection. The flame responded, its flickering intensity resonating with his emotions. With this newfound connection, Orgullo sought to harness the flame's power, not through dominance, but through harmony.

Simultaneously, the resonance with his Truth, Domination, began to deepen. Domination was not just a means to subjugate others but a path to establish dominion over one's own existence. It was about transcending limitations, defying destiny, and crafting his fate with unyielding will. In this revelation, Orgullo recognized that Domination was not a force that imposed itself upon the world but a tool for him to shape his reality.

As the insights flowed, Orgullo's golden flames began to shift. They merged with the dark light of Domination, resulting in a fusion that radiated an unparalleled brilliance. This amalgamation symbolized the union of Orgullo's inner desires and his Truth, a realization that to dominate others; one must first need to dominate himself.

The intensity of this newfound power surged, the air around Orgullo crackling with energy. With his eyes glowing with both golden flames and dark light, he opened them, and reality seemed to quiver under his gaze. In that moment, the Eternal Flame of Pride and the Truth of Domination melded into a harmonious synergy.

The impact was immediate and profound. The tumultuous energy around him began to bend to his will as if acknowledging his mastery over its very essence. The ground trembled, trees swayed, and the very fabric of the world seemed malleable under his influence. The resonance of his two powers birthed a resonance that echoed with the laws of the universe, elevating his existence to a realm beyond.

As the energy surged within him, Orgullo's form seemed to transcend its mortal confines. His being radiated an aura of supremacy, an overwhelming presence that was both awe-inspiring and terrifying. The air was heavy with his power, and his gaze held the weight of dominion over all he surveyed.

In this moment of ascension, Orgullo stood at the threshold of Omnipotence. His Eternal Flame of Pride, refined by his insights, merged seamlessly with the Truth of Domination. The dark light and golden flames fused, each enhancing the other, creating a force that was not just power but a statement of his existence.

With his mind fully aligned, Orgullo took a step forward, and the world shifted. He had transcended the boundaries of his former self, stepping into a new realm of power and understanding.

"ZZNNN!"

The resonant sound of space shattering reverberated through the void, marking the rupture of the parallel dimension that had confined the Sacred King's battle. Having reached the Fourth Realm and harnessed the combined power of his Domination Truth and the Eternal Flame of Pride, it was time to move on. He used his new power to traverse into the highest battlefield immediately.

The collective sighs of relief from the Initial Stage Knights were audible as they watched Orgullo depart after his meteoric ascent. Their precarious situation could have turned disastrous if the

Depravita of Pride had chosen to remain and fight, even for the briefest of moments. Fortunately, the climax of the battle between Thearchs and the Harbinger of Desolation on the highest battlefield prompted Orgullo's swift departure.

However, jubilation among the Knights was short-lived as the abrupt disruption of a Knight's aura resonated across their senses. All eyes turned to Necrothorn and Deadmourne, where shock and awe mingled as they witnessed Necrothorn disintegrate into motes of dust and Deadmourne suffer from a grievous wound, her chest penetrated by a bloody hole and surrounded by the luminescence of golden flames.

Orgullo's unparalleled prowess manifested in an instant – eliminating one Initial Stage Knight and inflicting a near-fatal blow upon another. This display of power far exceeded the realm expected of someone who had just entered the Middle Stage. The Knights and Sacred Kings alike grappled for comprehension, their attention locked onto Orgullo as he redirected his intentions toward Nihilak.

From the Harbinger of Desolation emanated a palpable aura of coldness and unyielding intent as he surged forward to engage Orgullo's oncoming assault. He had nearly landed a lethal wound on the Samsara Thearch, so one could imagine his hatred toward the one that prevented it.

"BOOOOOOMMMMM!"

The collision was explosive, a cataclysmic eruption of dark golden flames entwined with inky gravitational forces, each vying for Nihilak, underscoring the evident power hierarchy between the two.

dominance. The resultant detonation rippled across the expanse, propelling Orgullo backward while only marginally displacing Nihilak, underscoring the evident power hierarchy between the two.

Orgullo, however, commanded newfound respect from even the most potent combatants, as his swift recovery demonstrated his mastery over his own form. The golden flames and dark light that had encompassed him faded, unveiling his new weapon. The Voidheart Cloak had been transformed, now clutched as a halberd in his right hand. The staff's intricate design was veiled in glistening golden flames, while the blade itself bore the embodiment of the dark light.

This evolution of the Voidheart Cloak epitomized the fusion of Orgullo's Domination Truth and the Eternal Flame of Pride. With this weapon, he seemed capable of cleaving through all obstacles with impunity, sundering the very fabric of reality itself. The resonating power of his presence was a testament to his ascent to the Fourth Realm and the unyielding synergy he had achieved between his innermost convictions and the truths he embodied.

Chapter 1025 The final phase (I)

As he confronted Orgullo's newfound power, Nihilak's eyes blazed with rage and murderous intent. The Depravita of Pride had recently ascended to the Middle Stage and displayed a mastery over Omnipotence that made Nihilak feel genuinely threatened.

For an instant, the Harbinger of Desolation even considered Orgullo a potential new Samsara Thearch, motivating him to eliminate the Depravita before he could fully unlock his potential.

However, Nihilak was not alone in facing Orgullo's might.

"Flame of End!" Zatiel seized the precious moments that Orgullo had granted him to charge his power, unleashing a blast of dark flames capable of unraveling the fabric of reality upon Nihilak.

Swiftly, Nihilak's wings shielded him, warding off the dark inferno, fortified by the power to end all things.

But before he could draw breath, a devastating blow struck his left arm.

"Cosmic Harmony Full Strike!" Ezequiel channeled all the cosmic power he could muster into the punch, targeting the most vulnerable point of Nihilak's body to maximize the damage.

Caught off guard by the unexpected attack, Nihilak was sent hurtling through the air. Before he could regain control over his body, another figure descended upon him.

"Sinful Ignition!" Venganza aimed both hands as if they were a cannon, releasing a torrent of multicolored dark flames that engulfed Nihilak's back.

"Ahhhh!"

as a shield, capable of withstanding the assaults of the Thearch, his 09:03

body, as powerful as it had become, couldn't endure such attacks Nihilak's anguished scream pierced the battlefield as the flames struck him point-blank on his back. Although his wings had acted as a shield, capable of withstanding the assaults of the Thearch, his body, as powerful as it had become, couldn't endure such attacks without sustaining considerable damage.

Despite the intense pain, it took only a burst of his energy to break free, recovering his strength and control over his body.

His eyes honed in on the four Thearchs strategically positioned on the battlefield. Ezequiel led the formation, with Zatiel and Orgullo in the middle and Venganza at the rear. Their bodies radiated power, and the perfect synergy in their abilities was evident, a result of the unwavering trust they had in each other.

Nihilak's eyes smoldered with fury. Once again, he had come agonizingly close to victory, yet it seemed the Daybreak Universe was impervious to defeat.

However, despite the tumult of emotions within him, Nihilak hadn't reached his position as the leader of Beyonders Army through sheer brute force alone; his strategic acumen was equally formidable.

"King in Yellow, are you certain this is the path you wish to pursue?"

Nihilak's tone bore a reference that struck a chord with Orgullo. "King in Yellow" was a name rarely uttered due to the immense respect held for the Depravita of Pride. However, the history of Orgullo's past actions was known to all mighty powerhouses.

There was a time when Orgullo had posed the greatest threat to the Prima Universe, nearly bringing about its annihilation.

"You are the embodiment of the destiny of the Eldritch Universe, a reflection of the One Above All's existence. I may not like it, but your potential surpasses even mine. You could become the new Herald of our Lord. Your place is with us, and regardless of your self-perception, you are an integral part of the Beyonders."

Nihilak didn't pause and continued with his words, attempting to sow discord between Orgullo and the other Thearchs.

Orgullo's gaze turned colder, and he kept his eyes fixed on Nihilak. Despite the palpable animosity emanating from the Depravita of Pride, Nihilak pressed on.

"Assist me in preparing this universe to receive our Master. Your reward will exceed your wildest imagination. Your destiny is not to become a mere puppet but the right hand and will of our Master as we ascend the tower at the heart of reality. There's no reason for you to become a casualty in a war in a universe that isn't your own. Your path lies with us."

Orgullo's eyes only reflected heightened murderous intent as he locked his gaze onto Nihilak. The mere suggestion that he might betray his ideals and become the Beyonder's slave was an affront that stoked his soul with fury.

As Nihilak observed Orgullo's chilling response, it became evident that the Depravita of Pride found his proposal utterly unappealing. Nonetheless, this didn't render the effort entirely futile, as Nihilak aimed to plant seeds of doubt and suspicion among the other Thearchs.

"¡Hahaha!"

"Hmph!"

"What a fool!"

Unfortunately for Nihilak, the only reactions he elicited from Zatiel, Venganza, and Ezequiel were laughter and mockery. Their eyes bore no trace of uncertainty or wavering as they placed their trust wholeheartedly in the Depravita of Pride.

The camaraderie forged among the warriors of the Daybreak Universe was rooted not in their origins but in their shared ideals. Their common goal was to transform their home into a realm where their respective races could rise free from oppression, a cause for which they were willing to sacrifice everything.

"Very well, then prepare to meet your end!"

Nihilak's eyes dimmed as he abandoned pretense, revealing his true nature, that of a ruthless conqueror who would obliterate countless civilizations in the name of the Beyonder.

"BOOOOMMMMMMMM!"

The Harbinger of Desolation channeled his energy, vitality, and even his soul, pushing his strength to the absolute limit. While facing four Thearchs might not have necessitated such extremes, Nihilak had observed the unfolding events on the other battlefield.

With Necrothorn and Deadmourne no longer present, Codicia and Ira had been freed to assist the other Sacred Kings. This triggered a chain reaction that gradually shifted the tide of battle in favor of the Daybreak Warriors.

It was now only a matter of time before more than a dozen warriors at the Peak of the Initial Stage would advance toward him. There was a critical point where numbers could indeed make a difference, particularly when facing both Sacred Kings and four Thearchs simultaneously.

The four Thearchs sensed the surge in Nihilak's power and realized that even with Orgullo on their side, their chances of victory were slim.

Zatiel's eyes brimmed with determination as he conveyed a message telepathically to Revenge Thearch, Emptiness Thearch, and Pride Thearch.

Orgullo, Venganza, and Ezequiel were initially taken aback by the message, but any doubt quickly dissipated, leaving only unwavering resolve.

Nihilak no longer concerned himself with their plans or strategies; he intended to obliterate their schemes with sheer force.

"For the Daybreak Universe!" Zatiel's cry rang out as he unleashed a torrent of energy. Alongside the other three Thearchs, they shot toward the Harbinger of Desolation, commencing the final phase of their battle.

The fate of the Daybreak Universe hung in the balance, waiting to be decided in the coming clash, whether it would rise or see its people enslaved.

"BOOOM!"

A thunderous explosion resonated, rupturing reality itself, as Zatiel's blazing sword and Ezequiel's lightning-empowered fist collided against Nihilak's ax.

The combined might of Samsara Thearch and Emptiness Thearch managed to halt the ax's momentum, but they were on the verge of being pushed back as Nihilak still held the upper hand.

Fortunately, before that could happen, a spear bathed in a dark golden aura struck Nihilak's abdomen, sending him hurtling through the air. Venganza had seized the opportunity to intervene.

However, Nihilak swiftly regained control and unleashed a black gravitational arc, propelling Venganza away.

Not allowing Nihilak time to pursue Venganza, the three Thearchs charged after him.

Both sides knew this was the final phase of their battle. They pushed their senses to their absolute limits, allowing their bodies and souls to channel even greater power than words could describe.

The reality in the parallel dimension had completely surrendered as Nihilak and the four Thearch clashed with power that transcended the confines of time and space. Understanding such a dimension without a soul at Rank 10 would be impossible, yet this was inconsequential to the five combatants who unleashed unimaginable havoc.

At a critical juncture in the battle, Zatiel, Venganza, and Ezequiel launched a coordinated assault. However, Nihilak moved faster, swatting the three away with a sweep of his ax.

Orgullo remained undaunted, confronting Nihilak head-on. He poured everything into his attack without hesitation.

Nihilak's murderous intent surged as he engaged the Depravita of Pride, seeking an opening to eliminate him before the other three could rejoin the fray.

The ax swung with such ferocity that it overwhelmed the dark golden spear. Severe wounds covered Orgullo's body, and his energy reserves dwindled dangerously close to a point where regeneration would become impossible.

Orgullo's eyes showed no fear or hesitation, and he just kept fighting, giving everything he had. Every second he endured was valuable; if needed, he was ready to embrace death just to keep fighting against Nihilak.



The determination of the Pride Thearch allowed his strength to rise to the point where he could clash for several minutes with Nihilak alone, but things only grew more dangerous for him.

Just as Nihilak prepared to claim victory with Orgullo's impending death, his instincts screamed. He suddenly realized that the trio had not returned to the battle. He frantically searched for their presence, and when he spotted them again, shock and terror gripped his very soul.

Chapter 1026 The final phase (II)

Nihilak's eyes widened as he witnessed Venganza merging with Zatiel, causing this one's aura to ascend steadily. The Knight had meticulously studied his adversaries and was aware of Zatiel's Three Samsara Incarnation. Two of them had already fused with the Samsara Thearch, but the third, the Soul Depravita Incarnation, had gained his own ego and was reborn as the Depravita known as Venganza.

If Venganza were to simply merge with the Samsara Thearch, the enhancement to his power would not be extraordinary, and it wouldn't significantly bolster his combat capabilities. The reason was straightforward: Zatiel's soul force was already breaking the limits of the Middle Stage, and a fusion with Venganza would be imperfect since this one possessed his own distinct identity.

However, Nihilak could clearly perceive how the willpower and ego of the Revenge Thearch gradually dissipated, allowing Venganza to merge seamlessly with the Samsara Thearch's existence, resulting in a single, unified entity!

In every sense of the word, Venganza was sacrificing himself, perishing in the fusion process!

This alone was shocking and filled the Harbinger of Desolation with dread. Still, the situation escalated as he observed the stance assumed by the Emptiness Thearch, who was behind the merging of Revenge Thearch and Samsara Thearch.

Ezequiel's entire body radiated with energy and power as he raised his right arm as if it were an ax. The power of Emptiness surged through him like never before, as he was finally fulfilling the role of a Lord of Emptiness, allowing the force of his innate nature to overflow his existence.

To birth a new universe.

However, it was not a new universe, the one that would come out, but a new life form.

Nihilak had lived long enough, and his soul was mighty enough to know what would happen if the three Thearchs achieved their goal. Just imagining all the power and potential of a unique super universe birthed by the strongest Lord of Emptiness in a single body filled the Harbinger of Desolation with dread.

For the birth of a new universe, the Emptiness required a price, which was the existence of the Lord of Emptiness. Death awaited Ezequiel the moment he lowered his arm, but determination was the sole emotion evident in the Emptiness Thearch.

"¡NOOOOO!"

Nihilak shouted with rage and horror. He could not allow this to proceed, but before he could advance, Orgullo materialized in front of him.

The eyes of the Pride Thearch brimmed with determination and resolve. If the Revenge Thearch and Emptiness Thearch were willing to sacrifice themselves, then how could he settle for anything less?

"Get out!"

The Harbinger of Desolation shouted as he attacked with his ax, attempting to transform his body into a specter to force his way toward the trio. However, Orgullo remained resolute.

Every ounce of energy, soul, and vitality within the Pride Thearch blazed as he burned his existence to buy time for the trio.

The spear and ax clashed incessantly as Orgullo's body continuously regenerated from the inflicted damage. With each passing second, he lost more of himself and inched closer to death, yet his countenance remained serene and unyielding.

Venganza's eyes lost more and more of their light as his memories slowly faded away, his ego eroding as he ceased to exist. Even if he would still exist as part of the Samsara Thearch, he knew he would die in every significant way.

For the Revenge Thearch, his individuality was something he cherished with all his heart and that he never thought he would relinquish, but there was no regret in his soul as he carried on. There was a chance of resurrection thanks to the power of the Samsara Thearch, so he was willing to take the bet in the name of his race and family.

Ezequiel's eyes mirrored the resolve of the Revenge Thearch. Surrendering to his nature as a Lord of Emptiness went against his ideals and the very purpose of his evolution beyond the Primordial stage. Yet, he harbored no fear, anger, or hesitation.

Right now, the only thing coursing through the Emptiness Thearch's mind were the images of his wife and daughter as he pushed his soul to its utmost limits, ready to fire the last attack of his life.

Zatiel's eyes remained calm. He had set in motion a plan that required the sacrifice of someone he regarded as more than a brother and an ally who stood by him during the end of his fourth life. Yet, there was no room for regret. The Daybreak Universe was at stake, and no price was too steep.

Nihilak had to be defeated. Only then could everything be set right. Failure would result in the loss of everything; the only thing that would wait for the universe was doom.

The Beyonder would consume the Thearchs and the Daybreak Universe's destiny before proceeding to the tower at the center of reality, becoming existence itself.

With each passing second, the fusion of Venganza into Zatiel deepened. It didn't take long for the figure of the Revenge Thearch to vanish entirely. Zatiel sensed his soul force rising, and his aura began to burst with power. The fusion was nearing its culmination, and it was only a matter of seconds before it was complete.

Nihilak's eyes blazed with rage, and a sense of desperation crept into his soul. He knew he had to put an end to it.

"¡BOOM!"

A surge of soul force erupted from the Harbinger of Desolation as he consumed his Primordial Essence, pushing his strength far beyond its limits.

"CRACK!"

Orgullo's eyes widened as he witnessed Nihilak's ax shatter his spear into countless pieces, but this was only the beginning.

"ZNNNN!"

The ax cleaved Orgullo in two, sending his broken form hurtling away. Even if Orgullo could reform his body, it would take precious time.

However, Nihilak paid Orgullo no mind. His body surged with immense power as he raced at full speed toward the three remaining Thearchs.

Zatiel observed Nihilak approaching with a calm demeanor, in stark contrast to Ezequiel, who sported a fierce smile before lowering his arm. The imminent clash would trigger an event of cosmic proportions, one that defied description.

"¡BOOOOOOM!"

An explosion erupted as Ezequiel's existence was sublimated, his life ending as Zatiel's entire being underwent a profound reincarnation. Nihilak managed to shield himself with his wings, preventing the blast from completely annihilating him.

Warriors from both the Daybreak Universe and the Beyonder Army turned their attention toward the source of the rainbow light that appeared to contain the very secrets of creation and existence. It was a sight none of them had ever witnessed, filling their hearts with a sense of awe.

Nihilak eventually regained control of his body, yet a growing and inexplicable fear gnawed at his heart. Even if the Samsara Thearch fused with the Revenge Thearch and attained Universal Samsara Reincarnation, his powers would remain limited to the Middle Stage, and Nihilak believed he could handle it.

However, in spite of these thoughts, his fear intensified as the rainbow-hued light from the explosion gradually dimmed, revealing the figure of Zatiel. There had been a complete metamorphosis of both his body and soul, as the power of the Samsara Thearch seemed to have transcended into an entirely new realm.

Sprouting from his back were eighteen demonic wings, each adorned with dark purple flames and a burning Depravita Aura, serving as conduits for cosmic forces into his body. But these were not the most astonishing features.

A black hole had formed at the center of his chest, housing two hearts, the Lawweaver's Essence Heart and Infinity's Soulbound Heart. They interlocked in a yin-yang pattern, acting as catalysts for all the energy coursing through his form.

The most striking source of power, however, resided in Zatiel's new eyes. His right eye resembled an ocean of black-white lightning featuring sixteen golden suns. In contrast, his left eye appeared as a sea of darkness with a white samsara cycle encompassing seven realms, each linked to a deadly sin.

Meanwhile, his third eye retained its previous appearance, housing the Eternal Flame Pupil, Samsara Truth Pupil, and White Sun Pupil. Yet, each of these pupils now surged with vibrational power, akin to the suns above going supernova.

A cacophonous rumble echoed as the Samsara Thearch clenched his fists. This was not an attack or an energy burst, merely a test of his newfound strength. The results, however, were nothing short of astounding.

Nihilak's eyes widened as he beheld the shattered fabric of reality, experiencing the incomprehensible might of the Samsara Thearch. His heart raced, overwhelmed by an uncontrollable and wild rage.

However, the shock and fear had reached such an overwhelming level that it had the opposite effect on the Harbinger of Desolation, pushing him against the enemy that seemed incapable of experiencing defeat.

A crazed smile crept across the Harbinger of Desolation's face as the third eye on his forehead split open, revealing yet another gem, this one pulsating with white flames.

There was one last source of Late Stage's energy in Nihilak, allowing him another Reality Override Spell!

Chapter 1027 The final phase (III)

The Sacred Kings were amazed and full of wonder as they saw the burst in power from the Samsara Thearch.

Although the loss of the Emptiness Thearch and Revenge Thearch was a heavy price, everybody here was ready to give their life for the Daybreak Universe, so there was nothing but resolution in their hearts.

However, before they could get too thrilled, shock and terror appeared in their hearts when they saw Nihilak's third eye split open, revealing a new crystal with white flames capable of a final Reality Override Spell.

No matter how much your power rises or the level of destruction you could unleash, the only way to counter a Reality Override Spell was a force at the same level.

Zatiel had already used the power of his White Sun Pupil when he countered the Nihilak's Regeneration of Body and Soul, so there was no way to stop the spell.

Of course, regardless of its nature, none of the Sacred Kings believe that the Harbinger of Desolation would be powerful enough to kill Zatiel. They all watched with dread as they waited to see what kind of spell Nihilak would unleash and how the Samsara Thearch would counter it.

Unlike the Sacred Kings and every other warrior of the Daybreak Universe watching him, the Samsara Thearch's eyes were calm, even as Nihilak appeared before him, triggering the spell.

The Harbinger of Desolation did not know what was happening, why his heart and soul were so full of fear, or why Zatiel could remain so calm, but he was confident that everything would be fine upon the release of the next spell. He extended both hands as the power of the white flames on his third eye burst.

"Reality Override Spell: Eternal Beyonder Prison!"

Reality trembled as Nihilak uttered those words, with space-time turning dark as waves of dark gravitational force flooded the parallel dimension.

The Sacred King perceived the flow of time freezing inside the parallel dimension, but Zatiel knew it was much more than that.

Nihilak's spell did more than just freeze time. It forced the dimension into a state where time no longer exists!

Even for Fourth Real life forms, trying to comprehend a dimension where time did not exist was nearly impossible. One was born in time, and trying to leave it was something only a divine existence capable of ignoring every cosmic and natural rule could unleash.

Nihilak could not control that power; he could only release it. That was the final trump card the Beyonder had left inside him, but it was not meant for this place as it was supposed to be used during their assault on the tower at the center of reality.

However, Nihilak's instincts had warned him of the danger he faced, so for the first time in his life, he broke the rules put in place by his master and used a power that was supposed to target Eternals.

For a second, the eyes of the Harbinger of Desolation seemed to lose their focus as he began to utter an incantation.

"Enclosing shroud of confinement. Arrogant prison of lunacy! Constrict and resist! Grow rigid and falter! Interrupt freedom! acknowledge your own limitations!"

Confining sovereign of flesh! Endlessly self-constraining sculpture of clay! Unify! Reject! Envelop in an enclosure without time and acknowledge your own limitations!"

That voice was full of ancientness, one that Nihilak could not unleash, one that belonged to his master.

Zatiel's eyes narrowed as he heard the voice of the Beyonder through Nihilak, and the next thing he saw was darkness closing upon him.

Space began to twist, and the Sacred Kings saw with shock and terror how hundreds of thousands of dark dimensions assembled around Zatiel as space itself wrapped around him, taking the form of a majestic dark box.

The Samsara Thearch felt the pressure of a billion black holes fall upon his shoulders as the dark box closed in, but there was nothing in his eyes but peace as he stared back at Nihilak.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMM!"

A dark shock wave emerged the moment the dark box was completed, and its impact was so immense that all parallel dimensions crumbled, pushing all warriors into the main plane of the Emptiness.

No matter how great or small, every single battle between the Daybreak Universe and the Beyonder Army stopped. All eyes turned up as they stared at the dark box.

The Samsara Thearch was still alive, but he was not trapped inside a spell that none of them could even understand, much less expect to break.

While the Pride Thearch was not dead, he had fallen into a coma due to the damage to his soul, so there was no one who could face Nihilak anymore!

The Harbinger of Desolation was having a hard time regulating the bursting energy inside his body, but finally, all the dread and terror in his heart faded as he gazed at the majestic dark box.

Defeating Zatiel was no longer a choice, but he could trap this one while taking care of the rest of the Daybreak Universe and wait until the arrival of the Beyonder.

Killing intent and coldness burst into Nihilak's soul as he turned his eyes toward the Sacred King, showing a chilling smile.

"You have lost!"

Nihilak made his energy explode along with those words, flooding the Emptiness with it. He had received many wounds and burned a considerable part of his soul, but there was still a significant amount of power left in him and no one to stop him.

"The war is over, and your fate is sealed. Your memory will cease to exist, and your destiny will be consumed by the One Above All."

Nihilak showed a sadistic smile as he stared at the warriors of the Daybreak Universe. He had paid such a horrible price for this victory that he did not know what the Beyonder would do with him, but before that, he would unleash his wrath.

"You should kneel and beg..."

"CRACK!"

Before the Harbinger of Desolation could finish his words, he heard a shattering sound and turned around only to see a hand breaking the dark box to pieces!

Chapter 1028 Beyonder (I)

Nihilak's eyes widened as the dark box was shattered to pieces, generating a shock wave that sent his body flying away. He managed to regain control over his body extremely fast and immediately turned around.

Absolute shock and awe appeared on the Harbinger of Desolation's face as he saw the Samsara Thearch standing among the broken pieces of the Reality Override Spell.

"THUMP!"

Fear, absolute and overwhelming fear, invaded Nihilak's heart, making this one beat faster and paralyzing his body.

Zatiel's face was peaceful as he stared at the Knight, but soon, his eyes began to wander across the Emptiness. Now, for the first time in his life, he understood the true nature of the multiverse!

"So this is the world we live in."

The Samsara Thearch's words echoed across the Emptiness, reaching the ears of everybody on the battlefield and expanding for countless light years.

Confusion and doubt filled the hearts of everybody who stared at Zatiel. Even the Sacred Kings felt that something had changed in him. It was as if Universal Samsara Reincarnation had pushed his mind and ego through a transcendental experience.

Zatiel's eyes suddenly landed on the billions of low-level warriors from the Beyonder Army, and a flash of killing intent emerged from his heart.

The Eternal Truth Black Hole Heart trembled for a second just before a red shock wave emerged, expanding across the battlefield and covering hundreds of millions of light years.

Nothing happened at first, as if the red shock wave had no effect, but things did not take long to change.

"¡Ahhhhh!"

A scream of agony jolted everybody, and it was the first of many, as every life form belonging to the Beyonder Army with cultivation beneath the Fourth Realm began to disintegrate.

There was nothing they could do or say as they saw their bodies crumble into dust. In five seconds, every single member of the Beyonder Army other than the Knights was gone!

It only took a flash of Zatiel's killing intent for billions to perish. That was the power to defy causality and break the cosmic laws and rules.

That was the power to override reality!

"Im...Impossible!"

Nihilak trembled as he shouted. The Harbinger of Desolation could not accept the change in Zatiel.

Even if the fusion of the Samsara Thearch with Venganza was flawless and underwent a reincarnation using the ultimate power of the Lords of Emptiness, he should not have reached that level.

The reaction of other Knights was just as terrifying as that of their leader. Despair overflowed their eyes after seeing how Zatiel triggered the death of their entire army with a single thought.

Suddenly, the six Knights that had been fighting against Ivar fused back into their original form of a twisted demonic box with strange faces. Abysscry made his energy explode as he attempted to open a portal out of this place. The fear and desire to live were so immense that the Knight did not even have time to think, and the only thing on his mind was to run away.

"Hmph!"

Zatiel sneered, and the portal Abysscry opened by burning his soul force shut down before dark purple chains pierced the Knight's body.

As the Sacred Kings and Knights saw Abysscry's pitiful state, there was no longer any doubt in their minds.

The Samsara Thearch had evolved beyond the realm of Omnipotence and was now capable of rewriting reality!

"How?"

Nihilak could not help but ask that question as hopelessness invaded his heart. The power to reshape reality, he had searched for it for countless eons, but even after his body and soul were reforged using the corpse of a Late Stage life form, he did not come anywhere close to it.

Zatiel stared at Nihilak before shaking his head.

"Someone like you could never evolve into this realm."

Nihilak trembled as he heard that and could not help but puke blood as those words shook the core of his soul. As he saw the blood coming from his mouth, his heart beat faster and faster, and soon, a crazy light emerged in his eyes.

"WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE!?"

A blind rage pushed Nihilak's fear away as his energy exploded, and his right arm began to bulge, growing deformed due to the mutated muscle mass.

"¡AHHHHH!"

The Harbinger of Desolation flashed toward Zatiel and used every ounce of energy and strength in his body as he hacked with the ax.

"BOOOOOMMMMMM!"

An explosion of black gravitational force emerged from the collision, and its power was so immense that it could cover millions of lightyears, putting in danger the life of the Extreme Rank 9 warriors on the battlefield.

Just as the Extreme Rank 9 life forms inside the Samsara Astra Magicae Codex's formations braced for the impact, an all-mighty power acted over the black gravitational force, transforming it into nothing more than a gust of wind.

Pure admiration and devotion appeared on the warriors of the Daybreak Universe as they turned to the blast's origin and saw Nihilak's ax in Zatiel's head.

There was a small trail of blood leaking from Zatiel's head. The full-power attack of the strongest Knight in the Beyonder Army had left a half-centimeter cut on his head.

Nihilak's eyes were full of disbelief. He had put all his power into that attack, using Omnipotence on its mighty form, yet he only achieved a small cut.

Zatiel's eyes showed no rage, no hate. There was nothing but a peaceful sense of aloofness as he placed his right palm on Nihilak's chest.

"Die."

A flash of dark purple light appeared so fast that the Sacred Kings and Knight were barely able to perceive it, and the next thing they saw was Nihilak's body hurtling away with a hole in his chest.

The light faded from Nihilak's eyes along with his soul force and any sign of life.

Zatiel was able to kill the strongest Knight of the Beyonder Army with a single touch in a fraction of a nanosecond!

However, just as everything seemed over and the war had finally reached its end, Nihilak's body trembled, and suddenly, a broken smile appeared on his face.

Chapter 1029 Beyonder (II)

The instant that broken smile appeared on Nihilak's face, an aura like nothing the Sacred Kings had seen before emerged from this one, flooding everything.



It was full of darkness and flooded the souls of the Daybreak Universe warriors with a sense of meaninglessness. There was nothing so simple as despair or fear. It was as if the purpose of their life and the goals they had pursued were pointless.

Waking up, eating, loving, cherishing, and spreading their lineage was devoid of any sense of purpose. There was no point in them breathing, and living was nothing more than a futile waste of time.

Even Orgullo, the Depravita that managed to ignite the Eternal Flame Pride, felt utter emptiness in his heart and soul as he faced that aura.

The intent was so immense that it was about to break the will and mind of anyone with willpower beneath Rank 10, and even those at the Fourth Realm would not be safe.

Luckily for the Daybreak Universe warriors, a golden flame soon flooded the Emptiness, pushing back the dark aura. The origin was not other than Zatiel's Eternal Flame Pupil.

Zatiel did not lose his calm even after the rise of that corrupting aura. He saw how Nihilak opened his eyes, but now there was nothing but darkness in them, and it was clear the Knight was no longer present.

The hole in Nihilak's chest was still present, but this one did not seem to care as he straightened his body and stared at Zatiel as his smile grew more refined.

"¡Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha!"

A maniacal laugh emerged from the entity that took control of Nihilak's corpse, and everyone felt utter bliss and joy in this one. It was pure and devoid of any pretense as if it was a bliss that originated from the core of his soul.

"Finally, you did it. You have evolved into an Empyrean Paragon of the Daybreak-Verse!"

A meaningful light appeared in Zatiel's eyes as he listened to those words. While it was the first time he heard the term Empyrean Paragon or Daybreak-Verse, it all made sense after his evolution.

"Beyonder."

Zatiel uttered that word, and the smile on Nihilak's corpse grew wider.

"It is a pleasure finally meeting you, Sacred Child of Verse."

The Sacred Kings Orgullo stared at Nihilak's corpse with confusion and dread as they did not understand what was happening, and they were not alone since the Knights still alive shared the same doubts.

If the Beyonder could project his mind and soul force, why wait until now, and even more importantly, why was that monster so happy about Zatiel's evolution?

"In all honesty, I had been wondering whether I made a mistake, but now that I see you, there is no doubt that you are the one I have been looking for. You are the missing piece I have searched for my entire life."

The Beyonder stared at Zatiel as if this one was the most magnificent treasure in existence.

"I am glad to see Nihilak and the others fulfill their purpose."

Shock, absolute, and overwhelming shock assaulted the hearts of everybody who heard that. Some of the Knights could not believe it at first, thinking something was wrong.

"Master, what do... you mean by that?"

Voidscard, the Knight that had been fighting Salomon, could not help but utter those words since he desperately wanted to believe he had misinterpreted them.

The Beyonder lowered his gaze and stared at the Knight with a calm expression on his face.

"I thought you were smart. It should be obvious. The sole purpose of your existence and this war was to act as a catalyst for this man's evolution. Now that it is over, I have no use for any of you, so you are free."

A sense of utter bewilderment assaulted the Knight as they heard that. The next second, they felt their connection with the Beyonder, which had lasted for several Epochs, suddenly vanished.

None of the Knights could understand what was happening, and they could not adapt to the sense of freedom since their egos and personalities had already taken the Beyodner as their core. Now that it was gone, they did not know what to do.

Zatiel glanced at the Knights but showed little care for them, and instead, his eyes focused on the Beyonder. He was still adjusting to the true nature of reality but could not lose focus since the enemy was extremely dangerous.

The Beyonder noticed the caution in Zatiel's gaze, but it only made him smile.

"You understand now, right? The path to Reality Override does not start after attaining Omnipotence, nor does it come from a sudden flash of enlightenment during a battle. It begins..."

"From the first time that I wished things to be different."

Zatiel finished the Beyonder's phrase, making this one nod approvingly.

"As expected from the Sacred Child of the Verse, the favorite of the Creator."

The Beyonder noticed the sharpness in Zatiel's eyes as he spoke that last word, but he just carried on.

"You have been pushing your existence to this realm from the first time your soul craved to challenge the Creator's Path. It all started with an idea born out of the sublimation of your entire existence, one that was mightier than anything else."

A sense of unfaltering determination and willpower capable of sundering the multiverse emerged from the Beyonder's dark eyes.

"For me, it was the moment I understood I was nothing more than a cradle for a Singularity to be born. Rage and hatred tempered my spirit for nine Epochs until they finally allowed me to disobey the Creator's Path, transforming me into my current self."

The Beyonder's soul burned with a sense of pride and fulfillment that overwhelmed even the Pride Thearch.

"Now that you see the true nature of reality, you should understand what I am."

Zatiel stared at the Beyonder, and his eyes burned with a powerful light.

"You are The Antagonist."

## Chapter 1030 The Verse

Confusion appeared in the eyes of the Sacred Kings, Knights, and everybody else present since they did not understand what Zatiel meant by "The Antagonist."

Of course, for the Daybreak Universe, the Beyonder was an existential threat that needed to be handled, but no matter how they were, everybody saw themselves as the hero of their own story. It made no sense for someone's identity to be the antagonist.

The Samsara Thearch noticed the doubt and bafflement in the Sacred Kings, but he did not explain and kept his eyes on the Beyonder, who was smiling at him.

"Bingo! You are right. I am the Antagonist of this Verse. My purpose in life is to fight you, push you to the absolute limit, and be defeated by you in an epic battle."

Every word that came out of the Beyonder's mouth generated waves upon waves of shock in the hearts of people listening to him. He had just declared that his destiny was to be defeated, a stepping stone in Zatiel's path, but there was nothing but peace and resolution in his eyes.

"Of course, someone like me will never yield to the Creator's Path. Not only will you not defeat me, but I will find a way to break you. I started the war and helped you evolve so I could devour your existence, allowing me to finally shatter the shackles of this Verse."

The Beyonder's eyes were full of excitement as he spoke to Zatiel, revealing his entire plan. The reason behind that was not his arrogance but the fact that he could talk with someone who could truly understand him for the first time in a very long time.

Zatiel's eyes narrowed as he stared at the Beyonder. He was still adapting to his power and new plane of consciousness, but he was able to understand the nature of the entity that Beyonder called Creator.

"The Creator is the origin of this Verse. Are you saying you will kill him?"

"¡HAHAHAHAHAHA!"

The Beyonder immediately burst into laughter as he heard Zatiel's words, as if it was the greatest joke he had ever heard in his life. It took a moment for him to calm down and look at Zatiel with a smile before shaking his head.

"We are able to override reality at will, ignoring the flow of time. Nothing more than a single thought is necessary for us to rise and destroy universes, but The Creator stands in an even higher realm.

This entire Verse is under his control. He can alter our sense of time at will, making us think billions of years have passed, while for him, it might be mere minutes. He needs nothing more than a few words to change the flow of time, creating a universe that was already countless Epochs old.

I admit I had wanted to kill him, but time made me realize the foolishness of such a goal. Asking me to end his life would be like demanding a life form inside your Inner Universe to kill you."

The Sacred Kings and Knight were full of awe and perplexity as they heard the Beyonder talk about the Creator. It was nearly impossible for them to imagine someone of such power.

Zatiel, on the other hand, was able to keep calm since he knew that entity was all-powerful within the Verse.

"If you do not want to kill him, then what is your plan? You say you want to break the shackles, but how do you intend to do it? And why do you need me?"

As he heard those questions, the Beyonder adopted a solemn expression as if what he was about to say was something of extreme importance.

"Do you feel it? The change in the flow of time? Our minds are able to see the future, but tell me, how far can you see right now?"

Zatiel was confused for a moment by those questions, but suddenly, a flash of enlightenment appeared on his face, and his eyes widened. He did not waste a single second, making his soul force burst as he gazed into the river of time, trying to perceive the future of the Emptiness.

Suddenly, a flash of terror assaulted Zatiel's soul, and his face grew pale. What he just saw was something that nearly broke his mind, and it took all his willpower to keep his emotions under control.

The Sacred Kings were surprised to see that something could terrify Zatiel, especially after his evolution into an entity capable of rewriting reality.

However, the Beyonder knew that was the perfect response to what was there.

"You saw it?"

Zatiel did not answer immediately and took a deep breath as he clenched his fists.

"This Verse, my Verse, is coming to its end."

The Beyonder softly nodded as he heard that analysis. That was exactly what was happening.

"What does it mean?"

Although trusting the answer of his ultimate enemy was not something Zatiel would have done in the past, he could not ignore what was happening now.

The Beyonder stared at Zatiel before looking into the distance.

"That was something I had contemplated for a very long time. Existence might cease to exist, and all of us will fade into nothingness, or maybe we will be frozen in a moment of time for all eternity, incapable of even generating a single new thought.

It could also be the case that we will continue living our lives as if nothing happened.

In any case, I plan to act before it while I still have the chance to answer your question; my plan is simple. I will reach the top of that tower and proclaim my name with all my strength."

At this point, the Beyonder's smile faded, and he stared at Zatiel with coldness.

"For that, I need to rise above my identity as "The Antagonist" and become something more significant. The only way to achieve that is to consume the one for whom this Verse was made."