

Abyssal 481

Chapter 481 - Sea Of Stars

The attack launched the Supreme Neo-Demon to the ground like a comet falling to a world's surface. Ezequiel threw up platinum-colored blood, and the damage to his hearts would have been much worse if it wasn't for the Tier 6 Twin Heaven Apocalyptic Star enhancing them.

When Hirko displayed phantasmagorical faces with a power above the Prima Universe's laws, the image that every genius had of him skyrocketed. No matter how weak or limited it could be, every single Beyond Prima Omega Art was a top-grade supernatural power capable of enhancing battle might exponentially.

Due to the lack of a new form of unparalleled energy, the Beyond Prima Omega Art that Hirko trained seemed only to grant a unique battle skill and enhancement in his bodily might.

The Titan could make parts of his body intangible at will, surpassing the enemy defenses and landing direct blows to the opponent. Of course, that was the only visible part of the Omega Law. Its true power was unknown to them.

Although he should be happy for the devastating attack he connected, Hirko's face showed the deeply disturbed state of his mind.

'What was that! How can someone at Rank 5 possess such monstrous spirit defense!?' It felt like I had struck a golden sun made of solidified willpower.'

Hirko's Beyond Prima Omega Art channeled the power of the Phantom Disrupting Calamity granting him a Phantom Disruption Body. The intangible properties it gave to his body were a side skill. Its true power was the ability to replicate the full strength of a physical blow and transform it into a soul invasion attack.

The physical power in Hirko's strike slightly surpassed the peak of the Hollow Sun Domain Stage. Yet, the soul invasion strike should have been powerful enough to severely harm an Early Primary Sun Domain Stage powerhouse.

Unfortunately for the Titan, his attack faced several barriers when it struck the Supreme Neo-Demon. By the time it reached the Inner Law Dimension's wall, it could not make even a crack against the willpower shield.

There was no way Hirko could know he faced one of the highest talented members of the most fantastic race in the multiverse.

Ezequiel's Primordial Bloodline allowed his physical defenses to act as a shield against soul invasion attacks, making his flesh a spirit membrane for any destructive power.

As a Neo-Demon with the Immortal Avatar True Doomsday Body, Ezequiel's consciousness was currently six times higher than that of any Rank 5 life form, making the foundation and stability of his Inner Law Dimension ridiculously high.

And finally, the golden humanoid who took the position of Soul Celestial Overlord would soon reach the Moon Shatterer Rank. By then, his spiritual defenses would be enough to face even soul invasion spells sent by Supernova Domain powerhouses!

"BOOM!" A blast of chaotic energies covered Ezequiel's figure after he crashed into the ground.

Once he heard that strenuous sound, Hirko regained his focus and got over the shock of his soul invasion attack being utterly useless against the Supreme Neo-Demon.

The killing intent in his heart burned even higher after understanding how special Ezequiel was. The Inner Law Dimension was the core of a Prima Universe's life form, and the higher its defenses, the stronger the potential.

Even if he now surpassed Ezequiel, it would only be a matter of time before he is left behind.

Hirko flashed forward like an unstoppable meteorite and headed to the place Ezequiel crashed. He wanted to break his opponent's body apart and destroy him utterly.

The Titan should be able to reach the landing zone in less than five seconds, but unfortunately, on his path, a massive wall made entirely of World Strength manifested itself.

Ezequiel did not unleash World Strength's Incarnation during the earlier part of the fight as its power would be of little use against someone of Hirko's level. It was only now that it could be of help, delaying the Titan's momentum.

Pure rage appeared in Hirko's face when he saw the blockade between him and his enemy. He destroyed the wall with a single punch but advanced very little before another appeared in front of him.

The wrath only grew inside the Titan's heart, and he continued destroying every wall in his path, slowly getting closer to the Supreme Neo-Demon.

If he used the power of Phantom Disrupting Body, he could ignore the walls or use his enhanced physical might to destroy them with his momentum.

However, unlike Beyond Cultivation Arts that were self-sustainable, such as the All-Devouring Domain, Hirko needed to spend considerable energy and sometimes even life force to activate Phantom Disrupting Body.

When he finally got near the crash, chaotic energies hindered Hirko's sight, but that did not stop him from discerning a humanoid silhouette.

Once again, the phantasmagoric faces on his body were activated, enhancing the Titan's might as he fired a fully charged punch at the silhouette's head.

Tksar smiled and was sure victory was already theirs. However, instead of a head exploding, he saw a hand covered in flaming red aura catching Hirko's fist.

A shock wave that pushed the chaotic energies away appeared once the hand and fist collided, and utter shock filled everybody's heart when they saw Ezequiel's figure.

Majestic magic matrices covered the Supreme Neo-Demon's skin, and two white lightning plasma halos hovered over his body, one on his back and the other on his forehead.

Fusing with Entropy had healed all of his wounds, but what truly shocked the Dark Tower's geniuses was the red flaming mantle wrapping his body.

Hirko's eyes widened when he saw the red primeval power. He refused to believe Ezequiel could channel such Omega Law, but he could not mistake the aura born of Dark Tower Alliance's Number 1 Genius.

Without hesitation, he made his arm intangible, freeing himself from Ezequiel's grip, but before he could move away, the Supreme Neo-Demon's punch had already landed on his chest.

The Titan attempted to make his chest intangible to avoid the attack. Still, the moment Ezequiel's fist touched his body, cracks that reverted spacetime into Astral Qi arose, creating a shockwave capable of harming even a Phantom Disrupting Body's user!

Ezequiel's punch blasted Hirko away, and this one puked blood as fractures appeared all over the Titan's chromatic skin.

Silence reigned among the stars as all the geniuses were utterly shocked by what just happened. They saw Ezequiel rising to the sky as a supreme emperor with incredible quantities of World Strength resonating with his body and even the laws hailing his existence.

What shocked them more than anything was the red mantle, born out of the Supreme Neo-Demon's soul and that flooded and enhanced every part of his body, soul, and energy.

Matter shattered around the mantle and transformed into a fuel, enhancing it and the Supreme Neo-Demon's body. Everybody recognized the ability that all geniuses who battle style focused on the body desired more than anything.

"That is... That is the Astral Destroyer Godslayer Mantle. He trains the Astral Chaos Omega Law!" Tksar's heart and mind were in turmoil.

The number of stars in the sky began to grow higher and higher as the news of the appearance of a Rank 5 life form capable of using the Omega Law of the Number One Existence Within the Void Ring!

Chapter 482 - Danger

Ezequiel's aura skyrocketed once he activated the Astral Destroyer Godslayer Mantle and fused with Sanctus Bestia Entropy. The Supreme Neo-Demon's battle power now equaled that of Hirko's!

The ability of his eyes to pierce into the Flawed Universe grew more potent as well, and he focused on a particular point in the Titan's upper back.

He bent his knees, and his muscles enlarged as a monstrous amount of physical power gathered in his legs.

"CRAC!"

"?BOOM!"

The geniuses heard two sounds while Ezequiel's figure blasted forward with immense speed and momentum.

One came from the space that Ezequiel kicked, which was now full of red cracks. The Supreme Neo-Demon shattered spacetime and reverted it to Astral Qi, creating a solid surface capable of resisting his jump.

And the second was the sonic boom that Ezequiel created as he moved at velocity more than one hundred times the speed of sound.

Hirko's instincts screamed danger as he flew through the sky. Although it harmed him and made his insides tremble with pain, he managed to stop his movements and regain control over his body.

The Titan did that just in time to see Ezequiel about to reach him, and his eyes widened when he understood the immense speed his enemy achieved.

Before, when he threw Ezequiel to the ground, their distances were around the same, but it took him almost a minute to reach him, and even if the World Strength's Incarnation had not interfered, he would have needed five seconds.

On the other hand, Ezequiel managed to cover that distance between them in less than half a second.

Hirko did not hesitate before fully activating the Phantom Disruption Body and attacking.

Everybody was sure a colossal clash would occur between the two, but just as they were about to collide, Ezequiel kicked to the side, altering his path.

The next thing the Titan heard was the sound of cracks, and then a devastating kick landed on his back, making his bones snap and sending him to the ground.

Awe and disbelief invaded Hirko's heart as he fell from the sky, and the same thing occurred with many geniuses looking at the battle.

Ezequiel managed to change his course more than four times in an instant while maintaining that monstrous speed. Disregarding the martial skill needed, which was almost impossible to reach, a Rank 5 life form could not achieve the speed of thought necessary for that type of feat.

Once again, the Supreme Neo-Demon displayed his uniqueness. Primordial Entropy Lightning and Lightning Essence allowed his body and mind to act at the same speed. The Immortal Avatar True Doomsday Body enhanced his already mighty consciousness and speed of thought by a factor of six.

Of course, all that would have been useless if the Supreme Neo-Demon had not achieved a granular state of control over every part of his body.

The Titan had not touched the ground when the sound of cracks appeared again, and before he could do anything, a punch that almost pierced his chest landed and sent him back to the sky.

Now that their battle powers were the same, Ezequiel's superior martial skills could finally show their true might. The Supreme Neo-Demon made hundreds of jumps in the sky, moving his body from one position to another, making it impossible for the Titan to deduce where the next attack would come.

Hirko became a punching bag, as he was struck from dozens of directions every second. The Impervious Mantle that should resist Hollow Sun Domain's attacks was full of cracks due to the Supreme Neo-Demon hitting its flaws repeatedly.

After one full minute, where Ezequiel punched him more than one thousand times, Hirko felt a kick so powerful that it shattered his spine!

The Titan's body flew up while throwing up blood, and the immense amount of white lightning invading his nervous system paralyzed him.

Hirko could only see as Ezequiel appeared above him and grabbed his head, almost separating it from the rest of his body due to the inertia.

Ezequiel's empty eyes stared into Hirko's, making the Titan's heart tremble with fear as he felt himself in the presence of a superior being.

Without a word, Ezequiel began to repeatedly kick Astral Qi surfaces, pushing him and the Titan to the ground. Their speed grew higher and higher, and the friction made flames cover them both.

The Titan attempted to make his body intangible to free himself from the Supreme Neo-Demon's grip. However, a soul invasion force affected his mind, stopping him from activating the Phantom Disruption Body.

In a moment, they covered more than one thousand kilometers and crashed into the ground with enormous momentum.

"?BOOOOOOM MMMMM!"

An explosion that could spread over a small continent occurred when the duo clashed with the ground, and the destructive power was so great that the entire landmass would have collapsed.

That cataclysmic explosion was the last sight the sea of stars obtained before being expelled from the Arena. Everybody understood what happened. The battle was over.

Outside of the giant black square, two figures appeared. Both were intact, and no sign of damage of any kind could be seen in them, a testament of the Primarchs' power.

A nasty expression appeared on the Titans' faces while the Magi group smiled. As for the geniuses seeing them from afar, although they still felt a certain level of hostility toward Ezequiel due to his bloodline, they also showed deference.

The powerful deserve respect, no matter if they are good or evil. You can hate a powerful enemy, but you can never disrespect them!

Ezequiel did not care if the geniuses hated him, and the same went for their respect. The opinions of strangers meant nothing as his will already reached a transcendent level. Right now, his entire focus was on analyzing the battle he just experienced and seeing the ways he could improve.

"It seems that we must use our full power even when we fight against Rank 5 life forms," Zatiel spoke to Ezequiel with a stern expression.

The level of danger of the Prima-Eldritch Universe Final Battlefield was dozens if not hundreds of times greater than Abyss and Baator.

"Yes, Master, if it wasn't for the Titan's flawed battle style, I may have lost, or in the best case, obtained a pyrrhic victory."

In a battlefield filled with enemies with trump cards and powers above their cultivation levels, any mistake could cost them their lives. If they used the Titan as a baseline for their future opponents, this journey would be dangerous.

Chapter 483 - Entering The Earth Ring

"Anyway, you won, and it's time to claim our spoils." A smile appeared on Zatiel's face as he turned to Tksar and extended his hand.

The Dawn Titan could not hide the rage burning inside his heart. Not only had he been humiliated, but he would also have to hand over some of the most valuable resources in his possession.

Anyone else would have adopted a discrete approach, asking for the Chaos Stones later to avoid embarrassing Tksar even more and trying to stop an eternal grudge from forming between them.

However, how could someone like Zatiel care about the face of an insignificant Rank 6 Dawn Titan.

"Titan, hand over the four Earth Grade Chaos Stones now."

Tksar's eyes almost spit flames of rage when he heard the Neo-Demon's words and saw the geniuses focusing on him. His wrath only grew when he saw that someone he had not even bothered to look before was commanding him.

"Since when an insignificant Rank 5 life form has the guts to give me an order!"

"Since now. Hand over the stones and hurry up. I don't like wasting time speaking with children."

The other party did not care about offending them, so why would Zatiel bother being polite?

Every part of his spirit urged the Dawn Titan to jump forward and rip to pieces those who dared to offend him, but he was able to control his impulses. Attacking now would only work to increase his shame.

"Are you letting others take what is yours!?" Fighting was out of the table, so the Dawn Titan wanted to create some conflicts among the Magi group by inciting a response from Ezequiel.

Unfortunately for Tksar, the Supreme Neo-Demon barely glanced at him after hearing that and then, without saying a word, went back to his analysis of the battle.

Chaos Stones were such a valuable resource that they could incite greed and resentment even among brothers. However, between the Supreme Neo-Demon and the Neo-Demon's Ancestor, "yours" and "mine" lost their meaning, leaving only "ours."

Zatiel smiled as he saw the futile attempt from Tksar of putting Ezequiel against him and began to move his palm, signaling the Dawn Titan to hand over the Chaos Stones while at the same time mocking him.

Although he wanted nothing more than to invalidate the bet using some excuse as Ezequiel's victory not being honorable due to his bloodline thief status, the Dark Tower's Spirit would not allow anyone to renege their words.

Tksar took out four fist-sized gems from his space ring. They seemed to contain a unique form of power, and they attracted the Dark Tower's laws and universal forces to them.

He sent the four Earth Grade Chaos Stones to Zatiel and gave one final hateful stare to the Magi group before departing with the rest of the Titans.

Zatiel did not care about the Titans, and once the Chaos Stones were in front of him, he did not resist and immediately began to inspect them with the Rebirth Eye.

Despite his mighty power and status in his previous life, he never came in contact with Chaos Stones, as they had gone extinct in the Prima Universe billions of years before his rise.

His right eye could decipher many things and pierce into the fabric of the laws despite his weak cultivation, but these gems' composition was way beyond his capacities.

"We should procure your residences so you two can enter the Earth Ring."

Dean's voice drew Zatiel's attention away from the Chaos Stones, and after a moment of thought, the Neo-Demon nodded.

"Let's go." Zatiel stored the four Earth Grade Chaos Stones and followed the Crown Prince back to the residences.

As they flew away, Zatiel felt many unfriendly glares focusing on him, specifically his space ring. They could do nothing inside the Dark Tower, but things would be much different if they saw each other in the Earth Ring.

The Neo-Demon only smiled as he felt those greedy eyes. He chose to become a champion of justice, so it would not be proper for him to steal from the other Dark Tower's members, but if they were foolish enough to anger him, he did not mind taking their space rings, harvesting their bloodlines, and devouring their bodies and souls.

Once they reached the massive buildings, Zatiel and Ezequiel touched their surface, and their Dark Tower tattoos immediately began to glow.

In a second, the Dark Tower's Spirit assigned them a residence within the building that they could use whenever they want free of cost.

While those rooms would be a cultivation paradise for most life forms, they drew no interest in either Ezequiel or Zatiel.

"We will leave now. Good luck, and I hope the next time we see each other again, we all have become stronger."

The Neo-Demons and the Royals did not plan to remain together within the Earth Ring.

Their purpose was the same: enter the Earth Ring, harvest resources, and kill members of the Eldritch Race, but being together would only diminish the amount of wealth, and the chances of battles each of them would get.

Once they shook their hands, the Neo-Demons flew to the zone containing the portals toward the Earth Ring. Many eyes observed them, but none of the geniuses attempted to follow the duo as only they would know their destination.

Using the Earth Ring's map, the Neo-Demons chose a location near a Tier 2 Stronghold. A blue force covered the duo, and the next second, the Dark Tower launched them toward the super battlefield.

It took them but a second to reach the surface, and although they were a little nauseous, the Neo-Demons recuperated very fast.

They quickly analyzed their surroundings and found out they were in the center of a massive mountain range. The laws affected teleportation, so it was not uncommon to end up a few thousand kilometers away from their original destination.

A grey fog containing wild and chaotic energies covered everything around them, affecting the power of their consciousness, vision, and other senses.

Both felt oddly uncomfortable due to the different nature of the laws and natural energies between this universe and the Prima Universe.

Zatiel pushed the Rebirth Eye's visual abilities to the limit, while Ezequiel attempted to connect with the elements and share their perception.

The fog significantly weakened their scanning powers, allowing them to cover only a fraction of what they could achieve in the Prima Universe. However, it was still more than what an ordinary Primary Sun Domain powerhouse could perceive.

"I originally planned for us to hunt down eldritch monsters the moment we arrived, but since you won Chaos Stones and this place is rather isolated, I think it is best to begin our training immediately."

Ezequiel nodded, and the next second, one used the Law of Earth to sink into the ground while the other adopted a phantasmagoric nature and descended, ignoring the earth in his path.

Once they were in the mountain range's center, Ezequiel waved his hands, forming a cavern around them. Zatiel unleashed his Mind Force and engraved thousands of tiny runes in the walls, cloaking the Neo-Demons from even Supernova Domain life forms.

Both Neo-Demons emptied their minds and adopted a meditative position in the air as they began to engrave the Prima-Eldritch Universe Final Battlefield's laws into their skins.

Chapter 484 - Spiritual Totem

The soul forces of the Supreme Neo-Demon and Neo-Demon's Ancestor erupted as an Astral Qi mantle and black hole manifested.

The path other life forms take was not enough to engrave the laws of a super universe more potent than those of the Prima Universe. They needed to tap into a force whose nature stood above a normal universe's matrix.

Luckily, both the All-Devouring Domain and Astral Destroyer Godslayer Mantle were capable of inner cultivation and could work as conduits to guide the Prima-Eldritch Universe Final Battlefield's laws into their bodies.

The Law Engraving Rank comprises six engraving stages: Flesh Engraving, Muscle Engraving, Bone Engraving, Marrow and Blood Engraving, Viscera Engraving, and finally Consciousness Engraving.

Every improvement during Rank 5 enhanced an individual's attunement with the laws and allowed their True Soul to grow, purifying and enhancing their soul force.

Standard life forms with just enough talent to enter Rank 6 would usually need a few centuries to complete the six engraving stages and form their Sacred Body of Laws.

Geniuses with inborn Law Bloodlines have an advantage in this Rank as their bodies already contain law runes engraved in their flesh and blood. Some would spend less than a decade in this Rank, with only the Consciousness Engraving Stage taking some time.

Neither Zatiel nor Ezequiel were born with their Law Bloodlines. Still, their purity was as high as those who did, not to mention Astral Origin tempered their flesh and blood.

Despite that, the duo practiced for less than ten minutes before frowning.

"It seems that to finish the Flesh Engraving Stage, we will need to train for one hundred years."

Engraving the Prima-Eldritch Universe Final Battlefield's laws would take more than they thought.

They were Neo-Demons with First Order Law Bloodlines, and their lifespan reached hundreds of thousands of years. Nevertheless, the Supreme Neo-Demon and Neo-Demon's Ancestor did not think for a second to accept such a slow cultivation speed.

Ezequiel looked at Zatiel, and after thinking for a moment, the Neo-Demon's Ancestor shrugged his shoulders.

"Whatever, we can always get more." Zatiel took the four Earth Grade Chaos Stones from his space ring, handed two to Ezequiel, and then activated the power of the ones left in his hands.

Chaos Stones had endless uses, and one of them was as a catalyzer for cultivation, exponentially increasing a life form's training speed. Unlike other methods that could rush cultivation, Chaos Stones had no flaws and did not weaken your foundation.

Even though they were flawless in that aspect, almost no one would use Chaos Stones in that way, as a few centuries of training could not compare with their value. However, the Neo-Demons did not think like that.

As they activated the Chaos Stones, a multicolored force invaded the Neo-Demons' bodies and souls. Soon, they both smiled due to their cultivation speed increasing almost twenty times!

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Usually, the first years of a war would be filled with bloodshed, as both sides fought to establish strongholds and learn the enemy's strength and tactics. Then over time, a standstill would form between the two sides as none would want to risk what they obtained.

However, the carnage inside Gods' Tomb did not diminish with the years. It increased to the point that thousands of battles happened every day, and the number of casualties on both sides reached a level so high that corpses would cover the ground.

The bloodthirst in the Magi's Divine Slayer Force and the Divinity Faith Army peaked over the last decade as both parties knew that Gods' Tomb would soon allow Rank 4, 5, and 6 life forms to enter inside it.

Once that happened, the mighty Rank 3 life forms on both sides, that led the armies and earned immense merits, would become nothing more than servants carrying on menial tasks.

These next few years would be the last chance to influence the war between the Magi World and the Divinity World.

Right now, in one of the upper-middle continents of the Transitional Plane named Astaroth, a company composed of one million Magi assaulted a stronghold controlled by an equal number of Divinity World's soldiers.

The Magi's side unleashed all kinds of attacks, like acid rain, lightning storms, fireballs, ice spears, and some used their bodies to fight.

Knights, priests, paladins, assassins, and more kinds of supernatural soldiers flew out of the Divinity World's stronghold to fight the Magi.

The war power on both sides was equal, with none being able to overwhelm the other. Despite the Magi's Path of Power being more potent than the weak Paths that Gods allowed their subjects to train, the people of the Divinity World's would not hesitate to give their lives in the name of their Divine Lords, not to mention they have the terrain's advantage.

However, there was one section of the battlefield where a force slaughtered the Divinity World's soldiers in their path and got closer and closer to the stronghold.

This force was composed of hundreds of giants, and each contained one hundred Rank 3 life forms with dense bloodline force and a pure Abyss Aura.

The giants were Soul Origin Rune Formations. One type took the form of an eight-winged man bathed in purple fire capable of incredible speed. The other resembled a four-hundred-meter humanoid covered in white lightning with ridiculously high defensive and offensive powers.

Everybody in the army was familiar with these Origin formations. They were the Lightning Spiritual Totem and Fire Spiritual Totem of the Daybreak Clan. Each of them was capable of Rank 4 battle power and could fool the laws of the Gods' Tomb, allowing them to remain in the Transitional Plane.

Hundreds of thousands of warriors covered in white armors flew around the Soul Origin Rune Formations. They would hunt down all the wounded enemies, and if necessary, act as human shields and sacrifice themselves to protect the Spiritual Totems.

One of the Lightning Spiritual Totems displayed a power even more significant than the others. It resembled an unstoppable force as it blasted the knights and paladins in its path and reached the stronghold's center.

Controlling this impressive Soul Origin Rune Formation was Numir and the five Neo-Demon generals.

Numir smiled as she and every Neo-Demon inside the? Lightning Spiritual Totem made their energy explode before attacking the stronghold's power core.

Chapter 485 - Overgod's Supreme Pontiff (I)

The reason for the lightning giant's astonishing power surpassing that of the rest of Lightning Spiritual Totems was due to the Neo-Demon generals' powerful consciousnesses and control over the laws.

The Divinity Faith Army's soldiers did not hesitate to give their lives for the chance to stop the lightning giant. Still, none of them could make a dent in the Soul Origin Formation, and the white armored warriors blocked any attack coming from the stronghold with the power to produce real damage.

Numir, who took the position of the Lightning Spiritual Totem's heart, roared as the giant unleashed a strike full of destructive force that devastated the stronghold's center.

Now that the Neo-Demons disabled the stronghold's power core, the lack of power deactivated the city defenses, and the Divinity Faith Army's soldiers no longer enjoyed a constant supply of natural energy infused directly into their energy pools.

The Magi did not waste this opportunity, and they all began to unleash their most potent attacks, butchering wave after wave of enemies.

Although the Divinity Faith Army's soldiers would not have hesitated to keep fighting until the death in the name of their Divine Lord, the moment the priests gave the retreat order, they all escaped using their maximum speed.

Dozens of thousands more perished during the retreat, but many still managed to escape.

Numir stood in the sky above the broken stronghold and stared at the Divinity Faith Army's soldiers running away but did not chase after them.

A cornered animal is extremely dangerous, especially if the ones put in dead-end are zealots who think dying in the name of their Divine Lord would make them ascend to heaven.

Shiyu appeared by Numir's side and began to report the number of casualties and killings.

"According to the tadpoles, our people are responsible for thirty-nine percent of the seven hundred and eighty-five thousand three hundred and twenty-two Divinity Faith Army's soldiers killed. We lost twelve thousand Rank 3 drones. As for our actual casualties, thirty-one of our brothers and sisters have perished."

The kill-death ratio was unbelievable. If the Neo-Demon Army counted the drones, more than fifteen enemies perished for every casualty they endured.

And if they only counted the Neo-Demons lost, every casualty on their side meant more than ten thousand enemies dead!

Although the Neo-Demons' tremendous battle power, armors, runes, and regeneration abilities played an essential role in their survival, Numir's tactics were the main reason for their incredibly low death ratio.

Anyone else would have felt delighted if they obtained those results after a battle between two armies containing each one million elite soldiers that determined the destiny of a continent, but Numir could not help but sigh.

The value of every Neo-Demon's life was unquantifiable, and even one single casualty was one too many.

Of course, Numir was not naive enough to think she could go through this war without losing comrades, and she quickly regained her composure.

"Secure their remains and restore their bodies. Although their deaths are supposed to be unfixable due to Gods' Tomb's laws, no one knows what could happen in the future. In the worst case, we can give them a proper burial."

"Already done. We already collected our people's remains, and we will send them back to the Magi World once the reparations are over." Shiyu's thoughts were similar to those of Numir and had already handled the Neo-Demons' remains.

As the women spoke, a young man approached them. He carried a large sword the size of his body, golden armor, and a glowing crown.

Samuel would resemble a holy knight if it wasn't for his thick blood aura and killing intent. The power of the laws vibrated around him, and it seemed the Royal used a unique technique to prevent his advance to Rank 4.

"Lady Numir, Lady Shiyu, our victory is now complete. With the main stronghold under our control, my troops in the rest of the Astaroth continent managed to secure the smaller cities. I must admit I had some reservations about the bold plan you two presented to me, but everything worked perfectly."

The bold plan Samuel spoke of referred to Numir's idea of sneaking into the Astaroth continent's center, avoiding the forces guarding the periphery, and attacking the Divinity Army's main stronghold and headquarters.

Everybody who took this mission was an elite soldier, with no one beneath Rank 3. Still, despite their quality, their numbers were low considering the hundreds of millions of soldiers on the continent. Their situation would have been dangerous if they failed to secure the stronghold or allowed reinforcement to arrive.

"According to our previous agreement, half of this city would be under the Daybreak Clan's control along with a third of the continent."

Both women nodded to Samuel, and there was a positive light in their eyes. The young Royal not only was a great warrior and leader, but he was also very straightforward, making any deal with him easy to fulfill.

According to the information they managed to recollect about him, Samuel was a distant relative of King Roku.

The young Royal was just one remote branch of King Roku's large family tree, but his tactical mind and talent made him shine above the others allowing him to earn his current position.

"We have now pierced deep within the Divinity Faith Army's territories and become the Magi's Divine Slayer Force's spearhead. The moment my great grandfather and the rest of the powerhouses

can enter Gods' Tomb, this place will become the core of the battles, allowing us to gather a lot of merits."

Samuel's eyes had a sparkle of desire and ambition. He knew he would have no real part in the next phase of the Divine Extermination War, but the better foundation he established for the Aeternum Empire's forces, the greater his standing would be in the future.

Of all the great organizations' Champions, Samuel's performance had been by far the best. Not only did he control many more terrains and killed countless Divinity Faith Army's soldiers, but his own personal merits also were astonishing and more than enough to refine his soul and body.

"Although we have won and decimated the enemy forces, we must not be careless. I doubt the Gods would sit by as our domain over the continents increases.? The greater our control over the Transitional Plane, the easier it will be for the Magi World's laws and natural forces to invade the Divinity World."

Samuel immediately adopted a solemn expression when he heard those words. He knew very well that the Gods did not care about the lives of their subjects, but the Divinity World's integrity affected their subsistence, and they would do anything to protect it.

"We should establish a powerful force on the border and direct most of our resources there so that we can establish some Magic Towers as soon as possible."

The young Royal knew the danger those who would embark on that mission would face. He glanced at the women but immediately discarded the idea of asking for them to send their Soul Origin Formations there as he knew it would be futile.

"I would like for you to redirect three million of your clan white armored warriors into the border. There, they will gather with five million of my Aeternum Empire's Magi and establish a barrier."

Samuel already understood the nature of the white armored warriors and knew that unlike the rest of the Daybreak Clan's members, their lives' value was quantifiable.

Numir and Shiyu looked at each other and nodded. While the number of Rank 3 drones was not enough to fulfill that request, there were still millions of Rank 2 whose use was limited.

Like that, a great force began to amass in the border between the Astaroth continent and the Botis continent.

Chapter 486 - Overgod's Supreme Pontiff (II)

Deep within the territories controlled by the Divinity Faith Army, an immense cathedral glowed with pure and holy light. Three statues with a sacred aura stood above it, and no matter who saw them, everybody bowed to them with pious light in their eyes.

Inside this holy cathedral, a group of middle-aged men sat around a large table decorated with all kinds of beautiful jewelry. They all had a thriving life force, and the reason for their looks was to project a sense of maturity.

They were the highest-ranking priests of the High Gods inside Gods' Tomb and could be considered the generals and leaders of the Divinity Faith Army.

"Tomas, how could you lose control over the Astaroth continent so suddenly. Not even a day passed since the news of the assault over the army headquarters, and the entire continent already fell under the heathen's control."

"Hmph, your troops took an eternity to be mobilized. Had you arrived early, we could have remained in control of the continent. Of course, what else could I expect from a follower from an Evil God?"

"Do you dare to say Divine Lord Ramiel's forces are inferior to that of yours? I should kill you right now!"

"Both of you, stop quarreling. Had been Divine Lord Hertus' forces the one in fighting the heathen, we would have won easily."

Passing the blame to others while highlighting their attributes and merits was very common for priests. They thought of their God as superior to the others, even if they were part of the same pantheon, so they constantly argued.

Once the discussion started, they could keep on going for hours. Luckily, the priests were interrupted when the main gates to the church were open, and three mighty individuals entered.

The moment they appeared, all the High Gods' priests stood up, and a respectful and somewhat fearful expression appeared on their faces.

The newcomers were Peak Rank 3 life forms, but an extraordinary power ran through their veins that made all the priests feel like they were in the presence of divine beings.

All the priests sitting on one right side of the table bowed toward one member of the trio.

"We, servants of the Higher Gods of Virtue, salute the Demigoddess of Justice, Lady Serena."

The one they spoke to was a beautiful woman with white hair and a benevolent aura.

Like their counterparts, the priest on the left side of the table bowed toward someone else.

"We, servants of the High Gods of Immorality, salute the Demigod of Evil, Lord Siro."

The Demigod of Evil was a tall man with a wicked aura whose eyes glowed with a black flame.

Once they saluted their respective spiritual leaders, all the priests focused on the person between the duo and spoke in unison.

"We, servants of the Divine World, salute the Demigod of Transcendence, Lord Tyron."

Demigods were not a title but a kind of supernatural life form. They were born in many ways, but the core of their existence was that they carried Divine Blood inside them. In a sense, they could be considered a God's offspring.

Transcendence beyond good and evil was a state only the Overgod reached. Only he stood above mortal's understanding and took the role of the universe's will.

Those were the doctrines taught inside the Divinity World, which meant that Tyron carried inside of him the Divine Blood of the Overgod, making him an extension of whom they believed was the creator of the universe.

Tyron had the appearance of an older man, and although there was a smile on his face, he emanated an aura that could suffocate the rest of the priests.

The trio took their seats at the table's head, and only once Tyron signaled the priests did they dare to sit back down.

"Brothers and sisters, I can see the anger in your hearts, but we must not lose ourselves in our rage. We must stand together as one, leaving aside our past grievances, all for the glory of our Divine Lords." There was a pious tone in Tyron's voice that made all the other priests feel humbled and, at the same time, inspired them.

The idea of working together and letting go of their differences appeared in their minds and became stronger and stronger.

Tyron's first message was unity and compromise, of letting go of the past and focusing on the future, but what happened next took a very different turn.

He focused on Tomas, the priest who had failed to protect the Astaroth continent, and although the expression on his face remained the same, everybody felt the entire room grow colder.

"The loss of the Astaroth continent to the heathens is a heavy blow that we can not let go unpunished. Brother Tomas, you failed on your mission, and your troops took the shameful decision of retreating. I have to ask, why are you still in the mortal plane."

Tomas' face grew pale, and cold sweat covered his back. He had difficulty breathing, and his condition worsened the more time Tyron's eyes focused on him.

"Lord... Lord Tyron. The heathen came out of nowhere, and no one could have predicted the level of power those elite forces were able to unleash. It was impossible to resist much longer, and the most sensible path was to retreat so that we could fight another day."

Although Tomas' tactics made sense for all the High Gods' priests, none of them dared to say a word on his behalf. They all maintained their heads down, praying so Tyron's eyes would not land on them.

Tyron's expression did not change as Tomas tried to explain his failure. Everything about the old man kept the same, but the coldness in the room grew stronger.

"You say everybody was oblivious to the heathen's movements, but you are wrong. The Supreme Pontiff had stated the Astaroth continent would be in danger and sent a weapon that should have been able to kill all our enemies. However, in his plan, your troops were supposed to endure four more days. Do I need to continue?"

When Tyron mentioned the Supreme Pontiff, Tomas felt an invisible hand crushing his heart.

Even the other two Demigods showed reverence when the Overgod's Supreme Pontiff was named, so there was no need to say his effect on the rest of the priests.

In the Divinity World, mortals were oblivious about the Path of Gods, and they believed Gods have been present since the dawn of times.

They all thought that becoming an immortal being was impossible, so the closer they were to the Gods, the higher their status would be, and there was no one closer to the Overgood than his Supreme Pontiff.

It was only now that Tomas understood the weight of his failure. Since he lost too soon against the Magi's Divine Slayer Force, he failed the Overgod's Supreme Pontiff, and that was a crime no one could forgive, not even his own Divine Lord.

Tomas' body began to tremble, but then a crazy expression appeared on his face. He gathered energy in his palm, and then under the sight of the priests, attacked himself, blasting his head open.

Even those priests who did not have a good relationship with Tomas felt disturbed by the man's grotesque death, but none dared to say a word about it.

The Demigod of Transcendence's actions could be considered illogical. At first, he said they needed to remain united, and then he practically forced one priest to commit suicide. Some could condemn such behavior as vile and hypocritical, but the Divinity World's people were used to it.

Religion rarely made sense, and those in power would usually twist the truth as they saw fit. Faith did not need logic, and in wicked man's hands, it was a perfect tool to enslave the weak and fearful.

Without waiting for the corpse of Tomas to be taken out, Tyron focused on another priest, making this one tremble.

"Brother Simon, you will lead your Divine Lord's army into the Astaroth continent tomorrow."

"Yes, Lord Tyron, I will kill all the heathen and take back control of the continent. I will not fail the Supreme Pontiff."

"You misunderstand, brother. Your mission is only to secure, as the Supreme Pontiff's tool should be reaching the continent anytime now, and it will kill every heathen on its own."

Tyron's words surprised the rest of the priests. They all felt awe at the Supreme Pontiff's wisdom since, for his weapon to have reached the continent, it meant he truly knew of the Magi's plan before anybody else despite him being outside Gods' Tomb.

"Overgod's Supreme Pontiff is truly wise." The Demigod of Evil spoke with a respectful tone, and there was admiration in his eyes. "I can see now why he used to hold that title."

"I don't like to admit it, but I have to agree with Siro. The title of The Sage truly fitted him."

Chapter 487 - The Monster (I)

On the border of the Astaroth continent, an army of almost ten million soldiers established a temporary stronghold formed around a massive Magic Tower.

White armored warriors formed a third of the army. They had different forms and sizes, but their behavior was identical, soulless killing machines who only knew how to carry out orders.

A tadpole had fused into these creatures' brains, allowing the controller to manage them regardless of the distance as long the channel was open.

Magi composed the rest of the army. Despite their overall level being inferior to that of the elite force that captured the Divinity Faith Army's headquarters in the Astaroth continent, they were still powerful.

The Magi's faction leader was a young man with a royal robe and the power of the laws vibrating around him.

Surrounding the Royal were four Peak Rank 3 Magi with vibrant life force, each more than capable of entering Rank 4 whenever they desired. They were all great generals inside Gods' Tomb, representing the Aeternum Empire's Kings.

A Magi with a scholar aura flew out of the newly constructed Magic Tower and approached the group.

"Lord Kirkus, we have finished the central Magic Tower. Soon the protective force field will be working at total capacity. I will start with the construction of the secondary towers if that is fine with you."

Kirkus glanced at the man and nodded before signaling to leave.

Once they were alone, one of the great generals approached the young Royal. His body was four meters tall and covered in dragon armor.

"Lord Kirkus, why did you accept this mission? Not only are the rewards minimal and the risk too high, but it also gives others the impression that Samuel can command you as he sees fit." The general had an annoyed expression, and that grew as he turned to the white armored warriors. "Not to mention they gathered us with those suicide soldiers. The gall in that brat!"

Even if they did not know the true nature of the white armored warriors, every Magi already understood that their lives were unimportant in the eyes of the Daybreak Clan's generals.

Being part of the same team as disposable warriors could be considered an insult.

"Uryk is right, Lord Kirkus. Why let Samuel treat us like that. Your honorable great grandfather will win the Champion Contest and lead the Aeternum Empire's forces in the next phase of the Divine Extermination War. There is no reason for us to comply with his whims." Another general also took a step forward and expressed his displeasure with the situation.

"Enough!" Kirkus roared to the generals, and his voice carried the power of the laws and a wisp of soul force!

That feat alone proved the extraordinary talent of the young Royal and made the rest of the great general shut their mouths.

"Even if I look down on him, I can not defy a direct order of the Aeternum Empire's Champion, especially after he conquered an entire continent. If I did that, it would have affected Great Grandfather." In contrast with his previous outburst, Kirkus gave a perfectly reasonable and pragmatic reason for his actions.

Kirkus' severe expression relaxed when he saw the great general adopting a respectful attitude. The young Royal knew that showing wisdom and a calm mind would be meaningless if he did not prove his superior power.

The silent battle for the Aeternum Empire's throne had long since reached its peak. There were only two Kings left in the race, and all the others had already sided with one of them or disappeared under mysterious circumstances.

As the representative of one of the strongest Kings, Kirkus knew that making any mistake could lead to fatal repercussions.

"Samuel indeed gave us this task to prove his superiority, but there is also an opportunity. If for some reason, these Magic Towers were to malfunction during a battle, it would lead to devastating casualties on the army protecting the border."

The great generals immediately understood the hidden meaning in Kirkus' words. Although harming members of the empire was betrayal, none of the great generals had a problem with it, as long as the truth remained hidden.

"We need to work very hard and be very careful as..."

"?BOOOOMMMM!"

Kirkus did not finish his words due to an explosion happening right outside the temporary stronghold.

Something had fallen from the sky, and before any of the Magi could understand what it was, an aura full of madness and bloodlust engulfed everything.

Monstrous fear invaded the Magi's minds and souls, paralyzing everybody beneath Rank 3 due to the immense pressure in their consciousnesses.

The young Royal and the four great generals slowly turned to the place of the explosion, only to see an enormous monster rise.

...

Numir, Shiyu, and Samuel discussed their following movements above the reconstructed and fully functional stronghold in the Astaroth continent's center.

Suddenly, both Neo-Demon women's eyes widened, and an expression of utter shock filled their faces.

Their behavior confused Samuel, but the same expression appeared on his face the next second when a message reached his mind through the space ring.

"What! How could all of them have perished at the same time without a warning?" The news he just received altered Samuel so much, that he failed to control his emotions for a moment.

Displaying his powerful spirit, the young Royal regained control over his mind in a second and took a deep breath.

"Lady Numir, Lady Shiyu, we have seemed to run into a serious problem. All my spies within Kirkus' forces have perished. I don't know what could have happened, but we must immediately send trustful warriors to the border, as we can't let that man be unsupervised during the Magic Towers' construction."

Samuel planted many spies within the forces of his primary opponent within Gods' Tomb. Due to the danger they faced, the young Royal would receive a signal whenever one perished, and right now, they had all activated simultaneously.

He did not understand how Kirkus could have learned of all his spies and much less end their lives simultaneously, but Samuel knew he needed to act fast.

However, the information he received next made him realize his previous hypothesis was wrong.

"There are not just your spies, the ones dead. All of our white armored warriors on the border, the three million of them, perished together." Shiyu spoke to the young Royal with a solemn expression, and her aura only grew grimmer as she thought of the power needed to kill all of them before they could even send a signal.

As one of the two highest-ranking members of the Daybreak Army's in Gods' Tomb, her tadpole connected to all the drones. The expression of shock from before was because three million of those links vanished instantly.

"How could that be possible! Even if a powerful army overwhelmed them, there would still be a time gap between each of their dead. The only way for all of them to die together was if..."

Samuel did not finish his words, but the trio knew what he wanted to say.

Considering the sudden death of the spies, it fell to reason to believe that an existence powerful enough killed the eight million soldiers on the border with a single attack.

Such force should be impossible to appear inside Gods' Tomb. Although there were ways to display Rank 4 battle might inside the Transitional Plane like with Soul Origin Formations, they only reached the bottom of that level. They were not capable of massive destruction abilities like Law Avatars.

"?BOOM!"

Numir, Shiyu, and Samuel did not have time to figure out what happened to their people as they heard an explosion in the distance.

"?BOOM!"

Soon another explosion appeared, and all the Magi and Neo-Demons in the stronghold focused on the origin. Although they could not see it, everybody felt that something extremely heavy and powerful approached their location.

The creature was still too far for their eyes to see them, but its' malevolent aura reached the stronghold and began to suffocate all those inside.

Before the fear could break the people's minds, they heard three mighty roars, one full of demonic strength, another with draconic's force, and the last with a lion's courage.

"ROAR!"

"ROAR!"

"ROAR!"

The trio in the sky unleashes their powerful auras and spirits to fight back the monster's aura, helping their people. The next second, the Magic Tower released a powerful force field that protected everybody.

"Daybreak Clan's warriors, activate your Spiritual Totem Formations and rise!"

"Aeternum Empire's Magi, adopt battle formations and be ready to unleash all you have!"

Samuel and Numir commanded their troops and proceeded to stimulate all their power, as their instincts told them that the greatest danger of their lives was coming.

Chapter 488 - The Monster (II)

"?BOOM!BOOM!BOOM!"

The Magi and Neo-Demons heard the explosions coming closer and closer. Soon they saw a silhouette appear in the distance. Its appearance was still undistinguishable but had a humanoid form and dozens of thousands of meters of height.

What provoked those explosions were the creature's footsteps. Its immense momentum and power broke apart the ground beneath its feet.

Samuel's expression grew severe when he saw the immense speed the creature achieved and how even entire mountain ranges shattered due to its march's power.

"Charge!"

Under the young Royal's command, the Magi Tower in the center of the stronghold began to glow as it prepared to discharge an immense amount of energy.

"Order it go into overdrive," Numir spoke to Samuel, but her eyes did not leave the creature.

Samuel frowned when he heard that. If the Magic Tower's weapon system went into overdrive, the amount of energy it could unleash would be much higher, but it would also mean it could only fire once due to the damage it would receive later.

Although he hesitated for a second, soon decisiveness appeared in the young Royal's eyes. He gave a command through his space ring, and the Magi Tower began to tremble due to the immense amount of energy gathered.

A ball of multicolored energy soon formed above the Magic Tower, and the power in it only kept growing.

The Neo-Demons already formed the Lightning Spiritual Totems and Fire Spiritual Totems. Thousands of white armored warriors flanked those giant runic formations.

The Magi displayed their battle formations, with their energy pool working in tandem, and they were ready to fire combined spells that would potency each other.

In less than a minute, the humanoid had come close enough for the Magi and Neo-Demons to see its actual appearance with their own eyes.

It was a creature with dark petrous skin whose upper body seemed to amalgamate dozens of faces and arms. Besides shattering everything under its feet, it incinerated all in its path, leaving a trail of fire and death.

Numir, who already took the Lightning Spiritual Totem's heart position, felt something was wrong with the creature. Her eyes began to glow with a special light as she focused on it.

When the creature entered the Magic Tower's attack range, Samuel prepared to fire, but the Neo-Demon woman stopped him at the last second.

"Wait! Not yet."

The young Royal stared at Numir and saw the resolution in her eyes. He had seen that look many times before when they took on hard decisions during a battle, and she had never made a mistake, so Samuel chose to trust her again.

Tremors that cracked the ground beneath them manifested due to the creature's march. Magi and Neo-Demons failed to understand how such a powerful being could deceive Gods' Tomb's laws.

It was a single existence and not something formed by the combination of hundreds of energy pools. Not to mention the power they felt was already beyond what an ordinary Rank 4 life form should be able to generate.

Every second of the wait was torture, and even the most courageous warriors were having a hard time controlling their emotions. Many would have broken down if they were the same people who entered Gods' Tomb, but the fire of war tempered their spirits.

The creature was still dozens of kilometers away from the stronghold, but its shadow already covered every Neo-Demon and Magi.

Samuel stared at Numir, but the Neo-Demon women still did not command to fire the Magic Tower.

Numir's eyes were bleeding as she pushed their power to the limits, and the level of focus on her face was extraordinary.

All of a sudden, her eyes widened, and she roared to the young Royal.

"NOW!"

Samuel acted instantly and gave the command to the Magic Tower to fire all its power. Several explosions occurred in the structure as it fired a beam of immense power at the creature.

Just when Numir's gave the order, the creature's power skyrocketed as an incredibly high kinetic force emerged from the place its heart should be and gathered in its arms.

Luckily, before the creature could strike the ground with its hundred arms and unleash a tremendous level of destruction, the Magic Tower's beam clashed in its chest, pushing it back.

The creature flew through the air, and due to its failure in unleashing that kinetic force, an explosive backlash occurred.

"?BOOOOMMMM"

A blast of devastating energy emerged from the creature's body and destroyed everything around it.

The destructive wave reached the stronghold, but luckily for the Neo-Demons and Magi, the Magic Tower's force field held on.

Everybody's eyes centered on Numir, and there was a great sense of respect in them. That attack landed in the perfect instant, protecting them from the blast's center and harming the enemy.

Relief appeared for a second in the people's hearts as they were sure that level of damage should have incapacitated the creature.

However, to their horror, once the energy waves vanished, they saw how the creature flashed through the air with nothing more than a bleeding injury in its chest.

Things only grew worse as the creature regained control over its body mid-air.

It displayed a level of nimbleness and dexterity you would not expect from such a monstrous being and landed on the ground before using all the power of its legs to jump forward.

"ATTACK!" Samuel roared as an immense amount of power gathered in its sword, and he fired dozens of sword light arcs.

The Magi did the same, combining elemental power to unleash spells of immense destructive power.

The Fire Spiritual Totems and Lightning Spiritual Totems unleashed giant fireballs and bolts of white lightning as the Neo-Demons burned every bit of Abyss Aura inside their energy pools.

Such a powerful barrage of spells could deeply injure a Rank 4 Demon but did nothing more than produce superficial wounds and hinder its march's momentum.

Once again, kinetic force emerged from the creature's heart and gathered in its one hundred arms. This time it was less than before, but its power was still tremendous.

"STRONGER!" Numir roared to everybody as she began to burn her life force to increase the power in the Lightning Spiritual Totem's attacks.

All the Neo-Demon followed her order and burned their life force as well. As for the Magi, some hesitated, but when they saw how Samuel channeled his vitality into his attacks, they poured everything they had in their spells as well.

The enhanced destructive power of the attacks forced the creature to unleash its kinetic blast outside of the stronghold's force field.

"?BOOOOMMMM!"

The force field that should have been powerful enough to resist Rank 4 spells broke after a few moments, allowing the blast power to strike the stronghold and all those inside it.

Buildings disintegrated, opposing no more resistance than a piece of paper. All the Magi activated their life-saving cards, but the blast still killed more than eighty percent of them.

As for the Neo-Demons. They used the white armored warriors as a shield, but even then, many of the Soul Origin Runic Formation did not resist the explosion and broke, forcing the Neo-Demons to use their bodies to face the kinetic blast.

Hundreds of Neo-Demons perished instantly, and many more ended up severely wounded.

Numir's Lightning Spiritual Totem was more potent than the other and managed to resist the brunt of the explosion but broke soon after, throwing all those inside to the ground.

The Neo-Demon women had a hard time standing up and could barely move. The explosion severely harmed many of her inner organs, and she could not stop coughing blood.

Before she could fall into unconsciousness, a heavy sound brought her back to reality. Numir used all her strength to look forward and saw how the creature stood barely a few meters away from her.

Most of the creature's fifty faces were empty of any emotion, but there was one in the center of the chest that, once it focused on Numir, displayed a cruel light in its eyes.

As she saw the one hundred arms preparing to unleash an attack that would end her life, the only thing in Numir's eyes was courage and resolution.

Numir did not close her eyes or look away. She stared right back at the creature, and the last image in her mind as she saw the fists falling was that of a man bathed in white lightning.

"CRACK!" The sound of a bracelet shattering reverberated through the broken city.

Chapter 489 - Life And Death Primordial Supernova (I)

Two forces were in a spectacular fight above a mountain range in the Earth Ring. Although both sides were Prima Universe's life forms, fighting between members of different alliances was not uncommon.

One party was composed of Heavenly Race's members. The leader was a seven-meter tall man with eight wings and whose body released a terrifying physical might.

The other party was composed of two types of people. One group had a sharp and dangerous aura born of an unyielding will, while the others wore monk clothes and their spirits seemed impervious to all temptations.

They came from the Immortal Plane and were either Cultivators or Buddhas. Their leader who faced the Archangel was a young monk with a shaved head and six Taoistic tattoos on his forehead.

The reason behind their battle was pretty simple. They met each other by chance, and the members of the Heavenly Race immediately commanded them to hand over their belongings.

Cultivators were prideful and would never tolerate such a brazen insult. While Buddhas trained their minds and souls to transcend mundane conflicts, they were also fierce warriors who sought to erase all evil from the universe.

Both the young Vajra Buddha and the Collapsing Star Archangel were Early Hollow Sun Domain Stage existences, but their battle powers allowed them to kill weak Primary Sun Domain Stage life forms quickly.

The Collapsing Star Archangel's wings were red, and each feather contained the illusion of a collapsing heavenly body. His physical power was incredibly high, and after combining it with his superb martial skills, he unleashed a flawless melee battle style.

A golden lotus surrounded the young Vajra Buddha, and behind him, there was a giant wheel from where creatures of pure kindness and extreme evilness emerged.

Neither could suppress the other, and their fight reached a stalemate. Wrath appeared in the Archangel's eyes as he could not accept that an animal dared to resist his might.

In his mind, the Buddha should have gracefully accepted death beneath his fist. That mentality was genuinely idiotic, but those were the Archangel's thoughts.

Contrary to his opponent, the young Vajra Buddha maintained a peaceful mind the entire battle, and there seemed that there was nothing that could affect his heart.

"AHHH! Die fucking animal. Collapsing Star Fist!" The Archangel roared with anger as his wings shone and an immense amount of strength and weight concentrated in his right hand.

A solemn expression appeared on the Buddha's face as he felt the power of that fist, and the wheel behind him began to rotate as all the creatures in it morphed into a single entity.

"Six Paths Downfall!"

Just as both attacks were about to clash, a monstrous killing intent appeared and covered the entire mountain range, making it tremble.

No one could tell its origin or the power of the person who manifested such monstrous desire for slaughter, but both parties felt an immense fear crawling into their hearts.

The members of the Heavenly Race, including the prideful Archangel, did not hesitate before forgetting about the fight and running away.

Cultivators and Buddhas had powerful wills, so they reacted better when facing the dreadful killing intent, but they still immediately chose to leave the mountain range.

Regardless of that person's power, they wanted nothing to do with someone capable of such a monstrous will for destruction.

Thousands of kilometers beneath the ground, a young man, covered in white lightning and flaming red aura, just woke up from his cultivation, and the rage in his eyes was abominable.

Powerful life forms could make their emotions affect their surroundings, and Invictus' killing intent was so pure that it froze the cave's walls.

Zatiel awoke alongside Ezequiel, but unlike the Supreme Neo-Demon, his eyes did not contain wrath but immense coldness.

He appeared in front of Ezequiel the next instant and put his hand over the Supreme Neo-Demon's head before his Rebirth Eye unleashed an immense amount of Mind Force.

The Supreme Neo-Demon felt the force reaching his True Soul and True Doomsday Body. He took a moment and withdrew his killing intent before using the Primordial Entropy Lightning to enhance Zatiel's power.

...

Back in the Astaroth continent, Numir's expression was one of utter shock as she saw the one thousand dark feathers covered in white lightning that had emerged from her broken bracelet and were now blocking the monster's attack.

The monster's main face, who had displayed viciousness just one second ago, now expressed surprise. Before it could do anything, the giant feathered wall fired a force blast that pushed its gargantuan body flying away.

Awe and admiration filled the eyes of Neo-Demons and Magi when they saw that. That creature was an invincible and unstoppable enemy in their minds, and yet those feathers drove it away with ease.

Under all those sights full of reverence, the one thousand feathers united. Everybody saw a ten-meter tall man with three faces, six arms, and eight wings appear.

A new form of law inscription that seemed to be born of the fusion between magic matrices and rune formations covered the man's skin.

Waves of natural energy, Origin Power, World Strength converged in the man and set themselves aflame, forming a purple sun.

Two fish-like creatures swam in this Rebirth Sun. One formed from Genesis Drive and the other from Antimatter.

The man turned around, and everybody could see his appearance. His facial features resembled a combination of Zatiel's and Ezequiel's faces. He had three eyes, two of them were empty and capable of piercing into the Flawed Universe, while the third could control life and death.

Monstrous killing intent appeared in the empty eyes, but the third only displayed utter coldness as the man analyzed the battlefield and saw the dead Neo-Demons.

"Ezequiel?" Numir was confused as she saw the man and spoke with a weak voice.

A kind smile appeared on the man's face, and the empty eyes showed love, but the third remained full of coldness.

"Yes and no. I will explain later." The man's voice sounded like that of two people speaking at the same time.

He touched his palms, and a golden wave of life force and vitality emerged from the Rebirth Sun, healing all the Magi and Neo-Demons who were still alive.

"Leave this place." The man focused on the place the creature had crashed and vanished.

Chapter 490 - Life And Death Primordial Supernova (II)

The creature had just recovered control over its body and stood up when the winged asura appeared in the sky.

"Filthy thing, you think you could take her away from me!" The man roared, and his face depicted the immense fury and wrath inside his soul.

A force field of killing intent emerged from the winged asura and clashed against the creature's madness aura.

Thunder and lightning filled the Astaroth continent's sky as the two force fields clashed, and a red tornado soon began to form around the duo.

A profound desire for destruction and anarchy appeared in the creature's primary face, but alongside those chaotic intentions, there was also a light full of immense wisdom.

The winged asura's eyes narrowed when he saw that, and his face shivered for a moment, as all the wrath in him vanished, only to be replaced by pure and absolute emptiness.

If before the winged asura was an entity who desired nothing more than to destroy his enemy, now he became a universal force capable of slaughtering entire worlds with complete disregard for life.

That demeanor had nothing to do with talent or conviction. It came from a life of solitude and hardship, from having ended so many lives that trying to quantify them would be futile.

Most life forms would freeze in the face of such absolute and ancient presence, but the creature began to laugh.

"Hahaha, good, you took control. For a moment, I thought I would have to deal with your pet."

It seemed the creature already knew Zatiel, but that gave no information about its origin. After all, everybody in the Magi World knew him, and it would be foolish to think the Divinity Faith Army had not investigated their enemies.

"I must admit that I am impressed by what you have achieved. Even I, with all my knowledge and resources, found it hard to delude Gods' Tomb's power limit." The Rebirth Eye in the winged asura's forehead glowed as it analyzed the creature.

"Zatiel Daybreak, your abilities are truly outstanding, but that thing must not have been cheap. You willing to pay such an immense price to protect insignificant life forms tells me how weak you truly are."

The winged asura's eyes remained emotionless, even after hearing that insult. However, after a few seconds, a smile appeared on his face.

"Whether I am strong or weak is not something an Eldritch Universe's life form can decide, King in Yellow."

No alteration appeared in the creature's primary face when it heard those words. Still, the Rebirth Eye detected a slight and almost imperceptible alteration in its soul waves.

"So I am right. I thought I destroyed all your incarnations inside the Prima Universe, and yet here I found you. It makes sense for you to be in the Divinity World. After all, if I want to find a cockroach, I have to search in a place full of rats."

Although the creature's expression did not change, the chaotic intent in the primary face grew stronger.

"I am a faithful servant of the Gods. The words of a heathen mean nothing to me."

"There is no point in trying to hide it. There is no way those pathetic Laws' Slaves could take me by surprise or build such a magnificent creature. They do not allow any foreigners to meddle with their world. Since they follow a derivation of your universe's True Self Path of Power, the only logical explanation behind these events is you, King in Yellow, helping them." Zatiel was sure about his hypothesis. Even when he blamed the creature's controller for being an Eldritch Race's life form, nothing happened, but the words King in Yellow provoked a reaction.

That name should mean nothing in the Prima Universe except for him, the World Tree, and the owner.

"Anyway, I am impressed, a life form born of the perfect symbiosis between fifty souls and bodies. No wonder it is so powerful. I am curious where you came up with the concept to build it."

The creature's primary face no longer attempted to deny those claims. Since Zatiel changed the subject, it would only work to raise suspicions about its identity.

It stared at the winged asura for a moment, and the one hundred eyes glowed.

"Your creation is also magnificent, a body made of Archangel's feathers and Primordial Blood with a core containing a piece of you and your pet's souls and bloodlines. There must be a mighty Magic Creator working for you. And also, it seems you established a link into this being despite the immense distance."

The winged asura did not say anything about the creature's analysis, but Zatiel could not help but feel strange. Whenever he faced an enemy, his wisdom and knowledge always surpassed them, but the King in Yellow was different.

The Eldritch Universe's Champion was the only existence in the multiverse, other than the eternal darkness, which made him feel pressured and that he lacked absolute control over the fight.

King in Yellow's analysis was perfect. They indeed created the winged asura by using a piece of their souls and bloodlines.

Thanks to the Yang Star in their Bloodline Hearts, the damage did not affect their battle power, but their foundations would suffer if they did not heal it.

The best scenario would have been Numir's bracelet not breaking, and then they would have recovered their bloodlines' essences and soul fragments. Now they need to spend precious resources to heal those wounds.

Regarding the special connection, that was possible due to Ezequiel's Immortal Avatar True Doomsday Body. The Supreme Neo-Demon's Primordial Essence was special and could establish a perfect link to any avatar.

A special light appeared in the winged asura's eyes when he felt that all the Neo-Demon were already at a safe distance. The primary purpose of this conversation was to give them time to run.

When it came to the King in Yellow, not even the Incarnation of Death and Destruction could say the victory was inevitable.

"Hmph, no matter how far they run. I will still catch all those heathens once I finish you." The creature's primary face smiled as immense kinetic force emerged from the center of its chest.

"Oh, is that right?" Coldness pervaded the winged asura's voice as his three eyes glowed like supernovas.

Both withdrew their force fields as they prepared to destroy the other.