

## Abyssal 651

### Chapter 651 Feast

Ezequiel showed nothing as he felt the pressure from those thirty Void Creator geniuses. None of them dared to attack or use their soul force directly, so what they employed was a form of willpower attack. However, how could a group of Rank 7 life forms that had no absolute mastery of their will affect a Godking?

Silver flames emerged in the Supreme Neo-Demon's eyes, generating a similar pressure, but this one was stronger and capable of genuinely affecting the external world.

Ezequiel's willpower affected eighty percent of the Void Creator geniuses, forcing them to look away. Staring into those silver flame eyes made them feel they were suffocating.

While the Supreme Neo-Demon handled the bulk of the Void Creator geniuses, there were still some among them able to keep looking directly into his eyes. Those were the rising stars of their races, life forms with the potential to reach Rank 9.

The Sacred Trial emphasized individual might, but parts of it focused on leadership skills, so antagonizing those geniuses would not be wise for the Supreme Neo-Demon. He could take a soft approach and attempt to form a relationship with them, but that had never been his style.

Ezequiel took a deep breath, and without saying a word, he made his aura explode to the point that the sky started to tremble. An ocean of Primordial Entropy Lightning flooded the firmament, and before the Void Creator geniuses could come out of their shock, he drew golden waves of World Strength. Void Creator genius could not help but adopt a solemn expression as they felt Ezequiel's aura that managed to enter Rank 8.

Some of them could also push their battle power into the Initial Beyond Falsehood Stage, but only because they were close or already at Peak Rank 7.

That was enough to surprise them, but what happened next left them in a state of complete awe.

Ezequiel's bloodline force exploded, and a silver star arose above his forehead. Immediately, his aura jumped past the Middle Beyond Falsehood Stage and reached the Late level!

With that display of power, the Supreme Neo-Demon made things clear for all. He did not need their help. They needed him.

Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut could not help but narrow their eyes as they felt that bloodline power.

"The Primordial Bloodline is undoubtedly a miracle," Hyperion murmured those words, to which Bahamut and Nut nodded. Each Primarch had a powerful intent in their eyes and was ready to give their all to make one of their kind closer to Ezequiel.

Other than forming a solid connection with the Neo-Demon Race, they also had a secondary goal. If one of their female champions were to earn Ezequiel's heart and sire his son, while that baby would be a Neo-Demon, the pregnancy would improve the mother's bloodline.

Not only would they gain a connection with the most mysterious entity of the Prima Universe, but also a new powerhouse that would reach the Eternal Detachment Rank.

Of course, Ezequiel was aware of that side effect of gestating a life form with a more powerful bloodline than yours, but it was not something that did anyone harm, so it did not bother him.

Once the Supreme Neo-Demo proved his point to the Void Creators, he focused on the Primarchs and performed a slight bow, to which the trio responded by claspng their hands.

After that, Ezequiel's eyes landed on the three women that led the Titans.

Hyperion's daughters were prideful and full of confidence in themselves, but as they felt the Supreme Neo-Demon's gaze, the trio could not help but tremble. No matter how you saw him, Ezequiel was an absolute hero of his time and could move any woman's heart.

Despite the beauty of the trio, Ezequiel felt nothing special. For him, looks and background were meaningless, and what truly mattered was a woman's determination and courage. Numir managed to earn his heart due to exactly that.

However, Ezequiel understood why Hyperion went to all the trouble of opening the Sacred Trial ahead of time, and ignoring the trio would be disrespectful.

He raised his arms, condensing the ocean of Primordial Entropy Lightning and World Strength. In seconds, he formed three white-golden spheres with beautiful magic matrices and then inserted a stream bloodline force and two Law Origin Essence's streams into each one.

The three young women saw how those spheres came to them. Although they did not say anything, they were not very excited about them. After all, their father was a Primarch, so they doubted Ezequiel could grant them anything they did not already have.

However, shock filled their hearts when they sent their consciousnesses into the white-golden spheres. In them, there was rudimentary knowledge about Inner Origin Essence, Outer Origin Essence, and how to make your three centers of power work as one.

The Titan Primarch's grasp over the body and the forces outside of it was superb, but while more developed, the nature of his understanding did not surpass Ezequiel's. For those three young women, the concepts inside the spheres were priceless.

Hyperion smiled as he saw Ezequiel's behavior, and it only grew wider as he felt the eyes full of envy coming from the other two Primarchs.

"Ran, Hator, Asis, you should thank Young Hero Ezequiel for those gifts. Be sure to appreciate them, as they could help you improve your Omega Laws."

The three young women nodded to his father before turning toward Ezequiel and performing a slight bow.

"We appreciate the gifts."

Ezequiel nodded but did not say a word. He already showed enough respect to Hyperion and would not need to go out of his way for any of them. Those spheres were not easy to make and would be of extreme help for anyone whose battle style focused on the body.

"Invictus, I welcome you to the Titan World. Please, join us in a feast in your honor."

There was still more than a decade for the Sacred Trial to open. Ezequiel had planned to spend that time in secluded training inside the Titan World. Having a good meal before that did not sound bad, so he agreed to Hyperion's proposition.

## Chapter 652 How To Become A Neo-Demon

Ezequiel and Hyperion sat at the head of an immense table inside a majestic room. At the other end, facing the duo, were Bahamut and Nut. Utilizing the many seats between them were not only the thirty Void Creator geniuses but also many influential figures from the three bloodline races.

The Dragon Primarch and Sacred Beast Primarch could not help but start daggers toward Hyperion. While others could consider their arrangement a form of respect, as they were face to face with the Titan Primarch, how could they not realize it would make it harder to interact with Ezequiel?

While there were many powerhouses at the table, with even the two first-stage Rank 9 Titans present, the attention of every single one here was on Ezequiel.

The Supreme Neo-Demon did not draw the spotlight due to his imposing aura or the might he proved a few hours ago. What made all the eyes focus on him was his way of eating.

The food served was cultivation treasures that average Rank 7 life forms would find almost impossible to obtain. Not only that but they were also prepared with such an exquisite technique that everybody could only describe their flavor as divine. The Void Creator geniuses displayed superb table manners, and even the powerhouses from the three races were careful and exhibited excellent etiquette. No one wanted to show any flaw or bring embarrassment to their races.

However, Ezequiel just devoured plate after plate like a maniac. It came to the point that every minute one waiter would come to take out his plate while another brought more food.

In the beginning, some of the Void Creator geniuses quietly sneered at Ezequiel's lack of manners, but soon all that vanished from their minds as they realized something.

A couple of plates of those delicious cultivation treasures had enough energy to fill them. If a Rank 6 life form ate even one, they would explode due to an overload.

Nevertheless, Ezequiel seemed a bottomless pit, and no matter how much he consumed, no one could detect any sign of energy disarray.

That feeling was even stronger in the powerhouses. They could feel that everything the Supreme Neo-Demon consumed would transform into a force full of vitality that would nurture every cell of his body.

Hyperion sat with a large smile that cracked from time to time as he noticed that the Supreme Neo-Demon was solely interested in the food and did not glance at his daughters, who sat right next to him.

"Tell me, Invictus, how is it that you meet Zatiel Daybreak? I am sure it must have been a legendary odyssey." Hyperion was hoping to establish a conversation to make things flow smoother. Besides, the meeting of two of the greatest geniuses from the Prima Universe was a fascinating topic.

Ezequiel stopped eating and, without hesitation, gave an answer that surprised everybody.

"Master picked me up from a mass grave when I was a child."

Silence reigned in the room after Ezequiel uttered those words. The Supreme Neo-Demon was someone even the Primarch considered an incredible talent.

The fact that one of the Prima Universe's greatest geniuses, a man who had the potential to reach the Primarch level, once found himself in a pit full of dead bodies was unimaginable.

"How did you find yourself in such a predicament?" Ran, Hyperion's daughter that possessed a fierce aura, was the one that made that question. She only spoke due to her wild nature, and once she understood the lack of tact in her words, she attempted to take it back, but it was too late.

"I was sold as a baby and trained to become an assassin slave. I took a mission with poor information, and my target almost killed me."

Once again, complete silence. From a mortal slave to a man whose destiny sundered the universe. Such a massive rise was beyond amazing.

"I am sorry for my daughter's indiscretion, Invictus." Hyperion bowed slightly toward Ezequiel while sending a sharp glance toward Ran.

Even if the Supreme Neo-Demon seemed fine answering that question, no one among them would be happy to remember such awful events of their past. Ran understood that, and despite her fierce nature, she also performed a bow toward Ezequiel.

"There is no need for that. My past doesn't define me, nor does it shame me. One must never let external affect your heart. If your willpower guides you on a path, take it. No matter the consequences, no matter the repercussions, even if it could end your life, do it, as only then you would truly experience life and freedom."

Ezequiel's eyes seemed to glow with silver light as he spoke, and the words in his Neo-Godking Mantle trembled slightly.

Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut felt a sense of enlightenment as they heard those words. Not taking into consideration the external and just following your heart may sound simple, but they knew that was certainly not the case.

The trio was Primarchs, with the power to destroy worlds, crush black holes, and devour supernovas. Still, none of them dared to ignore everything and follow their will unconditionally.

At that moment, the Priamrchs understood why Zatiel Daybreak considered the Supreme Neo-Demon as such an incredible genius. It was not his talent or extraordinary bloodline but his willpower that was already on the path to achieving the impossible.

"Wait, you were not born a Neo-Demon?" Asis, Hyperion's daughter with a cold aura, spoke. Her eyes were full of curiosity.

Hyperion and the other Priamrchs had some understanding about the Neo-Demon Race origin due to the Zatiel display in the Virtual Dream Universe, but there were still many questions.

Ezequiel did not answer immediately, as that information contained some of the secrets of the Neo-Demon Race. But now that they were in the open, it was just a matter of time before everybody knew it, so he chose to respond.

"As long as one of the parents is a Neo-Demon, the child born of that union will become a Neo-Demon. The other path is for Master to transform you into one."

Chapter 653 Surpass A Seven Hundred And Twenty Nine Revolution Supernova Seed

From what people had learned in their interactions with the Neo-Demon Race inside Legacy, they were by far the race with the most powerful heritage.

While individually, they were a step behind the geniuses coming from the powers beneath the Primarchs, they were superior as a whole. There were bound to be members of a race with poor talent or who lacked perception, but each Neo-Demon they encountered reached at least the boundary of a standard genius.

What other race could say that all their brethren had the destiny to reach the Peak of the Soul Realm? There was no doubt that as time went on and new geniuses rose from the Neo-Demon Race, their presence in the Legacy Orders would only become even stronger.

The fact that Zatiel could transform you into a Neo-Demon came as a surprise. Some of the Void Creator geniuses could not help but think that their potential and destiny would be mightier if they became one.

Of course, none of them dared to say it in the open as it would offend their Primarchs and could bring a great shame to their races. After all, they would practically say that their original heritage was too weak and wanted to change it.

"What are the requirements to be transformed into a Neo-Demon, and how would it affect someone's mind and personality?" The one that spoke was Hyperion. He did not fear what others may think and was really interested in the process of transforming into a Neo-Demon. Titan Primarch understood that it would not be of much help for him, as he had already developed his Five Cores of Existence into the limit of the Law Realm. Still, it may help some of his race, such as his daughters or son.

He already planned to form a relationship with the Neo-Demon Race, so there was nothing wrong with making it more robust. Of course, if that transformation would harm his people, he would never accept it, but Zatiel Daybreak cherished justice and freedom, so there should be no problem.

Bahamut and Nut understood Hyperion's reasoning, and while they were not sure if they were willing to send their geniuses into the Neo-Demon Race, it would be a lie to say they were not interested.

"Master can transform anyone into a Neo-Demon, regardless of their Rank or uniqueness of their souls and bodies. As for the process, I am not allowed to explain it."

Ezequiel only revealed pieces of knowledge that were already in the open or would be very soon, but the Three Severings were not one of them.

Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut nodded to the Supreme Neo-Demon's words. All races have their mysteries, and there was nothing odd with Zatiel keeping a secret the way he created Neo-Demons.

The trio smiled after learning that everybody could become a Neo-Demon, and now they waited for the most crucial part. The effect that transformation would have on their personalities.

What would be the point in allowing their geniuses to become a Neo-Demon if they forget about everything else and become blindly loyal to Zatiel Daybreak?

By all measures, the Neo-Demon Race was a race full of heroes of justice. But they had no problems in butchering entire worlds if they considered that the ones in them were evil.

Neo-Demons could also be considered perfect killing machines that would follow their Ancestor's guide. If Zatiel were to assume that one of their races had fallen into depravity, they would have sent their best warrior into the enemy's ranks.

Ezequiel did not answer immediately, as the question was not simple. He knew that his Genus Chaotic Core somehow affected his ego, but it was extraordinarily subtle and weak. Any Neo-Demon with willpower at the Moon Shatterer Rank would find it extremely easy to ignore it, but they just saw no reason to do it.

"You could say that once you become a Neo-Demon, you see Master the same way a child sees their home. If it is full of love and happiness, would you not do everything in your power to protect it?"

Enlightenment filled the eyes of the Primarchs when they heard that, and large smiles appeared on their faces. If things were like that, there would be no problem with their people becoming Neo-Demons.

After that, the conversation moved to lighter topics until the evening finally ended, and everybody left. Hyperion was a little disappointed that he failed to establish any real connection between his daughters and Ezequiel, but it was still a productive day.

That was not all, as a red mist also filled the abode that constantly reinvigorated the Supreme Neo-Demon, helping his body and mind remain at their peak.

It was clear that Hyperion spared no expense in this place, and he was also very tactful about certain things. While he wanted his daughters to form a deeper connection with Ezequiel, he did not bother the Supreme Neo-Demon during his cultivation.

The Titan Primarch understood very well that there was nothing more important for the Supreme Neo-Demon after the safety of his race than his own power.

Ezequiel adopted a meditative position while rivers of Origin Power and Elemental Chaos entered his mouth. Most of it went to the black lava in his stomach, which helped improve his constitution.

After performing his First Ignition, his body grew stronger, but he needed to keep tempering it until it saturated and could not hold anymore. Only then would be the time to perform the Second Ignition.

While his True Doomsday Body Path of Power was a priority, he also focused on his Supernova Seed. And after five years inside this abode, his Inner Law Dimension began to tremble.

Ezequiel's Supernova Seed, which he had nurtured for hundreds of years, finally reached seven hundred and twenty-nine revolutions.

Anyone else would be ecstatic by that, as it meant that their talent in the True Soul Path of Power would not be inferior to someone with a Second-Order Law Bloodline, but not Ezequiel.

He wanted more and, without hesitation, attempted to make his Supernova Seed perform even more revolutions!

#### Chapter 654 Destiny Child Of The Emptiness

Ezequiel had nurtured his Supernova Seed with the purest form of Soul Origin, engraving multiple Law Origin Essences in it. The mighty Inner Origin Essence and Outer Origin Essence granted the seed a qualitative evolution that allowed it to become a Seven Hundred and Twenty Nine Revolution Supernova Seed.

No matter how much Ezequiel strived for it and how mighty was the Soul Origin he sent, the Supernova Seed refused to perform another revolution. It was as if an invisible shackle stopped it from going forward.

The Supreme Neo-Demon believed himself to be special. That is why he attempted to increase the number of revolutions beyond seven hundred and twenty-nine, a feat no one else had achieved before.

As the second in command of the Neo-Demon Race, Ezequiel had access to all the cultivation knowledge Zatiel had amassed throughout his life.

The Inner Law Dimension originated from the True Soul Path of Power, a path the Universe Will gave to all life forms that evolved into the Soul Realm.

According to Zatiel's analysis, a universe could be considered a Pseudo Rank 10 life form, so it stood to reason that it could not generate something above itself. Not even the Champion of Justice and Order or the Incarnation of Death and Destruction surpassed those limits.

Unfortunately, while Ezequiel achieved many incredible things, it seemed that surpassing the limit of revolutions that a Supernova Seed could achieve would not be did not let his pride blind him and knew that obtaining a Seven Hundred and Twenty Nine Revolution Supernova Seed was already excellent. After all, his soul was never his forte, and he only managed to develop his mastery over it to a superb level thanks to his hard work and Nether Spirit Avatar.

'It seems that I will have to perform the evolution of my Inner Law Dimension into an Inner Universe with a Seven Hundred and Twenty Nine Revolution Supernova Seed. Now comes the decision on what world I should choose to perform my evolution.'

The law baptism a life form's Inner Universe would obtain during its genesis was very important. It would affect its nature, improve its potential and enhance the connection to the body and soul.

Ezequiel's homeworld, the Magi World, was not a good choice, as the forces in the world's origin did not suit his battle style. While the White Sun in the Neo-Demon Realm was full of incredible powers, it was still not the best choice.

Luckily, by what Ezequiel had perceived in the laws around him, the Titan World's origin seemed to have all he wanted. Since this was not his homeworld, he would need the help of someone powerful enough to influence the World Consciousness.

That meant he would have to ask an Eternal Detachment Titan for assistance. Ezequiel was sure that the Titan Primarch would not refuse his request, but he understood that would put him in Hyperion's debt.

If the Supreme Neo-Demon was someone that reneged his word and for whom honor and gratitude meant nothing, things would have been easier, but as the Godking of Freedom, he was the exact opposite.

Of course, if it wasn't for Ezequiel's strong sense of duty, Hyperion might not be so inclined to help him without first asking for something in return.

'I will approach the evolution of my True Soul Path of Power after all this is over. It would not be wise to do it with the opening of the Sacred Trial so soon. Not to mention that I feel I should wait.'

Ezequiel did not know where that feeling came from, but if countless life and death battles had taught him something, it was to trust his instincts.

Becoming a Void Creator would improve his battle power, maybe even allowing him to enter the Initial Beyond Limit Stage without the need to fuse with Entropy or burn his life force. Nevertheless, his cultivation would be in disarray after that, and he did not have the time to enter secluded training for half a century.

Whether you saw it from a logical point of view or an intuitive one, the best choice was to wait.

After handling the situation with his Supernova Seed, the Supreme Neo-Demon sent his consciousness into the ring that contained Entropy.

As he saw that gargantuan blood moon, a large smile appeared on Ezequiel.

'It won't be long before he wakes up. It may happen inside the Sacred Trial.'

Ezequiel almost laughed at the idea of Entropy awakening just at the right moment to help him face a life and death challenge. He closed his eyes and returned to his training. While the True Soul Path of Power could not improve, the True Doomsday Body Path of Power was far from being at the limit of the First Ignition.

However, the Supreme Neo-Demon did not keep cultivating for long as he detected a primeval force wave that extended throughout the Titan World.

Ezequiel opened his eyes, and a sharp light appeared in them. He stood up and took a deep breath, making the entire cultivation abode tremble before teleporting.

Not long after, the Supreme Neo-Demon found himself in front of a giant golden sphere where a myriad of laws and forces had reached such a high level that they obtained physical form.

Ezequiel had already visited many world's origins, but no once in a Principal World and had to admit it was breathtaking. He was not alone as the powerhouses of the three bloodline races were also here, along with the thirty Void Creator geniuses.

Everybody's attention was on the majestic scar in space above the Titan World's origin. From there, the primeval force emerged, and it was there where Ezequiel and the others would enter.

That scar was the entrance to the Sacred Trial. It was the most mysterious dimension inside the Titan World and the reason behind their rise to power as one of the strongest races in the universe.

Hyperion adopted a solemn expression as he stared at the geniuses. It was clear that he would not allow any fault, not even from Ezequiel or his daughters.

"The Sacred Trial has opened. You all know the rules, and your elders should have already shared the information about the different trials you will find inside. Trying to smuggle people is absolutely forbidden, but soul beasts and the likes are fine, as they are not against the Sacred Trial's rules."

There was only one person that had yet to enter the Sacred Trial, and it was the same person for whom the Titan Primarch did all of this.

Hyperion stared at Ezequiel and saw how a severe expression appeared on his face. Things did not end there as the Supreme Neo-Demon's hearts started to beat so fast that everybody could hear it.



Just as Hyperion was about to ask what was happening, silver flames overflowed Ezequiel's eyes, and he flashed into the scar.

Right after Ezequiel entered the Sacred Trial, it happened.

"¡HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

The Primarchs and the powerhouses from the three great bloodline races heard a burst of wild laughter from inside the scar above the world's origin.

"Finally! A Destiny Child of the Emptiness has come!"

Hyperion and Bahamut were shocked by how that voice made them feel. It was similar to hearing the Flame Emperor, and before the duo could do anything, the scar above the world's origin shut down.

### Chapter 655 Mystery

"What happened!?" The one that yelled was a powerhouse of the Sacred Beast Race. He had a humanoid body covered with red scales and antlers. His raging aura at the Eternal Detachment Rank made the laws tremble, making the state of his mind clear.

Although Hyperion usually displayed a calm and composed aura, he would not allow people to yell at him, much less in his homeworld. Under normal circumstances, he would have taught that Sacred Beast a painful lesson but refrained from doing so as he understood the emotions crossing that man's heart.

One of the Void Creator geniuses who entered the Sacred Trial had a striking similarity to that Sacred Beast powerhouse. The nearness between their bloodline auras indicated they were father and son.

The Titan Primarch would have disdained the man had he not shown anything. After all, what kind of father would remain silent if they thought their son was in danger.

Hyperion showed nothing, but his heart was beating like crazy. Nevertheless, he could not lose his composure, as that could lead to disaster.

"Kiri, enough!" Nut gave the Sacred Beast man a sharp look, forcing him to restrain himself.

"Inside the Sacred Trial, there are many Titan geniuses and, more importantly, three of his four offsprings. Hyperion invited us to this trial under the presence of the Truth of the Universe, so the chances of foul play should be null. Even if this were a scheme that included the entire Dark Tower Alliance, someone like Zatiel Daybreak would disdain to be part of it. That man may consider the responsible as sinners, and no one among us is willing to bear that mark." defense focused entirely on an objective point of view, not taking the Titan Primarch's personality or honor into consideration.

Hyperion could not be happier with Nut's words. The Dark Tower Alliance and Immortal Alliance relationship was still tense, and trust did not form easily, so an emotionless defense was the best path.

After hearing that, the powerhouses of the Sacred Beast Race calmed down, and they were not the only ones as the members of the Dragon Race also relaxed. A traitor among their Primarchs would have been the worst scenario and could have led to war.

Nevertheless, even if this was not a scheme from any of the Primarchs, then what should they do? One thing was certain, and that was that the Sacred Trial contained a presence whose aura matched the power of the Alpha Universe's Leader.

Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut looked at each other. The trio took a deep breath and closed their eyes before unleashing their consciousnesses and fusing them.

That was extremely dangerous, as defending from a soul attack in that state would be almost impossible, but the Primarchs went ahead.

A power that shocked the entire Titan World emerged as the Primarchs fused their consciousnesses. Immediately after that, they began to search for the Sacred Trial. Even if the entrance was gone, the dimension should still be present, hidden among space layers.

Sadly, they found nothing, no matter how hard Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut worked. It was as if the Sacred Trial had never existed.

The duo was unwilling to waste more time and contacted the Dark Tower Alliance and Immortal Alliance leaders. Not only were Issac and Salomon the strongest, but they were also the ones with the highest knowledge and control over universal forces.

It took less than a minute for the bloodline Primarchs and the three races' powerhouses to perceive two shockingly powerful entities entering the Titan World. The next second, a young man and an old man with a white beard appeared next to them.

Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut noticed that the duo's auras were even more profound than before. Issac's energy grew incredibly strong, and it would only be a matter of time before it entered Rank 10. As for Salomon, his entire body glowed with a milky white force that granted him the sharpness of a sword and the intangible state of magic.

The Immortal Primarch and Magus Primarch had already learned what happened from the message Bahamut and Nut sent. Still, the first thing they did was to pierce into space-time and see the events with their own eyes.

Due to the Titan World not being their homeworld, it took a lot of effort, but since it happened a little while ago, they managed to do it. The duo saw how the Void Creator geniuses entered the trial with eyes full of fighting spirit and Ezequiel's reaction as he focused on that scar in space.

Salomon and Issac stared at each other and nodded before fusing their consciousnesses and making their energies explode, allowing the Truth of the Universe's Omega Law to permeate the entire Titan World.

"Do you know the reason behind the abnormality in the Sacred Trial?" Those words echoed in the mind of every sentient creature in the Titan World, regardless of their Rank.

Although interrogating an entire world could easily be considered a great insult, Issac and Salomon knew how significant the stakes were. Those Void Creator geniuses were the lifeblood of the Prima Universe, with many of them having a slight chance to reach Rank 9.

The battle in the Pre-Epoch Prima Universe made it clear that the Universe Avatar would have never won against someone that took the True Path to Rank 10 if not for the Eternal Detachment existences fusing their powers to assist them.

Issac did not need the people to respond, as his Omega Law would show him the truth in their minds. After a few minutes, he rescinded his Omega Law and shook his head. No one in the Titan World knew why the Sacred Trial acted differently.

The Magus Primarch analyzed all the information at his disposal, and he came up with a hypothesis.

"According to all I saw, the one responsible for the anomaly must have been Invictus. The one the voice referred to as Destiny Child of Emptiness must be him."

"Is the Neo-Demon Race behind all of this?" Kiri spoke with a cold voice, and many of the powerhouses present shared the feeling in the Sacred Beast's heart.

None of them had interacted directly with the Neo-Demon Race, so they knew little about it or their intention other than what their Primarchs had told them. If they found out that they were responsible for the vanishing of their geniuses, one could imagine their response.

However, the five Primarchs immediately shook their heads.

"The chances of this being a scheme of the Neo-Demon Race are null. I am confident that Ezequiel did not know about the Titan World's Sacred Trial until Hyperion mentioned it. And while Zatiel Daybreak had some insight about the trial, he did not consider it much, meaning he was unaware of the entity inside it."

There was another point that Issac did not mention but that all Primarchs knew. If Zatiel wanted to scheme against them, the chances of finding out so quickly were zero.

"Salomon, we should do thorough research around Invictus' past. I already know all he went through inside the Magi World, but I can not pierce into his life during the Beta Heavenly World's war since the world is no longer present in the void, nor can I surpass the interference of Abyss on my own."

Issac knew that the best chance to understand what happened was in Ezequiel's life, but he would need help. Salomon did not make things hard for the Magus Primarch and accepted his request.

The duo left the next second, leaving Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut behind. They needed to stay in the Titan World in case anything else happened.

## Chapter 656 Two Years Deadline

When Ezequiel first focused on the gate that led into the Sacred Trial, a sense of foreshadowing assaulted him. It was as if he would find the most dangerous place in the entire Prima Universe beyond that majestic scar.

However, a sense of purpose came along with that feeling of absolute doom. Something deep inside him told him that crossing that scar would give him a chance to evolve his destiny beyond the limits of the Prima Universe.

The Supreme Neo-Demon knew that his current destiny would allow him to reach the Primarch level. If he pushed himself beyond his limit, he could even evolve four of his Cores of Existence, achieving the same cultivation level as the Incarnation of Death and Destruction or World Tree.

Nevertheless, after seeing the war in the Pre-Epoch Prima Universe and the might a True Rank 10 life form could achieve, Ezequiel knew that would not be enough.

So, despite the sense of imminent doom that majestic scar gave him, the Supreme Neo-Demon still went ahead and entered the Sacred Trial.

Ezequiel managed to hear that voice calling him Destiny Child of Emptiness before a blinding him made him lose consciousness.

Once Ezequiel regained consciousness, he did not have time to wonder about the meaning of that title as wave after wave of sensory information assaulted him. He was a Rank 7 life form, and his mind could allow him to understand what every man, woman, and child expressed inside a world simultaneously without a now, the sensory information he was receiving was so much that an extreme sense of dizziness and weakness affected him. It was so much that he began to puke and twist in agony in a matter of seconds.

Ezequiel felt as if raging colors were stabbing his eyes, and a trillion of indistinguishable noises pierced his eardrums. Things did not end there, as a form of gas surrounded him, overloading his sense of smell, taste, and tact.

If that was not bad enough, what came next made this dimension impossible to bear for even Rank 7 life form. Ezequiel's proprioception, the perception of his body in space, and chronoception, his awareness of the passage of time, were also affected.

Ezequiel could be moving at superluminal speed or being completely still, while at the same time, years or maybe not even a second passed, and he would not know.

Luckily, before those feelings shattered his mind, Ezequiel used his Inner Origin Essence and Outer Origin Essence to isolate his body from the outside completely. That shut down all his senses, throwing the Supreme Neo-Demon into a world of infinite darkness.

As the dizziness and weakness vanished, Ezequiel had time to think. He first generated a clock inside the Inner Law Dimension, using his heartbeat as a timeframe. Since it worked on its own, even if that loss of chronoception assaulted him, he would still be able to monitor the passage of time.

'It was as if the rules that guide space and time were gone. The sensory information I am receiving is too much and in absolute disarray, making it impossible to adapt to the surroundings. According to Master's studies, this dimension's nature is similar to a universe region with laws broken beyond remedy.'

A standard Rank 7 life form would lose their sense of self in a region like this, as they were still unable to adapt to an environment without the guidance of the laws. The fact that the entity sent him here proved two things to Ezequiel.

First and more importantly, it had the power to kill the Supreme Neo-Demon whenever he wanted. And since he did not do it, this place must be a trial.

'But what is testing?'

According to Hyperion's information regarding the Sacred Trial, the first trial would have tested his constitution and would be nothing like this dimension.

It was clear to the Supreme Neo-Demon that the challenges ahead would be like nothing the Sacred Trial displayed before, so he ignored all the information the Titan Primarch had given to him and took it as something completely new.

'First, I need to adapt to this dimension. I don't have an Inner Universe that allows me to bring order to the chaos surrounding me. I can only enhance my body so it can adapt to the sensory information.'

The Supreme Neo-Demon started with the sense of taste and smell.

Instantly, a nauseating feeling assaulted Ezequiel. It was as if the gas around him contained every smell combined and a myriad of flavors mixed into one disgusting sensation.

Since Ezequiel had shut everything else down, while the sensory information was immense, it remained in the realm of acceptable.

Ezequiel managed to endure for ten minutes before shutting down his sense of smell and taste. He rested for half an hour before reactivating them.

The second time, he managed to keep them active for thirty-five minutes before once again shutting them down. It went like that for six days before his sense of taste and smell finally adapted to the new environment.

Next came Ezequiel's sense of touch. Once he activated it, the gas around his body felt like a blade. The sensation was not any less than being flayed alive.

An unbearable pain assaulted the Supreme Neo-Demon, and if it weren't for his True Will being at the Sun Collapser Rank, he would have a hard time thinking.

Like his sense of taste and smell, Ezequiel's tact gradually adapted to the strange environment. This time, it took him fourteen days.

After his taste, smell, and tact, the Supreme Neo-Demon tackled the sense of hearing. It proved to be much more complicated than the other as waves of noises containing millions of voices, all speaking simultaneously but in different dialects, reached his ears.

There was also a loud static noise that made Ezequiel feel his eardrums would explode.

All that combined made the Supreme Neo-Demon feel so dizzy that it affected his concentration even more than the agonizing pain of adjusting his sense of tact.

Ezequiel did not give up or postpone things regardless of the task's difficulty. He kept improving by the minute, slowly adjusting to the myriad noises in the dimension.

It took the Supreme Neo-Demon two months of intense nausea, dizziness, migraine, and fatigue, but he managed to adjust his sense of hearing to this strange dimension.

Once Ezequiel did that, he heard a message that someone hid inside that static.

"Destiny Child of the Emptiness, you have two years to take one step forward. If you fail, I will purify your existence's essence and pass it down to one of the other contestants.

Current time left: One year, nine months, and nine days left."

The same ancient and slightly maniacal voice that laughed when he entered the Sacred Trial was the one that spoke those words.

Ezequiel did not doubt that he would perish if he failed to take that step forward. He did not feel fear or regret. It was his choice to come here despite the danger, and a free man must accept the consequences of his actions.

Silver flames overflowed the Supreme Neo-Demon's eyes as he opened them and began to tackle the sense of sight.

#### Chapter 657 Aura Full Of Rage And Madness

Waves that carried all the colors in the spectrum and yet, at the same time, contained an absolute black. That assaulted Ezequiel's optic nerves, making his eyes bleed and his brain burn due to the overload.

The waves of sensory information were so much that he barely managed to keep his eyes open for five seconds before shutting down his sense of sight.

Despite the difficulty and pain, the Supreme Neo-Demon's will did not waver. He kept repeating the process over and over again until his sense of sight finally adapted to this new environment.

Once it did, all those raging colors and absolute black transformed into what the Supreme Neo-Demon could only describe as a majestic abstract painting.

It was like seeing an aurora borealis and a black hole superimposed above each other. One could find everything about the universe in it, but you needed to know where to look.

Ezequiel used three months and twenty days for his sight to adapt to this dimension, having spent a little more than six months for his basic five senses in total. still had almost one year and a half to take that step forward, but now came the most challenging part. Evolve his proprioception and chronoception so they would work in this dimension.

Time and space did not exist in this dimension as there were no laws that guided them. Although that was not exactly the case, it would be more proper to say that the linear time and three-dimensional space that Ezekiel was used to was not working properly.

Ezequiel's Inner Origin Essence helped him evolve his five senses, but it would have a limited effect on proprioception and chronoception. And Outer Origin Essence was not meant to generate causality or bring order where there is only chaos.

If the Supreme Neo-Demon had the Cause Origin Essence and Effect Origin Essence, it would have been a child's play to tackle proprioception and chronoception. Unfortunately, only one man had that power in the entire Prima Universe.

The only path that Ezequiel could think of for tackling proprioception and chronoception would be to use both of his Origin Essences at once. He would alter his internal clock to work according to this dimension's time frame, and his sense of self in space would change into something that did not work in a three-dimensional setting.

First, the Supreme Neo-Demon tackled his chronoception. He handled it before proprioception due to the clock inside his Inner Law Dimension. That worked based on the laws familiar to him and could function as a guide to monitor his improvement.

As soon as he activated his chronoception, a surreal sensation assaulted him. It was so strange that it almost made him lose concentration. One second felt like one year, and it was impossible to say how time was advancing, if it was at all.

The only silver lining was that there was no dizziness or pain as he evolved his chronoception, so he did not need to shut it down every certain time to rest. Ezequiel's adjustment would have taken way longer if it weren't for that.

Ezequiel spent seven months adjusting his chronoception to work correctly again, signaling the passage of time no differently than the clock inside his Inner Law Dimension.

Thanks to his hard work, Ezequiel still had almost eleven months to handle his proprioception, but that was the hardest. He did not have a guide like a clock to guide him in this mission, as by definition, nothing he built inside him could help him adapt his sense of self in space, especially not one without a tri-dimensional frame.

The instant Ezequiel activated his proprioception that majestic view he gained after evolving his sense of sight grew wild and chaotic again. It was not that his eyes had grown weaker, but he could not adapt to the space, making him believe he moved at a speed faster than superluminal in every possible direction.

Ezequiel did not know if he moved up or down, right or left, back or forward. Without knowing that, how could he fulfill the task that entity gave him and take one step forward?

Just as ten days remained from the two-year deadline, the Supreme Neo-Demon felt as if his body had come to a halt, and for the first time, he managed to grasp a sense of self in space.

Ezequiel's eyes glowed, and a large smile appeared on his face as he moved his feet. To an outsider, that step may seem to be heading down, but the truth was that was the only way forward the Supreme Neo-Demon could take in this dimension.

"CRACK!"

As soon as he took that step, the dimension began to crack and immediately shattered into multicolored light dots.

The Supreme Neo-Demon found himself in a black void, but luckily, this one had a proper time and space. He looked to the right and saw the forty Void Creator geniuses that entered the Sacred Trial, all in a state of stasis, covered by a gray force.

"You passed the Trial of Pseudo-Emptiness. Impressive. I made sure to adjust the difficulty to the maximum so you would die, but I guess you were lucky."

Ezequiel frowned, and coldness appeared in his eyes as he turned toward the voice.

He saw a creature larger than anything else he had seen before in his life. Even the Titan Primarch could only be considered a child in front of him.

The creature had eyes that glowed mightier than supernovas, and the upper part of his head was a skull. He had a humanoid body with gray metallic skin, full of bloody cracks.

His aura fitted that malevolent body, full of rage and madness. It was so strong that it made the Supreme Neo-Demon feel he was drowning.

"Since you passed the first trial, let's start with the second immediately."

"Wait, I have some questions." Ezequiel had to use all his willpower to fight the creature's crazy and enraged aura to speak those words.

However, the creature not only did not seem inclined to answer, but his golden eyes also glowed with even more rage as he heard that.

"Who do you think you are to demand anything from me!"

## Chapter 658 Outlandish Beasts Of Emptiness

"Who do you think you are to demand anything from me!"

The entity's voice carried rage and sonic force that struck the Supreme Neo-Demon point-blank, blasting him away as he puked blood. Any other Rank 7 life form would have lost its body due to that power, and it was only thanks to his Primordial and Neo-Demon heritage, along with his Silver Star of Origin, that he evaded that fate.

It took a few seconds for the Supreme Neo-Demon to regain control over his body, and while his eyes were full of coldness and killing intent, he did not let his emotion get out of control. That entity was too powerful, and fighting him at this moment would be no different than suicide.

However, as Ezequiel focused on the entity, he saw something that greatly confused him.

The entity grabbed his head as an expression of utter agony appeared on his face. It was as if harming Ezequiel had brought him incredible harm.

He roared to the sky to vent his frustration before staring at Ezequiel. His eyes glowed and sent a force that healed all the wounds the Supreme Neo-Demon received from the sonic attack.

"Go on, make your damn question!" took a deep breath as he focused on those enraged eyes. He would be a fool if he did not understand that something was wrong with that entity's willpower and that the controller of this trial was someone else.

"What is the purpose of this trial, specifically, in what relates to my person?"

While he had many questions, that was the most important of all. He needed to know why the Sacred Trial changed when he entered and what would happen if he continued advancing through the trials.

"Aren't you smart?" The entity sneered before shaking his head.

"Whatever, it is not like it would change anything if I tell you. This dimension aims to impart the Pan Inheritance to those who have already awoken the Gu Inheritance.

All Children of Emptiness have awoken the Gu Inheritance in their bloodline from their conception. You are unique, as you are the one that obtained the Gu Inheritance, not through birth but a fortuitous encounter. Therefore you are a Destiny Child of Emptiness, the Perfect Vessel for the Pan Inheritance."

Ezequiel's eyes widened as a sense of realization struck his mind. It was clear to him that those the entity referred to as Children of Emptiness were Primordials, but that was not what truly mattered to him.

What truly shocked Ezequiel was the ruler of this trial prophesied his existence, that of an individual with a Titan Bloodline that managed to transform it into a Primordial Bloodline, to the point of already having a title for him.

He and Zatiel had always thought that his Primordial Bloodline had been a case of extreme atavism brought by his True Name evolution and Neo-Demon heritage, but things seemed more complicated.

Laws and forces implanted inside the Prima Universe allowed him to evolve his bloodline.



Ezequiel did not know how to react to that. Being part of the schemes of an ancient monster was not something pleasant.

"Let's go!" The entity did not care how Ezequiel may react to those words and waved his hand, teleporting both away.

The Supreme Neo-Demon only felt a blinding light. Once he opened his eyes again, he saw an immense world that could dwarf the Titan World, the Prima Universe's Largest World.

Its size was immense, but the forces and laws that the world unleashed were even more impressive. It made Ezequiel think this heavenly body was the next evolutive step after Principal Worlds.

There were dense gray storm clouds that covered the firmament of this world, making it impossible for Ezequiel to know what its surface looked like. But what happened next gave him a terrifying idea of what he could find there, and even as a Godking, he could not help but feel fear.

"ROAR!"

A monstrous head emerged from the storm clouds. It was a gargantuan creature with a face that resembled a piranha, two large eyes full of darkness that contained nothing but the desire to destroy and consume.

Despite the distance, Ezequiel could feel the creature's aura, and it was something that equaled a Primarch!

"ROAR!"

"ROAR!"

"ROAR!"

More and more roars could be heard throughout the world, signaling the existence of many of those creatures.

"Those are Outlandish Beasts of Emptiness. While extremely powerful, they can never develop any form of wisdom. The Lord of Emptiness captured hundreds of them for this trial."

Ezequiel could not hide the shock on his face. The Lord of Emptiness must be a mythical Rank 10 life form!

The sole idea made the Supreme Neo-Demon tremble. Rank 10 life forms were entities whose schemes extended through the Epochs and could involve entire multiverses.

"The second trial is the Trial of Life. You will enter the Empty World and have to survive for one hundred years."

Ezequiel turned toward the entity as he heard those words. How could he survive in a world filled with those creatures?

The fact that those Outlandish Beasts of Emptiness lacked wisdom only meant they relied more on their instincts, so they would immediately detect his presence once he entered the world.

Only one of those beasts would be enough to kill him in a second. There was no way he would survive one hundred days, much less one hundred years.

The entity showed a disgusting smile as he noticed the fear in Ezequiel, but soon it vanished as he saw the Supreme Neo-Demon stop shaking.

Ezequiel's eyes burned with silver flames, mightier and mightier. Even if entering that world meant certain death, he would never give up.

"Hmph, I would like to see if you can maintain that courage once you are face to face with one of them." The entity sneered before focusing on Ezequiel again. His golden eyes glowed, and immense rage emerged.

"What! How can you be less than two thousand years old? Goddammit!"

Ezequiel did not understand the reason for the entity's rage, but he saw this one turning toward the Empty World and raising a hand.

"¡AHHHHHHH!"

"¡AHHHHHHH!"

Cries of pain echoed through the world. Ezequiel did not see it, but he could feel that the Outlandish Beasts of Emptiness grew weaker.

#### Chapter 659 Parasites

The entity turned toward Ezequiel with rage in his eyes and clarified what had just happened.

"The Trial of Life takes into consideration your age, and since you are a Destiny Child of Emptiness, that factor is even more consequential than for those naturally born." It was clear by his tone that weakening those Outlandish Beasts of Emptiness was not something he wanted to do but was forced by the trial's rules.

Ezequiel began to smile as he understood that his chances of survival were much higher. He knew that his reaction would bother the entity, but since this one had already made his intention clear, what would be the point of feigning courtesy.

"Go in there. Your one hundred years start now!" The entity waved his hand, making a gray force envelop the Supreme Neo-Demon, and thrust him at an incredible speed toward the Empty World.

"¡BOOM!"

Ezequiel crashed on the world's surface less than a second later, generating a massive crater. Luckily, the gray force protected him from any damage, so he was not hurt despite the speed and momentum he carried.

The entity had to follow some rules, and a crucial one stopped him from harming the Supreme Neo-Demon. At least directly. frowned as he stood up. However, he did not have time to get angry with the entity as his instincts kicked in.

He slowly raised his head and saw two large eyes full of wildness staring at him.

"Son of a bitch!" The Supreme Neo-Demon roared his frustration away as his body vanished into the ground.

"¡BOOM!"

Not even a second later, the massive Outlandish Beast of Emptiness trampled the ground, generating an enormous blast that destroyed everything around it.

If the Outlandish Beast of Emptiness had performed that attack in a Principal World, it would have reduced the entire continent to ashes, and the world's origin would have suffered immensely.

Ezequiel was thousands of kilometers from the surface thanks to his Earth Origin Essence. Yet the shock waves still reached his body, making him puke blood.

He would have perished if the Outlandish Beast of Emptiness were still at its full power.

'Damn it. After being weakened, its power is still at the Peak Beyond Limit Stage, extremely close to the Beyond Redemption Stage.'

Ezequiel could barely face someone at the Initial Beyond Limit Stage, much less one at the peak. His eyes glowed with silver flames as he figured out a way out of this predicament.

The Outlandish Beast of Emptiness kept trampling the ground as a massive amount of energy gathered in its mouth, ready to fire at any second.

Just as the beast was about to send the beam where its instincts told it the Supreme Neo-Demon was, it saw someone emerge from the ground.

He was identical to the humanoid that appeared by its side a second ago. Anyone else would have been confused by such a change, but not the Outlandish Beast of Emptiness. If the enemy emerged from the ground, it only meant that it would be easier to kill him.

A black energy beam emerged from the Outlandish Beast of Emptiness' mouth, instantly vaporizing the humanoid. It began to walk away, not questioning why it was so easy to kill that humanoid.

Due to his connection with the elements, Ezequiel saw everything that happened on the surface. He did not dare to unleash his consciousness, as he was sure that would alert the Outlandish Beasts of Emptiness.

He knew that the creature would not stop chasing after him, so he gave it a target. The one who perished was one of his avatars, and since their life force was identical, the beast noticed nothing odd.

The Supreme Neo-Demon advanced carefully. Hiding under the ground was not a solution, as he had already detected some Outlandish Beasts of Emptiness were also moving through the earth.

He spent the first month doing some reconnaissance. By the time he finished, a map of the entire continent had already formed in his mind.

It was immense, almost three times larger than one of Baator's hells. A massive ocean surrounded every piece of it, and he felt several powerful beasts in it.

The one thing that surprised Ezequiel was that other than Outlandish Beasts of Emptiness, there were other life forms in the Empty World.

The creatures resembled monstrous insects covered in powerful exoskeletons, with bodies several kilometers long. They were not that powerful, with most of them at Peak Rank 7.

At first, he did not understand how that could happen, as the beasts should have killed them, but after some research, he found out the reason.

Those creatures were parasites that emerged from the Outlandish Beasts of Emptiness. They would eat anything, even earth, before going back to the beasts.

Once Ezequiel finished his reconnaissance, he tracked one of the parasites and waited until it was completely alone and there was no one in the surrounding area.

The Outlandish Beasts of Emptiness' parasite devoured a mountain when suddenly a man bathed in white lightning with a silver star floating on his forehead emerged from the ground, right beneath its belly.

Ezequiel's right hand resembled a blade and carried all his power as he pierced the parasite. Although he managed to kill the creature instantly, there was a flash of surprise in his eyes.

He intentionally chose a weak parasite whose power barely reached the Initial Rudimentary Form Stage and was nowhere near Peak Rank 7. Yet, he almost failed to kill it before it could alert anyone.

'Its defenses were almost as strong as those of a weak Rank 8 life form.' The Supreme Neo-Demon did not have time to wonder about the oddness of the parasite's body as it crumbled into billions of black dots in the next second.

Ezequiel could not do anything as those dots fused into his body.

Although the Supreme Neo-Demon was worried at first, soon, a large smile appeared as he felt those black dots tempering his centers of power.

Things did not end there, as they also improved his Outer Origin Essence, Inner Origin Essence, and his grasp of Return to Origin.

Ezequiel's smile grew larger as killing intent and hunger appeared in his eyes.

## Chapter 660 Interrogate Me

Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut were close to the Titan World's origin, and they have been monitoring the region for the past few decades.

The Primarchs were not alone as the powerhouses from the three races had not left. Among them, there were the three Rank 9 Titans.

While no one had spoken yet, the tension between the powerhouses from the Titan Race and Hyperion had been growing tenser lately.

Hyperion could feel their gazes but ignored them. As a Primarch, it was highly shameful for a secret dimension controlled by a wild entity to have been inside his world, and he had no idea about it. Yet, the Titan Primarch had more important things to worry about than his reputation.

Suddenly, the Titan Primarch's eyes narrowed as he glanced toward the void, only for Issac and Salomon to appear in front of him a few seconds later.

Everybody focused on the Magus and Immortal Primarchs with hope in their eyes. If the duo's research unlocked a clue behind the entity in the dimension and why the Sacred Trial changed once Ezequiel entered it, they would be one step closer to saving the Void Creator geniuses. Issac and Salomon's expressions told everybody that their investigation had not been fruitful. By working together, they saw how Ezequiel evolved his bloodline in the Beta Heavenly World and the power his True Name awakened in Abyss, but none of that helped them handle this.

The fact that the Titan Bloodline could evolve into a Primordial Bloodline was shocking news, but it was not something that would help them now.

"Enough! Hyperion, your reckless behavior had brought a calamity toward our Titan Race. We can't just sit by and wait as outsiders attempt to fix your mistakes." A Dawn Titan, whose aura put him at the second stage of Rank 9, roared those words. He had two red eyes, and a golden bloodline force permeated his body.

Hyperion's eyes narrowed as he turned toward the Dawn Titan that dared to yell at him, but his expression grew somber as he saw the other two Rank 9 Titans by that man's side.

"Krono, be careful with your words. We are not alone." Hyperion's voice was eerily calm. Although he wanted to punish Krono for that indiscretion, he knew that he could not allow himself to lose control.

Issac and Bahamut looked at each other as they saw that. While the Titan Race was part of the Dark Tower Alliance, they could not meddle in their internal fights since it would weaken Hyperion's status.

As for Salomon and Nut, both remained utterly silent. If it weren't for ten of those geniuses being Sacred Beasts, they would not even have a reason to be here.

Hyperion understood that he needed to handle this alone, and trying to suppress their dissent with his might would only worsen things.

"We are doing all in our power to figure out why the Sacred Trial reacted like that and how to rescue our young ones. Generating problems without giving any solution will only delay things." Hyperion's words made sense and were something everybody understood. That is why the other races' powerhouses did not disturb the Titan Primarch despite their concerns.

"You know very well that the responsibility for the crisis with the Sacred Trial lies in that brat you treated as a guest of honor." Krono's voice was strong and full of confidence.

Issac frowned as he heard Krono's words. He was the one that stated that Ezequiel triggered the change in the Sacred Trial. Nevertheless, he also made it very clear that the Supreme Neo-Demon did not know what would happen.

Krono was not a fool and understood that while he could take this chance to criticize Hyperion, offending the Magus Primarch could prove deadly.

"Of course, I know that the Truth of the Universe already declared that brat innocent, but who among us can say with certainty that we know the mind of that race's Ancestor."

Salomon and Issac glanced at each other as they heard that and saw the way Krono was stirring the conversation. Both of them were leaders of their alliances, which involved great responsibility.

"You should be careful with your words. There are people in the universe that even we must tread lightly."

Issac's voice was solemn, but Krono showed no sign of wanting to back down. On the contrary, the Dawn Titan's eyes glowed with flames of discord.

"Hyperion, you are the Titan Primarch, and your loyalty should be to our race. The only way for you to fix your mistake is to do all in your power to bring that man here so that he can answer our question."

Most of the powerhouses nodded as they heard Krono's words. Although not all wanted to use a forceful approach, there should be no problem bringing the Neo-Demon Race Ancestor, so he could explain why the Sacred Trial reacted in such a way to his second in command.

Yet, Issac and the other Primarch only shook their heads. The sole idea that they could force Zatiel Daybreak to do anything was laughable.

Krono seemed to misunderstand their reactions as a sign of frustration, and a nasty smile appeared on his face.

"I know that man's realm has extremely powerful defenses that even Primarchs can not surpass. However, we could capture the members of his race spread across the Prima Universe. I am sure he will come to us on his own once we have gathered enough."

The moment Issac, Salomon, Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut heard Krono's plan out loud, a wave of panic spread through their hearts. If they were sure of one thing about Zatiel Daybreak, it was that he would not allow anyone to threaten his race.

Hyperion was about to reprimand the Dawn Titan when a voice echoed throughout the Titan World.

"You want to interrogate me. Fine, here I am."

The Primarchs and powerhouses saw how two individuals appeared next to them just as those words died down.

One of them was a man that seemed no older than seventeen years old, while the other was a four-meter tall warrior with a mask, horns, and armor made of violet tree bark.

The young man turned toward Krono with eyes void of any emotion.

"Go on, interrogate me."