

Abyssal 661

Chapter 661 Neo-Demon Ancestor's Wrath

"Go on, interrogate me."

Like Zatiel's eyes, his voice carried no emotions, but it made all those Eternal Detachment life forms feel a creeping coldness reach their hearts.

That was especially true for Krono, whose instincts began to scream danger. While he was extremely arrogant and narcissistic, he knew that he needed to be careful.

While Hyperion had shut down some of the Titan World's defenses so powerful outsiders could enter without a problem, the World Consciousness was still fully alert. That is why the Titan Primarch detected Issac and Salomon's arrival before the duo would even enter the world.

However, no one detected Zatiel or the man accompanying him, and by their timing, it seemed they had been watching from the darkness for a long time.

Krono focused on the warrior next to the Neo-Demon but felt nothing. That only increased his apprehension since there could only be two explanations.

One was that the warrior was a mortal, which would be the most optimistic but least realistic. The only real answer was that Krono's perception was too weak to cross that man's defenses. *am waiting,*" Zatiel spoke for a second time, and while his voice still carried no emotion, it made everybody feel incredibly tense.

Hyperion was about to speak when he felt Issac's eyes. The meaning in the Magus Primarch's stare was clear. He must not interfere under any circumstances, or Zatiel's wrath would not limit to one Titan and could even drown the entire race.

Krono felt a cold sweat running through his back and knew that remaining silent was not an option. Nevertheless, there was still some confidence in him, as he was sure that Zatiel would not dare to attack him, at least not inside the Titan World and under the watch of five Primarchs.

"It is evident by the Primarchs' investigation that the one responsible for the upheaval in the Sacred Trial is the second in command of your race. You must tell us everything you know and be willing to assist us in saving all forty Void Creator geniuses."

Although the Primarchs did not like him, they had to admit that Krono was very good at scheming. He declared that the ones who found Ezequiel responsible for the trial's change were Issac and the others and used the excuse of rescuing the geniuses to pressure Zatiel.

The Primarchs and the powerhouses focused on Zatiel as they waited for his answer. Krono had basically banded all of them together, so the Neo-Demon's words would impact everybody.

"I don't know why it happened." Zatiel's eyes remained emotionless as he replied.

While that answered nothing, it made Krono smile. Not only did the Neo-Demon not fight to claim Ezequiel's innocence, but he also left a gate open for more accusations.

However, before Krono could start firing charges, Zatiel spoke again.

"My turn. Why hasn't your head left your body?"

An aura that made the entire Titan World tremble accompanied those words, paralyzing all the powerhouses while heavily restricting the Primarchs.

It was a violet aura and it emerged from the warrior that accompanied Zatiel. He moved with such an immense speed that by the time the Primarchs' eyes caught a glimpse of him, he was already in front of Krono.

There was a flaming sword in the warrior's right hand while the left one took the form of dozens of violet branches.

The World Consciousness acted the moment it detected any form of hostility. It unleashed immense pressure against the warrior while at the same time enhancing Krono's power.

Krono felt how his power rose to the Primarch level, but that did not stop the warrior from separating his head from his body.

Just as the Dawn Titan's neck was severed, a majestic multicolored crystal emerged from his head and flashed away at a shocking speed.

The warrior saw how Krono's Inner Universe flew away but did not chase. Instead, he used the violet branches in his left hand to encompass the Dawn Titan's head and body, just as these two crumbled into pieces.

If the warrior had not acted as fast as he did, those pieces would have split in every direction, which Krono would then summon to reconstruct his body.

After that, the warrior returned to Zatiel's side and used his violet aura to fight back the Titan World's pressure while at the same time devouring Krono's body.

Silence reigned as everybody processed what had just happened. A second stage Rank 9 life form was forced to escape with their Inner Universe and lost his body while being inside his homeworld.

Even if Krono managed to form a new body, his battle power would fall to the bottom of Rank 9 for a long time, and he may never return to his peak again.

And the reason for that was that he dared to suggest a plan to harm the Neo-Demon Race.

The Immortal Primarch was the strongest of them, and he was the only one in their minds that had a chance against the violet warrior.

Salomon took a moment to perceive the warrior's might before answering.

"In the Immortal Plane, I could win. But anywhere else, I could at most exchange a few blows before being forced to run away."

Issac could only sigh when he heard that and turned toward Hyperion. Even if Zatiel's behavior were over the line, a fight would only make things worse for their side.

"Ahhh." Hyperion also sighed, but he understood that the Magus Primarch was right, so he made World Consciousness back down.

Zatiel glanced at the Primarchs as the pressure limiting their power vanished. Next, he turned toward the place where the scar that led into the Sacred Trial used to be.

"None of us knew that would happen, and we were about to rebuke that Dawn Titan for speaking those words when you arrived." Issac knew he needed to clarify things immediately, or else things may become irremediable.

"I know that. If things had been different, the entire world would have already felt my wrath."

Coldness emerged in Zatiel's eyes, and while it was not exactly pleasant, the Primarchs could not help but release a sigh of relief.

Chapter 662 En

Zatiel's expression returned to normal as he emptied his mind and pushed his focus to the peak.

"You should protect the world's origin." The Neo-Demon said nothing else before the warrior put a hand on the back of his head.

Hyperion did not know what Zatiel planned to do, but he was sure those were not empty words. He and the other four Primarch unleashed their power and formed a protective force field around the Titan World's origin.

The Primarchs also commanded the powerhouses to use their power to protect the Titan World's landmass. A task they fulfilled alongside the World Consciousness.

Waves after waves of violet aura enter Zatiel's body, fueling him with immense amounts of power. He trembled as blood leaked from every orifice, but the might of his eyes kept growing mightier.

Finally, after two minutes, a beam of light emerged from the Rex Somniorum Eye and marked a point in space. As soon as the warrior heard Zatiel's words, his aura exploded with even more force than the one he used to cut Krono's neck. He left some of it on the Neo-Demon as protection before flashing forward and striking that mark with his flaming sword.

"BOOM!"

An immense explosion occurred that made the entire Titan World tremble. If it weren't for the Primarch and powerhouses doing their best to protect the origin and landmass, things would have been much worse.

Issac and the others were shocked as they focused on the scar in space left by the warrior's strike and how they felt the aura of the Sacred Trial on the other side.

Zatiel and the warrior did in minutes what the Primarchs attempted to do for several decades.

Just as the warrior was about to use the violet branches to try and open the scar further, a gray force struck and pushed him back.

The warrior managed to regain control of his body immediately. His eyes grew solemn as he focused on the portal and saw two golden eyes appear in it.

Those golden eyes were full of wildness. The disdain in them as they moved through the powerhouses and Primarchs was clear as day. They grew solemn only when they posed on the warrior bathed in the violet aura.

"If you were at your peak, you might achieve something, but there is no way you can defeat me in your current condition." Those golden eyes were full of confidence as he uttered those words.

The eyes were about to vanish when they glanced at Zatiel, and a sense of utter shock appeared in them. At first, he did not even bother to look at the Neo-Demon due to the weak soul force, but once he did, everything changed.

"YOU!"

Zatiel frowned as he saw how the entity on the other side of the portal looked at him. He knew nothing about the Sacred Trial and the entity behind it, so he did not understand why it reacted like that.

"I don't care if you are the Singularity! I will not allow anyone to stop me from fulfilling the purpose of my existence and finally obtaining my reward." The entity roared those words as a gray force began to mend the scar in space.

Zatiel did not attempt to stop it, but he did not let those golden eyes leave his sight until the scar vanished. All sorts of thoughts and plans crossed his mind as he figured out his next step.

"He referred to you as Singularity. What does that mean?" Only one among the present dared to speak to Zatiel in such a relaxed way, the warrior with a violet aura.

Zatiel glanced at the warrior before shrugging his shoulders. He had no idea what the title Singularity meant or why that entity would show even more dread toward him than to the warrior whose power was much higher.

"En, you just felt that entity's aura. Do you have any idea what could be or why someone like him would be in a secret dimension inside the Titan World?"

The warrior shook his head. Despite his age and the things he had seen in the universe, he had never faced something like that entity.

"It seems that the Prima Universe still contains secrets for me." En focused on where the scar used to be, and his eyes glowed.

"Your man is still inside, and there is clearly a problem with that entity's willpower. Should we try to force our way in?"

Hyperion's complexion immediately paled when he heard that. That tiny encounter unleashed enough energy to make the entire Titan World tremble. If En and Zatiel decided to go all out and did not care about the consequences, it could very well provoke irreparable damage to the world.

While Hyperion's desire to rescue his daughters was so strong that he would not care if he needed to exchange his life for theirs, he was the Titan Primarch and could not sacrifice the entire world for his offspring.

Salomon and Issac frowned when they heard that plan. The duo could not allow the destruction of one of the mighties worlds in the Prima Universe, but they had to be careful. They might win if this came down to a battle, but it would be a pyrrhic victory.

Everybody focused on Zatiel and waited to see how he would respond to En's suggestion. The Neo-Demon did not reply immediately, and instead, he closed his eyes and adopted a meditative position.

The Primarchs saw how countless threads emerged from Zatiel, with some of them connected to their heads. That surprised them, especially since they did not understand what they were.

"Karma. It used to be a feeble power in our universe, submissive even to faith, but it won't be long before it permeates every corner of the law matrix."

Issac focused on the voice's origin and saw that the one speaking was the warrior Zatiel called En. The Magus Primarch noticed that the Neo-Demon was too busy to care about what they did, so he took this opportunity to present himself.

"Issac, the Truth of the Universe." The Magus Primarch clasped his hands and performed a slight bow.

En focused on Issac as a flash of light crossed his eyes.

"Oh, Issac, I have heard your name before. You are the one that trained those young ones that sought to master Astral Chaos and Bloodline Origin." After saying those words, En also clasped his hands.

"En, the Ancient Killer, and the World Tree."

Chapter 663 Emptiness

"En, the Ancient Killer, and the World Tree."

The Primarchs were surprised as they heard those words. None of them took part in the Cataclysmic War against the Eldritch Race, but everybody listened to the mythical tales of the World Tree.

Had it not been for the Champion of Justice and Order and the World Tree, there was no way the Prima Universe would have won the war against the Eldritch Universe and the Great Old Ones.

Issac and Salomon looked at each other and nodded before glancing at the other Primarchs and powerhouses. They all understood the intent in the eyes of the Magus and Immortal Primarchs.

In unison, all the Primarchs and powerhouses performed a deep bow as their voices echoed through the Titan World.

"We humbly greet the Hero of Cataclysm!"

Those actions were not brought by fear or awe but by respect and admiration.

En was not someone who liked flattery or enjoyed meaningless gestures, but he felt the sincerity behind their words. He did not interrupt them and instead solemnly nodded. and the other straightened their position after En nodded and turned toward Zatiel. The fact that the Neo-Demon could bring the World Tree with him and make this mighty hero follow his command was beyond shocking.

As the Primarchs and powerhouses focused on Zatiel, this one finally opened his eyes. The power of karma exploded, and the thickest thread coming from him glowed with might that could sunder a sky.

"Master?"

Once again, a wave of shock filled everybody's souls. They recognized Ezequiel's voice coming from that karmic thread, which could only mean Zatiel established a link into the Sacred Trial.

The power of karma only grew more and more terrifying in the Primarchs' minds.

"Yes, it is me. Tell me, what is your situation?" Zatiel smiled as he heard Ezequiel's voice and detected no dread or anxiety.

"I am fine, Master. These trials are indeed odd, and the entity in charge of them is against me. Luckily, there are rules that he must follow, and he can not harm me directly."

Zatiel nodded as he heard that, but he was still worried. Those golden eyes were on the brink of madness, and there was no way to say what that entity would do if pushed to the limit.

"Should we try to force our way in? I recently acquired the help of an old friend, and our chances of taking you alive should be around eighty percent."

The Primarchs, especially Hyperion, grew tense as they heard that question. There was no doubt in their minds that if Ezequiel asked Zatie to rescue him, the Neo-Demon Ancestor would do just that regardless of the consequences.

"There is no need for that, Master. I am confident in my chances of survival. Besides, these trials have proven extremely beneficial for me. There might be a chance I could actualize my destiny if I complete them."

Zatiel nodded and did not try to dissuade Ezequiel. A Godking would never back down from a path that could make them stronger just for fear of death.

Hyperion released a sigh of relief as he saw that. He won't have to add Zatiel and the World Tree to his list of concerns.

"Tell us what you have found out about these trials."

That information was something not only Zatiel was interested in, but the Primarchs, powerhouses, and even En wanted to know.

The strength to create such a powerful dimension and keep its true purpose hidden for billions of years was not something everybody could display.

"I have not learned much, but the entity that guided me from one trial to the other referred to the creator as Lord of Emptiness. There is also a world in this place whose laws and forces surpass that of Principal World called Empty World. Hundreds of Outlandish Beasts of Emptiness populate this world. They are unintelligent beasts with power equal to Primarchs."

En and the Primarchs were incredibly serious as they heard that. Although Ezequiel did not convey a lot, what he told them made one thing clear for everybody.

Whoever that Lord of Emptiness was, he must be a Rank 10 life form!

"Emptiness, huh," Zatiel murmured those words as his eyes glowed.

"I have enhanced our karmic bond. In case of danger, focus all your power on it, and I will come to rescue you. Before I forget, how are the other forty Void Creator geniuses?"

Zatiel did not really care about those geniuses, but he knew the Primarchs and powerhouses did, so he asked.

"The entity had put the forty Void Creators in stasis once they entered the dimension. They are alive, but I am unaware of what will happen with them."

Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut smiled as they heard that. It was good that the entity did not care about their young ones.

"I see. Focus on yourself, and if you can bring the forty alive out of the dimension once you finish the trial, that would be good. If not, it doesn't matter."

Zatiel did not hide his voice and made sure everybody heard it. Many of them showed displeasure, but he did not care. The events inside the trials were beyond his control, and Ezequiel's life was much more important than those geniuses.

"Yes, Master." The Supreme Neo-Demon spoke one last time before the karmic thread stopped glowing.

Zatiel stood up. The expression on his face made people believe he was trying to remember something.

It was extremely odd behavior since life forms in their realm could remember every second of their life in perfect detail.

"Did that information give you some clue about the one behind this dimension?" En asked Zatiel that question in everybody's mind.

"I have no idea who that Lord of Emptiness is. Yet, I know that our Ultimate Enemy calls the space beyond the Cosmic Wall as Emptiness."

Zatiel did not call Endless Darkness by his name as many people present here were not fit to know that information.

En and the Primarchs did not believe the term emptiness in that tile would be a coincidence, so whoever that Lord of Emptiness was, just like Endless Darkness, was an alien life form.

As for how Zatiel obtained that knowledge, it was one more mystery around the Neo-Demon Ancestor they might find out in the future.

Chapter 664 Hunt Archdemons

Zatiel closed his eyes for a moment as he considered everything. The Neo-Demon knew that Lord of Emptiness was not an immediate threat since if his intentions were evil and he had Rank 10 power, there was no way he would have gone through all this trouble instead of just attacking the Prima Universe.

'I have the violet seals, and my body and soul should be able to endure the pressure, so if everything else falls, I will unleash it.' Zatiel's eyes glowed with confidence. He was sure that his final trump card would be enough to handle any possible danger the Alpha Universe, Eldritch Universe, or even this Lord of Emptiness could generate.

The Neo-Demon then turned toward Hyperion, making the Titan Primarch grow tense.

"You should evacuate the Titan World. If Ezequiel requests my help, I will bring him out of the Sacred Trial and won't care about the consequences." Zatiel slightly paused as he turned to where the scar used to be. "And even if I don't do anything, who knows what would happen once Ezequiel completes all the trials. The collapse of such a powerful dimension could take out the entire world."

Hyperion knew the Neo-Demon's words were right, but he still sighed.

"Ahhh, a Primarch that can not protect his own world." The Titan Primarch's voice was weak and seemed to drain every ounce of his strength as he nodded

It would require a lot of work and would bring a great shame to his name, but things had already escalated to a point where it was beyond his control.

"If you wish, your race can use my abode as a temporary home. The laws and energies in it are not inferior to a Principal World. With your help, I can cover the entire world with my consciousness and teleport everybody at once."

En had no hesitation in going all out in trying to break Ezequiel out of the Sacred Trial, but that did not mean he would have just ignored the fate of the Titan Race.

He was ready to use his abode if Zatiel asked him to enter the Sacred Trial forcefully. Since the Titan Primarch accepted to evacuate the world, he would lend a helping hand.

Hyperion turned toward En, and a broad smile appeared on his face.

"I will be counting with you, Hero of Cataclysm." Hyperion bowed toward the World Tree as he felt a great weight leave his shoulder. A home where his people could live and cultivate would solve one major problem.

En nodded toward Hyperion and waved his hand, making a portal appear close to the Titan World. He then turned toward Zatiel.

"What should our next move be?" En was currently much more powerful than Zatiel, but he did not put airs as he knew it was better to rely on the Neo-Demon when it comes to plans and schemes.

"You should return to your abode. I need you at your peak."

Zatiel had healed most of the World Tree's wounds, allowing this one's life force to reignite.

En's condition would only improve, as did his vitality, unlike before when it weakened every day. He could currently use around eighty percent of his strength, which would grow as he continued purging the toxic eldritch aura left in him.

However, if En was not careful and used his full power for an extended period of time, he could suffer a severe backlash that would force him into secluded training for thousands of years.

En nodded and planned to return to his healing chamber after helping Hyperion with his people.

After giving the instructions to the World Tree, Zatiel turned to the Primarchs.

"I will embark on the final preparation for the evolution of my True Soul Path of Power. I will be ready in around forty years, and I will call you when the time comes."

Issac, Salomon, Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut all adopted solemn expressions as they nodded. Zatiel already had the help of the World Tree, but he still felt it was needed to have the Primarchs by his side. That told everybody the severity of the situation.

"There is no point in the five of you remaining here. Even if you were to find a safe path into the Sacred Trial, that entity with golden eyes is too powerful for you."

Although the Primarchs did not feel happy with those words, they were the truth. That entity was more powerful than En, and fighting in his home would be suicide.

The Primarchs were able to decide their next step immediately. Hyperion and Nut would remain in the Titan World, while the other three would head into the Prima-Eldritch Universe Final Battlefield to ensure their strongholds were ready for anything.

En was ready to help the Titan Primarch teleport the entire population of the world into his abode, but before that, he put a hand over Zatiel, making this one vanish the next second.

No one felt anything and had no idea where En sent Zatiel, proving the World Tree's mastery over space-time.

Zatiel only felt a flash of light before regaining his sight. The speed he moved was much greater than that of an average Rank 9 Teleportation.

He was in a plane tainted with the color red. Storm clouds unleashed lightning and thunder that seemed capable of splitting the sky, while the ground contained rivers of blood that extended as far as the eye could see, full of wailing souls.

Gargantuan tornadoes capable of killing Rank 6 life forms rose from the ground and reached all the way to the firmament.

One of those tornadoes was about to emerge near the Neo-Demon. Yet, before the raging blood and lightning could touch Zatiel, someone waved his hand and made it disappear.

The newcomer was a man in noble attire with a crow mask.

"Lord." Hades bowed toward Zatiel as he analyzed the surroundings.

Zatiel nodded to the Realm Avatar as he smiled. It had been a long time since he put a foot in Abyss, and the feeling of chaos in the air was relaxing.

"Time to hunt Archdemons."

Chapter 665 Flay City

At the center of the 33rd Layer of Abyss, there was a city so massive that it covered more than a third of the entire landmass of the layer and with walls that rose all the way to the sky.

The storm clouds and rivers of blood were incapable of harming the city. On the contrary, they were used as a fuel source, feeding the massive rune formation that covered every corner of it.

Everybody knew this city as Flay City, one of the major cities on the first one hundred layers of Abyss. There were trillions of Demons in it, with dozens of entities that had already surpassed the Soul Realm!

In Flay City's core, one could find a majestic castle with a rune formation even more potent than those covering the city's walls.

Despite the size of the castle, there was currently only one person allowed in it. That individual was a powerful humanoid Archdemon with a muscular body, three eyes, two large horns, and blood-like flames racing around his chest and arms.

He was not more than ten meters tall, small compared to some of the huge Demon Lords in Flay City, but his power allowed him to look down on everybody. name of this mighty Archdemon was Mordur. He was not just a Rank 8 life form since his cultivation had recently entered the Initial Beyond Limit Stage.

While the rise from one stage to another did not involve a long period of adjustment as the rise of a Rank, one would still suffer a certain period of time where your energy and soul force were in a stay of mild disarray. That is why Mordur did not allow any else in his castle for the time being.

Flay City started its day like always. Demons would train, negotiate, and kill each other, while mighty legions would come in and out as they adventure into or return from wars.

However, everything changed as a dark and dense fog the size of an ocean descended from the sky. Everything in its path, even the laws, would corrode under its might.

Mordur opened his eyes as he focused on the dark fog and felt a power so evil and full of corruption that it shocked him. He could not believe this feeling. After all, when had anyone ever heard of an Archdemon being surprised by the sinful aura of anything?

Although Mordur was a Demon, his soul already rose to a level above the Prima Universe's laws, so his wisdom was not any less than that of a Magi or Cultivator.

He raised his hand, pushing Flay City's rune formation to the limit, making a powerful force field cover every piece of it.

The Demons inside the city smiled as they saw that. Like Mordur, they were shocked by that dark fog's aura, and none wanted to fight it.

Unfortunately for a legion of Demons, they had been outside Flay City when Mordur put the force field in place. Normally, they should have been able to cross it without a problem, but they could not do so now.

Most of the Demons did not understand what was happening, but some were wise enough to figure out the Archdemon's plan. They were guinea pigs used to test the might of the dark fog.

"BOOM!" A blast echoed through the city as the dark fog clashed against the force field. While cracks appeared from time to time, it managed to hold on.

As for those unprotected Demons, everybody saw how the dark fog would trample their bodies and suck every iota of life force and soul force in them.

The Rank 8 Archdemon frowned as he felt the power of the dark fog and saw how it managed to extinguish the Demons' existence. Just as he was deciding whether or not to request help, an immense black barrier materialized, covering the entire Flay City.

Of course, a huge black cage in the 33rd Layer of Abyss would have drawn attention, but the artifact displayed an illusion that could trick anyone beneath Rank 9 for all those outside Flay City.

Mordur was unaware of that last point, but he was not foolish enough to think the enemy would have made such a rookie mistake.

Things only went downhill from that point on as a massive arc of blue light clashed against the force field and managed to slash part of it, allowing the dark fog to enter Flay City.

The trillions of Demons inside Flay City saw with horror as the dark fog went after them, crushing their bodies before devouring their life force and soul force.

Rank 7 Archdemons panicked and unleashed powerful spells against the dark fog that destroyed large pieces of Flay City. Under any other circumstance, they would never dare to harm the city, but since their lives were on the line, how could they care about collateral damage?

Sadly the Rank 7 Archdemons' attacks had little effect on the dark fog.

Once the dark fog reached those Rank 7 Archdemons, it behaved differently than it did with those average Demons. It would paralyze the Archdemons before entering through every orifice and eating them from the inside out.

Mordur stood up from his throne as a feeling of utter awe assaulted him. Those Rank 7 Archdemons could barely put any form of resistance against the dark fog.

Although the castle was the most secure location in Flay City, if he did not act and let all those Demons perish, the consequences could very well be more than he could handle.

"¡BOOM!"

As Mordur was about to leave the castle, someone blasted the main gates open.

The Rank 8 Archdemons expected to see some ancient monster since only an entity like that should be able to control something so corrupt and sinful as that dark fog.

However, Mordur saw a young man with three eyes and an aura full of justice, accompanied by a nobleman holding a black box.

Chapter 666: Late Rank 7

Mordur's perception rose to its peak as he stared at the duo. While the nobleman's soul force put him at the Initial Beyond Limit Stage, for some reason, his instincts were warning him that the young man was the true danger.

Things did not end there as he noticed how the rune formations of his castle in which he spent so much effort and wealth were useless. The young man's steps seemed to carry a strange rhythm that would break the rune lines in his path.

The Rank 8 Archdemon felt his eyes burning as he stared back at the young man. He felt a bloodline force that escaped his understanding and only made him feel extremely threatened.

He did not hesitate to make his energy explode and push its Omega Law to its peak, making his entire body glow with a burning red force. However, he did not immediately attack.

Despite the evident danger, Mordur could keep calm since his True Soul had fused with the 33rd Layer of Abyss' origin, meaning that even if he were to die here, he would return in several thousand years.

Of course, there were severe drawbacks to that, as his cultivation would fall drastically, and other Archdemons would take that opportunity to take control of his possession.

"I am Mordur, Rank 8 Archdemon under Eternal Detachment Archdemon Crisis, the Great Flood!"

Mordur did not waste time and mentioned his backer, the powerful Archdemon known as Crisis, one of the seven Rank 9 existences ruling Abyss.

The name of Crisis would be enough to make almost anyone reconsider their next move, but the young man and the noble just kept walking forward.

The Neo-Demon's steps shook the castle and put even greater pressure on Mordur until this one could not hold it anymore.

Mordur's wisdom may not lose to that of a Magi, but he was still a Demon, and the thirst for violence and chaos was in his blood.

“BOOM!” The Rank 8 Archdemon kicked the ground with so much force that it shattered. He propelled his body forward like a cannonball.

Mordur raised his fist and was about to send a punch toward Zatiel that carried a momentum capable of shattering a Low World's Crystal Wall.

Just as the attack was about to land, Zatiel's eyes glowed, and a monstrous amount of Virtual Force blasted from them.

The Rank 8 Archdemon's eyes widened as he felt an indivisible force strike his mind with so much power that he lost consciousness for a nanosecond.

While that period of time was extremely short, for Rank 8 life forms, it could mean the difference between life and death.

In all fairness, Zatiel's attack was not so powerful that it could overwhelm the Archdemon, but Mordur's True Soul was in a delicate state due to his recent rise in cultivation.

There was also the fact that Zatiel's soul invasion spell took Mordur entirely by surprise.

Once Mordur's consciousness returned, he saw how the Neo-Demon had one hand over his forehead. Utter and absolute shock appeared in the Archdemon's eyes as he felt that his connection with the 33rd Layer of Abyss' origin broke and even more shocking that his True Soul was back in his Inner Universe!

For the first time in millions of years, Mordur felt the threat of true death. That made him react with a shocking speed and connected a powerful punch in Zatiel's chest before this one could send another soul invasion spell.

“BOOM!”

A huge red explosion occurred as Zatiel crashed against the castle's walls, shattering them before the pieces buried his body.

Mordur did not dare to relax and immediately turned toward the nobleman a few hundred meters behind him. While the Archdemon was not a Magic Creator, he knew that the black box was the core of the artifact sealing the entire city.

If Mordur wanted to escape, he needed that box, so he would need to defeat the nobleman. The Archdemon did not believe his attack had killed the young man but was sure this one was incapacitated. That should give him more than enough time to escape.

Nevertheless, the next second, Mordur understood that he would not be able to handle the nobleman as he noticed how the young man rose from the debris.

Shock filled Mordur's eyes again, as the young man not only seemed unscathed, his aura had risen tremendously. Energy coated his arms and legs, and a black domain with a sky blue edge materialized.

Things did not end there; a plasma halo with a red heavenly body in the center also enhanced the young man's physical might.

Finally, the young man's skin obtained a violet metallic tone as a tree bark armor wrapped every part of his body except his eyes.

Mordur's eyes narrowed as he felt a new soul aura when that violet bark armor manifested and understood that the young man had fused with a symbiotic life form.

The one responsible for the tree bark armor was none other than Myriad. The World Tree had upgraded the artificial life form's body, replacing the branches that once evolved from the Tree of Massacre with new ones born of his blood and life force.

En's help improved Myriad's body and provided enough energy for the artificial life form to enter Rank 8!

Myriad not only protected the exterior of Zatiel's body. Bark armor also covered the Neo-Demon's inner organs, and its functions did not end there as they would constantly fuel them with vitality and energy.

All those power-ups already allowed Zatiel to kill a Beyond Falsehood Stage life form using nothing else but his body.

However, if Mordur thought that Zatiel's soul would lose in any way to his body, he was severely mistaken.

Zatiel's Virtual Force exploded with even more power than the one he used to knock out the Archdemon.

Of his Paths of Power, the one Zatiel had developed the most was none other than his Virtual Dream Path of Power, which was already at Late Rank 7!

The Virtual Dream Path of Power's core was the Virtual Dream Universe and this one improved daily as trillions of life forms engraved their knowledge about the laws in it. And they also provided a never-ending stream of energy during the creation of the Dream Avatars.

Zatiel's aura already matched Mordur's, but he still had one final card left. His eyes glowed with silver flame as his Will Force poured into his Inner Law Dimension, pushing his soul to the next level.

"BOOM!" A blast of power emerged from the Neo-Demon that blew the castle to smithers.

Chapter 667: The futility of rage

"BOOM!" Zatiel shattered the ground beneath his feet as he kicked and sent his body forward at an incredible speed.

The Neo-Demon's speed took Mordur by surprise, and as he prepared to adopt a battle stance, a new soul invasion spell struck him.

Mordur was prepared to face the soul invasion spell and had already enforced his Inner Universe's defenses with his energy and Omega Law. Still, that only allowed him to keep consciousness as an immense pain and a sense of exhaustion assaulted him.

Hades saw how Zatiel's red lightsaber struck the Archdemon's jaw, sending this one up with so much potency that he crashed with the ceiling of the black cage. The Neo-Demon did not stand still and immediately pursued.

As he saw the Neo-Demon's might, Hades could not hide the awe in his eyes. Zatiel's talent was just too absurd, and the fact he could deploy the power to overwhelm an Initial Beyond Limit Stage Archdemon was incredible.

Mordur had just regained control over his body as a red lightsaber struck him in his chest. It sent him flying away as he puked blood.

While Mordur's Archdemon bloodline was just standard and grew due to his rise in cultivation, not providing much help in battle power, it still gave him a very solid body. He would not fall second to a weak Rank 8 Artifact in durability, but that red lightsaber still severely harmed him.

The Archdemon could swear that the heaviness and hardness of that lightsaber felt even mightier than if a world crashed on him.

Zatiel did not care about what the Archdemon could think, continuing his onslaught. Mordur attempted to fight back, sending waves of bloodfire against the Neo-Demon, but this one would just split them in half with his blue lightsaber before striking with the red one.

The battle between the duo unleashed energies and released shock waves that could generate immense damage in the 33rd Layer of Abyss, but the black cage concealed everything.

Hades constantly sent streams of soul force into the small black cage in his hand, mending all the cracks that would happen every time the Neo-Demon and Archdemon clashed.

The name of the artifact was Nine x Nine Black Cage, and it had the theoretical potential to unleash a force capable of hiding even Rank 9 battles. The one in Hades' hand had not reached that level but was close to Late Rank 8, so it did not have a problem hiding a battle that did not surpass the Beyond Limit Stage.

Zatiel suppressed Mordur more and more as the wounds in this one's body, and soul grew. A new wave of soul invasion spells clouded the Archdemon's senses for a moment, just enough for a red lightsaber to strike the top of his head and send him crashing down.

"BOOM!" The Archdemon had barely touched the ground as the dark fog went into a frenzy, and waves after waves lunged at him.

Mordur felt like a mortal at the bottom of the ocean, as the dark fog suffocated him and constantly attempted to enter his body so it could devour him from the inside out.

"AHHHH!" The Archdemon roared with rage, making a blast of bloodfire emerge from him and pushing the dark fog away. While normal energy had little effect, forces above the Prima Universe's laws were capable of harming it.

Mordur had difficulty catching his breath, and those attacks had riddled his body with bloody wounds. His hate and frustration clouded his judgment and made his chaotic nature flourish.

While the bloodfire burned the dark fog that touched it, he saw that this one did not relent and kept trying to get near him. Still, the Archdemon did not lose too much time with it as he only had eyes for the puppeteer.

As he saw how Zatiel's eyes looked down on him with complete calm and disinterest, the wrath in his heart grew stronger.

Mordur had managed to connect attacks on the Neo-Demon, but by all accounts, he had done no damage to this one during the entire battle.

The black domain with a sky blue edge surrounding Zatiel's would eat away around half of the power in Mordur's attack before losing another third due to the bark armor.

By the time the attack reached Zatiel, his violet skin and yang runes engraved in every cell had made it so his body would endure almost no wound.

Minor wounds could add up in a long battle, but Myriad constantly sent waves of vitality into Zatiel's inner organs, healing them just as the minimal sign of damage appeared.

Mordur was betting his life, but the look on his opponent's face made it seem that he considered this battle as something meaningless and could not arouse his emotions.

"AHHHH!" Mordur roared as his wrath reached its peak, making the bloodfire burn with even more power as he flashed toward Zatiel.

The Neo-Demon's eyes were as peaceful as always as he saw the enraged Archdemon lunging in his direction. He headed forward as his muscles bulged out, enhancing his physical might while his eyes burned with Virtual Force.

Mordur sent a fist forward with all the power in his body, but Zatiel's eyes exploded the Virtual Force in them at the exact moment, slowing down the Archdemon's attack speed.

That allowed the Neo-Demon to push away Mordur's fist with his red lightsabers before slashing with the blue one.

Their momentum made them head in the opposite direction after that clash, but while Zatiel had suffered no wound, Mordur's eyes widened as his right arm fell to the ground.

Mordur stared at where his right arm used to be, only to see a perfect cut right below his elbow. As for the lost extremity, the dark fog devoured it in a second, leaving nothing left.

The Archdemon could not stop his body from trembling as he understood the situation. His attacks could not harm his opponent, and the wounds kept accumulating. It was just a matter of time before he was defeated, and that dark fog devoured his soul and body.

Chapter 668 Tier 0 Bloodline

"AHHHH!" The pressure of the situation pushed Mordur's mind beyond its limit, making all notion of sanity replaced by a wild and chaotic desire to bring forth destruction at any cost.

Zatiel's eyes narrowed as the Archdemon burned his life force and soul force without regard while unsealing a massive amount of energy stored in his heart.

"You and this goddam layer can vanish into oblivion!" Mordur roared with all his power as the bloodfire burned with so much energy that it set the air ablaze.

The Archdemon opened his mouth beyond what it should have been possible, and a bloody glow emerged from it. Mordur had stored energy inside his heart for millions of years so that it could work as a trump card.

However, the energy had reached such a density that it surpassed the Archdemon's maximum output. He needed to burn his life force and soul force to endure the stress this attack would generate in him, so Mordur would only use it when there was nothing else to do.

Mordur knew that this attack would not stop with Zatiel, as it would land on the ground and cause immense damage in the 33rd Layer of Abyss, but how could he care about that when he may very well perish in a few minutes if nothing changed?

Zatiel knew that he could not stop the Archdemon from firing that attack even with his speed. Attempting to dodge it was not a possibility, as he could not allow the layer's origin to endure that much damage. Neo-Demon took a deep breath and pushed his body to its limits. Waves of life force overloaded every cell, making him grow almost five meters tall.

He fused the red and blue lightsabers into one, immediately unleashing a repulsive force that made everything inside the black cage tremble.

Next, Zatiel rose the Yin-Yang Lightsaber to his forehead, where he injected a massive amount of Virtual Force along with the power of his Origin Essence Wheel into the wea Mordur did not care about anything the Neo-Demon did by this point. In fact, the Archdemon was happy that Zatiel did not attack immediately, so he would not have to rush the release of his ultimate spell.

"DIE! Star Collapser Bloodfire Cannon!"

The illusion of a star collapsing under its own weight and then unleashing all that energy into a single direction appeared.

Zatiel felt a heat that could incinerate a sun and a force that could corrode anyone's blood before the cannon reached him. Yet he did not lose calm and simply waved the Yin-Yang Lightsaber down.

"Reverse Samsara Slash." Unlike Mordur's chaotic roar, Zatiel's words were calm, but the might he unleashed was something the Archdemon could not even comprehend.

There were no explosions or powerful shock waves. As soon as Zatiel waved the lightsaber down, an invisible force struck the cannon and instantly evaporated it.

Mordur was dumbstruck by that sight. His most potent attack, the one containing all the energy he stored for millions of years, vanished just like that.

No matter how much the Archdemon would try, he would never understand what happened. While the process was much more complex, what Zatiel did was inverter cause and effect and erased the beginning of the attack.

Before the Archdemon could get rid of the shock paralyzing his mind, Zatiel closed in and put a hand over his head.

Zatiel's Rex Somiorun Eye glowed and teleported almost ten percent of the dark fog that devoured Flay City directly into Mordur's Inner Universe.

The dark fog wanted nothing more than to consume everything, but Zatiel's control over it was too high, forcing it to follow his commands.

In less than a second, chains made of dark fog covered the Mordur's True Soul and Inner Universe, sealing him to the point that he could not even kill himself.

Once he did the job, Zatiel sent Mordur into a space ring before deactivating his power-ups.

The Neo-Demon's face was pale and seemed exhausted. It was clear that the last slash took everything in him.

Hades saw everything, and as he remembered the slash, his heart's awe reached a whole new level. While he also failed to grasp the principles that guided that power, he did understand one thing.

Zatiel's attack unleashed a force that affected the nature of space-time.

Powerful life forms could shatter space in a radius that could cover lightyears and even stop time, with those at Rank 8 giving the illusion of standing above it. Yet, everything still follows the space-time continuum, no matter how powerful they are.

However, Zatiel's Revert Samsara Slash reverted cause and effect and erased the beginning of the spell, a way of temporal manipulation that should not be possible.

That was a power that could never be born in a single super universe. It was something that would only rise from the miraculous fusion of the essence of the Prima Universe and Eldritch Universe.

The might of a Tier 0 Bloodline!

Zatiel used that term to refer to his Alpha-Omega King Samsara Bloodline. As for the lack of the word Law, that was not an accident. Tier 0 Bloodline's nature stood at the Fourth Realm!

Hades appeared by Zatiel's side a moment later, and the duo stared at the dark fog that had almost finished with the entire population of Flay City.

Trillions of Demons, some of them Rank 7 Archdemons that had the might to terrorize Low Worlds, were gone. The voracious dark fog left not a single cell of them.

Once it consumed the last sign of life inside Flay City, other than Zatiel and Hades, the dark fog morphed into eighty-nine nightmarish creatures.

Hades did not hide the disgust and loath he felt as he stared at those deformed monsters, but these could not care less.

Those creatures considered everything other than their existence, even their own kind, as food. Anyone could deduce that these monsters were members of the Depravita Race.

Eighty-six of these Depravita unleashed an aura that placed their existence between the Late and Peak Rank 7. As for the last three, they were Rank 8 life forms!

Once a Depravita's existence surpassed the Prima Universe's laws, not only did their power obtain a massive boost, but their appearance also changed.

One of these monsters was fifty thousand meters tall, with dark armor that only left his skull visible. Its body unleashed a mighty gravitational force and the physical might it seemed capable of releasing was terrific.

Hades was sure that Rank 8 Depravita had the power to face Mordur alone, and the other two were even more terrifying.

That is why other than loath and disgust, the Realm Avatar's eyes contained fear.

Chapter 669 A Godking Never Yields

The other two Rank 8 Depravitas lacked the gargantuan body of their brethren, but their power was even mightier and wicked.

One of them had a skinny body with four arms, skin that resembled black and dead roots. The only similarity with the giant Depravita was its skull-like head.

Its strength did not manifest as an outlandish physical might but instead as a green force equally powerful yet more bizarre than Virtual Force.

That force was so toxic and powerful that even the other Peak Rank 7 Depravitas did not dare to get closer, forming a vacuum around this monster.

Yet, the one with the broadest vacuum and that drew dread even in the other two Rank 8 Depravitas was one made by a four-meter tall creature with blood-red skin and a black force that resembled tattoos on constant movement through its body.

Its physical might seemed more prominent than that of the fifty thousand-meter tall giant, and that black force did not fall second to the green and bizarre power of the other Rank 8 Depravita.

A few seconds after they felt Zatiel's gaze on them, the Rank 7 Depravitas began to kneel on the ground until only those at Rank 8 remained standing. Depravita wished to rebel against their creator to obtain true freedom and immerse the universe in sin and corruption, but none of the Rank 7 dared to put any form of resistance. Zatiel had already engraved the pain of defiance in their minds.

The Neo-Demon focused on the largest Depravita, the one with the gravitational force mightier than a weak Middle World.

"Gula." Zatiel only spoke that word before the giant Rank 8 Depravita bent its knees.

Then, the Neo-Demon turned toward the Depravita that controlled that bizarre green force.

"Envidia."

Just like its brethren, the Depravita kneeled after hearing Zatiel's words.

When Zatiel focused on the last Depravita standing, a sharp light appeared in his eyes.

"Ira."

Unlike the other, the red Rank 8 Depravita did not kneel, and those words only induced a stronger sense of defiance in it.

Zatiel's eyes slowly lost their light as a burning silver fire emerged in them.

Only after seeing that silver fire did a flash of fear appear in Ira's eyes, and it also kneeled.

The Neo-Demon Ancestor stared at the Depravitas, and he could not help but be amazed by the might of the race.

To achieve Rank 8 and stand above the Prima Universe's laws, the Depravita Race followed a similar path to the True Will. They needed to harmonize with a concept of the universe that would embody their essence.

Of course, while the Neo-Demon Race did it with virtuous concepts such as freedom and justice, the Depravita Race followed a completely different path.

The one Zatiel called Gula had harmonized with the Concept of Gluttony. That gave it an incredibly devouring talent, immense physical might, as well as an extraordinary mastery over gravity.

As for the last Rank 8 Depravita, the one with the title Ira, it harmonized with the Concept of Wrath. Its physical power could burst, again and again, growing higher each time. Everything could be used as food for the black force, enhancing its already strong body even more.

Those three were special not just because of their Rank but because they evolved using the toxic eldritch force that could cripple even an Extreme Rank 9 life form as En.

Actually, Ira, Gula, and Envidia were not names but titles. Zatiel did not see the point of naming each Depravita that rose to Rank 8, so he just gave a title to the most powerful ones.

If, in the future, another Depravita harmonized with the Concept of Gluttony and surpassed that fifty thousand meters tall giant, then it would be the new Gula. As for the current Gula, it would once again be a nameless Depravita.

If they were free of his control, there was no doubt in Zatiel's mind that they could have a very good chance of enveloping the entire universe in sin and darkness.

Not only were the Depravitas incredibly difficult to kill, capable of flawlessly possessing other life forms, and developed their cultivation incredibly fast, they constantly evolved and developed new techniques.

En did not send Zatiel into the 33rd Layer of Abyss but the 1st. From there, the Neo-Demon started a massacre that carried on all the way into Flay City.

It took him less than ten years to reach Flay City, but that time was enough to form almost one hundred Rank 7 Depravita.

That dark fog that devoured trillions of Demons was an evolution of their ability to turn intangible in which they would all fuse into a single force. Zatiel called the power Corrupting Mist, and its core was Ira, Gula, and Envidia.

The power of the Corrupting Mist was incredible. Had Zatiel not stopped it from going all out once Mordur fell into it, the Rank 8 Archdemon would not have lasted long.

Zatiel did not allow any of the Rank 8 Depravita inside the Corrupting Mist from actually attacking or devouring any of the Demons, as he could not allow them to grow more powerful yet.

Of course, the Neo-Demon could not keep an eye on the Depravitas while he fought a life and death battle, but luckily he had the A.I. Chip to handle those things.

Now that all the Depravita were kneeling and none of them were putting any form of resistance, Zatiel waved his hand and sent them into the Rex Somniorum Eye.

"Lord, those creatures are too dangerous." Hades' voice was grave. He lived for a long time and saw all kinds of terrors and monsters in his life, but those Depravitas, especially those that already harmonized with an evil concept, made his instincts scream danger.

"Every time our fear stops us from doing something that we know in our souls is the right path, a piece of us is gone. You may not follow the Neo-Demon Path of Cultivation, but you are part of the Neo-Demon Race and, therefore, a future Godking."

Zatiel slightly paused as he turned toward Hades, and his eyes burned with so much silver fire that they seemed capable of illuminating the sky.

"A Godking never yields to fear!"

Chapter 670 Fallen Rank 9 Archdemon

"A Godking never yields to fear!"

As Hades heard those words, he felt that Zatiel had become the mightiest star in the firmament. A heavenly body with a might capable of collapsing suns and providing the world all the light it could ever need.

It was not that Zatiel did not understand how dangerous the Depravita Race was, but he could not allow fear to deprive him of such a powerful weapon, especially as a war would soon arrive.

Hades did not say anything else and limited himself to performing a profound bow. His eyes were unwavering, and he made sure to engrave those words in his mind.

Zatiel nodded as he saw that, and then he and the Realm Avatar began to work together.

The Neo-Demon would create runes using the power of his Origin Essence Wheel. On the other hand, Hades extracted Nine x Nine Black Cage pieces and created new magic matrices.

Zatiel's rune and Hades' magic matrices began to fuse with the broken city, and slowly everything changed. The walls and buildings destroyed during the assault rebuilt themselves, but things did not end there. began to appear once again in Flay City. It was not long before the trillions that perished in the hands of the Corrupting Mist were back.

As more and more runes and magic matrices fused with Flay City, those Demons began to move and behave just like they did before Zatiel and Hades arrived.

Of course, the Neo-Demon did not bring those trillions of Demons back to life. The Depravitas left nothing of them, and not even Zatiel could revive someone when there was nothing left from their Primordial Essence.

Zatiel and Hades were implanting an illusion that would cover the entire Flay City, and that could even trick Rank 8 life forms. The duo did that in every layer they visited after performing a massacre. Had they not, the Rank 9 Archdemon Crisis would have definitely acted.

The name of this rune formation was Silent Death and was a Peak Rank 8 Rune Formation. Zatiel's current Rune Master abilities barely reach that level, but with Hades' help, he was able to achieve it.

Ironically, it took a lot more time to create Silent Death than to defeat Mordur and kill the trillions of Demons inside Flay City.

There was still a problem with Zatiel's plan since the Rank 7 Archdemons killed would return since their souls were still in the layer's origin.

However, even if a Rank 9 life form were to speed up the Archdemons' return, it would take at least one hundred years. By that time, he would have already completed his mission.

Once they finished, Zatiel and Hades teleported into the 34th Layer of Abyss. This one still had the red sky, but the blood rivers had dried up, generating massive canyons.

Zatiel immediately located the greatest city in the layer using the Sky Breakers' information and flew to it with Hades.

The city's name was Hin City, and its leader was a Peak Rank 7 Archdemon. His name was Ork, and he had already formed his Omega Law. That should have allowed him to enter Rank 8, but he could not do it due to the nature of his Path of Power.

Not every layer had a Rank 8 Archdemon guarding it. Only the mightiest could enjoy that status.

For a Demon to become an Archdemon, they need to fuse their True Soul with a layer's origin. While that granted them several advantages, it also came with some drawbacks.

The might of the layers' origin could become a fierce shackle on the Archdemon cultivation, stopping them from advancing higher. Archdemons like Ork, limited by their layer, needed to spend a massive amount of resources on improving the layer's origin or transfer their True Soul to one better.

While the second path was faster, it also carried great danger. Archdemons and Archdevils like to taunt other races about their immortality, but the truth is that they could die very easily at the hands of another member of their kind.

If Ork had sent his True Soul into the 33rd Layer, he would have had the chance to fight against Mordur. The Archdemon would have become a Rank 8 life form in the impossible scenario he would have won.

As for what would have happened to Mordur in that scenario, his soul would have become nutrients for the 33rd Layer's origin.

It did not take long for Zatiel and Hades to reach Hin City. In a few minutes, the Corrupting Mist devoured the trillions of Demons, and Zatiel sealed Ork's True Soul and Inner Universe.

Like with Flay City and the other before it, Zatiel and Hades implanted Silent Death before moving to the next one.

Zatiel and Hades spent twenty-one years going from the 1st Layer into the 64th Layer. It was only then that they stopped their march forward.

The Neo-Demon had already gathered the number of Archdemons necessary for his evolution. Now, he needed to capture Archdevils.

But, before leaving Abyss and heading to Baator, the Neo-Demon had one last place to look into.

Zatiel and Hades headed into the 6th Layer of Abyss. While teleporting multiple layers at a time could be done, there was a chance of alerting Archdemons, so the duo did not take that path.

Instead, Zatiel and Hades flew out of the 64th Layer, crossing the Crystal Wall and leaving Abyss. The duo flew up until they reached the 6th Layer location.

There were some dangers to moving outside Abyss, but Zatiel was not the Supernova Eye of Life and Creation and knew how to hide his presence.

Zatiel and Hades crossed the Crystal Wall but did not enter the 6th Layer of Abyss immediately. They remained in the dimension full of chaotic energy that surrounded each layer.

More than one thousand years ago, Zatiel had given Heinz, Juntu, and Tyrus the mission of finding information about the Great Mother.

The Neo-Demon was certain he found a way into the fallen Rank 9 Archdemon's secret abode.