

## Shadow 1581

### [Chapter 1581 History Of The Rings](#)

Erika immersed herself in contemplation, a silent sentinel guarding the secrets of past, present, and future.

Her role as the Great Oracle transcended the mundane concerns of everyday life.

Her thoughts, veiled in the aura of her divine knowledge, danced through the corridors of fate and destiny.

However, amidst her solemn reflections, an uninvited visitor materialized, a godly presence unbeknownst to the world.

This divine encounter was shrouded in the deepest secrecy, a revelation that, if unveiled, would undoubtedly send shockwaves all over Earth.

The World Government, the Republic and the other world powers would surely be wary of an uninvited visitor from another planet.

Odin after all, is a leader of a different galactic system. But Eriak and Odin both knows that it is not something you blabbed about.

Beyond the temple, below the mountain of that temple, the world spun on, its inhabitants pursuing their own aspirations and endeavours.

Some sought to craft new worlds of their own, each with its unique tapestry of hopes, dreams, and ambitions.

The common people, meanwhile, navigated their lives, focused on the immediate challenges of survival and the promise of a better tomorrow.

For beings like Erika, Loki, and Yewa Hafar, who possessed certain knowledge of the future, their plans is more complicated, layered and the plans is like laying down chess pieces in a chessboard that have so many different rules.

Each one of them is choosing their chess pieces. And putting these chess pieces in places and position where it could be used later.

They recognized that the unfolding of events that will happen is interwoven with countless threads of destiny.

Connected, tangled, disconnect, untangling.

Armed with knowledge that transcended the boundaries of time, they sought to manipulate these threads, steering the course of fate towards outcomes of their choosing.

And while all of these people having their own plots and scheme, Azief, the main focus of all the figures in the dark, is still in his tree house.

In his tranquil treehouse nestled amidst the embrace of nature, Azief remained engrossed in the contemplation of the ring.

"So, it is this kind of thing. It would not make sense until this crystal appear" he thought

And this left him with a bad taste in his mouth

His gaze fixated on the faint scratches etched into the ring surface

And he shakes his head, a smile that does not look like a smile carved on the corner of his mouth

"Could it be.....this is the word? Hope?"

Then he took each and every ring and line it up to make sure it spells Hope in Ethernian.

"Xarapanial"

"Hope"

He mutters in Ethernian and he could feel something. Like a resonance of something

"Could it be this is the key?"

He thought to himself

Azief history with these ten rings is very complicated.

Azief examined the ten rings before him.

These rings had been with him through countless trials and tribulations, each a testament to his journey and his ascent to power.

Yet, in this moment of revelation, he couldn't help but feel a profound sense of unease.

The rings were not just ordinary artifacts; they were Ethernian in nature.

The realization sent shivers down Azief spine, for Ethernian artifacts were often tied to destiny and fate.

He felt it this the most. Even though he is not sure yet, he is convinced that this ring must have some kind of destiny and fate tied with the Ethernian

They carried an otherworldly resonance, as if the very fabric of the universe had a plan for them.

As he traced the intricate engravings on the rings, memories resurfaced—memories of battles fought, alliances forged, and sacrifices made.

It was as if he had been a pawn in a cosmic game, manipulated by forces beyond his comprehension.

And now, he grappled with the unsettling thought that his entire journey had been orchestrated, that every triumph and setback had been part of a grand design.

It is a realization that challenged his sense of agency and free will.

Azief has always been a man of action, forging his own path and defying the odds. The idea that his destiny had been scripted by unseen hands felt abhorrent to him.

He wanted to be the master of his fate, not a puppet dancing to someone else's tune.

But the truth of the rings' origin and their connection to Ethernian weighed heavily on him. He knew that he couldn't ignore this revelation.

he does not like it.

Maybe, if his fate and destiny is like Arial in that vision the Creator shows him, it would not be something that he would struggle so much.

Arial become the vessel of the Creator and he is basically the Creator right now. I think you should take a look at

Azief thoughts swirled like a tempest within his mind.

The weight of his impending destiny pressed upon him, and he couldn't help but wonder if the rings, despite the trials he endured to obtain them, were merely stepping stones laid out by a higher power.

with the revelation of their Ethernian nature, these rings become symbols of a fate he had yet to fully comprehend.

He clenched his fists, his knuckles whitening with the force of his emotions.

The future he had glimpsed was not one he desired, but it was a future that seemed inexorably tied to these rings and the mysterious forces behind them.

Azief had seen his future. The possibility of what will happen to him. And it is not something good

So, he would rather fight destiny and fate. He look at the ten rings and said to himself

"The journey to gain these rings was not easy," he mused, his voice filled with frustration. "But if they are nothing more than tools of destiny, if my actions have been guided by a higher hand, then what have I truly achieved?"

Azief knew that he couldn't simply accept this revelation passively.

He had always been a fighter, and this revelation presented him with the greatest battle of his life—the battle against fate itself.

He called it Eternal rings.

Ten Rings that once ruled the Universe.

Eternal Rings that will not be smelted with the Thunder of Retribution. Calling upon the Ancient magic, ruling all creations.

The way he got this ring was when he was trapped in the Seres world

That is the beginning of cause and effect of him and the Seresian world

The Seresian world, a place that Azief had ventured into during his adventure, was like a realm of nightmares brought to life.

Its very existence defied the natural order, and its inhabitants were creatures that seemed to have leapt from the darkest corners of folklore and mythology.

These were beings with twisted forms, horns, and features reminiscent of demons as they were often depicted in Earth's many cultures.

Azief life in the Seresian world had been harrowing.

He had been thrust into a realm where the rules of reality had been distorted, and every step he took was fraught with peril.

The denizens of this world were not mere figments of imagination but living entities, each more nightmarish than the last.

It was within this nightmarish realm that Azief had found one of the ten rings—a ring that was both a source of power and an enigma. The acquisition of this ring had marked the beginning of a complex interplay of cause and effect, one that intertwined his destiny with that of the Seresian world.

While he might have been considered the strongest in his own realm, his status as an Energy Disperse stage leveler held little weight in this nightmarish domain.

The Seresian world was ruled by formidable entities, Asura-like beings whose power far surpassed anything Azief had encountered on Earth.

Each of these beings wielded an authority and strength that was unparalleled, making them the undisputed rulers of their realm.

Azief had entered this world as a relative newcomer, armed with determination but lacking the immense power that the Seresian inhabitants possessed.

In a world where having achieved the Energy Disperse stage was barely noteworthy, he had found himself facing challenges and adversaries of staggering might.

The Seresian world presented a stark departure from the natural order familiar to Azief.

In this realm, the sun itself shone with an eerie blue light, casting a surreal glow across the landscape during the day.

The skies were bathed in this otherworldly hue, creating an atmosphere that felt alien and unsettling.

But it was during the night that the true transformation of this world became apparent.

When darkness fell, the moon would rise, but it bore no resemblance to the gentle, silvery orb seen on Earth.

Instead, the moon in the Seresian world is a deep, blood-red, casting an ominous and foreboding atmosphere over the land.

Within this nightmarish realm, Azief had embarked on a perilous adventure.

Disguised as a slave, he had infiltrated a group led by Seresian Demonic Princes, formidable beings who held authority in the Seresian hierarchy.

Their destination was an ancient ruin, a place of mystery and danger guarded by a Rakshasa, a formidable malevolent entity known for its cunning and power.

Of course, when he first follow these people, it is not because he knows that he would get the ring  
Instead, it was more like a gamble.

He wanted to find a treasure and as a slave at that time, he really did not have a choice.

As he ventured deeper into the heart of the ruin, Azief had encountered a series of challenges, each more treacherous than the last.

His wits, resourcefulness, and growing mastery of his own abilities had been put to the test as he navigated the intricate traps

The most challenging was to show himself as weak and made these demons also believe that he have no way of fighting them.

And not to arouse suspicion.

### **Chapter 1582 Cause and Effect**

The one that he followed at that time is the Demonic Prince of the 30th Level of Cold Hell

There is many demonic beings that enter that ancient ruin to fight for treasures and opportunity.

And when so many demonic beings gathered in one place, with only a few resources, it is inevitable that a clash would happen and just like he had expected, the battle started and Azief hide himself.

In the heart of the ancient ruin, an apocalyptic battle of epic proportions erupted.

It was as if the very foundations of the world quaked in response to the violent clashes and unrestrained use of otherworldly power.

Demonic beings from across the Seresian realm had converged in this treacherous labyrinth of forgotten secrets, driven by their insatiable greed and hunger for power.

The ancient halls of this ancient ruins echoed with blood-curdling roars, and the air itself seemed to vibrate with the malevolence that hung thick like a shroud.

Arcane energies clashed and coalesced, giving rise to colossal explosions of supernatural might.

The ground trembled beneath the ferocity of the battle, and the very stones seemed to weep in anguish.

Amidst this chaotic maelstrom of power, Azief watched with awe as a demonic king, an immense titan of three hundred feet, made its awe-inspiring entrance.

The sheer scale of its malevolent presence sent shockwaves throughout the battlefield.

With every step it took, the ground quaked, and lesser demons were cast aside like leaves in a storm.

This demonic titan was a force of nature, a living cataclysm.

Its colossal form was wreathed in swirling shadows and ominous energies, and its eyes burned with a baleful light.

With a swing of its gargantuan weapon, entire sections of the ruin crumbled to dust, sending plumes of debris and stone into the air.

The battle raged on, earth-shattering clashes reverberating through the ancient ruin.

Supernatural flames seared the very air, and titanic fists met with explosive impacts that could shatter mountains.

Spells of darkness and despair rent the sky, creating rifts in reality itself.

Azief, though hidden from view, felt the intensity of the battle in his bones.

It was a relentless, heaven-shaking conflict, where he first saw the threat of such existence. It was at that moment, that Azief step on the wider world and yearn even more for power and strength.

The demonic beings fought with a primal ferocity, their fierceness and brutality could not help but leave some trace of it in Azief heart.

And he saw how the Demon King able to fight so many people.

The power of the ten rings adorning the Demon King's fingers was a sight to behold. As the battle raged on, he wielded these formidable artifacts with masterful use, and the unleashed might was nothing short of cataclysmic.

Each ring contained boundless energy, and in the hands of a being of such staggering power, the rings true potential was unleashed.

With a single gesture, the Demon King cleaved the land in half using only his hand, rending it asunder and giving birth to a new continent in the Seresian world.

The very sky above was torn open, revealing the glittering expanse of stars that stretched out into the endless void of the universe.

Clouds dispersed into the finest particles, invisible to the naked eye, as the very fabric of reality quivered in response to the unleashed power.

The cataclysmic effects of this battle reverberated through the Seresian realm, affecting heaven and earth alike.

It was as if the very foundations of creation were being tested, and the world itself bore witness to the devastating forces at play.

The clash of the Demon King and the Demon Princes created shockwaves that rippled through dimensions, leaving scars upon the very fabric of the universe.

Amidst this awe-inspiring spectacle, Azief recognized the potency of the ten rings. They were not mere trinkets; they were the keys to unlocking god-like power.

That is when he has desire to obtain that ring

Because of that cleaving attack by the Demon King, the moon, once a serene and luminous presence in the Seresian sky, was sundered in two.

A colossal force had rent it asunder, casting half of it into oblivion while the other half hung in eerie isolation.

The night was forever changed, as the moon's gentle light was replaced by the stark division between light and shadow.

A magnificent Heaven Palace was brought crashing down from the heavens.

It plummeted like a celestial hammer, obliterating everything in its path.

The impact was cataclysmic, annihilating a mortal empire and all its inhabitants in one fell swoop.

It was a devastating sight

In the depths of the Cold Hell, a realm of eternal ice and torment, fiery strikes rained down with unrelenting fury.

The ice that had imprisoned countless souls for eons began to melt and crack, releasing its captives from their frozen torment.

The refined souls within that frigid domain were not spared, as they were engulfed in the searing heat, their agonized cries echoing through the hellish landscape.

The battlefield itself bore witness to the aftermath of this earth-shattering clash.

The ground was scarred and torn, as if the very world had wept at the devastation.

The heavens themselves seemed wounded, as dark clouds gathered ominously, and the very air crackled with residual energy.

It was a battle of unprecedented scale, where the clash of titanic forces reshaped the Seresian world itself.

Amidst the cataclysmic battle of the titans, Azief fought not as a conqueror, but as a survivor.

He was but a tiny speck in the midst of unimaginable forces clashing, a sailor on a tempestuous sea, desperately clinging to life's fragile thread.

Each moment was a dance with death, as close calls and near misses became his constant companions.

He could feel the shockwaves of power reverberate through his very being, threatening to tear him apart or cast him adrift to unknown lands.

In the chaotic maelstrom of energy and destruction, he struggled to find his footing, both physically and figuratively.

There were moments when he was blown away by the aftershocks of titanic clashes, his body tumbling through the air like a discarded doll.

In those disorienting moments, he glimpsed foreign lands and unfamiliar landscapes before gravity yanked him back into the heart of the battle.

Survival was a relentless pursuit, and Azief fought not only against the formidable adversaries on the battlefield but also against the very world itself.

The energy fluctuations that surged through the environment threatened to consume him, to unravel his existence.

Yet, with a determination born of desperation and a relentless will to overcome and to live, Azief persevered.

He rushed back into the heart of the battle, even as chaos raged around him.

Near the end, the survivor is The Demonic Prince of the 78th Level of Fiery hell. And he manages to kill the Demonic King only after he banded together with the other Demonic Princes and Counts.

About a trillion of Demonic Prince and Hell Judges dies under the Demonic King hands that day.

At the time, the Demonic Prince of the 78th level of Fiery Hell was already weakened so much that his aura was almost like normal mortal.

Azief couldn't forget the triumphant scene as the Demonic Prince, his body battered and torn, grasped the rings.

With a triumphant, blood-streaked grin, the prince severed the colossal finger that bore the rings, an appendage as vast as a mountain.

The ten rings, each a harbinger of cataclysmic power, seemed to respond to the touch of their new master.

They shimmered with an eerie light, then adjusted their size to fit the finger of the Demonic Prince.

They no longer retained their monstrous dimensions but instead conformed to the proportions of their new wielder.

The prince's left arm was gone, his body grievously wounded, and his garments stained with blood.

But none of that mattered in the face of the overwhelming victory he had achieved. He clutched the rings with a mix of disbelief and euphoria

Azief, having concealed his presence and healed himself during the chaotic battle, emerged from his hiding spot.

At that time he was brimming with energy, his injuries having mended, and he appeared as though he had not been part of the fierce battle that had just transpired.

Without hesitation, he lunged at the Demonic Prince, who had just claimed the ten rings. Although it may appear straightforward, the ease with which Azief dispatched the prince

was a direct result of the prince's own depleted condition.



The relentless combat had drained the Demonic Prince of his vital energies, leaving him teetering on the brink of death.

Azief strike was swift and deadly.

With a single fluid motion, he decapitated the Demonic Prince, ending the brief but cataclysmic reign of the ring-bearer.

In the ruthless theatre of life and death, there is no room for the hypothetical "if."

Azief had comprehended this harsh truth with every heartbeat, every breath, and every calculated strike during that fateful battle in the Seresian world.

Had time and circumstances been different, the Demonic Prince might have had a chance to recover, to mend his broken form, and with the Ten Rings in his possession, ascend to the exalted rank of Demonic King in the Seresian world.

But in the crucible of combat, there were no second chances, no ifs or maybes.

There was only the cold, unyielding reality of life and death, where victory belonged to the swift, the decisive, and the relentless.

He was weak and Azief took advantage of that and grabs the Ten rings

Since then, the Ten Eternal Rings belongs to him

Azief sighed. He could not help but reminisce about that past.

"At that time, cause and effect is formed. I was too na?ve at that time"

### **Chapter 1583 An Explosion**

Azief remembers that after going out of that world, he swore to himself that he would never tries to open a portal to go to that world again

His experience in that world is full of dangers. There were many times when he was there, that he had almost die.

Life and death struggle is almost every day.

If not because he was patient with the torture he endured when he became a slave and bided his time wisely, he might not have such good luck.

At that time, he did not possess the knowledge that he possesses now. Now, he knows. Cause and effect.....how hard it is to be free from this kind of matter

When he travels through time with his sworn brother, they race each other and the speed and momentum they created was so strong it pierces through the time-space barrier.

And in that moment, the Multiversal Convergence starts. Countless of world suddenly superimposed each other and portals to other worlds and other dimension opens.

And cause and effect that have been sown in the past blooms.

And the Seresian world that Azief had forgotten once again appears. In the Multiversal Convergence, Azief had to fight the Demon King because the Demon King wanted his ring

And then Katarina get kidnapped and he had to go to the Seresian world

This is the completion of the cause and effect. So, right now, seeing these rings, he could not help but feel all kinds of emotion

"But, I also feel that my breakthrough would be related to this ring" he could not help but chuckle when he thinks of this

Ring of Creation Songs, Ring of Forbidden Words, Ring of Great Summoning, Ring of All Elements, Ring of Grand Formation, Ring of Ultimate Sealing, Ring of Eternal Darkness, Ring of Perfect Symbols, Ring of Ancients, Ring of Runic Creation.

Ten rings

Each of this Rings possess earth shaking, heaven rendering, world shattering, and universe vanquishing abilities.

And as the years goes by, more and more abilities of this ring is revealed to him. When he first got these rings, he could not do much.

Because each time he activated these rings, the amount of energy that it absorbed from him to use this ring is high.

But now, he is already at Divine Comprehension realm and his energy felt limitless and there are more of the ability of the rings that he could use.

Ironically enough, now that he has such strength, there is rarely an enemy that would provoke him.

Unless he goes to other worlds and challenge those who are more powerful than him. But on earth, there is no need to worry that someone would be able to challenge him

These ten rings, With one word, reality changes. With one Song, thousands still, dying without knowing.

With one waves of hands, soul fly out, refined into energy.

With one symbol, restrict all beings. With a formation, all souls were trapped, gods and ghost could not escape.

With one finger pointing towards the skies, Heaven will be sealed.

With one drop of Blood, Summoning Demonic God from the Dark Abyss.

With one stomp, quake the world, invoking all of the elements.

Ancient Magic swirls all over, reigning supreme all over the Universe without rival.

With Ten Rings, Becoming peerless all throughout the Universe.

That is the true power of the rings. He believes it to be true. Because he had seen what the ring could do. And he is quite sure, if he rise to a level that is beyond the Demon King, he could use the rings to surpass that

But with revelations of certain facts, he believe that this ring is more than just an artifact of power.

So, he could not help but look at the ring and sigh

"I never thought that it had such secret" he mutters to himself. Right now, he is still in the treehouse.

But his mind had wanders to all those years ago.

And now, he looks again at the ring and he could not help but be surprised to see the word that form after organizing the scratches he saw on the ring in his mind

"Hope" he mutters.

Like a whisper in the wind but this whisper seems to have a life of its own. And Azief sighed? again

He felt complicated.

He felt cheated. He felt all kinds of things right now.

He lines the ring up and then blue aura seems to rise and ebbs and flows out from the ring, like a wave of the sea, rising and falling

The rings, began to stir as if awakened by some kind of intent.

They rotated gently, emitting a soft, resonant hum that echoed through the stillness of the night.

Azief watched with a mixture of awe and trepidation as the rings moved of their own accord.

It was as if they possessed a sentience of their own, responding to his unspoken desire.

"What is this?" he looks around but he could see no one.

"No way!" he blurted out

A blue aura began to ooze out of the rings

The blue aura that radiated from them pulsed in harmony with the rhythm of his heartbeat.

With each rotation and hum, Azief felt a surge of energy coursing through him.

It was a sensation unlike any other, a merging of his consciousness with the profound power contained within the rings. For a second it was as if he had become a conductor of cosmic forces, orchestrating the symphony of his own destiny.

Azief eyes could not help but narrow

"temptation" he mutters

The more he felt like this, the more he cut this feeling away. Fear fills his heart.

"temptation" he mutters again.

Ttak!

Ttak!

"What the hell?"

As Azief instincts screamed at him, he knew that this was no ordinary moment. Whatever imminent danger lurked on the horizon required the full extent of his power, unshackled and unbridled.

"Unlock seal!"

With a focused thought, he willed the seals that had restrained his energy to shatter.

It is a sensation like breaking free from invisible chains, a surge of raw, uncontrollable power coursing through his veins.

His aura expanded rapidly, radiating a palpable presence that seemed to stretch beyond the confines of his treehouse.

The forest is now charged with an electrifying energy, powerful gust seems to appear out of nowhere and even the creatures of the night seemed to sense the shift in the world.

Boom!

In a thunderous explosion of energy, the once-tranquil forest was rocked to its core. "

"Just at the right moment!" he shouted, his words carrying the weight of his unleashed might.

The towering tree and his treehouse disintegrated under the immense force, reduced to splinters that scattered like ashes and before it could fall down to the ground, it was swept away by the sudden force of the wind.

Azief, now suspended in the air, radiated a dark crimson aura that surged into the heavens, a living tempest that reshaped the very sky itself.

His energy, now unshackled and unbound, spread like a tsunami in all directions, touching every corner of the once-silent forest.

The trees surrounding the treehouse is now reduced to flattened remnants, and some are even disintegrated into the smallest atomic particles when Azief unleashes his might.

The very ground shook as if in terror, forming a massive, ten-foot-deep crater.

Nearby rivers saw their waters evaporate into wisps of gas.

The sky is streaked with brilliant blue lines, due to the immense discharge of energy from the ten rings.

But, even though the dust did not yet settle, Azief unwavering gaze remained fixed on the hovering rings.

Their ethereal forms now radiated an even more potent and crystalline aura, pulsing with newfound might.

It was as if the rings themselves were reacting to the unlocking of his energy

"What?"

As Azief observed, a peculiar transformation is underway with the rings.

They began to draw closer to one another, as if magnetic forces is pulling them into alignment.

Azief extended his hand, intending to summon the glowing blue crystal toward himself.

However, to his bewilderment, the crystal remained in place, hovering near the rings, unaffected by his telekinetic gesture.

'Something is really wrong' he thought to himself

This unexpected turn of events only intensified his curiosity, and he narrowed his eyes in contemplation, unsure of what this development might signify.

He did not know what is about to happen but he quickly spreads his divine sense.

In the distance, he could sense that Sasha is flying with a few of her other subordinates.

All of them are rushing towards his area.

Even though Azief is in seclusion, and even though he had secretly erased his trace of existence, he had notified Sasha of his place of seclusion.

Now, with the sudden burst of his energy, Sasha must have thought something went wrong. And that is why she is rushing towards him.

Azief Divine Sense expanded and then Sasha who is still flying in high speed in the air suddenly stopped.

He send a warning

"Do not come!" And at the same time, he send an order.

The moment he sent that warning Azief no longer pays attention to Sasha as he looks back at the rings

Because right now, he had no time to pay attention to anything else

"What are you doing?" he mutters as he look at the floating rings in the distance.

#### [Chapter 1584 A Roar](#)

Sasha's heart raced with nervousness and anxiety as she propelled herself through the skies at lightning speed.

"Shit!"

She couldn't help but curse inwardly at the slower speeds that had become the norm since the Multiversal Convergence.

In this post-convergence world, teleportation and the physical speed of individuals had notably decreased.

As she dashed through the clouds, Sasha primary concern is Azief safety.

Something about the sudden eruption of energy from his location has set off alarm bells in her mind.

Her only wish at this moment was to teleport herself instantly to the source of the energy surge and ensure that Azief is alright.

The urgency in her movements mirrored the unease that gnawed at her.

She gritted her teeth

"What did Azief do?" she thought to herself.

Even though Sasha did not pay attention to the forest, that is just lip service she gave to Azief.

She still remembers the orders that Azief had given her before he went into seclusion inside that forest

"Don't pay attention to what is happening to the forest until he called her"

Azief might have said those words, don't pay attention to the forest even if there is something dangerous happening to him.

But could Sasha ignore such a thing?

She sigh in her heart

Azief had been transparent with Sasha about his decision to seal his own energy.

He had explained to her that during this period of seclusion, he wouldn't be able to defend himself against the forest's beasts and monsters.

Sasha, upon hearing this, naturally wanted to dissuade him from such a dangerous course of action.

But she knew Azief well enough to understand that once he set his mind on something, there was little that could sway him.

Sasha recognized the reason behind Azief extreme choice.

He was determined to test his limits and immerse himself in the experience of being mortal, even if it meant putting himself in harm's way.

Azief had explicitly ordered Sasha not to pay too much attention to the forest during his period of seclusion.

Sasha is loyal. But not stupid. If she truly only loyal, then Azief would not have given so much trust toward her.

If there was any danger to Azief, and Death Monarch met his demise in the forest despite her knowing the risks, Sasha was acutely aware of the dire consequences.

Not only would her own life be in jeopardy, but it would also have far-reaching consequences for the world.

If Death Monarch dies even when she knows the danger, Sasha knows, the Ice Queen, the Divine Archer, Azief four great generals, Loki and Death Monarch friends would all hold her to account

As for the world?

The death of Death Monarch would lead to unprecedented instability, and the world might plunge into turmoil as various powers vied for supremacy in his absence.

"Azief does not know how much his life is worth" Sasha thought to herself.

Azief had previously lived as a lone individual, where his life and death had little impact on the world.

However, the circumstances had drastically changed.

Now, his life held immense significance, and even the mere rumor of his death could send shockwaves throughout the world.

The consequences of his demise would be far-reaching and catastrophic, capable of shattering the established order and plunging the world into chaos.

So, how could Sasha not feel anxious. How could she not feel fearful? If Azief died.....she did not even want to imagine the kind of chaos that it would create

Sasha's anxiety and fear is entirely justified.

The world has become dependent on Azief presence, and any disturbance in that equilibrium could lead to catastrophic consequences.

As she raced towards the forest, she couldn't help but feel a sense of urgency and dread.

The radar had detected an unprecedented surge of energy, one that could potentially disrupt the very fabric of reality, time, and space.

Such a phenomenon had never been recorded before....other than during the Multiversal Convergences and it is imperative that she reach Azief as quickly as possible to assess the situation and ensure his safety.

Sasha's voice carried a sense of urgency as she yelled to her agents, "I saw the forest! Quick!"

She streaked through the sky like a comet, her determination evident in every step, that crush space and create gust of sharp winds

But as she approached the forest, an invisible force surged past her, and she reacted with lightning speed.

BOOM!

With a powerful kick and a sudden shift in the air, she came to an abrupt stop, causing a sonic boom that echoed through the skies.

Now hovering in the air, she scanned the forest in the distance, her expression unreadable.

She seems to be shocked. Then she gritted her teeth and she sighed.

She look at the distance, saw a blue light that seems more like a haze of energy discharge and she wanted to step forward but she held it back.

And she sighed again

It is clear that she did not want to stop.

But she stops nonetheless.

"Why stop? One of Sasha agent asked her as she suddenly stopped flying

"There is no need for it now"

She looks at the distance, look at that pillar of blue light that is disappearing, then she looks behind her and with solemn expression

"Activate the Heaven Suppressing Formation!" Hearing this, the other agents on the sky narrowed their eyes

"The order?"

"Came directly from Death Monarch" Sasha answer

And the agent could not help but look at the distance, look at the sky turning red in that forest and nodded

These agents usually would listen to Sasha orders without any question.

But the Heaven Suppressing Formation authorization could only be given by Death Monarch.

If they employ the Heaven Suppressing Formation and the order did not come directly from Death Monarch, it would not be surprising if they would be dead tomorrow.

"Now, we leave"

And as fast as they came to the forest, they leave as fast as possible.

Upon her arrival at the Central Palace, Sasha wasted no time.

She entered the grand throne room, where an intricately crafted sceptre awaited her touch. Gripping it firmly, she raised it high above her head.

As Sasha channelled her energy into the scepter, a dazzling golden light burst forth, shooting up into the heavens above.

This radiant beam seemed to pierce through the very fabric of the sky, creating an awe-inspiring display that could be seen from all corners of Pandemonium.

The golden light gradually began to take shape, forming an intricate net-like apparition that expanded across the skies.

Its shimmering, ethereal threads crisscrossed one another, casting a protective web over the entire realm of Pandemonium.

A powerful pressure surged and the Heavenly Will above is suppressed and monsters and beast all over Pandemonium territory cowers in fear



Sina was cutting the leaves on her bonsai trees in her residence near a hill of flowers

But then she felt a menacing energy covering the Heavens and so she look up.

She look at the sky and she frown.

She narrows her eyes and her eyes seems to shine with variety of colours and as she look again at the sky, the sky seems to be clearer and she could see things she did not see before

A golden net covering the whole sky.

She shakes her head

"Azief?" she seems to be asking

"Heaven Suppressing Formation?"

At the same time, the four great generals of Pandemonium, all in their palaces in the four corners of Pandemonium also look up at the sky and they frowned.

The Palace Keeper, the officials, the people, the generals and kings and Queens all over Pandemonium, look up at the sky and their heart trembles.

The Heaven Suppressing Formation is suddenly out! Then what is the problem?

Why should such formation being used?

And right now, of all times?

Did something happen?

The moment the formation was used, it is clear that it send a kind of signal to all the people in Pandemonium that something has happened.

The common people run back to their house and prepare for anything. And the same for all of the people of Pandemonium

It was like they are preparing for a war

...

Sasha retreated and Azief is still there in the forest, floating in the air.

He seems to be looking at the ring, waiting for something to happen.

And then he began hearing a sound.

Like a whisper.

Like a scream.

Like a word, like a song

It is all of this, and it is more. Hard to describe, hard to explain.

These voices seems to be far away and yet near. It seems like it gathered and create momentum.

Then a roar echoes but the roar is not loud. It was like the sound of the roar itself was muffled by some force.

And he had a feeling of wanting to roar with that sound. He could feel a certain feeling from that roar.

And so, he closes his eyes and focus on the sound and only on that sound. At first, the sound of the forest fades away.

The sound of the leaves blowing , the sound of the animals , the sound of the stream of water all of it seems to fades away to the background.

And the sound of that roar being brought to the forefront

He focus even more and the more he focus, the more he feels.

"Unwilling" he mutters. That is the first feeling he felt from the sound of that roar. An unwillingness that seems to be vented to something, someone.

ROAR!

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#### [Chapter 1585 An Old Dream](#)

ROARS!

The roars echoes again, this time a bit louder, a bit clearer. And so, the feeling become even more clear.

"Anger"

"Come.....See.....Fate...Destiny" the word seems to be spoke in other languages but when the words come to his ears he translated it almost immediately like he had spoken these words for a long time.

"One.....Ten...Forge....." Azief eyebrows frowned as he tilted his head.

A voice seem to be coming from afar, telling words he never heard and could not understand

"Call of the Void" he thought to himself.

Is this the Call of the Void, one of the skills he got before?

But, if this is a call from the Void, from which Void did this word came from? And more importantly, who is the one that is speaking.

And why to him?

Or is it to anyone who has these rings could hear these voices?

Or is it because of him, that he could hear it?

The more he listens, the more he felt the feelings of that being who roars in his ears

He feels unwilling, he feels anger, he feels sad like he had lost everything. This sadness seems to covers his entire being, drowning him in a sea of bitterness.

"bitter" that's the word he wanted to use.

There was anger, yes.

There was unwillingness. That is also true.

But the feeling that is most prominent is not those feeling. But a feeling of bitterness that could not be hidden.

A bitterness that seems to take away all the sweetness of life and drain it all way.

A bitterness that seep deep into one soul

Whose roars is this? And why does when the word spell hope, all he could feel is this feeling of bitterness mixed with hopelessness.

And then he shakes his head, like he is releasing himself from some kind of spell.

And then he opens his eyes and he could see that there is only one ring, floating in front of him.

"It merge" he mutters

"Forge..." A wind blows and it felt like a word form, and the word echoes and his ears hears.

"Forge" he mutters, like the word answers his question

And on this ring, on the face of the ring, there is that word.

Hope.

And a blue light seems to envelops him. And he heard words again

"Qualified"

And a voice echo

"The One?"

"The Only One"

Another voice seems to answer and before Azief could try to do anything, he felt himself being sucked into something and a light covers his entire being and his Divine Sense, his energy were all locked and sealed complete and suddenly there is this feeling like he had been disintegrated and all that is left is nothingness

And he disappeared

Like he had never existed.

....

In the vast cosmic space, amidst the glittering stars and swirling nebulae, there existed a broken Star.

This celestial anomaly is unlike any other, for it possessed qualities that defied the conventional laws of the universe.

This broken star was akin to a colossal, jagged vessel sailing through the cosmic seas.

Its immense, irregularly shaped frame stretched for miles on end, appearing as though it had been hewn from a gargantuan asteroid or a fragment of a shattered planet.

Its surface was rugged and pockmarked with craters, a sight of the eons of cosmic battles it had weathered.

The star surface is sometimes bathed in an otherworldly, azure luminescence, casting an eerie, ethereal glow across the expanse of space.

This spectral radiance seemed to emanate from deep within its core, where arcane energies swirled and danced, creating mesmerizing patterns that pulsed with an almost hypnotic allure.

As the broken star traversed the cosmos, it will leave a trail of sparkling stardust in its wake, like a comet streaking across the night sky.

It moved with an uncanny grace, navigating through dimensions and galaxy systems as effortlessly as a shuttle traveling at light speed.

Some ancient beings know this broken star by another name Interium. A star filled with warriors, vagrants, vagabonds and wanderer of the cosmos.

And standing on its helm of this broken star is that mysterious figure known as Wargod,

To many beings, Wargod is a cosmic wanderer with unparalleled mastery over the celestial currents.

He had always commanded this fractured titan of the cosmos with an air of authority, guiding it through the boundless realms of existence

No one knows why he lives in such a way but to some ancient being they know why Wargod live in such a way.

He is running. And some knows that he is running but do not know who he is running from.

As to those who knows who he is running from, these are the same ancient being in the same generation as he is.

Today, Wargod does not sit on his throne and goes to his Colosseums. Instead, he is inside his chamber.

He is sleeping.

And he rarely sleeps.

And when he sleeps, he dreams. And when he dreams, he feel sad. He feels angry. He feel bitter. And he feels hopeless.

And so, he rarely sleeps.

But today he sleeps. And he sleeps like he had never sleep before. Beings like Wargod do not have to sleep.

However, that depends of the circumstances.

Because sleep for mortals and sleep for godly beings are different. Mortals sleeps to gain energy, clear their mind, organize their memories and their thoughts.

And gods are also like that but most of the time, when they sleep, it means they are low on energy and needed to recharge.

There is many myths, across many worlds and many dimension and realities about gods on slumber.

They sleep and they take a nap.

There is tales of folklore of Dreaming Creator. In some myths, it is believed that the universe itself is the dream of a slumbering deity.

This god, often referred to as the Dreamer, sleeps in a cosmic chamber, and every dream creates a new world or dimension.

When the Dreamer awakens, it signifies the end of that universe's existence.

There is also the kind of myth where gods and divine beings slumber to gather their strength for a future cosmic battle.

It is said that when these deities awaken, they will bring about great changes in the universe, either to restore balance or to unleash cataclysmic events.

And then there is the kind of tales like of a Dreaming Universe

Some myths posit that gods dream the worlds into existence.

Every night, as they sleep, they dream of a new world, its inhabitants, and its history.

When they awaken, these worlds are born into reality.

Then there is the stories about Sleeping Guardians

In this kind of myths gods are believed to take a prolonged slumber to protect the world from their immense powers.

During their sleep, they act as silent guardians, ensuring that their influence does not disrupt the lives of mortals.

Only in times of dire need do they awaken to intervene. And then there is stories and folklores of gods that dreams eternally

The kind of god which is called the Eternal Dreamers

In these myths, gods are said to dream eternally, continuously creating and experiencing new worlds within their dreams.

They are caught in an unending cycle of creation, destruction, and renewal, with no true awakening or closure.

Why would there be so many myths of gods and divine beings taking to sleep?

Consciousness of divinity marks mortals.

Just like Sun Wukong create a mark in the mind of mortals in some world, just like the stories of Olympus and Asgard became myths on many worlds, projecting some kind of Divine Stamp on the consciousness of mortals, the myths of divine beings taking a sleep, also came from a grain of truth

Today, Wargod sleeps.

Because the Temple in his star seems to have send him a vision, a whisper, a song

And so, he sleeps.

And in his sleep.

He remembers an ancient memory.

A very ancient one.

It is a happy memory.

A memory that is filled with colours.

For millions of years since he was born, life begins with colour and then as the years goes by and the loneliness of the cosmos had taught him, the colours disappear and the world seem grey and bleak.

And then it is filled with colours and he learns happiness.

Just like the others, though, it is ironic that the only reason why it was so filled with colour, that the reasons why they feel happiness is because they learned what it feel like....to feel sadness

They appreciate each other because they could lose somebody. They appreciate life because at that time, they could finally die

Sun dawning over the horizon look so much beautiful when you know it will end.

The night came and replace the day and it is beautiful because one day, these alternating beauty of night and day would end.

Because only because it ends, it has meaning

And so, emotions are strong because people do not want to lose this beauty. It is the sense of loss that makes everything so beautiful

It is the impermanence of everything that infinitely elevated every single common beauty to a transcended beauty.

That only in tragic moment that the most pure and beautiful happiness could be found by overcoming that darkness of those tragic moments.

And so, the dreams fills him with all kinds of feelings. He heard the whispers, the song and the voices that came from the void

And for him, dreams like this...is a rare dream.

Like a dream that is guided.

And Wargod knows who guides his dream and he allows the dreams to be guided

And then he saw a light and he knew he had to woke up. And he opens his eyes and he felt the energy.

An ancient energy erupted.

An energy only a few could trace. An energy force that only few still remembers.

"Old friends" he mutters

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#### [Chapter 1586 A Blinding Light](#)

With a resolute purpose, Wargod gracefully emerged from his celestial chambers and fly outside of Interium

But he anchor himself to the speed of Interium. And the star slowly slow itself down and Wargod is now floating the vastness of space.

The stars and planets that once appeared monumental were now reduced to mere pinpricks of light as he expanded his divine form.

he opened his eyes, and the radiance of his eyes surpassed anything the cosmos had ever witnessed.

His irises blazed with a brilliant, otherworldly blue that transcended mortal comprehension, casting an ethereal glow that painted the heavens themselves.

And then his gaze descended upon a distant blue jewel within the tapestry of the cosmos—Earth.

Its vibrant, cerulean hues stood out amidst the inky void, an emblem of life's tenacity and the dance of destiny on its surface.

As he observed this distant world, Wargod thoughts transcended time and space.

The Earth, beckoned to him like a siren call. Because of that mortal

But a pressure began to envelops him from all direction. And he chuckles

And he mutters

"Still?" A question

"Still!" A word of anger.

"Still" And he sighed.

All kinds of emotions is contained. Three times he repeated a word. But each time, the words held different kind of meaning.

Each time, there is a certain emotion

First, a question.

A gentle tone.

Like an old friend asking.

And then, anger.

Like he had an ax to grind

The third time, anger.

To whose these words are given.

Why does this word sound so heartrending?

The moment he went out of his broken star, he could feel a gaze on him

And this gaze is not friendly.

Oh, not at all friendly.

A kind of feeling of death, of destruction envelops him. He could feel that gaze. And he knows who this gaze belongs to.

And with that gaze come a heavenly pressure. It is like the Universe itself is cornering him. But Wargod has always been elusive.

And powerful

But he knows what that gaze means.

He is warned by a gaze.

And a gaze is enough to pressure him. Imagine the true power of the beings who gazes at him that it could pressure him from afar.

The only way to truly break the power of this gaze is to undo the seals on him but doing that would mean war.

And a war is not what he needed right now.

And then a voice echoes in his ears, seemingly coming from an entirely different plane of existence

"Do not open the door" the word echoes in his ears.

This is another warning.

And then he hears the sound of thread, being spun, thread being tangled, the sound of scissors cutting through the thread and another voice echoes in his ears



"Do not interfere"

And Wargod listening to all of this laughed.

But he did not say anything.

The gaze came from the Destroyer. The words that echoes in his ears with a hint of cold warning is from Azul.

And the sound of thread, the sound of scissor cutting, that came from the Three Sisters of Fate.

Spinning the thread, designing the fabric, cutting the thread.

"All of you want to stop me. Impudent!" he shouted. There is anger. There is sadness

But there is no longer that feeling of desolation of hopelessness.

Hope is there, he thought and so, his gaze fell on Earth

He looks at Earth

And his eyes saw everything.

He saw the living beings there and the beings that existed there and he could not help but laughed

"Hahaha! All of this.....and more. You are all beginning to move. You all are also hoping!" he shouted.

But in this empty space, who listens to him and who take notice? Who would act and who would only see?

That being on the Garden, that being that sow the seeds of life, that Elder that travels the stars, that white wanderer, Azul, these powerful beings that escaped from the confines of fate and destiny, they could observe and at times, they could interfere.

He wanted those gods to listen.

But how could those gods listen right now when they are also plagued with their own problem.

When he gazes upon Earth, he saw some familiar figure.

He saw some beings he did not expect to see and he sees traces of some beings that have not make a move before. I think you should take a look at

He saw the Last Son of Yrinia, ,mixing among the people of Earth, the strings of the Three Fates binds tightly upon him.

"Strings all over" he muttered

Searching for the All Source, hoping for a miracle, a father that wanted to see his daughter again, a husband who wanted to once again feel the touch of his beloved.

And he saw the Acolyte of the Destroyer, Yewa Hafar. Like always, scheming in the dark preparing to celebrate the arrival of his Lord.

He saw an old wanderer with a hunched back. When he meets people, he spoke to them with riddles, ask question and issues quest.

Two ravens flies above him on the clouds, surveying the Heavens and two wolves accompany him on land

"Allfather" he mutters. He is there.....but for what reason? To make a chess piece? Or to take out chess pieces away?

He averts his gaze from Odin because he could sense that Odin is realizing that he is being watched.

And he saw a man with golden hair, inside a cave near the sea, holding a trident.

He is feeling the energy of the Earth, feeling the power of the elements, of water, fire, air, earth and everything beneath the Earth and above the sky.

"Raymond.....a chess piece of Poseidon?" And he laughed.

Some people wanted to make chess piece, and some is wanting to steal chess pieces. This kind of chess is Ethernian chess.

And it is the kind of chess that Wargod is very much familiar with. And he sense the Orvanians.

"Those scheming gooey bastard is also here" and he could not help but snorted in displeasure

"Olympus. Asgard. Orvanians. And many more will come soon"

He paused for a moment and then he remembers that Yu Wang, the Jade Emperor also has some kind of cause and effect with that boy

The word Immortal is bestowed to that boy when he was in his tribulation and as such, Immortal energy could be used by that boy

That is sowing the cause.

But when will that cause and effect will be reaped? All of them are now placing bets.

Why should he not be allowed to? But then he smiles

"Borgan" he muttered and for a moment, a memory of ancient past flashes in his mind and he laughed like he had never laughed before.

A feeling of sadness, a feeling of happiness. And so, he look at Earth, and he did not do anything.

"too much of anything could be bad" he mutters to himself. He laughed and he looks away

And he returns back to the temple and he sleeps.

But this time, he would dream.

And he would dream a happy dream.

He believes it to be so.

As he closes his eyes, he heard a song and even as he is sleeping his mouth smiles.

And his mouth could not help but utters words.

And this word forms sentences.

And this sentence is filled with melodies.

And so, the word become sentences that become a song.

And this song echoes in a vibration of its own, and meddled with the Universe itself

Like a song that has been forgotten by time

And the song echoes endlessly, like a long-forgotten lullaby

And Wargod sleep with a smile on his face

....

As the Eternal Rings activated, a surge of energy rippled through Azief surroundings.

"Shit" he cursed

He didn't anticipate that simply putting the puzzle together would trigger the ring's activation.

It is an unexpected turn of events.

The rings glowed with an otherworldly light, their markings spelling out the word "Hope" in Ethernian

Azief couldn't help but feel trepidation as the subtle energies emanating from the rings permeated the area.

He quickly realized that if he had set up a formation in his treehouse, he might have been able to conceal the subtle energy fluctuations caused by the activated rings.

However, at this moment, the uncontrolled release of energy could not be hidden.

But, even if he did , he probably would not have been able to stop what happened today

This is something that is destined to happen.

And while fate and destiny, when it comes to Azief is thwarted again and again, fate and destiny is never the kind of concepts that is easy to subdue and restrain

Fate and destiny would find a way

What happens today however, is the operation of fate and destiny.

Only, this fate and destiny is not the predetermined fate and destiny.

A new fate...a new destiny is being written.

The possibility of this fate.....the possibility of this destiny was low.

But from the moment that Loki came, from the moment, the changes began, it is like the ripple of a wave that is slowly turning into a storm and that possibility of fate and destiny that was so low at the beginning is now...became an inevitability

Light exploded.

..

#### [Chapter 1587 Creation](#)

Erika was in her temple when she saw the light.

Her eyes were burned when the vision flooded her mind. It was like she was looking at the sun.

The heat should not be felt because she was looking at it from Azief eyes. But there is magic in that method of hers

And because of that her eyes are burned and her head is experiencing massive headache. She nearly fell unconscious, but in that brief moment, she saw a road, a giant and a world.

And she mutters "Xarapanial"

The brilliance of the light pierced the heavens, slicing through the oppressive dark red aura that shrouded Death Monarch.

Its behaviour defied the very laws of existence, leaving all who witnessed it in a state of bewildered astonishment.

This transcendent light is not bound by the confines of a single realm or universe; it transcended the boundaries of the known cosmos.

It surged through the Milky Way like a celestial river, casting aside the veil of space and time, and behaved in a manner that defied comprehension.

Throughout the vast expanse of the Omniverse, this resplendent light could be seen, casting an ethereal radiance upon countless realms and dimensions.

Its presence is but a fleeting moment, yet its impact resonate far beyond the boundaries of time and space.

For the inhabitants of Earth, the sight of the blue light from the Eternal Ring remained unnoticed by many.

Instead, what they beheld was an extraordinary phenomenon: a resplendent golden net that stretched across the skies of the Pandemonium territory.

There is a net and this net is golden

It painted the heavens above in a brilliant golden hue, creating a stunning celestial display that captivated their senses.

The blue light, with its profound significance, remained hidden from their perception, concealed beneath the breath-taking spectacle that adorned the skies.

Before, this ring had once did the same thing.

However, at that time, the light coming from those rings, illuminated the world. And at that time, it was the first time it happened.

But this time, it is the second time. However, that time and this time, it is different.

At that time, the light of the ring pierces the night sky making it look like golden clouds hovering above the air and the brightness of the night star was covered up by the dazzling light.

At that time, the light covers the Heavens of Pandemonim land. And the light illuminated the rings and the rings is even seen by beings above the skies.

The light that comes from the ten Eternal ring is mystical.

Because the ring itself is mystical. When it brings out light like this, it is a sign

A signal

Before, the rings are guided by simple things. But now, it is guided by a different kind of things.

Before, the signal of this ring is broadcasted throughout worlds. The last time it happens, it signifies the birth of a treasure

And when that happens, in a universe far away, covetous eyes would see that golden light and they would yearn and they would desire for this treasure.

That light did not oppress and did not give any benefits but it emitted an undulation of energy that attracts some type of ancient beings.

Only these ancient's beings could feel that undulation of energy.

In that Dark Universe, countless eyes opened up and gaze upon that small planet separated trillions of light years away.

In such situation, this light should not have pierces through these dimensions. And even if it did, the light should not have arrived at the same time or real time

Because distance between these dimension and planets and galaxies, make it impossible for one to see this light at the exact moment it happens.

Like Betelgeuse whose light would only arrive thousands of years later, this light, even if its bright should not reach those dark reaches of the Universe

But it did. Because the light itself is like a homing device. It contains information of time, of space.

So, if anyone wanted to trace the source, they could even trace the source of time of this light and even ancient beings in the past could trace back this light to the exact moment that this light exploded on earth

Basically, the distortion of time was erased as they could see the exact moment the glow appears and who was the one wearing the ring.

These ancient beings saw this light and they sighed. A few years ago, they also saw this light. At that time, they were also covetous.

But just like at that time, they do not dare to come and tries to fight for it. Back then, they did not dare to try to take the ring because these ancient beings that saw these light, knows the story of these rings.

the light is like a fire of a candle light. And those who are tempted by it would be like a moth flying to fire

The story of the rings is an ancient story. And they are ancient beings. They saw many things and survive many dangers to become as ancient as they are. I think you should take a look at

And ancient beings knows ancient story. Many of them knows the true owner of that ring. Many more knows the story.

And some of these ancient beings could feel a new kind of wind is blowing. And these kinds of winds, this kind of unnatural matter, they could not help but feel that this is the kind of wind that form storms.

A Chthonian creature was devouring a planet when it saw the light and it shudders

"ancient treasure' this being muttered and the stars and the planets all over the star system could not bear the word of this Chthonian creature and implode on itself.

Many more ancient beings did not dare to involve themselves in this kind of matter. This is the kind of matter that would bring down gods, slaughter Immortals, destroys Demons and Devils, crushing Divinity

This is a tribulation that involve the kind of cause and effect that they did not dare to bear.

The rings are ancient treasure. And ancient treasure always has its cause and effect. And for that ring particularly...it has a curse.

A potent curse. A curse of cause and effect. Those who knows the owner, knows that they should not be involved in this kind of cause and effect.

Ancient beings become ancient because they keep surviving. And none of them is stupid, none of them are not cautious.

Before, they might still have some desire. But now, as some beings are tempted, they look at earth, and what they saw shock them

They saw some old friends, sniff some old enemies and they all decided it is not worth the trouble.

At the same time, in the vast and uncharted expanse of the Omniverse, a colossal being, his white hair and piercing blue eyes gleaming with ethereal luminescence, directed his gaze towards Earth.

A benevolent smile graced his ageless countenance, radiant as the light of creation itself.

Seated upon a celestial body that dwarfed entire galaxies, nebulous gaseous tendrils flowed at his feet, coalescing and dispersing in a mesmerizing dance that resembled cosmic rivers. These celestial streams

swirled endlessly, cascading through the fabric of space itself, carrying with them the essence of creation and the secrets of existence.

As his presence rippled through the cosmos, the very laws of the universe bent and warped to his will.

Space itself became his canvas, and time obediently followed his command.

The rules of reality succumbed to the supreme authority of this celestial being, conforming to his intentions and desires.

This being, a true master of the Omniverse, gazed upon Earth with profound wisdom and affection.

In his eyes, he saw not just a planet but a cradle of existence, a realm teeming with life, potential, and stories yet untold.

His smile bore the warmth of a timeless friend, a guardian who had witnessed countless epochs and guided the destinies of myriad worlds.

In this unfathomable realm beyond the boundaries of reality, this being's presence radiated boundless love.

The universe itself seemed to resonate with his serene presence, as if acknowledging the divine wisdom that dwelled within him.

Upon witnessing the brilliant light from Earth, this ancient being continued to wear his enigmatic smile.

It is a smile that transcended the boundaries of mere emotion, holding within it the wisdom of eons and the mysteries of the cosmos.

His expression is always a paradox—a beacon of both serenity and unfathomable depth.

The universe around him seemed to respond to his smile, as if the very fabric of reality itself brightened in response.

It was as though his presence had ignited a miniature star in the cosmic tapestry, casting aside the shadows of the void.

However, this eternal being, who had witnessed countless ages and guided the destinies of innumerable worlds, couldn't help but sigh.

His sigh resonated through the cosmos like a ripple of cosmic significance, and as it spread, the laws of the universe shifted once more.

In his eyes, subtle traces of emotion flickered, like distant stars in the night sky.

It is an uncommon occurrence for this ancient entity, a sign that something had been set into motion.

As this ancient being gazed upon Earth and the vibrant display of light emanating from it, his heart radiated with love and compassion.

In this dark expanse of the cosmos, his emotions became the very essence of creation itself. It was as though his feelings were the catalysts for life and existence.

In the presence of his boundless love and compassion, the universe transformed.

It became a canvas upon which these emotions painted the most exquisite of landscapes. Life, like a delicate flower in the spring, began to bloom and flourish.

Love, compassion, good, these feeling overflow from him and these emotions transform the universe

He is spring. He is light. He is everything that is good

He is Creation itself

...

### **Chapter 1588 Who is Right?**

Death in front of him would bloom to life.

Life flourished wherever this being turned His attention.

His thoughts is the genesis of countless galaxies, stars, and worlds, each teeming with the potential for life.

Fear would turn into courage.

And life will thrive wherever he wills it.

This being possess the visage of a young man. When he breathes, life and good fortune keep filling the Universe.

Each movement, each moment, all that is good and all that is fortunate, happens because he exist.

Life is created because he exist, and it is nurtured because he exist.

This primordial being shrouded with an aura of creation cracks his neck and smiles again

"Struggling, fighting, thinking, trying to find a way out. How could I not love these mortals?"

With a joyful chuckle, his happiness radiated like a brilliant light, infusing even the most lifeless corners of the universe with the essence of life.

His very presence nurtured new beginnings and kindled the spark of existence in the void.

As he exhaled, the forces of primordial creation swirled around him, forming nebulous clouds that carried the essential elements required for life to flourish.

Each breath he take became a cosmic act of creation, sowing the seeds of life and renewal throughout the cosmos.

This being with immense power of creation is none other than the Creator Himself.

"Last time, you were stepping on those stairs. Today, you are uncovering some of the secret of those rings"

he sighed and his eyes seems to pierce through the darkness of this Universe and look toward a being that is sailing the sky in the far distance.



Things that could be considered far by the Creator must mean that it is truly far. The Creator sighed and that sigh echoes through all existence and creation .

But only a few beings in the Omniverse could hear this sigh and understood that it came from him.

His white robe billows with purplish aura that creates all kinds of things in space, the kind of elements that would breed life.

Then he retract his gaze

"Fate? Destiny? But this kind of fate and destiny did not happen the last time" he chuckles and mutters

"A new kind of fate and destiny, then. Borgan.....did you calculate these as well?" Yu Wang understood something when Azief walk those Supremacy Stairway in the past. But the Creator has always known.

He thought right. Things are still moving. And there is new fate and new destiny. New roads and new possibilities.

But he sighed nonetheless

He is always right. He had foreseen this. Even this new fate, new destiny, new roads and new possibilities

"I am right" but he did not say it with happiness. He sighed again and then mutters

"I hope....I am wrong"

Then he paused for a second and then mutters

"But, I am always right"

He hoped that Borgan could make his calculation wrong.

Loki of Midgard, That One Eyed Oracle, they might think that this is already a new change to the script

But Yewa Hafar probably understood. Fate and Destiny is not that easy to change.

Fate and Destiny could be hard to bend. But what is annoying about them is that even if they bend, they would adapt.

New fate and new destiny, is just a recalibration of a mistake, a correction to anomaly.

"This is not enough yet" he mutters.

But he always like seeing mortals fight. Fight against their weakness, fight against insurmountable odds.

And even though, right now it seems that these people are still trapped....the Creator did not feel sad for them

Because he still believes in them

He still have hope

"If only Loki and Erika could understand that even if the script is changed, the author could always find a way to make illogical. Even if it doesn't, even if it becomes? a plot hole, what does the author care? After all, He did not write it for others to read?"

Then he looks at Yewa Hafar on earth and there is? a smile on the Creator face

"What a diligent child" he thought to himself

"Building roads for the Destroyer is not an easy task but this child keep persevering." The Creator has many plans.

And people also have their plans. So, he could only sigh at this. And he knows how the story ends depends on that person.

"Not sitting on a holy throne, but a house surrounded by gardens. But there is too much rotten trees and too much rotten fruit. Cutting them is not enough. Maybe pluck it from its roots?"

He sighs and for a moment there is only silence in this part of the world. Even now, as he is talking to himself, he is stimulating creation.

All laws of the Omniverse seems to being breathed out with each word he spoke and each law that comes out from his mouth is a law that encourage creations.

"I hope I no longer hear that Song." He remarks.

Last time, he heard that Song, the Song that heralded the End of Everything.

The Song was sung and the Omniverse ends in a low note, with a whimper and not a bang.

He never knew what the Supreme One is thinking about.

But it is clear, that He might also wanted to see some changes.

Or it might be His grace.

Or it might be His test?

With Him, it is always possible that it might have all kinds of layers.

After all, if He did not want to change anything....why....at that time, He allowed the Gardener to look at the Book?

Why He let Jean do what He did?

Even if that is somehow a mistake, which the Creator doubts, He could always rectify the mistake.

Even right now, if He wanted to rectify the mistake, one Thought could end everything. He could not understand the Supreme One thought.

But the Creator is quite sure of something now.

Maybe....just like him...The Supreme One wanted to see a different answer.

After all, The Creator is a part of the Supreme One.

What the Creator has, the Supreme One also has. And what does the Creator have the most?

Love. Hope. Compassion. Life. Good.

And the Supreme One must also have these traits to him.

"The ending of this story..." he paused for a second and he seems to be looking at the distance.

The Creator look at the possibility of the future, he saw a great war, a tragic love, plots and shames, loyalty and betrayal and he saw a certain possibility

"Two" he mutters and he laughs

"Maybe....this is all fated. If Borgan even calculated this.....then I should reward her. Then I should help the boy. At least a little help" Saying this the Creator chuckles and pointed his finger, and a white light shoot out from his finger and melded with the light of the ring.,

Smiling, he mutters

"I hope it could be a road for you so that you could meet her"

And then laughing the Creator continue lazing around in that dark space that is now brightened and full of life.

...

Azief eyes snapped open, and he found himself surrounded by a swirling, nebulous aura of vibrant colours.

For a moment, he questioned whether he was in the vastness of space, but a deep intuition told him otherwise.

"Space?" he mumbled to himself as he took in the surreal surroundings.

"No," he answered his own question, his voice echoing softly in the strange, otherworldly expanse.

He tries to use his Divine Sense. The moment he tries to activate it, he felt like there is nothing in him

He tries to change himself into a mass of energy but even that, he could not do.

"what am I? he thought to himself. As a Divine Comprehension leveler he could turn himself into a mass of energy as the physical body could be abandoned

A mass of energy.

But right now, he could not turn himself to such form.

"Mortal" he mutters to himself.

That is what he is feeling right now. Like he is a mortal again.

Azief gazed downward and observed himself floating in the midst of this seemingly boundless space.

The colours surrounding him were richer and more vibrant than the cold void of the universe, yet an underlying sense of desolation permeated the scene.

In the distance, he spotted a solitary planet, and a sense of déjà vu washed over him.

"This is very familiar," he murmured, though he couldn't quite place the source of his recognition.

He made an attempt to move, and as if responding to his thoughts, his body floated in the direction he desired, effortlessly defying gravity.

A sense of wonder and curiosity mingled with a touch of unease as Azief continued to explore this realm.

"What is this?" he seems to be asking himself.

But he also hope there is someone who would answer him.

But he would have to be disappointed.

Because no one is answering him

Azief moved forward through this ethereal, colourful expanse, akin to wading through a tranquil sea.

There is no clear destination or purpose that he could discern.

He just felt like he had to move.

Typically, when faced with such an uncanny compulsion, to move according to this unknown guidance? he would be cautious, sceptical of external influences trying to guide him.

However, in this instance, he found himself embracing this strange sensation with an inexplicable sense of anticipation.

It is as if he has been expecting it, as though some part of him knew that he needed to follow this path, whatever it may lead to.

he ventured deeper into the unknown, his curiosity and determination gradually eclipsing any reservations he might have had.

As Azief floated onward, his gaze shifted left and right, scanning the surrounding expanse in search of something, anything that might provide some context or meaning to this surreal journey.

Yet, all that met his eyes were the vibrant, otherworldly hues that typically graced the cosmos.

The kaleidoscope of colours seemed to stretch endlessly in every direction, creating a mesmerizing but ultimately disorienting and ambiguous landscape.

It was as if he was suspended in an abstract painting, surrounded by a symphony of shades and hues that defied earthly description.

### **Chapter 1589 Old Memory Revisited**

Amidst the ethereal sea of colours, Azief senses heightened to a level that allowed him to perceive the often-hidden beauty of the cosmos.

Most people, unaided by advanced technology or supernatural abilities, couldn't truly grasp the breathtaking intricacies of space.

With a quiet sense of wonder, Azief paused in his float, his body obedient to his every intent.

He took a moment to appreciate the grandeur of this mysterious realm, where vibrant shades of light and energy danced in perfect harmony, creating a tapestry of indescribable beauty that was invisible to most.

"Hoh" he suddenly said as he stops floating forward. As long as he wills himself to stop, his body would stop. And right now, he is stopping

"I didn't know there is such an effect" he mutters to himself

As Azief continued to move through the colourful cosmic expanse, he couldn't help but notice the blurred and dreamlike quality of his surroundings.

It was as if the boundaries of reality were shifting and changing, creating a sense of both beauty and confusion.

"It's blurry. It's beautiful but it's blurry," Azief mumbled to himself, his mind working to make sense of this surreal place.

With each passing moment, he felt his focus intensifying, and the hazy realm around him began to clarify.

"What a weird phenomenon," he thought aloud, the enigmatic nature of this place...terrifies him

Because it is so familiar.

"This feeling...now I remember" he thought to himself

And then it struck him, a memory surfacing from the depths of his consciousness.

"The Thirteen Steps of Supremacy," he muttered to himself, his voice carrying a note of realization.

He had encountered a similar sensation when ascending one of those cosmic stairs, and now, that memory seemed to connect with his present experience.

The sensation coursing through Azief was unlike anything he had ever felt before.

It was as if the very essence of his being was being purified and revitalized, an energy surging within him that defied explanation.

The clarity of his thoughts was akin to a dense fog lifting, revealing a landscape of perfect understanding.

Every distortion and uncertainty melted away, leaving behind a crystal-clear comprehension of his surroundings.

There is some runes that he had learned in the past that he did not understand. But at this moment, he seems to understand how to use the runes in different way

Certain technologies that he had learned during his time in the Orvanians labs now comes again in his mind and this time, some of the designs of those aliens now make sense to him.

But it wasn't just his mind that is affected.

His body is reinvigorated, every cell vibrating with newfound vitality.

It was as if he had shed the weight of ages, emerging as a stronger, more resilient version of himself.

And then there is the soul.

Azief could sense the merging and strengthening of his soul, a profound connection to the universe itself.

It was as though he had tapped into a wellspring of cosmic power, transcending the boundaries of mortal existence.

This was the exact feeling he had experienced when he ascended the Tenth Step of the Supremacy Stairway.

The memory of that moment now merged with his current experience, confirming his suspicions that this place held a connection to those cosmic stairs.

"What is not forgotten could not be dead" he mutters

"Is it a memory?" he thought to himself. And then the moment this realization hits him, he saw an eye.

These eyes were so vast that they seemed capable of enveloping entire worlds, and their gaze fixed upon him.

A gasp escaped his lips as recognition struck him like a bolt of lightning.

He had seen those eyes before, in another place, in another memory.

The realization left him stunned, his mind racing to comprehend the significance of this encounter.

"F-focus," he stammered to himself, his thoughts struggling to find coherence amidst the swirling colours and sensations around him

With an effort of will, he began to recall the events of his previous encounter with these eyes.

"It's the same thing that happened when I was on that stairway," he murmured to himself, piecing together the fragments of memory and understanding as he sought to make sense of the situation.

As Azief focused his mind and vision, the full figures of the beings to whom those colossal eyes belonged came into view.

The sight is nothing short of magnificent and terrifying, an awe-inspiring sight that left him both exhilarated and dread-filled.

Before him stood a legion of gigantic beings, their presence so immense that they seemed to consume the very space around them.

"I forgotten how big and massive this race is" he mutters to himself

With each step they took, the fabric of reality itself seemed to crumble, and the universe contorted in their wake.

Time distorted, the laws of physics shattered, and the very concepts that underpinned reality were rent asunder.

Their colossal stature is like worlds stacked atop one another, and they radiated an aura of incomprehensible power.

The very elements of the world gathered around them, as if they were the arbiters of reality itself, the architects of existence.

"Cosmic giants" he thought to himself. That is what he felt when? he imagined an Eterna. Like a walking cosmos, possessing the laws of the world

And just like before when he was at that Supremacy Stairway, this memory shows him the attack of these titanic being toward one of the civilizations that exist in the Supreme Dimension.

Azief watched as thousands of these colossal beings, each towering above the very firmament of existence, converged upon a star system within the Supreme Dimension.

The inhabitants of this realm stood powerless before the relentless advance of these cosmic giants, their efforts to defend their civilization rendered utterly futile.

"Of course, they would fight. But it would be futile" Azief had seen all of this memory before so he knows exactly how this fight would end.

Even though he saw millions of ships in the sky and in space, all having the hope to fight against these titans, Azief knows how meaningless this battle is.

"Is there worth in fighting?" he ask himself. And he smiles and then he laughs

Because he felt that the people of this star system probably also knows how powerless they are against these titanic beings

But...but....they still fight....knowing it

And that....that is something Azief will always respect. Azief knows it would not be long now before this titanic being would usher in a scene of overwhelming destruction, a cataclysmic force that would be unstoppable.

BOOM!

The titanic beings surged forward, their massive forms blotting out the stars and eclipsing entire planets.

Nothing in their path could withstand their inexorable advance, and the once-thriving civilization of this star system is now facing annihilation at the hands of these cosmic behemoths.

These titanic beings is an astonishing sight to behold.

Even when Azief had seen them before, it still astonishes him

Their azure skin radiated an otherworldly hue, and their pale, white-blue eyes seemed to pierce through the very fabric of reality.

They possessed a remarkable quality in that their bodies resonated with the energies of the entire Omniverse, as if they were embodiments of all the cosmic forces that permeated existence.

Their humanoid appearance, if not for their striking blue complexion and the overwhelming pressure they exuded throughout the Omniverse, would have made them resemble humans.

Yet, there was an aura of unfathomable power and cosmic significance about them that set them apart from anything Azief had ever encountered.

As Azief observed these titanic beings once more, a profound understanding washed over him.

They were not just another race among the myriads races in the Omniverse; they were the primordial creation, the very first beings to emerge in the vast expanse of existence.

Long before humans, before demonic entities, before any other form of creation, this race had been the initial masterpiece of existence.

They were the progenitors, and it would not be an exaggeration to say that they are also the architects of the Omniverse itself.

this race is the first race of creation

Before, when he is at this place, he felt like he had to grasp some truth. But now, this time, he did not think of trying to see some truths or some realization.

Instead, he observes. He observes intently, looking at the battle, looking at the stars around him, looking anything that is more out of the ordinary than usual

The rings and this experience must be connected somehow.

These memories that he once saw when he steps of the Supremacy Stairway, all of this must be connected somehow.

He knows what he is seeing right now

The Eterna race. Everything seems to be repeating itself.

"All of this has happened before. All of this will happen again" there is this thought in his mind

He looks at this giant race of a creature. In the past, he was shocked. Now, he just watched everything objectively.

Trying to see what this memory is trying to show him. Right now, he is still not sure where he is.

"Immense powerful fluctuations of energies, each energy seems to be related to the laws of the world" he sighed.

Blessed by Divinity, prospering for Eternity!

This is the Eterna race

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**Chapter 1590 Ancient War**



The Ethernas do not manipulate the source of power. They are the source of power. Asargan. Borgan. And many others.

Azief had understood it when he researched more and more about the Ethernas. In The Three Thousand Worlds, they are called Dao. In some other worlds, they are called Mana.

In some other worlds, they are called the laws of the world.

What they are now in Azief's present timeline...they are the path, they are the road, they are everything and nothing.

But in this memory, in this current timeline that is being shown to him, they are beings

Heavenly Beings. And maybe there is wisdom in their destruction. For a Heaven that has emotion.....is a terrible Heaven.

Some have debated on this. Should the Heaven be ruthless and treat everything equally? Or should it have compassion and cast luck to those below it?

This kind of debate has created wars in many magical civilizations.

Azief thought of all of this in only a few seconds but then he focused back his thought on the battle that is about to unfold.

Azief looked at a great war that is being fought among the stars

In this epic celestial battlefield, the titanic Ethernas are clashing with a united force of beings from countless star systems.

"After all, they alone probably could not fight against the Ethernas" Azief thought to himself

He sees with his own eyes, planets are being crushed like fragile glass underfoot, and the vacuum of space itself screamed as destructive forces raged.

Azief's eyes are drawn to a pivotal moment.

He watched in awe as a colossal Ethernas warrior, the embodiment of divine might, swung a colossal weapon that seemed to reshape the very fabric of space.

"What is that? It looks like a hammer but with spikes. And it could even change form" Azief mutters to himself

The shockwaves from the impact of this Ethernas warrior sent ripples of destruction cascading through the stars.

Stars exploded like fireworks on New Year's Eve.

In another part of the battlefield, an armada of diverse beings, each representing the pinnacle of their respective civilizations, retaliated with colossal energies strike

Some of them uses titanic cannons and some uses superconductivity weapons that uses kinetic energy and even the destructive energies in the battlefield.

Some tries to use brilliant tactics. But tactics could only help so much when it met a force like this.

Beams of incandescent energy and streams of celestial flames streaked through the void, painting the space with an otherworldly luminescence.

Azief could see worlds being devoured by hungry black holes, their landscapes vanishing into the abyss of spacetime.

The screams of entire races is carried by cosmic winds to the void of nothingness.

The thunderous roar of battleships firing their cataclysmic cannons reverberated through the vacuum, as fleets of star ships tried to hold back the Ethernal invaders.

Azief observed this grand spectacle with a mixture of fascination and dread. And then he sighed.

And then he looks at a certain direction

"Any moment now"

Azief had seen this before so he could guess what the memory is going to show him next.

And then there is a light, a lightning flash

And then there came a sound—a sound not unlike the ethereal hymn of a universe tearing apart.

The cosmic symphony that was played in the aftermath of stars and galaxies crumbling to dust created a resplendent backdrop for the scene that is about to unfold

Before Azief lay a remarkable sight: a cosmic road adorned with the shattered remains of stars, each one a radiant beacon in the darkness of space.

This celestial avenue stretched endlessly in both directions, leaving Azief chuckles

"Will is not this powerful yet. If one day he reaches this level....." Azief did not finish his word

And then there is a sound. Like a sound of a bell.

"A temple" he thought to himself. Will once told him about the Temple and the Savi'krian race and the Destroyer.

This bell come from the temple. But whether it is from the future or the past or the present, it is hard to distinguish.

The tolling of that otherworldly bell continued, reverberating through the astral void, like it was...announcing the significance of the moment.

And then, as the symphony reached a crescendo, a brilliant flash of light cascaded across the universe, eclipsing the inky darkness of space.

In its wake emerged an awe-inspiring sight—a lone figure racing on that celestial track, leaving stardust and the echoes of primordial energies in his wake.

The sprinter's steps were sure and swift, much like an athlete on a divine track.

Like a running track

Azief is sure that if this is not a memory, that his eyes would not even be able to see this Ethernal when he is running.

The memory made him able to see through universes like he is playing a point of view game

The unfolding spectacle is nothing short of miraculous.

It defied the laws of perception and comprehension as Azief consciousness is immersed in a cascade of vivid imagery and emotions.

And that is just by watching this Ethernal running

It was as if his very essence had transcended the limitations of time and space.

In this mesmerizing vision that Azief is seeing, the Ethernal is a sublime blur of power and speed, tearing through galactic universes and transcending the boundaries of time and space.

It was a sight to behold, for he defied the very laws of physics, running as if the cosmos were his playground.

The Ethernal form shimmered with divine radiance as he sprinted through the fabric of existence.

With every stride, the universe itself seemed to part, granting him a divine road on which to accelerate his unstoppable momentum.

The very nature of this path was a reflection of his unparalleled mystique speed, a road forged by his will and speed.

Azief watched as the Ethernal did not teleport or take shortcuts; he ran with an indomitable force that sent shockwaves of energy rippling through the cosmos.

His colossal mass and unparalleled acceleration combined to create an unstoppable juggernaut, capable of obliterating entire planets and stars with the sheer magnitude of his passage.

It was as if the universe bowed before the might of the Ethernal, making way for his divine journey through the galactic expanse.

The sight was nothing short of awe-inspiring.

This Ethernal speed transcended all limits, and with each step he took, the fabric of reality itself unravelled before him, creating a myriad of mystical phenomena across the Omniverse.

His velocity is seemingly boundless.

As he raced through the cosmos, his passage initiated incredible transformations.

Wherever he went, time itself began to regress, turning back the clock on entire regions of existence.

In one moment, thriving civilizations were transported to an earlier age, and in the next, they vanished into the depths of history.

Simultaneously, the Ethernal tremendous speed triggered a cataclysmic event in other universes.

Galactic systems suffered the effects of a heat death, stars fading away and planets plunging into eternal darkness as he swept through.

The shockwave of time distortion he left in his wake radiated outward in all directions.

Reality itself is shaken by his presence, resulting in echoes of time, space, and matter being forever altered.

This Ethernal is none other than Asargan, the source of energy of Speedster, the Ethernal Asargan.

Azief sworn brother Will, also drew the speed energy from Asargan.

What an Ethernal, he thought to himself.

Azief notices something else.

This time when he saw Asargan, the details of Asargan running become even more clearer in his mind.

Azief continued to watch, and soon, another prominent Ethernal appeared in the memory. It is Reorgan, the Ethernal of Oaths.

Reorgan possessed a unique and mystical power to enforce oaths and promises.

When someone made an oath or a promise, Reorgan divine influence ensured that it was binding and held immense power.

As long as one genuinely meant their oath and invoked it, their Will would honour that agreement.

This is the Ethernal who settle the powers of oath and made it binding and as long as one means it and promises it, His Will when invoked would honour that agreement.

Azief moves forward as his body floats through these memories. Even though he saw planets and galaxies being destroyed, he was not afraid.

Because even when he saw a star exploding near him, the explosion did not even hurt him

Because all of this has happened in the past. And he is not actually travelling back through time. He is in a memory.

Like a dream.

And as he floats forward, he finally saw one of the Ethernal he had seen before and his eyes narrows.

Vorgan, he mutters with a sigh.

This Ethernal in particular is now flying around in dark space of the Universe and wherever he flew, he would destroy stars and planets.

And he uses only the breath that he blew from his mouth. When he blew it, cold winters descend and cataclysm wind storm would ravage worlds.

Vorgan is the Ethernal of Deceit.

And it is not only the physical wind being blown that made each breath he blows a catastrophe

The blows of his breath affect the mind, affect the heart, bringing calamity of the heart and mind

His breath not only brought destruction to the weak willed it foster distrust among the inhabitant of the planets and the many inhabitable stars of the Suprema Universe.

The great beings that are fighting the Ethernas have created all of those great advances in technology turns into an idiot once that wind passes them by as they start killing each other.

Fathers killed their children, mother choke the life out of their babies, sisters killing sister and brothers killing brothers.

It was like a curse but it was also like he amplified the hate and distrust that was already there. It created mistrust. It did not foster but create new hatred and distrust.

It was a scene of madness.