

## Shadow 191

### [Chapter 191: Marching of saints \(part two\)](#)

The atmosphere in the room turns tense.

Green smokes fills the room and the faces of many people in the room changed.

Some exchanged bitter smiles as Sina and Sofia shakes their head in exasperation while Budiman who was already nervous nearly shriek in fright.

The Immortal Couple on the other hand smiles weakly as their brush and flute is at the ready. They have never underestimated the antics of the Trickster.

Katarina who did not have any expression since the beginning of this meeting has a curious look on her face as her body constantly emanating a freezing aura that even froze the green aura and smokes that passes by her

Slowly the green smokes enter the room and Azief only look at the green smokes not intending to dissipate it.

'Reveal yourself, Loki' Azief said as he no longer pay attention to the Three Sisters of Shadows.

The darkness and death aura dissipates from the Three Sisters as they fall to the ground panting in exasperation and fear, holding their chest like they were suffering pains, their mask all cracked in many places.

Sweats filled their backs and their hands and feet are trembling.

The green smokes gathered and form into an ethereal visage before solidifying and turning into a young man of six foot tall, with brown hair and green eyes.

He was rugged and muscly.

Just another disguise of Loki. People in this room all know Loki always comes with a different face every time and this no longer fazes them.

'My lord, you are impatient' Loki said with a smile on his face. But this smile of his was strained and is complicated

'And you are late.' Azief coldly replies. Loki smiles bitterly

'I came didn't I?' he retorted back his tone was slightly elevated. Azief smiles mockingly. For a moment they look at each other.

Only a year has passed by, the fresh color of flowers has already changed and the four season has passed....and something between these two great allies has changed

'Lord Loki!' The Three Sister immediately kneeled as a sign of loyalty.

Loki look at the three sisters regretfully and sighed. He waved his hand and three pills landed in front of the Three Sisters.

'Go out and wait me on the nearby island. Eat the pills and recover your lost energy.'

'Yes, my lord'

The Three sisters replied, took the pills looks towards the Prince and bowed slightly and quickly went out of the room.

Azief did not obstruct them and Azief never views the Three Sisters as anything important considering he only wanted to meet Loki.

He look at Loki, his gaze was full of complicated emotions.

'Take your seat Loki' Azief said and everyone in the room look towards Loki. Loki smiles and said this following words

'Before that I offer my congratulations to my lord for forming your ninth seed.'

Hearing this the people in the room all look at Azief shell shocked.

Nine seeds?

Can anyone even form that many seeds? But the most shocked was Azief. How Loki could see through him?

This is only making him even more wary towards Loki.

Loki look at Azief and could feel the power of destiny converging on Azief and not only that but the threads of destiny on Azief body is distorted making Loki infers that either the eight seeds of the ninth seed is the Destiny Seed.

If Azief reaches the Divine Comprehension and comprehend the Law of Destiny combined with the Seeds he formed right now, it will complement Azief Life and Death Domain that he was so famously known in the future

And the other Seed that Azief formed must be Fate.

Azief in the future is known to practice laws in opposite or in synchronicity with each other. Fate and Destiny.

They often were thought one of the same but they have distinct differences.

Fate is a fixed natural order of the universe. Fate is divinely inspired.

Destiny is used with regard to the finality of events as they have worked themselves out.

With these Seeds, if it blooms and turn into Laws, the God of Death in the future will not only becomes even stronger, he would become a truly terrifying beings.

Controlling life and death, reverting destiny and fate.

'Now, we are all here.' Azief said as Loki obediently take his seat.

Azief once again look towards the people inside this room and then he said this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

‘For people who wanted to speak, speak.’ The room went silent. Then Wang Jian come in front of the throne and kneeled.

‘I wanted to request something my Lord.’

Azief just nodded.

‘Please’ ....and he looked at Somi who was looking at him.... ‘grant her wish.’

Azief look towards Wang Jian gaze and he could somehow understand what she would ask of him.

‘And what is your wish?’

Somi closes her eyes.

Clearly she did not expect that Wang Jian would take it this far.

She did not want to involve Wang Jian but she opens her eyes and come out to the front and kneels beside Wang Jian and said

‘I wish my Lord would take me as your disciple after my lord reaches Disk Formation.’ And at this time Azief immediately realizes.

They must have known that after reaching Disk Formation the Master disciple relationship can be established.

Master could impart skills while the master would gain EXP each time his disciple employed his technique.

Azief also knows of this feature.

Of course in the original cultivation of the Jade Palace, anyone could establish master disciple relationship even if that person did not reach Disk Formation but since this is using the Nervian system the system feels that only in Disk Formation that one is qualified to impart skills.

Many of Azief skills would undoubtedly be powerful. And not only that, but Azief could even impart some Laws and understating to his disciple while also reaping the benefits.

The wish was not what he had expected. He expected Somi to want his help in avenging her sisters.

Azief look at Wang Jian and Somi and for a moment he was contemplating. Azief look at SDomi and her eyes

Her eyes was filled with hatred. She must have wanted revenge. More than anything. But she was too weak and powerless so she wanted to become stronger.

Azief could understand that. Feeling powerless. The ambition to become stronger. To not be trampled upon the feet of Titans.

Azief then nodded

'So, be it. I will become your master after I reach Disk Formation. This I promise you' Loki who was sitting in his seat bitterly smiles.

'Another change' he muttered under his breath. Azief then look at Wang Jian and said

'Wang Jian you on the other hand have another task'

'What is your will my lord?'

'Take your White Tiger Battalion and pacify the world. Go and hone your skills outside. Recruit men. Resist the invasion. Sina and Budiman will follow you. Raise my banner and announce my arrival to the whole world. Let them know that the Prince has returns and he intends to drive back this invasion. Give them hope and tell them that the darks days will soon end'

Azief calmly said but anyone hearing this was shocked. Both at Azief declaration and at the task being entrusted to Wang Jian

Wang Jian might be powerful but he was not as powerful like Azief that could decimate and slaughtering five horns and six horns Weronians as easily as The Prince.

Azief after all has many Seeds and now that he has nine seeds the repression of the World Orb on him slowly lessened making him even faster and stronger.

"My Lord....I am.."

'You're not capable?' Azief finishes Wang Jian sentence.

Wang Jian weakly nodded.

'Do you fear the enemy? Do you fear death? What did you promise me when you pledge your allegiance to me?'

Azief asked, not sparing anything. The Immortal Couple frowned but they did not say anything. Loki look at Azief like he was trying to see through this Azief.

To Loki, this new Azief, is deadlier and colder.

'Azief!' Sofia slammed her palm on the hand left of her throne and the room exploded with sharp gales of shockwave.

Azief flicks his finger and a golden aura envelopes that sharp gales dissipating it gently.

'You are sending him to die!' Sofia glares toward Azief.

Azief did not replied or response to Sofia provocation instead he look at Wang Jian. He did not explain himself.

For those who trust no explanation is necessary. For those who didn't have trust in their hearts a thousand explanations would not be sufficient.

Azief has good intention.

This era need strong people. Not cowardly people. And he wanted the best for Wang Jian regardless what other people think of him.

Like he realizes that only by pushing the limit one could improve, he wanted Wang Jian to realize this too.

In the end, he could only hope that Wang Jian could one day understands his intention.

Wang Jian look at his lord. Looking at the expression of his lord and his hopeful eyes, Wang Jian closes his eyes and he smiles.

‘The face was not the same. And the person was not the same’ he thought to himself.

Wang Jian once saw the face of the Yue Xing, The Martial Lord, the King who betrayed him and send him to perilous battlefield expecting him to die.

Even till today, he did not forget the expression on the face of his former liege.

But looking at the Prince face, Wang Jian knows that his lord is not sending him to die. Nobody that send people to die would have such a hopeful eyes.

And this time, his lord is not the Yue king and envy him nothing. What could the strongest man in the world envy him about?

If the Prince wanted him to die, he could chop off his head with his bare hand instead of going to this difficulty to send him to die.

Wang Jian opened his eyes and nodded

‘I will heed my lord order’ Azief beamed proudly. Sina was about to protest but Loki look at her and shakes his head and Sina hold off her tongue and looking dissatisfied with Azief.

She just closes her eyes and shakes her head. She could no longer understand the thoughts of Azief.

Loki could see it now. Slowly the distance between Azief and his friend, companions and people he loved is slowly getting further apart.

In the future timeline where he is from, the God of Death is always alone.

Not because he wanted to be alone, but because he sat at the peak and nobody could walk beside him as he left them a thousand steps behind.

His pursuit for greater strength left people behind as they could not keep up. Even Sofia took hundreds of years before she became Half Sovereign and that was with the help of many other people.

Loki did not know the details of the separation between the Divine Archer and The God of Death.

The only thing that he knows before he became Sovereign was that the Divine Archer would always challenge the God of Death in battle at the Flower Mountain every year and would always lose but always survives.

No one knows why she always challenge hi and no one knows why the God of Death always accepts.

He sighed

Is this where it begins.....your path of loneliness?' he asked as he look back at Azief looking proudly at Wang Jian who is kneeling.

Azief waves his hand and an item shot out and pierced itself to the ground in front of Wang Jian.

Smiling he said

'That is the Spear of Fiery Hell. It could command fire and form cyclone of flames. I bestowed this for you. Happy hunting!'

Wang Jian is certain now. His lord has other thoughts for sending him to the battlefield and giving him this hard task.

Wang Jian did not talk much. He was never a talkative man. He gestured to Somi and both of them get up and bows before they went out the room to execute the Prince order.

Katarina looking at this was clearly impressed.

To have such loyal retainer, Katarina was clearly envious. The King of Yue was an idiot for envying his own talents.

Now this fine subordinate serves the strongest man in the world. If Katarina has this kind of loyal people around her, she will not be so worried.

A blade in the roof, rivers of blood under her feet as she and her brother have to traverse the treachery of many people.

If not for her status and strength, her brother would have long perished under the scheme of many people that envy his brother position.

Katarina gently touch Azief hand and said.

'I envy you for having such a loyal retainer.' Azief look at Katarina and then shakes his head

'He is not my retainer.' As he look at Wang Jian back leaving the room, illuminated by the sunlight, looking like a saint that was about to execute holy orders he smiles and said

'He's family' Katarina looking at how Azief look at that right moment could not help but feel her heart eating fast.

Katarina has always searches the meaning of family.

For her...her family is only her and Boris.

Together.....they could endure everything the world will throw at them.

Looking at how lonely Azief seems when he said family, something tugged her heartstring and she could not help but be mesmerized.

What happen during those three days under the glacier in the ice Region was still in her mind.

A night where the starry sky softly covers the moon with clouds, she wanders to his heart and her cold heart beats.

She remembers when they drift down the glacier laughing at the mundane world, his arms supporting him as they floated down gently like a pair of celestial pair of lovers from the heavens.

She will not fall for him. That was the first lie she told her heart since the Fall.

It was only three days....but it was the most bizarre and most exciting three days in her life. How could she fall for a person in only three days of knowing him?

She never believes the story about love at first sight. But, she never did know love. Most love started with that cliché love at first sight.

Sometimes, that's the only way for love to start.

And she clearly has fallen to that bottomless pit called love where there is no escape. And she is falling hard.

Azief then look towards Celestial Painter Xu Chong as he knows people are watching how familiar Katarina is with him.

Xu Chong was the same.

His boyish look did not change, his face was as always clean and pleasant to look at with that boyish charm.

His wavy hair making him look charismatic and his stature was as always straight as a sturdy mountain.

Xu Cong knows that it is his turn when Azief look at him.

'My Lord' he said as he quickly went into the front and kneel.

'Please spare Lihua.' He pleaded on his knees. Azief smiles bitterly.

He knows the Immortal Couple like to be carefree and not wanting to take part in the battles and wars that lies ahead.

Before...this could be guaranteed.

But now....this was not a battle that they could hide themselves or evade in a forest hut somewhere in the world.

This is the fate of humanity at stake.

No longer Azief could bench them both as they living carefree.

Sooner or later they will be embroil in this battle just the same. Xu Chong understand. So he volunteered himself and hope that the Prince will not order his lover, Heaven Flute Lihua to enter the battlefield.

But could Azief allow this? When his other brother shedding blood, could he let Lihua lounge around under his protection while people all over the world dies and suffer?

And the fate of Earth is under question

'Xu Cong' Azief gently said but the gentler Azief spoke the more Xu Cong felt fear. It was a consoling tone.

'My lor..d..I'

'Xu Cong!' This time Azief tone is slightly higher. And Xu Cong silence himself as his face was frowning.

'You know what I want. You should understand.' And Azief look towards Heaven Flute Lihua and she nodded.

'And even she understand. You have been living carefree since the beginning of the Fall. However the era that will unfold from now on, rarely there will be days for people to be carefree or as leisurely as you I have lost Six Fairy of the Battlefield. I would not like to lose more of my companions and people who believes in my promise. And to do that, you all must become stronger. Or you will be left behind. And then...you will fall. And the next time you fall....I might not be there to save you. You could only believe your own power to save you in the end. And to do that....to have power...is to fight and keep fighting and keep on fighting'

Xu Cong look at Azief pleadingly but Azief just shakes his head and Xu Cong dropped down his head.

'Xu Cong obey my lord orders!'

He finally declared his decision after he contemplate the matter. Azief just nodded. Then he throws something to Xu Cong.

Xu Cong immediately grabs it. It was a rolled parchment sealed by a shiny translucent threads.

'That is my secret edict. Execute my orders and when the world is at peace, I will grant you a sanctuary and you could live your carefree lives.'

Xu Cong look at the secret edict and nodded.

'Now go' Azief ordered.

And both Xu Cong and Heaven Flute Lihua bows slightly before going out of the room.

They produce their chariots from the mark on their forehead and they jumped onto their famous golden flaming chariot.

It used to belong to Sasha before Azief take it from her and gifted it to the Immortal Couple for the help they rendered the Prince in the battle at the Island of Peace.

Xu Cong and Heaven Flute Lihua look at each other and hold each other hands as they look at the skies.

Xu Cong holds the reins and with one swish of his hand the chariot was awoken to life.

The phoenix design carved on the chariot burst into flames as the four flying horses made of fires kick their hooves and flies to the air.

Now that is over Athena and Freya come in front of the Prince but they did not kneel.



They only look at the Prince. They have already send letters to the prince and now they only need to listen to his decision.

Azief also did not delay.

'I approve.' He said and Sofia was puzzled.

The next sentence clears her confusion.

'Form your legion. Make a name for yourself in the battlefield. I will not restrict you at all. I will not pretend that my faction is a faction you would love or like. It is full of people who is close to me. They were my brothers and sisters.' And with that he sighed looking at the duo with a slight apologetic look.

'Sometimes their behavior I turn a blind eye. I will not said I'm not biased. The whole world knows I am biased. I will protect my family no matter the way. Or who I hurt and who I have to fight to secure their safety. At least I am honest like that. I regard them as family while I did not regard you like that.'

Freya and Athena did not say anything but their smiles turned bitter.

They know the Prince inner circle are full of people who were with him in his early journey and some of them is like family to the Prince.

Especially Sofia, Sian and Loki.

If anything happens to them Freya and Athena will not be shocked if the Prince will wage war for them.

'But' and Azief sighed.

'You were great heroines of this era. People might see me as a warmongering person. But I'm not. Situations sometime forced me. I too wanted to sit at home and enjoy the nice breeze of wind but the storms kept coming to disturb me. If the storms comes either way whether I am at home or whether I enter willingly to the storm then it is better that I bring the storms with me and struck the fear of God into those people.'

'Then what do you regard us two, Prince of Darkness?' Freya asked. Azief smiles. He could see how valiant and how heroic Athena looked.

With black hair that reaches her neck and a clear green eyes, fair complexion and neatly decorated locks of her hair, she looks like a warrior princess.

A Greek beauty that reminds Azief of the paintings of the Goddess Athena in her full armor. Then he answered

'People I wanted to be friends with. Maybe someday, when this distrust and bad feelings between us no longer matters, we could shares battle stories and laugh at the past.'

Athena and Freya slightly smiles and nodded.

'Thank you, Prince. We too...would like it if that happens in the future' Azief just nodded. They simply nodded and went out and went out from the island.

Now the only people left is Sina, Sasha, Sofia, Katarina, Loki and Budiman.

Budiman was ordered to create more battleship but this time for Wang Jian, Athena and Freya.

He will create them in the Grain palace like before.

And Azief whispers to Budiman to not said anything about the clones he hides in the Grain palace

Budiman nodded and resumes his work entering the Grain palace once again.

Now, Katarina, Sina, Sofia, Sasha and Loki is left

With a collected voice, Katarina ask Azief

‘Now only five of us is left, will you answer my request?’

And the rarely smiling woman smiles warmly like it could shame the sun and rid away the winter skies.

And Azief remember that night under the glacier, below the dark abyss as they look at each other eyes, illuminated by the moonlight that creeps through the cracks of the boulder on top of their heads.

And just like that his memories wandered to that day. That third night it began with a confession of love

Smiling at him she said

‘After we get out of this, I will miss you’ she said

He smiles and said

‘Look up at the night sky and remember me’

‘And if I still miss you?’ she asked

And he said

‘If after time passes and you still miss me...then I guess it is love’

When he left she bit down her lips, turned around like she wasn’t hurt and like a child she spills tears that she could not understand.

Azief was never the man that take that step forward in love.

Being hurt many times, and facing many rejections in his youth, being loved that passionately by a woman of such beauty, his heart wavered and his heart beats regardless of his will.

During that time, he relay thought he would not survive the abyss.

They both thought that. So Azief drop down all of his pretenses and she drops hers.

When you thought you going to die you become freer and things you do not say or hesitate to share before becomes easier to say and become easier to share.

It took three days and in those three days they know about each other more than anyone close to them ever knew about them.

In front of people they knew, they still maintain some image that needs to be preserved. A cool headed leader, a great pillars that hold up their organizations.

So, they could not truly be themselves and shows themselves. Some because they thought do not fit with their image, some because they too shy to admit it about themselves.

But they could admit it to each other because they both thought they will die.

So, he too, when he saw the night sky, he thinks of her sometimes. Sometimes he ask himself.....where did he put his heart?

Who did he want to see when he got home?

For whom that he lost his sleep? Who did he miss? Is it the ice deity in his mind or is it that cute smile that appears in his dreams?

Even now...he still did not know.

The usually decisive person is timid under love.

'I will agree' Azief said to Katarina and she smiles.

And Katarina squeeze Azief hand in joy as her eyes beamed with delight. Sofia did not say anything but one could sense she is getting angry.

And jealous as Sofia put her hand on Azief left hand and squeeze his hand and Azief did not know how to react to this development.

What Katarina is talking about is the temporary alliance between The Prince faction and the Revolutionary Army.

'You heard what he said. Now you can go' Katarina reverts back to her cold demeanor and snorted.

'I will stay however long I want'

'You!'

And Sofia was about to get up from her throne when Sina hold her back. Loki only chuckles looking at this envious development.

Sina shot a glare at Loki clearly not amused by his behavior and Loki immediately shut up looking like he was a docile lamb.

Azief shakes his head and said

'Katarina you better went out first. What I'm about to say is confidential and is only for the ears of my inner circle.'

Katarina humphed but she did not object Azief words.

She is a leader too and she understand something could not be said in front of outsiders.

She got up from her throne and her throne melted and turns to a snowflake that floats and enters her forehead.

But before she went out she planted a kiss on Azief cheek.

It was so fast that even Azief could not dodge it.

A tinge of red appears on the white pale face of the ice Princess before she went out looking challengingly at Sofia.

Sofia stamp her feet as a sharp energy flies out from the surface of the ground heading to Katarina.

Azief sense this and glances at the sharp energy and just like that like the sound of glass breaking, the sharp energy dissipated.

Sofia snorted and closed her arms, looking miffed.

The throne of wood wilted like it was symbolizing the conditions of its master. Azief just sighed and look at Sofia.

'You didn't have to do that.'

'She was trying to touch my man' Azief smiles a bit.

'So, now I'm your man?

'Are you not?'

Sofia asked as she tilted her head like she was challenging him. This kind of proactive and aggressive Sofia.....he has never seen before...but he would be remiss not to mention he like this kind of change.

'I am.' Azief said and Sofia was slightly appeased. Then she got up from her throne and said

'We'll talk later. I know you have many things to speak with Loki'

She walk to the exit but before she went out of the room she look toward Loki and said

'And Loki, don't bite of more than you can chew. Azief is in a bad mood. Better not try to pull your usual tricks too much.'

Loki just waves his hand as he gestured for Sofia to go out. Azief did not say anything about what Sofia said about him.

Azief gestured for Sasha to come in front of him. Sasha cautiously went to Azief. She wanted to kneel but Azief shakes his head

'Closer' Azief said. Sina look warily at Azief and Azief look at Sian and nodded to her.

'And Sina was relived. She thought Azief is still try to enact vengeance for the past mistake. Sasha went up the pathway to Azief high throne, stepping on stairs made of bones.

She come closer just in front of Azief.

'Closer' Azief said.

And when she was only a few meters from Azief, The Prince lean and whispers something to her ears.

It was a set of orders. The more she heard the more she could help but understand the severity of the task she was entrusted with.

Then Azief lean back on his throne and ask

'Did you understand?'

Sasha nodded

'Good. Then go'

'What about Sina?' Sasha ask before she went out of the room. Sina also look at Azief and Azief said.

'She is free to do what she likes. In my dominion, even I would not dare ask her to do anything' Azief declared.

He knows Sina the best. She would not be suitable in the field and her strength lies elsewhere.

Sina chuckles.

'This is why I like you the most.'

'Stop lying' Azief said but there was a slight smile on his face. Whistling as she went out of the room Sina look carefree.

Loki on the other hand is still in the room. Now only the two of them is in the room.

'Today, it seems...there is a lot of secrets you are keeping from me. So many secret orders.'

'Am I the only keeping secrets?' Azief bite back

'Didn't I tell you?'

'That I will destroy the Universe?' Loki smiles bitterly

'Did you not believe me?' Loki asked again

'I do.' Azief replies.

Loki suddenly understand

'So, that's why you kept your distance.'

Azief nodded.

'You could kill me if you are so worried that I will betray you.'

'You know why I won't. I already explained to you.'

And Loki was touched. Loki knows why Azief couldn't kill him that easily. Because....and Loki chuckles with a deep gratitude and irony....because he is family.

That feeling reach Loki and his emotion run the risk of overflowing.

'Then.....what did you want to talk about by summoning me here?'

'To establish some rules.'

'For what?'

'So I will not push you away and for us to not be so awkward around each other.' Loki smiles bitterly and he nodded.

'I want that.' Azief also nodded.

'Then, can you hear what I would like to talk about?' Loki come in front of Azief and with that sly smirk he bows and said

'As my lord wishes'

That conversation the talk about was not talk about again later and they will not share.

They both went out of the room after four hours when the sun was about to set and fireflies has begun flying on the outside bringing with them faints lights of life.

And they hug each other like a brother before Loki once again disappear in a green smoke.

The Northern Region of the Island the snows falls like rain, coldness spreads as the snowflake slowly fluttering down like a dance of joy.

It was a world of white. The Quorum look at the North of their island and unease fills their heart.

A man in purple robe frowned looking from the bench where he feeds the birds. A man in a cave clad in lightning smiles and laughed.

A man which is surrounded by luminescent butterflies could only bitterly drink some herbs as he looked towards the falling snow in the North Region.

A man holding a hammer, who is sitting on his metal chair shrouded with the aura of the Earth look towards the North with complicated expression.

On the wall behind him is a red fiery arrow.

'Sofia...did you meet him?' the person said with a trace of defiance.

Azief went out of the room and saw the white sky and saw the snowflakes.

'Katarina' he mutters. He touched the falling snowflake and he don't know why but he felt warmth coming from the snowflakes.

And Azief closes his eyes and frowned.

'The matters of the hearts is very complicated' he mutter.

'If I could forget, I wish I could forget....'and then he sighed 'That is another lie' he said and laugh at himself

Warmly wrapped in the falling snow he closes his eyes as the flowers of the snow cover the sky.

Katarina was standing on the peak of a hill of white snow looking at the distance, her senses sense the Prince.

But she did not do anything. She did not move. And she did not speak. But she is expecting. Azief did not do anything.

And he also didn't move. But he knows Katarina is expecting him.

Looking at the snow Azief remarked.

'The snow is beautiful' The snow will turn to rain, the clouds will tear apart and at the end there will be a rainbow.

'It will be beautiful....and sad' Azief sighed and floats as he flies to Sofia residence. Katarina did not say anything.

She just turns her face away, coming down the hills, as the snow turns to rain, like the Heaven was crying.

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In just a week, the world got the news. In every corners of the world, the news were spread. The Prince of Darkness has return, the strongest man in the world has returned.

The factions who have waited and those that have long not moves slowly showing some activity.

The Merchant Association on the other hand who has remained hidden during this whole conflict was also showing themselves.

The counterattack will begin! This was the common thoughts of humanity. The World Government is at unease as the Revolutionary Army and the Prince faction has allied with each other.

Jean and Paulette two of the famous members of the Revolutionary Army has been reported to hit it off with the Prince.

Hope....filled the world once again.

All the great heroes of the Prince faction has started to move out and united back under the banner of the Prince.

It is the marching of the saints!

#### [Chapter 192: Love that consumes](#)

The land was snowing, the gentle snow came and fall down before it rains and rainbows formed in the distance.

The dark sky was chased away by the winds and the clouds open up and the sunlight gently glittering through the trees.

But a woman expression inside a large mansion did not smile at the sunlight or the clearing of the skies.

Her emotion were in chaos and her expression was not pleasant. She wanted to shoot her arrows to the sun and bring down the sun to appease the anger inside her heart

Looking at that flying figure approaching her mansion she sighed before her expression turns hard. She did not like that he came here.

'So...has he changed?' She ask herself and her heart.

After the fall her life was filled by his colors.

She was the kind of girl that follows the person she loves and try to fit her life with hers. She was a simple woman.

She was never an elegant woman or a complicated woman.

But why is it so complicated....to love now? A love filled with the color of tears.....has this love turns to be like that?

With a whoosh of the wind and a swirl of gust of winds in front of the mansion entrance, a person appears in front of the mansion.

Floating gently down from the skies with the halo of sunlight behind him. Contrast that with the man black clothes it creates a stark contrast like a Holy Dark Lord coming down.

With him coming down comes the pressure of a Seed Formation High Realm that envelopes the entire southern area of the island.

Unlike the Revolutionary Army that was given the Northern area, the Divine Archer was given her quarters at the southern region of the island as appreciation for her help with stabilizing the many regions in the worlds.

So, her status among the heroes is very high.

Unlike The Prince who rarely make an appearance, her constant presence in the battlefield has earned her respect and acclaim from many heroes of the world.

The man landed gently on the ground and he retracts his pressure.

The southern region regain its calm and somewhere around the southern region a person who was seeing this scene with his divine sense close his eyes knowing that the Prince will not do any damage to the southern region.

The man was not held back by the mansion guards.

The woman was the famous Divine Archer and this is her home. The formations were dim showing that the Divine Archer allowed the Prince to enter.

Azief look at the mansion and look at the highest floor of the mansion, his expression unreadable under the hood.

He close his eyes, take a deep breath and walk forward.

Her emotions was like the raging seas. She didn't know what to feel. She remembers the way Katarina look at Azief and she remembers the way Azief look at Katarina. It was full of gentleness.

'Is it so hard?' she asked herself as she sighed.

She wanted to join her hands together with the person she loved and go anywhere and she knows she would be happy just like that.

A warm hand to hold and a heart that belongs to only herself.



Sofia was never a hard woman. She is a simple woman. Even though the world has changed her mindset did not change much.

She wanted to lean on someone and someone to support her. Feminist would surely hate her.

Only one thing changed since then.

She wanted to lean on someone...and have that person lean on her when time is tough. She wanted to be supported and wanted to support that person.

'Is it so hard?' She mused.

The man enter the mansion with large stride but even though he walks with such a large stride there is only calmness in his expression.

Sofia of course could see this with her divine consciousness.

Since Azief did not block her using his own aura, Sofia could see the calmness on his face. Somehow, the calmer he looks, the more irritated she becomes.

Somewhere on an ice mansion Katarina with her black hair turning into white like snow looks at the sky as she put her hand forward and the clouds in the skies gathered again, covering the clear skies.

'I wish I could just give up' she said and smile bitterly

'That day you left did we both lose something precious? Or do we simply treasure what we lost? Asking this kind of question.....can we stay true to our own heart?'

She look up at the sky and waves her hand. A cold aura spread on the northern region encapsulating everything with her white like snow aura.

Boris who was sitting on top of a wyvern training behind the hills of the Revolutionary Army HQ sense his sister aura and he frown.

He did not like seeing his sister in pain. He clenches his hand and reminded himself.

He will protect his sister. Always. That is the promise he promises her when she was in that dark attic after being beaten by their father.

Since that day, Boris.....has always lived by that promise. No matter what, he would always choose Katarina.

The Ice Princess waves her hand, and the world beckons to her will as a cold waves was blown all across the island.

Once again the snows falls. She breathes and white breath comes out from her mouth because of the cold. She smiles bitterly.

'I still miss you.' She said before sighing.

'My heart aches...and I knew I cannot go back.' Katarina said and like orbs of light the snows keep falling.

On the mansion of the Divine Archer Azief stop his stride as he turns back. He felt that sensation of law power and he turned his face, looking back at the snow falling

He saw the gathering clouds and he saw the snow falling. And his face becomes complicated. He did not know how to answer the question in his heart

The world is in chaos, humanity is at peril, death toll increased in ten thousand every days yet here he is still have the luxury to muddle himself in romance drama. For some reason, he almost didn't take that step forward.

The snow falls, and the Prince stops his feet for a moment and the Divine Archer look at that hesitation.

But he takes that step forward.

And he walk forward and no longer has he looked back. No matter how hard the snow is falling, no matter how white the expanse the land becomes, he did not look back

He walks and arrived in front of the door.

Azief did not even ask as he push the door and enter the room.

The first person he saw was Sofia looking at him. She did not smile. But she did not look angry either.

It was like she was thinking or dazed.

She did not know how to greet Azief.

She was worried when she saw him bleeding on the back of the Dark Speedster.

She stayed beside him when she was sick and nurse him and spoon-fed him. But at the same time she was jealous of the gaze he directed towards Katarina.

It was not a look of desire. No, it was not the kind of look a man gives a woman when he desires her.

It was something more. Something that trigger her more than a look of desire. She could forgive a momentary glance of desire.

After all she did not go out with a monk.

But the way he looks at Katarina was full of gentleness and kindness. It was gentle and smooth. With every smile and every look, the feeling festered like a wound.

It was love. A different kind of love from what they shared.

What Azief felt and what Katarina felt for each other was something she did not understand and she could not imitate.

The circumstance between those two were different and at the same time the circumstance between she and Azief were also different.

What Azief and she shared was not what Katarina could interfere. But the same thing could be said about what Katarina and Azief shares.

Whatever happens between Azief and Katarina in those three days.....make them more than just a companion that went through life and death experience.

It was awkward in the room. Both were standing and they look at each other.

'Hey.'

'Hey' Sofia replied back.

For a while there was this long silence. Sofia sighed and then ask

'Why come?' Azief was about to answer but he suddenly found himself bereft of answer. Why did he come?

Since he did not know why he come he said

'I don't know.'

Sofia sit down on her seat situated in front of a large painted glass, looking like the lord of this mansion.

'You never come to me before.'

'I did' he replied taciturnly.

'Yes, but always with a reason.' this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

'Can't I come without a reason?'

'Why would you? Unless you think you did something wrong.' Azief face turns slightly colored.

'I would not have you accuse me'

'Then why come if you did not want to hear me accusing you? Isn't that why you came? To hear me accuse you and for you to defend against those accusation? Then we can reconcile and return to our status quo. It's always your scenario. This time I have no desire to follow your scenario'

Azief did not deny or affirm only standing there as he slowly closes his eyes.

'It is not that complicated.' Sofia shakes her head,

'If you did not come.....I knew you have nothing to do with her. And I would never have worried. But you came. So, something happen. And now I'm worried. Because it is complicated. Because even till now....I don't know what we are....Azief.'

'I am...your man. You said it'

'Yet, you never said I love you to me.'

Azief did not say anything else.

'Can I trust you?' Sofia ask, her words was packed with meanings. Azief understand it.

'I don't know' And Sofia smiles bitterly

'Can you not lie?' Azief look at that beautiful hazel eyes of hers and he wanted to come forward and hold her hand.

But he did not take that step forward. Stand rooted at where he was standing, he only looks at that pair of beautiful eyes and said.

'I can. And trust me, I'm a good liar. But I won't lie to you. Never' she sighed.

She look at Azief and he look even more handsome than before. He is tall, he is handsome. All she could think about when they were together is about him.

Thinking his lips on hers, his hands on her body, that was the only thing she could thought when he even slightly glance at her or touch her in a flirting way.

She was never like that before.

The more she becomes stronger, the stronger her feeling became. Like everything was amplified, Hate and love was amplified.

So does passion and with it jealousy. When he was not here....she busy herself with wars and battle.

She has imagined their reunion many times but it was nothing like she expected.

She imagine in her mind that Azief would return to her coming down from the sky and she hugging him happily and he would smile and kiss her and say that he loves her.

She did not expect to get mad at him. But she could not control her feeling. Because...he always drive her nuts.

'What are you going to do?' she ask. Azief closes his eyes and said

'I'm going to improve my strength. Form my tenth seed and purify my soul. And then fight the Weronian off. Destroy the scheme of my enemies.'

'Are you...pretending or avoiding the subject?'

'I'm not talking about the Weronians. I'm talking about us.'

'Why you have to complicate this thing?' he said, as he scrunched up his face.

And Sofia gritted her teeth. She was being two timed by her previous boyfriend and she could not handle if that happens again.

'Did something happen between you two?' she ask. He was silent for a while but he answers. But it was not the answer she hopes to hear.

'Something did happen.' She did not say anything but she only closes her eyes. Then opening her eyes she ask

'Did you love her?' she ask so calmly that it almost scares Azief. It was like she was asking about the weather.

'I don't know. I don't think so' He replied. There was another awkward silence.

'Do you love me?' she ask

'I do.' And she closes her eyes.

They both were silent.

'Leave' she said before she got up from her seat and went out of the room. Azief look at her leaving. He rotates his Seed and Time slowed for him.

Each of her steps felt like a year.

He looks on as she was taking the step to leave him and he was thinking a lot of thing. What will happen if he let her go now....what will it affect in his life.

In the moments that should have only taken five seconds, it was like Azief was trying to simulate a world where Sofia was not in his life.

And he realizes something. He could, not bear a life where she is not around him. It is fine if he never met her from the beginning.

But now that he has met her....he could not imagine a life without her in it....whatever her role in his life.

Whether she is his lover, or a friend, or family...he did not care. As long as she is in his life.

And when he decided of this Time moves normally again so, Azief takes a step and in one step he close the distance like he was teleporting.

He grab her hand and pull her to his side, his body was pushed against her looking her straight at her eye.

Then he kissed her hungrily and without knowing it Sofia also kisses him back.

Then he broke the kiss

'What was that f..or?' Sofia asked with her out of breath voice. Looking at her eyes Azief said seriously

'I had a crappy year. I fought and bleed in another world and almost died. And now you treating me like that.'

'We are fighting right now' she said as she regain back her breath even though her eyes is still at his lips.

'It didn't matter. I needed it' he declared. Sofia absent of her will almost chuckles. Azief smiles and the smile on his usually expressionless face look charming, like his mask was cracking.

It was not the persona The Prince that is talking with Sofia. It was Azief. The boy she used to know when they were in high school.

Only braver and bolder.

'I don't know about anything else....but I can't lose you.' He said

Sofia nodded weakly before she remember why they were fighting. This is the problem. He has so much power over her that sometimes she could excuse him out of anything.

If Loki heard this thought of Sofia he would definitely agree.

After all the God of Death was not called the God of Death because he was nice. And she always have excuses for him.

Even when he will bring about the destruction of the Universe, she still wanted to save him. Loki describe what they both feel for each other... a love that consumes, a fiery passion that burns them.

The love story of the Divine Archer and the God of Death is a famous love story in his timeline after the event of the Earthshaker marriage where she cancel the wedding after the attack that happen on her wedding where the God of Death saves her again.

But she did not know that. And Azief also did not know that. A doomed love. A star crossed lover.

Nothing was easy about this two people. The people that come and go in their lives, the wrong timing all of that contributes to their missed chances and their misunderstanding.

Maybe, when Sofia sent Loki to this time, she also hopes more than just the prevention of the Universe ending....maybe she hopes that she could also have his happy ending

But that is then, now is now. And now....is what matters. And as they look at each other eyes, separated only by a distance, with both of them out of breath.

And as she look at him she also realizes something

Whether he really loves Katarina or not. Sofia also knows one thing. She could not imagine a life where he is not there.

So, she answers

'You won't.' looking at her eyes, Azief declared

'I might hurt you in the future.'

'I know.' She answer with a slight smile on her face. Like she could already foresee it.

'It will hurt.' He added

'I'll endure it. And I might hurt you too'

Azief nodded

'I know....and I'll endure it too.'

'It will be hard' she added

'Nothing...about us is easy.' Azief said slight with a chuckle. Sofia smile a bit.

'We do not share the same taste in drinks' Azief suddenly said

'Nor food' Sofia added

'We like different kind of music'

'And you are too different from the kind of man I thought I would like'

'And I never thought our relationship will ever develop like this.' Azief said

'We always end up causing trouble for everyone' she said

'Every time we meet, we find something to fight over' he added on

'It started when we decided to go out. You have many quirks that I detest.' She said chuckling a bit.

'Only troublesome things happen when we are together' she said

'There were more agonizing times than fun times when we were together. There is always something.'

Before they knew it, they were laughing, remembering all the times they shared and the memories they make.

Then they look at each other and they both knew. The love is still there. But they also know...that there is a crack. And no memories would fix that crack.

Only time...and understanding.

So, she release herself from his grip and Azief let her. And before she turns her back Azief said

'I...will always choose you. Know that. Even when it hurts' He said before he disappeared from the room as a gust of winds swirls inside the room, wreaking havoc in the entire room.

The decorations and the glass falls down and break. The attendants outside the room head the commotion but no one dares enter.

Sofia also did not call anyone. She looks outside the window and saw the flying figure darting off into the sky, slowly disappearing from her sight.

A thousand step behind. The stronger he became the more insecure she became.

'What happen to fight against the world together?' She mused.

'I could not even keep up with you now.' She thought to herself as she sighed.

Sofia went out of the room and went to her room and she sleep on her bed, trying to forget the pain in her heart.

In the morning when she saw the morning sun breaking the dawn she look at the sun. She remember what she talk with Azief. And she knows what she sign up for. A world of pain and hurt.

'I will fight for us....even when it hurts' she said to herself as the sun shows it face and a new day begin.

### [Chapter 193: Asargan](#)

#### SOMEWHERE IN THE ANDES PLAIN

A temple stand proudly on the vast flat lands. Around the temples are large trees providing shade to the tree.

The tree leaves was green and vibrant full of life, swaying left and right as the winds blows by the tree.

The wind was not gentle instead it was harsh and unforgiving.

Yet, the leaves only sways left and right like even the harshest win will not be able to pluck these leaves from it branches.

The tree itself was gigantic standing around thirty feet tall, its shade covered a large area of the Plains, providing protection from the heat of the sun.

Yet, what sunlight will appear in this area?

The skies on top of the temple was dark and produce thunder bolts with various colors with each of the thunderbolt possessing a mysterious power embed in each of the lightning.

Sometimes its red, Sometimes its blue, sometime it's black and sometimes its purple. And once in a while silver lightning would also fall down.

But when it strikes the land, the soil did not erupt and the land did not shake. Instead it ripples the space and distort time.

This thunderbolts was violent and mysterious in nature. It is one of the Forbidden Zones on Earth after its discovery.

The only person known to make it alive out from the Temple was the Thunder Monarch Oreki. Rumor has it he even attain stronger power after returning from this thunder infested Plains.

But a man is slowly walking towards the temple, without any fear, calmness is etched all over his face.

The man look at the skies, looking at the raging thunderbolts and in his eyes gleams of excitement can be seen.

This man is tall and handsome, his blue eyes flashing with lightning, his entire physique radiated an aura that is unique and in tandem with the thunderbolts that is falling from the skies and strikes the space of the Andes Plain.

His hair is now slightly longer than before, his face is clean and different from his previous haggard expression.

He look like a clean shaved person ready to tackle the world.

His lean but muscly bodies cracking with energy and his Seed of Speed was rotating madly like it was trying to absorb the lightning above the Temple.

His Seed forms a certain resonance with the lightning all over the top of the Temple. It was then as that man come closer that he stop and his eyes turns dazed.

The Temple hums and a melody turns into a song. The song was a song of creation and destruction.

The man did not know how he knows this and why this song evokes this knowledge. He only knows this is a song that relates to the existence of this temple.

Only he could hear the humming and only he could hear the song forming a resonance with his Seed, and piercing his mind and bore into his soul nourishing his mind and strengthening his body and soul.



Even when Oreki was here, the Thunder Monarch did not hear anything. There is this thing called Fate and Destiny, Karmic cause and effect.

This is this man fate and Destiny, his Karmic Cause that will lead to his Karmic effect, so the Temple hum and sings for him.

It was a melancholic melody that make anyone hears it sad and on verge of tears.

All of that man fear and happiness was laid bare in front of this song that is coming from the temple.

Like the Song itself possesses sentence

The man steps was halted and he seems to be dazed.

The song was hypnotic in nature. But then a Bell sounded in his ears and his dazed eyes returned to normalcy.

The Bell sound was the manifestation of the energy someone left behind in his body to counter this particular calamity.

The man woke up and the melody could no longer be heard.

'This temple truly have connection with me. My brother is not wrong' the man smiles and thanks his brother for leaving that strand of energy inside him.

Then he roared to the sky

He activate his power as lightning exploded out of him and Time and Space distorted around him.

His body seems to be standing still but actually it was vibrating in such high speed that it seems he was standing still.

But the energy unleashed from his vibration energy repel the pressure that is emanating from the temple.

And the skies rages and the thunder boomed on top of the temple stratosphere, the winds scatter and somewhere in the Universe a Grand Will was awoken

The skies spreads its dark clouds, and a world of colorful lightning was created.

The white clouds roiled turning into mist of water that falls down gently before being dissipated by the violent thunder.

It strikes space and time, distorting and changing the fabric of reality and trying to rips portals to another world.

His energy dispel the pressure and he was once again in full control of his mind. He heaved a sigh of relief and smiles.

The man was Will the Dark Speedster the famous sworn brother of the Prince.

After Azief regain his health, Azief quickly advise Will to roam the world for lucky chances. The world is getting chaotic and the only way to survive the coming calamity is to become stronger than before.

Even though Will was not as strong as his brother, he was faster than his brother. He could even in theory rip a portal to another plane of existence if he reached enough speed.

As his way of gaining power is related to the Speed Source and unlike his brother cultivating the Way of the Jade Palace to Perfection, he was limited in his option.

Once again Azief prevail for him. Katarina offer an information she got from the Broker. The Broker is a person known in the underworld.

No one knows his face. People knows he wears a black fedora and have a slightly chubby body and trade many information.

His identity was so mysterious that not even the Revolutionary army and the World Government have anything on him.

But both of these faction have a business relationship with the Broker. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

To win Azief to the Revolutionary Army Boris hires the Broker to find any information that could entice the prince to join hands with them.

The Broker found an information but bit was not for the Prince. It was for Will. The Broker knows that Azief would do anything for his brother development.

No one knows how but the broker seems to know Will speed is derived from an otherworldly source.

And this Temple if the information of the Broker to be believed, is a Temple related to the Speedster race.

Will once went to the speedster home world in one of his journey when he accidentally hurls himself and Azief into a portal to another world.

The planet of the speedster was destroyed with only some temple stands on top of sandy arid lands of that destroyed planet.

Other than some temples and many monsters Will and Azief did not detected any intelligent life, like they were all wiped out.

This is his chance for improvement when he heard about the Temple. Azief did not hesitate to accept the gift and join hands with the Revolutionary Army.

Now, he escaped from the song of the Temple, he walk forward and he arrived in front of the temple.

The Temple look old and on the verge of crumbling yet for some, reason Will felt that even if today the skies were tear apart and the ground caved in , this temple will still stand regardless of how old and fragile it looks.

Will do not know why he felt like this but this feeling is strong inside his heart.

This temple will stand for all eternity until the true apocalypse engulfed the entire universe and all realities and dimensions.

This temple was something sacred but also unholy. This is what he felt.

Will look at the entrance of the temple.

He could feel the energy surrounds and binds around him.

It was not a chain but a blessing. This force of power connects all speedster in existence in every timeline past, present or future.

Will slowly enter the Temple being cautious and vigilant for any unexpected happenings.

The moment he enter he could feel the energy inside it, warm and gentle a sit courses through his soul and body.

His lightning ignited and purple lightning exploded out from his body as he look on the walls of the Temple, his lightning serves as his light source

On the walls were something akin of the ancient temple of Egypt. It was filled with indecipherable writing.

‘What is this?’

For some reason Will felt some familiarity with the writing. He traced his finger gently as a spark of lightning comes out from his finger and struck the walls.

The walls lights up and the hums begins again. But this time that song did not appear.

Instead somehow he was transported somewhere. Instead of transported somewhere it was more like he was being forced to watch a montage

It was clear this is some kind of video message.

But the opening scene was truly on a grand scale. What appears in front of Will eyes was the vast universe with billions of stars glittering in the distance.

It was like he was a speck of dust in front of such vastness.

He saw millions of speedster running all over the galaxies leaping over realities, creating portals with each steps and breaking fabrics of realities all over the vastness of myriad existence.

The stars and planet in the way of their running trails was sucked into the kinetic energy produced by these speedsters, making them wiped out from the galaxy.

There were many kinds of speedster.

Not all of them possess humanoid forms.

The race of speedster’s runs in a race that spans millions of light years in a single run, burning universes and creating blacks holes that devoured newly born universes out of existence.

They were anxious and were desperate as they ran and ran

Will see this montage like he was viewing a movie with a fast forward function yet at the same time it was like he was there.

It is a feeling he did not know how to express and describe.

It was unlike anything he ever experienced.

It was like the Speedster roaming all over the vastness of myriad existence, running through the past, present and future in search of something.

They broke all Laws of the Universe as they ran and ran burning everything along their trails

And then a dark finger comes down from an unknown dimension. This finger was so large and vast that it covers all Universes.

Will could not even comprehend how high and how wide that finger is because he could not see the end of that finger whether its true height or its true width.

It was like the Universes was simply a dust and this finger is trying to sweep this dust out of the way.

When that dark finger descended, the Universes screams and wails, planets disintegrated into a booming silence as it was destroyed without even uttering a whimper.

Zettillion of lives were lost.

And this dark finger was not even fully seen.

This dark finger seems to be imbued with all the destruction in the entire existences of every race and civilization that has ever lived and will live.

This dark finger broke through all realities, pierces through all dimension and ever present in every Time and Space.

It is ever-present, in every timelines, in every dimension and nothing will ever escape it.

Nothing escaped this finger when it decides to destroy.

And when it descended, the Universe exploded and all Speedster that was roaming, running, hiding in some pocket dimension, turning themselves into Time Paradox and running in parallels with various timelines was annihilated, destroyed and knows true death.

No matter what these race of speedster do whether it be turning themselves into the consciousness of speed or hiding in the streams of time or creating a separate timeline for themselves, all of these schemes were broken and they all fade into nothingness.

This dark finger annihilate as all that is unreal and turns unreal into real, turns life into death, turns creations into destruction.

Their essence was scattered to the winds, their souls were extinguished and was denied reincarnation and rebirth.

They simply did not exist. Every memory about them was erased, their Karma thread was cut, their Karmic causes and Effect were overturned and faded and all memory about them disappeared from everyone's mind.

The finger annihilate everything. The finger was destruction. That finger was the finger of the Destroyer.

But then how could Will inherit the Speedster will if true destruction befall the Speedster race?

It was then a new scene appears in front of Will as Will understand why the Will of Asargan lives on.

And then a Bell toll amidst the darkness of the Universe. It was a Golden Bells that radiates golden holy light that nourishes life and spreads enlightenment of the Path of Creation.

The tolling Bells spreads light and life all over the vast myriad universes and nothing stops it, not the dark mist shrouding the dark finger or the darkness of the cold dark universe.

The sound could be heard through all the expanded Universes and some creation even attain enlightenment when they heard the tolling Bells.

A monkey underneath a stone erupted from a stone and leapt from the sky and become a Rakshasa and creating havoc as the monkey gained enlightenment on the path of slaughter.

But that was not all.

The sound travel faster than the speed of light breaking the barrier between universes.

The Bell sound tolls ringing all over the dark expanse and the light spreads.

The Will of Asargan created Ten Temples that appeared out of the darkness of the Universe. It was then Will gained an understanding of Asargan.

The Etherna of Speed.

And as the montage keep playing in his mind, information slowly fills his mind. He suddenly knows the name of the race of Speedster.

They were Savi'krian race. When Asargan died trillion of years ago, his strong attainment on the Laws of Speed, Time and Space embed itself in the essence creation of the Universe, turning into one of the Laws of the Universe

Those who blessed with the ability to stumble into the power of Asargan were given a lot of abilities.

Many races all over the Universe could feel the Will of Asargan and was blessed to possess divine speed that defies the Laws of Universe.

As this information flooded inside Will mind he was also at the same time seeing the montage.

The Temple floats in the darkness of space and then it hums a song of defiance against the order of the Universe and at the same time a song of repentance sounded out, singing out in the Universe.

It was like Asargan was revived and singing the song of his race of defiance against the Supreme Being and at the same time repenting against his race actions.

The dark finger wanted to descend again but another finger push the dark finger. This finger was light embodied.

When the finger appeared all creations sings in happiness and joy, as life bloomed and happiness fills the universe.

This light travels through every ends of the Universe and birthed millions n of new galaxies and stars.

The dark finger did not insist but strike one of the Ten Temple with a dark aura.

One of the shining golden temple turns white and pale and the Universe screamed in terror as from the Temple of the Will of Asargan an embodiment, an avatar of the dark finger was formed.

The Temple exploded and forms into a pale white lightning.

The pale white lightning turns into a humanoid figure but was primarily made of lightning. Then an understanding dawn into Will mind.

That is the Grim reaper for Speedster.

The Cosmic Speedster, the Pale Speedster.

For those Speedsters who are too fast for Death to catch, this embodiment of the dark finger, this embodiment of the Will of the Destroyer, will reap it in behalf of Death.

Will was shaken internally as he saw the creation of the Death Reaper of Speedsters.

When the Pale Speedster was born, a thousand planet was turned into desolate barrenness as it inhabitants withered paying Karma for their associations with the Speedster race.

The Universe screams and inauspicious signs manifested in forms of darkly winds that will cover the universe for one millions years and bring disaster and misery for that amount of time

Understanding fill his mind from the images and the mysteries information that keep streaming inside his mind.

That dark finger was the finger of destroyer and that white finger radiating with holy light of creation is the Creator finger.

It was a consideration between the Creator and Destroyer.

The Destroyer annihilate the entire Savi'krian race. But The Will of Asargan muster its strength and created the Ten Temples to aid the Savi'krian race and make sure His Will did not dies out.

The ten Temples stores all the souls of the Savi'krian, distorting space and reverting Time as the extinguished soul was reformed as time moved backwards and their soul was stored inside those ten Temples.

The Creator also could not let the legacy of the Savi'krian race lost in the annals of Time that only they know.

But the Destroyer also could not let his punishment defied so easily.

So he shoot a dark aura form his finger, destroying one of the Temple and as the souls inside that temple screams it was formed into the avatar of Destruction and Death, turning into the Cosmic Speedster to chase those Speedster who too fast for death to catch

The Cosmic Speedster look all across the Universe and with one steps it traverse trillions of universes and arrived at the Divine Dimension and emerged with the Cosmic Source, only to descend when it is time for him to reap.

The Ten temple were reduced by one and turning into nine temple.

The Destroyer exited the scene and the Creator also retreated, disappearing from this part of the Universe.

But the Bell sound of tolling did not yet end as it travel back from another end of the Universe and the sound waves hit the nine temple and one of the Temple exploded.

But instead of screaming soul crying in pain, the soul sings in praise as their soul were released by the sound of the Bell tolling and the light of the bell to become a planet.

From nine temple it now reduced by one. Now there is eight temple.

The Eight Temple floated on the darkness of space as the planet was being reformed.

When the planet was fully reformed it was full of life and lush with green forest and evolved creatures from the sea.

Then the eight temples slowly floats down.

But as it was floating down a boy was flying around this part of the Universe running from an army of Asuras when he saw the eight temples descending down.

Using a Cauldron he sucks one of the Temple and refines it into his Divine residence.

The moment he did that, the boy forms Karma with the Will of Asargan and one day he has to pay it back

This young boy was Yu Wang who one day will become the Jade Emperor of the Jade Palace. Will knows who the boy is because he bears the same resemblance to the face of the Jade Emperor.

After all Will once enter the Thousand Worlds of the Jade Palace with Azief. From eight temple, now it becomes seven.

The seven temple slowly floated down and when it reach down and landed, the energy coming down from the Temple was so malevolent and overbearing, it washed over the entire planet turning the world arid and destroying all life , transforming the animals into monsters with its energy.

The Temple hums and sing a song, as the Will of Asargan once again take roots in the Universe and those who could feel the Will of Asargan was granted the ability of a speedster.

All over the Universe, those who hears the song were awakened with great power.

And that is where the montage ends as Will suddenly kneel down as he felt his knees weakened.

He was sweating all over his body but he could feel the qualitative change in his lightning.

It was like his lightning becomes denser, compressed in each particle and more powerful as it explodes with traces of what makes kinetic energy, positive ions collided with the lightning and with it traces of ancient magic changing the makeup of this ion energy.

Will felt something changed about him. Like he was being acknowledged by a Grand Will of the Universe.

He felt the force of speed all over him, connecting all things. And suddenly his other Seeds he formed merged into his Seed of Speed.

The other Seeds melted as it was absorbed by the almost unbelievably fast rotating Seed of Speed.

BOOM! An explosion rock Will body and his inner consciousness.

'I couldn't believe this' Will said to himself. He was still kneeling and slowly getting back up but his body emitted power that as ancient as this ancient Temple.

The explosion happened because he was promoted into Seed Formation Middle Realm.

The skies on top of the Temple rain down thunders and lightning that causes the Time and Space around the Temple to be distorted heavily like they were acknowledging Will.

A Speedster that has inherited the Will of Asargan has appeared again. And in the Temple one red lightning emerge as it forms an illusory image of a person.

If Will could see the face of this illusory image he would surely recognize it as the Red Speedster that chases him before.

The Red Speedster was full of anger and regret before he died and was supposed to be disintegrated entirely but this Temple is special.

It disregard Karmatic Cause and Effect, disregards Time, Fate and Destiny.

It stores the soul of that Red Speedster but now Will has been acknowledged and the Will of Asargan wiped the Karma between those two.

So, the illusory image slowly dissipated and its resentment disappeared. Will on the other hand realizes something after his lightning become more vibrant

His Path is different from his brother.

Unlike his brother way of creating ten seed to call upon the Purifying Fire, Will path is to merge all of his Seed and gain the approval of the Will of Asargan.

He was smiling amidst the glistening sweat all over his body.

Because he knows where to walk right now and what his direction is. He was lost before and this visit to the temple has shown him the right path.

Like Azief enlightenment regarding the right path of his development, today Will also gain an enlightenment about his path.

He then look at the Walls and then were surprised to see that the Wall full of inscription is now empty.



Only smooth surface could be seen.

Will look at the wall for a moment before he said

‘Thank you for your guidance Asargan’

He said this and then with one steps forward, lightning arcs trails behind him as he traveled tens of kilometers in one step.

He did not even run but only take a step but he traveled tens of kilometers in only one step.

If he runs, one could only imagine his speed.

On top of the tree outside the temple, perched on one of the branches was a black raven. One of its eyes were green.

Its eyes keep blinking, gazing like a watcher.

After that raven saw Will has disappeared from the area, the raven flies away to the skies amidst the lightning filled clouds.

When the lightning was about to strike down the raven, a green smokes halted the lightning and an aura that resembles a God appeared and the lightning bolts recede.

The raven flew away, its green eyes flashing intelligently.

As Will runs reaching an almost unbelievable speed to the Mediterranean Ocean, something happen inside the temple he left.

Part of the wall where he touched the wall before is now glowing with purple lightning.

BBOOMMM!!!

Then the Wall crumbles and reveals a large room the size of a football field. The room was dark and there was an altar in the center of the room with a small hole on top of the ceiling.

The hole seems to provide light from the sparks of lightning outside the temple.

The altar has a stone sarcophagus which is inscribed with the same undecipherable writing like on the wall.

The purple lightning was absorbed into the sarcophagus and then the inscription on the sarcophagus slowly disappear

The sarcophagus top moved and then the sarcophagus exploded. Dust filled the room. When the dust recede, a figure of a naked woman appears. She was humanoid form but she has pointed ears and fiery red hair.

Slowly lightning comes out from every pores on her body. Her lightning was pale white and it was gentle as it coils around her like a snake.

She closed her eyes and when she opens her eyes, lightning flashes inside her eyes.. Then with a smirk she look around the temple.

'I've been looking for you many lives before you're even born. And so it began' Her voice was hypnotic and with each word, the laws of this area ripples giving way to the power of the Laws coming out of this woman.

And then still naked, she step forward.

She step forward as the Laws of Speed underneath her feet ruptured and the land beneath her spirals and eating itself and dissipated into particles.

With one step forward she travelled thousands of kilometers away and the temple was destroyed.

Now, there is only six temple of Asargan in the Universe and it signifies something to the many hidden powerful Beings in the Universe.

Peering from his realm of myriads worlds, the Great Emperor of Three Thousand Worlds, The Jade Emperor look at the destroyed temple and release a sigh.

It will not be long before he has to pay his Karma.

Meanwhile while this was happening somewhere in Peru, flying out from his Tower of Golden Bones, an Eight Horn Weronian is rushing to France after the devastating aftermath of a great battle between a human expert they called the Prince and an army led by a Seven Horn Weronian.

This Weronian is a Great Golden Warrior of Golden Horn tribe, the Great Warrior Purunghasa.

From what he has learned the person that led the attack against the army sent to eradicate human in that region was called the Prince.

Further information also detailed that person to be a Great Warrior of the human race.

Purunghasa after learning of this matter offer himself to the Great Divine Warrior who led all of the Tribes of the Weron to eradicate this so called Human race greatest warrior.

He was smiling as he imagine himself gaining merit in war.

In France however, the cheering of the human race shakes the land as the Prince floated down from the sky with Jean the Time Master behind him riding a Pegasus.

Great heroes and heroines were riding behind the Prince, slowly descending down like Saints.

The offensive led by the Prince has proven successful and it began the declaration of resistance of the human race.

As Azief floated down from the sky, he could feel there is a great calamity that is coming for him.

As he form his Eight and Ninth Seeds that deals with destiny and Fate he could sense this thing. But as his feet landed on the ground, there is no use worrying about it.

He will overcome whatever calamity there is.

And so....it began.

[Chapter 194: Great warrior](#)

EUROPE

FRANCE

The sound of footsteps could be heard in these empty streets. The wind blows and a person cape flutter amidst the wind.

This person is walking among these empty streets accompanied with an entourage of great heroes and heroine.

Striding past their corpses, his black cape billows over the open eyes of the dead.

He had a dragon gait and firm tiger steps his deadly aura flowed out it made even the entourage behind him afraid to approach this person.

His handsome face is covered by his leather hood, his tall height makes him noticeable even from afar. Not to mention, there is this kind of primeval aura coming out of this person.

It was an oppressive zone all around this person with the black cape.

There was no other person that could emit such kind of pressure other than the Prince of Darkness, Azief.

Behind him was Jean the Time Master, Paulette his lover, and Maximoff. There were some other people that are following behind Jean they are all are not worthy to be mentioned under the same breath of these great heroes and heroine.

Their contribution to the battle is undeniable but with the presence of the Prince in the battlefield their contribution pales in comparison.

In the distance, horns like statue the size of hill could be seen. These horn like statue called the Protruding Horn by the WG is being burned by the soldiers as they sing a song of victory.

Azief look down and saw blood on his dark boots. He looks at the sky and saw an empty space with no clouds, result of his earlier battle.

He remembers Alsurt, laughing at the weakness of myriad races.

Even when he was being sealed, nothing could contain that Jotun valiant spirit that seems to tower all above the firmaments.

Walking on the vast earth, laughing at the heavens. When will he have that kind of mentality as he roamed the vast Universe?

Azief ask himself this as he walk that empty street, his mind contemplating this matter. Behind him the people following him did not do anything other than just walk behind him.

Nobody wanted to disrespect or offend the Prince especially not after what they have witnessed today.

Because as he walk the vast earth he could not help but form emotions and form entanglement.

As he look at the skies, he does not feel the benevolence of the Heavens...instead all he could feel is ill intent.

He could not reconcile these feelings. So, as he walk, he wanted to stomp the Earth, and rend the Heaven apart.

Fate and Destiny, these are the argument of the weak. this content of [novelfullbook.com](http://novelfullbook.com), if you reading this content please go to website [novelfullbook.com](http://novelfullbook.com) to continue reading, fastest update hourly

When such disaster happens they blamed it on Fate and Destiny. But in the end, if you are strong enough, Fate and Destiny will work for you instead of against you.

Azief knows this, and like that he gained enlightenment on some matters as his Seed of Destiny and Fate slightly emits light.

It was a trace of Laws but also a trace of defiance against the predetermined path of the Laws of Fate and Destiny.

Most people would follow the will of Fate and Destiny.

But Azief thoughts and belief, veer of this path of flowing like water, following the winds to move the clouds.

Instead Azief belief bring him to another path. To control Fate and defy Destiny.

This was his path.

Because he did not want to be chain and shackle by such concepts.

This means his attainment of this two laws will be slower than other people but when he truly comprehend the Laws regarding this two aspect, he would surely be a terrifying enemy to have.

After all to obey is easy. To defy requires courage and steely heart determination. Even when the path is uncertain, he must still go into that darkness.

Because if he plays it straight, he will surely fail to achieve what he desired. He must trod the path not taken.

Because if he follows the path other people have walked on, he will only reach the same destination as those people.

Azief look onward as his Divine Sense swept the area, and his foot walk forward, stepping lightly.

As the statue of Protruding Horn was burned from many places that used to be Weronian stronghold, Azief discover his Divine Sense is slowly gaining back its abilities.

The statue of that Protruding Horn erected all over France was carved from a weird minerals that was not of this world.

It has the effect on deflecting Divine Sense.

That is what Azief concluded.

As he walk on this war torn city of Paris, he looks with indifferent. His eyes glints of murderousness, with each steps ripples of energy appeared beneath his feet.

Small fires were everywhere.

This street if Jean words to be believed once thronged with life. Now it is empty full of desolate and grim aura surrounded this entire city.

Azief could sense the grim feeling.

Along the roads, corpses littered the roads.

Women and men in their armors, children with wide eyes of fears, all these corpses littered the road.

Paulette who was following beside Jean look at this scenery and tears unconsciously flowed down from her eyes.

Jean quickly embraced her and consoled her.

Stores, buildings all shows marks of scorched and traces of a great battle being fought around it vicinity.

The dust of war filled the streets, as the wind harshly brought the scent of blood and death. Cracked sidewalks, mutilated flesh are normal scenery.

Today, Azief came and like an Avenging Angel swiftly end the occupation of France by the Seven Horn Weronian stationed here.

Azief also learns a bit of Weronian culture from the intel he got from the World Government.

The one in charge of France was an Adept Warrior, a title that make him eligible to become some kind of Governor General if it compared to human standard.

The Weronian did not practice the same kind of practice of human strengthening techniques instead they refine their bodies with the elements that exist around them and susceptible to magic which is why humanity still manage to drive them back.

Weronian most frightening aspect is their physical body.

On Earth only one human could match the Weronian in terms of physical body and that is Azief who possess the Undying Physique.

Usually one that is given the privileges to govern an area is an Adept Warrior. The title shows his capability.

For a Great Warrior they could rule a kingdom or a country. And for Supreme Warrior they were given the right to do whatever they pleased.

Because that means they have Nine Horns which is just one step from the legendary ten horns which has not existed since trillion of years in Weronian existence.

If they have a ten horn Weron they would not have been able to be thrown away from their galaxy by the Intergalactic alliance.

That is because ten horns signifies that Weronian could go toe to toe with beings like Zeus, Odin, The Jade Emperor, Ra and Osiris and maybe other great character in the Universe.

If they have to be classify using human terms, Loki would grade ten horns have the same abilities as a Sovereign.

And any Sovereign during the Era of the Seven Sovereigns could do many unbelievable things.

Create world, and destroy galaxies, this is just a few of the powers of a Sovereign that transcend above the limitation of the will of the Universe.

It is fortunate such scenario did not occur as Azief only had to contend with a seven horn Weronian.

Azief when he arrived at France he quickly confronted the Seven Horn Weronian that called himself the Adept Warrior Ulukhawa.

With his Six World Exterminating Saber, Azief engage in a great battle with the Seven Horn Weronians.

The seas all the coast around France boiled and the skies were full of thunders and flames.

Thunderstorm raged across the northern part of France while the southern part spew fires from the skies and burns the forest, killing hundreds if not thousands of people and Weronian who did not know why such weird phenomenon happens.

It was like the Earth and Heaven were at war with each other. It alerted other Weronian who rush over which was struck down by lightning the size of a hill.

The Prince in views of the great heroes and heroines of the world rends the skies and shakes the earth like an almighty War God.

In the conclusion of this great battle the Prince slash the Seven Weronian Horn Warrior with his heaven Sundering Saber borrowing the power of the world to activate his Seed.

As his Tree of life heals his injury he managed to summon many of his sabers and gain understating of each of his saber in the midst of his battle..

Red mist covers the skies as it was this heat produced by the red mist that makes the sea water boils.

This red mist ignited in the center of the skies of France and turned into Nirvana Fire.

With one downward movement of his saber, a gigantic slash of fire the size of a mountain rushes forward to Ulukhawa burning and cutting everything in front of its path.

The clouds were burned and even the skies seems to be burned along with it.

The land beneath his feet turns into dust as sand turns to glass, breaks and then melts before turning into gas because of such intense pressure.

True to his name, the Heaven Sundering Saber, sunders the Heaven and as such how could the exhausted Adept Warrior Ulukhawa has the power to resist as he was cut into two parts.

One part of his body fell into the sea and was eaten by a shark while the other one fall into the ground and was burned entirely by the inextinguishable fire.

The shark that eat the other part of Ulukhawa exploded in burst of flames after eating the other part of Ulukhawa body.

This was the power of the heaven Sundering Saber. Seeing this display of such great prowess, how could the soldiers of humanity not cheer the prince name and confident of their victory?

Usually a Seed Formation leveler like him could not contend with a Weronian with Seven Horns and with such attainment of physical body.

But he has Perfect Physique and Nine Seeds rarely seen even amongst the many star system that practices such method.

With the Nine Seeds rotating and his powerful physical bodies and the Six World Extermination Saber, he could easily ignore all this known convention and easily dispatched that Adept Warrior.

After that what ensues was a complete slaughter. This is after all a war between two planets, the invaders and the original inhabitants.

Azief was not merciful. Merciless would be a kind word to describe Azief after he defeated Ulukhawa.

With one slash, Azief evaporated ten thousands of Weronians into ashes, with another slash he brought down lightning and thunderstorm to terrorize and punish the Weronians.

Without a Seven horn Weronian or an Eight Horn Weronian, the normal Weronian soldiers were helpless like a chicken that lost it head, running around bleeding before dying.

This is what called the new order of this new world after the fall. One man could overwhelm ten thousand if he is strong enough.

And if he is strong enough he could even overwhelm an entire world by himself.

And that was what happens.

Azief after killing Ulukhawa join Jean, Paulette, Maximoff and other heroes in a great offensive, killing millions of Weronians.

Some were even promoted to Seed Formation Middle Realm with all the constant killing. People like Jean however form their Seeds first before elevating their level.

Azief now understand why Jean was respected even among heroes. Instead of making mistake like Sasha, Jean was prudent and cautious.

Though Azief also realized that this prudent and cautious personality of Jean will be thrown out of the window when it involved her unofficial Empress, Paulette.

The reason why she is called the unofficial Empress, was because when Jean declared himself as the Emperor of France, he did not crown Paulette as his empress for there were great chaos at the time.

And then the White Explosion happen and then they returned back to the original Earth but with the Weronian invasion coming Jean never had the time to crown this Empress of his not to mention he is no longer the Emperor as it was abolished after the White Explosion.

If he wanted to become an Emperor again he has to form his Legion again which he has no interest in doing now.

So, Jean had never the time to crown his beloved.

The other that followed him in this expedition is Revolutionary Army spies and renowned sniper in the underworld of crime families Maximoff.

Together, they run around the battlefield like hungry wolf, killing and slaughtering to their heart content.

Without the pressure of the Seven Horn Weronians, the other Seed Formation levelers that join this battle were like Gods of War as they trampled upon the hundreds thousands of Weronian soldiers.

When Azief recover from his wound from his battle with Ulukhawa Azief on the other hand was truly like the title the world has given him.

The Prince of Darkness shows his prowess as the battlefield was shrouded with dark red mist and wherever this dark red mist appears, lives were reaped.

At some point of the battle dark winds slashes out from the mist and cut off hundreds of Weronian soldiers that was about to kill a battalion of Orb Condensing human soldiers.

Once again the world was reminded why the Prince of Darkness is called the strongest human on Earth.

With his darkness aura enshrouding the entire battlefield, it was like they were surrounded by a constant pressure to their life.

The killing intent coming out of that dark red mist was suffocating.

With one look one could see that the killing intent coming out of the Prince was really thick.

If it is condensed and turn into an Intent Attack, it could disrupt one mind and made people go crazy of fear just by being near the Prince.

When the battle ended, corpses littered the land and bloods flowed from the hills like the hills were crying tears of red.

The skies atop France was bare as all of the clouds were burned by the Prince during his battle with the Seven Horn Weronian.

And so began the Europe offensive.

This plan was conceived by Jean and many other important people in the Revolutionary Army as they believe that they have to liberate the Europe continent to become the base for human resistance.

England was occupied firmly by the Weronians. So does the South America.

They decided Europe was the perfect place to start their plan. Not only to liberate Europe but to bring down the Pillars of Fire that is limiting the suppression of the World Orb.

The Stonehenge, the Great Sphinx of Giza in Cairo, The Nazca Desert in Peru, The Easter Island and somewhere in South American wilderness.

They will bring down these pillar so fire as they will weaken their enemies.



When all of the pillars are brought down Azief is confident that the Weronians would be too weak to qualify as a threat.

But for now, they have to suffer first and take risk.

And with the Prince level, he could handle Seven Horn Weronian and can outrun Eight Horn Weronians.

The Ninth Weronian were constrained by the pressure of the World Orb thus they could not move freely.

If not for the Pillars of Fire, they would not even be able to exist in this Earth as they will be flattened by the pressure of the World Orb.

Azief enter the war not only because he could not see his world be invaded by the Weronians but also because he wanted to dive into dangerous situations and push his entire being to the limit.

Only in that way he can quickly improve himself.

He needs to become stronger and stronger if he really wanted to tear all the illusion and understand the truth. Why was Earth, this Earth, is so special?

Why was it protected for millenniums?

What makes them, human, a weak creature compared to the many races that inhabits the myriads stars and galaxies so special?

To know these truth and understand these truth he first have to be worthy of receiving such knowledge.

And he knows only one way he could these answers.

Power.

A power so mighty that nothing would be out of his reach.

Azief hold this grand sentiment in his heart and he only admitted this to one person. And that was Will.

It is why he and Will have such great understanding about each other. And Will knows Azief bottom line which is why he knows not to push Azief too much.

Such bosom brother it is truly enviable in this chaotic era where betrayal is common.

As Azief was pondering of this matter, he halted his steps as he stops in front of a half-eaten corpse of a children and Azief eyes flashed with anger.

But he calms himself down. It was a technique he used. It was not a technique to calm himself. It was a technique so he could unleash all his anger in one place later.

He will endure his anger and endure himself from feeling anger. And when he found the person responsible for this anger he will unleash his entire wrath.

That is why when the soldiers saw Azief flying around the battlefield killing Weronians, they all describe that they never saw such a crazed person in their ranks.

When Azief went into battle with Weronian it was like he was possessed and his attack was crazy and his killing was demented.

He rips Weronian limbs like tearing of paper, bit their necks and rip their head apart with a bite.

Azief had never felt this angry before when he saw so many people dying.

It was not the same feeling when he was at Earth 39.

Earth 39 was not his Earth, and the Earth 39 people was not his people.

He felt sympathy and pity and that was because he was a superior beings.

But the feeling he held for the people of his earth and the anger he felt for the injustice the people of his earth felt is surely different.

It was more personal and it hurts deeper. And then before he knew it he arrived. The wind moves and the dust flew as his black cape flutter

'We're here.' Jean said as he walked forward and stand beside Azief. Azief nodded putting both of his hand behind his back as he examined the area.

In front of him is the remains of a six horn Weronian that tries to sneak attack Azief when he was fighting Ulukhawa.

Azief look below at the corpses of the six horn warrior.

'It is intact.' Azief remark

Jean smiles a bit before saying

'Unlike you I did not have the power to incinerate my opponent so thoroughly like yours.'

Azief did not say anything. But actually he was full of admiration of Jeans powers and abilities he possess.

Azief is sure that if not because of his attainment in Seed Formation which is higher than Jean, he would be hard-pressed if he were to actually fight Jean.

Azief put Jean a little higher than Raymond mostly because Jean fights with brilliance and full of mischievous tactics.

Raymond is straightforward in his attack. While this make Raymond attack powerful and vigorous, it also makes him predictable.

But Jean...Jean was smart. In his attacks or defensive measures, he always is one step ahead.

Azief smirk for a bit. Heroes bloom in times of adversity. He mused to himself before scoffing at himself.

Isn't that touting his own horn? By saying heroes bloom in adversity isn't he also indirectly saying he is also one of those heroes?

Thinking himself as a hero, he almost laughed.

Because he never saw himself like that. He saw the way Jean fight. It was not the way he would fight but it is still intriguing.

Jean uses the Time Attribute to fight.

He sometimes slow down opponent attacks, or make them faster making them lost their rhythm and sometimes halted some attack of him to be released in later time like a time missile.

You sure they could be used?

Jean nodded.

The thing that both Azief and Jean is looking at is the horn of the six Weronians. Azief crouched down and then grabbed one of the horns on top of the six horn Weronians and then pluck it.

The moment he pluck it the bodies of the Weronians slowly dries up.

'The Mind Master was correct' Maximoff said from behind.

'The horns are their weakness' Azief nodded as he could now form a hypothesis.

Weronians are a race that focuses on physical refinement but at the same time they could also harness the powers of the elements.

Yet, that power of the elements could not be converted into magic.

Why? And how?

At least one of them is explained right now.

It had something to do with the horns on top of the Weronians head. Azief smiles maliciously.

'So, the horn is your weakness? No wonder even for such a warrior hardened race like yours could be chased out of the starry sky to find refuge here' Azief mused.

Then he laughed to the sky in satisfaction. No wonder Loki said to him that the Weronian is just a small problem. He must have known from the very beginning that the Weronian had this kind of weakness.

Which is why he ask me to confirm my suspicion. Azief mused.

What Azief didn't know the reason Loki said that was because Loki know what will appear later will be more shocking and more powerful compared to the Weronian race.

The Annihilator, the Last Son of Yrinia and the Time Crisis. Compared to the later events, the Weronian Invasion in Loki mind is just a small problem.

As Azief laughs the people behind him were shocked with this sudden behavior of the prince.

'Lord Shadow, what are you laughing about?' Jean asked.

Azief did not answer as he pointed at the horns and said

'Hirate' Slowly understanding dawn on Jean face and he also brightened up

'So, that is how it is. This is a great news. At least with this, we could contend easier. But for the higher lever Weronian-'

'I am here' Azief said confidently.

Jean only smiles bitterly. As they are happy with this sudden revelation suddenly the wind change direction and then an explosion sounded out from the skies

BOOMMM!!!

The wind howled like wolves as a flaming wolf totem appeared in the clouds, devouring the winds and the clouds.

A killing intent spreads out as the wolf totem image the size of a mountain look down on France.

Jean, Paulette, Maximoff whipped their weapons and raised their fighting strength to the peak getting ready to face the threat.

Azief frowned.

'A Spirit Totem. An Eight Horn Weronian.' Azief knows that only an Eight Horn Weronian could form Spirit Totem.

Their way of strengthening is different from humanity way of strengthening so of course the manifestation of power is also different.

'Get ready to fig-' Jean was about to shout and the soldiers was about to once again get ready to fight but Azief shouted, his voice pierced the sound barrier as his voice resonated spreading out through the entire area

'HALT! ALL RETREAT!' And Azief make a grabbing motion with his hand as Jean, Paulette and Maximoff was brought beside him.

He only said one word to Jean before flying to the sky

'Run'

And then Azief dashed out from the ground darting off to the skies to meet this new enemy. The Flaming Wolf Totem roars and a void was open from its large mouth.

Then from that void a Weronian appears, wearing black armor and black metal mask covering his face.

That Weronian stand silently on the skies with flames coming out of his feet, from his hair and horns.

Then he removed his metal mask as he surveys the area.

He saw many of the burned buildings and he saw the slaughtered Weronians warrior littered the streets.

In the ground, a hundred thousand human are running away. He has a frosty expression and his gaze was chilling.

He stood at the incredible height of twelve feet. He emitted an aura of a high level predator.

As he look at the weak human running there is a feeling of superiority but then out of the corner of his eyes he saw something shocking.

There was a human flying towards him and releasing an aura of dread and death comparable to the mystic warrior he encountered in the past.

'Magic' he spit the word with disdain. The Weronians has always hated magic. The reason was because they could not train in it and was always suppressed by Mystical race.

Mystical race refers to any race that could harness the power of magic

It is why Weronian forbid raiding a planet that has Mystical High Priest.

The man covered in black aura appeared five hundred meet in front of him, floating, approaching him without fear or hesitance.

Then the man in black clothing shouted

'Who are you?' A solemn and imposing voice rang out that covered the skies and suppresses the fire coming out from Purunghasa spirit totem and Purunghasa immediately felt shocked.

This aura coming out of this human is suppressing his Spirit Totem.

Immediately Purunghasa knows who he is dealing with

'Is this the famous Human Great Warrior the Prince!' Purunghasa shouted. Azief knows that the appellation of Great Warrior is given to the Eight Horn Weronian.

Azief then shouted back rotating all of his Nine Seeds as a godly aura exploded out from him turning him golden, emitting light as blinding and brightly as the sun.

'I am the Prince Of Darkness Azief. Who is asking!'

'My name is Purunghasa the Great Warrior. I will claim your head for Tribe Leader!'

The Weronian race is a straightforward race and knows only violence to solve dispute.

The moment Purunghasa said he is about to claim Azief head, he dash forward bring the wind with him.

And Azief also did not hesitate as he flew forward with his fast speed leaving atrial of gales and storms and then with their hands clenched they threw a punch.

Their two fist collided, as the Flaming Wolf howls and their two fist collided creating a shockwave the radius of two hundred kilometers, shaking and vibrating the entire France.

The fight between Azief and one of the strongest Great Warrior of the Weronian tribe has begun!

Somewhere on the ground, a raven that was pecking the innards of a dead Weronian soldiers, blinks.

That raven eyes then turned green for a moment before reverting back to normal. Then that black raven flew away from the battlefield.

[Chapter 195: Silhouette](#)

SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

ISLAND OF PEACE

Clang! Bang!

The dark room was full of sounds. Someone is searching for something. A stone box in the distance was found.

Looking at it, that person eyes narrowed as that person will that box to move with the wave of a hand.

Opening a large stone box that person found it.

It was a battle armor of the highest quality. Even in the darkness the shine it emits gave light to this dark room.

That person was a woman. And not just any woman. Every one of her movement was full of grace and power, nobility etched in every expression.

Was it because of her influence or was it because of her own increasing power that imbued her with such regality and elegance?

Was it an innate quality only now discovered after the Fall?

Whatever the answer is, it is undeniable in the world right now, no one could match the brilliance that this girl emitted.

Cold as winter, yet adored and yearned by every valiant heroes.

No one matched this description other than Katarina the Ice Princess.

What she took from the stone box is her most powerful armor, the Armor of the Heavenly Goddess she got from her battle in China.

It was white as snow, translucent in a way but possess unbelievable durability. She wears her battle armor looking like a valiant heroine ready to charge against the world alone.

She looked perfectly fit to wear the armor as a grand aura spreads out from her body, suppressing everything.

She sighed before she produce her thin sword that has the length of one and a half meter. The moment she brings out her sword, the ringing of the swords create ripples in the airs as the temperature in the room drops ten Celsius.

She slightly smiles as she swish her sword feeling the sword strength on every fiber of her being.

The metal to make this sword was silver and when light was reflected on it, it will turn white and clear as water.

The Armor of Heavenly Goddess wore by the Ice Princess, there is no one more fitting to wear it.

She looked beautiful and yet heroic at the same time.

To reconcile these two description at the same time, other than the famous Ice Princess regarded by the world as the most beautiful woman who else could reconcile these two contrasting aspect?

She sheathes her weapon and prepares herself. She was ready.

'Wait for me.' She said to herself

As she was about to went out of the room, a door creaks. Slowly footsteps could be heard. Katarina tensed and her hand tightly gripped her sword.

A man appears from the opened door.

It was a muscly man, with a tattoo on his arms and neck. It was a tattoo belonging to the Bratva. The man used to be a part of that gang before being what he is today.

He never did erase that tattoo to remind himself of the harsh past he has endured. Behind that man is a ten foot bear waiting on him outside the door this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

The woman looked at that man. The man sighed and the woman smiled bitterly.

'Must you go, Katarina?' the man said his voice was deep but contains a little sadness.

'I could not help it' Katarina answer.

Outside, the snow has stopped falling and so does the rain. The sun slowly shined it slight through the cracks on the clouds.

Flowers blossomed as variety of colors filled the island once again. The storms in The Island of Peace has subsided but a new storms is being produced somewhere in Europe.

And Katarina knows it. The World Council know. And her brother knows. And they know why the storms are there.

Because "he" is there. And he is in danger. An Eight Horn Weronian.....Azief could not handle it alone.

And because he is there, she will also be there.

Beauty fills the island regardless of the chaos outside. An illusion of peace in a war torn world. The flowers blooms outside, but the snow will fall.

Inside the armory, the pair of sibling looked at each other with complicated gaze.

'He...might not be able to give what you want.' Then he added

'I hate seeing you cry tears.'

'Since I came to knows tears, I've become stronger. Now...or in the past it is the same. Now, I'm going forward with my heart as it is.'

Katarina said as she sheathes her sword on the sheath at her left hip.

'What do you think I want from him Brother?' she ask

'His heart.' Boris answer as he sighed.

Katarina did not show anything on her face but her heart sways.

'I would not know until I try.' She replied

'It always hurt more to put a brave face and lie' Boris said as his eyes clearly looking at his sister. The sister he promises to protect.

'You know how much I love you' Boris said.

'I couldn't bear it for you to get hurt.'

'Brother.' Katarina determination is slowly being swayed. In this world, only one thing that could weaken her resolution and determination.

And that is her brother. At least it used to be only her brother. Now, there is another one.

'I hate seeing you cry and in pain. Now, and in the past. I sacrificed everything to just see your smile. I would do anything to keep you safe. Even if that is from yourself'

'Brother, will you stand against me?'

Boris did not say anything as he opens his clenched fist and fireflies comes out from his hand, emitting a light like that of a moonlight

Like the starry skies full of blinking stars, the fireflies roam inside the dark armory.

The light some is close and some is far.

Spreading its wing these fireflies emitted aromatic scent that calms the mind and the heart. Katarina look at the fireflies and remember her brother promise with her, on that lake full of fireflies.

'I could not fight you.' Boris replied

'Because you afraid you will hurt me brother?'

'No, because I know I can't win over you. Not now....not ever. Even if I am stronger than you, I would never be able to beat you. I'm not Father'

Katarina frowned. They never like to talk about their father.

'I will only help him a bit.' Katarina said trying to persuade her brother

'No, I would not let you risk yourself for him. Let him handle his problem. He is the strongest man on Earth. He could handle it.'

'Brother...I' she was about to plead when she realizes something is wrong. She is slowly feeling her eyelid becoming heavy. She looks at the flying firefly and she knows what Boris did.

'Brot-'

'Sleep.'



Boris said as he open his arms and from the sleeves of his shirt hundreds of blinking fireflies comes out and with it the aromatic scent filled the armory

Katarina slowly felt her knees buckled down as she slides down to the floor.

Boris hurriedly dash forward and shielded Katarina body from crashing to the floor. He looks at the sleeping face of his sister and sigh.

‘Katarina, whichever choice I have to choose in this world, this big brother of yours will always choose you’

So, the beauty sleeps. The snow stops and the storms keep raging.

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#### MEANWHILE IN FRANCE

The skies were crazy.

That was what the fleeing soldiers thought to themselves as they they were fleeing from the inevitable battle of these titans.

The soldiers are running into the teleportation portal created by Warp and sustained by Jean Time Abilities to open the Portal longer.

As they looked upon the vast skies, they saw a gigantic face of a flaming wolf and a golden god filling up the skies with their colors of red and yellow.

On the skies, the two great warrior is fighting.

Filled with killing intent that cover the skies, Azief and Purunghasa trades blow at top speed creating sonic boom and shockwave with each blows.

Azief even with the vibrational energy left on his body after each strike managed to trade blows by blows because he could recover thanks to his Undying physique and his Nine Seeds that doubles his life force.

Tree of Life imbued its owner with almost limitless life force.

Unless one comprehend Destruction Laws or possesses an attack that supersedes the regeneration rate of the owner body, Azief will not be easily killed even with a difference on one realm.

But an Eight Horn Weronian if it is compared to the current leveler systems that means Purunghasa is at Divine Comprehension.

Thankfully, the Weronians did not cultivate the same strengthening technique of humanity.

If not Azief would not last even a few bout.

Divine Comprehension is as it name suggest.

Using Divine Laws to fight.

Even with Azief almost godlike physique and his Nine Seeds, if his opponent could use the Laws of The World, he would be destroyed in body and soul.

His body could sustain physical attacks but not Laws based attacks.

And not only that, Divine Comprehension could harness the power of the world, the stars, sun and moon to create magic spells.

For one that focuses on Physique, magic that does not follow any logics is its weakness

The reason why Azief is still not breaking down even with two realms difference is because Azief own body rivals that of the Weronians.

Azief was using the power of the Seeds to tap to the energy of the world imbued in each of his strike.

Purunghasa on the other hand, his eyes radiated vicious desire to kill Azief.

They were both supernaturally strong even among their kind, cut different from the rest of people watching these battle in the distance or spying on this battle.

The Merchant Association has their own ways of watching these battle that is unfolding in Europe and so does other factions.

As Azief trade blows by blows, he notices that Purunghasa is getting faster like he was slowly getting accustomed with the rhythm of the battle.

Azief face turns grave while a smirk could be seen on Purunghasa face.

“Take this!”

Azief in the midst of throwing a punch when suddenly he felt a deadly premonition. His heart lurched and an intense sensation of imminent crisis filled his mind and heart.

He veered off to the side without hesitation.

The instant he shifted his position, a piercing hand movement of Purunghasa whistled past him at high speed, cracking the air beside him

Ripples emanated out through the air as it passed causing Azief face to flicker.

‘Shit!’ he cursed

Azief heart pounded like a drum. He knew if he hadn’t evaded at the right time just now, his head would have exploded!

An intense, grim sound filled the air as the rippling passed Azief. As the sound emanated out, flames exploded out.

The Flaming Wolf Spirit Totem growls and roars as Purunghasa shouts

‘Let see if you could survive this Great Warrior of the Human Race!’

BOOM!

Azief were hit on the chest by this large explosion as he coughed up a mouthful of blood. His bones were broken and it slowly mended itself, this time longer than before.

Azief face was pale as he made an X cross with both of his hand as he endure the flames explosion.

His skin was melted and Azief winces in pain as he gritted his teeth. Slowly his skin regenerates but the pain lingers.

This kind of fire was like his Nirvanic Fire Azief mused to himself as he was thrown fifteen feet backward on the skies

An invincible aura erupted out of Azief as his vein thrummed with power, an ancient source of energy slowly nourishing his body and repairing his injury.

His Golden Domain also appeared to fight of the pressure of the powerful aura and flames of Purunghasa.

He punches the air as the flames spirals and punch into nothingness. Energy roils out as the air ripples, the winds screams and the skies parted

Beneath them, the rivers and lake slowly evaporated as they boils and turns into gas.

Azief meridian expanded as he suck energy from his surrounding, creating a swirling mass of energy that flew into him, strengthening him to endure more blows from Purunghasa.

Azief was actually heavily injured but he could not show it, not in front of this Weronian.

He smiles as sweat falls from his forehead, his hand trembles and his bones broken, but he did not show it, not with the way he is acting.

And he had to endure. The reason? The soldiers has not yet finished evacuating the civilians.

They might have traded blows hundreds of times but not even a minute has passed. This is a battle between experts.

Their speed in unbelievable and could not be seen by weaker leveler.

For those who are in Energy Disperse Realm they could see some of the moves with their eyes but for those below they could only see some flashes and deafening sounds as their eyes and ears could not process such speed.

Great wave of emotions filled Azief heart as he battled this Eight Horn Weronian. He was not afraid.

Instead he felt excited, with each blows taken, with each strike deflected.

He did not know whether he will survive this. But if he does, he knows he will make an improvement.

This way of improvement he thought of is a high risk high reward method. Only he alone could uses this kind of method.

Was it because he is strong?

That is true.

But that is not the only reasons. It is also because he is the most desperate. If his desperation could be compared with the heroes of this generation, none would exceed him.

With each steps taken, his desperation mounted. He wanted to become stronger, to see new peaks, to experience new things and to sit on the highest throne.

It is ambition. And that ambition drives his desperate heart and motivates his every move.

If he manages to kill this Weronian, he is confident he could form his Tenth Seed.

'Hyargh' he yells as he deflected another attack by Purunghasa as he was toss back a few meters back before clashing once again in the clouds, creating a shockwave that disperses any clouds in ten kilometers radius.

The booming sound deafened some low leveler on the ground. Like a hammer being pounded, the ground trembles

After killing all those Weronians soldiers, Azief is on the brim of a breakthrough in his Seed Formation

As he clash and fight the Weronian a repressive aura was created in the sky, a death zone that is around ten kilometers radius of these two fighters.

Any creature that enter this death zone instantly dies because of the suffocating pressure created by these two fighters.

With the Flaming Wolf Totem on the skies proving flame essence, Purunghasa attack was imbued with the power of the flames as the skies was colored red

Dark red mist appared in the sky as Azief fight backs and defends against the heat.

Azief rings shines and gleams in the darkness of the dark red mist. It is Azief trump card. He did not use the saber.

To use the saber now would be a waste of his power. The saber are powerful but it requires a large amount of power to wield and even used.

To use the saber on a Weronian like Purunghasa who might survive his saber strike will leave him at a vulnerable position after he employed his saber strike.

It is not yet the right time he mused.

Purunghasa on the other hand slowly lose his smile

What kind of human is this?

Mostly people would already be in despair and frenzy seeing him being so laid back fighting him. Yet, this human seem to be enjoying this battle.

And Purunghasa hated those eyes that is looking at him amidst the flame and the dark red mist

There was something he didn't like about the way this human is looking at him.

On the other hand, Azief face was pale, as his injuries slowly become severe with each attacks. That fire was not normal fire as it tries to burns Azief from inside out.

But because of his powerful body and his Tree of Life, it repressed the flame and save his life.

But now, he is even weaker. But he is still smiling. Then he looked down and saw, the people have already evacuated.

It was then Azief smirk at Purunghasa and shouted

‘See you later!’

He flies in his fastest speed, running away from the scene.

He shot through the air in a flash of light.

Purunghasa was shocked before he quickly understand what is happening. That human is playing him.

He fly forward as he turns into a flaming streaks of fire on the skies chasing Azief.

As this was happening underneath a dome made of energy, looking at the battle from the ground was a girl

This girl eyes contained a certain maliciousness. But it also has a hints of yearning and guilt as he saw the figure of the prince.

Inside her heart is an indelible pride stemming from her time with the Prince. Her long black hair sway beautifully blown by the gentle wind.

Her red tight attires look especially blaring. Her killing aura that emanates from the attire could not compare to leftover killing intent of those two calamitous gods that was fighting in the clouds moments ago.

Beside her a book was floating powering this concealment dome. The book bounded with silver metal chains, the cover is a realistic mouth

Only one personage in the whole wide world that fist this description. The Wicked Witch Morgana.

On her hand is a glinting spear made by the horns of a Seven Horn Weronians. The spear glint dangerously and had the desire to devour life

‘Louise is with Loki.’

‘I do not know what he want with Louise.’ Morgana talk to herself like she was trying to calculate something.

Sighing she wills her dome to move. Her dome merged with the Earth and traveled underground following the energy trail of the prince.

She gripped her spear tightly.

This will be her first assassination attempts on the prince. Her silhouette follows the Prince.....wherever that might lead.

Somewhere else, in a cave full of snakes and black ravens, a man sighed.

#### [Chapter 196: Legendary](#)

The sonic boom creates a ripple in the air as a figure part the clouds as that figure flies through it.

A dark red mist followed behind this figure. Not far behind a flaming figure chased the figure. Azief is still running from Purunghasa maintaining his will and his confidence.

He could defeat it. He knows this in his heart.

'Stop, human!' Purunghasa yelled with anger but Azief only ignored it.

Azief popped some blue pills into his mouth and this pill boosts his speed adding the frustration in Purunghasa's heart.

Every time Purunghasa is coming close and only a breath away from getting the human, Azief would pop a blue pill into his mouth and seemingly unfetter his body from the area and shoot forward in a flash.

Purunghasa is of course visibly shocked with such speed.

In Azief's heart however, he could not help but be thankful of all the pills Sina gave to him before he sets out.

This pill was refined from Will's speed and so contains some semblance of the speed source.

Azief has a reason for doing this kind of maneuver in the last minute. He wanted to draw the Purunghasa away from large population and use his trump card.

Spain was his destination. From what he gathered he learned that Spain is like a barren land nowadays after the initial massacre from the Weronians. Those that survived flee to other places.

Spain is now mostly populated by Weronian soldiers and warriors.

He wanted to use the Eternal Rings. Manic desire to run away was produced from Azief's eyes, convincing Purunghasa that Azief wanted to flee.

Azief smirked

'Heh'

The one thing Azief likes about these Weronians is that they do not have strategic thinking.

They relied only on their brute strength and violence. It is no wonder the myriad races of the Universes look down on them.

Compared to those cunning Old Beings that roam the vast universes, the Weronian looks like a baby that just got birthed

They do not retreat even in the face of imminent death even when the cause is hopeless

This makes them stupid but also at the same time makes them formidable soldiers and a trustworthy space mercenary.

They flew across the Europe continent before Azief flew down somewhere in Spain.

'Let us fight here!' Azief shouted as he darted off to the ground and the moment he landed the entire land masses around fifty kilometers radius crumpled up and break like a bowstring that was too taut creating mini quakes.

Purunghasa prefer it this way as he also flew down. The Weronians disdain fighting with tricks and has always views brute strength as their ultimate laws.

Both of them descent and that descent created a tremendous force that affected the laws of nature.

Their descent created flaming thunderstorm that raged from the ground to the clouds. Lightning shoots off and thunders roars as the clouds turns to fireballs and fall down like rain.

The forest was swept away by the fire while any creatures below the rank of Apex all were burned or suffocated by the terrifying pressure emanated from these top expert descent.

Azief then activated one of his Ring.

It was then a song could be heard coming out from Azief mouth. The song could not be understood but could only be felt.

It transcend the limitation of languages. It evoke emotion. The Song contain great clues to the Great Path of the Universes.

Countless mysterious truth appeared as worldly phenomena as the sound travels from Azief mouth and affect the natures and Laws around him.

The images of a setting sun, images of a dark night illuminated by the moon, the image of a falling stars by the millions appeared as the Song was sung.

The images...does they have connection to the Grand Truths or not?

Nobody knows

Azief did not know and so does Purunghasa.

But Azief has always known that the Eternal Ring was something so otherworldly and so powerful that Azief would not be surprised if someone says that these rings were the remnants of some top super powerful beings that used to rule multiple Universes.

Blue light radiates around the sounds.

The Ring of Creation Song glows as Azief sing the Song. It was the Song of Poisonous Mist. About 50 kilometer radius was covered by a poisonous mist of dark red color.

The trees wilted, the bird's falls down and foamed in the mouth before dying in excavating pain. The mist seems to be malicious.

It even affects the thunderstorm that is raging as the flames died down and the thunders were suppressed.

It was calm and silent yet this mist burning with it lethal virus that kills anyone weaker than the singer.

A large camp of Weronian soldiers housing about twenty thousand Weronians soldiers and warriors instantly died and corrode into a pile of melted meat after being consumed by the mist.

And it affect the body of Purunghasa as his eyes opened in shock. As Purunghasa is an Eight Horn Weronians he is stronger than Azief.

But this Eternal Ring is as mysterious as the Grand Truth of the Universe.

Even though Azief was two realm below him, with Azief Perfection Path he could even threaten a being like Purunghasa.

Loki prediction was right.

This Prince that will one day become the God of Death will become the strongest version of the God of Death even more so than in Loki timeline

Purunghasa could not believe what he is feeling now. He felt this for the first time since he met this human....the feeling of fear.

'What is this mist?' He said as he notices as his almost impenetrable skin slowly shed like a snake shedding it skin.

With each shedding he realize his skin slowly becoming weaker. No one should underestimate the rings that Azief wielded

With these ten Ring he used to roams the Universes undefeated.

Azief lost many times before he became Sovereign.

But everyone knows that after he became Sovereign he never lost a battle. At least no one ever heard he loses.

But there was a rumor he fought to a draw with Lord Wargod

As Purunghasa was exposed to the mist, his blood slowed down as the poison angrily acted up, using bits full might and roared. The Song rise to a crescendo.

The sound of the rising tone causes the stagnating blood flow to rises up and just like that Purunghasa felt like there is the Giant Worm rampaging inside his body, fierce and immense.

This kind of impact made the blood flow to go into a rampage, tearing apart Purunghasa meridians and strength nerves in his body and almost severing the nerve between his body and his horns.

Fortunately for Purunghasa he managed to stop the invading forces by burning his golden bloodline inside his body halving his longevity as he instantly aged.

Within a short moment Purunghasa nearly got ruined by a Song. In agony he spat a mouthful of fresh blue blood.

This was a great pain that he almost couldn't handle. But then he roared and his aged body rejuvenated nbut his longevity could not be reclaimed. Because of this he is angry, beyond that he is wrathful.



The Flaming Wolf howls to the heavens and fires blares across the vast skies, devouring clouds and dissipating air, suppressing the mist.

A certain Divinity Aura rises up from Purunghasa destroying the conflicting force inside his body. Burning his bloodline manages to make him resist Azief potent attack.

Azief sighed and plans his next move as the Ring of Song Creation dims. He could not use it for a while.

Azief also takes a deep breath as he could feel one of his Seed becomes dims. Even with Nine Seeds and borrowing the energy of the world, the demands of the Eternal Ring is so extravagant.

Doesn't this means he could not even use all ten eternal rings in one battle?

Not to mention some rings have such powers that it could dims two or three of his seed just by using a portion of its powers?

Azief only could curse that the only Song he got from the Ring of Creation Song is two songs. And using only one song has causes him this much

He once saw the Demon King uses this Ring.

He creates stars and moon and uses it as weapon.

The song affect the divine laws of the world and defy the Laws of the Universe. But Azief was not that Demon King and his attainment was not as powerful as that Demon King.

The fact that he could this much of power is already astounding in his level.

Then rioting all of his Eight Seeds, he powered the Ring of Great Summoning. He summon his Steed.

The semi skeletal winged horse appears as thunders and lighting that was beings suppressed once again create chaos in the skies.

As Azief jumped on the back of that horse, he adds his deadly and dark aura around him. One of his Seed slowly becomes slower in rotating.

The horse neigh sounds like a shriek of a tortured and demented souls from the Underworld as dark mist swirls under its hooves.

Azief look behind him and he smiles. Surrounded by such ghastly aura, his smile look like he was the controller of all Darkness.

A legion of shadows floats in the air behind it, as Azief pointed his finger to Purunghasa and shouted 'Attack!'

The legion of shadows unhesitatingly flew forward and opening their mouth rushing to Purunghasa.

At the same time the Legion of Shadows attacked Purunghasa, Azief summons Marchosias the Marquis of Hell

Then the already slow rotating Seeds stop rotating as it becomes dims waiting to be replenished by the worldly energy.

One of the Leaves on the Tree of Life is about to fall and hanging by a thread on the Tree. It was like a blow of wind will causes this Leaf to drop down.

Three Seeds creating leaves of Origin.

Two Seeds has become dim.

One more Seeds and the Leaves will fall.

The Price of suing such powerful magic from the Eternal rings is truly exorbitant.

If Azief did not use the Rings, he could fight with all of his Nine Seeds rotating constantly providing him energy from the Tree of Life that will keep absorbing the worldly energy.

But the Ten Eternal Rings cut off such connection between the owner body and the worldly energy.

Why?

Azief still didn't understand. But he dares to makes a speculation. Azief believes that the Ten Eternal Ring views the worldly energy as an inferior form of energy.

Not to mention if Azief didn't use the Ten Eternal Rings he is sure he would not even break past the defenses of Purunghasa sturdy almost godlike physique.

Even as the Seeds dims, the Marquis of Hell appears

The wolf like creature appears looking fiercer and gloomier than before. Its head was of a wolf with gryphon wing and a serpent tail, spewing infernal fire from its mouth.

Behind him were 30 legions of demon like creature. Azief pointed his finger at the Spirit Totem of the Flaming Wolf and ordered

'Marquis of Hell, devour that Sprit Totem and strengthen yourself.'

Marchosias howled, as his howl created dark thunders that covered the flames of the Flaming Wolf Totem

He moves his paws as it flies through the air to the Spirit totem and a shockwaves ripple through the air as the Wolf howls and winces in pain.

Demons-like creature is wreaking havoc, eating, slashing, and biting the sides of the Flaming Wolf, devouring its flames and flesh.

Azief eyes narrowed down as he collected himself after using two Eternal Rings that drains him most of his Seed abilities to manipulate certain attributes.

It only took him twenty seconds to do all this.

He takes a deep breath as energy enter his body, his Seven Seeds borrowed the power of this world as the energy all around Spain was sucked into his body and almost got depleted with that one breath.

With the World Orb Regenerative properties, Spain would be replenished by tomorrow but for today, its energy was sucked entirely by Azief.

Flames and thunders clashed in the skies of Spain, as the mortals below suffers from heat and heaven deafening sound produce by these two demon gods.

Purunghasa was incensed with anger. To him, these are tricks. His killing intent billowed to the Heavens.

As he face the Legion of Shadows, he snorted. Roaring sound echoed out as he snorted. Popping sound filled the air as the legion of Shadows charge towards him.

‘Simple tricks. Weak!’

His Totem Spirit was preoccupied but Purunghasa did not need his Spirit totem to help him at this moment.

He crack his knuckles and flames exploded out from his fist

A flame appeared above his head floating a few inches from the crown of his head. The world was turned into world of flames reminiscent of depiction of Hell.

The flame then transformed into a sunscape filled with exploding solar flare. This phenomenon could be seen from a thousand kilometers away.]

The land beneath them crumpled and then become scorched black before they slowly turned into ashes that flew as the wind carried them off.

The sea boils as the sea experience condensation as large mass of gas flew to the skies and snowcapped mountain melted off creating avalanches all over Spain

The flames then transformed into orbs of fires condensed into the hottes orbs of fires here on Earth.

This orb shot out toward the incoming Legion of Shadows

A booming explosion echoed out; creating something akin of planar shockwave as the Legion of Shadows could do nothing to block Purunghasa advance.

They dissipated along with miserable screams and shrieking.

The speed of Azief Steed slowly decrease as Azief smiles bitterly. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

It take two second of Azief to summon this two creatures but Purunghasa only uses one second to destroy the legion of shadows belonging to his steed.

Purunghasa then look towards the Demons that is attacking his Totem Spirit. Slowly the flames around the edges of the flaming wolf is being devoured.

Once again Purunghasa look at the summoned creatures of Azief with disdain.

He lifted his hand as the air around him were burned into single particle atom before dissipating completely into nothingness.

Then he bring his hand down.

Like an axe of an executioner, the moment he brought his hand down, it was like the Sun was falling.

Explosion rocked the skies as Spain was burned and thousands if not millions Weronians on Spain dies because of the heat or was burned alongside the flames that now ruled the land and the skies.

The Demon like creature and Marchosias were all split by the appearance of a fire cleaving saber shaped attack.

It descended with incredible speed, landing directly onto the demon-like creature and Marchosias ending their life as their souls returned to the ring on Azief fingers.

A deafening boom filled the air.

'That kind of destructive power... is truly terrifying' Azief thought to himself. Now on the flames infested world only two people remains, looking at each other eyes, staring at each other with the killing intent that could choke anyone to death by fear.

The skies are on fire and the land are on fire. Even the seas are on fire. With that one move, Purunghasa turns the entire world into flames.

At least that how it looks like in Azief eyes.

Spain was now burned as forest is devoured by fires and even cold mountains is burning.

But even in this world of flames, the skies is still there.

And as long as there is the skies, lightning will appeared.

Like being awakened by a falling glass, thunder roars mightily and golden lightning shoots off from the flaming skies and strikes down the Flaming Wolf and Purunghasa horns simultaneously.

This move was so unexpected and so sudden that Purunghasa who was concentrating on Azief was caught unaware.

For that one moment, the lightning strikes Purunghasa horn.

And another strike shot towards the Spirit Totem.

The lightning falls and the Spirit Totem exploded into motes of flames as the flames all over the skies, land and seas slowly dissipated and showing sign of calming down.

It only take one second but it was enough. Azief smirks. That was the opportunity he waited. That one second time gap.

'Like I thought.' Azief eyes glint dangerously as he look towards Purunghasa horns.

'That is your weakness.'

For such a strong race, even the Heavens were jealous and give you a weakness.

At this time Purunghasa was pale in the face as he realize what happens.

He felt the numbness on his horns and then look behind him as he watched his Spirit Totem exploded.

He then felt a maelstrom of energy exploding inside his body as backlash of his Sprit Totem being destroyed.

His pale face indicate his fear.

'This human knows our tribe weakness.' He thought to himself as his horn felt like it was almost being ripped off from his head.

This is the reasons why even though Azief was two realms below this Purunghasa he was not truly afraid.

He was wary, yes, but he was not afraid.

The Three Seeds that dimmed was Death Life and Rebirth.

But he still have the Seeds of Elements. Using that he directed the Lightning to attack the horns and at the same time the Spirit Totem.

Not to mention the kind of Lightning that Azief could create was Tribulation Lightning.

Or to put it more accurately a lightning that contain some hints of Tribulation Lightning. Azief calculation is not slowly going towards his desired endings.

And he still have eight rings he did not use. The ruins he tattooed underneath his skins is glowing as it provide strength and replenishments.

This battle has now reached at its peak. This battle gained the world attention. Those that is watching from the distance all gulped.

Today they know. Today they see. Today, they are more than just spies or watchers, or observers.

Today, they stand as witnesses.

They all know it in their heart. They got this feeling in their souls. The prince will be ....legend. This battle will surely be legendary.

Like a Sun that is too bright to see, the Prince is like a blinding light that shines the light in humanity darkest moment.

It was like with this battle the Prince is teaching a lesson to all those that harbors dark notion to him.

This is a legendary character that is fighting such a legendary battle that is shocking the world and affect the phenomena of this planet like he were a God.

And legends.....lives forever. On the scorched and flaming lands, there is a green snake slithering through the flames.

Then the snakes stop. Hissing, its slits eyes closes and then opens.

A green eyes look towards the skies. Then the eyes closed back.

The snake hiss and slithers away and burrows itself inside the ground. On a cave somewhere, a man sitting on throne made of slithering snakes, notices the dark aura of a woman he knew. He sighed. But he did not desire to stop it.

A man with a golden gourd sitting inside the cave on a chair carved of white marble asked

‘Why did you not stop my mistress?’

The man replies

‘Because its necessary’ as he smiles bitterly before he closes his eyes.

On the skies, Azief laughed, his hair thrown back and he laughed. He laughs as any of his fear was washed away.

‘HAAH!!!!’

With a battle cry he dash forward as the land behind him ruptured and exploded.

Purunghasa who was bleeding from his mouth and suffers internal injury did not let go of this provocation.

He also dashed forward and gather the strength on his fist.

Both of them make their stand.

Their fist once again collided but this time the position of power is reversed. Their fist collided and Spain trembles before the mountain behind both of them, exploded.

One mountain was burned into nothingness while the other mountains were turned into smithereens by a lightning strikes causing lightning arcs like snakes formed beneath the destroyed mountains.

With one clash, Azief and Purunghasa used their strongest physical power and clashed seriously.

Unlike the beginning when they were testing each other powers, this time they know.....this is the final stand.

Not far away, an invisible dome pooped out from underground.

A woman was inside it gripping tightly on her spear, her eyes did not lose her targets.

With the red skies as her reminder, she will not hesitate to do anything to reclaim the future of humanity by killing the scourge that is her father.

The world watches as the storms is about to stop. Meanwhile, on the Island of Peace, the snows falls again.

[Chapter 197: And he laughed](#)

Drip!

Drip!

The sound of a droplet of water echoes inside the darkness of this dark long cave.

Small slithering creatures could be seen roaming inside the darkness of this dark alleyways of this cave, hissing and slithering, their eyes red and glow in the dark.

Drip!

Drip!

The sound of the water from the stalactite on the ceiling of the cave ceiling fall forming a stalagmite below.

The dripping water drips down like the sound of a timpani in a grand orchestra filling the soundless cave with music only certain people can appreciate.

Inside this dark cave green smoke fills it.

It is translucent and ethereal. And it was full of malevolent intent.

Ravens sometimes fly inside it. The snakes and the slithering creatures that dwells inside the cave sometimes look up and see the ravens but they did not jump and swallows them.

Instead they let the ravens go.

Black ravens.....this is the familiars that their masters uses. These snakes possess some intelligence.

They knew instinctually that the ravens that flies freely inside this cave belongs to their master.

So, they hissed and look. But they did not do anything. Then suddenly a laugh reverberate inside the cave and the snakes shivers.

The ravens' trembles.

Deep inside the cave, is a child dressed in a very kingly outfit that reminds one of a child emperor.

He wears golden robe and wears golden shoes. With runic patters that covers his entire outfit he looks mystical and mysterious.

The kid has a childish and cute face, and possess smooth skin. He sit on a throne of slithering snakes.

The thrones hiss and spew green smokes from their mouths filling this deep dark caves.

Ravens are perched on top of his throne and its handle.

The boy was pouring wine into a wine glass.

Yet, the person who was sitting not far away from that boy did not find the boy cute at all. If nothing else, that person found the boy fearsome.

The person sitting in a marble chair was handsome but there is a scar on his hand and he look tired.

On his left hip is a golden gourd. And wrapped on his feet is a chain carved in the likeness of a serpent.

This person is Louise the Wine Beggar.

He look towards the kid and ask.

'Lord Loki, why did you not prevent my mistress plans when you clearly knows what she is planning?'

Loki was sipping wine as he smiles mischievously.

By now Louise has found out that Loki did not once relent his eyes from watching over them and have eyes on their every action.

Looking at the screen on the walls of the cave showing what is happening in France and what is Morgana is doing, Louise at first believes that Loki would shatter his mistress plan.

But how would have thought Loki did not move at all. He did not prevent any of his mistress action.

He was like a flowing water, following the wind like the clouds. If this is any other person, Louise could understand.

But this is Loki....the now nemesis of the objectives of Morgana and Louise. Loki put down his wine glass and wipe the leftover wine on his mouth with a white handkerchief.

'Louise, I am known to be quite the talker. It is one of the qualities that the Death God did not like about me.' He said before he giggles.

'That I'm quite the talker. But I could not talk much since I was sent here. Because even if I talk, no one would understand.'

He sighed.

'When I have a day when my plans don't go well, to who could I vent? Who could I share my secrets and frustration? And talk without reservation? It is ironic that the only person I could talk freely with is you and Morgana. Because both of you knows what I am doing here, and why I'm doing it.'

Louise did not reply but he nodded in understanding.

Travelling through time and landed in the past....it is nothing exciting. Of course meeting characters that will one day become legendary was quite exciting at first but after a while, the only thing that is left is utter and abject loneliness.

Then Louise said

'To be someplace where we do not belong, to be in a time where we do not belong....I understand the loneliness.'

Loki smiles bitterly.

'Since you understand let me tell you why I did not stop your mistress. The reason is not as complicated as you might think. It is simple actually. It was because I miscalculated one thing. A legendary person is surely legendary indeed.'

Loki said before laughing at himself.

'What do you mean Lord Loki?'

'Azief was always known to be the First Sovereign. It is why he was the strongest. He was the first. And a hundred years later Raymond became one. The Era of the Death God was called the Era of Golden Years.'



For a hundred years he reigned and he then passed the era to Raymond when Raymond become Sovereign. But..'

'But?'

'But this progress of him is too fast and too terrifying. I only helped him a little and change a few events but it propels him to an unimaginable heights. Now he is even walking the path of Perfection. This will make him even stronger but also changes a lot of my plans. To be more accurate, if he is growing with this kind of pace, it will throw all of my plan askew.'

Louise suddenly understand.

The Butterfly that flaps its wing and changes events. The Butterfly effect.

Even though Louise evade three Eras he knows a little about the God of Death from folk stories told in villages and kingdoms before his grand Ascension.

He met many people and slaughter many people. But he also saves many people and met many people that will one day become his enemies and allies.

But in the long course of the God of Death history he had never had a sworn brother or having such a heartwarming life like he is having right now.

He was alone.

He was betrayed and was forced to become fugitive by the World Government after he escaped from World Government captivity which sets off a feud between Azief and Raymond in the later years.

Of course Louise knows the inside story that the one that accompanied Azief from the very beginning is Sofia but other than that, there is no other friends or acquaintance to speak off.

He only has allies and enemies. He is a lonely sovereign that is cold and emotionless. Louise understand why Loki is worried.

'So, you wanted to Morgana to kill The God of Death?'

'Hah' Loki snorted.

'You think she would succeed?' Loki ask back with disdain in his tone

Louise did not understand why Loki believe why she will not succeed.

'Why do you believe so?' Loki snorted

'You, are after all only mortal after all. You know nothing about Sovereign.' Before he takes another sip from his wine glass.

Then putting it back down he said

'Why do you think there is only Seven Sovereign? And why is a birth of a new Sovereign always happen after the Prohibition of Sovereigns?'

'It is the control scheme of the Sovereigns.' Louise answered. Loki laughed

'This is why I said you know nothing about Sovereign.'

'Prohibition of Sovereign decreed that no one is allowed to attempt to become Sovereign during the time of the Prohibition. If this is not a way to controls the people, what is it?' Louise shot back.

This time Loki laughed harder.

'Did you not notice the Prohibition of Sovereign always lasted only for a hundred year? Raymond become a Sovereign after the first prohibition of Sovereign ended. He became Sovereign almost immediately.'

Louise nodded. It is why he return back to seclusion and seal himself evading three eras of the three strongest Sovereign.

Loki continued like he was getting drunk and ready to talk without concealing everything. Louise felt Loki was happy he could talk about this with someone boasting about his knowledge and insights.

'And a new Prohibition was put into place. Katarina the Ice Goddess took one hundred and fifty years to become a Sovereign as Jean missed that chance by a few months. But by then the Prohibition was put into place by the Divine Decree now supported by Three Sovereigns.'

'But didn't the Time God..' Louise was about to point out something but Loki smiles and answer almost immediately

'Jean had to wait for the Prohibition to end but the death of Paulette forces him to break the Prohibition and become Sovereign. If not for the God of Death rendering assistance during that time, Jean would have been annihilated by the Divine Laws of Prohibition of Sovereigns. Only one exception was given and that was during the ascension of the Twin Sages of the East, Oreki and Hikigaya. The Sovereign lifted the Prohibition to allow them to ascend. But do you know the Prohibition was enacted?'

Louise shake his head, as he knows this is the essence of the story.

'Because each time a Sovereign is born, he would suck all the worldly energy and the Universal Energy of the Milky Way draining it of the essence of primordial energy. If another person attempt ascension, then the world will dried up and the consequences will be dire. It is not a means to control people and kept humanity weak.'

He takes another sip of his wine and he then continued nonchalantly as he spews these secrets of the world Louise has never known before.

'It is to keep the Universe of Milky Way from drying up and throw us back to a world without these powers. Defenseless and powerless with a grand treasure hidden inside our very own world, this planet will have a target on it back and without the power to protect it we would become only a sacrifice in the grand scheme of things.

Loki sighed.

He looks at the walls full of moving images of people in the Island of Peace.

He then saw snows falls in the Island Of Peace. The snows falls slowly then slowly it builds momentums as it falls harder and harder.

Then the wind blows and a snowstorm ravage the northern part of the Island.

The formation of the island was forced open and a woman shot out from the island with an ice trail helping her to launch herself to the clouds as she freeze the air and glide through the clouds heading to France.

He ignored the snows and the woman as he look back at Louise and continues.

‘With the miraculous power of the World Orb, in only one hundred years, it will fills the world with energy once more. If this was any other planets, with one ascension that world will dried up and will not produce even one Sovereign as the consumption of such transformation would taxes the entire Universe where the person resides.’

‘When Six Sovereign was crowned, Raymond and a few other Sovereign manipulate the Divine Laws and cut the Will of the World making it impossible for anyone to ascend to Sovereign. At the time the God of Death was in another Universe comprehending laws and perfecting his Grand Path. So, he was not able to prevent the tearing of the Will of the World and it Universal Laws.’

‘But...didn’t you become the Seven Sovereign?’ Louise asked clearly confused. And with this Loki smiles.

‘I used unconventional ways to circumvent the Divine Laws and manages to become a Sovereign to the ire of Raymond and a few other Sovereigns.’

The he takes another sips of his wine glass as he looks at the walks and saw that the battles on France is about to reach its conclusion.

He saw Morgana is ready as a woman in white robe appears inside the dome and help Morgana to put a spell on the tip of that spear.

The White Witch is now cooperating with the Wicked Witch.

Loki by now, knows that the White Witch knows that it was him that wipes her memories. The only thing she doesn’t know is what memories Loki wipes from her mind.

And that is why she is cooperating with the Wicked Witch. Loki knows. But he didn’t care. Everything is still under his calculations.

Louise on the other hand is lost in his thought as he suddenly realize something and his face turns pale.

‘Lord Loki...why did you tell me all about these secrets?’

Loki avert his gaze from the walls and smiles.

‘Do you fear that I will silence you by killing you?’ Louise nodded honestly. Loki laughed as his laugh echoes inside this large network of caves.

‘Then why?’

‘Maybe because I knew you would never be able to tell this to anyone. Or maybe I have a plan regarding you.’

Then pouring more wine into his glass he ask

'Do you know playing cards? Not our era playing cards but this era playing cards?'

Louise nodded.

'Do you know what card I like the most in the whole deck of cards?' Louise shakes his head.

'The Joker. Because in certain games it could change the entire situations.' And he smile mysteriously.

'I have warned your mistress that if she did not follow my advice, I will no longer take it easy on her. Today is the day I will now fully scheme against her.'

Louise was startled.

'You will kill her?'

Loki shakes his head

'Morgana herself said I could not kill her without changing a lot of things in the future. She threatened me by using the fact that she also knows the future where she is not present will also be a future where I know nothing. And I know nothing I could not move forward with my meticulously thought plans'

'Then what do you intend to do to my mistress?'

Smiling Loki answered

'Return to the Origin.'

Loki only said these words as he closes his eyes and waves his hand as Louise is once again teleported to another room with the chains once again connected to the walls of his cell.

It was like Louise is his prisoner instead of his quest to settle Karma between them two like Loki suggested in the first place with Morgana.

Louise was trying to decipher Loki last words to him. Return to Origin. What does that mean?

Meanwhile on his throne of serpents Loki opens his eyes as he saw the conclusion of the battle in France. this content of [novelfullbook.com](http://novelfullbook.com), if you reading this content please go to website [novelfullbook.com](http://novelfullbook.com) to continue reading, fastest update hourly

'Like always you did not disappoint me, Morgana. You might hate your father but for someone that hated her father, you surely inherit his stubbornness.'

Loki click his finger and a card appear on his palm. It was a Joker card.

'There is still one card I haven't play. I wish I didn't have to open this card...but you push me to use it. The moment you went to cleanse the Karma, you have fallen into my trap. I warned you to stop but you do not heed me. So, I could only return you back to Origin.'

He sighed and take a sip from his wine glass and then he puts down his glass. He then put down the cards beneath the throne by flicking it.

One of the serpent swallowed it.

Then he got up from his throne and transformed into a young man, tall and handsome with brown hair and green eyes.

With one steps he appeared outside the caves somewhere in what used to be the Aegean Sea. Nowadays who knows what this sea is called.

Many small nations and races were being wiped out after disaster strikes relentlessly for these three years.

'The Partition of the World will begin later. In the past timeline only two of the organization was qualified to divide the world. But now with Azief that possess such influence and power and with powerful subordinates and allies, this time the partition of the World will become interesting.' Loki said to himself.

He remembers in the original timeline when the partition of the world began he was twelve. He was a foot soldiers in Freya army.

But now he is a great character in the matters of the world.

It was an agreement of the two great organization of the world to divide the world amongst them and their allies.

By now the population of the world is only three billion. About more than half of the population of the world is now dead.

But Loki who has seen the future knows that this is what makes this generation the most blinding and shining of all the generation.

From this generation heroes and heroine will appears that will paved the path to grand era of Sovereigns.

Like being grinded humanity become like a sharp weapon that could cut through anything after being baptized by such terrible condition and threats of survival looking over their heads.

He take a step outside the cave and he transformed into a black raven and flew to the white clouds

Instead of went to France to do something about the conclusion of the battle, Loki flew towards the direction of Italy.

He has found the location of the Inventor. Now, that the Weronian Invasion is underway, Loki needs to make preparations for the next big event.

The Time Crisis.

[Chapter 198: Look up at the sky](#)

Crack.

Broken.

Numb.

This three feelings assaulted Azief fist the moment he clashed fist with the Great Warrior of Weronian.

When they unleashed their powers, the skies turns dims and the pressure coming out the fists of Azief and Purunghasa suppress the Heavens and dominate the Earth.

Mountains shattered and nations ruined.

Their fists collided and the sounds rings out like a tolling bell resonating with the Laws of the Worlds.

Thunder and Flames like they were in agreement, ravaged Spain, like the Judgment Day has arrived.

Countless of creatures dies either they were burned by fire or strike down by lightning.

Thunders fills the clouds, lightning striking the Earth like Spain was a lightning rod attracting all the lightning on the sky.

The hard ground was melted by the heat generated by the fist of Purunghasa. When they clashed, their fists collided, for that briefest moment, they know.

This is how true experts fight.

True experts of the same level will instinctively knows. That in this clash, only one person will emerge alive.

So, they both smiles.

It was an easy battle. And also a satisfying battle. Azief smiles. So Purunghasa smiles. In that one moment when they felt each other fist met each other.

It was an understanding of warriors.

One second of clash, and two mountain crumbled. They back up from each other, as lightning fell and flames devours.

Then, Azief felt it. His knuckles cracks. But he did not show any reaction. But his finger could not stop trembling.

Then his hand broke. He winces.

Then he felt numb.

And one of his Seed dims and stop rotating. The Branches of Creation in his Consciousness crack as the Leaves have all fallen down.

Azief think it is a steep price to pay to trade this kind of powerful blows.

But he will not despair because of his lacking power. After all he is basically fighting a being two realms above him.

He can no longer use Death, Life, Rebirth and Time. Four Seeds has dimmed and with it cracking filled his Branches of Creation.

He could still use the Elements, Darkness, Destruction, Destiny and Fate Seeds.

But other than Darkness and Time, the other Seeds is still in infancy period. Rarely used and was used to supplement many of Azief attacks

He has Five Seeds functioning as his body is trying to replenish itself. Which it cannot do as Azief is in battle and suffering injury.

Azief should recuperate.

Even with his skills, he is not confident that he could kill Purunghasa in a fair fight. He might be coughing blood and suffering internal injury.

But Azief knows the terrifying regenerative power of a Weronian.

All around Azief, stones, pebbles and boulders levitates itself as Azief employed his telekinesis. Lightning gathered beneath his feet.

Azief took a deep breath. With one breath he devours the energy surrounding him making the entire area around ten kilometer radius to be devoid of any worldly energy.

His skin shines like gold as it heals any external injuries. Lightning falls down on him as his golden flesh nourishes him with the lightning he produce.

His veins thrummed with energy pumping golden blood all over Azief body.

The land beneath Azief feet cracked in a web like patterns as his Golden Domain was emanated, bringing the pressure of descending God as the skies above him turns golden overpowering his deathly aura.

This was a Holy Aura emanated because of the attainment of penultimate Physique.

The numb feeling on his fist dissipated as his bones mended itself.

After all Azief bones was not normal bones.

If this was any other person that trade blows with Purunghasa, not even to mention in Seed Formation attainment, they would already been reduced to ashes.

Even if one in Disk Formation, their bones would have melted because of the powerful heat.

Not many, in the Universe possess such a tough body like Azief.

Azief never understand or truly comprehend the power of his physical body because nobody have ever forced him or give enough time to comprehend the miraculousness of his body special properties after being purify by the Lightning Tribulation.

The last time he fought was with a being so much powerful than him so he could not see how powerful and useful his Physique really is.

But now, that he has achieved balance with his body powerful physique and his Seed, it unknowingly creates an equilibrium between the body and soul.

Azief bones is Celestial bones. It can be broken. But it will always be mended back unless one truly destroy every part of Azief body down to his cell.

His bones mended and Azief crack his knuckles as the wind changes direction and exploded like something grabbed the air and force it to compress beyond its limit.

His Celestial Meridian was full of energy after Azief devour the energy around him.

His Nine Forbidden Opening was opened as the skies opens up and an ancient aura rises up from Azief body making Azief emitting the aura of an ancient primordial God.

Azief Violet Palace is producing stamina and forcing Azief to hold on even amidst the pressure that is mounting against him.

This all happen one second after they break away from each other. This is a true battle between experts.

They did many thing in the spans of seconds.

Purunghasa on the other hand when he was pushed back after clashing was angered and almost went berserk.

But he manages to keep a cool head. He restrain his Maddened State

Smirking Azief said with a provocative glance at Purunghasa

‘We continue.’

Then without saying a word, Azief continued the battle. His Physique was pushed to the limits as the skies of the world changed colors.

This aura that is coming out of Azief is no longer restricted to Spain. It envelopes the Earth. If one could see the Earth from space, they could see the clouds are swirling and changing the weather in most part of the Earth.

Heavy rain falls down in the direst dessert as lightning thundered in clear blue skies.

First Europe blue skies turned dark before a sound of lightning tearing apart the void could be heard

Storms forms out of the raging skies and trembling the seas. A worldly phenomenon happens then moment Azief push his Undying physique to the brinks of its power.

Azief body had a heavenly suppressing aura made up of worldly energy.

Azief himself did not realize it. Purunghasa also did not realizes it. It was the briefest of moment.

Azief Violet Palace is crazily providing vitality to Azief to enable Azief employ his attack.

Azief was using a kicking movement. It was a ferocious kick that broke the speed barrier as sonic boom exploded.

The land behind Azief crack and exploded twenty meters high as they were turned into dust the moment that movement was completed

Purunghasa expression turns uglier but he was not to be caught unaware. His hand covered the air, holding an x cross stance to block Azief kick.

BOOM!!

Like a glass being broken, the kick landed.



Loud noise rang the airspace of Spain. With that one kick Purunghasa face almost got distorted as he felt all of his internal organs rattled.

The kick was heavy as ten thousand mountains, viciously and ferociously powerful. It was a kick backed by the Undying physique ultimate limit.

This time Purunghasa experienced what Azief had experienced before. He felt his arms bone crack.

Then it broke and then it became numb.

Then his bones was broke into pieces. His bones. The bones of a Weronian reputed to be one of the strongest bones in the myriad races of the Universe.

Arcs of lightning ravages his arms. He had successfully receive the kick, but he had to take twenty steps back as he was forced to take that ten steps backward.

His hand was trembling and in pain as he staggeringly step backwards.

It was ten steps. But that ten steps crack the land and produced mini quakes all over Spain.

Purunghasa, the moment he felt the kick, distribute the energy of the kick into the ground causing the land beneath his feet to absorb the kick extraordinary destructive power.

Azief imbued lighting and destruction energy inside his kick.

The land was trampled and exploded with each steps Purunghasa takes to retreat back.

It was like a mine was being activated as the sound of booming and the sight of soils exploded thirty meter into the air could be seen from the impact of his ten steps retreat.

This weight... was not magic. Or runic energy. It has some of that energy of course. But Purunghasa also realizes it.

This was a power...which is at its core...was physical body power.

The power of pure weight from his Physique.

‘What kind of Physique did this human cultivate?’

Purunghasa ask himself clearly shocked that there is a race that could rival his race physique.

Of course races like the Asgardians and Olympians have strong bodies than Weronians but they were not counted since they live beyond the Source Walls and could not easily enter the Universe where all the myriad races lives.

A kick that has enough force to crush mountains.

This is the true terror of possessing and Undying Physique.

Once it has been achieved any movement would have a divine power capable of suppressing the Heavens and Earth, locking the worldly energy and severing the Laws.

If Azief only knew that his Physique was not truly complete he would surely be shocked.

Loki of course knew which is why he was so fearful of Azief development.

If he could rise in level of his physical body, Azief body would truly be invincible unless being penetrated by the Grand Path of the Universe.

He would only be hurt by Great Beings that comprehended the Universal Laws.

If Azief Physique was complete even if he was in Seed Formation he would not even be hurt by Purunghasa attack.

This is the terrifying effect of a Physique. Especially such a rare Physique like Azief.

But this was not the end. After the kick, a fist arrived.

This fist gathered the lighting in the skies and create a bundle of slithering lightning arcs to form in Azief fist.

After Azief kick and Purunghasa takes step backwards Azief landed on the ground and dash forward and execute a punch movement.

It was the Cloud Dispersing Fist.

The moment Azief fist hit Purunghasa stomach, the skies above cracked and the cloud disperse and Tribulation Lightning rained down the area, creating a thunder deadly zone as Purunghasa was pummeled.

Like a falling star, the punch riddled Purunghasa body.

The fist break the sound and speed barrier creating an earth shattering sound as a shockwave ripples and broke everything around fifty kilometers radius.

Kicks as heavy as mountains, a fist that could break any barrier hit upon Purunghasa body. Even with his sturdy physique slowly Purunghasa body is slowly being wrecked.

Then it was at this moment Azief shouted

‘Ten Thousand Beast Seal!’

It was the Ring of Ultimate Sealing. His ring glowed as Azief jumped backward as Purunghasa body free falls.

It was a millisecond as Azief pointed his finger to Purunghasa.

The Space was locked and Laws and Worldly energy stand still, like they were being frozen for that one millisecond gap.

Then a roar sounded, echoing through the minds of everyone in the world.

Azief coughed black blood as he could felt his Violet Palace cracked and the pool of vitality inside him dried up almost immediately.

Two of his Seed dimmed. His Seed of Elements and Darkness dimmed. Only Destruction, Destiny and Fate Seed is still rotating.

The Branches of Creation in his Consciousness broke and fall and disappeared.

Then Ten Thousand Soul of monstrous beast rushed out from that rings as sealing pentagram, hexagram, circles and triangles fills the skies covering the area above, below, east, west, north ,south of Purunghasa directions.

A sharp pillar that pointed to the Heavens was propped up as the soul rushed toward the four cardinal directions.

The golden skies turns color as black and red aura filled the world, changing the colors of the skies into the color of blood.

It was a blood skies and souls and ghost comes out from the manifestations of these dark and blood red skies.

In the East direction there is 2500 souls of beast gathering like a tormented soul reinforcing the sharp pillars

The same numbers of beast souls guards the West, North and South.

On above was a net, below was also a net. A net made from the resentment of the dead monsters.

The souls howls and laments in their beast language. Even Azief, the one who is creating the Seal felt apprehensive hearing the howling and screaming of these souls not to mention Purunghasa who was trapped in all direction.

SEAL! Azief shouted. By now two second has passed.

The moment Azief shouted Seal, dark onyx chains shoots out from the pillars.

Each chains coils around Purunghasa body and forcing him to stand still, floating in the air defenseless and in pain.

The souls in each direction merge with each other. 2500 souls in each direction merged to form into a unified entity of souls.

In the West the souls merged and form into a Dark Tiger. The Dark Tiger of the West.

Autumn wind blows as wherever it blows, desolation follows. This Dark tiger pounced on the chain and grabbed it with one of his paws and pull.

On the East a Dark Dragon was formed out of the resentments of the souls. The springs wind breathed out from his breath rots and turns everything that is good corrupted.

The Dark Dragon of the East

The Dark Dragon roars and dark rains falls down inside the Sealing Area. The rain was like a rain of acids as it rain down on Purunghasa body as he winces in pain and his skin get scalded.

With one of claws he pulled the chains.

On the South a Dark Phoenix appeared, as majestic and as fearsome as Death. It was the Dark Phoenix of the East.

Covered in dark flames that could burn anything even Karma and burns the chains of Fate and Destiny it waves its wings and the chains was pulled towards him.

A coldness spreads all over Purunghasa body.

This was the coldness that appears before Death, he realized as he felt fear and chill in his heart.

By now only one second passed.

On the North was a pale White Turtle shining with silver light. It was huge as thousands of snakes slithered beneath the shell of the turtles.

The White Turtle of the North.

It was still, static and unmoving. It was the support of all the pillars. Just by being there, the Seal could be perfected.

This is the Ten Thousand Beast Seal.

Azief has never used this seal before. This was the first time. It takes two of his Seed to be paid as a price to activate this sealing method but it was worth it.

The moment Azief executed this sealing method, the information on how to use the sealing method appears inside Azief mind.

So, he shouted.

‘Pull!’ And the moment he said, this one of Azief seed dimmed.

His Destiny Seed dimmed as Azief felt his body was drained of energy. The Tiger roars, the Phoenix shrieks, and the Dragons look the world in disdain.

The Turtle like always closes its eyes.

Purunghasa felt a great pulling power and then his body exploded.

The chains acted like a serrated chains as it slices through Purunghasa skins, his veins, his bones and squish him in the most excruciating way to die.

Azief knows with his current power to maintain this powerful sealing method is not possible, so, the moment he ordered the souls to pull, the souls dissipated as the Four Darkly Beast dissipated and the ten thousand souls of monstrous beast was released to enter the Life and Death cycle.

He looked toward the sites of the sealing. A twenty feet deep crater was formed. And in the middle of that crater was a bleeding head.

Only the head. The body was turned into liquid of blood. Azief heaved a sigh of relief but then he felt something was wrong.

‘Where is my EXP points?’

It was then he heard the laugh. Shrieking, weak and full of madness.

The moment before Purunghasa death, he unleashed his maddened State enabling him to fight at least for a moment to let out one drop of his blood

That blood reformed into his head.

Reformed by a drop of blood!

This was his intention. Purunghasa knows, the moment his body reformed, he could only die under the attack of Azief

Because the moment after reforming bodies is the weakest moment

But even if he dies, he would bring down Azief with him. Even though he is weak, he is after all still two realms above Azief.

If not for Azief many powerful artifacts that broke nay common senses. Azief would have already long died.

So, from the moment Azief saw the head, and the one second after that, the body reformed almost instantly burning any longevity that Purunghasa has left.

The horizons shook as Purunghasa body full reformed and he dashed up from below the crater, his hand in a spearing motion toward Azief chest.

Purunghasa burns all of his longevity blood to surpass the restriction of his weak body as he dashed with a speed that broke all barrier around him.

His body bumped against the air and the air exploded in a tempestuous gust of crazily blowing winds.

Azief did not expected this. But the moment he saw the speed that Purunghasa employed, Azief knew he could not hope to stop that hand.

That was such an invincible momentum and Azief has already had been dried up. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

But his two Seed is still rotating even though it is rotating weakly.

So, he uses two of his Seed to power up his body. One to brace the impact of that attack, another to make one movement that will determine the winner of this battle. One second.

That is all it took.

Like a knife cutting through butter, Azief chest was pierced. He winces in pain.

The Seed of Fate dimmed as it tries to protect Azief heart.

'Uhuk' he coughed blood and his blood sprayed to the lightning infested ground, traces of their last clash.

To outsider looking at this battle it took not even a minute. But to those experiencing this battle, only they understand how perilous and precious each second in their battle.

His Seed of Destruction also dimmed. His gamble worked. He managed to make that movement.

Both of his hand grabbed tightly on the horns of Purunghasa.

And so he laughed.

'This is the end' he whispered in a weakened voice.

Then he muster his strength as he snap the horn on top of Purunghasa head with one crisp movement as Purunghasa slides down to the ground in pain before dying because of overtaxing his body.

His longevity blood has all been burned and the breaking of his horn was the last straw.

He falls down and then Azief could feel the worldly energy, the experience points for killing Purunghasa gathered around him and crazily entering his body.

This time his laugh is getting louder.

'Today I formed my Tenth Seed!' He shouted for the whole world to hear.

Somewhere in the Jade Empire, a trillion of light years away the Jade Emperor clicked his tongue clearly unsatisfied with what is happening.

The Nirvanic Cauldron as large as ten suns open its lid as it acknowledged the achievements of a human, trillion of light years away.

Not only it was trillion years away, it was a dimension away. But the lid opened. It did not care as it will cross dimension, time and space to bestow the Purifying Fire.

But The Jade Emperor must not allowed this to happen. So, he flip his palm and his palm cover the Cauldron.

On Earth, Azief felt something was wrong.

He felt that the energy is full and the Tenth Seed ifs forming as the Tree slowly turns golden and shines with replecendent colors but the Purifying Fire did not descend.

So, Azief look up at the sky.

#### [Chapter 199: And he smiles](#)

That figure like always...is always too blinding. Like the sun...too bright to see, to hot to be approached.

And like always.....he is at the center of everything.

That woman like always could only see that wide back of his. Large and reliable. But also suffocating. To always know...you could never compare with such larger than life figure.

She wanted to erase that shining back...but she also knows, even if a thousand year passes....that figure will always be on her mind.

Even now...even at this moment. And her hand almost falter. Looking at him from this translucent dome, she did not know what to feel.

But she knows what she must do

Inside the dome, it was Morgana who looked at The Prince figure, dazzling and heroic even in his weakest moment, that valiant spirit could not be hidden.

She looks as the Weronians pierced The Prince heart. Morgana was not shocked. Neither did she worried.

She knows better. Her father....would never have fallen so easily. He must have some plans or scheme

The White Witch appeared out of nowhere from a rip inside the Dome.

The White Witch looking at the sudden and surprising development shouted

‘Now!’

Morgana hands gripped tightly at her spear. But she did not release the spear. Her eyes keep observing.

Whispering under her breath she said to herself

‘He will not die that easily’ It was her belief. And also her pride. She of all person knows how hard it is to kill the would-be Sovereign and future ruler of the Dead.

And like proving what she said, the resulting clash ended in The Prince snapping the Weronians horns and killing it, as he floats to the sky waiting for the reward

Perfection!

The moment Morgana knew that her father will pursue the path of Perfection she knows one big weakness of that path.

And she is banking on that weakness.

The White Witch that did not know about this was angered at first when Morgana let go of the opportunity but before she could even registered what happens, the Weronian has already fallen under the feet of the Prince

Morgana only look at the White Witch and smirks and the White Witch nodded as an understanding dawn on her.

The Wicked Witch truly knows the Prince. It is because she knows she is cautious. Because she knows, she has to make every move counts.

Fighting against destiny and fate was never an easy path.

So, she grip her spears tighter.

The White Witch the moment she has calmed herself down keep chanting as her tattoos beneath her skin keep crawling and changing, painting different future all over her body.

Morgana notices that and could not imagine the Price Loki pays for doing this kind of magic on Giselle.

Morgana closes her eyes and takes a deep breath.

She relaxes a bit of her grip on the spear. Then she opens her eyes. She is ready. But for now like the Prince she looks at the sky.

And she waited.

‘When will the Purifying Fire descend?’ Ask Morgana to no one in particular. Like the Prince she is also waiting for that Fire to descend. Because only if the fire descend she will have a chance to assassinate the Prince.

And while they are watching and waiting. That invisible dome is still and hidden, watching in a safe distance, calm and unmoving.

It was a terrifying calmness....as the moment come, this dome will shoot a spear to end the Prince life.

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Meanwhile on Italy, a young man look toward the skies of Spain, his eyes could see it and his heart could feel it.

He knows the Prince has achieve his objective.

‘Perfection’ he whispered with a bit of trepidation and regret.

This young man was Loki. He was walking among dead corpses, skipping over dead bodies that is scattering through the ground, mutilated and rotten.

Even now, a thousand miles away, he knows everything that is happening on Spain.

Morgana will target that one moment of opportunity. She believe she will succeed. But like Louise, and like other before them, they know too little of fate, destiny and Karma.

There is also that snowstorm that is falling on England.

Combined that with what he knows, he could already see the scenario that will happen. It might divert a little but it will not change the grand plan.

Everyone knows, Loki specialties in the future was Karma. But if one would ask what is his second specialties....it is Calculations.

After all to predict Karma and understanding the root causes of Karmatic effect and Karmatic Causes, one needs to calculate the massive amount of fates and destiny intertwining, of how it all began and how one could end it by paying Karma, reaping it, or sowing it.

Calculations....this is how he survive amidst powerful beings like the Six Sovereigns. It is also the reason why he doesn’t like The God of Death.

After all, when people die, the Karma is resolved.

That is the most effective way to end a Karma. Unless that soul was reincarnated, then Karma had to be pay in the next life.

Loki sighed.



'A true hero indeed' he praised Azief secretly deep in his heart.

'You will not die of Morgana scheme....but I hope this will delay you...even if this means that your fate and Katarina fate will get tangled early. If my calculation is right, then today will seal the fate of Katarina. If she will do what I calculate her to do, then her position as the Third Sovereign will be decided today.'

Loki thought to himself.

Loki knows that the Battle for the Divine Throne only began during the Selection of the Third Sovereign.

For the First no one could challenge Azief.

For the Second, Azief crown Raymond. It was only the third that the Battle truly began since there are a few people that is eligible to become Sovereign at the same time.

At that time Jean and Katarina was competing for the Divine Throne.

Because Azief owe Katarina way back, he crown Katarina forcing Jean to wait and resulted in the tragedy of Paulette.

If Jean was a Sovereign during that time, Paulette would not have died. In all of this events, lies Karmatic Cause and Karmatic Effects.

And when the Karmatic Effect has happened, it creates more Karmatic Causes

Karma...is feeling...the resolution to move forward....create karma.

When everything is still, and do not move....then Karma is not created. When one has no emotions and feelings, Karma disappeared.

And that was Death. Death robs every one of feelings, emotions and Time. Karma of the past forces Azief to help Katarina and then it resulted in Paulette death and Jean sorrows.

This cycle of Karma then prompted Azief to once again interfere and help Jean broke the Prohibition of Sovereigns.

It is ironic that this event all started the day Azief decided to help Katarina but this was where the Karma began.

Loki only shakes his head then turns back to look in front of him as he walk among the land of these scattering corpses.

He is searching for someone. Not far away from where he was walking, he could hear it. The sound of hard breathing...someone that is about to die.

And from the sound, his breath slowly is getting slower and slower, like he is about to lose consciousness.

So Loki walk calmly, his hand behind his back as he arrived in front of that person, wounds all over his body with holes on his shoulders and blood streaming from all over his chest.

The face of that person was full of frustration and unwillingness.

Then crouching down as his face look straight at the face of that person covered in wound Loki ask

'Are you the person people called the Inventor?'

The person did not reply but he nodded his head.

Smiling mischievously Loki put his hand on the person neck and apply a little pressure and ask with an excited tone

'Do you want to make a deal with me?'

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Somewhere in Peru, a woman archer saves a handsome man with holes on his body and blood covering his golden armor.

The Pillars of Fire in Nazca was crumbling. Below that pillars were thousands of human corpses, dying honorably fighting the Weronian force.

That archer look towards the skies, see that the red fiery skies, now slowly return back to the way it was before, blue and calm.

She then turn her gaze to another direction knowing in her heart, that is where Azief is. And she wanted to go to where the storms is ending but she could not leave that young man

The young woman was Sofia and the handsome young man was Raymond.

While Azief was fighting the Eight Horn Weronian in Spain, Sofia, Raymond and twenty thousand soldier went to ambush the Pillars of Fire in Peru and bringing it down.

Raymond was hurt protecting Sofia. So, she could not easily abandon Raymond here. So, she stays.

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Meanwhile on the Stonehenge where one of the Pillars was erected, the Pillars of fire was suddenly deactivated.

A young tall man with a stave designed in an eccentric design strapped on his back was below the slowly dissipating pillars of Fire.

He wears a purple robe laced with black color and he covers the lower part of his face and wears a black bandana.

All over him were twenty thousand Weronian corpses. He was alone surrounded by corpses of Weronians.

If everyone could see this they will be surely shocked beyond belief. Among the corpses were Seven Horn Weronians commander and generals.

This person was shrouded with white mist like he came from the white mist.

His eyes are sharp and a trace of steely determination could be seen in his eyes when he saw upon the thousands of Weronians he killed.

What is creepy about this silent area of graveyard was how the way all of these Weronian died. They have no wounds or any injuries.

They were sprawled down on the ground like they were sleeping. But they all actually have died.

This person took one steps as white mist covered the area as he takes another steps and the fog of mist thickens.

'The Prince of Darkness.....is he as strong as rumored?' That person ask himself his voice was deep and commanding.

'Maybe someday, we will meet.'

And he takes another step and the white mist covered him as he disappeared like he merged with the mist.

When the mist recede he was no longer there only leaving an area full of twenty thousand Weronian corpse without injuries that will surely baffles anyone who found this.

The extinguishing of the pillars at Stonehenge clearly attract many attentions.

Yet, when anyone tries to probe the person responsible for that matter, they were blocked by some invisible force.

Hirate who was at his secret chamber even though two pillars has crumbled and he can use his Mind Probe he could not get any clue.

Instead the more he tries to sense the energy of the person that extinguish that pillar the more he became sleepy and almost feel asleep in his chair.

Hirate frowned as he now knows there is other expert in this world that does not reveal themselves to the world.

Meanwhile on the South America Wilderness, a three hundred kilometers radius of forest disappeared along with the pillars that used to be on this place.

Standing in the center of this unprecedented destruction of wilderness, was a young woman. She has pointed ears and fiery red hair, her face was perfect in the way it exudes grace and charms in the most natural way possible.

Lightning covered her entire body like she was the embodiment of lightning.

Time and Space distorted around her as it ripples and undulates like the waves of the sea, rippling unceasingly.

Her lightning was pale white as the wilderness were crowded with lightning snakes formed by the mass concentration of lightning coming off from the young woman body.

Wherever the lightning snakes passed, everything turns to atoms particles and dissipated into its Origin.

The lightning snakes were like a mini laws of time. Lightning flashes inside her eyes.

'This pillars is too noisy' she said complaining.

She hears the Song of unsealing from the world and knows the force of this world rejects this Pillar.

This young woman knows what is restricting the Weronians from unleashing their true power on Earth Prime.

She know what it is. And it is because she knows, she knows better than to covet it.

The moment she wakes up, she immediately could feel that invincible and grand momentum energy.

The Source of Everything. And the Source of Nothing.

It's the All Source.

And she knew better than to mess with it. So, she only need to seek "it" instead of focusing on other unrelated stuff.

She had narrowed her choices.

Now she has to verify.

But this pillars is too noisy when she want to think. So, she destroy one of the pillars with one of her hand chop.

The surrounding Weronians that guarded the pillars were instantly turned into particles of dust the moment she releases her hand chop.

That hand chop of her freezes and accelerates time simultaneously, the pressure of which such conflicting concept colliding against each other, was beyond terrifying and meddles with the Laws of this World, crushing and grinding all the Weronians into nothingness.

She was about to rush to other place when she stops as she look towards the skies and frown.

'Purifying fire of the Jade Palace?'

Then looking toward the direction of the horizon of Spain she understand something.

Someone is walking on the path of Perfection.

'No wonder, no wonder' she said only this word before she takes one step as lightning and speed around her was absorbed into her feet as she merged with the world and disappeared leaving a barren wilderness in what used to be a green and lush wilderness.

By now three of the five pillars were destroyed strengthening the restriction on Weronians.

All Weronians on Earth felt it, the screaming of their Ancestors deep inside their mind each time a pillars were destroyed. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

And with each pillars being destroyed, they felt the gravity of this Earth pushing them down, making them slower and weaker.

It was like the pressure of Heaven is pushing them down.

Meanwhile Sasha was on Norway, talking to someone before paying the person she was talking to with some gold coins and went away.

She sighed as she recall that moment

One of the orders she received from Azief was to spy on Loki and the people Loki met. While it is not easy, Sasha manages to find some people that have some connection with Loki.

But she did failed shadowing Loki. He was too slippery and has long escape her surveillance.

So, instead of chasing him, Sasha decided to dig up anything she could find about Loki and the more she dig the more she felt suspicion in his heart about Loki.

She seems to discover many secrets and many absurd conclusion is forming inside her mind after finding out the many actions of Loki in the past.

The hypothesis she formed was chilling even for her.

She only hopes she was wrong.

Meanwhile when the snow has stopped falling in the Island of Peace and the snow is now falling all over Europe, a couple sneak into the secret facility of the World Government supporting each other, undetected and stealthily.

‘Only till here, Lihua. You go and do you task. When I am finished, I will come back to you.’ The man said calmly and with a tone full of love towards the woman holding his hand.

The woman seems hesitate to let go of the man hand but the man nodded. And the woman let go of his and said

‘Promise me’

‘I promise’ he said before using his brush to create a portal and entering into that portal.

Xu Cong is infiltrating Island of Peace. That was his secret edicts. Azief will no longer be caught unaware of any schemes the World Government has for him.

Lihua look as her lover enter the portal.

Sighing she uses the Teleportation Stone she bought and crush it on her hands as she was transported in a wide plains of Mongolia.

She was ready to execute her secret edicts.

Which is to train, rear and tame as many monster as she can. Unlike Beast Tamer Lihua skillsets was more like enchanting the beast with melody.

They will not be permanent pets like Boris ability but it is enough.

Imprint melody into the monster mind is what Lihua could do.

She didn’t know why Azief wanted her to imprint as many monster with her melody but she could guess.

Azief wanted a monster army behind him if one day he decides to dominate the scene.

Even though the relation between the many factions is now in peace, one knows that if the Weronian problems is solved, a greater storm will ensue.

And only powerful faction will have a voice in the upcoming era. Like before, Azief wanted his voice to be heard....and obeyed.

So, she will obeyed the orders and after finishing this task, she and her love will once again secluded themselves in some remote corner of the world, no longer participating in the affairs of the world, living like carefree immortals.

With the melody of her flute, behind her, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin is swarms of beast of different kind and sizes following her from behind unlike the Pied Piper who lures children.

The sight of a woman standing on top of a large sharp tusk gigantic elephant leading thousands of monstrous beast is a sight to behold as her melody fills the Plains.

The Heaven Flute Lihua is carving her name among the name of great heroines of this era.

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## JADE EMPIRE

### THREE THOUSAND WORLDS

The Three Thousand World of the Jade Empire. It consist of Three Thousand Planets separated by three barriers.

The Three Thousand World is separated by Three Realms. The Human Realm. The Immortal Realm. The Heavenly Realm.

The Human Realm is where a race resembling humans live as they tries to break the barrier of their world and enter the Immortal realm.

The Immortal Realm lies people who have cultivated their strength and become an existence that could move mountain and sea with a wave of their hands.

These two Realm lies outside the Source Wall. But the Heavenly Realm lies inside the Source Wall.

The Heavenly Realm is where the Jade Emperor, his Heavenly Generals and ministers resides, possessing powers unimaginable, controlling rains, allotting fates and destiny to the two realms below them

And sitting on the Golden Throne of The Jade Palace is the Jade Emperor Yu Wang. Even though his body is sitting on the throne, he projected his astral body to cover up the Cauldron.

'I will not let you terrorize the Nine Hells of the Three Thousand World again!' Yu Wang vowed.

When Time was reset with the power of Time God, certain beings in the Universe was not affected.

Time resets, but their memories didn't.

Beings like Odin, Ra, and Yu Wang was unaffected. Zeus was also unaffected but Zeus chose to erase that memory by himself since he got to know some secrets he wasn't supposed to know.

And Yu Wang remembered. In that timeline, even though Azief did not reach perfection, he sweeps through the Universe with his Ten Eternal Rings.

He was invincible and unbeatable across the vast starry skies and the vast Universe. The High heaven could not suppress him, and Hell feared him

With his uncountable Ghost Army, Soul Reapers, he plagued the Universe and he even wanted to invade the Nine Hells.

Yu Wang at the time had no choice then to close Hell and sealed the Heavens and their Jade Palace was thrown into Deserted Dimension.

Yu Wang did not fight Azief because he was slumbering after the Tribulation of Heaven. Thus, only his General were left to protect the Palace which is no match for Azief.

Because of this reason Yu Wang could not let Azief attains perfection.

Even not attaining Perfection has turned that person that powerful.

If he attains perfection, Yu Wang is afraid when he would be slumbering, that Azief would open the closed gate of hells and break the sealing of his Heavens.

After all, Yu Wang knows that the Tribulation of Heaven will still fall and he will still slumber.

Which means, if nothing changes that much, someday, that million Ghost Army will once again terrorize the Universe.

The Cauldron was exploding with fires but Yu Wang palm was clean. Even Nirvanic Fire could not burn his hand full of Divine Energy and Universal Energy.

If he could wait until the Cauldron realize it is futile to resist his power, then Azief attainment of Perfection will be broken and the Path of Azief perfection will be broken.

As he was waiting suddenly through the void of the area around the Cauldron was rip apart by a powerful energy. This energy absorbs the stars in its vicinity as the stars nearby exploded.

Then a floating star appears protected by a blue dome of primordial energy. Yu Wang instantly recognized that star.

'Interium' he said to himself. Killing intent surged out from that stars that blotted out the colors of the Universe

It is not surprising since that star embodies war and battle.

How many souls has fallen inside that star, in an eternal battle that will never end as it roams the Universe searching for Great Warrior to joins its Lord in its eternal battle

'Release your hand from the Cauldron, Yu Wang!' A voice booming across the million years away pierces Yu Wang hearing.

'Wargod!' Yu Wang shouted back his shout shatter a nearby star.

Sitting on his Red Throne emanating aura of madness and bloodlust, Wargod appears with his throne in front of the astral projection of Yu Wang.

Skulls and bones decorate the handles of the thrones. He then spoke

‘Let him fulfill his destiny.’ Wargod said gently. Blue aura surges from his body that surges up to the Heavens and pierced the Three Realms of the Jade Empire.

‘And let him come and destroy my territory! What of my people? What of My dignity as the ruler of my Universe? I didn’t come to his Universe and started wrecking things and destroying stars and planets did I?’

Wargod closes his eyes, sighed and then opens his eyes as his eyes was full of grand wisdom that seems to see through every concept of the Universe and then said

‘And he will also fight me and heavily injured me. But I did not scheme against him. I did not pay attention to him and acted like the first time around. It wasn’t until he is walking the Path of Perfection I started watching him and you. Because I know if he succeed until this stage, he will face his greatest obstacle. You. Since the Nirvanic Cauldron is inside your Universe.’

Yu Wang hand is still covering the Cauldron as the growling and explosion is slowly getting slower.

‘We both know what will happen. But to think it will truly happen like that....that isn’t necessarily true. Our act might not change many things....but it change something. Yu Wang, I owe you. And I owe him. Then as paying what I am owed, I feel obligated to tell you this. If you want to create Karma...then create Good Karma. Because I owe him, I ask you to remove your hand and let him fulfil his Destiny. This time, if he succeed will it be that bad for you?’

Yu Wang was thinking.

Then he asked

‘What if he attains Perfection? Then in the future, even I could hardly stop him if he break through the Source Wall.’

‘There was never any guarantee. Only faith.’ Wargod said

‘I know your true identity’ Yu Wang suddenly said

Wargod smirks and nodded

‘I know you know’

‘That is why I feel it is ironic to hear you talking about faith after what happens to your race’

‘It is lack of faith that leads to my race being like that’

‘Faith about what?’ Yu Wang ask

‘Faith that everything has a Price. That there is retribution and repayment. For every blood spilled, for every lives taken, there is a Price for that. And it is lack of that Faith that leads to my race to be subjected into such condition’



Yu Wang close his eyes and trying to weighs Wargod words.

He sighed as his sigh traveled the three realms and everyone could feel in their heart some sort of heavy burden and this feeling haunted some cultivators for weeks while some for months.

Then Yu Wang open his eyes. Smiling he said

‘Then let me make a bet. That if a Good Karma is formed, then a Good resolution will be found. As he said this he releases his palm.

The weakening fire surged into life and the Cauldron roars as the heat could incinerate and purify black holes.

Wargod still sitting on his Red Throne smiles and nodded as he teleported back to his star.

The star overstayed it welcome so another rip in space was opened as the floating star went inside that rip and disappeared from the Source Wall.

Yu Wang then pointed his finger to the Purifying Fire that is about to descend and inject something inside the fire.

‘Since I already decided to form Good Karma then I will do it all the way.’

He injected something inside the Fire, something that will help Azief.

If this Karma that is formed will be good, then maybe, someday, that sight of a million Ghost army invading the jade Empire will not happen.

On Earth as Azief was about to float down, he suddenly felt it.

A surge of energy is about to descend. He look back at the skies, and all he could see the reddest flame he has ever seen in his life.

And he smiles.

#### [Chapter 200: Snow princess mountain](#)

A flaming red sky.

Today, the world all witness an almost unbelievable sight. The sky cracked and the whole world heard it.

From the cracked sky descend a stream of fire that seems to promote life and rebirth enveloping the entire atmosphere.

All was enveloped in this fire

One could even hear the sound of trumpet the signs of the Earth groaning. The first thing that happens when the stream of fire descended was the sound of something cracking.

This sound of cracking could be heard all over the world.

‘What is this sound of cracking?’ someone said in another part of the world.

But the people in Cairo knows. The Great Sphinx of Giza where one of the pillars of the Weronians was erected...crumbled to pieces

The pillars that reached to the skies arrogantly and aiding the Weronians forces all over the world cracked and then exploded

The sound waves of that explosion travel the world three times crushing everyone ears in Egypt and the surrounding area buildings and structure all cracked and some falls down because of the impact of the shockwave of the explosion

The Easter Island

The surrounding island nearby the Easter Island has wilted because of the absorbing power of the pillars before is now thrumming with life as the Easter Island pillars melted and create a huge landmass from the melted pillars remains.

With it, the restriction of the World Orb was activated as the Weronians could all feel their attacks become weaker and their speed slower.

All over the world, where the resistance fight, the resistance notices that the Weronians forces suddenly becoming weaker.

By now... the fate of the Weronians are sealed. But, the many powerful faction did not pay attention to this.

Their eyes are concentrated on the figures floating in the skies right now bathing in stream of fire.

Through the many inventions of the Merchant Association every great factions has found a way to watch the battle of Purunghasa and now they are watching an even more unbelievable sight.

The moment the fire descended a stream of information entered Azief mind as he was shocked of what he found in that sea of information.

His face hidden by the black hood reflect this shocked feeling. One of the information is that he found out that his body Physique is not yet the ultimate form.

The moment he got this information Azief immediately decided he will cultivate his Physique to the grand completion later.

But now, as the fire descended and hit his body, instead of the fiery and hot sensation he expected to come, he felt something different.

The fire.... it was like a cool river stream pass by him, nourishing him, washing his body in the purest fire.

Then without him meaning to, his body absorb the essence of this pure fire

Like a hungry wolf, his Seed absorbed the energy of the fire and his seed were revitalized as the leaves appears, the branches grows and the Tree of Life once again revived inside Azief consciousness.

The many eyes watching this sight gasped. That fire instead of incinerating Azief to mist of blood instead did nothing on his body.

They do not know that the Seed Formation could be cultivated to such level. Because those who are watching this never did once embark the Path of Perfection.

At least not this far. Path of Perfection like its name suggest requires perfection in each step.

So that when the Path of Perfection is actualized, each steps could tremble the Universe and each swish of one hand could determine the fate of the galactic order.

As the eyes kept watching, Azief was immersed in this feeling of being enhanced. The fire is slowly being integrated into his blood.

Below him, the world was being healed as it was exposed to the Purifying Fire.

This is the Purifying Fire, not Hellfire, or the Fire of Divine Punishment.

As the name suggest Purifying Fire is used to Purify....which also means to Purify evils and banish Demon, to light away the dark and to bring light to creations.

Azief also realized something when he absorbed the fire that there is something else inside the fire that also lodged itself into Azief body but it was not harmful.

Instead it increases Azief resilience so Azief did not pay too much attention to it.

The whole world was watching this event with their own mode of viewing as they do not understand what kind of phenomenon is actually happening right now.

Another stream of fire gushed inside Azief body.

Then suddenly Azief felt his body was startled and then he started shaking. All around him his surrounding becomes slow as if time is slowly stopping.

His Tree of Life shines white as his normally golden body changed color to a Holy White Light that shines the world as the time of the world stopped.

It was like he was the Light of Primordial Creation lighting the Dark Universe filling it with the Song of Holy Creation

The people watching did not realize that Time has stopped for they were trapped in Time.

Even if the whole world was illuminated no one could see it for Time has been stopped. Even if the Song is being sung no one could hear it.

Azief own blood was roaring with its vitality as his absorbing energy turned into a ferocious vortex sucking all the Purifying Fire.

Azief entire body is slowly becoming heavy as his blood also becoming heavy. This creates a pressure that crack the skies even without Azief doing anything.

It suppresses the Earth and stunned the Heavens. Azief entire being is slowly being remolded to be something that is in defiance of the natural order.

Perfection.

This is...Perfection.

A being that transcended limitation also means a being that could not be suppressed or controlled.

And a Perfect Being.....that is a taboo across the ages. For it attracts unwanted attention from many dark gazing eyes in the dark universe

Slowly Azief could see an ethereal thread over his body slowly being unraveled.

Azief deduced this ethereal thread is the suppression of the World Orb as Azief body slowly becoming more powerful that even with a slight movement, the wind around Azief roars and becomes ferocious.

With an accidental swish of his hands storms of lightning were created and the ground below exploded.

Azief crack his knuckles and his feet moved forward. That alone created a wind gust that roared with all of the impact in the world as the Space around Azief cracked and rips.

The streams of fire was never-ending as Azief heavy body and heavy blood suddenly became lighter and faster as his blood is traveling all over Azief veins like a gigantic dragon that is rampaging, fierce and immense.

It was then Azief feel another shaking inside his body.

His body went into a rampage as the cool stream of fire felt overbearingly hot and tearing apart his entire physique.

First, his Violet Palace crumbled, the sound of which travels the world three times as Azief coughed a lot of blood and his face instantly turn pale.

The droplets of blood that falls were as heavy as a mountain as that blood created a ten foot crater when it falls down.

Then His Sovereign presence was erased making him appears like a normal mortal, the golden light that used to accompany his activation of his Physique has now disappeared.

Even though Azief was still standing amidst the stream of fire, he looks like a ship that is about to capsize.

After that his Nine Forbidden Opening was blocked causing him to feel his energy dried up, his Celestial Meridian was tear apart, the pain which is indescribable

Then his Celestial Bones was broken, his Golden Domain was extinguished, his golden Vein ruptured, his Golden Flesh cracked and his Golden skin exploded.

Within but a moment Azief Physique was entirely ruined. Azief who felt it firsthand could not describe the pain of this agonizing experience.

It was like he was being grinded and tear apart, again and again. It was a pain that even he couldn't confidently handle.

Then like a glass that is being crushed by a hammer, a sound of crack fill the world.

A crack appeared in Azief body and in the next second Azief whole body began to shatter.

But Azief also felt as his body is shattering, that if he could survive this and endure, his body could overwhelmingly destroy everything.

He could even fight with a Divine Comprehension levelers toe to toe. This is the advantages of pursuing Perfection.

You could break common sense of level of power.

Not many people could walk the same path as him and not many people even knows the path to take to reach here.

As Azief body was severely being crushed, Azief felt he was about to be erased from existence. But Azief also knows that this fire is certainly not trying to kill him

It was now, the formation of Nine Seeds shows its usefulness.

This is why the Path of Perfection lies in perfecting each step. If Azief did not perfect his Physique he could not have perfected his Seed.

If he could not perfected his Seed he could not summon the Fire. If he summons the Fire with one step missing, then he would be dead by now.

After all if one did not perfect his Physique in Energy Disperse Stage but form Tenth Seed in Seed Formation one could still summon the Purifying Fire.

But since that person did not Perfected his Physique, he would surely die the moment the Fire tries to bestow more power.

Each steps work in tandem. The body has been destroyed, but not completely and this lies the great step of Perfection. To be at the edge of life but never truly dying, the very essence of the Undying Physique.

The body is broken and shattered, like a small leaves being whirl by the wind but the Seeds still remains and still alive, vigorous of life energy.

It was then the Tree of Life in Azief consciousness slowly grows larger and larger until it seem that it was larger than a Universe inside Azief consciousness.

It towered above everything, full of energy and life.

Then this tree started absorbing all the Fire and these fire radiate life essence through Azief body.

Then the tree sings the Song of creation. Azief did not understand the Song but Azief suddenly knows that it is the Song of Creation.

'Yggdrasil' Azief muttered to himself even as his body was crippled. He remembered Alsurt. He remembered that rune.

As the Fire enter his body information about Disk Formation entered his mind. This path of Disk Formation is different from the conventional way of forming the Disk.

He needs to create Thirteen Disk instead of the nine for the requirement of breaking through to Divine Comprehension.

But Azief only smiles and smirk. It will be tough but as long as he knew the Path at least he will not fall into despair of not knowing.

The Life Essence gushed out countless of energy, full of Life Essence and it was like a sea appeared below the Tree of Life.

The Sea was full of Water of Life.

This sea nourishes Azief soul as Azief felt his soul is being purified and his mind become clearer. Azief knows from this moment on, Illusion and Mind powers will have minimal effects on him.

The branches of the tree of Life has become as sturdy as metal. The leaves was birthed in thousand showing a tree of Life that is lush and fertile inside Azief consciousness.

The Tree below the Sea full of Water of Life. Every droplet of that water emitted countless Life Essence.

It was then the tree of Life absorbed the Sea inside Azief consciousness as Azief body was healed miraculously, locking together his shattered body

The Heavens cried and the Earth shudders as Perfection is born.

A song of creation and praise sounded in one part of the Universe, a song which no one recognizes.

But one Being in the Universe recognizes the song.

That Being was sitting on his Red throne looking down on all creation but his eyes is intensely looking at a human millions of light years away.

In the planet of Belthana the Three Sisters of Fate sighed as they yarns their magical threads.

In Olympus, Zeus which was fighting with the Titans look momentarily dazed, recollecting something before his eyes become clear again as he continues dashing to fight Kronos.

On Earth, Azief transformation is still not finished.

The tree of Life formed a protective aura that wrapped around Azief broken body like a cocoon.

It was like the transformation of an ugly caterpillar that will be born into a beautiful butterfly.

Azief body right now is heavy, even one droplet of his blood dropping down to Earth creates a mini quakes and craters.

Azief understand now.

Even though his body was shattering and he only had a breath of life in his body, the fire is not trying to kill him.

The fire is trying to recreate his body.

Because of the cocoon like energy around Azief body, Azief completely shattered body did not break into pieces and fall into the ground.

Slowly, the stream of Fire in concert with the energy wrapped around his body burns and heal, as it recasted the affected area in order to rebuild his body.

Time stopped. So no one could see the suffering that Azief is enduring right now. It was like an eternity.

Pain is always like that. One moment of pain could feel like an eternity. But when in pain, since he could not avoid it, he endures.

He is good at enduring.

Not because he is like that. Because he knows if he endures he will get what he want at the end.

It is why he endures.

Enduring without having a reward, is pointless enduring.

From the moment he summons the Purifying fire, he knew it would not be as easy he would imagined.

But this kind of pain is still within his expectations. If anyone that could hear Azief thought right now they would surely felt terrified.

The pain akin of your skin being flayed is within his expectations and he still push forward? What kind of an insane person who would do that?

To a Time that felt like an eternity, Azief body reshaping has been completed, his shattered body pieces is connected once again as the cracked around his body merged forming back his body.

His pain disappeared as his body is now flawless without any sign of the terrible injury he suffers before.

The world becomes calm but Azief knows this is not yet complete. The Purifying Fire was not only used to purify the body physique but it is also used to create the Tenth Seed

The stream of Fire is now slowly dissipating but Azief knows this is enough to do what he desires the most.

He shouted

‘FORM!!’ This shout sounded all over the world, as the clouds parted and the skies opens up to the space beyond.

Then like a gigantic mouth, Azief body absorbs all the fire.

Now that Azief body becomes stronger than before, his power of absorbing was elevated a few level higher than before.

As the energy rushed inside Azief body, countless notifications appeared. All the notifications look blurred but Azief will check the notification later.

Nine Seed create the Tree of Life. But what does the Tenth Seed creates?

The moment he shouted form, the information appears inside his mind

And the information shocked Azief.

Tenth Seed create an independent Source!

What is Source Power? Will uses it. Raymond uses it. And many other people Azief knows uses it. Will tapped the power of the Speed source and with it his speed is even faster than Azief.

He could even at times runs through the timelines.

Raymond tapped the source of Earth, creating the Terra force making him able to fight people of higher level than him by utilizing the boundless energy that the world possesses.

But independent Source?

It is a source that borrows the powers but refines it to become your own power which means you will ultimately be using your own power and not be constrained or fear that source would disappear one day.

And as he yells Form he instantly knows what kind of Source he wanted to create.

He visualizes it in his mind as his Tenth Seed was formed.

The moment his tenth Seed was formed, the Tree of Life, exploded as it branches dissipated and its leaves were burned as that Tenth Seed becomes a black hole and devour everything

Inside that black hole that powerful essence of life energy is still existing. So even though the tree of Life is no longer, Azief abundance of Life energy remains.

He will need only a thought to break through to Disk Formation and form his Disk. But he still did not take that step

Azief opens his eyes, and stars were reflected in his eyes an eye that contain wisdom and breadth of mind that surpasses everyone.

For that one brief moment Azief could see his Grand Path.

As he formed his tenth Seed a source of energy was tapped and Azief could feel he wield the power of the Worldly energy and a bit of Universal Essence.

He created his tenth Seed and his tenth Seed is the Death Source. The moment he created his own Source he could feel he could control the Dead.

A slew of abilities are opened up to him.

He felt that he could now manipulate the essence of death. He could causes things to wither, rot, weaken and eventually die.

Azief could sense and manipulate the essence that allows Death, Destruction and Decay, allowing him to control decayed matter or to request assistance from the Dead.

Azief could have created the Life Source but Azief has always been fascinated with death. He brushed with death too many times for him not to be interested with it.

He now could manipulate his age, read people aura, manipulate dark energy. Absorbing life force, and life force transferal.



He could also induce madness, disease, weaken people body resilience and strengthen his own body resilience, poisons manipulation and possessing regenerative healing factor.

But the more terrifying part of his ability is necromancy, erasing of power, reanimation, rot and decay inducement, soul summoning, spiritual force manipulation and...resurrection.

This is only a few of his power as he create his own Death Source.

Death Force energy surround Azief that kill anything living around him

Even the laws of Time near him is slowly being unravel, withering and rotting.

Then the remaining fire assault Azief which Azief embraced gladly. This time his Source was purify and his body turns mortal.

The Purifying is now complete. So, Time moved again.

But Azief knows the fire is actually inside his body slowly purifying every inch of his body. And it will not take long.

So even as he is falling down form the skies, he is not worried. By his estimation, in three seconds, his ability would return

So, as he is falling down, his body now is as weak as a mortal

Time moved again as the last vestiges of the fire has dissipated blown by the wind.

In the distance, snow slowly falls in Spain. Azief notices the snow and he do not know how to feel. The storm has already ended.

Some people, watching the conclusion sighed with heavy heart.

The strongest person on earth is not given that title carelessly.

But even though Azief noticed the snow, noticed that eyes watching him has now gone away, he did not notice someone.

Someone who has been watching him from the beginning of the battle inside the dome. Someone who was not affected when Time stopped.

It is the reason why she created the Dome. To shield her form the effect of Time Stop of the Purifying Fire.

The girl is Morgana.

'I must break this wall in front of me' She clenched her left fist as she threw the spear she designed to take the life of her father.

It was then as Azief floated down, with all of his divine sense is still not activated and his body is at its weakest moment, a spear shoots out from somewhere as it pierces Azief heart.

Blood covered the skies as a sight that no one was prepared to see happens. For many people, The Prince of Darkness is a godlike figure, undefeatable and invincible.

But today....today...God....has bled.

Without being even prepared of this and with the frailty of his body, the spear crushed through Azief heart as Azief falls down with alarming speed.

As he falls down two second passed. Then three second passed and his ability returns but by now it is too late.

He could feel that the spear has lodged itself on his heart. It was then a powerful energy enveloped the sky of Spain.

Spain was suddenly covered with snow and cold energy blows from the south to the four direction. this content of novelfullbook.com, if you reading this content please go to website novelfullbook.com to continue reading, fastest update hourly

Walking through the clouds like a heavenly fairy of white, the most beautiful woman appeared. Her hair is as white as snow, her movement as elegant as the moon

Below her steps, was the appearance of the ground being frozen and snows falling heavily. She appears to be walking among the clouds but her speed is as fast as light.

She did not wear her amour. Instead she wear red dress that has laces of snowflakes. With three steps she appears before Azief embracing him as he falls down.

They both slowly floats down the scene of which was both tragic and heartbreaking. Azief was bleeding heavily staining the red dress of Katarina

They floats down and they landed on a patch of green grass. The cold wind blows. Katarina was not crying. Her face only shows she was relieved she is here.

She did not scour the area to search who throws that spear. Her eyes only have Azief in it. Concern and longing could be seen from her gaze.

'I'm late' she said. Azief coughed another round of poisoned blood and he smiles

'You...are never late. We always....only miss each other by a breath.'

Azief also look at Katarina. His head is on her lap, his chest heaving up and down having the difficulty to breathe.

He muster his strength and caress her cheek. Katarina lean a bit down as a droplet of tears falls down from her eyes.

'You....are always beautiful' he said with a smile on his face. Katarina pull up his hood and look at Azief face.

Lines of black could be seen in the neck veins of Azief.

'You always deny it when I ask you to say it' Katarina said trying to force a smile but her tears did not stop as her tears falls down onto Azief face.

'At the end of my life, I felt no reason to lie or deny anymore. You truly are beautiful'

'Uhuk, Uhuk' he coughed another lump of blood

'To be accompanied by a beauty right before I die...I don't think this is a bad way to go' Azief said despite of the pain he is enduring right now.

He did not expect that one would targeted that one moment of vulnerabilities. Now, he is paying the price.

The people inside that invisible dome has long gone.

'I will not let you die' she said with a determined face even as the tears streams down her beautiful flawless face.

'In a world without you..... I would be lost' she said before she burns her energy.

Then Azief felt it. A drop in temperature. This kind of cold is not the kind of cold ice would bring.

This is the kind of freezing power that could even froze concepts and Laws.

'Katarina what are you doing?!'

'The one who was always shining in this era is always you. Will you let me light the era this once and be the center of the world attention?' she said with a smile.

But Azief knows what Katarina wanted to do. She wanted to sacrifice herself by drawing her power to the ultimate brim to save him

'Katarina, stop it!' Azief wanted to scream but then it was too late.

'HYARRGH!!' Katarina screams as her power was pushed to the brim. Katarina embraced Azief body as ice surrounded the area and slowly freezing everything around one hundred kilometers radius of Azief and Katarina.

Katarina created a mountain of ice sealing herself and Azief inside it with Azief and Katarina on the center of that mountain guarded by the hard ice.

This display of sacrifice and power was terrifying. A mountain was created purely by the power of Laws.

Cold energy surrounded the mountains creating a thick fog that not only disturb eyesight but also induce illusions.

Spain from today onward turns into a country of ice as snows kept falling and become as white as the tundra of Siberia.

The whole world saw the strongest man on Earth and the strongest woman on earth just seal themselves in the turning moment of the era, on the brink of victory against Weronians.

Some people sighed in regret while some was rejoiced since now, the overlord that everyone feared right now has probably died.

The same could be said about Katarina which was the deterring force that made people wary of the Revolutionary Army.

Many people who was seeing this, believes that Katarina commits suicide wishing to be buried together with her loved ones.

But those who have a little bit of brains knows, that Katarina has sealed herself and Azief life force as the mountain slowly absorbing the life force and healing Azief slowly from inside the nucleus of the mountain

Inside the nucleus of the Ice Mountain, two heart are beating. It was slow...but it was beating. And if one observe with attention, one could see the spear lodged in Azief heart is slowly pushed out of his heart.

But as long as the snows is falling in Spain, the Snow Princess Mountain will exist.

The battle of the Azief and Purunghasa ended and it ended with such a tragic and unexpected ending.

Now, the whole world is searching the culprit that attacked the Prince in such a sneaky manner that causes the Prince to die.

To the eyes of the world, Azief has died. Only a few expert realized that Azief did not die. In a world where the Prince do not exist, how will the world fare?

But even as they ask this question, the resistance is still fighting. The world moves and time flowed.

Only in Spain near the Snow Princess Mountain, a tribute to a sacrificial love, Time has no meaning