

Supremacy 1361

Chapter 1361 The Cogs Are Turning at Last...

In the entire universe, no one possessed three celestial languages.

While Felix didn't really know how to make the best of divine language without investing a lot of his time in forgery, he felt that something unique was bound to happen if all three languages were in one body.

'There is a method, but it is doubtful if it will work.' Lady Sphinx shared.

'For real?' Felix was left stunned.

He didn't expect the answer to be positive in the slightest.

"Just like what we did with Runic seed, you can replace one of your remaining dormant kraken's hearts with a dwarven heart. With proper surgery, a portion of the divine codex will be written on your cells as well. But, it won't be as good as having the real thing."

"I see..." Felix nodded in understanding.

The difference was the same as having limited manipulation and perfect manipulation.

In the case of Noah, Olivia, and the others, they possessed a very limited portion of the universal codex in their DNA.

Meanwhile, Felix might not have the whole universal codex, but he did have the entire portion responsible for his elements.

To have the entire universal codex written on him meant that he needed to possess perfect manipulation of all elements, which was simply impossible.

Though, he did possess the entire runic codex on his system, which was the reason he was capable of using spells of all elements as long as he possessed runic familiarity with them.

In this issue, the same applied to the divine codex...Only this time, he would be considered as having access to a dwarf instead of Elder Cyclope.

'I will pass.' Felix waved his hand. 'If I am going to be wasting an entire heart, it should be on nothing other than the real divine codex.'

'That's a smart decision, those two remaining dormant hearts must not be wasted.' Asna supported.

Felix had seven hearts and the other five were his source of potential and future. If he wanted to keep his progress rolling, he must choose wisely on the next two hearts.

Though, the stronger he got, the fewer his choices would become...

One Year Later...

Felix, Lady Sphinx, Fenrir, Candace, and Bodidi had departed from the forge a few days ago after Felix was given the CosmosBreaker.

Elder Cyclope came through with his word and finished his last touches in a year. Felix had tested the new peak destruction resistance inscriptions and was pleasantly satisfied.

With a divine weapon at hand, two elemental domains, four ultimate abilities, and a deity level, Felix embarked on his journey toward the seven demon realms.

He found out that he could even channel destruction abilities through the axe and amplify their damages as long as he did not do it frequently before the axe's self-repair finished.

In addition, Lady Sphinx succeeded in replacing his void immunity with void domain, finally returning one of his greatest abilities to its rightful place!

With a divine weapon at hand, two elemental domains, four ultimate abilities, and a deity level, Felix embarked on his journey toward the seven demon realms.

Obviously, he didn't do this without a plan in mind.

"The wormhole express has been opened! We await orders!" Commander Orion informed with a stern tone.

Commander Orion, the venerable centaur at the helm of the SGAlliance's troops, stood as a proud embodiment of seasoned might and wisdom. His upper body, distinctly humanoid, bears the weathered lines of countless battles, muscles honed by a lifetime in the line of duty.

He was chosen as the next in line to command the next round of the seven demon realms conquest after the honorable death of commander Nethrael.

"Go all in." Queen Alfreda permitted, her eyes colder than the summit of the tallest mountain.

What lay before her and the remaining inner circle leaders was a holographic screen, showing the horrors done to all the remaining races left in the seven demon realms.

When tens of millions of demons retreated at once back to their realms without leaders to keep them in leashes, they went full feasting mode on their farms...

The people who thought themselves to be untouched because of their importance to the demons' continuity, found out the harsh truth.

As much as the SGAlliance wanted to help them, their territories were all in jumbles and they had to pour all of their resources to recover them from the demons.

"It's time to end what we have started." Empress Scarlet commented, her eyes as murderous as ever.

She was always carefree and gentle, not raising her voice even by an octave...But, after the demons threatened her hive's survivability, she was forced to activate her bloodthirsty mode.

"Where is King Maxwell? Is he going to sit this out because of the darkins?" Ruler Hogan inquired suddenly after seeing that Felix was nowhere to be seen even after an hour went by in the assembly.

"He isn't sitting anything out." Queen Allura shared calmly, "Just focus on our conquest."

"Alright..."

Now that Felix became a deity and was considered a primogenitor in the eyes of the mortals, even the inner circle leaders refused to antagonize him in any shape or form.

They literally wouldn't dare stand up against him as they knew that he could get them killed and not even their ancestors could save them.

This was the true meaning of becoming at the highest point of the food chain.

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On the other side of the universe, deep within Tartarus' realm, the darkins were sitting in a circle inside a cozy house on a deserted planet.

"The troops have finally entered Tartarus realm, It's time." Wendigo said calmly while standing up.

His partners followed suit, their hardened expressions speaking volumes about the seriousness of their situation.

"We will have only one chance to assassinate him from a distance, whether we fail or succeed, we will retreat and try again on another time." Wendigo stated, not caring about how cowardly their plan sounded.

It was understandable as in their eyes, they would be fighting five primogenitors'. They weren't stupid to commit fully to a losing engagement like this.

"Is he in yet?" Saurous asked as he eyed Manananggal.

"Not yet." Manananggal replied, his hand holding a replica of Felix's blood drop.

It was easy to know whether Felix was in the seven demon realms or not, as the blood would have reacted the moment he was in the same galaxy as it.

"Even better, let's get going."

Without an ounce of hesitation, the three darkins embarked on their spaceship and took off into the distance, heading towards none other than the SGAlliance's troops.

In this battle, they planned on playing as dirty as possible even if it meant antagonizing other primogenitors in the process.

Unbeknownst to them, they weren't the only ones after Felix...

Whoosh!!

As the echo of the departing spaceship's roar dissipated into silence, the air around the small house began to curdle, thickening with a palpable malevolence.

Suddenly, the crimson cloud swelled, condensing into a nebulous cloud of noxious energy that was sinister as it was mesmerizing.

Amidst the swirling vortex, a figure started to take shape. It was Lucifer, materializing from the raw, undiluted evil.

His form was a silhouette at first, a mere shadowy outline within the miasma, but soon, his ghastly figure was fully revealed. Crimson eyes, burning with an unholy fire, emerged first, piercing the darkness.

His imposing form, exuding an aura of dangerous allure, was clad in a regal, obsidian-hued robe, the reflection of the stars twinkling ominously on its surface.

With a sardonic smile that could chill the marrow, he lifted his head and stared at the disappearing spaceship.

"You always wanted me to fight my destined other half in the seven demon realms to interrupt our holy reunion." He smiled coldly, "Do not mind me doing the same."

After his latest defeat under Felix's hands, Lucifer had no intentions of letting his pride get in his way.

If this meant taking advantage of the darkins' assassination to merge with Felix at his weakest, so be it!

Whoosh!

With a wave of a hand, Lucifer disappeared yet again...As the consciousness of the sinister energy, he could be anywhere and everywhere, as long as a portion of evil power source was there.

Now that he knew of their destination, he went there ahead of them and waited for his precious moment.

Unbeknownst to him as well, Felix might not know the details of the darkins' assassination attempt, but he learned that it involved the SGAlliance's troops from Lord Loki.

This meant all three parties were going to be at the same location.

The cogs were finally turning on this historical fight and only one party was going to emerge victorious...Would it be a human, a demon elemental, or primogenitors?

Chapter 1362 The Fall Of Tartarus Realm

A few days later...

Prince Beelzebub sat atop the tallest spire of his once-impregnable fortress, watching as the horizon filled with the armada of the SGAlliance troops.

Their vessels blotted out the stars, a shadowy shroud encapsulating his beleaguered capital. He could feel the vibration of their engines, the energy blasts echoing in the distance, growing closer and louder. "It's finally happening...Ah."

The once proud and sinister demon prince was now signing his sorrows away with a bottle of alcohol in his hand.

His heart pounded in his chest, not with fear but acceptance...His survival instincts had taken over his pride, making him understand that standing up for his territory signified signing his death contract.

He knew full well that Felix might appear at any moment, materializing out of thin air like some wraith, and Beelzebub had no illusions about the outcome of such an encounter.

The ending of the demon king Lucifer was staying rent-free in his mind...

"This city..." he murmured to himself, his eyes scanning the sprawling metropolis one last time.

Each soaring tower, each winding street, and each trembling soul residing within was a testament to his reign.

His fingers grazed the cold stone of the parapet, absorbing the final moments of the world he had so meticulously crafted.

Faint cries of demons began to rise as the first wave of SGAlliance troops touched down on the outskirts of the city.

Lights flashed on the horizon, the symphony of an impending battle starting its haunting crescendo. With a last sigh, he turned from the panorama of his soon—to—be-fallen capital, his crimson eyes gleaming in the flickering light.

"Farewell," he whispered into the icy wind, an unheard goodbye lost amidst the chaos.

He raised his hand, energy swirling at his fingertips, ready to cast himself into the darkness, far away from this place, far away from the relentless pursuit of the greatest demon hunter.

A final glance back, and Beelzebub disappeared into the shadows, prioritizing his survival over his empire.

His figure faded away just as the first explosions tore through the sky, casting his abandoned capital in a harsh, violent light.

His reign was over, but he was alive, lost in the boundless obscurity of the universe...

Unbeknownst to him, Felix never had any plans of hunting him down as it would compromise his more important mission, slaying the darkins.

"You were right, he really didn't show up to protect his capital." Candace shared.

'Only a selfless hero or an idiot would risk his own life for the sake of a piece of land.' Felix replied calmly, not surprised by the smooth invasion of Beelzebub's capital.

'I guess the other princes will also do the same.' Candace said with a displeased tone, 'On one hand, I am happy with this outcome, but on the other, I really want those f*ckers dead and gone for good.' 'Likewise, but we can't have them both.' Felix said. 'We have more important stuff to do than waste our time on such weaklings.'

The only thing that bothered Felix was the notion that the demon princes would always be around, like an unkillable germ.

Though, the good news was that none of them need purities to keep their rationality intact as the only reason they hunted for purities was to feed their armies and boost their strength.

This implied that if they were truly smart about remaining hidden, they wouldn't dare hunt for purities inside the SGAlliance's territories.

'Elder, any signs of the darkins?' Felix asked Lord Loki who was playing cards with the remaining free tenants from this mission.

'Nothing yet.' Lord Loki waved his hand in annoyance, 'Stop bothering me, I will tell you when their location is readable.'

'Alright.'

Right now, Felix and his masters were staying in the void realm with Nimo's help and Felix was quite antsy about it.

Since Candace couldn't resist The Paragon of Sins' uncontrollable pressure, they had to rely on Nimo to transform into an aircraft and stay inside of him.

it was quite easy for him and he found it fun to do.

Though, Felix really wasn't too thrilled with the idea and he even didn't want to do it at the beginning. It was understandable as the moment he knew that the Paragon of Sins must be awake, he feared for Nimo's life.

If it wasn't for the Paragon not making a move on Nimo even after Lucifer found out about him, Felix wouldn't have been this daring.

After great efforts and commendable teamwork from the SGAlliance's troops, Beelzebub's demon realm, Tartarus, was officially conquered!

In the heart of the ravaged capital, amidst the ruins and the lingering smoky remnants of war, a miraculous spectacle began to unfold.

The World Tree, a monument to the SGAlliance's successful conquest, stood tall, breaking through the scarred skyline.

It reached towards the heavens, its vast branches spread wide and covered in myriad shades of green, glistening under the twilight of Tartarus realm!

The demons in the capital had their demonization reversed, making them seem like they had woken up from an eternal nightmare.

Since most of those demons belonged originally to the seven demon realms, the SGAlliance was introduced to new races and ancient civilizations.

While the SGAlliance's citizens were celebrating their victory at last, the inner circle leaders had no intentions of doing the same.

They left some of their troops to deal with the survivors and planned on taking off toward the next demon realm.

But Felix had to stop this from happening as he knew that it would ruin his plan.

Fortunately, he didn't need to explain himself anymore as the moment he ordered the troops to stay put for a couple more days, no one dared to object and cause a scene over nothing.

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The Next Morning...

'I have a signal, their spaceship has stopped at these coordinates, you better move quickly if you want to catch them.' Lord Loki said while sharing the darkins' coordinates with Felix.

He couldn't do this before because it was impossible to track them in light—speed mode.

'Much appreciated.'

Without a split second wasted, Felix guided Nimo in the right direction, knowing that he couldn't understand it as well as Candace.

"They have stopped merely ten thousand kilometers away from Beelzebub's capital. They really are planning to hold the SGAlliance's troops as a hostage to draw you out.' Asna commentated with a cold tone.

'I expected nothing less from them.' Felix wasn't surprised one bit.

He already figured out that the darkins were bound to play dirty and use either people close to him or responsible for, to get him killed.

The only reason they hadn't used this strategy before was that Felix hadn't made them feel threatened to throw their pride and dignity this openly...Also, deep down they must have felt that Felix would never throw his life away for other people as they couldn't fathom doing the same.

This thought process had shifted drastically the moment they had blown out Felix's home planet, killing his family in the process.

'Since they plan on killing me from a distance, this means one of them will be split from the pack.' Felix smiled coldly, 'I have a feeling it will be Manananggal.'

Whether they leave two to handle the hostages or one, they were bound to separate from each to pull off their plan.

Manananggal had the highest chance of being the gun holder due to his element. Wendigo couldn't assassinate Felix from a distance with his ultimate ability since it required close eye contact. Meanwhile, Saurous' gravity abilities were too obvious, and take some time for the real damage to start kicking in.

Only Manananggal was capable of assassinating Felix from tens of thousands of kilometers if not more with a mere glance, using Felix's own blood against him.

As expected, after less than a few seconds, Felix and his masters arrived at the darkins' location and found them on the verge of splitting up.

Gazing upon the darkins for the first time ever since the destruction of his home, Felix was consumed by an incandescent rage, a tempest of hatred and grief that seethed within his chest...

It was fueled by the sight of his home planet's ashes and the three monsters that had reduced it to absolute ruins.

The sight of his grandfather's innocent death.

The sight of his family, friends, and subordinates unjustly passing.

No one had any interaction with the darkins or even knew about their existence...Yet, they were killed in cold blood under their hands and it was all because of a conflict they knew nothing about...

While Felix had accepted his reality and the death of his loved ones, the sight of darkins' three evil auras right before him, made it hard for those wounds to not open up again.

'Felix, keep it in. You will expose us if they ended up picking your murderous intentions.' Fenrir advised calmly, 'Emotions have no place in such decisive battles.'

'I know, I know that.' Felix replied, his voice as calm as the ocean under a clear sky.

Felix had gone through so much to let himself get ruined by his own emotions.

So, he sealed everything back inside his heart and kept his mind straight on one thing only...Killing Manananggal.

'You be safe, alright?' Lady Sphinx warned, 'Don't get overconfident or try to prolong the battle to appease your hatred and anger. We won't be able to hold them for more than a second if they wanted to escape.'

'Don't worry, it will be quick for us, but not for hint.' Felix replied with an icy tone.

Felix had already prepared the most sinister way to kill Manananggal, and nothing was going to stop him from not using it!

Chapter 1363 Your Personal Hell

'Make sure to put everyone in your darkness field. So, not even his masters could save those pests if they wanted.' Saurous said, smiling coldly as he was seen traveling with a massive cloud of darkness.

'No need to tell me what to do.' Wendigo replied. 'No one will leave my presence unless I say so.'

In a few moments at best, the darkness were already close to the capital's atmosphere and most of the SGAlliance's fleets were seen grouped up around the Mothership for protection.

'Manananggal, are you in position?' Wendigo asked.

'Almost.' Manananggal replied.

He was seen speeding into the darkness, seemingly trying to put more distance from the SGAlliance's troops, but at the same time, keep them in his range.

Sometime later, Manananggal stopped and said in his mind, 'This should be enough.'

He was indeed in the perfect position as everything was in his line of sight and with a simple zooming technique, he was able to see past hundred of thousands of kilometers with pinpoint accuracy.

He might not possess truth vision, but he was easily able to zoom in and out as it was a basic technique all primogenitors have mastered.

Only Lady Sphinx had taken mastering her eyes to the next level.

Suddenly, Manananggal beamed a massive divine crimson cannon.

It was enrobed in an ethereal aura, the cannon resonates with an age-old energy that seemed to pulsate with the beat of a heart, casting a hypnotic, blood—red luminescence that danced around it like a living flame!

It resembled an oversized human heart in design, an intricate network of grooves etched deep into its surface, mirroring the vascular system's complex arrangement.

This was Manananggal's most powerful weapon and partner who went through many battles together. It was called...

'Lifeblood Loom...I-iow I have missed you.' Manananggal displayed a faint gentle smile as he caressed the cannon's barrel.

The cannon seemed to have responded to his touch as it shimmered for a split second before turning dark again.

The last time this weapon was against Fenrir was when the three darltins ganged up on him and forced him to seal himself in a world of untouchable ice.

'I really didn't expect that the next time I will be using you, it will be for a puny hurnam...Yet, here we are.'

Manananggal muttered as he lifted the crimson cannon above his shoulder and aimed it in the direction of the SGAlliance's troops.

The moment Manananggal was in a perfect position, he tried to inform his partners.

'I am rea...'

Alas, before he could finish his sentence, a sudden powerful spatial disruption occurred around him!

The very fabric of reality twisted and shrieked around him, gravity distorted, space—time ruptured, as the universe started to implode before Manananggal's own eyes!

‘Brat!’

Just as the collapsing reality was about to engulf Manananggal, a surge of power pulsed through his form.

In a flash of crimson brilliance, Manananggal transmitted into a swirling cloud of sanguine mist.

The rush of the transformation was instantaneous and much faster than the collapsing reality around him!

In a swift manner, he was propelled out of the immediate danger zone.

Still, the cloud of blood darted through the cosmos until he put a safe distance from the falling reality." ‘ ‘As expected, they sure are slippery.’

Felix sneered as he emerged from the belly of nothingness, seemingly unaffected that his ambush attempt had failed.

His eyes narrowed as he traced the trajectory of the swirling blood cloud.

‘You ain’t going anywhere.’

Bathed in the cosmic darkness, Felix paused for a fraction of an instant, his gaze locked onto the distant crimson mist of the Manananggal.

Felix inhaled deeply, feeling the neutral energy surge through his being. His body started to glow with a faint bluish hue, the first sparks of energy playing around his fingertips.

His form quivered like a mirage as he concentrated, the flickers of lightning growing more intense and vivid.

In less than a millisecond, his body dissolved into a radiant bolt of pure lightning!

The transformation was striking, a blinding arc of electric power against the darkness of space.

For a moment, Felix was no longer a physical entity but an embodiment of raw energy and absolute speed!

As a lightning bolt, he moved at a speed almost incomprehensible, a flash that ripped through the cosmos with a silent thunder.

The space between Felix and the Manananggal ceased to exist in less than a heartbeat.

One moment he was there, and in the next, he had already reached the cloud of blood.

His arrival was marked by a brilliant streak of blue, his form flickering back to that of a man, now standing before the crimson specter.

Immediately after, Felix drew his weapon, the fabled Cosmosbreaker!

'Concept Erasure Palms!'

With a thought, a surge of destruction particles flooded into the axe's blade, igniting it with a brilliant crimson hue!

He had channeled concept erasure palm through it while making sure he marked only blood elemental particles!

Then with a swift, fierce move, he swung it towards Manananggal.

"Die!"

The blade cut through the space with a furious velocity, leaving a trail of glowing crimson in its wake! The cosmic silence was pierced by the shrill cry of the blade as it ripped through the vacuum, aimed with deadly accuracy at the blood cloud!

'Useless move.'

Manananggal scoffed, not having an ounce of fear at the sight of the Cosmosbreaker moving closer and closer.

'Split...Volume Expansion.'

He used two abilities simultaneously, causing the blood cloud to split into two parts and for one part to explode in volume until it engulfed Felix with his weapon!

The Cosmosbreaker did its job and erased the blood particles in its area, but there was too much of it to destroy altogether.

Manananggal didn't waste the opportunity of having Felix be inside his own blood particles.

'Blood Coffin!'

He morphed the swirling cloud of crimson mist into a colossal coffin of congealed blood, entrapping Felix within its pulsating, sanguine confines.

As Felix languished in the sanguine prison, Manananggal prepared to unleash his lethal finale. ..

With a thought, he invoked the 'Blood Implosion'.

An insidious grin spread across his face as the blood coffin began to pulsate, its rhythm growing frenetic, echoing the silent countdown to Felix's doom!

The final note played. the coffin contracted violently and exploded outward.

The force of the implosion was terrifying, fuming Felix's body into a brilliant nebula of crimson!

Still, Manananggal's guard was at its peak as he knew that there was no way Felix could come for him on his own and end up dying this easily.

Manananggal's form manifested inside the blood cloud and he reached out with his senses to stttty Felix's blood drops.

'A perfect match, this can't be faked and there is no way he has a clone this powerful.' As much as the results seemed in his favor, Manananggal wasn't easily trustful. '15 this really it? Did I just eliminate that unkillable cockroach?'

Manananggal found it too hard to believe but at the same time, there was not an ounce of fool play. Felix's blood was real, he recognized Elder Cyclope's work on the axe, and the abilities used in their swift battle couldn't be used by a clone.

It was as real as it could get.

Even then, Manananggal replayed the exact fight sequence in his mind and analyzed it to find out any irregularities.

'Our location and plan should have been known to only us, yet he still found out about most of the details.' Manananggal frowned, 'This means either my partners betrayed me or there is a third party involved.'

Manananggal didn't even consider the first option as he knew that his partners would never betray him for the Asgardians.

'Lord Loki... They must have gotten our information from him.' Manananggal reasoned, 'It's the only explanation.'

Lord Loki was the only third-party indirectly involved in their conflict 7.4/7, making him the biggest suspect.

'Why did he help them? Did he choose their side in this conflict? If he did, does that means be permitted the brat to use his bloodline? It can't be, the human bloodline path ends at seven bloodlines and he already reached its end.' Manananggal soon narrowed his eyes, 'But with Lady Sphinx's involvement, she can make it happen.'

In his eyes, Lady Sphinx had done too many miracles on Felix's body for him to question her capability to pull off another one.

This made him reach one final conclusion.

'Am I under an illusion?'

Crack Crack!

The moment this question popped into his mind, the sound of mirrors shattering resounded in his mind thunderously!

The eerie and silent universe seemed to have broken into little fragments before his vision was consumed by utter darkness.

When the light returned, Manananggal was left utterly stunned and frozen in place.

He found himself inside a throne chamber, that was nestled within an eerie grandeur castle.

The chamber was an opulent testimony to the ancient vampire lineage, a cold stone marvel built with original gothic aesthetics and bathed in an ominous palette of deep purples and onyx blacks.

High, vaulted ceilings loomed overhead, lost in shadow and hung with colossal chandeliers adorned with a thousand crystal prisms, which danced with spectral radiance in the dim, flickering candlelight. At the end of the room, on an elevated dais, sat the magnificent throne, forged from obsidian and embellished with blood—red rubies and silver filigree.

Reclining regally on the throne was a figure of deathly allure. Her skin was as pale as moonlight, eyes gleaming with an ethereal crimson glow that bespoke ancient power.

Her raven—black hair cascaded down her shoulders, contrasting against the intricate ruby—studded black gown that cingling to her form.

A pair of onyx bat wings were folded neatly behind her, matching the dark aura that enveloped her.

She seemed pregnant as her belly was slightly bigger even under her heavy clothes.

To her sides, an array of princes lounged, a constellation of dark stars orbiting their radiant queen. Each prince was unique in his countenance, some with long, flowing hair, others with sharp, handsome features, but all bore the same intense eyes reflecting the bloodlust of Manananggal's lineage.

"Welcome back, dear." The Queen Vampire smiled gently, leaving Manananggal staring at her with mixed emotions.

"Omarini..." He muttered her name, his heart was as heavy as a boulder while his mind was being assaulted by sealed memories of their precious life together.

"Do you miss her?"

Abruptly, Felix's voice resounded across the throne chamber, causing Manananggal's expression to turn murderous immediately.

"Boy, if you are thinking what I am thinking, I can assure you that your death won't be gentle in the slightest." He threatened.

"I am not going to do anything." Felix manifested next to the queen and uttered with the most sinister smile as he rubbed her belly, "You will be doing the deed all on your own."

"Welcome to your personal hell."

Chapter 1364 Gravity Vs Ice Sand Vs Darkness

In the vast expanse of cosmic space, an anomaly rippled through the void. A figure emerged from the oscillating warp, an entity of immense power and darkness, sending a silent shiver down the spine of the universe.

It was Lucifer, his form radiating an aura of dark majesty, his crimson eyes exuding distress and anger.

‘Where did they go?!’

He yelled in his mind as he watched the fading trail of crimson mist, the last vestiges of a powerful blood ability, and the slight disturbances in the fabric of space, evidence of a space-altering technique.

Because his existence was related to evil energy and there was no way Felix and Manananggal wouldn't detect it randomly in outer space, he kept a significant distance between the two.

Still, he had a front—seat view of the entire short battle.

He saw how Felix used totality collapse and chased down Manananggal's blood cloud as a lightning bolt- However, to his surprise, the moment Felix arrived near Mananauggal, none of them made a move for an entire second after Felix waved his hand.

Then, there was no then!

Felix snapped his finger and both of them disappeared, leaving him stunned and agitated.

Now that he saw the spatial disruption, he knew that Felix had teleported both of them to another location.

'They must have not gone far. I have to find them before their battle ends!'

Without an ounce of hesitation, Lucifer broke into a cloud of evil energy again and took off, seeking their location at all costs.

After watching Felix's swift battle with Manananggal, he understood that his chances to defeat his other half were getting slimmer and slimmer.

Felix becoming a deity was like giving a tiger wings, all of his overpowered abilities could finally be used to their peak potential!

While Lucifer was hunting for them like a madman, he had no idea that Felix had teleported Manananggal to a small pocket dimension of his creation!

It was by using a newly mastered greater spatial spell called, Dimensional Platform.

It was a small platform in a separate dimension, but that's all Felix needed to cast his illusion domain and enlarge it into his own desire!

In this instant, he created Manananggal's previous castle and trapped him in it.

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A few moments before Felix and Manananggal's battle, Saurous, and Wendigo were seen waiting patiently for their partner's signal near the SGAlliance's troops.

Not a single spaceship had picked up their existence as Wendigo was using a darkness ability capable of hiding them completely from any detection ability.

Alas, they were against the all-seeing eyes of Lady Sphinx.

While they assumed that no one could see them, they appeared as clear as crystal in Lady Sphinx's mesmerizing eyes.

'It's time.' Lady Sphinx said calmly while creating a tiny sand sword the size of close to an atom.

'I am ready.' Fenrir replied expressionlessly.

'Nimo, now.'

Without warning, Lady Sphinx and Fenrir sprang into action, bursting from the void like celestial wraiths, they descended upon Saurous and Wendigo with the fury of cosmic storms!!!

The surprise was total, the ambush was perfectly executed!

'Careful!'

'Sh*t'

The unsuspecting duo was caught in a pincer attack of an ice storm of absolute zero, each particle glowing eerily in the starlight, and Lady Sphinx's golden sandstorm!

The storms covered hundreds of kilometers in an instant and could have engulfed even more space if it wasn't for the SGAlliance's troops being nearby!

While the ambush was utter perfection and they had been caught off guard, Saurous and Wendigo still reacted with uncanny synchronization.

'DARKNESS RELOCATION!'

Amidst the chaos, Wendigo activated Darkness Relocation, causing his form to disintegrate into a nebulous cloud of absolute darkness.

In a blink, he vanished from the battleground, appearing instantly in another part of the cosmos where darkness was dominant before either storm could touch him!

Simultaneously, Saurous tapped into his own most powerful ability, 'BLACKHOLE MANIFESTATION!' Around him, the fabric of reality began to ripple and distort, space-time warping into a vortex of inescapable gravitational pull!

Darkness bloomed around him, swallowing him whole, a monstrous maw against the icy onslaught! The black hole acted as a counterbalance, its gravitational pull pushing against the chill of Absolute Zero, nullifying its effects!

The space around him twisted, stretched, and distorted into an abyss so deep, it swallowed all light and heat, leaving only darkness in its wake!

Knowing that their bodies would be devoured and crashed, Lady Sphinx and Fenrir had already used countermeasures to resist the insane gravitational pull!

Meanwhile, Saurous on his own accord dove deeper into the black hole, where neither time nor space existed!

This was his sanctuary,, a refuge only he could survive in from anything and anyone.

Wendigo didn't hesitate to bail on him, so he could allow him to use his ultimate ability to survive the ambush.

RUMBLE RUMBLE!!!...

Unfortunately, his ultimate ability didn't have an effect only on himself and his assailants, but on everything in the solar system.

The sudden emergence of the black hole set off a catastrophic chain reaction across the solar system. Planets swayed in their orbits, disrupted by the black hole's powerful gravitational pull.

The Sun, the magnificent star at the heart of the solar system, flickered as if in protest, its radiance wavering under the black hole's influence.

Meteors strayed from their paths, the asteroid belt became a whirl of chaotic motion, and the planets themselves shuddered, their natural courses disrupted by the titanic gravitational force!

Arrghh!!! AAAAAAAAAAUH!!!! UGGG!!!!

Amidst this astronomical chaos, the fleets of the SGAlliance felt the brunt of the escalating crisis.

Strips began to veer off course, pulled inexorably towards the black hole. Panic began to set in as the fleet's commanders scrambled to counter the powerful gravitational force, but their efforts were in vain against such an immense cosmic force!

'Fenrir!'

'On it!'

Without Lady Sphinx needing to say more, Fenrir stepped in, his form glowing with an icy light amidst the chaotic ballet of planets and stars.

In a display of raw power, Fenrir pushed out his absolute zero storm direction of the SGAlliance's fleet and the planet as a whole!

As the subzero wave expanded tremendously, the gravitational pull's effects were countered. Fleets of ships pulled off course just moments before, now froze in place, caught in a moment of absolute stillness...Even the planet, its erratic orbit paused.

'You have gone soft and you will pay for it.' Saurous scoffed as he watched his nemesis, turning his back on him to save the puny lives of mortals.

Although Saurous didn't plan for any of this to happen, he made sure to take advantage of it.

He brought his hands together from within the black hole and pulled them apart, akin to an orchestra conductor.

The moment he did so, the boundary of the event horizon seemed to fluctuate, to pulse as if it had become a sentient entity.

Suddenly, the darkness erupted, not with an explosion of light, but with an outpouring of pitch-black tongues, reaching out into the surrounding cosmos!!!

It was Saurous, manipulating the black hole's properties from within, bending it to his will!

Each tongue of darkness was an extension of Saurous himself, a manifestation of his power and control over the black hole.

They moved with an eerie grace toward Fenrir. Even when his back was facing the eerie tongues, he didn't seem fazed in the slightest.

He merely glanced at Lady Sphinx and uttered calmly, 'Go after Wendigo, I got this.'

'Alright.' Lady Sphinx didn't question his decision even a little. She turned around, eyes gleaming with an unnatural light akin to a predator.

Then, she broke off into a humanoid sand figure and reduced each sand grain of her body to atomic size, causing her entire body to become as small as an atom!

Still, she didn't stop the size reduction until she reached the quantum universe, the lawless universe, where realities collide and realms clashed together!

In this entire universe, only Lady Sphinx was known to be capable of entering the quantum realm at her own desire due to her quantum vision and the uniqueness of her element.

As a sand elemental, she was capable of controlling each physical grain individually, which meant, she could reduce the size of each one and still be able to control it through quantum vision.

Since one could easily get lost inside the quantum realm even if there was ten thousand times less than a millimeter between two objects entering at the same time, Lady Sphinx had to master the ability to control each grain individually and reduce them in size perfectly at the same time.

This was the only method to help her remain as one entity inside the quantum realm and only she could pull it off in this universe with those sorts of skills, talent, and dedication!

Now that she was here, the possibilities were infinite...But, Lady Sphinx had no plans to waste her time marveling at the beauty of the quantum universe.

She used her elemental sense and connected it with the tiny sword from before.

This tiny sword wasn't with her anymore as during the ambush, she had successfully attached it inside Wendigo's atom world before he disappeared into the darkness!

The ambush wasn't a total disaster as both of them knew that the darkins wouldn't get killed this easily.

So, she aimed to place a tracker on the slippiest one of them, knowing that Fenrir could handle Saurous on his own.

'Got you.'

Lady Sphinx's gleaming triangle pupils reflected a beacon of light in her eyes, which was none other than her tiny sword.

Without an ounce of hesitation, she took a step forward with her eyes closed shut and then she disappeared.

When she reappeared again, she was already holding the sand sword, which wasn't so tiny anymore.

One could only imagine what she planned on doing in such a critical location!

Chapter 1365 Successful Retreat!

I have only a few seconds before my form dissolves on its own.

Lady Sphinx knew that time wasn't in her favor due to her form being too difficult to maintain for prolonged periods.

After all, she had to control each grain of sand individually to keep them the same size and each movement made had to be completed simultaneously for all grains.

With a swift move, she began drawing on her power over sand. A sandstorm formed, a microscopic maelstrom swirling with cosmic grains!

Despite its size, the storm was a force of nature, able to erode and disrupt on an atomic level.

As Lady Sphinx released the sandstorm, it swept through Wendigo's atomic world, disturbing the delicate balance of his inner cosmos!

Each grain of sand was a tiny battering ram, clashing against the atoms, causing disruptions and chaos!

'Argh! What the...

As the sandstorm raged and expanded to a frightening size, Wendigo recoiled in shock and agony, a sensation, unlike any pain he had known before!

It was as if every atom in his body was under siege, screaming in unison, the disturbance radiating from his core to his extremities!

His form flickered, instability rippling through him as the sandstorm disrupted the atomic harmony within. His body convulsed, rejecting the invading force, as he struggled to maintain his physical integrity, knowing that the moment he gave in, his body would collapse on itself and he would drop dead!

Sphinx!! You b*tch!'

He recognized the source of the pain immediately as Manananggal had experienced it before against none other than Lady Sphinx in the primogenitors' era!

Since Lady Sphinx had already exposed this ability to the primogenitors, none of them was stupid enough to not prepare counter-measurements if they were ever put in the same scenario as Manananggal.

'Release!!'

With a burst of dark energy, Wendigo's form began to disintegrate, not in a destructive sense, but in a purposeful transformation!

His body began to split, a cloud of darkness erupting into thousands of smaller, independent parts. Each fragment was a miniature version of Wendigo, holding a portion of his essence and consciousness!

Like shadows given life, the thousands of mini-Wendigos scattered in all directions, knowing that when Lady Sphinx return to her original size, she would take advantage of his weakened state and eliminate him for good!

"Not this one, not this one, not this one..."

At the same time, Wendigo was switching his focus rapidly from one portion of darkness to another in his elemental form, wanting to find a clean portion without any of Lady Sphinx's sand particles.

As he kept skipping from one to another, those portions of darkness suddenly turned golden in color before being transformed into sand particles, emphasizing the end of their conquest!

'Faster! Faster! faster!' Wendigo increased his switching speed as he was forced to have his main consciousness jump from one portion to another to avoid getting erased.

'Finally!'

Fortunately for him, he had acted extremely quickly and had planned countermeasures, which ended up rewarding him with a survival chance.

He quickly placed his main consciousness inside the clean portion of what remained of his body and without an ounce of hesitation, he used the same teleportation ability to put a significant distance from his assaulted location!

When he was gone, Lady Sphinx had her size increased until she reached her normal height...Then, she canceled her transmutation ability with an expressionless look.

'Wendigo has gotten away, but in a weakened state... Be right there. Lady Sphinx sent a telepathic message to Fenrir as she took off in his direction.

She was neither surprised nor disappointed that her attack had failed to kill Wendigo.

he already had pretty low expectations of it working out as she knew that the moment she had exposed her ability back in the day, it wasn't going to have a great effect on primogenitors unless they didn't bother to prepare a countermeasure.

Wendigo's situation was even more complicated since he was capable of switching between the ether and the physical, unlike most primogenitors.

While primogenitors use transmutation to switch into elemental form, Wendigo didn't require to do so as he reached a stage where his existence was darkness and darkness was him.

Unlike other darkness elementalists, he had taken it a step further in his manipulation and was capable of controlling both cosmic dark energy and dark matter. Whether it was dark energy or dark matter, both neither emitted light or any type of electromagnetic radiation that could be detected.

As the darkness primogenitor, he was capable of controlling all kinds of energies, matters, or concepts related to darkness in any shape or form!

This allowed him to be too overpowered in outer space as more than 68% of the universe was made up of dark energy while 27% was made out of dark matter!

In other words, it was near impossible to catch Wendigo in outer space or kill him as he could always merge his main consciousness with a new body manifested out of dark matter or dark energy unless his soul was eradicated before then!

...

On the other side...

'Both of them have escaped: Fenrir uttered with an icy tone as his eyes were affixed on the disappearing blackhole.

In a few moments, it broke into elemental particles and the disruption in the solar system was returned to normal at last.

Just like the fight with Lady Sphinx, they merely traded blows for a few seconds before Saurous decided to leave.

Clearly, he was informed by his partner to not prolong the fight and regroup with each other.

In their eyes, Manananggal's unresponsiveness only meant that he was ambushed just like them, and they were more agitated about this since neither Felix nor the rest of the Asgardians' had made their presence known.

'Felix has successfully kidnapped Manananggal.' Thor shared with a faint proud smirk, 'You guys don't want to miss the show.

'You can watch, I got this covered! Lady Sphinx nodded at Fenrir. 'You are just as deserving of seeing that filth get his punishment.'

'I will switch back in case they made a move again! Fenrir gave her a slight nod in appreciation and then switched his focus to his wisp of consciousness.

During primogenitors' battles, one needed 100% of focus to not end up getting screwed up.

This made it too risky to place one's main focus outside of the battle even when each wisp of consciousness was considered as an individual that could handle itself.

While Lady Sphinx and Fenrir had successfully foiled the darkins' hostage strategy, they understood the SGAlliance's troops were still in danger.

The moment those two realize that their partner was nowhere to be found and couldn't be contacted, they would attempt to use the hostages again to pressure them.

Fortunately, Felix had planned for this and ordered his clone in the UVR to order a mass retreat of the SGAlliance's troops the moment he succeeded in his kidnapping attempt.

Honestly, he didn't even need to do this.

"I don't want a single soul to stay near those monsters!" Queen Alfreda ordered with a solemn tone.

"Were they really trying to attack us?!" Emperor Lokhil said, his back sweating bullets.

Almost all inner circle leaders shared his reaction as

they had just watched their entire SGAlliance's super fleet almost end up getting consumed by a black hole. "This is outrageous! Don't they have any respect for our ancestors to assault us this blatantly?" Minister Aquaris huffed in displeasure. "I am reporting this to the ancestor."

"Likewise."

"Seconded"

"They really have gone too far."

Felix might be the alliance's leader, but he didn't own it. In their eyes, for the darkins to bring the alliance into their personal conflict warranted a punishment.

So, every inner circle leader with a primogenitor still active didn't hesitate to reach out to them and report on the darkins' transgression and show them the entire fight.

While the news did anger many of them, the excitement and intrigue of those two factions' conflict finally blowing up took over them!

"Sh*t, we missed most of it!" Erebus banged the table with a dissatisfied tone as he watched the replay of what happened with his peers in the assembly.

They really were bored out of their minds to react like this.

"I can't see either Manananggal or the rest of the Asgardians in the picture." Kumiho remarked in intrigue, "Do you think they have ambushed him as three?"

Must be." Elder Aspidochelone stated calmly, "In terms of pure strength and power, Manananggal can be considered as the weakest of most of us."

"But, it doesn't matter to be stronger than him if one can't kill him." Siren shook her head, "I would rather have targeted Saurous. Out of the darkins, he is the only one with a chance of getting eliminated if that boy used his ultimates right."

"True, even if Manananggal was killed, he can always automatically get revived with a new soul and a body from scratch, using a mere random drop of blood anywhere in the universe." Cherufe huffed in irritation, not a fan of such cockroachy ultimate.

"The Asgardians aren't that stupid. They also know about this and they still prioritized him over the others." Erebus narrowed his eyes. "I say, they must have figured out a method to kill him once and for good."

Chapter 1366 Your Personal Hell. II

"You think so?"

"That sounds impossible...Right?"

His peers found it difficult to believe as the notion of complete rebirth implied that there was literally nothing to kill Manananggal unless he was killed off every time he was reborn until every drop of his blood was erased from the universe!

This kind of certainty was the only thing keeping Wendigo and Saurous as calm as a summer sea in this difficult time.

"I can't find him anywhere not reach him." Saurous said with a suppressed tone. "He is either dead or taken to another dimension."

"As much as I hate to admit it, it does sound like his death is the most plausible reason. An ambush by two primogenitors and a deity with multiple ultimates isn't something easily evadable." Wendigo replied, his eyes two vortexes of pure chaotic darkness, reflecting his inner emotional state.

The moment those two escaped from Lady Sphinx and Fenrir, they reached out to their partner using Queen Ai as well as telepathically.

When both mediums failed, they even attempted to awaken his dormant wisp of consciousness inside their minds.

Alas, it didn't respond to their calls, which was another indication of Manananggal's main consciousness being either offline or too occupied to respond.

When they asked Queen Ai for the last recording of their partner before he went offline, they saw nothing but absolute destruction unfolding in his wake.

They recognized it to be totality collapse instantly, which made his death more plausible.

If he was killed, so be it. He is bound to be revived in the upcoming hours and reach us on his own." Wendigo stated, "Let's just be patient and wait."

While both of them were fuming internally about how their assassination plan backfired on them so badly, they knew that expressing it would solve nothing.

They didn't even bother to go after the SGAlliance's troops again, knowing that the Lady Sphinx and Fenrir would be there to protect them.

Thus, there wasn't much for them to be done at the moment besides waiting for their partner to reach out to them and regroup.

Alas, if only they knew what was happening to their partner at the moment, they wouldn't sit for even a second...

One minute before, when Manananggal had just gotten transported into the castle...

"My personal hell?" Manananggal sneered. "You think I can be kept here against my will?"

"Be my guest and give it a try." Felix extended his hand welcomingly, not an ounce of worry on his face.

His unnerving confidence would have made anyone else feel bothered, but not Manananggal.

He pointed his finger at the castle's ceiling and called calmly, "Blood Overtake."

Whoosh! ! !

His blood rushed forth, spilling from him in crimson torrents! The rich, vibrant life fluid splashed against the castle's stones, seeping into cracks and crevices, and flowing across the floors and along the walls.

It surged like an unleashed river, rapid and relentless!

The castle began to shift and shimmer under the onslaught. Its stony visage became slick with blood, walls glistening, floors drenched. Every room, every corridor, and every inch of the castle was soaked in Manananggal's life essence!

liven his wife and children weren't spared from being submerged under his blood ocean. When the castle seemed to have been filled, he called in his mind, 'Bloodification.'

As Manananggal channeled his unique ability, the haunting silence of the castle was pierced by an echoing pulse, as though the very heart of the fortress had been awakened!

The crimson life fluid that coated every surface started to react, and the bloodification process was initiated.

The castle began to morph and shift under this new power, its cold, hard stonework dissolving, replaced by a pulsating, living structure of blood.

Stone towers transformed into towering spires of flowing crimson, arches, and ceilings becoming a network of veins and arteries!

The floors morphed into a semi—solid state, undulating like a calm sea under Manananggal's feet.

The castle had become a castle of blood, a living, breathing monument sculpted from his very essence!

"When you own the illusion, even the owner is helpless against you."

The moment he said this, Manananggal snapped his finger, and the blood castle fell through, becoming a flowing river around its creator!

Before he could feel pleased with himself for even a second, Felix emerged from the river as a humanoid blood figure and said, "You are right, illusions are easy to handle in such cases as they are still labeled as mental attacks. But, this is no ordinary illusion attack."

His smile turned sinister the moment he finished his last sentence, causing chills to course down Manananggal's spine.

'Illusion domain...I am inside an illusion domain.'

Manananggal deep down anticipated that Felix would have used illusion domain against him the moment he knew that he had integrated with Lord Loki's bloodline.

He wanted this truth to be false so badly as he recognized that once a person get inside an illusion domain without immunity, his fate was considered sealed!

The other illusions were considered mental attacks, but the illusion domain was considered a reality-bending ability.

Those two were far too separate from each other in terms of significance, one could even say that they were considered as two different elements!

"So, I hope you won't interrupt our fun limes again as I have great things stored for you." Felix's sinister smile widened as the blood river returned to a blood castle before it became a stone castle again.

Manananggal's expression couldn't help but turn ugly at the sight of his pregnant wife and his children returning to life again like Felix did nothing but reverse time in his presence.

"Shall we begin?"

Immediately after Manananggal's ears registered Felix's words, he found himself sitting at a long elegant dining table with his children facing him.

As for his wife?

She was laying on the table in front of him without a piece of cloth to hide even her private parts...Yet, she didn't seem uncomfortable as she had a gentle smile while eying her loving husband.

"Ili darling. " She greeted, her voice as soft as a hummingbird's whisper.

Her sweet look and voice reminded Manananggal of the best times of his life, which made him even angrier at Felix.

"You bastard...You really want to do this?" Manananggal said with a tone spilling with venom.

His calm and collected noble demeanor was no more as his vampire's bloodthirsty side was finally on display.

"I don't understand, wasn't eating unborn children from the womb of breathing pregnant women one of your finest delicacies in life?" Felix uttered with a confused tone, but his sadistic tone was still the same. "I am just being nice and giving your last meal before your execution...After all, the moment you were locked here with me, you became my own death row prisoner."

If someone else heard this, they would feel shivers course on their skin from the mere horror of the statement, don't even mention actually watching him do it!

Yet, Felix was fully bent on taking matters this far as Manananggal's evil deeds made him deserving of this punishment more than anything.

"You think I will give you and your masters the pleasure of seeing me eat my own child from my wife's stomach?" Is'tanananggal scoffed, "I would rather give up on this body and start fresh again."

"I knew that you won't show any remorse after listening to your heinous crimes, but I didn't think it will be this bad. "

Felix's gaze got colder, not liking Manannanggal's response one bit.

When he heard about Manananggal's crimes from his masters and how the entire conflict between their factions resulted from them, he didn't dare to believe it.

He always thought that it started because Fenrir's pregnant wife got killed by Manananggal, but he didn't think it would be even worse than that.

A living primogenitor, one of the most intelligent, powerful, and authoritative beings in the universe actually sent his subordinates to hunt down fresh pregnant women to feast on their newborn children?

Just the thought alone made him feel sick to his stomach, but when he was shown memories by his masters of him doing it over and over again made Felix's heart burn with uncontrollable fury.

If this was his reaction, it was understandable how would the other primogenitors react when they found out about it.

While most primogenitors merely settled with a voiced warning to make him stop, the Asgardians took it a step further and decided to make Manananggal pay for his crimes as his subordinates had targeted many women from their own territories.

As their ancestors and protectors, it didn't sit right with them to just let him get away with it because of his status as a prim'rgenitor.

So, they confronted him, and because of their decision, Fenrir's pregnant wife wasn't just killed by Manananggal but suffered under the same treatment as others...

"Crimes? You really are as delusional as your masters." Manananggal uttered coldly, "Gods' actions are not considered crimes toward lesser mortals. Inst like you eat innocent animals without a second thought, what makes you think I can't do the same for mortals?"

"In my eyes, you are nothing but talking animals."

Chapter 1367 Your Personal Hell. III

"Talking animals, huh? If you truly believe so, you wouldn't have any problem with this." Felix said, pushing Manananggal's chair closer to his exposed wife.

"I already told you, I am not going to give you the satisfaction of torturing me." Manananggal smiled coldly. "Also, you made a fatal mistake of not killing me the moment you captured me."

Without an ounce of hesitation, Manananggal attempted to commit suicide in the most destructive manner...Soul Implosion!!

This was his last trump card, one could say the ultimate ability of his true immortality!

When other people use soul implosion, it was a true death sentence since they couldn't even enter the spirit realm if they wanted.

This was the reason most fighters would rather die normally than be insane enough to blow their souls.

Unfortunately, Manananggal didn't seem like he was going to be exploding anything as his consciousness ocean didn't create a single wave even after a couple of seconds went by...

"Hmmm?! Why is it not working?"

Lis pupils expanded in bafflement as he expected his soul to be exploding now and hopefully taking Felix with him.

"You are really unfamiliar with the illusion domain, are you?" Felix shook his head as he took a seat next to him.

"Well, let me help you understand your situation in better terms. You see, in this dreadful castle, you can consider me as a god." Felix patted him on the shoulder with a faint sinister smile. "As your god, I am the one in control of your life and death."

"What have you done?" Manananggal felt his heart skip a beat.

"Nothing, I just made it impossible for you to die in any shape or form even if it was the last thing you wanted in life."

This was the true horror of illusion domain and Lord Loki, its creator!

The moment someone step inside his domain without adequate resistance, his life no longer belonged to him and he could do whatever he pleased!

It didn't matter if it was a primogenitor or a commoner, all would suffer under the same fate as domains weren't considered the most horrific abilities in the universe for no reason!

Touching upon the laws wasn't to be underestimated as even unigins were getting punished left and right the moment they abused them!

"Also, don't bother switching your focus to your other wisps outside of the domain," Felix added, his smile was as cold as ever. "I have severed your consciousness link with them the moment you entered my domain."

Manananggal didn't trust him and attempted to seek a connection with his wisps.

Alas, no matter how hard he tried, he felt like he was calling through a void and no one was on the other side to pick up.

'It can't be...'

Now, Manananggal was truly freaking out internally as he realized that Felix could keep him inside this illusion domain and torture him for as long as he desired!

His overpowered true immortality was absolutely useless as he couldn't even kill himself to activate it!

" Looks like you finally understand your position. "

While the situation seemed f*cked in his eyes, Manananggal still turned to stare at Felix with the calmest look ever.

"You are really foolish to assume that you can keep me held up in here for as long as you want." Manananggal said calmly, "My partners will sense something isn't right the moment don't contact them in a couple of hours at best. Then, they will make sure to tom the universe upside down if it meant finding my location."

"That's all true, but all I need are a few seconds to break you apart." Felix stood up from the table and leaned closer to Manananggal's ear. Then, he whispered with the creepiest tone. "Or have you already forgotten the greatest quality of the illusion domain?"

"Time manipulation." Manananggal's expression turned grim.

He had experienced the time manipulation greatness personally under Lord Loki's hands when he slept for billions of years inside his illusion world.

liven when he knew about the time difference and that it was all an illusion, both his mind and body still perceived it as a reality...5seconds became years and years became millenniums.

It was a freakish situation that caused all primogenitors to both respect and fear Lord Loki even more.

Now, he was going to experience it yet again, but this time he would be tortured each second of it without the ability to even kill himself!

Manananggal let out a deep exhale in defeat before switching his attitude completely.

"Fine, you have gotten my interest. Tell me what do you want? Do you want to end our conflict once and for all? I can convince my partners to drop it." He offered with a serious tone.

It might sound like a ploy to free him, but Manananggal had absolutely no problems with going for it if it meant freeing him from his current situation.

It was an understandable decision as no one in his right mind would desire to get tortured for god knows how many years if there was a solution to avoid it.

"End our conflict? Your hatred might not be running as deep as mine to even propose such a bullsh*t offer, but I can tell you right now and here...You ain't f*cking going

anywhere." Felix replied, his usually calm and composed face twisted in a grimace of pure loathing.

He didn't even spend a second to consider his proposal as he had no intentions of ending this conflict this easily.

He might have accepted his family and friends' death, but there was no way he was going to soil their unjust passing by accepting such a disgusting offer.

"You are a deity now. Are you really planning to go this far for the sake of some dead useless leec..."

BOOOOOOOOM!!!

Before Manananggal could finish his sentence, Felix's fist shot forward with the force of a raging tempest meeting Manananggal's jaw with an audible, bone-rattling impact!

The sound echoed throughout the room, a sharp counterpoint to the unsettling silence that had prevailed just moments before.

Whooosh! !!

Manananggal was catapulted from his chair, his body twisting unnaturally in mid—air. The world seemed to slow for a moment as he sailed through the room, a look of shocked surprise etched onto his face.

Thuuud!!!

Then, with a deafening crash that shook the very foundations of the castle, he slammed into the wall!!

Dust and debris rained down around him as the wall cracked from the impact, creating a Spiderweb of fractures in the once—flawless masonry.

"Keep them out of your filthy mouth." Felix said word by word with a suppressed tone, his anger wasn't appeased even a little by the punch.

fact, it just triggered him to beat the sh*t out of Manananggal even harder. Still, he took control of his emotions and walked towards Manananggal slowly.

"From today onward, you will be spending day by day feasting on your pregnant wife while listening to the names of all the innocent people you have killed on my planet." Felix uttered coldly, "I don't care if you repent and seek forgiveness... This will be your life until the day I decide to put you out of your misery."

Without waiting for Manananggal to respond or react, Felix snapped his finger as he walked towards the throne Chamber's gate.

Meanwhile, Manananggal was already back in his seat with his children and wife, each giving him a different look.

"Don't do this... You brat, don't do this!"

Manananggal's calm demeanor was shattering akin to a mirror as he realized that he couldn't control his body anymore.

His hands picked up the knife and the fork against his own will and reached out to the belly of his beautiful and gentle wife.

"Honey, what are you doing?" She asked, tilting her head in confusion at the sight of the knife being placed directly above her stomach.

"No, no, no, no..."

Manananggal's hand kept shaking, trying his very best to stop the knife... Alas, his efforts were as useless as pouring a bucket of water on a burning building.

Slice...

"Argh!!! Honey!! It hurts! Stop!!!"

His wife cried out loud in agony as the knife cut through her belly in a clean fashion, causing a flood of blood to rush outside.

"This isn't real, this isn't real..." Mananananggal tried his best to ignore his wife's cries and the horrible look of her opened stomach, repeating in his mind that he was in an illusion and none of this was real.

Alas, no matter how much he repeated it, it was as real as it could get...

"Bon Appetite," Felix said one last time after glancing behind him and seeing this heinous and absolutely wicked view...

With a look of grim determination etched on his face, he pulled the gate closed, the gate groaning under its own weight.

His steps were measured as he walked away, the cries of Mananananggal, his wife, and their baby echoing behind him.

Their pleas and screams resonated in the massive hallway outside the throne chamber, a haunting melody of desperation and fear.

'Don't be soft, don't be merciful, don't be lenient, and don't be humane. He deserves more than a thousand times worse punishment.' As the voices invaded Felix's mind, he kept reminding himself of Mananananggal's past and recent crimes.

His face was hard, and his heart hardened even more. This was the justice he deserved, he told himself.

The suffering he had caused to all those innocent pregnant women was now his own to endure.

Ka—thumb! !

As the gate sealed with a resonating clang, their screams were muffled, becoming haunting whispers in the wind.

Felix walked on, the cries growing fainter with each step until all he could hear was the silent condemnation of his own heartbeat.

The chamber, and the scene of retribution it held, were left behind, their cries a ghostly echo in his mind...

Chapter 1368 The Only Method To End True Immortality

As Felix exited the chamber, leaving behind the echoing screams of Manananggal and his family, a strange void began to fill him. °

He had expected relief, satisfaction, and perhaps even a sense of triumphant justice. But instead, he felt...nothing. it was as if his spirit, fueled for so long by the raging fire of vengeance, had suddenly found itself without purpose, without direction.

He was left hollow, a shell echoing with the ghosts of his past. The anger that had propelled him, the hatred that had kept him focused, had dissipated, leaving behind a stark emptiness that was somehow more painful than his previous torment...

It was like he realized that the moment he was done with his vengeance, the saga of his grandfather and loved ones was going to be closed permanently and he could do nothing to change it...

Still, even when those emotions were brewing in his mind, Felix didn't feel an ounce of hesitation about continuing with his vengeance.

'Let's bring an end to this.'

As Felix was walking away, his body began to disintegrate into light particles before he vanished completely.

When he reemerged, he was seen standing in front of Manananggal... Though, he had his eyes closed shut and seemed like he was in a deep slumber, oblivious to his surroundings.

Unbeknownst to Manananggal, Felix had actually put him inside two illusion domains stacked on each other!

One affecting his physical body and the other his mind.

Felix had to go this far if he wanted to kill Manananggal once and for good.

"Are you going to start now?" Asna inquired.

"There is no time to waste." Felix nodded.

"Start with his memories...They are much easier to erase than the genomes." Lady Sphinx advised.

"I understand."

Felix didn't question her decision as what he was about to do could be considered way above his league in terms of complexity...Unfortunately, it was the only method possible to erase Manananggal from the universe and not give him a slight chance of revival.

The plan was centered around Felix kidnapping Manananggal and keeping him occupied while he would focus on erasing the genomes and memories responsible for true immortality!

Felix understood that the moment he used his concept of erasure palms to mark and then erase them, Manananggal would be the same as he had never learned it in the first place!

This wouldn't affect only himself but also his empty vessels around the universe in addition to any drop of his blood!

If he managed to pull this off, he could finally kill Manananggal and not worry about him resurfacing akin to a cursed ghost.

"This is going to take awhile."

With a cold determination set in his icy eyes, Felix reached out, his hand hovering over Mananananggal's forehead.

"Memories Recollection," he murmured.

White invisible particles crackled at his fingertips, pulsating like a heartbeat. Slowly, it began to sink into Mananananggal's skin, seeping into his mind.

Felix's vision blurred momentarily before a whirlwind of images and emotions hit him; he was stepping into the chaotic realm of Mananananggal's memories.

They flashed by in hazy fragments: laughter, bloodshed, fear, triumph, a myriad of emotions that held no value to Felix.

His focus was singular. He waded through the memories, his presence a foreign entity in the chaos until he found what he was looking for - the first memory of true Immortality.

It was guarded, a jewel amidst the rough, glistening with an otherworldly glow.

Carefully, Felix reached for it, his fingers closing around the ethereal construct. A rush of crimson mist coursed through him, the taste of immortality on his tongue.

With a determined grit, he engulfed it inside the concept destruction energy, the memory resisting as if aware of its impending doom.

Alas no matter how hard it resisted, nothing could survive Lord Shiva's concept destruction ability...

The memory of True immortality was forcibly erased, the space where it once existed was now an empty void.

As Felix withdrew his hand, he could see Manananggal twitch in his unconscious state.

'Let's go all out now.'

Felix knew that he had just taken the major memory related to true immortality and there were still god knows how many more.

However, he had the plan to deal with them all at once, using a combination of Lord Loki's memories recollection ability and his concept destruction ability.

He had tested it out on Manananggal's clone during his preparation and while it was difficult to pull off, it was doable.

Without further ado, Felix began the process, his hands radiating a spectral glow.

The glow from his hands seeped into Manananggal's forehead, penetrating the veil of his mind. This time, instead of seeking out memories, Felix used the content of the deleted memory as a magnet to bring all memories related to it to the surface!

This was the true power of Memoriestreams Recollection, his fourth active ability. it allowed him to manipulate a person's memories and dreams to his desires.

lie could even use it to delete them, but he chose his concept destruction ability for this part since it was more thorough and smoother.

Unlike commoners, primogenitors were more than capable of recovering even lost memories on their own!

'It's happening.' Asna commentated, watching the memories beginning to rise, swirling around Felix like a tempestuous sea.

The whirlpool of images and feelings was disorienting, but Felix remained unwavering. He had one target: every memory linked to Manananggal's power.

Felix focused, calling forth every memory tethered to Manananggal's abilities. One by one, they rose, each glowing with its own spectral luminescence.

The power behind these memories was staggering as this was the mind of a primogenitor.

Even his memories were tightly guarded and if he wasn't at his weakest mental due to the torture, Felix would have been struggling now.

Once gathered, he invoked the second part of his plan.

"Concept erasure palm," Felix commanded.

A wave of energy surged from his palms, slamming into the concentrated memories!

They convulsed, writhed, and then began to shatter, each fracture erasing a fragment of knowledge, a piece of Manananggal's power.

When the echoes faded, Felix was left standing alone, the once vibrant whirlpool of memories now nothing more than a vacant abyss...

"Now to the hardest part." Felix requested, "Master, I will need your help on this one."

Deleting memories could be said to have no major repercussions even if he screwed it up big time...But the same couldn't be applied to erasing genes.

One mistake in targeting the correct genomes and Manananggal could get killed!

In this case? That was the worst scenario possible as it would mean securing his revival in another part of the universe!

As Felix looked down at the incapacitated Manananggal, his mind began to whirl with uncertainty.

He knew that the task was daunting, like trying to find a needle in a cosmic haystack. Even in his preparation attempts, he had failed almost every time to make it happen without causing Manananggal permanent damages.

The only fortunate news was that he was doing this inside his illusion domain, which enabled him to stop the situation from detailing the worst possible scenario.

Just then, Lady Sphinx's voice echoed in his mind.

"focus on the genome responsible for cellular regeneration. Look for abnormal sequences, those will lead you to the key."

"Alright."

Following her guidance, Felix began his search. With his illusion domain's control, he visualized the intricate structures of Manananggal's DNA, his mind becoming a supercomputer analyzing and sifting through genetic information.

While those strings of genes seemed illusory and fake, they were actually connected with the real ones inside Manananggal!

It was like they were projected on the outside instead of him going to them.

"There," Lady Sphinx said, her voice echoing in his mind.

A string of genetic code stood out from the rest, its pattern far more complex and convoluted.

"That's the one responsible for True Immortality."

Felix trusted her judgment as this was the first time he saw the actual thing in front of them.

The genomes used in his preparation were imaginary but had the same properties as true immortality.

Instead of reaching out and seeking to erase it as he did with the memories, Felix went out. on his way to study all the genomes connected with it, knowing that the processes and characteristics in an organism were governed by a complex interplay of many genes, not just a single one.

These genes could interact with each other and the environment in various ways to contribute to the final outcome, whether that's a physical trait, a behavior, or even the risk of developing a certain disease.

For example, height in humans was a classic example of a trait that's controlled by multiple genes, or polygenic.

Hundreds of genes were estimated to influence how tall a person could grow. Similarly, complex diseases like heart disease or cancer were often influenced by a combination of multiple genetic and environmental factors.

For true immortality's quirk, the gift of eternity, there should be millions of genes if not more all connected in a perfect dance to make this ability possible!

'Here is one, here is another, and another...'

As Felix placed his entire focus on finding the connections to this peculiar genome, knowing that it was going to take him days or even weeks if he was unlucky.

He knew that he couldn't afford to be slow when Wendigo and Saurous were still outside, hunting him down to rescue their partner.

Chapter 1369 A Lifetime Regret...

While Felix was rushing against time to finish studying the best way to eliminate the true immortality genomes without causing Manananggal's death, his masters and Fenrir were seen sitting on beach chairs in one row.

Their eyes were affixed on the horrifying spectacle before them: Manananggal, writhing and screaming in the throes of agony as he was covered in blood from the top to the bottom... The blood of his dearest ones to him, the blood of his one and true love in his entire eternal life.

Yet, there was no satisfaction in their eyes, no pleasure derived from the sight; only a deep—seated sense of melancholy and a reminiscence of a time when their fates were not intertwined in this cruel dance.

Thor crossed his arms over his mighty chest, his eyes hard and unflinching.

"Remember when we first encountered him?" he asked.

His grip tightened around an alcoholic flask, the memories igniting the ancient spark of war within him.

Jormungandr replied, a bitter smile forming, "A simpler time when his bloodthirst was not yet known to us."

"I would pay anything to return to those times..." Fenrir uttered softly, his eyes closed shut under the background of Manananggal's wife's pitiful screams.

These voices did nothing but remind him of his dearest wife and his dead unborn child...Even his frigid heart was affected by those beautiful loving memories.

Almost all primogenitors ended up finding true love after going through an unimaginable number of partners.

Some of them cherished their partners and were loyal to them monogamously even when they were mere mortals.

Some loved them to the point of not touching another partner after their death.

Some were broken into pieces after their death, incapable of letting them go and trying every possible method to bring them back.

All of those partners shared one thing... Meeting their mortality while their primogenitors' partners didn't age for even a second.

If Fenrir's wife had died a natural death, he would have been upset, but he would still move on from it.

Instead, her ending caused him to go into a spiral of maddening anger and he released this rage on none other than Manananggal.

Alas, when he realized that it was hopeless to kill him and get his revenge, he chose the darker path.

A path he still regretted to this day as it made him feel like he was no different than Manananggal.

"I am sorry," Fenrir muttered, his apologetic eyes affixed on Manananggal's wife.

"You did what you felt was right at the moment." Thor comforted him, "Plus, he is the one coming after your wife first and even killing her in such a wicked manner."

"My method was no different..."

Fenrir closed his eyes, scenes of what he had done to Manananggal's wife resurfaced in his mind.

In the ethereal gloaming, he stood towering over the trembling figure of Manananggal's wife.

His eyes, glowing ominously, bore into her frightened ones, radiating an air of palpable dread.

With a swift move, Fenrir nudged her with his massive snout, pushing her toward the edge of the woods where packs of the most fierce wolves in the entire universe existed.

Wolves the size of buildings with teeth capable of chewing into the hardest known metal...

"Please don't do this.-Please, I had nothing to do with what he did!" Manananggal's wife begged, tears streaking down her cheeks as she knelt in front of Fenrir.

"You knew of his nature and did nothing to change it...You are just as guilty as him." Fenrir's heart wasn't affected by her pitiful look one bit.

"I didn't know! He never let me on such matters! Sob, sob...Even if I knew, do you think he will listen to me? He didn't even listen to the three of you."

"He is your husband, you should have tried harder."

Even when she didn't seem to be lying, Fenrir had already steeled his broken heart to give her the same punishment Manananggal gave to his innocent wife.

He was burning with rage and vengeful thoughts and nothing anyone said was going to change his mind...

"Flee," he growled in a voice that was as chilling as the wind rustling through the dead trees, "Run and let fate decide your destiny."

"Ple..."

"Go!"

With a whimpered sob, the woman stumbled into the dark woods, the howling of the wolves echoing in her ears.

In less than a few minutes...The heavy silence of the cold night was abruptly punctuated by a terrified scream echoing from the depths of the forest.

Fenrir turned his sharp gaze towards the sound, his ears twitching in the chilly wind.

They were the screams of a cornered prey, the wails of an inevitable fate that was approaching rapidly.

The wolves, their silhouettes lit by the faint moonlight, slowly began to converge upon the source of the cries. Their eyes glowed ominously in the darkness, like fiery orbs in the pitch—black night.

Fenrir watched the scene unfold with a cold, detached gaze. The terrified screams did little to stir any sympathy within him.

The echoes of her cries served as a harsh reminder of the torment Manananggal had inflicted upon countless others and especially his wife.

As the screams slowly faded into chilling whimpers, Fenrir turned his gaze away, the haunting echoes a grim symphony of retribution, played out in the dark theatre of the forest.

The Fenrir of the old would have no idea that he would regret this decision for the rest of his life...It wasn't because it kicked the Asgardian vs Darkins' conflict to a new height without a single chance of peace talks.

Ile regretted it because he found out truly that Manananggal's wife had nothing to do with her husband's evil hobby of eating unborn infants, and he caused the death of an innocent life just to stick it to his enemy...

Right now, all Ire could do was ask for forgiveness from her illusionary form.

"The final page of this book is finally about to get closed once and for all."

Fenrir thought to himself as he watched Felix trying his very best to bring an end to Manananggal's reign.

"To be honest, when you told me this kid has the potential to kill the darkins, I laughed at you in my mind." Thor suddenly chuckled as he eyed Jormungandr.

"I know." Jormungandr smiled back.

"Who would have thought he was going to pull it off." Thor took a mouthful of alcohol in his mouth while his eyes showed a proud look. "After this, I can brag that I'm the only one to bring up a student that slayed a primogenitor."

"Not any primogenitor, the one proclaimed as unkillable." Jormungandr shared his pleasure, knowing that his peers were bound to lose their sh*t when they hear the news.

Unlike Fenrir, they didn't feel any guilt about whatever happened to the darkins or anyone related to them.

The sh*t they made them go through for hundreds of millions of years made it impossible for them to feel anything but utter hatred...Especially when they ganged up on their partner when they were gone.

"Hold your horses, looks like the darkins are getting antsy already." Lord Loki shared with an irritated tone.

"Hmmm? What are you talking about?" Asna asked.

"They have just reached out to me to give them the location of your boy."

Even though Wendigo and Saurous said that they could wait patiently for their partners to reach them, it wasn't easy to commit to it in such a tense situation.

So, instead of wasting their time biting their fingers, they decided to use Lord Loki's assistance.

"We aren't idiots, we have figured out that you are the only one with such classified information about our plan and even location." Wendigo stated coldly as he sat in front of Lord Loki in the UVR.

"I don't know if you did this to pay a favor or you have switched] to their side of our conflict, whatever it is, you are going to tell us about his location." Saurous threatened.

"If I say no? Are you going to forward a complaint to the council? The council that has kicked you out already?" Lord Loki chuckled.

"Laugh all you want, but I tell you this." Saurous leaned closer and promised with the most sinister look ever. "We will make it our life mission to ruin your precious UVR experiment."

The moment his experiment was brought onto the table, Lord Loki's chuckle faded away and was replaced with an icy expression.

"Boys, do you really think it's the smartest decision to threaten an elemental lord? An elemental lord, who can hunt you down anywhere you go, and even if you hugged the legs of a unigin, you won't be saved?" Lord Loki stressed with his eyes narrowed, "Is this really how you want to play this? Think carefully before you reply."

Chapter 1370 Seeking Outsiders' Help

Wendigo and Saurous felt their hearts go cold all of a sudden as they stared at his soulless eyes.

Lord Loki always seemed easy—going and informal. which made him seem quite bullyable compared to the other elemental lords.

But, when he gets angered, he reverted back to his true character and the darkins seemed to realize that they were truly walking into a massive mistake due to their anger.

'Let's just leave.'

'Uhm.'

So, they calmed themselves a bit and left without saying another word even when Lord Loki made it clear that he knew about their partner's whereabouts.

"They left, but it's doubtful if this is going to stop them." Lord Loki shared with the tenants.

"If they were smart, their next destinations would be either Elemental Lord Osiris or Lord Dune." Thor narrowed his eyes.

The tenants nodded in agreement.

"I guess it's time for me to dip." Felix said.

He assumed that he had a few hours until the darkins manage to find him. but he didn't expect them to move this quickly and even seek outsiders' help.

It was best for him to change his location to somewhere more secure and unreachable.

As they anticipated. the darkins reached out to Lord Osiris.

Since they knew that Lord Loki wasn't neutral anymore, they had to get rid of their AP Bracelets. which made establishing a connection much more difficult.

Fortunately, they still had a few clones spread in the seven demon realms and they used them to make the call.

"We seek your aid, Lord Osiris. Our brother is lost, and we require your help with the death string to locate him." Wendigo requested, his voice as respectful as ever.

He didn't dare raise his voice like he did with Lord Loki as the Lord of Death wasn't tolerable of anything informal.

Lord Osiris regarded them with an impassive gaze. his features set in a timeless stoicism. "You engage in battles of your own making. i have no interest in your conflicts."

The Darkins remained unfazed as they anticipated such a response.

"We offer you three favors. three actions that you may invoke at any time of your choosing."

It was a known fact that Lord Osiris operated through favors and if the price was right, he had no problem with offering his help on such simple matters. Alas, this situation wasn't like any other.

Osiris shook his head. "Even the temptation of three favors cannot sway my resolution. I shall remain uninvolved in your petty squabbles."

'What the hell? Why would he reject us?'

'It's three favors and all he needs to do is use his death string to guide us.'

Saurous and Wendigo were left pretty displeased but mostly confused. Three favors was an overprice for his help and they expected it to work 100%. Unbeknownst to them, Lord Osiris rejected their proposal for the sake of his curiosity.

Ever since he called Lord Zurvan to cash out Felix's favor, he knew that there was something fishy about him.

After all, he was one of the few ones with great familiarity to Lord Zurvan and he understood that he never does anything without a reason.

"Can you at least tell us if our partner has died or not?" Saurous changed his request to something that could be done with a mere glance from Lord Osiris.

As the death primogenitor, he held a record of all things that died or still living in this universe and there was no way better than him at this.

"His string hasn't been cut...Now leave me in peace."

Lord Osiris gave them this at least, which didn't really please the darkins as much as they would have if he helped them find their partner.

Still, it was a good piece of information.

"He is still alive, which means they have really taken him to another dimension or something." Saurous said coldly, "The f'l'ckers know that it's useless to kill him, so they must be planning to keep him sealed somewhere for eternity."

"Not for long...let's seek out Lord Dune's help. There is no way that greedy worm won't help us out if we offered the same price."

Without a second wasted, they swiftly attempted to contact Lord Dune. After a couple of rings, Lord Dune agreed to a meeting.

Unlike their meeting with Lord Osiris, the deal was struck the moment Lord Dune was offered three favors to merely act as a guide.

He didn't care about Felix, his masters, or the conflict in general. In his eyes, this was a conflict outside of the primogenitors' council jurisdiction after the darkins were kicked out, which meant he could do whatever he pleased and not get in trouble with his peers.

"Send me the coordinates to the nearest location where he disappeared." Lord Dune ordered expressionlessly.

"Done."

Saurous took care of it and waited with his partner in the area where Felix and Manananggal had their confrontation.

In the blink of an eye, Lord Dune had emerged from a supermassive wormhole in the exact given coordinates, causing the darkins to put a significant distance between them and the wormhole not to get caught in the rising spatial storm.

Lord Dune's size defied all earthly comprehension, a titanic creature that dwarfed even the largest cosmic bodies!

Silver as starlight, his body glinted and shimmered with the brilliance of thousands of stars. His form was serpentine, winding, and coiling in a mesmerizing display of cosmic grandeur.

It was clear that he possessed a size manipulation ultimate ability, which could be considered unexceptional for a lord...But, Lord Dune knew what he was doing.

As he emerged fully from the wormhole. he turned his gigantic antennas toward Saurous and Wendigo.

He said telepathically, 'I can sense an unnatural spatial distortion happening here and connected to another location...Follow me.'

Lord Dunc reduced his size until he was their height and then created a spatial portal. connecting him to his mentioned location.

As the primogenitor of space, any bizarre spatial disturbance could be picked up by his senses on a galaxy scale, which meant no one could escape from him even if they teleported to the edge of the galaxy!

He had billions of years to hone his spatial senses, which was something that most primogenitors don't bother focusing on.

'There was a small pocket dimension here.' Lord Dune shared as he gazed at the chaotic spatial disruption left behind by Felix.

'What do you mean by was?' Saurous frowned, not liking where this was going.

'You were too late, he must have figured out your plan and escaped before you found him.' Lord Dune reasoned. his antennas gazing into the empty cosmos. 'Even worse, it seems like he has moved your partner into the void realm.'

'Sh*t, sh*t, it's that f*cker Loki selling us out.' Saurous cursed, knowing that the moment they made contact with Lord Loki, he must have told on them to Felix.

Meanwhile. Lord Dune could see Felix's trajectory as he was heading deeper and deeper into the void realm.

He was like a wolf capable of chasing after his prey from the mere smell, but in this instant, through spatial residue left on Felix's body.

'I will give you a freebie and open a void portal for you. But. my work will be considered done.I Lord Dune said.

"This is not what we have agreed upon.' Wendigo narrowed his eyes in displeasure, 'We made a deal to help up locate our brother. So far, you are just pointing your finger.'

'Our deal doesn't involve getting inside the void realm.' Lord Dune said calmly. 'Now, do you want me to Open a void rift for you or not? I am leaving in ten seconds.' Lord Dunc didn't even bother worrying about them not paying up later on because of this. He knew that they were smart enough to understand that if they dared renegade on their favors, he would be the one killing them, not Felix.

'Please wait. let us think about it.' Saurous switched his tone, understanding that it was best to not anger their only source of reachability to their partner.

'What do we do?'

'We should make him create a void portal as close as possible to that brat.' Saurous suggested, 'We can then try to kill him or at least free our partner.'

'If things went south?' Wendigo asked.

The true danger of the void realm wasn't the void energy, but getting stuck in it with the void energy.

All primogenitors could survive the disintegration of void energy for a decent period, but it wouldn't matter much if they couldn't get themselves out.

'I will create a black hole to shatter the dimensions on my point and you can relocate your body somewhere else...You will be weakened again, but it's the only method we have left.'

'Alright, let's do it.'

Wendigo agreed at Once. knowing that there wasn't much to be done.

'llave you decided?' Lord Dune asked.

'Open it up.' Saurous said coldly, 'We are going in.'