

## The Witch 681

### Chapter 681: Kuvat's Power

For a brief moment, many people from both sides paused their battle to follow Matriarch Laelana's gaze and look into the sky.

However, they didn't find anything when they looked up.

Despite that, Matriarch Laelana's gaze remained fixated on the sky as if she was confident something was hidden up there, even though she herself couldn't detect any presence.

It was just a reasonable conclusion based on her analysis of the environment.

After all, where else could a third party be to spy on the ongoing situation within her family's outer courtyard and intervene on time?

"Show yourself! What kind of coward dares to act yet also hides themselves?!" Matriarch Laelana provoked the unknown party with insults.

Roar!

Suddenly, a soft dragon roar resounded throughout the sky.

Although this dragon roar was loud and clear to everyone, even powerful enough to shake their hearts, it was no different from a snort in the dragon language.

Shortly after, Kuvat dispelled his camouflaging light barrier and emerged from his hiding, revealing his true appearance for all to see. His gaze bore down on Matriarch Laelana and made her feel unspeakable pressure.

"A T-True Dragon...!"

Multiple cries of surprise and shock sounded at the sighting of Kuvat's majestic, scaled body hanging in the sky, emanating with unfathomable draconic might and pressure.

Kuvat was only a recently ascended Transcendent-rank True Dragon. However, his presence seemed to be on par with or even greater than Emperor Varan's!

This was the difference between a superior species and an inferior one!

Kuvat only gave Matriarch Laelana an indifferent, passing glance before announcing to everyone the purpose of his arrival, "At the behest of my god, I, Kuvat of the Red Dragon Clan, am here to lend my support to the Great Ratholos Empire in eliminating the scourge known as the Delarosa Household."

Boom!

It was only some casually spoken words, but Kuvat's shocking announcement rang like thunder in everyone's mind. Each word seemed to be filled with power as it resonated with the world.

Nevertheless, the unexpected good news came too abruptly.

The imperial soldiers and guards didn't know how to react to it. They stared blankly for a moment and tried to process the information carefully before they finally expressed their pleasant surprise and joy.

"Such a mighty-looking true dragon actually came to help us! And it is even at the command of someone else! This is pleasant and shocking news! But I wonder who is his god?"

"Who else could it be? It has to be a Dragon God! Can you believe that? There's actually a Dragon God in this world!"

"Do not be distracted unless you want to die! We are still in the middle of a war!"

The imperial soldiers were full of excitement, but their superior commanding officers couldn't be the same; they had to be strict and keep their troops in line.

"It looks like we are in good hands..." the imperial commander sighed with relief while still feeling cold sweat on his back.

He was only moments away from death just a short while ago.

Meanwhile, Kuvat's announcement and arrival did not receive positive responses among the Delarosas.

"T-That's a True Dragon from the legends? Its presence is on a completely different level from the wyverns, and it is as intimidating as the emperor himself..."

"Can we defeat that thing? Do we even have any chance of winning...?"

The lower-ranking Delarosian members were quick to start thinking negatively with despair under Kuvat's oppressive aura.

"Do not falter! A True Dragon's appearance changes nothing! It's either they die, or we die! So, if you don't want to die, fight with everything you have for me! The True Dragon is nothing to fear! It's just an oversized lizard with wings!" Matriarch Laelana stubbornly incited.

"Just an oversized lizard with wings, huh?" Kuvat's eyes flashed with a cold, dangerous light.

He could ignore insults directed at him, but he wouldn't tolerate insults towards his race. He was proud to be a member of the Red Dragon Clan and wouldn't let anyone get away after degrading it.

"Human, you are far too arrogant! I would like to see where your confidence comes from!"

Following Kuvat's words, he directed his snout at Matriarch Laelana as his upper chest lit up with intense glowing red light.

Matriarch Laelana immediately trembled at the sight.

Kuvat only took a single breath to focus a tremendous amount of magical power into a single point for his upcoming spell. However, that was all Matriarch Laelana needed to see to sense the terrifying threat it posed to her life.

"Take cover! The dragon is going to use its fire breath!" Matriarch Laelana urgently warned the others as she retreated to the safety of the inner courtyard at her quickest speed.

Given the fabled widespread destruction of dragon's fire breath, she didn't have time to worry about anyone else besides her great-grandfather, Galen, as she pulled him along with her, even if it meant suspending his spiritual domain.

"Everyone, get out of the way!" the Delarosan Elders cried alarmingly.

In that instant, Kuvat unleashed his charged spell, and the blazing light of fire erupted from his mouth.

Zinggg—!!!

Contrary to everyone's belief, they did not hear and see the booming roar of a dragon's fire breath but the sharp pulsation of a fire beam whizzing through the air like lightning!

The heavily concentrated fire beam descended from the sky and reached the ground instantly, scorching everything in its path and at a speed far quicker than anyone could expect.

Dozens of regular Delarosan members barely had time to react before they fell victim to its path, their bodies incinerated to the point of disintegrating into scattering black ashes.

The fire beam continued to chase after Matriarch Laelana, leaving behind a trail of scorched wasteland and broken charcoal corpses. It sheared right through the durable inner walls, which even Rank 5 Magitech Cannons would fail to destroy in a few shots.

Before the fire beam, any and all forms of defense seemed meaningless, like butter in front of a hot knife.

The fire beam did not cause a wide area of destruction, but its destructive power was evidently beyond everyone's imagination; it seemed unparalleled and unstoppable.

"Dammit!" Matriarch Laelana cursed.

She had retreated early, but the fire beam still caught up to her instantly. Kuvat's fire beam was like judgment flames sent down from the heavens to smite her for her sins along with her family.

Knowing it was impossible to evade, she decisively hurled her great-grandfather out of the way.

She could die, but her great-grandfather must live!

"Ah—!"

Matriarch Laelana's agonized scream ended abruptly as soon as it began as the fire beam vaporized her.

"The Family Head is gone..." The Delarosan members paled with blank looks.

They had worked up their fighting spirit under Matriarch Laelana's incitement, but the weight of reality immediately crushed it.

"So this is the might of a True Dragon...? Such devastation... Ah, this must be retribution for the sins we have committed..."

The lucky surviving High Elders almost pissed themselves; their shoulders drooped as they gave up thoughts of resistance.

In front of such absolute power, who could even resist? Any attempts would only prolong their suffering before the inevitable.

On the other side of the outer courtyard, the imperial commander sucked in a deep breath of cool air.

Not only did Kuvat's seemingly unstoppable fire beam kill the enemy leader, but it also crushed the enemies' fighting spirit and snuffed out the rebellious flames in their hearts.

It was an overwhelming victory made with a single, precise, calculated move.

'Fuu... The dragons must never be offended!'

## Chapter 682: The Battle Has Not Ended

Inside the Delarosa Household's outer courtyard, the sounds of battle died down, and the cloud of black smoke that occupied a section of the center also dispersed.

Emperor Varan and several dozen imperial guards were freed from the endless slaughter domain. Although they were surprised by the sudden release, the lack of battle surprised them.

They had expected to rejoin a fierce fight.

However, there was no fighting... nothing. Just two thousand Delarosan members slumped to the ground, at the mercy of the imperial soldiers and guards.

"Your Majesty, are you alright? Your wounds look serious," a concerned imperial guard captain approached Emperor Varan with concern before making a suggestion, "Should I immediately set out to find you a healer, Your Majesty?"

Although Emperor Varan had escaped the endless slaughter domain, the injuries he had sustained from the hordes of undead remained.

The slight cuts weren't worth mentioning, but the corpse poison that pervaded his skin, blackening his flesh and blood, looked awfully serious.

"No need. It's just surface wounds that I have under control. The corpse poison poses no threat to my health or my life," Emperor Varan dismissed the idea with a wave before frowning at his surroundings.

He saw the dispirited Delarosan members, the scorched devastation, Matriarch Laelana's absence, and even the True Dragon in the sky. Putting the clues together, he was able to grasp the situation.

Nevertheless, Emperor Varan still demanded, "Who can tell me what happened here?"

"The battle seems to have ended, Your Majesty..." the imperial guard captain answered, glancing around with uncertainty before continuing, "After the Venerable Kuvat came to assist us and killed Matriarch Laelana with a single attack, the Delarosas seemed to have lost their will to fight."

"On behalf of the Great Ratholos Empire, I would like to thank you for your help, Venerable Kuvat," Emperor Varan quickly paid his respects to Kuvat.

"No need, Human Emperor. I was only acting on behalf of my god," Kuvat coolly replied.

Emperor Varan didn't mind Kuvat's indifference. He continued to question Jhoru, "What about Galen Delarosa? Where is that Devil's Contractor?"

So long as Galen wasn't dead, the battle wasn't over.

"This..." the imperial guard captain was surprised by Emperor Varan's accusation, but he quickly recovered his wits and replied, "Galen Delarosa seems to have been partially struck by Venerable Kuvat's attack and perished as well."

"His body is lying on the ground lifelessly over there, Your Majesty," the imperial guard captain pointed in the direction of the inner courtyard, a short distance away from the end of the scorched areas.

"Do you really think Galen Delarosa is a Devil's Contractor, Your Majesty?" the imperial guard commander arrived with a frown, thinking, "I heard Devil's Contractors are very powerful."

"Galen Delarosa seems a little too weak to match such a description, Your Majesty," the imperial guard commander added.

"Ah, you're alright, Commander Jhoru," Emperor Varan calmly acknowledged the imperial guard commander's presence before saying, "I also think Galen was a little too weak for a Devil's Contractor if he died just like that."

"However, Devil's Contractors are only strong because of the divine powers and abilities granted by their Great Devils. That said, there is also a division among the Great Devils between those with strong battle abilities and those without."

"Hecate the Mystical, the Great Devil of Illusion, Witchcraft, Sorcery, Shadows, Light, Moon, Duality of Good and Evil... Ugh, anyway, Great Devil Hecate possesses too many divine abilities,"

"However, none of them seem to be directly oriented to combat," Emperor Varan mentioned.

"Are you saying this Old Demon Galen is contracted to Great Devil Hecate, Your Majesty?" Jhoru sought Emperor Varan's confirmation.

"Most likely," Emperor Varan didn't give a definite answer.

Based on what they knew, Great Devil Hecate's divine abilities and knowledge would explain everything about Galen and his Delarosa Household. However, that was, after all, based on what they did know.

It was hard to say where the seven Great Devils had overlapping divine abilities and knowledge, even if they may be at superficial levels.

Even so, besides Hecate, he couldn't think of any other Great Devil

Inside the inner courtyard, Emperor Varan and his people soon located Galen's body a few meters away from the scorched area.

Only half of Galen's body had been scorched black, but it remained motionless without a breath of life, seemingly dead. Even Emperor Varan couldn't sense any life in it.

However, Emperor Varan still frowned. Kuvat also sensed something wrong at that moment.

"Hm? That's not right. That woman was reduced to cinders and ashes in my flames, so how can this old man's body be intact?" Kuvat doubted.

Having consumed half his magical power, he, of all people, knew best just how powerful his fiery attack was.

And yet, it actually failed to destroy a human body?

Even if it was a head-on blow, the person still got half of his body caught in it. That half should been reduced to cinders and ashes like the woman.



And yet, it didn't?

"I don't know what's going on here, but Devil's Contractors without their humanity are calamities. It is for the best that I make sure this thing is dead," Emperor Varan said, stabbing his sword into Galen's heart and twisting it.

Alas, he felt destroying the heart wasn't enough. Thus, he retracted his sword, preparing to cut off Galen's head.

However, the moment his sword descended on Galen's neck, the latter's eyes instantly snapped open with eerie, crimson light, and his hand caught the sword's blade.

Bang!

A powerful force was transmitted into the ground through Galen's body, causing cracks to appear underneath it.

Despite that, the sword's blade caught between Galen's fingers failed to move an inch closer to his neck.

"Don't you know it's rude to disturb an old man's sleep, Varan boy?" Galen criticized as his crimson eyes flashed with greater eerie intensity.

Emperor Varan felt threatened by the unknown and quickly retreated with a big leap. At the same time, Galen permitted him to keep his sword as he released his strong grip.

Shortly after, Galen rose to his feet like a ghostly tube man being filled with air, and his original lifeless body erupted with vibrant life force, mending his pierced heart and fleshly wounds.

At the same time, cracks spread all over Galen's blackened left half before falling off like broken shells, revealing the gleaming, fresh, tender skin underneath.

Galen's wrinkles disappeared, his ash-white hair turned black, and his beard hair also fell off.

The original elderly man had transformed into a dashing younger version of himself as if he had just shaved off 250 years of his age. Not only did he come back to life, but he was reborn anew.

Such a startling and bizarre transformation caused Emperor Varan and his men to retreat even further with somber looks.

"What kind of thing are you, Galen?" Emperor Varan frowned deeply.

The current Galen did not feel any weaker than him. No, the person might even be stronger!

Chapter 683: Galen's Contractor

"What do you mean by that, Varan boy? Can't you see that I am human?" Galen replied with a grin, filled with confidence and desire to do battle.

Secretly, even he was surprised by the power coursing through his body. He didn't expect his second awakening to be so powerful.

"Don't play dumb with me, Galen," Emperor Varan replied with gloom.

"The Great Devil Hecate is of the Black-winged Fairy Demon race. Such a race is known for its distinctive black wings, hair, eyes, and tender, fair skin, making it one of the most beautiful demon races according to human aesthetics..."

"But you? Even if you were contracted to Great Devil Hecate via her blood and became an indirect member of the Black-winged Fairy Demon race, you shouldn't have such bloodthirsty red eyes."

"You... Just what in the world have you done to yourself? What kind of a price did you pay for such a transformation?" Emperor Varan questioned as he delayed for time to determine Galen's strength.

Kuvat had also mentally transmitted to him his need to recover his mana.

"Kekeke," Galen chuckled sinisterly before saying, "I know what you're trying to do, Varan boy. But since I am in a good mood, I will entertain you."

"Did you know there are three different ways to be contracted to a Great Devil? The most common method is naturally via magic – to accept an oath to the Great Devil and be bound by the Great Devil's divine power."

"The second method is to be transplanted with the Great Devil's blood essence and become their kin. This kind of method is an honor that even demons rarely get to enjoy, let alone humans. But once they do, they will inherit the Great Devil's physical traits, innate talents, and divine abilities, depending on their compatibility."

"Since you know these aren't the eyes of someone from the Black-winged Fairy Demon race. Why don't you guess where it came from?" Galen suggested playfully.

Emperor Varan and Kuvat frowned.

Emperor Varan could only vaguely sense Galen's present strength, but Kuvat was even clearer about it.

Before the transformation, Galen was only a Late-stage Transcendent with a few months of lifespan. But after the transformation, he became a Peak-stage Transcendent with a thousand years of lifespan.

Moreover, Kuvat also vaguely sensed Galen could fight above his level; his dangerous aura told him so.

"Red eyes... Red eyes... Among demons, it's not a rare trait. But among the seven Great Devils, only two possess it – Great Devil Astarte, the Queen of Succubi, and Great Devil Abaddon, the Ancestor of Vampires..." Emperor Varan mentioned with a heavy heart.

Among the seven Great Devils, Astarte and Abaddon were in the upper half of the most troublesome Great Devils to worry about.

This had to do with their innate nature.

After all, Astarte the Charming was the Great Devil of Love, Sex, Fertility, and, more importantly, War. On the other hand, Abaddon the Sinister was the Great Devil of Blood, Slaughter, Shadows, and Nightmare; he was known to be the incarnation of evil.

The domains of both Great Devils were filled with conflicts and war. Ironically, their domains had more deaths than Thanatos's, the land of the one known as the Herald of Death.

In fact, Thanatos's domain was the most peaceful of the Seven Great Devil Domains.

Thanatos was the Lich King, the Great Devil of Death and Sleep. His domain was a place for the non-living to enjoy eternal slumber. There couldn't be any conflict if all living beings avoided it.

It was a land for the dead.

Nevertheless, whether it was Astarte or Abaddon, none of them seemed like good news for the Great Ratholos Empire.

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While Emperor Varan and his people were wary of Galen's presence, the Delarosas found their hearts relit with hope.

However, they didn't rejoice right away – they signaled each other under the silent directives of their High Elders while everyone else had their attention on Galen.

The Delarosas subtly pulled their forces away to reform their ranks closer to Galen for their counterattack.

"Old Ancestor, it's great that you are alive. Our people are ready to fight alongside you. You just have to give us the signal," a High Elder softly whispered after silently reaching Galen's side.

"Very good! I will remember your contribution," Galen exclaimed with satisfaction.

Emperor Varan wasn't the only one trying to buy time.

Nevertheless, before the High Elder could rejoice and feel honored with Galen's acknowledgment, he was quickly stunned by what followed.

Puchi!

Galen emotionlessly drove his hand right through the High Elder's chest and ripped out his beating heart.

"Old Ancestor... Y-You...!"

The High Elder pointed at Galen with disbelief and pain, and his face quickly paled as coldness seeped into his being.

Galen ignored the High Elder's disheartened look of betrayal and squeezed the fresh heart over his mouth in a bid to drink its blood.

"Stop him!" Kuvat immediately roared with a terrible premonition.

Emperor Varan and several other Rank 5 True Dragons in hiding reacted instantly. Alas, they were already a step too late.

Galen tasted his first blood since his rebirth and immediately awakened his new innate ability – Blood Manipulation.

Swoosh!

A pool of blood was instantly drained from the High Elder's body before revolving around Galen's body at high speed, turning into a blood tornado.

Surprisingly, such a meager amount of blood successfully repelled every attack aimed at Galen.

At the same time, the blood spilled throughout the Delarosa Household gathered and assimilated with the blood tornado, further enhancing its size and power.

Within a short time, it grew into an unstoppable force to be reckoned with.

"Hahaha! So this is Blood Manipulation? This ability is much more useful than my Dream Domain!" Galen laughed heartily, feeling invincible from the seemingly limitless power of blood he commanded.

Emperor Varan trembled with fury as he finally understood who Galen contracted.

"Old Bastard! You... You actually contracted Abaddon, that evil incarnate...!! Do you have any idea what you have done?! How dare you do such a thing!" Emperor Varan furiously condemned Galen.

"Hahaha! As long as I can use magic and live longer, who wouldn't I dare to contract?! If I could keep living, why would I care about the consequences?! And if I die, what does the living have to do with me?!" Galen laughed selfishly.

"I must thank you, Varan boy! If not for your stab and small blood offering, the Great Devil's blood sealed in my heart wouldn't have activated so soon!"

"To show you my gratitude, I will make everyone my offering and let you watch as I transcend mortality, hahaha! Don't you feel honored, Varan boy?" Galen coldly smiled.

"It is indeed foolish to try and reason with a demon. There isn't a shred of humanity left in you," Emperor Varan acknowledged his mistake as he sighed, "I should have gone for the head first."

"Kekeke, it's too late to regret now," Galen grinned before urging impatiently, "Come! Let us fight! You can all join, too, little lizards. Don't be shy. I want to test the limits of my power!"

Chapter 684: Double Contractor

"Kuvat, what is going on here? How can this human be so strong? His previous small pool of blood was powerful enough to repel all our magical attacks..." Fraegar frowned at Galen's unreasonable strength.

As an Early Transcendent True Dragon, she could output the power of a Peak Transcendent due to her mastery of magic. Although she didn't actually generate such a level of power in her haste to attack along with the others, Galen still faced five such attacks.

Even true Peak Transcendents would find it difficult to face so many Transcendent-level attacks.

However, Galen still managed it.

"I'm afraid this demonic human's power is already at the threshold of the Demigods..." Kuvat frowned before recalling Galen's words.

"Few humans have lived as long as he has. It's also possible he has been a Devil's Contractor since Gehenna's appearance. In other words, he could have been a Devil's Contractor for at least three hundred years. That is a lot of time for someone to understand their abilities as a Devil's Contractor."

"But what I find most concerning is the way he spoke about his abilities. If we add in our previously conceived notions regarding Galen's background, then..."

Kuvat didn't finish his words, but Fraegar and the others quickly understood his implication. It wasn't difficult to comprehend at all.

After all, Galen was previously believed to be contracted to Hecate, but he ended up revealing the distinct traits and abilities of Abaddon.

No one has ever heard of a Double Contractor before.

However, just because no one has ever heard or seen one before, it didn't mean it wasn't possible. Galen was most likely the living example of a Double Contractor.

"This... There has never been a Double Contractor before... To wield the divine abilities of two Great Devils... Just how strong would he become if we let him grow?" Fraegar wondered with a horrid expression.

"I can't say for sure, but I do know that it will be nearly impossible to deal with this demonic human just the current people and dragons we have here," said Piaro, another Early Transcendent True Dragon. "We may have to ask for more reinforcements or request the Supreme Leader to act—"

"Absolutely not! We cannot disturb the Supreme Leader at this time," Kuvat firmly refused the suggestion, leaving no room for negotiation on the matter.

"The Supreme Leader is at a crucial point in his cultivation on the Black Mountain and cannot deal with the Great Ratholos Empire's crisis right now. That is why the Supreme Leader sent us to act in his stead."

"The Supreme Leader mustn't be disturbed! Never! Understand?" Kuvat stressed.

"In that case, we can only seek the others for help," Piaro calmly stated. A few moments later, he informed everyone, "Alright, I already sent the word to Chaezi. She said she would notify the patrolling dragons and send them our way for us."

"Good!" Kuvat acknowledged.

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Meanwhile, the number of troops gathered outside the Delarosa Household had increased by tenfold since the start of the battle. However, the imperial army only accounted for a quarter of the number.

"Your Majesty, I have completed your task without! The conflict between the two ducal factions has been resolved, and they are now here with me to provide support!" an elderly warrior in imperial guard armor reported. "Please command us!"

"It's the Senior Imperial Guards! The Senior Imperial Guards are here to help!" Jhoru exclaimed with excitement.

The Senior Imperial Guards were from the oldest generations of Imperial Guards. All of them had lived long lives, but more importantly, they were all Transcendent-level warriors!

"Even the Dukes and their people are here to help. I'm sure we can take down this Old Demon with their help, Your Majesty!" Jhoru added.

"Big Brother, you better leave behind some rats for me! I am very mad! I have believed myself to be very wise, yet I was still played by a mere Delarosa Household! This grievance of mine must be avenged by me!" Duke Gamliel's loud, indignant voice was heard from the outside.

"Don't forget about me! I am also here, Big Brother! I can't wait to slaughter these traitorous bastards!" Duke Zohar roared.



Both his and Duke Gamliel's factions have suffered great losses due to their violent conflicts, which was like an active volcano erupting after a hundred years of slumber – once it started, it couldn't have been stopped.

If he hadn't been told the Delarosa Household was behind the secret deaths of the first-seated heirs, he would have most likely continued to fight Duke Gamliel until one of them fell.

"Tch!"

Galen clicked his tongue as he listened to the roars of men and their footsteps.

He estimated there were at least two hundred thousand men and at least ten Transcendent-level warriors outside. Furthermore, this wasn't the last of them, as there were even more on their way over.

Even if he was arrogant, he wasn't blindly arrogant. He knew that even a mighty elephant could still be bitten to death by ants.

"It seems I have wasted too much time," Galen acknowledged his mistake for desiring to boast. It seemed he wasn't devilish enough yet. "Kekeke, no matter. Even if more of you come, you will still have to wait your turn!"

Suddenly, the bloody tornado rapidly expanded, engulfing everything within the Delarosa Household. It became a new barrier that blocked outsiders from entering.

"I haven't tried this before, so even I don't know how effective it'll be. Let us find out, shall we?" Galen grinned.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Just as Galen spoke, Kuvat and his peers launched their surprise attacks from different directions.

Galen's location was quickly barraged with powerful fire spells, and the land was devastated by their destructive power. The earth cracked, and clouds of dust and soil rose from the impacts.

'These casual dragon breaths are more deadly than fully charged Rank 5 Magitech Cannons!' Emperor Varan's lips twitch at the sight.

However, he quickly frowned at the obscured vision.

It was good that the dragons didn't wait to find out what Galen intended to do, but it was hard to say if their surprise attacks were effective.

"Tch, so impatient."

Galen's dismissive words resounded from within the cloud of dust and soil, dispelling their doubts.

Indeed, their attacks weren't effective.

Shortly after, they saw Galen's figure protected by crystalized blood walls that seemed tougher than most metals. Although they didn't completely cover Galen, his burns were healed almost instantly.

Such a sight made everyone feel even more heavy-hearted.

Before anyone else could follow up with another attack, Galen's crimson eyes beamed with greater intensity. In that instant, a shroud of black smoke gushed out from his body, flooding the entire Delarosa Household before merging with the blood barrier.

Dream Domain, expand!

Chapter 685: Fearsome Ability

After Galen's Dream Domain captured everyone within the Delarosa Household, Emperor Varan and a few dozen imperial guards looked at the familiar desolate world with a crimson sky, stunned.

They had unexpectedly returned to this accursed place.

However, what shocked them the most was the number of people brought inside. It was a thousand times greater than their previous numbers!

No matter how much Galen had grown, it shouldn't be a thousandfold stronger, right?

Emperor Varan and his imperial guards had ugly expressions as they stared at Galen's relaxed expression in the distance.

At the same time, Galen looked back at them and seemed to have guessed what they were thinking, making him chuckle a little.

"Kekeke, relax, little lambs. If I were truly that strong, I would be considered Divine already," Galen said with amusement before shaking his head. "But even if I am not Divine, the current me is not someone you can hope to defeat."

"You may or may not have noticed, Varan boy, but this is not the same domain space as before. It has lost most of its original functions and only has one purpose – to augment my combat power! It is a true Slaughter Domain!" Galen grinned.

Galen raised his hand, and a blood sword, brimming with blood energy, instantly condensed on his palm.

"Allow me to demonstrate," Galen casually stated.

However, in the next instant, he swung his blood sword at the crowd of imperial soldiers and guards without warning.

"Dodge it!" Emperor Varan roared madly.

Alas, the speed of a Peak Transcendent's attack wasn't something most non-Transcendents could hope to match. Even the dragons' magic barriers failed to buy the imperial soldiers enough time.

Puchi!

Galen's blood wave swept through the crowd of imperial soldiers and guards, shattering barriers, swords, and armor alike.

The fortunate men survived with bloody gashes or dismembered limbs, while the unfortunate ones were directly cut in half. However, there wasn't anyone truly fortunate after receiving a sword wound from Galen.

"M-My blood is... Arghh—!!"

Shrieks and cries of terror resounded as blood gushed out of open wounds, reducing the wounded survivors into empty shells of bones and flesh. Their blood was completely drained in a matter of seconds.

It was a terrifying sight to behold.

Furthermore, the blood was absorbed by Galen, enhancing his physique, recovery abilities, and blood magic a step further.

Boom!

Galen's aura surged wildly, pressuring those around him as he took a step closer to the ranks of Demigods. Everyone felt suffocated and oppressed, even the Delarosans who had also been dragged inside the Slaughter Domain.

Even though Galen was their old ancestor, they couldn't help but fear what had become of him.

Considering what happened to one of the High Elders, he feared Galen only viewed them as blood carriers to exploit when he desired it. They couldn't help but retreat a few steps, drawing their distance from him.

Galen noticed such subtle movements, but he didn't care. As long as they didn't turn against him, it mattered not what they did.

"How... How can that be? The brother next to me only had a small cut on his arm... And yet he died just like that..." A horrified imperial soldier fell to the ground, feeling weak from the fear.

Galen's vicious and cruel ability had truly shaken everyone to the core. No one could imagine his control over blood would be powerful to such an absurd degree.

However, it also strengthened their conviction to slay Galen – all vampires had to die.

"Venerable Dragons, I beseech you to assist me in slaying this old demon. A scourge like him must not be allowed to remain in this world!" Emperor Varan urgently requested before stressing, "We must prevent another Blood Calamity from happening at all costs!"

"Naturally," Kuvat answered, landing on top of the inners with his fellow dragons.

Although the Slaughter Domain didn't seem to restrain them from leaving, they couldn't abandon the humans within to the newly awakened vampire.

It was hard to determine how much more powerful the vampire would become if it were permitted to devour the blood of everyone within its domain. Naturally, Kuvat didn't need Emperor Varan's warnings to understand the gravity of the situation.

Kuvat sighed with regret, "I didn't expect this situation to develop like this so quickly. It seems even I can't escape the pride and overconfidence of being a young dragon..."

"To actually let the enemy make a counterattack like this... This is a stain on my life," Kuvat's eyes clouded with darkness and gloom as he despised his weaknesses and flaws.

"Everyone, please put your trust in me and buy me some time. If you do, I will create an opportunity to turn this situation around," Kuvat promised.

Before his departure, the Supreme Leader had rewarded him with a barrel's worth of Divine-rank Stalactite Milk. He was hoping for a more opportune time to consume it and maximize his gains, but alas, the present situation didn't permit it.

"You have a solution, Kuvat?" Fraegar asked.

Kuvat silently nodded.

"Very well. We will buy you as much as possible," Fraegar agreed before inciting her peers,  
"Brothers and sisters, this demonic human has been far too arrogant! Let us show him the pride and might of our dragon clan!"

"The Supreme Leader must have purposely arranged this trial for us. Only when we leave his protection and overcome disaster on our own will we truly grow and walk the path of the strong!"

Roar!

Four Early Transcendent True Dragons responded with their proud dragon roars, shaking heaven and earth.

To their surprise, Galen's domain was also destabilized for a brief moment due to it.

Galen was startled by the momentary cracks in his Slaughter Domain, which weakened his control over blood within the domain space.

Such a flaw wasn't permitted to persist!

"As expected, your kind poses the greatest threat to me. Very well, I will take care of you all first!"  
Galen's blood-red eyes flashed with strong killing intent. "Die!"

In that instant, the blood-mist clouds in the crimson sky condensed dozens of blood-solid spears.

The blood spears rained down on Fraegar and her peers like heavenly rods carrying out judgment on behalf of the heavens – the friction of air instantly transformed them into flaming blood spears as they descended.

"Block it together!" Fraegar roared with madness.

The five dragons quickly combined their magical power to conjure a five-layered green barrier to shield them and Kuvat.

Sizzle!

At the moment of contact, three layers of green barriers shattered in very short intervals before the dozens of flaming blood spears turned into purplish-black sludges that refused Galen's control as they clotted and corroded simultaneously.

Surprisingly, Fraegar and her peers all thought of using poison magic to counter Galen's blood power.

Moreover, it was far more effective than they had expected.

'We can win!' Fraegar's eyes lit up.

Chapter 686: Holy Mother

Sacred Tirtha, Inner Sanctum

On the forbidden and deepest floor beneath the Sacred Tirtha, an old woman in white robes knelt on a prayer mat with her hands linked like the most devout believer.

In front of her was a large dragon statue made of gold.

However, at that moment, boiling blood was pouring down on the golden dragon statue and out of its orifices as it deformed and melted away, gradually revealing a different statue of silver hidden within.

The silver statue was of a winged lady with seemingly unparalleled beauty and grace, shimmering with gentle moonlight.

Those who could recognize it would understand it was a statue of the Great Devil Hecate.

However, the luminescent silver-white light that emanated from it could easily instill doubts in people's hearts as Hecate's statue seemed like the very definition of sacred and holy.

It was hard to associate it with one of the Great Devils of Gehenna, commonly known as evil, impure, bad luck, and the bringer of calamities and sufferings.

"Oh, Holy Mother of Witches, the Goddess of the Moon, and Giver of Knowledge. Forgive this child's sins for going against your original teachings and bringing death upon the land graced by you," the Ex-Great Shaman, Laeticia, prayed.

"This child can no longer tolerate the sins of men and their heinous beliefs that disgrace the Great Mother; they are vile, incorrigible, and completely unworthy of your love and teachings."

"As it pains me, please grant this child divine protection and strength to carry out the great undertaking of cleansing this filthy land and letting it reborn anew, one made in your image."

"The world is blind, and the people are misguided. They oppress your children, and the lost ones remain ignorant of the origins of their magic – they believe their power is their own, never knowing of the great kindness you have bestowed upon them."

"Please give this child the strength to correct this flawed world and spread your name, Oh, Holy Mother!"

As Laeticia continued to seek forgiveness and blessings through her prayers, a younger lady with similar features to her barged inside the inner sanctum in tears.

"Mother! Laelana... My child is gone! She has been killed! Please let me go out there, Mother! I must avenge my poor child!" The current Great Shaman, Laemana, pleaded in tears.

Laeticia softly sighed before saying, "Cease your tears and sorrows, my child. Laelana is not dead. Her mortal body may have perished, but not her soul; she only went to see the Holy Mother before us and be welcomed into her Divine Kingdom. This is not a tragedy but a blessing."

"Her premature departure only tells us she was not ready for this tainted world. When she is ready, and the Holy Mother deems her so, she will be born of flesh and blood once more."

"Separation is only temporary, not eternal. You will see her again in due time, my child. Once our mission is complete, we will definitely reunite," Laeticia consoled her daughter as her eyes flashed with a hint of sadness.

She was not completely indifferent to Laelana's death. After all, while Laelana was Laemana's daughter, she was also her granddaughter. Furthermore, she was far more obedient than her two eldest daughters, whom she had disowned for their defiance and unteachable behaviors long ago.



"Thank you for your kind words of wisdom, Mother," Laemana held Laeticia's hand to her cheeks and felt its soothing warmth, washing away the sorrow in her heart a little.

However, it did nothing to extinguish the burning hatred she felt at the same time.

"What should I do with all this anger I feel in my heart, Mother? Am I supposed to pretend it doesn't exist?" Laemana asked helplessly as her desire for revenge burned.

"Keep it burning in your heart, my child. Laelana may have gone to see the Holy Mother, but it also does not change the fact that her killers took her away from us. Thus, we must never forgive them, let alone forget," Laeticia preached.

"The chance to avenge this debt of blood will come, but it is not now, my child. Right now, we must focus on carrying out our great mission and ensuring the Ceremony of Great Cleansing succeeds."

"Once the Ceremony of Great Cleansing succeeds, your chance will come," Laeticia promised with wholehearted conviction as if the future would be as she foretold.

Laemana took in a deep breath before calmly replying, "I understand, Mother. I will heed your words."

"Um... There's something this child doesn't quite understand and hopes Mother can shed some light on. What exactly is the Ceremony of Great Cleansing?" Laemana asked.

"I've received instructions for the preparatory steps, but the function and purposes are unclear..."

"The Ceremony of Great Cleansing is a Divine-level array that will wash this land of its filth and remold it in the Holy Mother's image, allowing us, her children, to preach her name and spread her faith openly without fear of being tainted and oppressed by the worldly filth again..."

After Laeticia's vague explanation, she hesitated for a moment before adding, "Actually, I'm not too clear either. However, it is something your grandfather entrusted us to prepare."

"He is the Holy Son, the one chosen by the Holy Mother. Only he can hear and interpret the Holy Mother's divine messages. We only need to listen and follow the tasks he delivers to us, no matter how contradictory they seem to the Holy Mother's original teachings."

"The Holy Mother's intentions will be clear to us in time, child. Until then, we can only have faith in the Holy Son, and in the Holy Mother—"

Rumble...!

Just as Laetitia finished speaking, the inner sanctum's limestone ceilings suddenly shook due to a powerful impact on the surface.

The sudden disturbance surprised both mother and daughter.

It didn't take long before they heard the cries of alarm, fear, and panic from the surface, causing their expressions to change.

"We are under attack! Does that mean Grandfather... The Holy Son failed to delay the enemies?" Laemana doubted.

"Cease your impure thoughts, child. There's no time for blind guesses. You are Sacred Tirtha's current Great Shaman – Our people will need your leadership to resist external threats," Laetitia mentioned solemnly before urging, "Go, quickly!"

"Yes, Mother!" Laemana was allowed no time for other thoughts as she quickly complied.

Chapter 687: Laptis's Luck

On the surface, fearsome balls of heavenly flames rained death and destruction upon the Sacred Tirtha from the sky.

At the same time, Shamans and Witch Doctors scrambled left and right in confusion and fear, unclear of the situation and their attackers. The powerful fireballs dropping upon their heads seemingly manifested out of thin air.

"Oh, Holy Mother, please grant this child enlightenment, for she is lost. What great sins have we committed for the heavens to smite us so? If it is the cruelty of the heretics that has descended upon your garden, oh, Holy Mother, I beseech you to grant this child divine protection to repel the—"

While others ran for cover, a devout Witch Doctor prayed before a normal statue of the golden dragon until a fireball landed not far from her location.

Its terrifying flames scattered upon impact and vaporized her into nothingness.

"We're under attack! Equip your totems, man the stations, and activate the barrier!" a high-ranking Shaman barked with instructions before shouting, "Where is the Great Shaman?! Has anyone seen Her Holiness?!"

"You! Get the fuck over here! Don't run away when I am talking to you! Yes, you!" the high-ranking Shaman picked on one of the young apprentices who had glanced at him in passing.

"Ahhh—!!"

The apprentice cried in pain as his momentary delay caused him to be struck by wild scattering flames and lose his legs.

"My legs...!! Ahh, my legs—!!" the apprentice wailed in agony, clutching the dirt on the ground as he endured the searing pain.

"Dammit!"

The high-ranking Shaman cursed, knowing it was useless to get any information out of the apprentice while he was in such a miserable state.

...

Meanwhile, in the sky, the Early Transcendent True Dragon, Laptis, led a team of dragons to harass the Sacred Tirtha in secrecy. They fired rounds after rounds of moderate-sized fireballs that did not have very high destructive power but a lot of spread damage.

To most Shamans and Witch Doctors below, such low-level attacks were life-threatening enough.

They did not have the same high-quality totems as most Delarosan members.

After all, there weren't enough totems to equip every member of the Sacred Tirtha. Only the highest-ranking members of the Sacred Tirtha had priority over the totems.

Nevertheless, Laptis continued to rain hell on the Sacred Tirtha with her team without any pressure or threat from below. And unless they intentionally dispelled their stealth, the humans below had no idea who was attacking them, even if they saw where the attack was coming from.

"You cowards!! Stop hiding in the clouds and come down here to fight me! I know you are up there —!"

Just as a Senior Shaman barked at the sky, a fireball descended and obliterated him from the world of the living.

Scattered remains of his brown robe shortly landed on the devastated ground where he once stood.

Not far away, a dirt-covered apprentice with great luck cowered on the ground, blocking his ears from the screams of terror and destruction-inducing explosions. Strangely, all the wild, scattering flames managed to miss him.

However, he soon fainted on the spot after a piece of human leg dropped on the ground, not far from his face.

...

"All apprentices will retreat to the Outer Sanctum to seek shelter! Senior-rank Shamans and Witch Doctors report to your nearest Transcendent-rank leaders for instructions! High-rank Shamans and Witch Doctors, follow High Shaman Sogorim to activate and protect the barrier crystal!"

"Elders, assist me in repelling the external threats!"

As soon as the Great Shaman's voice was heard, resounding throughout the Sacred Tirtha, many panicking members quickly calmed down and assumed their assigned duties.

Order was restored to the Sacred Tirtha at an alarming rate despite its initial chaos and confusion.

At the same time, the Elder Shamans and Witch Doctors quickly found Laemana. They followed her lead in resisting the descending fireballs with their defensive totems until the grand barrier activated.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The fiery balls of heavenly flames slammed against the hastily conjured green, turtle-like shells but failed to break its defenses.

"Oh?"

The power of the defensive totems quickly caught Laptis's interest as she studied their activity with Clairvoyance Magic.

"These must be the totems produced with Hex Magic knowledge, and their quality isn't low either. It looks like we have caught the attention of their higher-ups," Laptis commented before encouraging her peers, "Brothers and sisters, let us hit them something harder – give them something to remember us by!"

"Lady Laptis, I know you are having fun, but please don't forget the mission given to us by the Supreme Leader," another female dragon elite reminded.

"I know that, Sephira. You are looking down on me too much. I am still your team leader, you know? How can I forget the Supreme Leader's instruction?" Laptis retorted unhappily.

"Our mission is to harass the Sacred Tirtha and attract all their attention while the other teams seek out and destroy the hidden grand array laid out on the imperial capital city."

"Are we not doing exactly that? Or do you have another opinion, Sephira?" Laptis questioned with a stern look after she reiterated the mission objective.

"I don't, Lady Laptis," Sephira replied bluntly before going silent.

"Hmph! Good to know," Laptis snorted before instructing the team, "Let us give them a taste of our mighty Rank 5 fire spells."

"No need to aim for those turtle-looking shells. Target that big, blue crystal directly. They seem to be placing great importance on it, seeing how they are gathering many people around it," Laptis added.

"Understood, Lady Laptis!" Sephira and the other three dragons in the team answered.

Just when everyone charged up their Rank 5 fire spells and released them, Laptis received an abrupt sound transmission from Chaezi.

While the other fire beamed shot towards the big blue crystal a step too late as the Sacred Tirtha's grand barrier activated, Laptis's fire beam veered off its intended flight path and destroyed the foundation of an enormous stone pillar.

That very stone pillar collapsed into another enormous stone pillar, causing a domino effect that destroyed another six enormous stone pillars for a total destruction of eight stone pillars.

The devastation from the chain reaction resulted in thousands of deaths within the Sacred Tirtha and significant damage to the core array of the grand barrier, leaving an opening flaw in its protection.

Laptis blanked at her surprising mishap.

"Lady Laptis?" Sephira glanced at Laptis with a dumbfounded look, numbed by her heaven-defying luck to miss an easy target and still achieve unbelievable results.

"That was part of my plan," Laptis coughed before changing the subject with a serious look, "I just received words from Lady Chaezi. Team Kuvat is having trouble against the enemy and requested reinforcements."

"Who among you are willing to fly over to assist them? I will permit up to three of you to leave. We only need two dragons here," Laptis stated.

Chapter 688: Sabotaging the Grand Array

"I will go!" Sephira immediately volunteered with a grave look. "Kuvat is the brightest dragon in our generation. If he is seeking help, the situation there must be especially serious."

"I also have the same thoughts. Since that is the case, depart with haste," Laptis urged.

"Yes, Lady Laptis," Sephira answered.

Shortly after Sephira departed, two dragons also followed her. Laptis remained behind with Pakgu, a dragon elite from Seventh Peak.

"Well then, Pakgu. It seems we will have to put in more work to compensate for the deficiency in numbers."

"Understood, Lady Laptis," Pakgu acknowledged before mentioning, "We have seen the devastation caused by borrowing the natural forces. May I suggest taking down the remaining stone pillars for efficiency destruction?"

"That goes without saying, Pakgu," Laptis confirmed.

...

Boom! Boom!

Within the Sacred Tirtha, scattered herbs, broken vats of pure water, and potent beast materials littered the floor, mixed in with the ruptured soil and debris.

The once sacred land of healing had been turned upside down within a matter of minutes as death and destruction rained down from above. Although the protective barrier eventually shielded the place, the damage could not be undone, and the losses would be hard to recoup.

Nevertheless, the River of Healing and Pond of Rebirth – the two most precious places in the Sacred Tirtha, remained mostly untouched.

Even if the Sacred Tirtha was home to humans who had turned to the devil, their healing medicines were undeniably effective and precious elixirs.

As such, Laptis had been instructed to avoid destroying such valuable places.

"Great Shaman, there's a gap in the grand barrier! Flames are spewing in from it and destroying everything in its vicinity, including our precious raw ingredients for totem production! What should we do, Your Holiness?!" an Elder Shaman cried in distress.

"Must I even say it? Immediately lead a team of members with Rank 4 Barrier Totems or higher to secure the materials right now! Go!" Laemana roared.

"Yes, Your Holiness!" the Elder Shaman quickly scurried off to complete the task.

As parts of the Sacred Tirtha were stabilized to a certain degree, people's thoughts became clearer as they considered their situation.

"Strange, we've been under attack for some time now. Why haven't we received any help from the outside?"

"Help from the outside? Even if they want to help, who will come? We are getting attacked from the sky. How will they stop them?"

"Don't they have Wyvern Riders?"

"And who is to say the one attacking us from up there isn't the wyverns themselves? Perhaps the Imperial Wyvern Riders are behind this sudden attack."

"What? The Imperial Wyvern Riders? Did the emperor learn about our Sacred Tirtha's great secret? In that case, receiving any help right away will be unlikely. I bet many households and clans are confused about this attack and are seeking answers."

"Unfortunately, they won't get any answers even if they wait before the Imperial Palace. I heard the Delarosa Household had been under attack much earlier. The emperor has most likely decided to eradicate us for good."

"Doesn't that mean we are on our own? Is this the end for us?"



"You lack faith, Junior. We serve the Holy Mother and have her divine protection. Even if we fall, we will not perish. Don't forget about our trump card—the Ceremony of Great Cleansing. Once it activates, we will definitely turn this situation around."

"Furthermore, the minor households are our most ardent supporters. They will come to our aid once they are ready. We only need to hold out for a bit longer. The truth will be revealed to us."

"Right."

...

In a seemingly abandoned region of the slum district, Verun flew at low speeds as he scanned the place with Clairvoyance Magic from the sky with an accompanying dragon elite.

"There's something strange about this deserted region. It seems to have been abandoned by the residents for many years, but I can sense an abnormally high amount of mana concentrated underneath the well area. What do you think, Izis?"

"It is probably a part of the grand array that has been set up under the Imperial Capital. We better destroy it secretly without drawing attention. But if there are mana stones, it'll be even if we can loot it," Izis of Sixth Peak replied.

"True. Having more mana stones is never a bad thing," Verun acknowledged before asking, "Will you do the honors? Or shall I do it?"

"It doesn't matter who as long as we complete the Supreme Leader's task. I'll do it," Izis volunteered, not wanting to waste time on such a trivial matter.

Bzzt!

A ball of black and grey light compressed in front of Izis as the space around it was distorted, devouring the surrounding space and light.

Verun was immediately startled by Izis's choice of magic.

"What are you planning to do with such a high-level spatial spell?"

"You will see."

After a black cube of concentrated spatial power was formed, Izis immediately dropped it down the abandoned.

In the underground space beneath the well, the black cube contacted the ground before rapidly expanding like an enormous inflated balloon. It swallowed everything it touched before disappearing, leaving a huge void of space underground.

Meanwhile, the missing chunk of earth was transported into Izis's private storage space.

"Oh? There was indeed a mana stone deposit down there. However, it wasn't natural but purposely placed," Izis checked the content of his storage space before saying, "Well, I'm sure this section of the grand array won't work anymore with such a big chunk of land missing, right?"

Verun opened his mouth, wanting to ask how much mana stone Izis had pocketed. Seeing Izis's pleasant expression, he figured the harvest must have been pretty good. Alas, Verun eventually suppressed his urge and curiosity.

He had already acted magnanimously by giving Izis the opportunity. He would be a loser if he showed his regret and demanded a share now.

Nevertheless, Verun still inwardly cursed, 'Dammit, would it hurt to tell me how much mana stone you found?'

Verun suppressed the uncomfortable feeling in his heart before urging his teammate, "We are done here. Let us move to the next location."

"Alright," Izis grinned.

Chapter 689: Second Memory

Imperial Capital, Black Mountain

Vaan continued to immerse himself in comprehending the Law of Space after making thorough arrangements for the dragons.

Although he had already reaped huge benefits from the Black Mountain and advanced his law comprehension by leaps and bounds, he knew the Black Mountain still had more to offer.

He had not hit that very limit of its laws.

Moreover, he would be a fool if he didn't take advantage of every second and chance he had to advance his comprehension of the Law of Space when it had already become his strongest ability.

When he had 5% comprehension of the Fire Law, he had already acquired the power of a Peak Demigod. Now that his comprehension of the Spatial Law crossed 9.9%, his spatial powers were already infinitely closer to a Divine Being's.

Once he achieved 10% comprehension of the Spatial Law, his Spatial Authority, in its simplest application, would be on par with the weakest Rank 6 Divine Being.

However, without the soul power to match his law comprehension, there was a severe limit to how often he could use his strongest spatial abilities.

To wield the Spatial Law at the level of a Divine Being with only the soul power of a Peak Demigod was far too efficient and draining.

It was like building a 100-meter-deep fishing pond, but the fishing line only extended to fifty meters – the fishing line would be greatly strained from stretching to reach the bottommost depth.

In other words, the conversion ratio of soul power to law power was incredibly poor.

Nevertheless, such a price was trivial compared to having access to divine power at a lower level.

However, that wasn't the main reason for Vaan striving so hard for such a high level of law comprehension – he was hoping that reaching such a level of law comprehension would allow him to tap into more memories and better understand his past and the secrets of the universe.

At the same time, absorbing the memories of his past life would also increase his comprehension of the laws to a significant degree.

Ding!

<Your comprehension of the Law of Space has reached 10%>

<Your Spatial Authority has reached the threshold of Divine Power>

<A large soul fragment has been discovered inside your sea of consciousness>

<Would you like to absorb the large soul fragment?>

'Yes!' Vaan willed.

Shortly after he gave his answer, a huge amount of information poured into his mind, surprisingly causing him soul-tearing pain.

Evidently, the information contained within this second soul fragment was on a whole different level compared to the first soul fragment.

It was at least tenfold greater!

The burden and pain from absorbing such a large piece of soul fragment caused his saturated soul to compress and expand in order to accommodate more space automatically.

Such a method of increasing his soul power was far more effective than using the suppressive power of the Black Mountain. However, this method was also too forceful, and the future consequences were unclear.

Nevertheless, Vaan didn't have the spare energy to worry over such things as his exhausted mind drifted off into the land of dreams.

...

...

...

Chaos, the 122nd Chaos Cycle Era

In a small corner of the world, at the edge of the vast and boundless Chaos, the boundary between existence and non-existence, two celestial-like, dashing young men stood side by side in the void of space.

They appeared quite young, but their true age would leave most denizens of Chaos frightened to death should they ever learn of it.

The young man on the left was dressed in black and had the features of a Darkan for the most part, except for his crimson eyes, which were like two bottomless abysses of blood slaughter.

It seemed like this dashing young man had taken so many lives and spilled so much blood that he could drown the boundless heavens and paint Chaos in its color.

On the other hand, the young man on the right was dressed in white and had the features of a Lunaran – a person born with fairy-like fair skin, snow-white hair, and ocean-blue eyes.

In Pangea, Lunarans were people of the moon and believed themselves to be the descendants of the Moon Goddess.

And as a person of the moon, the young man in white possessed a peaceful, soothing aura – a complete contrast to the young man in black, whose aura screamed the tyranny of blood and death.

Despite their seemingly polar opposite traits, they were brothers who shared the same father.

...

In this seemingly desolate and unexplored region of space, the two quietly gazed into the Endless Sea of Nothingness that lay on the other side of the Chaos Barrier, which shielded Chaos from the decay of nihilistic power.

Rumble...!

Soft ripples appeared on the Chaos Barrier from time to time as illusory creatures of unknown origins assaulted it from a region of space that shouldn't have any living beings or existences at all.

Witnessing such a sight, the eyelashes of the man in white fluttered with concern.

The Chaos Barrier was considered the most powerful force in the world as it protected the 122 Chaosverses within it from the threat of extinction.

Creating ripples on such a durable wall was beyond difficult – it was a feat only very few beings could accomplish.

And yet, outside the Chaos Barrier, in a No Man's Land, hundreds of such unknown beings were battering the wall, stirring countless ripples.

"This is the seventh incident in the past three chaos cycles. The intervals between attacks are shortening, and their numbers are increasing. Yet, I haven't learned anything about their origins in this period," the man in black solemnly mentioned before turning to the man in white. "What about you, Big Brother?"

"You're asking me, Little Brother?" The man in white chuckled before shaking his head helplessly.

"If the one feared as Asura, also known for being the Lord of Chaos – one who rules over all and knows all, doesn't know anything, then how could I, this untalented older brother, possibly know something?"

"You sure know how to crack a joke, Big Brother," Asura smiled with amusement.

"Who would dare call you untalented? You are Varuna, Lord of the Boundless Seas and Skies, someone who has surpassed the origin limit and stepped into the same realm as I."

"If you are considered untalented, then there are no talented beings in this world," Asura added with seriousness.

#### Chapter 690: Second Memory (2)

"Spare the comforting words, Little Brother," Varuna shook his head with a wry smile.

"You know that's not what I meant. While we are indeed in the same realm, our powers are worlds apart. My power, while it is great, it is limited. You, on the other hand, have unlimited power as the Lord of Chaos."

"Lord of Chaos this, Lord of Chaos that. I'm getting tired of hearing it, Big Brother," Asura sighed helplessly before saying, "I am indeed the Lord of Chaos and have access to the limitless power of Chaos, but that is only because I was the first one to refine Chaos and become its one and only master."

"However, Chaos is the eternal legacy Allfather left behind after striving his whole life to carve out the path to everlasting, allowing all life to break free from the predestined fate of disappearing at the end of every chaos cycle. As long as I am the Lord of Chaos, I will govern and safeguard Chaos, not abuse its power."

"That said, being the Lord of Chaos is so boring. I would rather be remembered as Albion the Asura. And as just Albion the Asura, it is hard to say which of us Outerverse Originators is stronger, Big Brother," Asura stated.

"Haa... You are too humble, Little Brother," Varuna replied with a dry and helpless laugh.

"Without your extensive help, I never would have reached Beyond True Divinity Realm and become an Innerverses Originator with my limited talent, let alone an Outerverse Originator."

"My talent's limit should have been the Empyrean God Realm. It was you who permitted me to reach this height, which most beings could only dream about," Varuna said earnestly.

"Hahaha, my good Big Brother!" Asura suddenly burst into laughter before saying, "Even if I am acting humble, it is only in front of you. Who else would dare say the Asura is humble?"

"Moreover, if you really want to talk about favors, it is I who owe you the most. If it weren't for your protection and care back then, I would still be trapped in the endless cycle of reincarnation, living one mediocre life after the other."

"The Lord of Chaos of today only exists because of you, Big Brother," Asura emphasized before suddenly mentioning, "Given our long lives, it wouldn't be strange for us to be indifferent to everything. Why are you feeling sentimental today, Big Brother? What do you have on your mind?"

"This might be the last time we see each other," Varuna said after a moment of silence.

Asura was immediately startled by his older brother's shocking statement.

As the Lord of Chaos, there wasn't anywhere in Chaos he couldn't reach. So long as one lived in Chaos, he would always be able to see them—should he will it.

Thus, there were only two instances where he might not see his older brother ever again – either his big brother had become tired of life and wanted to end his eternal life, or he intended to leave Chaos and explore the No Man's Land known as the Boundless Sea of Nothingness.

Naturally, Asura didn't believe his big brother was tired of life, so it could only be the latter.

"As you know, everyone used to believe there was nothing out there in the Boundless Sea of Nothingness," Varuna calmly mentioned.

"However, that foolish belief was shattered when those things appeared three chaos cycles ago. Not only are there other existences out there, but they are all incredibly powerful. Even if they aren't as powerful as true Originators, they wield Origin Power like one."

"Furthermore, there are hundreds of them out there now. There were only half a dozen when they showed up at the Chaos Barrier the first time, Little Brother. How many more will show up the next time and the time after that? Perhaps even more powerful existences will start showing up to attack the Chaos Barrier."

"Whatever the case is, it is undeniable that Outer Beings are threatening Chaos. I fear that if we continue to do nothing, Allfather's legacy will end due to these Outer Beings. That's why I have made a decision – I will venture into the depths of the Boundless Sea of Nothingness to uncover its hidden secrets."



"If an infinitely broader world is hidden out there, I will find it. If greater beings exist, I will learn their path of evolution. If they threaten Chaos, I will lure them away," Varuna firmly declared.

"Do you have any idea what you are saying, Big Brother?!" Asura lost his calmness as he scolded, "I do not doubt you can freely traverse the Boundless Sea of Nothingness without an issue as an Outerverse Originator. Even these brainless Outer Beings pose no threat to you. But what if you run into a greater being—one with power beyond our imagination?!"

"If you die out there, your Origin Source may never be able to return! And even if a miracle happens and your Origin Source manages to return, there's still a high chance it will either be damaged or contaminated by the nihilistic power outside, causing irreversible change that even I may be helpless to undo!"

"However, that isn't even the most important part! If such damages or changes truly occur, I may never be able to locate your Origin Source and revive you, Big Brother! You have to rethink your decision! If you leave, you'll be damned to suffer in the endless cycle of reincarnation!"

"You must remember that we are beings who have long stood above the heavens! Our reincarnations will not be the same as any others! The heavens will envy you and give you impossible trials and tribulations to prevent you from rising above its head a second time!"

"You'll be condemned to mediocre lives filled with tragedies! And with each restart, your memories will be washed away. Even if you recover some in one life, you will lose them all in the next!"

"We won't just lose you; even you will lose yourself, Big Brother! This is far from a wise choice!" Asura stressed the consequences of dying outside of Chaos.