

Void 1051

Chapter 1051 Waves [1]

The matters of the Grand Assembly spread more rapidly than a wildfire, reaching every corner of the universe within a few days.

It was truly an action-packed summit filled with twists and turns. Many had already guessed that the gathering wouldn't be simple due to its purpose, but nobody could predict what actually happened.

There were still several unexplained events. For instance, while the loss of several thousand young talents did hurt the universe's future, it wasn't enough reason for them to waste their forces and expose so many cards.

There was even a Holy Land among the traitors! This information was hidden from the general public to uphold the standing of the remaining Holy Lands, but anyone with some power was aware of this fact.

The Nox were deeply rooted in Grand Heavens Boundary to the point where the greatest influences couldn't be trusted anymore.

Was their goal to breed this distrust? Or was there something greater that couldn't be grasped?

Hassan's existence was known only to Damien, Pandora, and the Prismatic Sun Holy Master, and other than Damien, it wasn't certain if the rest understood his significance.

Nevertheless, the mystery of the Holy Light Star invasion was forgotten soon enough, as a question without answers was merely boring to most people.

What really attracted attention was the younger generation, and even more so, the Human Domain.

They turned the Grand Assembly into their stage. Aside from Xue Fang, who didn't have much presence next to his peers, the rest of the Human Domain's people made names for themselves that spread to every corner of existence.

The rise of such geniuses and the power of the experts that backed them brought another wave of hope to the common denizens of this plane, and filled all people with pride for their homeland!

Most of the significance of the Grand Assembly was only known to strong experts and influences, and while they also started watching those who deserved their attention, they also had several conversations about the future.

Now that the Nox had retreated, Heaven's Army could begin scouting Infected Source Worlds and preparing to attack them.

There were six remaining targets, and each one would take meticulous planning to bring down.

Tian Yang and his fellow experts of the Human Domain stayed behind in Luxurion to participate in these conversations as those who'd achieved victory against such a target before.

They definitely couldn't rely on the same strategy as before, but with Tian Yang and Tang Lingzi's expertise, as well as Albeus' experience living in Niflheim, they had plenty to contribute to the conversation.

The cogs of the universe were spinning into motion. They were slow and creaking from rust at the moment, but all that damage was flaking off with every passing second.

Soon enough, they would be spinning with enough force to burn through anything in their path!

The entire universe was filled with an aura of vibrance, but all light would be followed by its own darkness.

In a certain corner of Eien, a man stood alone, his back straighter than any sword. His gaze was cold enough to drop the ambient temperature, and though he was old, he did not look aged in the slightest.

With the large body of someone who had been training their muscles for their entire life and the vitality of a youthful man, the only way to know he was an elder was to look at his face, weathered and covered in stark white hair.

In another life, he might've been painted as an immortal descended to the mortal world.

But in this one, he was a demon.

His gaze flickered to the side, no words exiting his mouth.

There was a shadowy figure atop a desolate hill that sat over a hundred thousand kilometers away.

The man gazed at this figure despite the distance, and he did not move.

He waited.

Until that figure came to him.

Whoosh!

A light wind whipped as a small tornado of shadows swirled into the shape of a person, solidifying as he bowed.

"My Lord has received your message."

"And he sent you?"

The man scanned his gaze over the messenger's body indifferently, scoffing at his weakness.

The messenger gritted his teeth, but said nothing.

"My Lord has stated that trust cannot be established so easily. This matter must be handled with care."

"Hmm..."

The man turned his gaze to the horizon.

"Is this your caution?"

Bang!

The messenger exploded, black blood splattering across the ground below.

The man continued looking into the distance as if waiting for a response.

And a response he received.

"I see. With power at such a level, you still approach This Venerable? What is your purpose?"

A raspy, hoarse voice boomed through the clouds, parting them with their force.

"My purpose..."

The man crossed his arms behind his back, closing his eyes in thought.

"My purpose is victory."

"Do you believe you will find that here?"

"I believe in nothing but myself."

The voice was silent for a moment before questioning:

"Then?"

"Do you need to know such things?" The man said, his eyes sharpening and his aura flaring.

"Have you given This Venerable a reason to ignore them?" the voice responded with the same coldness.

"I have never believed your people to be cowards."

"Useless pride is the reason for your downfall."

"Downfall?" The man repeated with a scoff.

"There is no such thing as downfall for me. This universe is mine and mine alone."

"At your core, you are no different from them."

"You are wrong."

For the first time, the man smiled. He spread his arms and spoke with utter superiority oozing from his tone.

"They are ants, while I am a god."

"Pretentious."

A man's figure appeared in space. His figure was covered in layers of ragged robes that hid his body, and his face was cloaked in darkness under a large hood.

He descended to the ground, standing no more than a few feet away from the man he had been conversing with.

"If cooperation is what you desire, This Venerable will offer it. However, the outcome is left only to Fate."

"I have never met a being who advises allies against cooperation."

"My nature is not for you to understand."

"Hmph."

From the beginning, no words needed to be said. Both parties were aware of their intentions from the start, merely, this was their first meeting.

As Divinities, it was impossible for them to submit to those at their level. In terms of cooperation...

Was it really cooperation?

In the end, whose goals were going to devour the other's?

Now that they'd made introductions, they were ready to move forward.

A Mana Oath was established, manifesting as an ethereal contract that restricted their souls.

Once it was settled, the cloaked man nodded succinctly.

"Then, I look forward to your news, Immortal Blood Asura."

Immortal Blood Asura's gaze chilled to the extreme. He felt like he could almost see the smirk on that man's hidden face.

Those words meant nothing from others, but this man wasn't someone who spoke meaninglessly.

He watched that man's back coldly as he left.

The back of the Karmic Emperor, one of only four Nox Beings who could hold such a title.

On this day, secluded from the eyes of all existence, these two powerful players in the universe made a deal.

The chaos they'd give way to...perhaps only the Void itself could imagine it.

Chapter 1052 Waves [2]

Three days passed after the Grand Assembly, and though the interaction between Immortal Blood Asura and the Karmic Emperor only took place roughly a week in the future, this was the time it took for a certain group of 50 to reach the bounds of Prismatic Sun Holy Land.

They occupied a starship in the shape of a large boat, ornately decorated in the fashion of this peculiar Holy Land.

It was currently stopped in the depths of the starry sky, seemingly in an area void of much life.

"From here, we will directly teleport to the gates of the sect. Be mindful of your movements until everyone has arrived, and do not leave the bounds of the teleportation gate until you are granted passage by the disciples on the other side. Failure to abide by these rules will result in death, please remember that."

The Head Elder, a middle-aged woman with an imposing gait, addressed the genius group, giving them a stern warning as she handed them guest plaques.

"With these in your possession, you will not face any trouble in the sect as long as you do not cause trouble. Be sure not to lose them."

With those final words, she activated a circular teleportation array within the starship. One by one, the geniuses disappeared until finally, the entire starship vanished from the starry sky.

Damien looked around curiously as he emerged from the folds of space, ignoring the queasy geniuses around him and instead focusing on the array that brought them to the Holy Land.

'As expected of a Holy Land, this array is spectacular. What was that, around a hundred million kilometers?'

As it turned out, Prismatic Sun Holy Land was located in Soul World.

'It makes sense. Even if they aren't from the Spirit Race, their techniques lean towards the ethereal and illusory. Soul World has the best environment for them.'

By the time he finished his thought, the Holy Land Elders also arrived in the teleportation gate, the final ones to do so.

With their arrival as a cue, the stone doors to the circular area they were in opened, revealing them to the bright sunlight outside.

Hisss!

Several sharp inhales filled the space. Along with their sight, their awareness was also freed from the room's confines. When they scanned the outside area, they realized...

...they couldn't sense anything at all!

Prismatic Sun Holy Land was located on a world of its own, and those with better perception could view large plots of it, but none of it had any life, let alone something like a sect!

Damien smirked seeing their reactions and turned to his wives to gauge their reactions.

'As expected, they can see it.'

The entire world quite literally was the sect. There was no unoccupied space. Every corner had disciples wandering about utilizing various facilities, and even the natural forests and beast-ruled areas were regulated by the sect for training purposes.

It was beautiful, not just the harmonious atmosphere that enveloped the place, but also the scenery itself.

Rivers of crystal clear water that flowed through the lands and skies, mystical mountain ranges that stretched into the heavens with their height, exotic rainforests and natural ecosystems that were rare to find on such mana-laden worlds, it was wondrous how all these different things could coexist within the bounds of a single world.

Pandora smiled at the crowd of geniuses and snapped her fingers, pulling them out of their dazes.

"Welcome..." she started excitedly.

"...to our Prismatic Sun Holy Land!"

She threw a firework of mana into the air, causing the guest plaques to light up in splendor. Streams of mana surrounded the geniuses' bodies and suddenly, they were also revealed to the beauty of the Holy Land that was lost to them before.

Yet, unlike Damien and some others, they didn't have the time to digest every sight they wanted to behold. This Holy Land, despite allowing their entrance now, was still an extremely private entity.

What they showed was only what they wanted people to see. There was no doubt that the genuine secrets of the sect were still deeply hidden from them.

After all, the scenery was beautiful, but it was only what was expected of an influence at their level!

The Head Elder and Pandora ushered the group forward into the sect's grounds after a bit, leading them along a dainty paved path that led to a hall with a relatively average appearance.

The group took the places assigned to them and began enjoying the provided refreshments and chatting amongst each other about both the recent past and their guesses for the purpose of the current visit.

Some even attempted to take out recording artifacts to show their peers the sights of this hidden sect, but each of these artifacts malfunctioned and broke without fail.

Damien, on the other hand, was left alone with his women, Su Ren, and Long Chen. The rest didn't approach them due to the newfound status of those at the table, and Xue Fang...

In the end, Damien and his master were the ones who exterminated his family. He wasn't on bad terms with Damien due to his friendship with Long Chen, but that didn't mean he wanted to interact often.

He instead took the role of ambassador and conversed with the remaining geniuses, setting up relationships for their Human Domain to utilize in the future.

Nevertheless, the jovial atmosphere around their table was strong. Su Ren was new to the group, but as he had a personality similar to Long Chen, he didn't feel excluded around them.

He could only watch with a smile as Damien goaded Long Chen, wondering if he would've also received that treatment if he was a bit weaker.

This continued for roughly half an hour before some Prismatic Sun geniuses also joined in, chatting amongst outsiders for the first time in some of their lives.

Damien enjoyed this light-hearted moment to its fullest.

'I got to spend another few days with those three on the way over, and now we're getting to relax like this? It looks like something fun is going to happen soon.'

There was no such pleasure that wasn't followed by a new adventure, this was something Damien learned over time.

He could smell its scent brewing, and he could feel its presence drawing nearer.

After a full hour passed, he caught several elders accompanying a stern-looking middle-aged man to the reception hall.

'With his strength, he should be the Vice Master. Then...'

Before Damien could have a stray thought, a voice resounded in his head.

"Come, child. It is time for us to speak."

Wisps of mana rose from under his seat, causing him to smile wryly.

He knew this moment would come, but did she have to be so extravagant?

He couldn't offer a single word of complaint before his body was enveloped in a swirling vortex of rainbow light and transported elsewhere.

Rose, Ruyue, and Elena all stood up immediately, flaring their auras.

Long Chen gripped his sword handle with cold eyes, ready for combat.

"Calm down," Su Ren said hurriedly, standing up and corralling their auras with his own.

"Calm down? You expect us to be calm when our person was kidnapped?" Long Chen growled, becoming the voice of their group.

He had to make sure the three women didn't speak, lest they use some distinctive words they'd learned from Damien and escalate the situation.

Su Ren sighed, thanking Long Chen with his eyes, and continued.

"That light--"

"--belongs to our Holy Master. There is no need to worry about your friend's safety. Our master quite favors that young man."

The one who interrupted was the Prismatic Sun Vice Master, Darrius Hearth, who just arrived in the hall.

The three women frowned.

If it was the Holy Master, the summon couldn't be rejected, only...

If such a woman had eyes on their husband, it couldn't mean anything good!

Chapter 1053 Prismatic Sun [1]

Unaware of the commotion that had almost been caused in the reception hall, Damien found himself once again materialized in a new space.

Should it be described as a bedroom or a throne room? Damien couldn't quite tell.

It was quite an ornate space, but it wasn't big enough to be compared to the throne rooms Damien had seen before.

It was like the living room of a cozy house, a single hanging light illuminating it far better than any number of other apparatuses could. The floor was made of a marble-like material and covered in a fine rug that one would only expect to find in the highest class of society.

The walls had a few nondescript art pieces hanging from them, and other varied decorations like some gold accessories sat on shelves that followed the walls' curves, creating an organized scene that subtly directed one's attention towards a single place.

Centered against the back wall was a beautiful bed lined with the finest silks and fabrics.

The being who lay on that bed was hidden by a thin curtain, but the shadow of her figure shone through that fabric, painting her in an air of both mysticism and undeniable charm.

"Nice to meet you again," Damien said with a smile, making his way to the seating prepared a few meters in front of the bed.

"Mmm, your attitude doesn't seem appropriate?" The being, the Prismatic Sun Holy Master, responded inquisitively.

Damien shrugged. "According to your disciple, you've been watching my movements for a long time already. Shouldn't you know my character by now?"

"Hehe~, indeed, I cannot argue against such logic."

Damien took his seat and crossed his legs, leaning back to get comfortable.

"I guess you have some questions for me?"

"I do. The same goes for you, does it not?"

"True, but before we start the exchange, don't you think you should show some more sincerity?"

"My apologies, but that will not be possible. My appearance is a bit...unique, one might say."

The Holy Master had a twinge of something strange in her voice, which made Damien curious, but now wasn't the time to focus on such small details.

"Well then, let's save that for another time. Are you going first or am I?"

Damien spoke casually and treated their meeting as a deal rather than a meeting between a Demigod senior and her junior.

After all, the two of them had already met when she was in Pandora's body.

At that time, they'd exchanged greetings and made acquaintance, and Damien also gave her a reason to be curious about him.

He didn't mention it explicitly, but she could sense the aura of something that definitely shouldn't belong to him on his body.

It was more than enough to draw her attention.

The two established the rules of their exchange and decided to throw questions back and forth. If one couldn't or wouldn't answer, they were required to give a piece of useful information in its place.

The Prismatic Sun Holy Master went first, as the current greater of the two.

"What happened to him?" She asked.

"Are you asking for yourself?"

"I'm sure you are aware of the truth."

"Hmm..."

"I killed him."

Damien smiled as he waved his finger and summoned some mana, creating a projection in the air.

Since this was what the Holy Master wanted, he didn't mind giving it to her.

Only, would she be satisfied once she saw it?

The projection played out, showing the battle against the Fifth Primal Sovereign from Damien's perspective.

The Holy Master watched silently, taking in the Human Domain's God-Slaying Arrays and the extent of Damien's power back then. She didn't make a single sound or show a hint of emotion as the battle played out, making Damien doubt some previous assumptions he'd made. This continued until...

Gasp!

A small gasp escaped her lips.

The scene was the final one, the scene of Damien being sucked into the Void Corridor.

It's brutal swirling, the utter blackness within that made even the void of the Dead Zone look bright, the terror of its form was represented in full.

This was not an event from Damien's own memory, but something he managed to obtain through other means.

To the Prismatic Sun Holy Master, this final moment of the projection connected many puzzle pieces.

She had found Damien's existence when he first made his name known on the Dimensional Leaderboards, and unlike most other influences who were blocked from finding him by Fallen Star Holy Land and later Hidden Death Valley, the eternally secret Prismatic Sun Holy Land was an exception.

The Holy Master felt like she knew Damien personally after watching him for so long, and the one thing that always puzzled her most was a simple question.

Just where did he come from?

His mysterious power was something even Primal Sovereigns were attracted to, and his talent far surpassed any pre-established norms.

A genius like this couldn't be unknown!

Even after finding out the truth of his origin, his advent in the Divine Realm remained a mystery, and even after finding the answer to this question, the Holy Master was only left with more curiosity!

A character like Damien Void...

'He is what we need.'

The thought flashed through her mind, cementing a decision she'd been hesitating on for a long time.

And while she wanted to immediately interrogate Damien about a variety of things, their meeting was a two-way street.

She'd have to hold back for a bit.

'Such an interesting boy. It's a shame...'

Unaware of her thoughts and unable to see her expression, Damien put away the mana projection and leaned forward.

"It's my turn right?"

He had just as many questions as she did, but the crux of it was a single question:

"What is your relationship with the Primal Sovereigns?"

This was the connection that brought the two of them together. Before they could move on, the nature of their relationship needed to be understood.

"The Primal Sovereigns..." the Holy Master muttered, seemingly deciding how much she wanted to share.

"The best way to describe them is as the benefactors of our sect."

Words were only able to do so much. Regardless of what one said, the true essence of things was best represented by the actual experiences had with them.

The Holy Master sent a stream of mana out of the curtain, showing Damien a projection just as he did her.

Through it, he was able to understand how the relationship between the Primal Sovereigns and Prismatic Sun Holy Land began, and how it evolved over time.

It was more interesting than Damien thought.

The best he could guess was some sort of ancestral connection, and he was partially right.

However, not in the way he was thinking!

The Primal Sovereigns truly were old existences. They'd lived so many billions of years that numbers became irrelevant.

One would expect the rivers of time to weather their thoughts and emotions. It was impossible to hold onto such mortal connections when one's existence surpassed mortality.

But who could've guessed?

Who could've guessed that the Second Primal Sovereign, a being who stood above the peak of the universe, actually had an intimate relationship with the Founding Ancestor of Prismatic Sun Holy Land?!

Chapter 1054 Prismatic Sun [2]

It began with the two of them.

The Second Primal Sovereign was someone who never interacted with others unless necessary, but the Founding Ancestor was different.

It wasn't just her beauty. Something about her aura and atmosphere drew him in and gave him a sense of comfort he'd long lost.

Their relationship was one for the ages and their story was one of many beautiful love stories the universe had told, and its end was exactly as one would expect.

It was a long relationship, but the Founding Ancestor eventually met her end like all beings who couldn't achieve True Godhood.

After almost a million years of happiness, she left the Second Primal Sovereign alone in the world, a small sect she founded near the end of her life the only memento of her existence left.

To someone who couldn't experience emotion, such feelings were like a drug. When its effects wore off, the Primal Sovereign experienced the withdrawals, the desperate wish to see her again.

But he knew more than anyone else that it was impossible.

She was the only person he'd ever taken human form for, and the only one who'd seen him vulnerable.

To make sure he never forgot his feelings for her, he took care of that sect on his own, becoming its Sect Master and raising it into an influence that couldn't be forgotten.

He gave up his rule once the sect was able to stand on its own, making sure the Founding Ancestor was always remembered and her morals never faded, and afterwards...

"He disappeared?" Damien muttered in surprise.

"Mm, even I have no way of contacting him. Unless he wishes to be seen, he might as well be nonexistent," the Holy Master responded with a sigh.

"Then..."

Damien frowned. From the looks of it, the Second Primal Sovereign stopped continuous contact with the sect around there or four hundred thousand years ago, but he was sure this Holy Land was still in contact with the Primal Sovereign group.

Otherwise, their interest in him had no justification.

"Though he has vanished, the others have contacted us occasionally. Whether it be to pass forward his will or for their own reasons, both the Third and Fourth Primal Sovereigns have also established relations with us."

The Prismatic Sun Holy Master answered Damien's unspoken question without provocation, which left him a bit taken aback, but he was sure she was still hiding something.

'The Primal Sovereigns do not move unless they have goals in mind. Prismatic Sun Holy Land definitely has a major secret that's drawing them here, but asking is pointless.'

Damien nodded inwardly.

His relationship with the Primal Sovereigns was still unknown since the Fifth was crazed with greed and couldn't represent their group.

He didn't want to be their enemy, but he had been preparing for a situation where he had no choice.

'But it's not like the Fifth Primal Sovereign. These guys have shown interest in the Void, but not in the same perverted way he did. If I'm not wrong, her next question should be...'

"What is that power?"

She voiced the words he expected, but he naturally wasn't going to answer.

"Let's keep the fun stuff for later, eh?" He remarked with a smile.

"I need to give information at the same level right? Then how about..."

Damien went on to tell the Holy Master about what he learned from Hassan's memories about the Nox, giving her a look into his plans for the future.

"Hmm, how interesting," she said plainly.

It wasn't that she was uninterested, but speaking further on this topic would violate the ceasefire agreement that had only been signed days ago!

After all, Damien was not supposed to meddle in the universe's affairs for this period of time.

This was just the beginning of their conversation, a move to establish a relationship between them. From there, both Damien and the Holy Master asked each other many questions, both large and small.

Damien learned much about the universe's history from her, including the events erased about the Forgotten War and the eras before it.

The Holy Master, on the other hand, received from Damien more information on the Nox than she thought possible to know, as well as a revelation about the universe's true size that had been alluded to by the Primal Sovereigns in the past.

It was more than just a productive conversation. Both of them gained an understanding of the things vague to them that cleared many of their doubts and gave them strings to form theories with.

Knowledge was power, and the knowledge they possessed trumped most of the universe's population.

Nevertheless, they couldn't be completely forthright with each other, and while Damien could tell that the Holy Master was revealing as much as she could without telling him every secret she held, he could also feel her guiding him towards a topic she wished to speak about.

'Haa, women. Can't you just be direct?' Damien thought wryly.

The conversation circled back to the Second Primal Sovereign so many times even a baby could understand her intent.

Begrudgingly, Damien decided to entertain her.

"What do you want from me?" He asked with a sigh.

"You're supposed to show enthusiasm at this juncture."

"Oh! Dear Holy Master, please grant this unworthy genius a quest of the ages! Please tell me what must be done!"

From his tone of voice, one might really expect he was a young and hot-blooded man, but the expression on his face betrayed his disinterest.

"Hmph, I cannot say I am satisfied, but I will settle for this. You really are no fun," the Holy Master quipped hatefully.

Her tone changed immediately after as she finally spoke into existence the very thing Damien so unenthusiastically begged for.

"There is a place you must go..." she began, letting her words become vague mysteriously before continuing.

Damien's eyes widened as she her words flowed out.

If what she was saying was true, then it was impossible for him to resist.

If he didn't go on this trip, he truly could never say he'd experienced an adventure before!

Damien and the Prismatic Sun Holy Master's conversation was reaching its peak, and at the same time, the remaining 49 geniuses were finally told the reason they were summoned to this hidden land.

It was because, out of every young talent alive right now, they were the ones worth nurturing.

Prismatic Sun Holy Land was one of the top contributors to the universe's victory in not just the previous war, but also the Forgotten War before it and several wars that took place even before then!

The source of their determination was unknown, but it wasn't possible to deny their contributions and spirit.

For them to do something like this meant the universe was genuinely in need of its younger generation.

It wasn't just a mere saying. Reality often showed that the younger generation rarely had time to blossom into their potential before they were needed, but this time, there was no falsity in those words.

Those who could see through the strings that formed the web of reality had already prophesized it...

...the end of all things, that is.

Chapter 1055 Prismatic Sun [3]

Most of those who came to Prismatic Sun Holy Land were given their accommodations and told to wait a day.

To nurture these talents, Prismatic Sun Holy Land had chosen a specific course of Mystic Realms, Challenge Gates, and amazing training locations for them to visit and utilize to their greatest extent.

In the next 2 years, this program would turn them into peak experts who could make great contributions to the coming war.

In fact, this program had been organized by the Holy Land in conjunction with a few other forces, like Hidden Death Valley, who shared their purpose and had facilities that could aid their cause.

Death Emperor Star would soon become a location these geniuses could abuse to the fullest, and under protection that'd assure they wouldn't die!

It was truly a spectacular benefit that these young men and women buzzed about deep into the night. Their anticipation and feelings of duty heightened to the maximum as they waited for the day to come.

But unlike them, Damien was summoned for something entirely different.

"How sure are you of your words?"

His words sunk into the walls of the strange room. He currently rested his head on his fists, solemnly contemplating the words he'd heard.

"There is no mistake. Everything I have said is information received directly from the Third Primal Sovereign," the Prismatic Sun Holy Master answered, understanding his shock.

What she'd revealed was too significant, after all.

'This...how do I rationalize this?'

As he'd expected, the task had to do with none other than the Second Primal Sovereign.

According to the Holy Master, that Primal Sovereign was currently hidden away somewhere, but she had no idea where it was.

She only knew the method to get there, and the fact that it was incredibly dangerous.

However, from what she described as the Third Primal Sovereign's words, the place he slumbered was essentially a sub-universe, a separate reality from Grand Heavens Boundary.

When Damien heard this, how could he sit still?!

The Sanctuary was the only such existence he'd ever seen before. Whether the realms were secret or mystic, whether the world laws were altered or broken, none of the hidden locations Damien had been to could be regarded as true sub-universes.

Such a structure was something Damien desperately wanted to see. He could upgrade the Sanctuary by observing its laws, and even his new Law Controller trait would see immense growth if he could see through its truths.

Needless to say, he was already tempted.

Only, he couldn't dive into something like this without thought.

Now that he was an active player in the universe, he had to be more careful with his movements.

Prismatic Sun Holy Land had a superb reputation, but they were still too mysterious. He couldn't trust an influence he had no information on.

But that trust came with time. First, there were obvious questions that needed to be asked.

"Why?"

Why did the Second Primal Sovereign need to be found? And did he need to be brought back? For what reason?

It was quite a loaded question, but the Holy Master seemed to understand the gist.

"The overall reason is simple: the continuance of our universe's existence. I cannot reveal exactly how he will contribute to this yet, but I will assure you that it will only be positive," the Holy Master responded evasively.

"That's not an answer I can accept," Damien immediately said back.

The rest of their exchange could progress with some secrecy, but if he was going to risk his life, he wouldn't do it for an unknown cause.

He could feel the Holy Master's gaze on him through the curtain, peering into his soul with evident intrigue.

The air she gave off was strange, and the more of her being that he could perceive, the stranger she felt.

Unfortunately, she didn't give Damien the time to think over the reason why.

"Very well," she said with a small sigh.

"Two Nox Emperors have been proactive in the attacks against Grand Heavens Boundary thus far, while the other two have taken a more secretive approach. Unlike the Saint Emperor and Inhuman Emperor, who make their presence known through various means, those two have never shown themselves, whether it be in this war or the last. They are called the Karmic Emperor and the Soul Emperor."

As the Holy Master began, the atmosphere itself seemed to change. The room became gloomier, and a subtle temperature decrease put Damien's hairs on edge.

"The Karmic Emperor is a being with the power to control Karma to the extreme. From what we know, he can easily alter the emotions of those he sets his sights on, manipulating them into his tools while they remain fully conscious. There are even rumors that he can cut the threads of Karma, instantly killing his enemies.

"However, the Soul Emperor is even more terrifying. Considering his title, it can only be imagined what his power represents."

"Hm? You don't have his information?" Damien interjected in surprise.

"We do not," the Holy Master replied powerlessly.

"The Soul Emperor hides deep. There are countless evils in the universe that have been attributed to him, but his means are unknown and his involvement cannot be proven. This is the terror he commands."

"And I'm guessing the Second Primal Sovereign has something to do with him?"

"Exactly. The ancestral record shows that the two have been sworn enemies for millions of years. If he can be brought back, we will have a chance at eliminating this unknown problem before it makes itself known."

"Hmm..."

Damien frowned in thought. It was a good plan, but—

"—Why didn't you try it earlier?"

Leaving such a threat alive for millions of years at this point was idiocy of the highest degree, even the Holy Master knew this, but there was simply no possibility of finding the Sovereign before.

"Your mysterious power is what attracted the Primal Sovereigns back to our universe after so many years. In past wars, we also made attempts to reach him, but even finding his perch was impossible."

"And you think I can do it?"

"Is there any other hope?"

Damien suddenly felt a twinge of pity for this Holy Master.

Her tone could've been faked, but he didn't think anyone could hide their emotions from him in an intimate setting like this.

The only person who'd evaded him was the Saint Emperor, and if the Prismatic Sun Holy Master was at his level, wouldn't he have been killed already?

Her helplessness when facing this problem was as clear as day, despite how subtle the hint of emotion in her voice was.

She was carrying a burden so big it had been passed down from generation to generation until it landed on her shoulders.

She'd been observing him for so long; could it have been for this very reason?

'If that's the case, wasn't she keeping track of every somewhat promising unique genius?'

If the purpose of her observation was to find the Void, a "mysterious power" as she knew it, was it possible for her to only be watching him?

The amount of stress it took to reach this point as an individual who had to maintain secrecy while fighting for the universe in the shadows harder than those who fought on the frontlines, clinging to every possible thread of possibility she could find...

"Understood. I'll do it," he said, conceding.

He couldn't reject the good intentions of someone like the Prismatic Sun Holy Master, especially since it benefitted him too.

The Holy Master's beaming smile could be heard in her following words.

"Splendid!" She exclaimed, showing more emotion than she had throughout the entire conversation so far.

"But first..."

A lithe and graceful hand slithered into the curtain's partition, sliding it to the side.

"Child, look at me."

Chapter 1056 Prismatic Sun [4]

The curtain drifted to the side like a wandering cloud, and Damien's gaze couldn't help but follow it.

His eyes were set on that jade-like white hand that gently pushed it apart, slender and smooth as if its owner had never experienced an ounce of difficulty in life.

His eyes traveled up her arm, subconsciously tracing the contours of her figure as they made their way to her face:

Stunned.

Instantly, Damien was stunned past the point of reaction, frozen in space.

Could there truly exist a woman so beautiful?

In reality, her appearance wasn't too amazingly stunning. She had long, faded blue hair that carried a color that reflected the sky itself. Her face held a mature charm, but rather than calling her beautiful, it would be better to say she was merely pretty.

Her body was the same. She was positioned in quite the suggestive posture, her long legs and perfect hips instantly attracting any onlooker's attention.

She was toned, but not muscular. Her chest wasn't small, but it wasn't overly large either.

This woman, if Damien saw her passing on the street, he'd definitely turn to take a second look, but he wouldn't show enough interest to actively approach her.

However...

What was that?

Around that figure was another, a Goddess with hair that constantly shifted color and an appearance too beautiful and ethereal to be described in words.

The one thing these two figures shared was their multicolor eyes, each color shifting and fading into the next so frequently that one would become lost in them upon a single look.

If the latter was an actress Damien fawned over on the internet, the former was the girl he had a crush on in real life.

Which one was the true her? Or were they both versions of her with different purposes? He held these questions in his heart, but it was neither the heavenly goddess nor the mortal beauty that held Damien's gaze with such absolute fixation.

It was the atmosphere around this person.

The air of mystery that absolutely intoxicated him, filling him with the desire to unravel every inch of its truth, made him unable to pull his gaze away or even have a stray thought that didn't relate to her.

Minutes passed, but he didn't exit his trance.

The Holy Master's expression fell slightly, a hint of loss in her eyes.

"Take him away. Feed him the Nine Illusions Tonic and let him rest for a few days. Also, remember to leave him in the Remembrance Zone. This must not be allowed to affect his future practice."

""Yes, Holy Master.""

Two disciples walked in, approaching Damien to carry out her orders.

If there was one thing that stood out about them, it was that neither had eyes. Their empty sockets were covered by black blindfolds enchanted with magic that essentially removed emotion from their minds.

Since she reached 18, there had never been an individual who could look directly at her appearance and keep their mind.

For a long time, anyone who was graced by her true face would become braindead, losing all function.

This only stopped after roughly 5,000 years, when she finally developed the Nine Illusion Tonic that could dispel the negative effects on their minds.

In combination with the sect's Remembrance Zone which could steal and store memories, this tonic was able to save a good number of lives.

But because of it, she had spent tens of thousands of years as someone who could never be seen by others.

Nevertheless, she grew accustomed to this after such a long period. The reason she showed Damien her appearance was nothing more than a test, with a slight bit of hope.

Perhaps the man whom the universe trusted so deeply would be the first to break free of her influence.

But such thoughts were meaningless.

Clearly—

"Huh? Why are you touching me? Can't you see I'm busy?"

The Holy Master's eyes widened.

Miraculously, Damien angrily turned his head to the two disciples who'd grabbed his shoulders, pushing them away with his mana.

"Damn, if I had another half an hour, I could've gotten to the bottom of it," he muttered to himself in discontent, sending another hateful glare at the disciples.

Though, he realized they were unable to see him soon enough and stopped embarrassing himself.

While Damien was stuck in his own world, a myriad of thoughts and emotions flashed through the Holy Master's mind, finally culminating in the awkward smile that formed on her face.

Damien looked up just in time to see it, raising his brow curiously.

"Why're you looking at me like that?" He asked, cocking his head in confusion.

"T-that...!"

"That?"

The Holy Master was flustered beyond belief.

Couldn't he have given her some sort of heads-up?

Why did he have to show such a reaction when she was at the height of her self-pity?

"Y-you are fine?" She asked hesitantly, any sort of status or superiority gone from her voice.

"Hm? Why wouldn't I be?" Damien asked, still confused for a few moments before his eyes widened in understanding.

"Aha, it's because of that thing, huh," he followed, snacking his fist against his palm.

Looking at the Holy Master's continuously changing expression, it was obvious he was right.

"Haa, I don't know about other people, but that thing inside you has no business enchanting me. If it could, I really wouldn't deserve the titles I've been granted," he said, scratching his head awkwardly.

He didn't know how to approach this situation at all! Damien only had a vague idea of what that force within her was, so as an outsider, he couldn't really say anything to calm her emotions.

"It must've been hard."

That was all he could offer.

The Holy Master didn't react to his words, and feeling the importance of this moment for her, Damien turned his chair around and blocked his awareness.

For a mighty figure like her, displaying vulnerability to others was definitely impossible.

Damien's perception was entirely cut off to the scene behind him, but he could feel a growing air of chaos slam into his back for several minutes before finally receding.

"Done?" He asked.

"Mm."

A light response entered his mind like the sound of wind chimes on a beautiful day in spring.

Damien smiled unwittingly and undid the restraints on his perception, turning back around.

He was almost stunned a second time. This time, truly due to her beauty.

Regardless of what form of her was shown, she was smiling with such contentment that it made Damien embarrassed.

"Then, I'll take my leave now, Holy Master. I have to gather my people and get ready to set out," he said, trying to make up a reason to leave.

She didn't stop him, watching his back as he walked out of her residence. She didn't stop him even though the grounds he was soon to enter were the true face of Prismatic Sun Holy Land.

Instead, she sent another sound transmission into his ear, letting him hear that sound that made his heart skip a beat one more time.

"Eyrisea Luminus."

"Hm?" He muttered questioningly.

"My name. From now on, call me Iris."

A small smile lit up Damien's face.

"Then, until next time, Miss Iris."

This woman...as expected, she was far too interesting to remain a stranger.

Chapter 1057 Meaningless Question [1]

To call Prismatic Sun Holy Land a natural wonder wouldn't be too far off describing its majesty.

The true sect, hidden within the folds of space with ancient magic that even Damien couldn't completely see through, was a location entirely isolated from the hands of man.

The Holy Land disciples didn't exist above the land as living beings usually did, they lived within it, became a part of it, and abided by its natural rulings to completely sustain its original face.

The biome itself was a floating mountain range that looked like an asteroid belt contained within the bubble of the world's atmosphere.

Each mountain was connected to the next with natural bridges or routes created within nature, containing a sort of strange complexity that only those who lived in it for years could comprehend.

They were enveloped in a natural mist, painting the air with an aura of freshness and mystique, something Damien quite enjoyed as he made his way through it.

To him, the beautifully complicated web represented by the sect's grounds was even more majestic, because its every strangeness was revealed before his eyes as streams of mana.

He couldn't help but wander for several hours, almost forgetting his original intention.

His talk with the Holy Master was exactly what he needed right now. Not only was she someone he felt the desire to befriend, she held information that could answer many of his questions and she held connections to those who could answer the rest.

'For now, nothing I learned can be considered too useful. I pretty much expected that the threat of the Nox wasn't a recent one. The only surprise is..'

Even millions of years ago when the sect's Founding Ancestor lived, they were still prominent and represented a level of danger that wasn't much less than the current universe's existential crisis.

'Saint Emperor, Inhuman Emperor, Karmic Emperor, Soul Emperor...'

Along with a list of Lords and who they served, Damien received information about the greatest of his enemies, those in the light and those hidden behind the veil of darkness.

'The Karmic Emperor and Inhuman Emperor are relatively newer, but the other two...'

The Soul Emperor's age was unknown, but the Saint Emperor was a man who held prominence in the ancient era, a man who had somehow survived until this day.

'What bothers me most is the universe's survival. For someone like him, if he actually wanted destruction it would've already happened.'

Damien was further convinced that the Saint Emperor's motive was something far more convoluted than that of the Nox Race. He was a man who had to be watched at all times regardless of what the Nox were doing.

Nevertheless, Damien was still too far away from his level. Once he stepped into his second revolution, he realized just how far away Divinity was.

'I'm supposed to be using this time to complete myself and build a basis for my Divinity, but what is that basis?'

Divinity wasn't just something that defined oneself, it also defined one's achievements. If it was about his mentality and the wholeness of his self-image, Damien would've cruised through the nine revolutions.

He had a relatively perfect grasp of himself internally, but what about externally? To this day, he didn't have enough information on the Void, nor did he understand his path.

He grew by fighting and improving through experience without much of an idea of what exactly he wanted to achieve. At this point, with Spacetime and Samsara, Damien couldn't say he knew where the end of that path was.

But he was aware that he wasn't nearing its end yet. There was more for him to experience, more for him to learn before he was ready to fight on the level where his vision sat.

And the natural next step really did excite him.

'That woman...it's a bit uncomfortable calling her by her name for some reason...'

Damien suddenly thought about the Holy Master for a moment with a wry smile.

He had never met someone who gave him such a feeling of wanting to know more about them.

That mystical atmosphere he tried to dissect was unique in this universe and perhaps even beyond it. Something like that was exactly what Damien loved the most.

'Now isn't the time for this. I already know the answer, but I should probably still ask, right?'

Damien grabbed his guest plaque and used it to locate the fake Holy Land where the other geniuses were, making his way over and calling his wives together.

The question he asked was simple.

"I'm going on an adventure. Want to come?"

And with the temptation of the Holy Land training regimen holding no weight at all, the answer came even simpler.

"Of course!"

"Mm."

"Did you even have to ask?"

Damien shrugged. "That's what I was thinking too, but it's a matter of ceremony, no?"

"Ceremony?" Ruyue repeated.

"Right, right, it's a matter of natural progression. These things are important, you know?"

"Since when did you care about ceremony?" Elena continued.

"Ha?! Haven't I always?"

"Our weddings?" Rose finished.

The three women shot cold glances at him, causing tsunamis of cold sweat to stream down his back.

Damien was flustered by their cooperation, and in all honesty, he'd forgotten that weddings were a thing before they mentioned it.

At times like this, it was best to put the classic strategy into play.

"Moving on!"

Deflection!

Before the three could respond, he began retelling his conversation with Iris, filling them in on the details of their coming adventure.

Well, at least the ones he knew.

He still didn't know what method Iris was going to use to find the place, so he could only give them backstory.

However, it was more than enough to distract them from the landmine Damien was doing his best to defuse!

The expressions of the trio changed several times as they listened to him speak, and all of their eyes were glimmering by the time he finished.

Damien inwardly sighed a breath of relief.

'Weddings, huh...'

He had never given it much thought before, but...

Perhaps it was about time?

They'd been prepared some time ago. It was one of his highest priorities since he first came to the Divine Realm, and he obtained the capability to carry it out just a few months before their fateful meeting.

Another wry smile surfaced on his face.

"Ah, this is going to be embarrassing."

"Hm?"

The three women turned their attention upon his sudden strange words, looking at him curiously.

"Well, I had wanted to find a time to do this properly, but now that it's been mentioned, I realize I probably won't find an opportunity to do this after today. After all, things are going to get hectic."

While the other two maintained their confusion, Rose's eyes immediately widened in shock as she understood his meaning.

The deep red thread that connected him to the three of them was shining so brightly it was almost blinding.

Rose's heart palpitated, barely able to remain within her chest.

And as if to meet her expectations...

Thump!

The trio's gazes lowered in surprise.

Damien looked up at them, bent down on a single knee, and brought three exquisitely crafted yet uniquely different rings out from the space before him.

With the same wry smile on his lips and an aura of pure sincerity emanating from every bone in his body, he uttered another question he already knew the answer to.

"Will you marry me?"

Chapter 1058 Meaningless Question [2]

Of course, it wasn't so simple.

Damien had been calling them his wives for a very long time, and they'd been calling him their husband the same, but this relationship, at the end of the day, went unsaid.

No matter how secure it was, no matter how certain he was of their answers, he couldn't shake the crushing nervousness that originated from the depths of his soul.

He had shown his love before, and perhaps he'd done something similar, but it was never like this. It was never this real.

"All three of you represent the most important things to ever exist in my life. To live without knowing all of you will always be there for me sounds like torture. It is no longer something I can imagine. I've finally reached a point in life where I feel that I can give you all of me, and I hope you can give me all of you in return. I have never been a person who could express myself, and I've never been a person who enjoys gaudy things, but for you, nothing in the world could be considered too much. Even if you wanted me to betray the universe itself, I'd do it without hesitation. I—"

His thoughts continued on and on. Within the span of a single second, he created a speech that would take hours for him to finish.

But the words that came out of his mouth were as simple as they could be; a single phrase that allowed these women who knew him better than anyone else to understand everything he couldn't say out loud.

It was silent in the quiet house the four shared. The flickering of a small fireplace in the corner was the only thing inhabiting the silence.

The timing didn't matter. Even if he decided to propose to them in the middle of a battle, it wouldn't have mattered.

Because for someone like Damien who still had trouble getting the words "I love you" out of his chest to earnestly propose already meant so much.

Was there a need for them to think over their responses?

Not in the slightest.

But it did take several seconds for them to come out of their shocked trances and say the single word they all wanted to say.

Yes!

As she had a little longer to prepare than the other two, Rose was the first to gather herself.

She stood up and approached him, raising him off the ground with a bright smile.

Though, she couldn't hide the mist in her eyes.

"Do you even need to ask?" She said softly, her tone containing so much love that it almost drowned him.

"Didn't we just joke about meaningless questions?"

She reached up and cupped his face, looking directly into his eyes.

"There has never been a day where 'no' was even considered. Damien Void, we are yours. Forever and always."

"Yes, I will absolutely marry you."

She leaned forward and deeply kissed him, jolting the other two out of their shock.

Ruyue's troubled past made this moment very obviously monumental for her, but it was a matter of reflection and happiness, a fulfilling feeling that washed away any stains that remained in her mind.

She stood up soon after Rose let go of Damien, walking up and looking into his eyes.

She didn't say much, nor did her expression change, but none of these physical reactions were necessary for Damien to wholly understand her feelings.

Their souls were already forever connected. Was there a need for anything else?

A simple yes exited her mouth quietly, and though she was too embarrassed to kiss him so publicly, she hugged him so tightly he couldn't breathe, sinking into him with untold affection.

The most affected of the three was Elena.

The story of Damien and Elena began before mana was anything more than fiction. The Damien she fell in love with was just an innocent kid who had to carry the weight of the world on his back.

Time passed and their relationship went through many twists and turns, almost breaking at one point. Even though they matured and properly established their love, in the depths of her heart, Elena had given up on a proposal.

It had been 20 years; 20 years since Elena first fell for him.

And now, 20 years later, that childish Elena who knew nothing of love but its purest form, finally saw her dream come true.

Even after a minute passed, she didn't recover from her stupor.

Damien watched in worry, turning his head when he felt a nudge on his side.

It was Rose, pushing him forward to confront it himself.

'Right, at this stage, I can't be a coward.'

Damien walked up to Elena, her gaze meeting his as his shadow pulled her back to reality.

"So, what do you say?" he said warmly, smiling at her with eyes full of fondness.

His expression changed, a taunting smile spreading on his lips. "At times like this, why hesitate? We both know what you're actually thinking, fool. I've always told you to stop being so iffy!"

Elena's eyes widened. Those words, filled with an air of youth and teasing...

She thought back to that fateful day, the day before Damien fell out of her life for the first time, the day he was thrown into the First Dungeon to rot.

That day, the two of them visited an amusement park. It was obviously a date, but Elena presented it under the guise of "hanging out" to the dense and unavailable Damien of that time.

Back then, didn't she say those words to him?

She remembered it vividly. That day, she was trying to do everything she could to squeeze a confession out of him.

These were the words she said when she finally gave up.

Even after so long, after everything that happened, he still remembered them?

Maybe he understood what she wanted even all those years ago.

It was a little hateful to realize, but the smile that lit up her face cast rays of sunshine down on the universe itself, filling it with light and happiness.

Things really did come full circle.

"Yes..." Elena muttered.

Her eyes became cloudy. She stood up, gripped his shirt, pulled him closer, and...

"Yes. Yes! Absolutely yes! Yes, I will marry you, you damn bastard! What took you so long?!"

...she poured out everything that had been kept in her heart for these past 20 years.

This moment, shared between the four of them, marked a point in their lives when not only their relationships became complete, they were finally given something material to represent their connection, something that couldn't be questioned by any being in existence, whether past, present, or future.

And though they didn't know it, this seemingly symbolic action representing their union had a far more profound effect.

The Void held two sides. The Breath of All Things and the Breath of Nothingness together could barely embody this duality.

In this case, if the Breath of All Things was translated to their physical union, the act that planted the seeds of the Void in their bodies and made them Void Daughter candidates, then this step they finally took emotionally after reuniting was the Breath of Nothingness.

The statuses that weren't able to totally cement beforehand found grounds to do exactly that, and as a result...

Rose and Ruyue immediately stepped into the 1st revolution, the understanding they required to do so arriving in their minds like heavenly blessings. And while Elena didn't see an increase in rank, her comprehension of Life Laws saw a steep incline.

Was there any better way to celebrate this moment?

It seemed even the universe itself supported their backs.

And if such was the case, there was no need to worry about anything.

The only things left in their hearts were affection, love, security, and of course, anticipation for the adventure to come!

Chapter 1059 Severed World [1]

Day arrived in Prismatic Sun Holy Land. The beautiful sun which held the same fairy-like properties as the rest of the realm shone through the clouds, meeting several layers of obstruction by various formations and structures and becoming a web of shining rays that cascaded through the sky.

The heavens were unbiased, but even they celebrated at times. It was like this sunshine was reflecting the joyousness that filled the Holy Land's atmosphere the previous night.

And in that sense, it wasn't nearly beautiful enough.

Damien and his three wives, now that they were officially engaged, spent the night sinking into their happiness without reservation.

There were no provocative implications to their activities. Even at this time, none of the women were ready to partake in those things together.

However, the connection between the four heightened again, and despite the ways they changed in the time they were apart, they reshaped and rebranded those indestructible bonds they had in the past.

In the daylight that now enveloped the realm, the four of them walked together, appreciating the natural beauty.

Damien was currently leading his women through Prismatic Sun Holy Land's true face, headed towards the Holy Master's residence hidden in a cozy forest somewhere on the floating mountain range.

The other 46 geniuses, including Long Chen, Su Ren, and Xue Fang, were also departing, their destination set for Hidden Death Valley.

Damien naturally stopped to wish them well before leaving.

He almost wanted to invite Su Ren and Long Chen to come with him, since they were far more talented and useful than the other geniuses, but he refrained.

It had been too long since he'd spent time alone with his women, and he wasn't planning to sacrifice this chance.

Nevertheless, that interaction took place over an hour ago.

Now, as Damien smilingly watched the trio behind him admiring Prismatic Sun Holy Land, he brought them into that cozy forest, facing that same nondescript yet incredibly profound cabin.

Knock! Knock! Knock!

"Anyone home?" Damien asked, knocking lightly on the door.

"No need for formalities. Enter."

Iris' voice came from the other side, prompting Damien to push open the door and make his way into the residence with his group.

Iris wasn't behind the curtain this time, but her body was covered heavily in artifacts that could hide her appearance.

However, even these artifacts were shaped like a beautiful dress, veil, and jewelry that painted her like an ethereal desert princess.

Rose, Ruyue, and Elena cupped their fists and bowed in greeting, while Damien smiled at her and nodded.

"Are you prepared?" She asked, her eyes flickering over the group.

"Do we have any reason to not be?" Damien responded with a grin.

"Hmph. As expected of you," Iris said, a small smile forming on her lips.

She guided the group to a large table that didn't exist in the room the last time Damien was here. On it, a large map was drawn, denoting various locations in the universe with a great variety of crosses.

And now that it had been a day, there was no need to waste time on pleasantries or repetition.

"These are the locations we have checked for the entrance before. There are a few that had potential, but every lead has come up for naught as we continued searching," Iris spoke, motioning towards the map.

"We are sure this place is not unknown. Somewhere in the universe, there is a public entrance that people have been using to enter and exit the realm, though it is mostly the former."

"These are the locations we have been searching, but instead of sub-universes, they are all merely great Mystic Realms that were added to the training route for those young geniuses."

She spoke sighingly, her annoyance at the lack of result evident in her tone as she brought out a large black diamond roughly the size of her palm.

"This stone was given to our Holy Land by the Second Primal Sovereign himself several eons ago. It is the only clue we've had these past years, and while it has not proven useful, I am certain it can lead us to him."

Damien sent his awareness into the stone, feeling for its properties curiously.

He instantly gasped as his perception sunk into its surface.

"Wow!" He couldn't help but exclaim.

All the eyes around him pressed for an explanation that he was happy to give.

"I can only say you were right about this gem being important. Its interior is a complex maze of space cracks and isolated dimensions that can't even be sensed unless one has extreme proficiency in Space Laws. I don't think it will directly lead us to him, but reaching its center would definitely help us negotiate," he said, shaking his head in wonder.

"The position of Second Primal Sovereign truly is well-deserved."

He looked back at the map, furrowing his brows as he noted down everything marked on it.

"We'll still have to find the location on our own, but it shouldn't be too hard. Since this gem was directly granted by the Primal Sovereign, I should be able to use it to gauge a position."

Iris' expression shifted in slight surprise.

"You are certain you can find a location?" She asked.

"Guaranteed," Damien responded. "Just give me a few hours with the gem and we'll be good to go."

The Holy Master nodded, handing over the gem without question.

Damien smiled at her attitude and took it thankfully.

While he didn't mention it out loud, this gem also had some slight Void fluctuations coming from its surface.

It wasn't to the level of making it important for his comprehension, but if he used the Breath of Nothingness here to connect to that fluctuation...

'Mm, that's it.'

Damien sunk his awareness into the stone again, this time avoiding the spatial maze and forming that link in the Void.

Usually, he was someone who could do things incredibly fast and efficiently, but even he was forced to spend over two hours solidifying this connection to get anything out of it.

The trace of Void fluctuation he sensed was too old and withered. Whatever it contained in the past was only present in fragments now.

Gradually, Damien's spiritual world flashed with several still images depicting a place.

A huge mountain so steep it looked like a sword of heaven, a sprawling jungle, a rocky plain, and finally, a shimmering area of space surrounded by people.

It almost felt like drone footage zooming out to show various parts of the location, and though most of these frames, a number greater than 100, were useless for now, it didn't matter.

Because that shimmering area of space was definitely the entrance!

Damien summoned his mana, recreating that image in the real world for the rest to see.

"Do you recognize this place?" He asked, looking at Iris.

She deeply investigated the image, her brows furrowing in confusion before—

"Ah!" She exclaimed, bringing her hands together in excitement.

"These people...they are disciples of Stone Giant Holy Land!"

"Stone Giant Holy Land?" Damien repeated.

"Mm," Iris answered with a bright smile of fulfillment.

"Say, have any of you ever visited the Giant Domain?"

Chapter 1060 Severed World [2]

With the revelation of the location, Erysea Luminus was finally able to show the talking power of a Holy Land Master.

She didn't have much of a connection with Stone Giant Holy Land, but compared to Prismatic Sun Holy Land, it was just a small cat. When Iris spoke, they didn't have the ability to disobey.

Besides, the Giants had a positive relationship with the Prismatic Sun Holy Land's several previous generations, so with a few promised benefits, it wasn't hard to make them spit out the truth behind the image Damien had shown.

Within around half a day, Iris was able to get everything sorted out and called Damien and the girls, who were left to their own devices in this time, back to her residence.

"According to their Holy Master, that place isn't theirs, but a shared realm that the entire Giant Domain utilizes. It's considered the most opportune location for experts, but also their grave," she began, giving each of the four a jade slip containing all the information she'd received.

"The best part is that you don't need to go through any tedious procedures to gain the ability to enter the realm. Since you know the location of the entrance, you can go as you please. The only advice the Giants had was to absolutely have no regrets before entering, as most who try to venture deep into that realm die without corpses."

Damien and the girls nodded in acknowledgement, sinking their senses into the jade slips and following Iris' explanation.

The quest was simple.

Enter that realm, brave its dangers, and bring back the Second Primal Sovereign.

Everything after that would be left to Iris and her compatriots.

The more Damien read about the sub-universe and its strange laws, the more excited he got.

It was divided into four parts, each more dangerous than the last, and had an ecosystem completely unique from Grand Heavens Boundary. The small glimpses that were provided in the jade slips were filled with an air of wonder, but also an extremely clear aura of death.

But Damien was someone who'd seen too many heavenly sceneries to put too much thought into it.

What really held his attention was a specific law of this sub-universe, one that would infinitely increase the danger and excitement level of this excursion.

'This kind of thing...is it even possible?'

It was the first time he'd seen something like it. He couldn't say anything about it until he'd experienced it for himself, but he was sure of one thing.

This experience...really was going to be a unique one!

Damien and the girls finished their conversation with Iris soon enough, as after all the information was gathered, her job was over.

She granted their group a starship for travel and sent them off to the Giant Domain, watching them leave.

It was strange to see geniuses like them, people who took just a few decades to do what others could barely accomplish in centuries, but they were a shining beacon that lit up the starry sky, that much was for certain.

For those of the older generation, it felt like their era was ending, like a new one was going to start with this new wave of supreme geniuses.

How did that make them feel?

Some of them clung to their power and status for dear life, some sat back and silently watched the change, while some others even actively helped that change take place.

Where did she, the Prismatic Sun Holy Master, land in these categories?

It wasn't like she could answer the question. Frankly, she didn't feel like she was a part of the older generation, despite her actual age.

She was still impulsive like a growing expert, she still had the emotions that most people cut off, and most of all, she lacked many of the experiences that most people went through as they grew, since she adopted the role of Holy Master early in her life.

However, she wasn't some naive woman, she merely never had the time or interest to bother with those trivial things most people held close.

Well, until now, that is.

'Damien Void...'

It was a strange name belonging to a strange person, a person who could gaze directly into her eyes without being enslaved by her charm.

And for some reason, it didn't seem like he was just looking at the form she'd cultivated over all these years.

It felt like he was looking at "her."

She didn't know how to describe her emotion, but extreme curiosity overtook her.

The secrets of the first being in the universe to ever accomplish such a feat had to be far more interesting than anything she had to offer.

As she watched that starship disappear into the void of the starry sky, making use of teleportation to rapidly travel to the Giant Domain, a smile formed on her face.

She suddenly took a step back.

A trail of auras followed her movements, coalescing into a figure.

It was a woman with long black hair and blue eyes, a relatively ordinary appearance among practitioners.

This woman looked at Iris as Iris looked at her, and without missing a beat, they both smiled.

'Such curiosity cannot be left unhindered. Let me see for myself just how great of a man you are, Damien Void.'

The woman formed from her aura vanished, and Iris returned to her quarters without a word.

Now, all that was left to do was wait for results.

Exciting days were to come!

The sub-universe, over time, gained a reputation among those in the Giant Domain, not for its great treasures, but for the extremely low survival rate of those who entered.

Despite the fact that each and every one of them was an expert at least at the peak of 4th class, it was impossible to imagine what kind of dangers could give them such hopeless fates.

It was titled the Severed World; a place separate from reality, a place that severed fates and lives.

Many of the secrets of the realm were kept quiet, drawing more and more people to its mystery.

And regardless of whether these people survived or died, they never opened their mouths about what happened inside.

The larger influences like Stone Giant Holy Land were able to get a small amount of information on the place, mainly its first and second layers.

There were two things they saw as the overarching causes of death in the realm, disregarding its natural dangers.

The first was the Impulse Wave, a massive mana wave that would pulse from the center of the sub-universe at random times, crushing through anything in its path.

It was able to claim tens of thousands of lives in a single instant, and though it was rare, it was extremely feared.

As for the second reason, it was much more direct.

The reason these experts were dying so often was because their strength was unavailable in the first place!

Within the sub-universe, there was a particular restriction that all external entities were subjected to.

Unequivocally and without fail, the second an outsider entered the realm...

...their strength would be capped at 2nd class!