

# Void 1111

Chapter 1111 Dreams/Reality [5]

It was silent.

Even the Impulse Waves became nonexistent once the 2nd Primal Sovereign's wound healed more.

The dream world was still, the lifeless organisms inhabiting it frozen in time.

The function of this place was weakening, because it's entire purpose was to contain the destructive energy of the Saint Emperor's mana and expel it in waves.

Damien quietly injected Void Mana into the creature's body.

At this point, he'd been doing this for hours.

The prior conversation came to an end after roughly 30 minutes, and Damien hadn't spoken a word since.

He had to take time for himself right now.

Dreams and reality, just why did they have to be so different?

Dreams could reflect reality. They could create imaginative depictions of one's desires based on reality, an ephemeral reflection of the World of Dreams.

Yet, reality didn't easily accommodate one's dreams.

The Severed World's existence was magical for a reason.

Damien had dreams. He had dreams he never voiced to this day because he didn't want reality to know what he was planning.

For whenever he voiced his dreams, that very reality crushed him.

His question was loaded.

Was the universe dying?

What he meant to ask was if it was inevitable.

And the Primal Sovereign didn't answer helpfully at all.

'What may considered an end can also be a beginning...'

He thought back to those words.

So in the end, was it inevitable?

For the end to be considered a beginning the end first had to come.

Damien and everyone else worked hard to protect what they had now. Regardless of new beginnings or anything of the sort, wouldn't the end that marked it take everything from them?

The 2nd Primal Sovereign once had a dream. A dream of happily living with a family of his creation, separated from the troubles of the world.

But that dream was taken from him by an inevitable reality.

The same thing happened to Hassan.

The same thing happened to the Azure Dragon.

The same thing happened to Alaric.

At every stage of power, Damien met a figure far more powerful than him who he took as inspiration. These beings fought for their dreams until their last breaths, but reality still claimed them.

Most of them were dead, and the 2nd Primal Sovereign...

Damien sighed.

The creature's attitude was different from the rest due to the nature of his existence, but Damien wasn't optimistic about the future of their relationship.

After all, his original mission was not to just find the 2nd Primal Sovereign, but to enlist his help.

Yet, not only did the beast not mention the Fifth Primal Sovereign, Damien's original talking point, even once, but he also evaded the topic of the current situation throughout their conversation.

Damien was stumped.

'My predecessors all either gave up or died. In pursuit of their ideals, they wasted their lives.'

It was a cruel view, but the truth nonetheless.

If any of them decided to escape and live quietly, they would've survived and likely lived happily while accepting reality.

This included Hassan.

If he never used his talent, he could've lived safely after being abandoned on the Dead Star.

'I hate this line of reasoning.'

They were his thoughts, but Damien knew better than anyone.

He would never take the safe route either.

He would never give up on his ambitions because external forces said it was impossible.

Because in his mind, it wasn't impossible until he decided it was or died.

Still, the weight of reality bore down on his shoulders. It tried to crush his dreams into nothingness and push him into a path of security.

He had one.

He had the Sanctuary.

If he retired to Theavel and never returned to the Real Plane, he could live the simple and fulfilling life he suggested for the rest.

All these thoughts culminated in a single conclusion.

'Is it possible?'

Was he dreaming outside his capabilities, or should he trust his talent and determination?

Should he try to save the universe, or should he walk his own path?

'Am I strong enough?'

A question Damien never asked himself before today; he was finally forced to consider it.

And his answer?

'It doesn't matter.'

It was too late.

If he turned back now, he'd turn his back on everything he'd built until now.

He wasn't willing to do that.

The empire he'd created within his own body and the connections he'd formed by walking this path, he didn't want to give them up.

'Reality is harsh. The truth is harsh. But if I was going to let that stop me, I would have just killed myself in the dungeon.'

He had to change the way he viewed the situation.

He had to be colder.

His expression calmed. His eyes became focused.

'If it's not possible, I just have to force it.'

It took him a bit to remember.

He was no longer this version of himself.

The version of him that would re-enter Grand Heavens Boundary...

'...that version of me can do it.'

The Damien who no longer had weight dragging him down and could exert the full extent of his power, the Damien who understood the truths of the universe better than almost everybody...

That Damien could do it.

'Alright.'

It took some time to calm down, but his mind was stable now.

He almost felt like he was worrying needlessly, but his concerns were entirely valid.

Since when was it logical for a single man to carry the fate of an entire universe?

Especially when that universe had so many other talents, why did it seem like he was the only one who could make a difference?

He never felt the weight of the world because he never stopped to think about what he was carrying.

Understanding reality and establishing the dreams he wanted to influence it were both important, because after going through both of these steps, after understanding both the consequences and benefits of his actions, he could accept the responsibility he had.

It no longer mattered what other options he had, nor did it matter what he wanted to do.

'I have a role to play.'

He was special, but he wasn't that special. Even he had a place in this universe.

Therefore, unless he wanted to topple it all, he had to play that role.

Damien smirked to himself.

'I could always be the villain in situations like this, but that really goes against my identity. Acting villainous is too cringe, what with all the reminders of my dark past...'

He laughed a bit and shook his head.

The Primal Sovereign's Avatar Body was almost healed, and though Damien didn't know its situation in reality, his job was almost done.

His mind felt refreshed after that bout of introspection. The things that were shackling him from the shadows had been wholly accepted into the light.

He stood up and stretched his body.

'Shall we get to the main task then?'

He opened his mouth to speak, yet...

Whoosh!

A being materialized on the peak.

She looked between Damien and the 2nd Primal Sovereign with a smile on her face as she spoke.

"Hello! Is it my turn to enter now?"

Chapter 1112 Dreams/Reality [6]

"Hello! Is it my turn to enter now?"

Damien's eyes widened slightly when he saw her, but he shook his head with a smile soon enough.

"How did you get here?"

"I walked?"

"When?"

"Hmm...just now?"

"Pfft...!"

Damien did his best to hide his snort.

The timing was too perfect.

This woman had definitely been watching for a very long time and chose the time when Damien and the Primal Sovereign were back in good condition to appear.

Except...



"You must be quite disappointed right now."

"Very! Who sets up a barrier like that without a single word? Shouldn't you at least acknowledge it?"

"Why should I? Isn't this just basic etiquette?"

"Agh! But this is a place nobody else can enter!"

"Yet, here you are."

"Tch!"

The woman shot a hateful glare at Damien and turned away with a pout.

It was an expression one would never expect from the individual in question.

After all, she'd been deadpan the entire time Damien knew her!

Right, the woman who mysteriously appeared in the dream world acting like a completely different person was none other than Sia!

Or, was her identity really that simple?

"When did you find out?" She asked, glancing back.

Damien shrugged.

"Which part?"

"Both!"

"Hmm, I found out you were here when I set up my barrier. As for the other part, probably when we first met?"

"How?!"

"I'm a cheat character, you know."

"What kind of cheat is that?"

"Haha, it's not that easy."

Sia harrumphed in frustration.

"I don't like how good you are at this."

"At what?"

"Hmph, keep pretending."

Damien smiled. From the way she was acting, even she knew he'd found out her identity by now, but it looked like she still couldn't accept it.

How could she?

Even if this was just an Avatar body, it was the Avatar of a peak expert!

The abilities she showcased were supposed to be infallible!

Yet, it was nothing to Damien. By the time they met, he'd already unshackled the Void, which allowed him to utilize many abilities that were previously restricted.

One of which was his perception.

"Since you're already here, help with the next part. I'm not very good at this."

"Is that something you should say as the person who made the decision to do this?"

"Isn't it something you should've considered as the one who hired me?"

Sia, no, Eyrisea Luminus, the Holy Master of Prismatic Sun Holy Land, snorted without the ability to retort.

Damien figured out her identity almost instantly, not to his own merit, but because of her own mistake!

The mana she showed him, her partial Universal Law, he'd sensed it when he first met her, it was exactly what fluctuation that drew him into her aura and infatuated him.

There was probably no other person in the universe who could recognize it, especially when she concealed it, but Damien was not like the rest.

That much was obvious.

'It's fun to watch her expressions. I guess she's acting more freely since it isn't her main body?'

He sensed that Iris was a warm person from the start. After all, her perfunctory and slightly patronizing way of addressing him as "Child" when they first met changed drastically when he saw her face.

She didn't talk like an elder anymore, but as an equal.

It was even a little comedic that she showed up here.

Did she want to personally bring the 2nd Primal Sovereign in from the start?

...or had she just come for him?

'Stop that, brain. We are not entertaining the lower head's thoughts anymore.'

'...it's more fun when Rose does it.'

Damien shook off his idle thoughts and refocused on the situation.

Talking to Iris was one thing, but they first had a task to accomplish,

[In fact, there is no need to speak. I have long understood your purpose.]

The 2nd Primal Sovereign finally inserted himself into the conversation upon finding an opening between the bantering pair.

Their eyes turned to him in surprise.

[Child, you must be her descendent?]

Iris nodded, bowing her body respectfully.

"That is correct, senior. I am Eyrisea Luminus, the current leader of Prismatic Sun Holy Land."

[As expected, her lineage has continued.]

The Primal Sovereign's eyes closed slightly, reminiscing over old memories.

[Do you hate me, child?]

Iris immediately shook her head.

"Not at all, senior. I had no knowledge of your injury before entering this place, but even without that justification, I and my predecessors have understood your decision and respected it. We harbor no ill will against our benefactor."

The Sovereign nodded slightly. His gaze turned to Damien.

'I have a weird feeling about this.'

[I made my decision after observing this child for a period of time.]

[I have never interfered in the matters of the outside world not because of my injury, but out of fear.]

[I was afraid I would be hunted by my enemies, and even more so, I was afraid my presence would attract nigh-invincible forces into the universe.]

[Even now, I am afraid. I am afraid of facing the world I once abandoned and seeing its current state.]

The Primal Sovereign sighed.

[Of the emotions I learned from her, this is the only one I cannot stomach.]

Damien and Iris silently listened to his speech.

They didn't know where he was going with it. They had no way to make out whether his words were positive or negative.

Did he give into fear or was he planning to overcome it?

The Primal Sovereign didn't force them to endure their thoughts for too long.

His wings stretched and his tail twitched slightly.

[I have not overcome my fear, and I have no plan to...]

He began with unnerving words...

[...however, there is something I must do.]

...yet his conclusion was anything but.

Damien and Iris held their expressions still, making sure not to celebrate early.

The Primal Sovereign wasn't done yet.

[To achieve this goal, I cannot actively aid your universe in the war.]

His eyes sharpened. His massive body began to shrink, freeing up more and more of the peak.

A shimmering veil of space covered the area, and out of it walked a handsome man with snow-white hair and virtual blue eyes.

His feet touched the ground, and his eyes turned once more to Damien's figure.

"Instead, I will follow him."

The words he spoke flowed more naturally with his new form, and for this reason, they hit far, far harder.

""What?!""

Damien and Iris exclaimed together to express their shock, but the Primal Sovereign did not budge from his position.

Rather, he enunciated it further!

Thud!

One knee hit the ground.

The great being who could quite literally stand equal to the universe was kneeling to Damien.

Iris stared at him dumbfounded, while Damien backed away, utterly discombobulated.

...was he right?

'Is there really a screw loose in his head?'

He couldn't think of a single reason why this great being would choose to follow him. He had no idea what goal he could possibly help this man achieve.

Yet, even after he and Iris tried desperately for several minutes to change his mind, he didn't budge.

For the first time, an ancient entity was willing to return to the secular world.

And Damien had no choice but to accept it.

This event...

...marked the moment he gained his first 5th-class subordinate!

Chapter 1113 Return [1]

The shock of the situation was definitely long-lasting.

As the minutes passed, Iris' barrage of questions became fiercer and fiercer.

She was adamant in finding out just why the benefactor of their sect made such an unorthodox decision.

She couldn't ask Damien, because from his reaction, even he had no idea what was going on.

So she could only try her best to get a single word out of the stubborn Primal Sovereign who'd transformed himself into a man.

Contrary to her confusion, the situation was being explained in full to Damien through mental transmission.

The reason was simple.

It was a matter of the Void.



"The Void is an entity surpassing anything we, as primordial beings, can comprehend, despite our status. Therefore, it has always been a subject of controversy among our race."

"Some, like the youngling you met, crave it for themselves, some abhor it and deny its existence, while some others worship it as their ancestor."

"I am part of the last category. I have always sought the Void for myself, but not out of a place of desire, but one of faith. I wish to become closer to the Great Ancestor, and following you is the only path I've found to do so in my aeons of existence."

It was a reason not too complicated yet entirely justified.

Damien also chased the Void with everything he had. The reason he came to meet the 2nd Primal Sovereign in the first place; wasn't it the exact same?

The only difference was their motivation.

Damien entertained conversation with the beast to try and understand him better. The two of them practically forgot about Iris' presence as they went in-depth on what they knew about their common goal.

'I can't understand the emotional complexity of a being as old as the universe, so I can't understand the foundation of his faith. But...I can only feel sincerity from him.'

Damien considered himself quite good at judging people, and the 2nd Primal Sovereign gave him the feeling of a reliable ally.

'But because he's following the Void instead of me, he won't listen to orders absolutely. Is this something like gaining a Demigod protector...? Is there any use in that?'

The restrictions on Divinities in the lower universe, likely the rule it directed most of its energy towards, practically dispersed all the fighting power a Demigod could possess.

Unless they were battling someone of their same caliber or attacking the environment itself, their interference usually happened either from the back lines or through an Avatar.

'I won't attract trouble from a Demigod outside the bounds of what I can deal with myself unless I have another Demigod by my side. It's actually worse for me to keep him close right now.'

If he wanted to move freely, he needed to get rid of this new subordinate!

"I'm sure you understand my reasoning," Damien said through transmission, explaining his thoughts to the man.

"Help the universe first, and come to me when it's time to explore the Abyss. I don't think you want to abandon your wife's influence either, right?"

"Hmm..."

The Primal Sovereign took a moment to consider it with a frown.

"When are you planning to leave?" He asked.

"I have a fated battle of sorts in the near future. Once that's over, we'll set out immediately."

The Primal Sovereign's eyes narrowed, but he nodded in understanding.

"Very well, then we will do as such."

"Good, now you should probably deal with her before she kills us."

"Must I?"

"That's your descendant, after all."

"Haa..."

Damien smirked and turned away.

"I'll head out now. I have some people I want to see," he said out loud.

"Do you think you can leave so easily?!"

Iris' frustrated voice boomed in his ears.

Damien winced slightly and glanced at her with a wry expression.

"Figure that out with him. Don't worry, he's willing to talk now."

Iris turned her eyes to the Primal Sovereign, who nodded somewhat unwillingly.

"Your women are not in the Severed World right now. I will send you to them," he sighed.

Damien grinned.

"Then, I'll accept your help."

"You are a cruel man."

"Haha, I am who I am."

The Primal Sovereign shook his head and put his hand out, calling forth the mana of the world.

As Damien felt himself leaving the realm, he suddenly remembered something crucial.

"Ah, what's your name?"

It was difficult to just keep calling him 2nd Primal Sovereign, after all.

The Primal Sovereign who fell in love with a human, a unique existence among his kind.

Perhaps he was the only one who had something like a name.

His eyes widened.

"My name...?"

It was something he'd forgotten a long time ago. Back then, when she died, he died with her.

The name that carried the vestiges of their love, the name she gave him...

...was it finally time to revive its spark?

He looked up with a warm smile.

'Change is indeed inevitable.'

"You may call me Orion," he said.

"Orion...Luminus."

Damien's lips curved up.

"Alright then, Orion. I look forward to our next meeting."

"As do I."

Damien glanced at Iris with a smile and gave her a little wave goodbye, just in time for the spatial fluctuations to sweep him away.

What else happened in the dream world...

...well, for the first time in countless years, Orion Luminus was going to experience the nagging of a furious woman...

...and from the mouth of his own descendant, at that!

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Damien was transported directly to the hidden dimension Rose and the rest were transferred when he first met the Pegasus.

'This guy....I guess he was serious about studying Universal Law.'

Just how many pocket dimensions did he develop into independent worlds in his research?

Damien was almost jealous of his body for holding such unique properties that even he couldn't replicate.

'And...'

Damien sent his awareness into the world, and it didn't take long to find the girls.

They weren't together, but all of them were working hard.

In fact, they were so absorbed in their training that they didn't even realize his presence!

'Haha, everyone's motivated, huh?' Damien thought to himself with a smile.

'Then...shall I also get to work?'

In his spiritual world was a stream of weak-looking mana, the same stream Orion showed him near the beginning of their conversation.

'The first step to the plan, "Fuck It, We Ball": becoming strong enough to confidently say, "Fuck it, we ball."'

He sat down and took a meditative posture, prodding the mana in his mind.

'The second I open it, I'm going to lose track of reality.' He thought to himself.

'I really hope I wake up in time.'

He smiled wryly and stopped wasting time.

His mana completely fused with the thread, turning it into a part of him.

And his mind almost shattered from the amount of information that rapidly attached itself to his memory.

Everything went black.

A small black dot formed in Damien's spiritual world.

It was the start of something massive, something never seen before, something indescribable.

Everyone submerged themselves in thoughts of improvement and left no room for anything else.

They tortured themselves, broke themselves, and put themselves back together, uncaring of the pain they went through in the process.

In this way, another week passed.

It had been almost a month since they entered the Severed World.

Chapter 1114 Return [2]

The raid on Hephaestus' Infected Source World ended after nine grueling months of war.

The number of lives lost already reached the tens of millions.

And yet, no new information was revealed.

Near the end, when the Supremes gathered in the stronghold were confronted and defeated, they chose to end themselves rather than submit.

This kind of fanatic faith was terrifying on its own, a level of morale a regular army couldn't reach, but it was worse from the Nox.

There remained the Divine Realm and Infernal Realm now, the last of the Infected Source Worlds, and neither was going to be an easy raid.

After much deliberation, the Divine Realm was set as the next target.

Heaven's army learned from the mistakes they made in Hephaestus and didn't rush to make themselves known.

For the past three months, they had been running surveillance and gathering intel on both remaining Nox strongholds in hopes of forming a foolproof raid strategy before rushing in.

It had now been a year since the ceasefire began.

Judging by the progress until this point, despite the small number of remaining targets, it was unknown whether Grand Heavens Boundary would reach the level of security its inhabitants desired before universal war broke out again.

From her throne in Prismatic Sun Holy Land, Iris slowly opened her eyes.

The Avatar she set up was a bit special. She infused it with her ego and power, but gave it the ability to act independently so she didn't have to focus on it.

Instead, every day she received its memories in bulk, allowing her to understand the situation on the other side.

Currently, she was fuming.

"Hmph! It can be counted as a win overall, but I still feel cheated," she muttered hatefully to herself.

In the end, the 2nd Primal Sovereign promised to follow her to Prismatic Sun Holy Land and lend his efforts as he was needed, but did he need to sound so unwilling?!

It was clear that he and Damien made some sort of secret agreement that he would much rather be attending to!



"Haa, this is the problem with geniuses that are too talented. Even if they don't do anything, everyone else's achievements will end up benefiting them instead!"

Her words were envious, but her thoughts were not.

Damien was a friend, after all. She didn't have any qualms with him getting the benefits he did.

It had just been a very long time since she'd been disadvantaged like this, and the feeling was not fun at all!

She almost felt like a little girl again, able to do nothing but pout and complain.

"Nevertheless, since he is coming, it is almost time to start 'that' plan."

She glanced at a nearby wall, behind which was a hidden room even her closest subordinates had no knowledge of.

She walked through it as if it were immaterial and set her eyes on the compilation of documents and miscellaneous books strewn about the place.

The Motherworld Discovery Plan.

For thousands of years she'd been researching about the Abyss and trying to define it as much as she could in theory, but she never had a method to test her theory in the slightest.

Because even she could not survive the Abyss for too long; even she could easily get eternally lost in its blackness.

A Primal Sovereign was different.

Orion's body was composed of fundamental energies that no longer existed in the universe, which gave him capabilities that earned him the Primal Sovereign title in the first place.

'With his help, we can finally extend our reach past the borders of Eien. We can finally try our luck at attacking.'

The Nox's greatest advantage was their ability to attack from the Abyss while the denizens of the universe remained clueless about their depths.

Creating a path through the Abyss could take away that advantage and expand the paths Heaven's Army could take.

Of course, there were several factors to still be considered, but the plan was just theory at this point. Once Orion arrived, those edges could be smoothed out.

Though, enlisting a Primal Sovereign for just this much wouldn't justify the amount of effort it took to find and reach him.

His real purpose...

'Operation Godslayer.'

A plan that a select few knew of, yet had never been voiced into reality.

Because even alluding to its existence could be considered sin.

Something that defied logic and reason, something utterly blasphemous...

...yet something the peak experts of the universe couldn't give up.

For it to commence, they needed Orion.

'...and perhaps, 'he' might be...'

The thought didn't need to be continued.

If it succeeded, they'd be considered heroes, but if it failed, they would likely be slaughtered by their comrades before their enemies had a chance.

Iris ran her hand across the spine of an ancient text and sighed before turning around and exiting the secret room.

'There is still work to be done. For now, instead of this...'

'...let's focus on exterminating pests.'

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Luckily, Damien wasn't forced into an embarrassing situation when he woke up from his comprehension.

There weren't three women annoyedly staring him down, but only one, peacefully sleeping on his lap.

He smiled as he returned to his senses and brushed his hand through her hair.

'Second isn't bad at all when I get to wake up to something like this.'

The one who came was Elena. The other two were still busy until now, but they were also slowly wrapping up their individual training.

'She's been giving them a lot of space since we reunited. I guess she felt bad they got less time to bond and compromised, but...'

Did she have to do it like this?

It wasn't a problem, Damien just found it a bit comical how she secretly approached him and took advantage of the opportunity when the other two were busy.

"Hmm..."

She stirred awake after feeling his hand and smiled up at him before raising herself and planting a light kiss on his lips.

"Good morning," she yawned as she stretched her body.

Damien smirked, his eyes not behaving in the slightest.

"Haha, good morning, indeed."

"Have you looked enough? Or do you still want to have another peek later?" Elena teased, rolling her eyes.

"If you're offering, who am I to reject? But...do you think you'll be able to?"

It was Elena's turn to grin.

"Who said I'd come alone?"

Damien's eyes widened.

She didn't mean...

The legendary night he'd been wishing for since the very beginning...

She wasn't really suggesting...

"Pfft...! What kind of reaction is that? Do you want it that bad?"

Damien's joy deflated instantly.

'So it was a joke...'

His hopes and dreams...

His hopes and dreams...!

Well, something like that was a lot harder to bring into reality than expected. He had an easier time learning Universal Law than bringing it up in conversation.

But that was beside the point.

As Damien and Elena stood up, two more auras approached them.

Rose and Ruyue arrived within a minute, and after exchanging greetings, all three women looked at Damien.

He nodded without even hearing their question.

"We've been here long enough. It's time to go back."

The Severed World would remain open and connected to the outside world through the same portal, but since Orion's main body would no longer remain hidden in stasis, its nature would soon change.

Its infinite resources would become finite, and its environment would be given the chance to evolve that it had been denied for so many years.

'Maybe that's what'll lead him to the answers he's been looking for.'

Damien looked up and waved his arm around as if hailing a taxi.

"Hey, you heard it, right? Send us out!"

"Brat, it's fine when it's just us, but give me face in front of outsiders!" Orion's voice responded.

"Haha, what do you mean outsiders? Did you think you'd be able to hide yourself from my wives in the first place?"

"Haa, that's not...never mind. Finish quickly on your side. I am patiently awaiting our fated day of departure."

Damien's eyes hardened.

"Me too. I'll see you then. Don't cause any problems for Iris while you're over there."

"That is not something you need to tell me."

With their goodbyes bid among the girls' confusion, Orion promptly moved his mana.

Spatial waves covered the group.

Unlike the regular feeling of transportation, they felt as if they were going back through the entrance portal.

They felt the chains that shackled them for the past month.

They felt those chains shattering one by one.

But regardless of the freedom they experienced, it was something they were expecting, so their reaction was a bit muted.

However, just how would they react when they found out how long they'd been gone?

Even Damien was clueless about this!

Chapter 1115 Return [3]

Four figures remained stuck in limbo between the Severed World and Grand Heavens Boundary.

They were moving, but not nearly fast enough to reach their destination any time soon.

This strange stage was not a problem, but a boon for the group.

Because right now, they were being transformed.

The bodies they inhabited overlapped with the bodies they possessed before entering the Severed World's restriction.

The strengths of both forms interlapped, while the weaknesses canceled each other out.

They were experiencing the true gains they made in the Severed World.

The effects were extremely pronounced on all of them.

For Ruyue and Elena, who gained great affinity with their Laws, being exposed to the complete laws of the true universe was a cathartic experience.

It was as if they could do anything they wanted as long as they willed it.

They were the controllers of their own fates, beings who couldn't be compared to the norm.

As for Rose, reality felt more tangible.

The so-called "fabric" of reality manifested itself more literally. She could feel its coarse threads wrapping around her body, and just barely, she felt like she could influence their behavior.

To seize control over reality itself, this was the nature of the path she chose.

Naturally, she felt the grandness of her ambition in this moment.

Yet, regardless of what they experienced, it couldn't match a tenth of what was happening to Damien.

The phenomenon was caused by a combination of many factors.

The Blessing of Foundation, his newfound comprehension of Universal Law, and much more coalesced into an almost orgasmic feeling of euphoria.

If it had to be described, Damien always felt too small for his body.

He felt like his mind and soul couldn't fill out the frame of the body he built, contained within a portion of its boundaries.

Now, he not only filled out his frame, he felt like he could act outside its influence.



It was simply impossible to truly put it into words.

Damien Void finally felt like Damien Void.

He finally felt like the Bearer of the Void Physique.

He finally felt like the heir of Void Palace.

The transformation happened in an infinitely long instant, and in the next, the four arrived back in their home universe.

The girls slowly opened their eyes and looked down at their hands, cherishing the feeling that was now passing.

And Damien...

Flash!

His body was covered in bright light that diminished in a single second. The aura completely withdrawn in his body flared out more powerfully than ever.

He leapt to the third revolution of extreme peak 4th class right then and there.

"Huh?!"

His eyes shot open as he exclaimed in astonishment.

He just came back to his senses, and something so nonsensical was already happening?

'...ah, on second thought...isn't it totally normal?'

The point of the nine revolutions was to define one's existence and build one's Legend.

It was an unofficial stage because it was completely outside the system's interference, a step every practitioner had to make on their own.

In reality, a nine revolutions master was still an extreme peak 4th class practitioner.

The power they were exerting wasn't part of a new stage, but an extension of the past one.

Therefore, there was no way to tell when one would rank up.

As long as one kept building their Legend and striving for the absolute peak of what they could do, one would eventually rank up naturally.

Yet, it usually took a great deal of time to stack up achievements that could make a significant impact on one's Legend.

It normally took several hundred or even thousands of years.

The current situation, however, was anything but normal.

Disregarding Damien's disgustingly infinite potential, the actions he was taking were always extreme due to the apocalyptic state of the universe that he saw.

And especially this time in the Severed World, not only did he subordinate a Demigod, he achieved the wholeness one could only desperately wish for before becoming a Supreme.

If he didn't move up at this point, the heavens were truly acting against him!

Damien closed his eyes and gathered his thoughts before reopening them.

Huu...

He let out a calm breath and finally took account of the surroundings.

They were not back on the floating continent where Orion's portal was located, but in a random portion of space in the Giant Domain.

"It's been a year, huh..."

"A year?!"

Damien muttered it to himself, but there was no way the girls wouldn't overhear.

He'd become used to massive time differences after all these years, so it didn't affect him much. He went straight into thinking about how to best use the remaining year of ceasefire.

However, the girls didn't have his experience!

None of them had been to such convoluted places where a single month equated to a year outside!

The surprise on their faces was mixed with a bit of horror at the realization. A year of time lost so easily couldn't be processed like it was normal.

Damien pulled them close comfortingly.

He spoke soft words into their ears to calm them down and help them accept the situation.

In truth, their bodies were not harmed nor did they experience any setbacks in consequence of the time dilation, but the mental impact of the fact itself was significant.

They were all powerful beings. It only took a bit of time to regain their senses.

The warmth of Damien's embrace helped a great deal too.

It would've been more fun if they had dramatic reactions to the news, but they were too old for that by now, weren't they?

'I keep forgetting that 10,000 is a normal age nowadays. Still, the earthen dream to have my life together by 40 doesn't go away easily.'

Damien smiled to himself as he let go of the girls.

"We're going back now?" Rose asked.

"Mm, it's been a long time. It's time to go home."

It was a bit much to start moving again so soon after finishing their last mission, but none of them had any complaints.

Besides, this coming trip could be considered something of a vacation.

Damien learned a lot about the universe from his seniors and personal research. He could be considered an expert on the topic.

But if it was his own origins, he still had an endless stream of unanswered questions.

It was time to go back to the Human Domain and solve some of those mysteries.

And perhaps...

'Ah, I'm feeling nostalgic.'

...perhaps it was time to revisit some old friends and demons.

The girls entered the Sanctuary using their engagement rings and entered Theavel to explore for a few days.

And Damien's body disappeared, traveling millions of kilometers in an instant.

He grinned to himself, the spatial layers brushing against his face like wind.

The freeing feeling of teleportation he missed so dearly was back, not just in the Severed World, but in reality.

He hadn't done anything yet, but it was clear as day in his mind.

Anything he wanted to do, he could achieve it.

The doubts that clouded his mind in the dream world, the convictions he built to destroy them...

Everything felt validated in this moment.

Chapter 1116 Return [4]

The Giant Domain and Human Domain were neighboring Sectors. It only took Damien a day to reach the boundary between them.

The main problem was the turbulence that existed at the boundary.

Several tens of millions of kilometers of destroyed space, like a diluted representation of the Abyss, separated the Human Domain from everything around it.

While it acted as a nigh impenetrable defense against outside forces, it was also the very cause of the Sector's decline.

Naturally, this portion of the universe healed considerably over the past 10,000 years, so it was only powerful enough to hold off against enemies under the extreme peak of 4th class, but that was more than enough.

After all, the Human Domain also had its experts. They would only lose if the other side could abuse a numbers advantage.

And even then, they would have much time to prepare while the able forces made their way through the spatial chaos!

This was Damien's first time seeing the phenomenon. After all, his exit from the domain was more than unconventional.

He marveled at it for a few seconds before passing into its depths. He waded through the fractured space with the ease of a master, avoiding anything that could shake his flow and destroying anything that blocked his path.

Though, he was doing more than just that.

This was the Human Domain's fortification! He couldn't make it easy to pass through, right?

The spatial traps he laid in his wake were specially constructed to only attack intruders. Those who carried the mana signature of a Human Domain denizen would not encounter any problems from them.

'It's not perfect, but it's good enough. As long as I inform the old man about it, emissaries should be able to avoid them too.'

Damien shrugged off the disadvantages of his actions for now and flashed through the disrupted area, arriving on the other side.

It wasn't like he had no plans of coming back. He could clear away the loopholes later.

For now, he continued teleporting until he was closer to the more populated areas of the domain before calling the girls out.

"We have arrived, miladies," he said with a teasing smile.

"The ride was quite nice. Do you have any interest in being my personal chauffeur?" Rose responded in kind.

"Haha, I don't mind at all. But...I don't work for free."

Damien unleashed a lecherous gaze he hadn't used in very many years, causing Rose to roll her eyes.

"Cheeky..."

Damien smiled.

"Alright, then. My first stop is Apeiron. Is everyone coming?"

It was natural for them to move together, but since this was a home visit, it was also natural for them to have things they'd rather do alone.

"You are going there on business?" Ruyue asked.

"Mm. It's mainly for that, but I figured I'd pay a visit to some old friends as well."

"Then, I shall return to the Cloud Plane first."

Ruyue was never a sociable person to begin with. She was interested in the people Damien met at the beginning of his journey, but she wanted to go home more.

Because something important happened since the last time she saw Tian Yang. There were many things she wanted to tell him privately.

Damien nodded in understanding.

"I'll be there after I finish up on Apeiron. It won't be too long."

"Mm. We must face Master together as well."

"For...ah, yeah, we do need to do that, don't we?"

Damien smiled wryly.

Seeking approval from his in-laws; Tian Yang wasn't the only one he had to face for this purpose.

Damien turned to Rose and Elena.

Rose was obviously coming with him as he was visiting her hometown, but Elena...

Elena was the only one among them with no family at all. She never showed it, but it was something that deeply affected her.

She learned much about her Valkyrie ancestry, but her parents and family line were a mystery to this day.



She didn't hold attachments to them, but that didn't mean she had no interest in their identities.

Frankly, Elena didn't have a home to return to.

Her home was these people she currently traveled with, and perhaps somewhat Commander Huo Xuan's group.

What was she to do here?

Though there was nothing for her to reminisce on, she had a goal to accomplish.

The Human Domain and Valkyrie race were closely connected, after all.

"I'll also move on my own for now. We can talk from wherever now, right? I won't be gone for long."

Damien looked at her with a slightly troubled light in his eyes but quickly covered it up.

'I'll support whatever she wants to do. If this is something she has to do alone, I can only make sure she remembers the home she has here.'

After a few more minutes of conversation, Ruyue and Elena split from the group, going their separate ways.

Meanwhile, Rose went back to the Sanctuary.

It would definitely be short this time, but she had no interest in feeling what it was like to teleport through egregious amounts of space!

Damien shook his head wryly, pitying those who couldn't experience the feeling he loved so much, and made his way to Apeiron.

A few hours later, the middle world appeared in his sight.

This familiar appearance, this familiar world...

Had it been over a decade already?

Damien stopped in space and slowly descended into the planet's atmosphere.

He appreciated the cool air of this peaceful place and relished in the power of a Star Master that flowed through him. He had nearly forgotten what having so much control felt like.

[Long time no see, Master.]

An excited yet monotone voice entered his mind.

"Mm, it's good to be back," Damien responded.

Apeiron's voice. The voice of the World Core, something he hadn't heard for a very long time.

[It is unacceptable that I was not visited first. I am going to rebel.]

A second, more masculine voice joined the first.

"Yun, it's not a big deal. I'll be over there soon enough."

[You do not understand, Master. That one is incorrigible.]

[You only say that because I won. You are less important.]

[Lies. You were bound last. Forever remember that fact.]

Damien's smile got warmer and warmer as he listened to the quarreling World Cores.

'That's something I never thought I'd see in this life.'

Sure, World Cores had sentience, but they weren't supposed to have this much emotion.

It was a product of Damien's influence on their growth, and he wasn't mad at it at all.

'It looks like they can contact each other without my interference too. That's something worth celebrating.'

And what better way was there to celebrate and visit a person he had been wanting to see for a very long time?

Claire Watson, his dear mother.

'After so long, I wonder how she's doing?'

Damien spread his senses through World Force and scanned the entire world to locate her.

A frown formed on his face.

His good mood was immediately ruined.

"Explain. Right now."

[Master, that is...]

His heart fell.

Apeiron's hesitant voice was like an explosion in his mind.

[...the individual known as Claire Watson disappeared 500 days ago.]

Chapter 1117 Claire Watson [1]

Claire Watson disappeared 500 days ago.

Damien wished to deny this fact, but there was no way to do so.

After all, the World Core couldn't lie.

His mother disappeared?

What could've happened?

Who could possibly want anything to do with her?

As far as Damien knew, his mother was an ordinary woman. Her first introduction to mana was when he showed it to her. He saw her open the system for the first time.

Someone like that, who never truly had any interest in strength and resided in a peaceful world like Apeiron, how could she just disappear?

The problem didn't end there.

Damien tried to extract more information from Apeiron, but it knew nothing.

It shared its memory with Damien to let him understand what it knew.

That day, almost 2 years ago, Claire Watson was going about her day like usual.

There were no oddities in her routine, nor did anything change in the environment around her.

When night fell, she sat on the balcony of her room in the Adelaire Empire imperial palace, gazing at the stars.

For a second, Damien felt like she was staring at his illusory form, watching her from the Heavens.

And then, she just disappeared.

With no prior warning, no fluctuations of mana, and no interference whatsoever.

She vanished from the face of the earth.

Damien lost his mood to do anything.

No matter the circumstances, it remained true that his mother wasn't much better than a mortal.

If anything happened to her...

His gaze was icy in the skies of Apeiron.

He summoned Rose from the Sanctuary and sent her to meet her father without much conversation.

She instantly noticed the troubled light in his eyes but said nothing.

When Damien got into this state, nobody could break through to him, not even her.

Left alone, Damien flashed away, arriving at a specific location in the Helia Forest.

Kurt's portal was located here.

If even the World Core had no knowledge, the only person who could give him help was the world's singular Demigod, the being trapped in the depths of the First Dungeon.

'Tiamat will be able to view the situation more intuitively than Apeiron, and there was a rumor that she has connections to the Adventurer's Guild. If she could mobilize those forces—'

"I cannot help you here, child."

The response he got was anything but satisfactory.

The beautiful Nox woman on the 100th floor of the dungeon shrugged helplessly when he questioned her, indicating that her hands were tied.

"How much?" Damien asked.

"What?"

"There's no way you have no thoughts. What do you want?" He pressed on.

Tiamat might've had a positive perception of him, but it was only because he could help her. She wasn't the type to lend her help for nothing.

Tiamat smiled, glancing sideways at him.

"You still owe me for last time, no?"

"You did that of your own volition. Don't mention it."

"Ah, but the reason I helped you was simple. You should understand it better than anyone."

Damien frowned and widened his eyes.

When All-Seeing Eyes activated, he was able to see the ethereal chains forcing her to remain in this place.

There were 99 total, each double the thickness of a man's arm.

"I'll break one."

"Five."

"Five is beyond my capabilities. I can do 3 at most."

"Truly? However, from what I can see, you can break almost half of them if you wish to?"

"Key words, 'if I wish to.'"

It was Tiamat's turn to frown.

The agreement they had was something Damien would absolutely use to subordinate her once she was free.

If he tried to do so with his current strength, regardless of prior agreements, Tiamat could still find ways to act outside his influence.

Was he being cautious until he was powerful enough to control her?

'Cheeky brat.'

She wasn't offended. If anything, Tiamat liked him more for this trait.

Because trusting others was—

"Very well. If you can shatter three of these chains, I shall give you direction."

Damien nodded and slashed his arm out, Void Mana coalescing into a blade extending from it.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

The sound was as if they were material. Three chains broke and shattered into pieces that fell to the ground.

Even Tiamat had to be surprised at his nonchalant attitude.



"I am not in a great mood right now. If you have something to say, wait until this is sorted out."

"Hmm..."

Tiamat sighed and shook her head.

'This child's potential is too terrifying. Perhaps even he...'

"That person who disappeared, she was likely not taken away by other forces."

The first thing Tiamat did was provide reassurance.

"Even if another Demigod acted, I would have been able to sense it. I am confident in at least that much. Her disappearance is...something much greater than that."

Damien's hard expression didn't loosen, but his mind calmed somewhat.

If she wasn't taken away by other forces, he could be assured that she wouldn't be used by enemies for anything tragic.

But, in the end, what did that mean?

"As I said prior, I do not have the answer you seek. If you wish to know more, you will find your answer in the floating city."

"Floating city...?"

Tiamat shrugged.

"Do not ask me. I only vaguely understand it. Do expect me to clearly know from my current position?"

"Fair enough."

Tiamat rolled her eyes, a bit offended by his blatant disregard, but didn't say anything.

'If it's a floating city...could it be that?'

There was only one place Damien could think of.

The last vestige of Niflheim, the city transformed into a war machine on Lynn Carter's order.

'I don't know how accurate my guess is, but I have no choice but to check.'

Damien's body flickered and disappeared without another word.

'Hmph. No decency at all.' Tiamat complained to herself.

"..."

"...thanks."

Damien's voice rang out from the void.

Two more ethereal chains shattered on their own.

And his presence finally vanished.

Tiamat grinned.

'Truly, what a cheeky brat.'

\*\*\*

Damien had two choices right now.

Either he could wallow in a spiral of negativity imagining every possible situation, or he could move thoughtlessly with only his goal in mind.

What he chose was the latter.

He teleported across the universe, ignoring everything in his path.

The so-called floating city.

It used to be known as Hub City Avalon before it was turned into a flying warship.

When the unnamed world crumbled upon the Fifth Primal Sovereign's awakening, Avalon was the only place for the survivors of the destroyed world to live.

Even Rose and the rest were saved by Lynn's efforts in that city.

Now, it was located not far from the Cloud Plane's atmosphere,

It was currently being used as the Human Domain's greatest research institution, expanding endlessly and creating countless technologies and artifacts that could exponentially increase the Sector's power level.

Even Niflheim's old Artifact Duplication was picked up by them.

Yet, no matter how big it got and no matter how much it changed, there was one thing that remained constant.

The center of every new development was Lynn Carter, a woman granted the title of God's Hand due to her ability to innovate so beautifully.

And now, this God's Hand, Damien's old ally, was the target of his visit.

If Avalon truly had something to do with his mother, she would be the one who knew about it.

'If the answer isn't here...'

...he really didn't know what he would do.

Chapter 1118 Claire Watson [2]

With Lynn's current status, it wasn't easy for just anyone to meet her.

Damien might've been a mythical existence in the Human Domain, but that worth was only attached to his name.

Not many people knew his face, so he couldn't use his status without causing a lot of unnecessary trouble.

That's why, even in his current state, Damien was prepared to wait a while before seeing her.

Yet, it seemed there was no need.

"I've been waiting for you."

Standing at the edge of what was now essentially a floating continent was none other than the blonde-haired researcher Damien came to see.

He wasn't happy. If anything, the strange feeling in his chest worsened.

Lynn Carter was known to the universe as an innovator, but she was much more than just that.

She was a strategic genius whose mind terrified even Damien.

Once a slave to the Nox, Lynn Carter used her mind alone to free herself and her people.

The plans Damien and the girls discovered during their first visit to Earth where he also saw Lynn for the first time, the Nox's movement in the Human Domain, was not solved by Damien.

What culminated in an all-out war with Niflheim was possible because Lynn Carter had already been destroying Wrath's plans from the inside for many years.

When Damien was added to the equation, he sparked Wrath's irrational powerlust and created a situation that she took advantage of to gain her freedom.

The amount of patience and time required was something Damien simply didn't possess.

When a woman who had a mind like that said a sentence like, "I've been waiting for you," it usually wasn't anything good.

Damien didn't return her greeting, nodding and following her lead deep into the facility.

It mirrored Evotech a great deal, perhaps because it was also a research-dedicated organization.

Still, a few of the steampunk aesthetics of the original Hub City Avalon were mixed into the bland research environment, giving it a twinge of character one wouldn't expect from such a place.

Here, whether it be a common blacksmith or a scientist at the peak of his field, anyone could find the opportunity to become great as long as they had the potential or skill to match their ambitions.

Damien silently appreciated the environment Lynn cultivated in this place as he followed her through the place and into the large skyscraper at its center.

They stepped into an elevator-like structure, which teleported them to the top floor in an instant.

"How convenient."

"Thanks. You were the inspiration."

"Should I be flattered?"

"Yes. Yes, you should."

Damien raised his brow.

She seemed a bit different from before.

She walked to her desk and sat in the large chair meant for the leader of this place and motioned for him to sit in the seat across from her.

Damien didn't know how to describe this feeling.

Was she...more human now?

"Yes, it is likely what you're thinking."

"Hm?"

"Guard your mind here. Your thoughts will be visible otherwise."

Damien once again raised his brow and sent his awareness through the room.

There was indeed a formation he'd never seen before hidden in the folds of space.

"As expected of the God's Hand."

"Don't call me that."

"You know what I came here to ask, right?"

Damien moved their conversation to the main subject, taking his seat.

"I do," Lynn responded, clasping her hands below her chin.

'As expected...'

Damien had some time to ruminate over it while he was coming here.

Logically speaking, there was no way for Tiamat to know of Avalon's existence.

Because of the restrictions placed on her, her awareness couldn't travel outside Apeiron, so even divining its existence was beyond her influence.

The only way she could know—

'—is if someone told her to guide me here.'

He turned his attention back to Lynn.

His worry had completely faded by this point.

Because this situation did not seem like a crisis, but something intentional.

"Your mother..." Lynn began, not wasting any time.

"...is a far greater existence than you can ever imagine."

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Claire Watson.

Damien knew her as a mortal woman, a struggling single mother who did everything she could to help him through life, even if her efforts didn't always reflect the way she wanted them to.

Yet, as he grew he began to understand.

His talent wasn't possible regardless of his father's position.

And because of his father's position, his conception itself was an unsolved mystery.

After all, gods could not descend into the lower universe.

The story Damien heard from Lynn's mouth was absurd.



But that was exactly why it made sense.

Claire Watson...was also a Divine from the Heavenly World.

Dante Void and his Void Palace held great status in that world, and she was the woman who became the Mistress and Empress of that great influence.

However, tragedy struck.

Even Lynn didn't know the whole story, but somehow, Dante Void's Divinity was shattered and he fell from the heavens, choosing Earth as a place to hide and recuperate.

Claire chased him, unwilling to part from her love, and fractured her own Divinity to descend.

Until this point, there were no problems. If everything went the way it was supposed to, they would've recovered and returned to the Heavenly World within a few dozens of years.

The problem was elsewhere.

With her Divine Soul injured and in stasis, a new consciousness was born in her empty vessel.

This consciousness became Claire Watson.

Her original memories were locked away with her true soul, and when Dante found her, his power was nowhere near enough to bring her back.

What was worse was that the unborn child they'd conceived before the tragedy was still living in her stomach.

They couldn't abandon that child.

Damien was born, and Dante and Claire began a life as mortals on Earth.

What came next, as Damien knew well, was Dante being forced to leave him and his mother early in his life.

Claire's condition went unsolved and when the World Awakening took place, the mana in the atmosphere shook her Divine Soul, putting her in a coma from what looked like mana sickness.

After Damien fed her the Elixir, however, her body and even her Divine Soul experienced a boost.

When Claire awakened the dream affinity, her two separate consciousnesses were finally given the chance to merge, returning her to the person she was when as a Divine while retaining her feelings and emotions as Claire.

This was the story Lynn Carter knew.

There were naturally many holes that ruined its continuity, but even this much already gave Damien an idea of many things he'd been curious about.

As for "how" Lynn knew...?

"I am her Avatar. I was created for the purpose of aiding you, keeping the Nox away from you long enough for you to grow into your power."

Right, Lynn Carter was never a true human, but a reflection of Claire Watson's will.

"Then...your sister? Your ambition? All of it...?"

"Real."

The answer was unexpected.

"I may have been created and tasked with aiding you, but my ambitions were very much my own as well. The relationship I had with your mother, while she is my creator, was more one of cooperation."

Avatar was perhaps the wrong word to use in the first place.

It was better to say that Lynn was an "Apostle."

Still, her nature as an Avatar granted her access to a portion of Claire's memories, and that portion was what she shared with Damien.

"Then, right now, my mother is..."

"...likely in the Heavenly World."

Damien's eyes widened.

He was expecting it, but he wasn't prepared.

In fact, right now, he was bubbling over with questions he needed to ask.

This frustratingly vague story had to be grounded.

He had to know the rest.

Because, unexpectedly, this event was the key to learning the mysteries of his origin he didn't even know he should've been seeking!

Chapter 1119 Apeiron [1]

The things Damien learned from Lynn were as such.

Firstly, both of his parents were unequivocally Gods from the Heavenly World.

Secondly, their stories were anything but simple, filled with twists and turns he had to uncover.

And thirdly, no matter their states or positions, they did everything they could to make his journey to power stable.

When it came to actual information, what Lynn could provide was negligible, because what she knew was only what Claire wanted Damien to know.

His mother was evidently urging him to chase his origins and form opinions on his own.

Like always, his parents fully supported his right to freedom.

Damien and Lynn sat in their same positions many minutes after the conversation ended.

For Damien, this time was used to sort out his thoughts.

His existence made much more sense now.

The egregious talent he had for space came from his father, but Damien's body was unique in more ways than just that.

The Void was able to change his structure so he could accept new affinities, but the fact that he was able to do so naturally and without enduring the extreme pain of evolution indicated that he already had a vague qualification to practice them.

The son of a God and a mortal could only amount to so much.

But Damien's blood was inherited not only from two Gods, but two very powerful ones.

There was much on his shoulders, much he could only learn by ascending and encountering Void Palace, but his mind was clear.

'Rather than being unsettled, this information is somewhat calming. I don't know what state my parents are in now, but if mother has the ability to protect herself, I can rest assured.'

Lynn might've called their relationship a cooperation, but she couldn't hide the slight light of reverence in her eyes.

The true face of Claire Watson couldn't be some small character.

Huu...

Damien let out a breath of impure air and looked at Lynn.

"Alright, it's settled. Thank you for your help."

He stood up and prepared to leave. He still had many places to visit, and he had to assure Rose that he was fine.

However—

"Wait."

Lynn stopped him, standing up as well.

"When your mother left, her final gift for me was individuality. She cut out connection and I have now become a human being of my own," she started.

Damien nodded, now understanding the feeling he'd been getting from her since they met, and listened, curious of her point.

Lynn stared into his eyes in utmost seriousness.

"I cannot repay my gratitude for her guidance even if I put my own life on the line, therefore, I've come to a decision."

Damien wasn't the only one lost in thought for those several minutes prior.

Lynn also had something she needed to consider.

And after interacting with Damien for a bit, she firmed her will.

"I will follow you."

"Hm?"

Damien's eyes widened in surprise.

"I will follow you. The facilities of Avalon will be yours to command from this point forth."

Lynn reiterated and specified, giving him no room for doubt.

"And..."

She hesitated for a second.

"...I want to move our facilities to 'that place.'"

"That place?"

"She said you would understand."

He did.

"That place" could only be the Sanctuary.

Even considering everything, it was surprising that his mother knew about it, but Damien was past the point of being surprised by now.

What was important was that with her pushing and Lynn's own determination, Avalon was to become his property.

Damien furrowed his brows.

This decision wasn't hard to make, but the plan he was originally going to carry out with his remaining year of peace...maybe that wasn't the proper route.

'If I do it this way instead...'

He nodded in satisfaction.

"Okay," he said, putting his hand out.

"Lynn Carter, I look forward to our cooperation."

"As do I."

Lynn smiled and shook his hand.

At this time, Damien didn't know.

He didn't know that Lynn Carter was the key to the Sanctuary's growth.

\*\*\*

That day, Avalon disappeared from the starry sky.

An uproar broke out on the Cloud Plane, from which the floating continent was visible, and quickly spread through the Human Domain.

Along with it came another rumor.

Heaven's Wrath, the young genius now remembered as Damien Void, was the cause of this disappearance.

Though, this was yet to be confirmed.

Because his presence had yet to be spotted in the Human Domain at all!

Damien took Lynn into the Sanctuary easily and returned to Apeiron once he was finished.

He wasn't nearly done doing insane things in the sector, but first, he was going to finish up his personal visits.

Naturally, his first stop was the Adelaire Empire.



He landed in the fields of green he knew so well and relished in the atmosphere once more now that the short yet terrible attack on his heart was over.

'Should I visit Archdale first or head straight to Aurora?'

His old friend Vormec who crafted weapons for him and even his women for a low price was someone he wanted to see again after so long, but...

'Rose was definitely worried when she left. Let's do that first.'

He stepped forward, ready to teleport to the palace when—

"Damien!"

The voice of a woman came from behind.

Damien's expression fell. He turned around robotically and found exactly what he was hoping not to see.

Alea, the obsessive Beast Empress, was charging at him with her arms out, prepped to embrace him with or without his approval!

Bang!

However, she was stopped by an invisible wall.

Or rather, she was stopped by a woman's interference.

Zara surfaced from Damien's shadow in her human form, her arm out and her mana disallowing the Beast Empress from coming any closer.

"He doesn't want you. Give up already," she said coldly.

"Give up? Me? Who are you to say such a thing?" Alea replied, using her own mana to counter Zara's and stand up straight.

The two wolf women stared off at each other, their gazes clashing while Damien watched from the side.

Standing together, they were actually quite appealing. On one side was Zara's darkness, her black hair and golden eyes, while on the other side was Alea's light, her features platinum-silver.

They were direct opposites who complimented each other like yin and yang, down to their very personalities!

Damien grinned, an idea forming in his mind.

"Zara, entertain her. I'll reward you properly if you can distract her until I finish up here," he said through mental transmission.

Zara raised her brow indiscernibly, still facing off with her opposite.

"What kind of reward?" She sent back.

"What do you want?"

"I haven't thought of anything. Promise me a favor of any kind in the future and I'll listen."

"Any kind? No restrictions?"

"Except for the basic ones."

Damien smiled.

"You're the best. Thanks in advance."

"Don't mention it. I've wanted to fight her since we first saw each other back then. This is a good opportunity."

Damien glanced at Alea, who hadn't given up on getting past Zara's defense.

Their battle was already in the process of starting.

"Well, just be careful. Don't hurt the world too much."

"You can fix it, no?"

"Yeah, but that's effort."

"Hehe, then put in some effort."

Damien rolled his eyes and stopped responding.

If he said anymore, he would definitely lose face!

Right now, the best course of action was escape.

And that was exactly what he did!

Chapter 1120 Apeiron [2]

In truth, Damien felt something more between Zara and Alea.

It was an ethereal thing, similar to the many connections he'd felt between himself and other beings.

He still remembered the moment Zara mentioned, back when Damien met the rulers of this world before the Nexus Event started.

Zara felt the strange connection then, and her immature mind immediately put her on guard against the Beast Empress.

Now that she'd grown into an expert herself, it was the perfect time for her to confront this connection.

'Since we're in the Human Domain, she can act freely without worrying about outside interference. I'll have to find a way to conceal her lineage before we return to the wider universe.'

Everything else was up to Zara.

Damien's focus was on the most terrifying thing for a man.

Meeting the in-laws.

The current Damien was a grown man. When he looked back on his audacity as a youth, he wanted to crawl in a hole and die.

He...definitely wasn't a sane person back then.

Returning to the palace, Damien felt more nervous than ever.

Because he finally confirmed his relationship with Rose. This was something he promised Emperor Adelaire long ago.

Damien gathered all his confidence as he walked through the palace gates.

The guards did not question his identity, but instead bowed respectfully as he passed.

When he entered the main building, there was a maid waiting to escort him to the throne room.

'She really set everything up, huh.'

The nostalgic throne room doors that were far too big to be practical opened for him, and the Adelaire Emperor's domineering figure was revealed.

He didn't age a day. The indifferent gaze in his eyes hadn't changed a bit.

When he saw Damien, he started judging the young man without any hesitation.

In all honesty, the first time he met this child, while he admired his courage, he was worried about his future.

The Damien of that time was too scattered to get anywhere in life.

Even when he promised Rose to him, he didn't take it very seriously.

He realized how much she cared about this boy later on, but it didn't register in his mind.

How could a father easily accept that his daughter was being taken away?

Yet, when Rose came back home the previous time, she was no longer chaste, and her entire mind seemed focused on finding her lost love.

And this time, she came back with a ring on her finger.

The progress in their relationship, Damien's growth he'd seen exclusively through Rose, was finally displayed before him.

The man he saw had his hair cut short, a far cry from the wild mane he used to sport. His appearance overall was more refined and mature, a fact reflected in his other facets,

His aura was contained, and an air of serenity radiated from his body.

The light in his eyes contained wisdom gathered through years of experience, a gaze that looked into the future instead of hiding in the present.

It was difficult to see this man as the same child from all those years ago.

Damien walked until he was only a few feet away from the throne platform and looked the Emperor in the eye.

He bowed his body a full 90 degrees and spoke from his heart.

"Please give me your blessing to marry your daughter."

His words were direct and without any flowers to appease this father-in-law of his.

Because everything that needed to be said could be seen from his eyes.

What was James Adelaire supposed to do here?

Reject him?

Test him?

Hell, could he even defeat his son-in-law in battle anymore?

The younger generation grew to the point where the older generation could only accept that they were the past.

He smiled wryly gazing at the bowing man.

This entire interaction was for ceremony.

Regardless of what he said, James didn't have the power to stop their communion.

Yet, the fact that his approval was still being sought, this was enough to satisfy his feelings as a father.

"Haven't we already made this promise? My daughter has been enchanted by your spell for far too long for me to reject you."

He stood up and approached Damien, putting his hand on the man's shoulder and lifting him up.

"Of course I will support your union. If there is anyone I can confidently entrust my daughter to, it is you."

Damien smiled.

"Thank you, sir. I will absolutely live up to your expectations."

James nodded and turned away.

"On that note, you have work to do. My daughter wanted to be present for this..."

Damien's face paled.

"Any chance we can act it out a second time...?"

"None at all."

"Damn."

Approval from the father-in-law was easy, but appeasing the wife-to-be was going to be a task!

Damien walked out of the throne room with his head hung.

No matter how old or powerful he got, he would never be able to beat his wives.

Such was the fate of man!

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While Damien faithfully went to accomplish his task, a battle of great proportions was taking place in the plains of the Adelaire Empire.

Two women, both reverted to their beast forms, faced off in laws and physical strength, destroying everything around them.

Darkness and light collided. Two completely different frequencies of mana burned through the air, clashing and coalescing in a myriad of ways.

Their bodies flashed around faster than the eye could see. The environment around them was shattered and torn apart with every movement, completely contrary to Damien's ask.



However, it wasn't brutal.

Rather, it was something beautiful in its own twisted way.

Their battle was like a dance where they never used power outside their opponent's capabilities. They matched laws with equally complex laws, and every time the scale of their battle increased, it did so with such fluidity that one would believe their clash was rehearsed.

Their connection became more pronounced the more they interacted.

There was no way for these women to claim they were not related anymore.

The question was...where did that relation lie?

Zara's eyes were firm.

Alea's entire being represented light. She was almost holy just in aura, disregarding all her other facets.

Yet, why...?

'Why can I feel Nox Mana from her?'

It was slight and almost unnoticeable, but as someone who'd faced her Demonic Providence, Zara was absolutely sure about her perception.

Alea was related to the Nox somehow.

And not just any Nox, but the same Nox beings Zara was related to!

However, nothing could be confirmed at this moment because neither had a clue as to what their true origins were.

The only way to find out was to go back 10,000 years or more.

Back to when the Nox were invading Apeiron.

Over an hour passed since their battle began.

Damien already finished appeasing Rose and came over to check on them.

Upon having this very realization, he submerged his senses into the world.

If it was memories of the past, there was one entity who could show him more clearly than anyone in the universe.

[Master, prepare your mind. I will now transport you to the past era.]