

# Void 1131

Chapter 1131 Fated Duel [6]

He could feel it, the unnerving wriggling sensation overtaking his body. It was alien, but also felt incredibly familiar.

It reminded him of a time in the past.

The Saint Emperor stood above him, his hand to his chest. His grasp was strong and rough, and the feeling of the mana he pushed into his chest felt just as unnerving as this.

That was the day he awakened Void Manifestation. He would never forget it.

It felt like his body was going to disintegrate. His ego reached the pinnacle of death and surpassed it, barely glimpsing the visage of an even darker darkness.

But in return, he gained something that made him strong.

Pain was power. That was a lesson instilled in him ever since that day.

The torture he endured would make him stronger, and nothing else mattered.

Nothing else mattered at all.

Nothing else was supposed to matter.

"GODDAMNIT!"

He roared in frustration. His fists swung wildly, and throughout the course of this battle, his techniques had seen a major improvement.

A left hook followed by an uppercut, a feint that hid the twisting path of his left arm that slammed into his enemy's chest.

Despite his worn body, filled with unsavory mana and torn by a variety of universal forces, he pushed forward and disallowed his enemy any time to counter.

His fists were not just laced with Abyssal Mana, but drenched in it. The universe could not contain his aura any longer.

The ruptured space could not heal. The chaotic void separating it from pure chaos was strained, almost unable to keep the two combatants away from certain death.

However, he didn't stop.

Abyssal Mana became stronger the more he used it. There was a cost, but it wasn't enough to keep him from utilizing it to its full potential, especially at a time like this.

The universe's Spacetime was put under his control, the cycle of Samsara halted due to his influence. The Laws his enemy focused on, these laws were completely rid from the surrounding space.

"Khhh...!"

Damien gritted his teeth and retreated, regaining his balance and making distance.

He was covered in blood from head to toe. Transcendent Regeneration was still unable to break through the shackles Bai Yumo designed just for it.

Damien felt a feeling he almost forgot, the feeling of physical fatigue. His body was heavy and his movements were slowed. When he had to face close combat, he was at a great disadvantage.

The battle completely flipped in the time they'd been fighting. While it started with Damien's advantage in hand-to-hand and Bai Yumo's advantage in range, the Saint King currently held both in his grasp.

It was a surprising turnaround that none were expecting, including Damien himself.

'I need to be aggressive.'

He sensed it well. Bai Yumo was also winding down. He looked fine only because of his Nox Physique.

The Void had been corroding his mana system since almost an hour ago. It was likely his mind and internal body were also in the process of degrading at the moment.

'It's almost over.'

Damien glanced to the side for a second and frowned.

Shaking his head, he gave up.

Pitch-black mana surrounded his fists, creating what was an invisible air of incomprehension to onlookers around his body.

Bang!

He shot forward like a speeding comet.

World Force and Universal Law entered his dominion, and Damien did something unheard of.

He defied the universe itself.

VOOOOOM!

A tsunami of mana spread from his body. No, Damien connected his mana to the universe's and took control of it.

He turned the universe itself into his plaything!

Flash!

His body took less than an instant to appear beside Bai Yumo.

His fist crashed into the Nox genius' face with a dull cracking sound and threw him deeper into the chaotic void.

Damien followed, expanding his influence further and setting up a domain.

The Space-Time River reappeared, however, there was something different about it this time.

Damien materialized behind Bai Yumo and grabbed him by the back of his head, slamming it down.

"GUUUUH...!"

A strange sound came out of Bai Yumo's mouth.

He was being drowned in a river of space and time.

Now wasn't the time for him to be reminiscing.

But it was similar.

There, on Al'Katra, there was a river like this one. It did not shine in iridescent blue, but an ominous grey color.

Bai Yumo remembered it, the feeling of getting his head slammed into that river, the feeling of its water filling his lungs and destroying him.

"Puah...!"

His surroundings resurfaced, the bleak chaotic void swirling with vortexes of spatial distortion.

Damien's grip on the back of his head strengthened. He felt heat from the man's hand that reached the level of lava in a few instants.

BOOOOOOM!

A forceful impact like a tank round sent him spiraling through the void.

He was dizzy.

He could barely distinguish the past from reality.

The figures of Damien and the Saint Emperor overlapped in his doubling vision.

This scene was too familiar.

Why was it so familiar?

Why was Damien eviscerating him like this?

In all reality, the mana he sent into his body was enough.

The more it ate his own mana and body, the more it grew. Bai Yumo was doubtful if even a portion of the mana in his body was still his.

'Just like that time...'

At that time, the Saint Emperor abused him like this. His mana was suppressed and his body was worn down, but he kept fighting with spirit alone.

Yet, what was it?

Why were these memories coming back?

They were killing it. His spirit, that was



He wanted to fight, but the longer Damien's figure overlapped with the Saint Emperor, the more his will to fight diminished.

Because that man was impossible to overcome.

'No...'

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Three more hits to his skull. His brain was being juggled, making his perception of reality hazier.

What was he supposed to be doing?

'No...'

BANG!

He lost control over his mana. Damien regained the power of space and immediately summoned Mirage, bringing it up and slashing with Horizon Break.

'No...'

He was been thrown out of the chaotic void and back into Grand Heavens Boundary.

The pure mana of the universe seemed to clear his head somewhat.

He was tens of thousands of kilometers away from Damien. The past combination of attacks utterly disarmed him and forced him onto the execution block.

Looking at Damien's approaching figure, Bai Yumo's eyes regained just a hint of clarity.

'No...he is not him!'

That was not the wall he always saw.

This was the wall he had to overcome in order to face that one with confidence!

BANG!

Bai Yumo was tossed again like a lifeless rag doll.

He didn't retaliate. He conserved and stored his mana, preparing and using his newfound clarity to think of a way out.

Damien was using the universe itself to fight against him. It was hard to speak of its significance as someone not from the universe in the first place, but with such grandiosity supporting his attacks, Damien became something Bai Yumo's Abyssal Mana couldn't contain.

This was just like...

'He is not him.'

He reminded himself of this fact.

Damien was not the Saint Emperor.

There was something he could do even in this seemingly hopeless situation.

He clutched his chest with madness in his eyes.

He had to use a card he hoped he'd never have to use in this life.

Chapter 1132 Fated Duel [7]

Void Manifestation didn't just give Bai Yumo's mana the properties of the Void, but gave him a portion of the Abyss itself.

The mana transformed from his own wasn't any different from the Abyss's Source Mana, something beyond his control.

Every time he used Void Manifestation, a portion of his ego was consumed by the Abyss, so he was forced to find other methods to fight.

Under the Saint Emperor's guidance, these methods became perfect copies of Damien's own, which, in its own way, killed his ego further.

However...

'No. I cannot use that until the time is right.'

If he couldn't use "that," then his only option was Void Manifestation's final trump card.

The question was: if he used it, would he live to accomplish his ambitions?

'But if I don't use it, I will die here today.'

He didn't have any other choice.

He realized this earlier, but it finally sank in when he saw Damien coming towards him now.

That man was traveling countless thousands of kilometers in flashes of an instant, imperceptible amounts of time that made him impossible to trace.

Even though he could perceive that man's movements, it was impossible for him to act in retaliation.

Bai Yumo gritted his teeth and summoned it.

He summoned that strand of pitch-black mana that was hidden within the Abyss.

'Void Manifestation!'

"ARRRGH!"

He screamed in pain.

His body was ravaged from the start. The second he summoned that mana, half his internal body dissolved into nothingness.

"Haa...haa...HAAAAAH...!"

He ignored the pain and pushed forward.

He pushed the "Void" into reality.

And in that moment, he died.

He died to his own power, before Damien could even touch him.

It was a future only one person got to witness.

'Flash Step.'

Backed by Universal Law, a silent declaration rang out.

Bai Yumo's body moved strangely, reversing back into his prior position, clutching his chest.

The universe itself rewound by a single second.

Whether it was mortals or Demigods, the future that could have been was erased from their minds.

And Damien's blade found its way to the opponent's neck.

Bai Yumo didn't understand what was happening.

It was vague, but he had a recollection of "something else."

Damien...wasn't Damien "supposed to be" tens of thousands of kilometers away?

Surely this wasn't how events were supposed to pan out!

The cold edge of the blade on his neck brought him back to reality.

With no time to think, he reached his hand out.

'Void Manifesta—!'

Damien grabbed his arm before he could do anything.

He forced his mana into the Saint King's body and dragged out the Void Mana he was containing, swallowing it for himself.

Against the Void's Apostle, what weight could this single strand hold?

Perhaps the Saint King didn't realize the identity of the force Damien used to break him even now.

Bai Yumo's final move had been crippled so easily.

And now, his only fate was death.

The blade on his neck was cold.



It felt like the hands of death encroaching upon him, it felt like a wall that blocked him from his ambitions.

A strange mana flowed through his skin from the blade, making him painfully aware that there was no escape.

Without an ounce of mana remaining, without any means to resist, he looked up at his enemy.

No, he looked up at Damien Void.

"Just...kill me."

His words came out as a whisper.

In front of countless eyes, he accepted his fate.

Damien's blade pressed deeper into his neck, drawing black blood that dripped into the starry sky.

The entire universe went silent as all beings held their breath in wait for the final blow.

And to answer their expectations...

Shiiing!

Bai Yumo's eyes widened in shock.

His shaking hands went to his neck, touching the bleeding cut that decorated it.

He was absolutely unable to understand why his head was still attached to his body.

"This isn't how I want to do this."

Damien spoke gruffly.

Mirage disappeared from his hand.

He looked down at the Saint King, who didn't look like someone with such a grand title anymore.

He looked like a boy, a boy who was never able to live as himself.

"Go," he said, scratching his head.

Damien's words were broadcast to the entire universe.

Confusion ran wild.

The widely recognized hero of their universe...was letting go of the enemy?

Was this really happening?

"You..."

"Do I have to say it again? Get out of here already!"

Damien's shout brought Bai Yumo back to his senses.

He stood up hesitantly and looked at the man before him one more time.

He couldn't process this situation, but his body was more sane than his mind.

Without realizing it, he began to flee. He ran away, leaving the battleground behind.

The Saint Emperor came out of the folds of reality, his eyes trained on Damien.

"Damien Void...you are truly an interesting boy."

Without another word, he disappeared, likely following after his son.

Damien was left alone in the starry sky.

This peace would only last an instant.

Damien sighed to himself.

He had never let an enemy live before. This was his first time experiencing such a thing.

However, he simply couldn't view Bai Yumo as an enemy.

The scenes he saw through the Breath of Nothingness while their battle was ongoing didn't allow him to.

Because the enemy he was trying so hard to kill, the enemy that consumed his entire mind and turned him into a puppet...

...was not Damien, but the Saint Emperor.

The man who slaughtered his family, kidnapped him, and raised him as a tool for his own amusement...the man he despised the most was not Damien, but the Saint Emperor!

The burning flame in his heart was directed only at that man.

The human genius was merely someone he needed to surpass if he wished to achieve his desire.

Yet, in the end, that same genius became someone far greater.

Damien gazed into the distance where the two Nox had disappeared.

'I hope you don't disappoint me.'

Whether or not Bai Yumo could live up to the expectations he had for him was unknown, but Damien didn't care.

That piece had the potential to be pivotal if he could use it at the right time.

But if he wanted to live until that time came...

He had to answer to the universe first!

"HOW DARE YOU?!"

A booming voice filled the starry sky.

As if he'd been waiting for this moment, Immortal Blood Asura appeared with an entourage of Demigods, mostly those who had participated in the Grand Assembly.

"Did I not make it clear to you all back then?" He declared coldly.

The eyes of those who hated Damien glowed with delight, while those of his allies were complicated.

Immortal Blood Asura had long prepared for this moment.

Part of his deal with the Karmic Emperor was exactly this.

With power in his chest and icy disdain in his eyes, he made his declaration.

"Damien Void is not a hero of our universe. He is mere scum who has fallen to the enemy!"

Considering what he'd done, there was no way to avoid it.

Without revealing the Void's existence, there was no way to proclaim his innocence.

Right now, after the last ordeal ended, Damien had another problem to deal with.

Right now, because he let Bai Yumo live, he was considered a traitor of Grand Heavens Boundary!

Chapter 1133 Judgement [1]

It was too familiar. As the fight continued, the familiarity only grew.

Every move Damien made, he'd seen it before.

He'd experienced it with his body.

Roughly 500 years. That was his current age.

He almost reached the limit of what the Dimensional Leaderboard accepted.

In that time, he'd experienced far too much.

His life started simply.

Bai Yumo was born into a hidden community on Al'Katra filled with Nox who went against their base instincts.

They understood the pleasures of peace, and decided to pursue that route.

Hidden within the folds of space, they were able to survive several hundred years maintaining their peace.

Or at least, they tried.



The adults would occasionally leave the secret village and come back with loads of exotic meats and products, telling stories of mystical places the rest had never seen.

It wasn't until he got older that Bai Yumo realized they were acting as dogs in order to keep the peace of their families secure.

Nevertheless, for the children who were able to experience happiness from the moment they gained sentience, it was practically heaven.

Until that day.

That day, a man appeared in the skies.

He only raised his arm once, yet the entire village was eradicated. The population was slaughtered and turned into burnt husks, leaving six behind.

These six were "chosen." Since they survived, they had enough potential and destiny for him to look at them.

They were nurtured. No, nurtured was the wrong word.

They were raised in such a way that their instincts were killed, their egos were killed, and they became puppets who would reverently follow that man's will.

And in time, even they themselves were killed.

By the very children they entered this place with.

Bai Yumo was one of only two survivors of that childhood. He personally murdered three of his friends with his own hands.

From that moment on, he became the Saint Emperor's "son."

He was given specialized training that tortured him into the son the Saint Emperor wished to show to the world.

He was used as a pawn to conquer the Nox and bring a majority of their race to the Saint Emperor's side, and when the time came, he was used for the purpose he'd been told since young.

To fight the genius known as Damien Void.

Bai Yumo's life was filled with brutality that turned a boy who was blessed with peace to a man consumed by hatred.

The ego the Saint Emperor tried so hard to kill never died, but instead buried itself deep in the recesses of his mind in wait of the day he could strike.

The man who massacred his entire family, that man had to die.

Sentence wasn't the only thing the Nox gained upon reaching 4th class.

There was something else, a shackle that released and provided one glimpses of a forbidden truth.

When Bai Yumo realized that truth, rather than pride, he only felt disgusted by his race.

He disdained his own origin.

To others, he wanted to reach the Saint Emperor to live up to his expectations.

But not just the Saint Emperor, the entire Nox Race was something he wanted to tear down and rebuild from the ground up.

That was his grand ambition, the one Damien saw while they fought, and the reason he was still alive now.

'That mana...'

He was drowned in introspection after a scene like that. He had to rationalize the thoughts of his supposed enemy, otherwise, he wouldn't be able to live with himself.

'It was the same.'

The mana Damien used to defeat him was the same mana that almost killed him when he summoned it. He finally realized this.

And if it was that mana, he could understand far more.

It was far more diluted and unable to show its full potential, but this mana resided in the Saint Emperor's hands as well.

He'd experienced its effects with his body.

'He saw.'

'Then...'

'...have I gained an unexpected ally?'

He couldn't figure it out. Even if his final goal aligned with Damien's, how could the man easily ally with someone like him?

In order to disguise his intentions, he followed the Saint Emperor's will and created a persona of absolute evil.

It wasn't just one or two genocides he'd committed.

He'd mindlessly wandered to the edge of the universe somehow. He didn't know how he arrived here so rapidly, but he was currently looking out into the Abyss from the grounds of Eien.

He turned his eyes back to Grand Heavens Boundary.

'Who are you, Damien Void?'

Whoosh!

His eyes widened as he stumbled back.

"Someone" surfaced behind him, his presence totally unnoticeable.

Goosebumps rose on Bai Yumo's skin. He could guess who this visitor was.

"Father," he said emotionlessly, turning around to face him.

"I do not have a son like you," the Saint Emperor responded coldly.

"This was not a defeat because of my own carelessness. He is stronger than me now, but I am certain I will be able to kill him the next time we meet."

Bai Yumo's eyes were cold and ruthless, completely unlike his thoughts.

The Saint Emperor looked into those eyes indifferently.

"Even you are aware of the stupidity of your words."

"I may not be able to accomplish it on my own. But if I strategize properly, I will be able to take him down."

"Strategize? Is that what I raised you to do? Your only purpose is to fight him directly, not to use petty tricks."

"However, he is my fated enemy. I must rid him from existence by any means."

"No..."

The Saint Emperor shook his head.

"Your purpose was not to defeat him, but to be defeated by him. For a smart boy like you to still be unaware of this fact, is your hatred blinding your vision?"

Bai Yumo's eyes widened.

Right, it was familiar.

Far too familiar.

The feeling of hopelessness forced into his mind by that familiarity played a large part in his eventual defeat.

"You—"

Bai Yumo's voice halted.

The Saint Emperor took a few steps forward, towering over his "son."

"Your part is finished," he said, raising his arm.

"My part?"

Bai Yumo frowned in confusion.

Alarm bells began to ring in his head.

The Saint Emperor's eyes, those eyes that looked both hollow and full of light at the same time, those eyes that were windows not to a soul, but to utter darkness...

Those eyes were currently gazing down at Bai Yumo as if he were trash on the street.



"You no longer have purpose in this story."

The Saint King's eyes widened.

'What...what is he talking about?'

There was no time for him to consider those words.

Faster than his perception could read, a figure emerged from the darkness above. A sharp blade was once again pointed at Bai Yumo's neck, but this one was not going to stop!

The blade tip pierced the Saint King's skin.

In other words, it was time for him to die!

His life flashed before his eyes again. He knew once again that he He immediately felt the mana of a Supreme, mana he could not resist.

He was no longer necessary for the story.

In other words, it was time for him to die!

His life flashed before his eyes again. He knew once again that he had no chance of living in this situation.

However...

VOOOM!

A powerful foreign mana sprung forth from Bai Yumo's body, glowing with pitch-black light.

"...!"

"...!"

The Saint Emperor and his assassin both reacted in surprise.

The foreign mana wrapped around the assassin's blade and crumbled it into nothingness.

It also wrapped around Bai Yumo, encasing him in an unbreakable cocoon.

And—

Flash!

The mana disappeared entirely.

Bai Yumo was nowhere to be seen.

The Saint Emperor's cold eyes looked into the now empty Eien.

"Damien Void..."

He couldn't stop himself from saying it.

He truly was an interesting boy.

"It seems the plot is not entirely under my control anymore."

It was information that should have infuriated him, but a wild grin decorated his face.

"Very well, then. Let us see how far you can push."

He turned around and took a step.

The Supreme left behind on Eien exploded into black ink, never to be seen again.

Silence reigned once more.

The Saint Emperor and Saint King, two beings who were always referred to in the same breath, were now openly walking paths that opposed each other.

It was impossible to say how the future would pan out.

Chapter 1134 Judgement [2]

Damien provoked many powerful enemies in his time, but he usually wasn't moving in a way where their influence could truly impede his path.

This time, it was different.

This time, there was no way to absolve himself of blame.

Currently, the starry sky had become the location of a second Grand Assembly.

Hundreds of Demigods gathered in this place and formed what felt like a panel of judges, facing Damien and putting massive pressure on him.

The live feed broadcasted across the universe did not cut off. The only projections that halted were those nearby anywhere the Nox could be.

The jury for this trial was the common people of the entire universe!

And the main judge seat was taken by Immortal Blood Asura. Even Luciel and Lucifer, who came later, were unable to shake his position.

"Damien Void, explain the reasoning behind your treason," he said, giving Damien no chance to claim innocence.

However, Damien didn't allow himself to be fazed. He had to make it through this if he wanted to keep his life!

"I did not commit treason," he responded resolutely.

"My decision."

Damien looked the enemy in the eye and spoke with confidence.

"You showed mercy to a terror who plagued our universe for several decades! If not treason, then what is it?"

"My decision."

Damien looked the enemy in the eye and spoke with confidence.

It was important to prove his innocence, but first, he had to match Immortal Blood Asura's momentum, lest he be driven into a corner.

"Damien Void, do you refuse to comply?" Immortal Blood Asura uttered coldly.

"I do not. If you present me with a proper question, I will answer it without fail."

"Then, why did you do it? None of us are able to understand this so-called 'decision' you've made."

The one who spoke this time was Luciel, who added a semblance of civility to the conversation.

Damien nodded and responded in kind.

"I cannot state the exact reason, because I am uncertain if everyone watching truly feels the loyalty to our universe that they proclaim..." he started, directing a sidelong glance at Immortal Blood Asura.

"...however, I can swear a Mana Oath right here in front of our proud people that I have never and will never act against Grand Heavens Boundary."

Luciel nodded.

"Then do so. If what you say is true, then we can discuss your reasoning in a more private setting at a later date."

Mana Oaths we're not an end all be all, but in a situation where the truth absolutely needed to be confirmed, it was the best solution.

Because of the swearing party swore an Oath written by others with surety that loopholes weren't present, a Mana Oath could become absolute.

Such a case was this. With a panel of Demigods present, it didn't take long to flesh out Damien's oath.

After it was supported by a majority of the panel, it was presented to Damien, who swore it on the spot.

The iridescent blue mana of the universe swirled around him. An ethereal presence descended, like a massive eye judging his every facet.

And within a few seconds, this feeling disappeared.

Damien was indeed telling the truth.

"Regardless of your intent, you must be punished for making such an immature decision when the universe's fate sits on your shoulders," Immortal Blood Asura spoke, not allowing Damien's actions to affect the atmosphere.

"I suggest sending Damien Void to No Return Pass under Mana Oath to guard it without fail for 10 years!"

"10 years?!"



Murmurs rose from crowds in all parts of the world.

Damien might've made a terrible choice, but did it justify 10 years' worth of any punishment?

Besides, it wasn't just any punishment, but 10 years guarding No Return Pass.

The dangers of this place could be inferred from its name alone.

"Immortal Blood Asura, please leave personal feelings out of your judgement," Luciel said with a frown.

"Personal feelings? This is not personal in the slightest," Immortal Blood Asura responded, not losing his confidence.

"I have received reports from a reputable source that this man, Damien Void, has been seen making acquaintance with the enemy!"

"Do you have evidence?" Luciel asked.

"I do."

Immortal Blood Asura understood Damien's status. He understood that he couldn't give Damien a cruel punishment with just this event alone.

Naturally, he'd prepared something else.

Multiple projections lit up the starry sky.

The scenes in these projections showed Damien's interactions with a single person.

Zara.

Zara, whose presence he hid to avoid this exact situation, was now being used against him.

Damien frowned. Projections made by a Demigod were especially terrifying because one could perceive the scenes within.

For these Demigods, sensing the Nox bloodline in Zara's body wasn't difficult at all.

"Damien Void, what excuse will you use this time?" Immortal Blood Asura said, almost mockingly.

Damien's eyes were icy.

"None. That person is not an enemy, but one of our greatest allies. She was born to a Nox father, however, she has never had contact with him. She was born and raised as a citizen of our grand universe, and her allegiance lies here as well."

Damien was angry. Not just because Immortal Blood Asura was antagonizing Zara, but also because of how he gained the ability to do so.

Damien, his wives, Alea, and the Sanctuary's core personnel were the only ones who knew of Zara's true origin.

No, there were more.

The Saint Emperor and his subordinate Sebastian, who discovered her identity on Calypto.

There was only one place his information could have come from.

That man was a traitor.

And currently, he was trying to frame Damien as the same kind!

'Unbelievable...' he muttered inwardly in disdain.

The panel was currently discussing among themselves.

Along with his words, Damien provided his own memories of Zara, which depicted the many instances where she fought the Nox as if they were her worst enemy.

Because they were!

It was hard to say Zara was Nox-affiliated, because as more and more of these Demigods used their influence to find traces of her across the universe, as more information came in with every passing minute, it became clear that Zara only had a single allegiance.

Absolute loyalty to Damien.

And if Damien was already recognized by the universe as a guaranteed ally, wasn't it easy to prove her innocence?

Unfortunately, the world of politics didn't work so innocently.

More than her intent, the fact that Zara had Nox blood in her body took hold of people's hearts.

Perhaps she would be able to avoid punishment, but if she was found, she wouldn't be able to avoid strict monitoring.

And Damien was absolutely going to be punished.

One had to think from the perspective of a neutral party among the board of Demigods.

Immortal Blood Asura had long prepared for this moment, and a majority of Demigods were on his side.

Those who cared for their own self-interest more than the greater good chose to side with the man who had more influence.

Left neutral, with their aid unable to help the side supporting Damien, wasn't it better for them to support the majority?

It went to a vote.

There was no anonymity allowed in such a setting.

And in the end, over half of the panel supported Immortal Blood Asura.

10 years in No Return Pass.

Was this to be Damien's fate?

He frowned to himself.

Punishment was unavoidable, and if he acted unsightly here, he'd lose the hearts of the people.

He couldn't deny accountability.

If he wanted to accomplish his goals, if he wanted to repeat the miracles he performed in the Human Domain to build the Sanctuary, he couldn't lose the support of those people.

"I will accept my punishment," he said, his gaze not losing its light.

"However, I'd like to make a proposition."

Luciel's gaze contained a great deal of worry. He couldn't make the situation better right now, but he didn't want Damien to make it any worse!

But now that he'd said it, there was no way to avoid it.

"What is it you wish to say?" He asked, taking control before Immortal Blood Asura could direct the narrative.

"5 years," Damien responded.

"Hm?"

"I will guard No Return Pass for 5 years."

"Are you trying to talk your way out of discipline now? How cowardly," Immortal Blood Asura snorted.

However, Damien shook his head.

"You misunderstood. I want you to shorten my sentence to 5 years, but not for free. In return..."

The fire burning in his eyes flickered.

"...I will create a miracle."

### Chapter 1135 Judgement [3]

No Return Pass was a place that could be considered nothing but a death sentence for those stationed there.

It was a portion of Eien sectioned off from the rest of the ring with walls that reached so high even the sky was contained within them. In this total darkness, a never-ending wave of Nox had been assailing the universe for tens of thousands of years.

It was a land of no return, and it was named as such because hiding this fact behind a grand name was not a grace No Return Pass deserved.

There was no option for retreat.

The domain bordering the Abyss behind No Return Pass was none other than the Human Domain.

Spatial distortions that could kill even the greatest experts filled the space between the Human Domain and Eien, which acted as a second line of defense against the invading forces but couldn't be the first.

Because with the numbers that were pushing through the pass, the spatial distortions could only hold them for so long.



10 years in that place...not a single person had survived so long in that pass.

Damien understood this very well. No Return Pass wasn't an unfamiliar name to him. He also understood that even 5 years was a period equivalent to hell.

But he was confident he could do it, and he was aware that there was no way for him to knock the punishment down any more than this.

Immortal Blood Asura was truly wicked. If he started with 10 years using the Nox and Damien's treachery as his argument, Damien's ability to negotiate would be severely damaged.

Did he want to bring his punishment down to almost nothing? What a coward!

This was the thought the common people would hold towards him.

Because to them, No Return Pass was a name without substance. It was a place of punishment, not a place of absolute death.

Such was the power of authority.

The position he stood at, the connections he held, and the power his words held because of these factors allowed Immortal Blood Asura to weave a net Damien couldn't escape.

It was surprising Damien hadn't been caught in such a net before, but this was also because he was unreasonably powerful.

The only way for him to face these consequences was to have an even more unreasonably powerful enemy!

Nevertheless, Damien proposed 5 years. He would not take total defeat in this confrontation.

Zara was okay for now, and he had to secure his safety as well.

5 years in return for a miracle.

These bold words confused many of those present and even more of those not.

In his position, it almost looked like he was desperately grasping for straws, but the light in his eyes suggested something different.

Was it arrogance or confidence?

The crowd understood once he continued his words.

The "miracle" he promised was simple.

He was going to connect the universe.

He was going to utterly change the way Grand Heavens Boundary functioned by creating a system of long-distance teleportation arrays that spanned its entire area.

The question was raised immediately.

If the universe already has one, what use would another one have?

However, Damien's answer was just as swift.

"Isn't it silly to ask why a Supreme is better than a 2nd class?"

Immortal Blood Asura wanted to shut it down, but he lost the momentum the moment Damien started talking.

What he suggested would benefit the entire universe in several ways. If he could build a more efficient system for transportation, both mobilization of troops and evacuation of citizens could be expedited, which would be pivotal during wartime.

Whether they were supportive of Immortal Blood Asura or despising him, the Demigods on the panel were forced to consider Damien's proposal with utmost seriousness.

"Can you do it?" Luciel asked, once again speaking for the panel.

"I can," Damien responded confidently.

"How long will it take?"

Damien frowned in thought.

It took 5 years to consume the Human Domain, but this time's task was far easier.

He only had to visit inhabited worlds, and of them, he didn't have to visit each one.

After all, technology to travel between worlds in close proximity had been present for those in the wider universe for as long as it had history. Even the most poor and disconnected worlds could afford a means capable of doing so.

However, he also had to account for budding worlds like Earth once was. Those worlds who were disconnected from wider society and had to start from the beginning to adapt; they could not be left to fend for themselves.

"Give me 2 years if you want a fully functional system. I can prioritize Hephaestus and the Divine Realm and have them done in less than one."

An even bolder statement!

It was unknown how long it took for the ancients to set up the current system, but there was obvious evidence that their civilization went through several changes in the process of its creation.

To replicate such a feat in two years, even the uninformed members of the crowd were baffled by this declaration.

"Do you dare to sign another Mana Oath?" Immortal Blood Asura said coldly.

The only hope he had at dealing more damage was if Damien couldn't finish his "miracle" in time.

And he couldn't interfere with that mission, because Damien was going to be watched by everyone for the next two years.

"I do," Damien declared.

Regardless of what his enemies wished, he would move on the path he chose.

The panel took a moment to discuss.

Two years was a long time considering that war would likely start this very day, however, when the war was projected to last decades, this period was minimal.

There was no logical reason for anyone to disagree with this proposition. 5 years in No Return Pass was still something that would cripple a young genius like Damien, and if they could gain from it, even his enemies supported this call.

Thus, the final verdict was decided.

Luciel stood up and spoke.

"To face the consequences of his actions, Damien Void shall build a universal transportation system within 2 years and serve 5 years in No Return Pass. If none disagree, we shall move forward with the Mana Oaths."

Damien smiled imperceptibly.

"Facing the consequences of his actions" was completely different from "punishment for crimes against the universe."

Luciel's words changed the tone of the trial into more of a disciplining for a promising youngling.

And with no disagreements spoken, the motion was passed.

In front of all eyes, Damien took two Mana Oaths.

The first was the agreed oath for the teleportation system.

And the second stated that, once he was finished, he would guard No Return Pass without retreating or abandoning his post, even if it meant death.

The mana projections spanning the universe cut off there. The general public was left to process the storm that had just passed.

The council convened in the starry sky dispersed, some greeting Damien and others throwing him gazes filled with mockery.

Immortal Blood Asura spoke no more at this juncture, but he did leave Damien a personal message before leaving.

Damien watched his back as he left.

The crowd around him was drowned out by the cool silence in his mind.

An enemy he didn't take seriously until now.

An enemy he disregarded because he couldn't make a direct move against him.

Such an enemy was the one who grasped the chance to bring him to ruin.

'I'll remember this.' He thought to himself.

'Count your days, traitor.'

Chapter 1136 Judgement [4]

The situation came to a natural end there.



While Damien was swept away by his allies for a myriad of conversations, the aftereffects of the passing storm showed themselves in various parts of the universe.

Firstly, Damien's reputation didn't suffer as much damage as Immortal Blood Asura wished.

Within minutes of the ordeal's end, Damien's information was revealed and spread across the universe at impossible speeds.

The feats he'd accomplished before fighting the Saint King or appearing at the Grand Assembly were now clear to all. The fact that he'd been fighting on the frontlines without any desire for recognition swayed the hearts of many.

When combined with the fact that Damien gave the universe a victory this time, it was hard to view him as someone who would betray his people.

Therefore, the words Damien spoke during his trial were granted credibility.

The fact that he likely had a reason for letting the Saint King live was understood.

Of course, there were still those who chose to hate him regardless of the facts. Their number wasn't small at all.

However, the amount of actual traction their opinions could gain was negligible.

Damien Void was a true warrior of this Grand Heavens Boundary. This much could not be denied.

Zara's matter was also positively influenced by this perception.

Yes, Zara had Nox blood. Immortal Blood Asura's proof didn't just show Damien and Zara interacting, they made it clear without any room for negotiation that Zara was descended from the enemy.

Her identity was validated by Damien and Luciel, so once the adrenaline rush of the situation died down, most of the suspicion against her diminished, but it was hard to completely rid the people of their prejudice towards the Nox and those related to them.

If there was one thing to celebrate, it was that Zara's human form was not revealed in the information.

She would still be able to conceal herself as long as she learned how to disguise or transform her aura and mana.

At least, for the short term.

Damien was able to get by without actually accumulating too many scars. He didn't have much status on his own, but his connections were monstrous.

They weren't many in number, yet each of them stood at the peak of righteousness, and their words held mountains of weight.

With their influence, as long as Damien fulfilled the Oath he made, he would be able to escape this calamity in the long run.

The only problem was surviving long enough to see the long run.

'No Return Pass...'

Damien heard much about it, but there were no memories of it in any of those he'd devoured. It's reputation wasn't for nothing.

'It's a good place to hone my skills. Besides, I won't be totally disconnected from the outside world.'

His main worry in this situation would've been his wives and close companions, but it wasn't difficult to give them access to the Sanctuary, which would both protect them and provide them with a means of communication.

'Theavel's Army can be mobilized through the girls. With the way the Void Library has grown in the past few years, I'm excited to see what kind of skills they can show.'

His main purpose in raising them was...not in Grand Heavens Boundary, but they were a huge trump card he could use if the situation called for it.

'Haa...'

He sighed to himself. The entire thing felt hollow.

His fated duel ended how it should have, but it was unfortunate that this was not a matter he was allowed to put personal feelings into.

'The proper resolution I wanted couldn't happen because of all the eyes. He should've escaped safely by now...I can only hope he understands my intent.'

Instead of worrying about the past, he needed to focus on the future.

'2 years. It'll be relatively smooth, all things considered, so I should use this time to make my final preparations.'

He needed to prepare countermeasures against many things, he needed to improve himself, and most of all, he needed to make the most out of the time he had remaining with his people.

'They're probably worried as hell right now...'

Damien smiled wryly. He'd been feeling the signals from the Sanctuary for a while now, but he couldn't entertain them because he was busy with the experts around him.

Alucard, Commander Huo, Pandora, and the rest finally left a minute ago, and while Tian Yang was still present, he wasn't an outsider.

Plus, he already knew about the Sanctuary, albeit not its current form.

Damien rejoiced in the small pleasure he could anticipate from the old man's reaction and pulled him into the Sanctuary.

Well, it was to be expected that Tian Yang was stunned in a stupor. There was an actual universe in the place he once saw as a single continent!

Stars and planets formed solar systems, galaxies formed galaxy clusters, it was unimaginable that such a structure was in the hands of a single person.

Tian Yang was left alone and frozen in the starry sky to deal with his thoughts while Damien was dragged to Theavel and sat down by a group of women and a few men.

The conversations there were not much different than those he had on the outside.

Tsunamis of concern and earnest care for his well-being overwhelmed him, and he could only quietly accept them.

He wanted to tell the girls about what actually happened with Bai Yumo but now wasn't the time. That conversation could wait until they were on the road.

There was just one final task for Damien to finish before they set off.

Not only was it good for him, it would be a blow to Immortal Blood Asura's ego.

'Another old man whose face is going to be hilarious when he finds out. I can't wait.'

Damien reappeared in the vast emptiness of the starry sky.

He teleported incessantly until he crossed out of the Divine Realm and into the spatial distortion field around the Human Domain.

Even Demigods couldn't pry on what he did here.

'They worked well in the time I was gone. Now...it's time to reap the rewards.'

Damien closed his eyes and connected to a relatively new power in his body.

[Law Controller]

"GAH!"

Damien was instantly assailed with a wave of terrifying pain. He was safe from it in the Severed World, but now that he'd come back and reestablished the connection, he was feeling the pain of those worlds being destroyed.

His mind was clear, however, and so was his purpose.

'Shatter and be reborn.'

The Corrupted World Cores that the Nox worked so hard to cultivate...

...they weren't that important, right?

\*\*\*

VOOOOOOOOOOM!

Six ominous pulses of mana rippled through the starry sky from the six Corrupted World Cores patiently waiting in space.

The starry sky trembled. A horrific aura of Nox Mana spread and corrupted all things in the surroundings, directly killing the guards keeping watch over these lone structures.

The wriggling black cores expanded in unison, their lights shining so bright they could be seen from each other's locations.

Luxurion immediately went into a frenzy.

This was an emergency situation.

Their activation happened within a single second, but the force being emitted was enough to blow a rupture through an entire sector.

Those Corrupted World Cores were exploding.

If they were allowed to explode...!



The number of deaths couldn't be counted in millions or billions. At least several trillion lives would be lost.

It happened so fast that not many were able to witness what was going to be the first cataclysm of the war.

With no means to stop such an unexpected event, even those all-powerful Demigods were forced to watch with dark expressions.

And under their watch...

Wap!

Space twisted.

The rippling space reverted to its normal fluctuation.

And the Corrupted World Cores disappeared.

All six of them.

The universe went silent.

The cataclysm had been...

...avoided?

Chapter 1137 2 Years [1]

Returning just a few hours to the past, not long after Damien and Bai Yumo's battle ended, the atmosphere amongst the Nox was quite brutal.

The Nox weren't an extremely social race like most of those in Grand Heavens Boundary. They had their main power structure that all beings followed, but other than that, there wasn't much true organization or connection.

There were various colonies of Nox throughout the Abyss, those brought together fate or purpose. These scattered groups all came under the control of a Nox Emperor, and by association, the Nox Lords under them.

If they wished to resist, they'd either die or be forcefully controlled, so they did remain loyal to their forced allegiances, if only for self-preservation.

The Nox's independence was precisely because all of them were too similar, their base thought processes clashing because of this familiarity.

Therefore, when Bai Yumo lost, regardless of where one turned their attention, the Nox had the same reaction.

Disdain, mockery, and fury.

The first two were obvious. The battle might've held great importance for their race, but the loser was still pathetic. It was only natural to treat him like trash.

The last was more complicated.

The Nox did not have a sense of community, but they absolutely cared about face.

It was a strangely contradictory trait, where an insult to the race felt like an insult to the individual despite their nature of denying camaraderie.

If Bai Yumo returned to the Abyss in this atmosphere, he would've been torn apart not only by words but by equally vicious fists as well.

However, Bai Yumo did find his way to the Abyss eventually, though not by his own design.

'Where...is this...?' He thought, glancing around at the absolute blackness in his surroundings.

He clearly felt the connection between him and the surroundings brought about by his trait, but this was a section of the Abyss he'd never seen before.

It was a section of the Abyss...away from the Nox?

Honestly speaking, even Damien couldn't say where the Saint King was now.

The technique he used was a cheat of the Void more than anything else.

He set a "condition" that would activate the "desire" he stored within the mana in the same way a computer program functioned.

Only, unlike the precise calculations needed for a program, Damien only needed his thoughts.

"When hostility from a stronger being is sensed, transport Bai Yumo as far away from the Nox as possible."

This was the command he gave his mana, and with the slight traces of Universal Law creating a bypass for the Void to act, it was able to carry out such a fantastical task properly.

Damien's mana was the origin of everything, both known and unknown, both existent and nonexistent. The capability to act autonomously under his order was merely a rudimentary ability it held.

However, such a rudimentary ability saved Bai Yumo's life, and from the looks of it, gave him the opportunity to start a new one.

'I will not be a slave any longer.'

He made a declaration. This life, he would no longer let it go to waste.

His eyes narrowed.

It was too empty around here.

'I need to start moving properly.'

The things he'd built in secrecy for centuries, now was the time to gather them and create something big, something that could eventually help him stand at the peak he saw himself reaching.

'Damien Void, I will not forget this favor.'

It was an odd feeling to have a human be the only one in the universe who understood his mind, but that fact was negligible.

'In the end, while our goals are not the same, I hope we can find common ground upon our next meeting.'

The Saint King closed his eyes.

When they reopened, he rid himself of that mantle entirely.

"Yong An."

The name he was granted at birth, the name that symbolized his family's dear wish for him to live a life of peace and fulfillment, the name destroyed by the Saint Emperor...

This was the name that would shake existence itself in the years to come.

\*\*\*

The Soul Emperor did not need to personally interfere with the gift he'd prepared for Grand Heavens Boundary.

While the projection feed the Nox could see was cut off before Damien's trial, he was still able to witness the entire ordeal through his own means.

"How silly," he said to no one in particular, merely voicing his thoughts in amusement.

While their universe was falling apart, there were still people so selfish they wished to suppress their greatest geniuses?

It was quite funny to see.

No wonder the universe was destroyed until only Grand Heavens Boundary remained. When they couldn't even defeat themselves, how could they stand against outside enemies?

Now, this reasoning was more than hypocritical considering how the Nox were even more selfish than them, but it was not an invalid thought.

After all, despite their greed and hostility towards each other, the Nox had enough unity to push the universe to this extent.

It was the peak of irony.

The Soul Emperor did not need to account for the fact that the Nox had a nearly infinite number that played an arguably larger part in the current situation.

Even if their numbers were smaller, only their strategies would change.

Because the absolute obedience of a lesser bloodline had an absolute hold on even the most rebellious Nox!

There were hardly moments when he could feel such emotions. The Saint Emperor was a strange being whose consciousness was, for lack of a better word, disconnected.

For him to feel amusement of all things...

'...perhaps it has been excited by what is to come?'

The only time he felt wild rushes of emotion was when a plan he created was executed perfectly and without fail.

Knowing such a moment was coming again, perhaps his mind was already on edge?

There was no point thinking about it.



It hardly mattered in the first place.

'Hmm...did I wait too long?'

He didn't wreak havoc soon after the fated duel ended for a single reason.

Due to the situation with Damien, if he delayed by just a little, he could create a far bigger impact.

Not only would he destroy their physical world, he would destroy their minds as well!

Besides an omen of the universe's doom, what else could such a chain of events be called?

Hours passed in Grand Heavens Boundary.

It was like an instant in the Abyss.

'The time has come.'

As if on cue, a subordinate appeared at the entrance of the space, prostrating without daring to look at the being who resided there.

"Lord, preparations are complete. The task will be accomplished within a minute."

"Hmm..."

The Soul Emperor hummed without a word, and the subordinate scurried away.

If he stayed near that place for any longer, he felt like he would die horribly!

He was correct. The Soul Emperor wasn't a madman like the Inhuman Emperor, but he viewed all life other than his own as worthless, and thus would kill others without rhyme or reason simply because he did not want them to exist anymore.

This was the kind of person targeting Grand Heavens Boundary.

The Soul Emperor's hollow eyes were wide open as a projection opened before him.

The scene only few in the universe saw became visible to him as well.

Six World Cores in six different Sectors shone with brighter than the light of genesis. The single second in which they reached the point of no return stretched into what felt like minutes to the perception of the Soul Emperor.

The moment they peaked, an array of reactions chaining through their surfaces to create a picture of twisted beauty that only one man could enjoy...

Wap!

The Soul Emperor's body shook.

Six Corrupted World Cores disappeared from the starry sky.

Everything regained silence.

The only fluctuations accompanying the event were those of the natural space patching itself and making up for their disappearance.

Those within the universe were already shocked into a stupor, so the Soul Emperor's reaction could only be imagined.

" ... "

One could practically see his face turning a bloody shade of red.

"WHAT IS THIS BLASPHEMY?!?!" He roared.

His voice boomed through the space and destroyed his surroundings. If the subordinates under him hadn't taken measures to prepare for a situation just like this one beforehand, his outburst would've razed hundreds of millions of lives and immediately broken the universal restriction on Demigods.

The man who felt no connection to his emotions roared in unquenchable rage.

For the first time in the length of his existence, his machinations were ruined.

And as if this wasn't already humiliating enough...

...he soon found that he had no way of uncovering the cause!

Chapter 1138 2 Years [2]

The reactions across Grand Heavens Boundary were just as expected by both Damien and the Saint Emperor.

The power of a generalized opinion was immense. While people would inevitably try to uncover details and flesh out said opinion, they would always do so under the bias they hold for or against it.

The true situation with the Corrupted World Cores couldn't be revealed to the public for obvious reasons, but it was impossible to hide their disappearance.

A disappearance that even Heaven's Army could only explain away with a promise that they were in the midst of investigating, such a scene could only be considered a miracle!

Corrupted World Cores were the last visible trace of the Nox in Grand Heavens Boundary. It didn't matter if there were still traitors lurking about, the fact that they had no presence anymore was something celebrated by the masses.

A miracle...didn't someone claim they would create a miracle not too long ago?

Nobody actually thought Damien caused this phenomenon, but the coincidental timing happened to shed light on him as well.

This was a so-called "good omen."

A good omen that supported Damien, a good omen that backed his bold declarations and feelings towards the universe.

Many people began moving within minutes of the situation panning out. Both forces from the Nox and the allied forces arrived at the locations that once held those World Cores and began searching for any clue that would reveal the logic behind this illogical instance.

However, there was nothing to be found.

It was truly as if the Corrupted World Cores never existed in the first place!

\*\*\*

It wasn't like nobody had an idea of what was happening. It was illogical, sure, but those who knew Damien couldn't put it past him.

Unfortunately, the man in question was nowhere to be found, so their questions could only remain unanswered.

Currently, Damien stood in the spatial distortion around the Human Domain with six purple-black masses roughly the size of dodgeballs orbiting his body.

He grinned as he watched them move.

'What an interesting trait.' He thought to himself.

[Law Controller] essentially turned World Cores into Hassan's playthings. With his toys passed to Damien, who was much more experienced in such things, a myriad of possibilities revealed themselves.

This was one of such paths.

Hassan's trait intrinsically linked him to the base functions of the world. He himself was being used as Holy Light Star's World Cores, so the similarities in their functions could be inferred.

Such control made it possible for Damien to "absorb" these celestial bodies.

In normal cases, this would have been a grand phenomenon consisting of the World Cores breaking down and flowing like rivers through the universe until they reached his body, but how could he allow that?

Using a combination of Spacetime Laws, Void Breathing, Universal Law, and the [Law Controller] trait, Damien created his second miracle.

The constructs floating around him now were a product of confining those World Cores in subdimensions and compressing them.

Now, the only thing left to do was absorb them.

'Hmm...but they feel a bit disgusting like this.'

The command Damien gave was "shatter and be reborn."

Neither of those things had happened yet.

His eyes narrowed. He pushed more mana into the subdimension holding the cores and forced his will upon them.

'It doesn't matter what you used to be, you are nothing more than my power now.'

In this case, his power was absolute.

These egoless constructs could not deny him any more than their base capabilities allowed.

Crash!

Like glass shattering, the Corrupted World Cores shattered into wriggling black shards.



Damien deployed Universal Law to meet these shards, purifying them of outside influence and returning them to their original form.

He was already familiar with the method.

The Saint Emperor left him a way to learn it on Calypto.

Time flowed strangely in the distorted space, but in the outside world, it took no more than half an hour for all six cores to return to their bright blue appearances.

The Sanctuary was no longer in dire need of population.

These were going to be used entirely for personal strength.

'Devour'

He'd never attempted something like this before.

Devouring World Cores was something he'd only dreamed about.

Who would've thought he'd receive such a great opportunity?

Streams of iridescent blue mana entered his body in waves. They changed his physical structure like he was mutating and they integrated with his mana, turning it into a greater form of energy.

Surprisingly, there was no pain.

Unlike his previous experiences, Damien currently felt like he was floating on a bed of clouds, a river of pure energy.

It carried his mind to a different plane where the mysteries of the universe were clearer than glass.

But, in all honesty, there was nothing much to say about this transformation.

Damien had been through this process dozens of times. Even though the form of energy was different, the essence of it all was the same.

It was strength. Strength closing in on the level of "absolute."

It took an entire week for Damien to internalize the mana he devoured. His mind was filled with new comprehensions and his body was itching to try them out.

His current mission was perfect for this.

What he was chasing now wasn't pure strength, but an understanding of the great truth. The strength he gained as a byproduct of this pursuit was massive, but it was not the direct effect.

The knowledge Damien gained this time was about the universe's base processes.

The strength he gained was—

'I have five years to spend thinking about power. Right now, I need a break.'

Damien stretched his body and extended his awareness.

'Not bad. The time dilation isn't that pronounced here.'

5 days passed in Grand Heavens Boundary.

'However, it looks like it's started already.'

Utter slaughter consumed Eien's borders on the day after the fated duel. At this level, it could still be considered contained, but the dam would flood into the universe soon enough.

'I should get started too. I'm afraid they'll get pushy if I wait too long.'

Damien smiled, raising his eyes as a sudden idea came to mind.

'At a time like this, wouldn't it be pretty funny to check what the system thinks?' He thought to himself in amusement.

The last time he checked, it was already goofy, but right now, he was certain the system was more confused than ever.

'Try your best to evaluate me.'

His smile widened into a grin.

The system was not an enemy, but why did he feel oddly competitive right now?

Perhaps because that entity was the only one who could read him. It was the only one who knew about his connection with the Void from the very start.

His relationship with it was stringent nowadays, but he'd never forget how it allowed him to gain a foothold in the world when he was still budding.

'I wonder if I can meet it one day...'

It was a stray thought, but one that held more value than even he realized.

Nevertheless, he delayed it no longer.

With a light of anticipation in his eyes, he allowed that word to surface in his mind.

'Status.'

Chapter 1139 2 Years [3]

'Status.'

[Status]

[Damien Void]

???

Male - Age 37

Level 399 - [Voidbringer] - [Celestial]

Experience value: 750,000/380,000

Title(s): [???????, Apostle of the Void, Evolver, Heaven's Wrath, Supreme Genius]

Affinities: Spacetime, Samsara, ????, ?????

Physique: Void Physique

Magic Power: 1000000

STR: 100000

AGI: 100000

DEF: 100000

INT: 100000

DEX: 100000

Skills: [Dimensional Magic Level Max], [Transcendent Regeneration Level Max], [Void Art Level 7], [Devour Level 9], [Dragon Transformation], [Demon Transformation], [Awareness], [Celestial Authority], [Reality Shift Level 5], [Sea God's Descendent], [Void], [Spacetime Intent], [Samsara Intent], [Void Breathing Level 2]

Trait(s): [All-Seeing Eyes Level 8], [Dragon's Breath], [Ananta Matrix], [Storm], [Void Essence], [Void Flames], [Heal], [Azure], [Law Controller]

The holographic screen appeared in the air.

"Hmm..."

Damien's reaction wasn't what he expected. He was feeling multiple conflicting emotions that couldn't outshine each other.

The first thing he saw was his age, which was a frowning matter.

'I'm getting older too fast.'

He didn't mind it, but seeing it spelled out for him did make him realize how long it had been.

It was uncomfortable how fast it passed. It barely felt like a decade, let alone two. But, his age was also a marker of his growth, so he viewed it warmly.

Second came his experience value, which made him want to laugh.

Was it a way to show his progress through the 9 revolutions, or was the system just bugging again? Either way, it was hilarious to see such an illustrious entity show something so strange.

His stats were also a laughing matter. From 10,000 to 100,000; the cap had changed but the fact that the system simply leveled all his values and forgot about them remained the same as always.

'I guess it just gave up. Well, it's for the better, anyway.'

He wouldn't want to torment this overworked system with the strangeness of his body, after all!



Nevertheless, he only glanced over the unreasonable numbers.

[Apostle of the Void] was interesting, especially since it replaced his previous [Bearer of the Void Physique] title. The reason for this change was obvious considering his recent progression in his comprehension of the entity, but once again, the system's affirmation of it was surprising.

'Does it know or does it not? Maybe it's function is more intuitive?'

If it could sense his ever-growing connection with the Void, yet it couldn't quantitatively define it.

The system became more mysterious.

Such a thing felt impossible for an entity without sentience of its own.

'What and where is it really? I want to know more than ever, but adding this one to the pile of unanswered truths I've been looking for is too much right now. I'll save it for later.'

The additional slot in his "Affinities" section was obviously Universal Law, which the system seemingly couldn't put a name on.

'Is the extra question mark a way to define it? The third affinity is something it knows but doesn't show because I haven't realized it yet. I guess this situation is the opposite.'

The feeling of one-upping the system was truly great. It contributed even more to his amusement.

The only sections left were his skills and traits.

The [Azure] trait caught his attention, but he set it aside. It was a gift from the Azure Dragon, and he was well aware that it would only show its purpose when the time was right.

'Aside from that, Dimensional Magic being maxed out is surprising...I guess I'm on the cusp of reaching the next level? Reality Shift went up because of the stuff I've been doing with time and universal forces, while the levels of Void Art and Void Breathing rose with the creation of Supernova, Elemental Wargod, and Absolute Mastery. But...'

Devour reached level 9 after he devoured those World Cores.

Devour's skill growth was never stable or linear. Damien could never tell when the skill would decide to reach the next level.

Usually, it was just a matter of the skill leveling up, but this time was different.

This time, he reached a point that was one step away from the maximum level.

'What will happen when it gets maxed out?' Damien wondered with great intrigue.

This skill was the very first source of his strength and was still the source of a majority of it.

It went through a change back when he first reached the Divine Realm that allowed him to view the memories of those he devoured.

What would the next evolution be?

'I can't even imagine it.'

He already received the physical traits and he already received memories, which were the essence of one's identity.

What else could he possibly take from his enemies?

'Sadly, this isn't one I can control. I can only wait for it to happen.'

He sighed and shrugged in acceptance before closing his status window.

'As expected, it's interesting, but it feels disconnected from me.'

He couldn't help feeling a bit melancholy at his gradual separation from the system, but it was also a matter of joy.

Didn't that mean he was becoming too strong to read?

He stood in the distorted space silently.

'There's nothing left to do.'

He almost didn't want to leave.

He tried to ignore it, but every day felt like a countdown to No Return Pass. He couldn't get rid of the uncomfortable feeling in his chest.

But, all things had to progress. No matter what feelings he held, he couldn't offset reality quite yet.

Damien spread his awareness, using the universe itself as a medium to transmit his senses leagues farther than his natural capabilities allowed.

He controlled its waves and made it follow the spatial distortion until it reached his body again.

Throughout the entire space, there were several traps set. These hidden mechanisms and restrictions had been perfected in the previous 5 year period, and after this final check, Damien was certain they wouldn't malfunction.

Huu...

He exhaled a small breath and forced himself out of his wallowing state.

It was time to start moving. For real this time.

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Damien's mission started that very day.

He and his women boarded a starship provided by the Heavenly Clan and set off to their first destination.

Since he chose to prioritize the Divine Realm and Hephaestus, his first two destinations were natural.

At the moment, he was set on a path for Luxurion.

It was subtle, but the universe's attention was on him.

After everything that happened in the past few days, Damien's image became one of an "underdog."

He made an impossible declaration, but all possibility seemed to favor him. In a time like this when the people needed heroes more than ever, his name came to the forefront.

This attention remained in the shadows. None who rooted for him approached him as if they had a mutual agreement, and none who antagonized him did so either because they knew they would be forced into the light.

Therefore, Damien reached Luxurion and touched down without even realizing the kind of significance he now held.

Luciel met him upon entry and led him out of the Sky Castle, into the starry sky that surrounded it.

There, just a few hundred meters away, a plot of land roughly the size of a small city was present.

"This is new," Damien commented.

"Of course. We had to make space just for this," Luciel responded matter-of-factly.

Damien chuckled a bit as they landed on flat ground.

"If you're going to such extents, I guess I should deliver as well."

"That's all we can hope for."

The duo looked across the land with different thoughts in their minds.

While Luciel was naturally concerned for this young talent, Damien's focus was centered.

'It's my first time testing this in reality. Let's see how it goes.'

Chapter 1140 2 Years [4]

It wasn't too difficult for a spatial practitioner to create a teleportation array.

These arrays were merely reflections of their comprehension. The more they understood space, the further they could transmit people.

However, the task did require a slight understanding of runes.

Without the fundamentals of formation theory, the arrays created by these practitioners would be temporary, only maintained as long as they inputted mana into it.

What made a teleportation array a true teleportation array was its ability to be operated by anyone who could provide sufficient energy.

The main method would be through mana and spiritual stones, but the more complex an array got, the more its functions could be controlled

For instance, complex arrays could be set to block certain beings from using them, allow different types of energy while excluding others, or even force unwelcome intruders into spatial chaos in the midst of teleportation.

However, there was a fundamental flaw even with formation knowledge included.

Spatial practitioners could only touch upon the vertical axis of space. They could only influence time as a byproduct.

This meant long-distance arrays would always take several hours or even days to transport one to their destination.



In wartime, such a flaw could mean the death of millions.

Damien proposed this so-called "miracle" to save himself, but in reality, it was something he had been planning for a long time.

In fact, if he hadn't changed his mind at the last moment and focused on the Human Domain, he would have begun working on this as soon as he left the Severed World.

'I'm not good with formations, but Hassan was. Perhaps the only hobby he could entertain was the art of formations.'

The Nox mistreated Hassan at every opportunity in order to maintain his dog-like mentality. In that environment, the only reason he could study formations was because he could relate them to his trait and grow.

Of course, him being allowed the ability to grow also meant he was served even more severe abuse to keep him in his place, but he accepted this consequence wholeheartedly if it let him keep the single spark of light in his life.

Damien held those memories and emotions in his mind. He couldn't become a formation master just because he had the memories, but comprehending only what was necessary wasn't hard at all.

This knowledge gave Damien confidence.

Along with the fact that he possessed the solution to the method's greatest flaw within his own body!

Walking to the center of the island, he sat down and placed his palms on the ground to both of his sides. His mana penetrated the earth no more than 10 inches before spreading out roughly 30 meters.

His eyes opened for a second.

"What do you expect the average load to be?" He asked, turning to Luciel.

The Angel took a second to think before answering.

"What is the maximum you can allow?"

"With the size of this island? If you want to use the whole thing, probably around two to three hundred thousand. You can probably fit 500,000 if you pack them in like dominos."

"Dominos?"

"Don't worry about it. What do you say?"

"Hmm...let us make enough space for 100,000 people. With your promise, transporting five groups with the efficiency of transporting three will not be a problem, right?"

"You're thinking too simple. If we're talking about the frontlines, you can send 100,000 at a time and the other side will receive 500,000 at once. Since the universe's fate is in our hands, we should go all out."

Luciel raised his brow in surprise.

"Is such a thing possible?"

"Maybe not for others, but this is me we're talking about."

"How arrogant."

Damien grinned and closed his eyes, widening his sphere of influence until it covered roughly a third of the island.

Arrogance? It could never be that.

The system itself granted him the title of [Supreme Genius]!

The title wasn't just for show either. Under its effect, Damien's general comprehension ability saw an exponential increase.

Now, even if a subject was completely unknown to him, he could comprehend it easily as long as he had the means.

Weren't formation arts the first example of this?

Voom!

Damien's mana shook within the earth's surface before emitting a glow that shined through it.

After giving Luciel one last look for confirmation, he began.

Runes were like a language of their own. Each symbol had its own meaning, which, when combined with its peers, would transform into something entirely new.

There was no such thing as a formation created by slapping runes that matched together.

Balance and flow, stability and output; the creation of such a grand array required many opposing elements that worked in dissonant harmony.

For Damien who had no prior knowledge of formation arts, creating these runes was a trying task.

He sat for several minutes merely attempting the first, however, he finished it eventually.

Then came the second, the third, the fourth, and so on.

The longer he worked, the more fluid his movements became. Mana swirled and revolved around him and the island before sinking into the earth and becoming untraceable.

Invisible to the naked eye, a fantastical array was coming to life. It was plainly circular yet inextricably detailed like a magic circle. Its pattern invoked a feeling of twisted space with its odd yet flowing design, yet the mana within was still entirely unreadable.

Luciel watched on with furrowed brows. He could see the forming array, but he could not understand even the slightest bit of it.

The two were silent for a long time, both focused wholly on the array.

Twelve hours later was when Damien finally stood up, beads of sweat forming on his face.

The darkness of the starry sky didn't change, but the positions of nearby worlds gave away how long it had been.

"It's done?" Luciel asked.

"Done," Damien responded.

Luciel frowned in concern.

"However, at this pace, you will not be finished in two years."

"Oh wow, to think someone as high as you is worrying about me. Don't fret it. Since I said I'd do it, I'm going to get it done."

A smile formed on his face.

"Plus, wait until you try it out before you say anything. I guarantee you'll have a different tone once you've seen what it can do."

Damien was never going to settle for an ordinary teleportation array.

The reason it took so long was because he was intuitively creating the design he wished for with the knowledge he had of runes as he went.

As with all things, now that he had the method down, the time issue would fix itself.

It was unfortunate there wasn't anywhere to connect this array yet, but it wouldn't be too long.

Damien was already preparing to leave for the next destination!

"Two years is not a long time. Please do your best to come back from this. Right now, all we can do is hold our shame for being unable to stop this from happening in the first place, but if you can deliver on your promise once the next array is completed, we will be able to offer you total support with justification."

Luciel didn't just speak for the Heavenly Clan, but all influences in this universe who wished the best for Grand Heavens Boundary.

Politics bound them in a way that utterly humiliated them. Damien was not the only one to suffer that day.

They were righteous people, but even they cared immensely about face.

All they needed was an opportunity.

If Damien gave them justification, they would strike back ruthlessly against those who refused to set their priorities straight hit.

That was why Luciel was the right choice.

He was the person who represented these voices of righteousness.

"Take these. If there are a few people I recommend, I'd say the Demon Emperor, Prismatic Sun Holy Master, Director of Hidden Death Valley, Fallen Star Holy Master, Demon Sealing Pantheon's Successor, and Golden Dragon Emperor are trustworthy. As for the rest, give them out at your discretion."

Luciel accepted the deck of metallic cards Damien handed him with interest.

Bzzt!

Immediately, one of them jumped out of the deck and burned itself into Luciel's arm before disappearing.

"What is this?" Luciel questioned unhappily.



He saw the card moving but didn't stop it to show his trust for Damien, but he was clearly disproving of the fact that "something" had just entered his body.

However, his expression morphed drastically when Damien gave him an answer.

The purple-eyed genius grinned mischievously as spatial mana consumed his body.

He left only a single sentence in the wake of his disappearance.

"Since I built you a new starship, shouldn't I also give you the keys?"