

# Void 1141

Chapter 1141 2 Years [5]

The first array took 12 hours to set up, but the second only took eight.

Damien was confident he could take the time down to just a few seconds once he'd done it a few times, but there was something to be done first.

Voom!

An array whirred to life on this world called Helis. It was small and not very important, but it was closest to Luxurion.

Flash!

A man arrived on the hard ground, his eyes wide in surprise.

"This...how can you do something like this?!"

Luciel voiced his astonishment without hesitation. He was the first to test the capabilities of this mechanism, and with his power, there was much he could sense.

With the currently existing technology, making a jump from Luxurion to Helis would only take a few seconds, but it was easy for Luciel to tell the difference.

Because it wasn't even a few seconds. He arrived here in less than an instant!

The only reason he realized the functions of the array was because he had his senses spread and focused before he activated it.

He just barely sensed the spatial tunnel in passing, but he could absolutely feel how stable it was.

"This time was a little weak because of the distance, but it's a good example for now, right?" Damien said with a smile, standing off to the side with an old man who was the ruler of this world.

"More than that. If we include the other thing, this is absolutely heaven-defying." Luciel responded in amazement.

"However, this isn't enough. Repeated success is necessary to shut up the dissenting voices, and distance is needed for them to accept defeat." He continued, his eyes becoming serious.

"Since you have proven your ability, there is no need to wait on others. Work as you wish, and I will take care of everything else."

Damien nodded contentedly.

"I couldn't ask for more."

As he said earlier, he had no plans to make a common teleportation array. He was going to make something that could astonish his critics and confound his enemies.

When Luciel said he'd take care of everything else, he didn't just mean he would gather those righteous forces to support his mission.

He meant he would make sure nothing could stand in Damien's way.

Whether it be by protecting his people and the Human Domain, providing resources for personal growth, or suppressing internal threats, Luciel was willing to do it if it meant Damien could implement this system properly.

He underestimated it before. He thought Damien was making large claims he couldn't back up because of his age.

Fortunately for him, this young genius wasn't such a person.

He didn't just deliver on what he promised, he did far more!

Damien's interactions with Luciel would become semi-frequent over the next two years, but for now, this was their time to separate.

Luciel had to control the backline divisions of Heaven's Army, while Damien had no more time to waste.

After receiving thanks from the elder of Helis, Damien left again.

He entered the starship he and the girls were using and began controlling it with his mana, teleporting it through space.

He had to work, so there wasn't much time he could spend with them, but they cherished the moments they did have.

Travel between worlds took less time than it did for Damien when he was binding the Human Domain, and as time passed, the speed at which he created arrays became impossible.

The third took 6 hours, the fourth took 2, the fifth took half an hour, and by the time he got to the sixth, he could finish an array in a mere ten minutes.

Damien definitely underestimated the amount of worlds he'd have to visit, but it didn't cause problems for his mission. Only his personal life suffered.

Yet, he couldn't stop. Not just for his own sake, but for the people.

Every world he visited was different. They grew in their own ways and perhaps their civilizations held similarities due to their nature, but they all had their own color that set them apart from the rest.

And each of these worlds was inhabited by hundreds of millions or even several tens of billions of denizens.

Damien was almost overwhelmed by their feelings.

Just like on Helis, he was met by the world's most respected figure each time, and in some cases, he arrived in the midst of great festivities prepared for him.

All these countless existences held him favorably in their hearts. He was the one who provided them a path to survival.

He was a hero.

It wasn't just living beings who felt this way.

In fact, quite a few worlds actively approached him with the desire to be bound. The weaker ones sent him fluctuations of desperate emotions, while the stronger ones practically fawned on him.

'It's stranger coming from World Cores since they're supposed to be emotionless, but I can't get used to it from people either.'

Damien moved and moved and moved.

Time passed fast, and by the time three months passed, Damien found himself leaving the Divine Realm for Hephaestus.

'I feel bad not visiting every world after feeling their gratefulness, but I can only do it this way. Otherwise, I won't be able to finish in 2 years.'

The strategy was simple. Damien chose the largest world within each cluster and set an array there.

He didn't consider strength since the arrays had protection mechanisms of their own, he considered size because when it came time for the common people to flee, overcrowding and chaos would be an immense problem.

In total, he visited around 30,000 worlds and bound 18,000 of them.

If he had one qualm, it was the fact that the time left for him to spend with his women was only a few days at most, but it was a consequence of the situation and couldn't be helped.

'At least we got to tour some of the more attractive worlds. Azure Rain Star is a lot prettier than I remember it being.'

Damien visited Jiao Mei at Seeking Lotus Palace and saw his cello Celestial, Leona, as well. He introduced the girls to them and accepted their help to take a trip around the world to see its sights.

It was magnificent how beautiful the atmosphere of a single world could be, how magisterial the sights and phenomena present there were.

In a universe where a single world was nothing more than a speck of dust, how could it be that every speck of dust was so wonderful?

It really made one appreciate the value of small things that were devalued by the bigger picture.

'The Divine Realm is fully connected now. The time it takes to get from Helis to Luxurion is essentially the same as the time it takes to reach the same destination from the Dawn World. The hard part comes from here out.'

Connecting the Sector to itself could only be considered a recreational benefit.

Once he connected Sectors to each other, not only benefits, but problems arose in droves.

'Well, Luciel said he'd take care of it. Let's trust him and see how useful he can be.'

This was Damien's first time visiting Hephaestus, so he was a bit excited.

As they crossed into the fiery atmosphere of the Sector, his eyes shone imperceptibly.

'The main goal is the main goal, but that's not enough. Since I'm here, I have to visit Heaven's Army.'

The great commanders who led it from their seats high in the sky, he wanted to meet them.

He needed to judge if they were worthy of holding their posts.

Chapter 1142 2 Years [6]

Another three months passed in Hephaestus as it was connected from one end to another.

Hephaestus' atmosphere was fiery, as expected from the domain of the Dwarven Race.



As people inherently skilled at craftsmanship in all facets, heat was something they were both used to and attracted to.

It was interesting to see a domain with a major population of dwarves. Unlike the rest of the Sectors, this one was like a massive workshop.

Every world was filled with artisans who were busy perfecting their craft, and every world seemed to be moving as if the world would end tomorrow.

The greetings Damien received here weren't nearly as grand as the rest. Precisely because of this atmosphere, not many showed him the same reverence as regular citizens.

After all, dwarves respected skill over all else.

Damien was a fighter. This was his talent and this was his passion. When it came to secondary occupations, he didn't have much experience at all.

Even his knowledge of formation arts was shallow, only enough for him to design mechanisms that mainly relied on his Law Comprehension.

Therefore, the dwarves viewed him as a passing visitor, someone equivalent to an envoy from Heaven's Army.

Nevertheless, they were not rude. They understood Damien's purpose and respected his determination and loyalty, if nothing else.

And Damien didn't mind at all.

He didn't expect unconditional respect, nor did he desire it. If dwarves, who already held this kind of reputation, treated him unusually positively, he would only be suspicious.

Plus, their disinterest made his life easier.

Damien and the girls traveled all around, visiting different worlds and seeing different sights without being bothered at all.

If the Divine Realm showed them the beauty of nature, Hephaestus showed them the beauty of effort.

Each craftsman had their own unique style cultivated by years and years of effort, yet, each sword they made was exquisitely indistinguishable from the rest.

The lack of uniqueness did not represent a lack of skill, but the total opposite.

Heaven's Army needed weapons for large swathes of soldiers, not unique weapons for elites.

If a sword was slightly worse than the rest, it could mean the death of one soldier.

When this scale was blown out of proportion as it was in this war, the death toll would add up exponentially.

The fact that each and every sword produced for those soldiers was exactly the same was a testament to skill above all else.

Though, it wasn't as if there weren't unique blacksmiths or craftsmen.

Merely, these people had different duties. They were not hired to create mass-produced weaponry.

Another 50,000 worlds found themselves equipped with teleportation arrays, and 35,000 of them entered Damien's grasp.

'Luciel already distributed the keys, but these arrays haven't been used yet. I guess he wanted to make a spectacle.'

The universe needed a morale boost and this was the perfect opportunity.

Once Damien laid down the last array of Hephaestus, a grand event would take place.

'Haa, it's a little too flashy for my tastes, but it is what it is.'

The last stop was also the most important one. It would've been the first if not for this plan of Luciel's.

It was time to visit Heaven's Army's main headquarters.

The world was called Vulcan in line with the name of the Sector, and it was the largest world present here.

Spanning over a billion square kilometers, this world held almost a trillion existences, all of them warriors either preparing for or entering the war.

Vulcan was divided into several sectors, most of which were used to train and house different troops, but the main area of the world was the true headquarters of Heaven's Army.

Was it a facility or a fortress? Damien truly couldn't tell.

The design was a mixture of medieval and modern architecture, while its layout was so confusing Damien couldn't make heads or tails of what it was supposed to be.

'But for some reason, it looks like it would be wrong if it was built differently. There really is something special about Dwarven expertise.'

A starship landed within a section of the headquarters that was built similarly to a landing strip.

Damien and the girls disembarked the ship and were immediately greeted by a welcoming party.

Two rows of soldiers stood in lines facing each other and created an aisle for them to walk.

At their head were three people, two men and a woman.

"You must be the legendary Great Commanders. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance," Damien said as he shook their hands.

"As with us to you," one of the men responded in kind.

'Gerard Wright, Anastasia Night, and Peros Alkara, otherwise known as the Heavenly Sword, Dark Queen, and God's Eye. These three stand near the top of the universe, unchallenged.' Damien thought as he conversed with them.

The position of Heaven's Army Great Commander didn't come lightly. Each of the three had achievements that could land them positions as leaders of the universe's greatest Holy Lands.

Yet, they chose to stay in Heaven's Army fighting for the safety of everyone else.

The stories about them were enough to garner immense respect, but meeting them was something else.

'I can't feel any animosity from them at all. Not just towards me, but in general.'

Was it possible for a being to be free of hatred?

'...or maybe they've focused every ounce of their hatred on the enemy.'

At this point, with everything that had happened, Damien was naturally suspicious of anyone and everyone.

However, as he conversed with the three, as he observed their personalities and exchanged knowledge with them, his opinion of them rose greatly.

Because they were, without qualms, completely transparent.

They told Damien about Heaven's Army's current situation and the war's progression, discussed with him their ideas for the rapid improvement of troops, and even argued strategy while including him in the conversation.

What struck him was their inclusive nature. Usually, such a thing would only be for show, but these three genuinely received Damien's opinions seriously and didn't discredit him due to age or strength.

Their conversation, unfortunately, only had a few tens of minutes to continue, but it was extremely eye-opening for all parties.

The group made their way through the facility during this time and eventually made their way to an open area that looked out into the world.

In the distance, the vague silhouette of Eien could be seen.

"Then, shall we continue this discussion at a later time? I believe many people will be arriving here soon," Anastasia said with a smile.

Damien nodded in agreement.

"Mm, I also want to hear more wisdom from you three seniors. Let's finish the current task as efficiently as possible and get back to it."

"Haha, there is no need to be formal with us. We understand and respect you just as much as you do us. In my opinion, you are underestimating your worth severely," Gerald chipped in.

Peros also voiced his support.

The group got much closer than anyone could have expected in that short period of time, a product of pre-existing respect and basic human decency.

Nevertheless, as Anastasia said, a crowd would be gathering soon.

As per Luciel's planning, it was time to put on a show.

'And if a show is necessary regardless, it's better to make it as memorable as possible.'

Damien liked being lowkey, but he was not opposed to making a scene.

There was just one problem with entertaining this hobby in his daily life.

Whenever Damien wanted to make a scene...



...it would be something that absolutely floored anyone who saw it!

Chapter 1143 2 Years [7]

The sequence of events wasn't entirely special.

Luciel simply wanted to use the teleportation array to its total capacity in order to show the universe what Damien was doing.

It wasn't possible in the Divine Realm alone since the distance wasn't that far, but connecting Luxurion and Vulcan held an entirely different meaning.

These two vital points for Heaven's Army's function had good communication ability after many years of research and development, but it was still impossible for them to directly interfere with each other.

The final array Damien was laying would mean the universe's military deployment efficiency would be massively heightened.

For this, another live feed was created. Though it didn't hit every single world like the last time, it was close enough.

Everyone would understand this grand occasion. That much couldn't be doubted.

A crowd arrived on Vulcan consisting of many Demigods and Supremes who represented the peak of the universe. A large majority of the great forces from the Grand Assembly were included in the group, along with many who weren't present there.

Damien stood in the chosen portal location with the crowd several kilometers away from him. He looked up to see the projection of his figure that was being viewed by the entire world and smiled.

'Then, let's get started.'

A message of hope, a message of strength, a message of unity. This was what Luciel and Damien wanted to send.

Mana flowed into the atmosphere. It changed colors between blues, greens, purples, and reds smoothly as if a naturally flowing river streaming around Damien and forming the perimeter of the array.

The multicolored mana then sunk into the ground, making the earth itself glow with a multitude of vibrant lights. The complicated array pattern formed like a natural phenomenon, and with the increasing complexity of its form, the more beautiful its display became.

Damien focused more on beauty than anything else this time.

If he wanted to, he could've silently finished the formation in ten seconds at the maximum. However, he let this display flow and dance through the ground, created spirits that skipped through the air, and formed a picture of fantasy in the eyes of the common people.

The beauty of existence, the fact that Grand Heavens Boundary was capable of creating such beauty; Damien's show reminded people of why they loved their world so much.

It reminded them of friends and family, of the natural beauty of their world, and of the greatness of their society.

And five minutes later when he finished...

Flash!

500,000 soldiers appeared on the array platform, their battle aura combining into a tidal wave of domineering force.

They showed the determination and spirit the denizens of Grand Heavens Boundary held to protect their homeland.

Damien glanced at the projection screen again. As expected, it was a dual-view of Luxurion and Vulcan.

It showed the second when the soldiers left, and it showed how they arrived countless kilometers away in an entirely different Sector.

Feelings of wonder were present even in the experts present, so the reaction of the common people could be imagined.

We will not falter!

We will not fold!

Even if all of us die in the process, the enemy will not breach our defenses!

These emotions beat in the hearts of all. Roars and cheers filled with vigor filled the universe, to the point where the firmament of space shook slightly.

Luciel still had more plans for this grand occasion, but Damien's job ended here.

While others celebrated, he would return to the Beast Domain.

With a year and a half left, Damien had to quickly move to finish the last four Sectors.

Things like celebration could wait until he was finished.

\*\*\*

The so-called motivation-building event went just as Luciel hoped. The spirit of the entire universe was lifted, and the number of people showing intention to join Heaven's Army to fight for their homes increased greatly.

It was cruel to call them cannon fodder, but there were no other jobs for them in the current situation.

Every foot soldier who went to the frontlines could guarantee at least twenty or thirty enemies dead.

The more of them there were, the longer the Nox could be held off before their main forces arrived.

What currently attacked the boundaries of Eien were Lesser Nox and Abominations. Those with intelligence barely showed themselves.

If it was a war of attrition, the Nox would absolutely win.

So, such a battle could not happen.

The main goal of the logistics divisions in Luxurion was to find a way to strike the Nox and make them suffer a fatal blow.

But, that took time, and time needed to be bought.

The days were excruciating long for soldiers and warriors. Whether it be training or war, the tense atmosphere never let up.

However, Damien barely felt days anymore.

Days and weeks, weeks and months, they were all the same.

He kept his pace and finished the Beast Domain and Soul World in half a year, but it took more time after that.

He didn't know the Giant Domain or Infernal Realm. He'd barely seen the Giant Domain himself and the Infernal Realm was only ever a passing point for him.

Therefore, it was more difficult to figure out how to wire the array system properly and which worlds to set as central points to the systems.

Nevertheless, time was not a worry for Damien anymore; not after he perfected the method to create this array.

In another 9 months, he completed the task he set out to do.

The entire universe was connected through a complex yet extremely simple-to-use web of teleportation arrays that could transport people to their destinations nearly instantly.

His allies celebrated while his enemies bit their nails. Heaven's Army's efficiency truly did increase exponentially, and the three Great Commanders even personally visited Damien to offer their thanks.

Of course, they also wished to continue the conversation from the last time. Damien left too early because of his singular focus on the task, but now that he was able to relax, he happily indulged them.

This time, he learned much more detailed information about the war, especially about distribution of troops and the most vital areas that needed protection.

No Return Pass was also mentioned.

The forces stationed there were all "presumed dead," and would remain that way until they one day saw the end of the Nox wave and came home.

Luckily, the soldiers there had to be powerful. Damien would have a good amount of help, which was a huge relief.

There were less than 3 months left before he had to enter that place.

The number of people who wanted to see Damien wasn't small at all, but after the Great Commanders visited, he disappeared from the universe.

He would've loved to greet each and every person who wanted to meet him, but he wanted to focus on what was important.

For 3 months, Damien didn't leave the Sanctuary.

He spent every day with his wives, Xue'er, Lily, Mei, and a few others.

Zara also came every once in a while through the key Damien gave her before she left.

The people who mattered to him most, including brothers like Long Chen, who was busy in training on Death Emperor Star and barely heard of the universe's matters, entered the Sanctuary one after another to say their goodbyes.

And so, time passed.

2 years passed since the fated duel.

Chapter 1144 Darkness [1]



Departing.

A time filled with sorrow, longing, and loneliness, a time when all good things come to an end.

The time to set off for a new journey, a new part of life one has yet to experience, tended to be a bittersweet one for most, but this time, there was nothing sweet about it.

Only bitterness at the truth of reality.

Damien knew he wouldn't have to separate from the people he loved forever. He understood that this temporary separation was for the sake of a better reunion.

But he couldn't help it.

He didn't want to separate from them.

After so long, they finally got to spend a few years together. The warmth and comfort provided not only by his wives, but also by his family and friends was addicting.

The choice to fuel this addiction was not one he could make.

With a Mana Oath in place, he couldn't run even if he wanted to.

Rose, Ruyue, and Elena tried their best to keep their parting a good memory. They didn't cry, nor did they mention anything negative.

They merely wished their husband good luck on his journey and made sure he understood the security waiting for him when he came back.

As for the rest, it was hard to say everyone was so considerate.

The stronger and older acquaintances he had kept their calm and bid him farewell with pride, while those of the younger generation like Atticus and the rest were...less capable of controlling their emotions.

Nevertheless, the parting took place.

Damien stood before a crowd of his people with a smile.

"Then, until next time," he said with a smile.

His face was filled with confidence and his eyes were burning with a bright flame that couldn't be extinguished.

"Don't forget to keep us updated!"

"Call when you're free!"

"Be well."

"Stay safe! If you die, I'll revive you just to kill you again!"

The responses were many and quite varied, with the last from Iris being the strangest, but in the end, it was a heartwarming sight.

It was the last Damien would see in the universe as well.

As the time came, blue Cosmic Mana from the universe itself rose around his body, turning him immaterial.

He would be transported to No Return Pass as soon as his body disappeared completely.

And the rest would have to get serious about the war within the universe.

Nobody had time to relax anymore.

This farewell celebration for Damien wasn't just a turning point for him, but all of them.

When his calm and domineering visage faded, the atmosphere in the area changed.

Solemnity.

Perhaps they wouldn't feel anything else for a long time.

\*\*\*

Cold eyes.

Indifference beyond comprehension, an utter disregard for all existence.

Damien's unbothered appearance, the burning flames in his eyes, died when he reappeared at his final destination.

His eyes became those of a monster.

It was hard to hide it for this long.

He was angry. He was incredibly angry.

He was so filled with negative emotion that he could hardly contain himself.

But he couldn't let anyone else see that.

If they saw it, their worry for him would become a problem.

He couldn't allow them to be dragged down by his matters.

But now, he was alone.

He was alone in a vast expanse of darkness.

In the distance, almost fifty thousand kilometers in each direction, he could see the vague grey outline of the towering walls that encaged him here.

He was alone.

Not just in a metaphorical sense, but literally.

There was nobody else present here.

There wasn't even a barracks or an army camp as the information suggested.

There was no elite troop guarding this dangerous pass as the Great Commanders promised.

...no, there were signs of their existence.

Chips of wood and faint lines in the dirt that were covered thoroughly, but not thoroughly enough to hide from All-Seeing Eyes.

There were definitely troops here at some point.

And they definitely abandoned their posts in the recent past, no more than half an hour ago.

'The reason they're presumed dead is because return is impossible. Even if they held thoughts of mutiny, they couldn't leave, unless...'

"Unless they had outside help."

Damien was alone in this place, unable to leave its bounds due to the Mana Oath.

He had to hold this place alone?

For five years?

'Immortal Blood Asura backed down easy. I thought he was taking the loss, but I was wrong.'

That was the situation.

At this point, nothing could change it.

'They're probably realizing what happened back in the real world right now. Unfortunately, they won't be able to do anything.'

Immortal Blood Asura had shown time and time again that he was a schemer. He would wait for an opportunity and strike like a snake to poison his target to death.

Since he made a move like this, he had a way to justify it and make others unable to touch him.

Damien could guarantee this.

'I'm alone here. I will be alone here for the next half a decade.'

No, he wasn't alone.

His company was a Nox wave that never ended.

In fact, that very Nox wave was making its way to him already.

He could hear the thundering earthquakes caused by their combined footsteps.



He could feel their dark aura clouding the atmosphere.

'I'm alone here...'

Damien's dull eyes turned to the barely existent horizon.

'...so nobody will bother me.'

He was angry. He was so incredibly angry that he wanted to explode.

It was a good thing nobody else was here.

If others came, they would probably just be those sent by Immortal Blood Asura to watch and hinder him.

'He's still arrogant.'

Since there were no such people, the enemy must have been confident the sentence on Damien's head would be enough to kill him.

'You were wrong.'

Damien would never die just because someone wanted him to.

If someone wanted him to die, he would stay alive for the sole purpose of spiting them.

'This situation...'

His emotions were already cut off.

He cut them off a long time ago.

If not, he would've exploded too early.

'The enemy is too powerful.'

With his status, even if Damien used status in opposition, he could only act on the same level.

He would never beat Immortal Blood Asura, who'd been accumulating his status and political power for generations, in this facet.

Therefore, there was only one option.

'Become strong. Strong enough to be unaffected by petty schemes.'

Immortal Blood Asura was that type.

If Damien was stronger than him, he likely would've bit his tongue and held his hatred in his heart for eternity.

'But that isn't the case.'

And since that wasn't the case, a certain pest thought he had the qualifications to act bold.

'Strong enough to kill him.'

Strong enough to kill anyone who got in his way.

He summoned his body and lifted his body into the air.

Damien stood in front of an army.

Countless hundreds of thousands of existences stood before him, charging up the length of No Return Pass.

There were likely millions or even billions of them hiding in the dark, just waiting to join the siege.

Damien stared at them calmly from his spot within the air.

He gazed down upon them like they were ants.

Lightly raising his hand, he said a single word.

"Collapse."

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

All hell broke loose.

Space was torn to shreds. Anything existing in that space was broken into its fundamental materials and eradicated from existence.

The Nox had no chance to regenerate or regroup.

The majority of the army was wiped out in that single move.

The residual shockwaves decimated the rest.

Today was Day Zero in No Return Pass.

One thousand eight hundred and seventy-six remained.

Chapter 1145 Darkness [2]

Day: 0

Kill Count: 10,677,831

A man sat alone in a humble shack. It was made of packed dirt and stone, but it still had more than enough space and quality to house someone.

Besides, in the current situation, something like a true home would only be destroyed within the day.

This place was made for the sole purpose of giving him a place to sit away from the silence, a place he could claim within this dark continent.

Skreeee!

Skreeeeee!

Skreeeeeeeee!

Their screeches and screams didn't stop, but he put soundproofing magic on the shack to drown them out.

It didn't work well, but it worked well enough.

Less than one day passed.

In just a few hours, over ten million Lesser Nox fell to his hand.

Calling them limitless was not an overstatement.

They didn't come constantly, but when they did choose to charge, they came in such large swarms that they became inseparable from the darkness of the ground like a rolling tide.

Even if there was a whole squadron here, even if an entire military fortress was present, they likely wouldn't be able to handle the pressure of this place for too long.

It had been less than one day.

Time didn't hasten with the constant battle, it just got slower and slower. Every single second felt like an eternity,

It was hard to accept how little time he'd actually spent here.

Damien's face did not change.

His emotions were locked away properly in the Mind Prison, including any and all emotions he had towards those he cared for.

Anything positive, anything that could remind him of the real world, was kept tucked away.

He didn't want those positive emotions to be corroded by the atmosphere of this place.

When he left, he couldn't act like someone who'd spent 5 years here.

SKREEEEEE!

SKREEEEEEEE!

SKREEEEEEEEEE!

Their screams were getting louder.

It must've been time for another wave.

10 million?

No, that was just a welcome gift.

The current number had to be over ten times that, if not even greater.



No thoughts entered or left Damien's mind.

He simply stood up and left his hut.

He raised himself into the air and pushed his arm out.

Void Mana coalesced into spatial force and razed No Return Pass down to nothingness again.

Over a million Nox beings died in that instant.

Yet, were there ninety-nine millions left? No, there were 99,000,000 left in this wave.

The next one would be coming soon.

No Return Pass...just how was it held so long?

Damien underestimated this place.

He thought limitless was an overstatement.

But if it was actually like this, there was no way for a common squadron to deal with it no matter what kind of strength they had.

It was a conspiracy.

Though, not one that was important at the moment.

Another batch of traitors; they'd already established themselves as such when they abandoned their posts.

Was this new realization supposed to be surprising?

It didn't matter.

With Damien's practically infinite mana capacity, they wouldn't be able to get past him.

Not as long as they only sent Lesser Nox.

The first day finally came and went.

Time came and went.

Yet, the dreariness of No Return Pass never changed.

\*\*\*

Day: 7

Kill Count: 1,232,400,662

Had it been a week?

Time didn't stay constant here. Sometimes, when enemies piled up too much, it became hard to tell how long it took to fight them all.

At the same time, there were many lulls. As if they were taunting Damien or maybe testing his strength, there were several hours every once in a while when no Nox tried to make their way up the pass.

These times were excruciating. Without battle to numb the silence, it could only be considered psychological torture.

Luckily, Damien was fast to seal his emotions.

His rational mind filled the silence in a variety of ways.

He trained, meditated, and created countless theorems and theories for both his power and the overall situation.

He had yet to enter the Sanctuary.

He wasn't used to this state yet. Until he was accustomed to it, he wouldn't be able to switch to positivity without flaws.

If there were flaws, others would notice.

Their feelings were something Damien cared heavily about, but he also couldn't control their actions.

If he wanted things to progress properly, he had to make sure they didn't move in ways that harmed his plans or their identities.

There wasn't much to do, but that also meant Damien gained a lot of much-needed time for training.

He became complete after digesting the Blessing of Foundation, but he still needed to acclimate to the new state of his body which allowed him to fight hundreds of millions of Nox every day without tiring.

In addition, he gained a sea of World Force through his travels in recent times. It was beginning to take a shape that was uncannily similar to Universal Law.

He needed to gain total control over this new power and connect it with his Universal Law comprehension for the best results.

Therefore, he wasn't bored.

Loneliness was only a problem if he allowed it to be.

This was worse than the First Dungeon. At least that place had a sense of familiarity and change.

This place was just bleak.

More enemies came and Damien returned to killing.

The enemies fell and Damien devoured everything they left for him before returning to his hut.

His memories were becoming muddled, yet they also felt incredibly clear.

He learned how to separate those he gained from those he owned, and slowly, he started piecing together the puzzle formed by the Nox memories in his mind.

'Pathetic creatures.'

That was all they were.

Especially these that lacked any sentience of their own.

When would the stronger ones come?

They were the ones Damien really needed to devour.

Fortunately, his ask was granted at some point.

He didn't know how long it had been, but around 3 months passed in the outside world.

It was the 95th day.

His kill count was around 20,000,000,000.

It didn't even feel like killing anymore. He was just splashing ink.

That was when he came.

A man who proclaimed himself Godrick, a servant of the Inhuman Emperor.

According to him, this was a challenge. It was a challenge for the man who felled the Saint King.

However, that man died in 5 moves.

He was just a minor character.

But, he did give Damien an idea.

"The man who felled the Saint King" was quite the title in front of the Nox.

If he could broadcast it, wouldn't the stronger ones come on their own?

That's when he started planning.

It would take at least a year for his plan to succeed, but it was worth it in the end.

He had 5 of those to kill here anyway.

Damien's activities were monotonous. He was like a machine that existed for the only purpose of fulfilling his duty.

Such a machine was better considered a monster.

A monster whose reputation reached the ears of many beyond the bounds of the universe with the passing of time.

A year...



Perhaps it wouldn't take that long at all.

Chapter 1146 Darkness [3]

3 months felt neither fast nor slow for Damien. It was best to describe his state as a forced limbo.

With his chaotic perception of time and singular focus on completing the task assigned to him, he quite literally imprisoned the man known as "Damien Void."

Damien Void could come back when the time was right.

But only Damien understood his thought process.

For those outside, it had been six months since the last time they saw or heard from him.

The situation in Grand Heavens Boundary had been slowly intensifying.

From the looks of recent battles, the Nox were starting to organize their forces.

The destructive wave of reckless Lesser Nox still existed, but it was only a strategy to gain momentum at this time.

The real army was built from those who had sentence already and served a Lord.

Thus far, the Inhuman Emperor was showing the most enthusiasm. His forces didn't just kill enemies, but captured and tortured them for pleasure.

This created a much more brutal atmosphere in a war where hostages were previously never a problem.

The Karmic Emperor was also somewhat active. It was rare to see his troops, but that was mainly because they hid themselves behind enemy lines and in the ranks of their allies.

These forces were much more troublesome.

While the Inhuman Faction was brutal, they were direct. The Karmic Faction used schemes and trickery to turn people against each other.

The Ghostly Plains of Eien were already taken by them.

600,000,000 universal troops were first subjected to betrayal in which a large portion of their forces deserted in the midst of battle and left their comrades for death.

500,000,000 survived, but roughly 150,000,000 turned traitor.

The rest...

When they returned to their basecamps, they were struck with plague beyond measure. It ate through their mana systems and crippled them before invading their minds and turning them into abominations.

They still roamed the plains as mindless zombies who fed on anything in sight.

The Giant Domain was almost breached during this calamity, but luckily, a complete invasion was barely prevented by the sacrifices of over thirty thousand extreme peak masters.

Nevertheless, some Nox still made their way into the universe, and not all of them had been found and eradicated yet.

The Ghostly Plains Calamity was the universe's first major loss in this war.

It was also the first great event in general.

To follow up the great rallying cries sounded by the experts of the universe with such a defeat painted a terrible picture, and thus, a strategy was formed.

"The Blood-Drenched Wilderness was mostly recovered from Nox influence previously, but it was once again become a feeding ground for them. The environment supports their nature, so they are naturally strengthened there. It is a point we need to secure as fast as possible," a man said, his eyes panning over the crowd before him.

He was none other than Commanded Huo, who could only contribute his mind to the cause.

He refused to be uninvolved with the war because of the restriction. Just as always, he made sure to give his soldiers absolute surety from the backlines while supporting them as much as he could.

"A Void Corridor opened here several years ago, so the space is still unstable. It seems the Nox have been unable to penetrate the area because of this disorder," he continued.

"We are going to attack this place in three days. There are four main fortresses that must be taken down and several smaller encampments scattered around the area. I will separate you into units and give you your tasks individually. For now, disperse."

The crowd was made up of men and women old and young. These people were all at least at 4th class, with a large number of extreme peak masters among them.

"Huu..."

Commander Huo exhaled a breath of impure air as he watched them leave.

These troops were not his, just those assigned to him. He could already feel their hesitation, and he did not like it at all.

But, they were all he had. He could only make sure they did their duties properly when the time came.

"You guys can come in now."

He glanced away from the door and closed his eyes as it shut.

Click!

The lock turned on its own. A group of ten appeared from thin air.

Rose, Ruyue, Elena, Long Chen, Xue Fang, Xue Yue, Atticus, Aishia, Su Ren, and Ximen Wuhen.

A collection of those from the younger generation who had close relationships with Damien.

These ten in particular developed a habit of moving together over the past half year. Their skills complemented each other and their personalities were able to mesh well too.

Damien acted as a connection point for them at first, but they had enough time to form relationships outside of him.

They weren't the only ones in their group, but they were the main force.

Commander Huo sighed as he looked at them.

These kids were still just fledglings, but the number of merits they'd each gained in recent times was staggering.

"Judgement Order" was what they called themselves.

They stood with their swords pointed at enemies from the outside and traitors from within. They did not show mercy for anyone who crossed their line, which led to them assassinating several high-level traitors and fighting on the frontlines against powerful Nox foes.

Their reputation was high among the soldiers and even higher among the common people, but Commander Huo couldn't see their organization as anything but rebellion.

Not against Grand Heavens Boundary, but against the system that ran it.

What happened to Damien shook them all.

Yes, he was their friend, but it was more than that.

They realized that their power wasn't enough, and they realized that their status didn't matter.

As long as one of those strong forces felt the desire, they could bring them down in an instant.

They understood their purpose. Being the greatest geniuses of the universe, calling them its hope wasn't wrong.

Their growth potential put them in a position where they truly could tip the scales of war if they progressed properly.

It wasn't a matter of arrogance, but responsibility.

Those willing to act for selfish gain by oppressing those who represented the universe's hope did not need to exist in this land.

The Judgement Order, created to judge the wicked whether they be human or god!

"Let me guess. You want to participate?" Commander Huo said blandly.

"Yes. We can be of use in this battle," Rose responded as the spokesperson for the group.

"No. We already have enough people. Adding more will just muddle our efficiency."

"I understand that, which is why I propose a joint operation."

"Joint?"

"Yes. While your soldiers raid the Nox Strongholds, ours will take care of those sending support from the back."

"You mean..."

Commander Huo's eyes widened.

These kids were crazy, but they couldn't be that—

"We will attack the shadow army."



—crazy.

They were insane.

"Do you understand the weight of your words?" Commander Huo said menacingly.

"I do. We have already discussed this. We believe we can at least gather intel, if not assassinate a few top-level targets in the process."

"No direct combat?"

"Not until we understand the enemy's formations."

It was crazy.

The so-called "shadow army" was a term used for those who controlled the frontline forces from the darkness.

Their existence had long been detected, but any moves towards bringing them into the light were shut down immediately.

The enemy was extremely serious in protecting the privacy of that hidden force.

Yet, these few budding geniuses wanted to try it?

"Are you planning to get yourselves killed before he returns?" Commander Huo asked.

His expression was a mix between a harsh army commander and a concerned grandfather.

However, their expressions didn't budge.

"We will not be killed before he comes back. Instead..."

Rose's eyes turned solemn. A powerful invisible aura radiated from the group as a whole.

"...we will kill everyone that stands against us and present their heads as a gift when he returns."

Chapter 1147 Darkness [4]

There could never be just one main battleground in a war of this scale.

Of course, if one counted the entire length of Eien as a single war zone, then it could be considered so, but it was much too separated for such a view to be accurate.

The entire ring was being attacked, and each section was isolated from the rest. They each had their own large and small battles ongoing at all times, and the universe's forces were spread relatively thin.

However, over time, it became clear that the Nox were directing their focus toward Soul World.

In the Blood-Drenched Wilderness and the territories nearby it, a large number of enemies had gradually gathered.

It seemed Soul World had been judged an easy point of infiltration despite its special traits.

Why was that so?

Well, strictly physically, Spirits were the weakest race.

Their physical bodies needed to be formed as they grew and weren't provided from birth, therefore, there were times when they were extremely fragile presences in the real world.

Their natural affinity for nature and psychic-type magics gave them protection against their natural weakness, but the Nox must've found a way to overcome that protection.

If not, they would not have been attacking so confidently.

This was the conjecture made by many experts after observing the Nox's patterns for a time. They were a confusing and chaotic race, but they became strangely easy to predict on a larger scale.

Their strategies didn't differ much either, so creating countermeasures was something done with relative ease.

A larger portion of the army was positioned in the sections of Eien near the Soul World and Calypto in order to respond to the enemy's movements, and that area of the ring became the most watched of the battlegrounds.

Days and weeks passed rapidly. Commander Huo's raid on the Blood-Drenched Wilderness began long ago.

Because he wanted to gain an advantage, his priority was speed. Rather than exterminating every Nox they came across, his squads were instead tasked to use strategies similar to the Judgement Order that included assassination and stealth.

The Nox had a solid organizational structure nowadays, but it had a fatal flaw.

They ruled by fear and absolute order, therefore, when the general died, those under his command would become headless chickens that ran around without an idea of what to do.

"Individualism" was a core Nox ideology, but "individualistic thought" was a skill they lacked.

It couldn't be helped.y

They had to get rid of several chains before their thought processes could reach the complexity of humans and other species.

But this was a lucky break for the universe.

Using this quality, Commander Huo guided his troops through the defenses of all four major fortresses at once to catch the enemy off guard.

This happened 4 months ago. It was one of the most successful missions in the war thus far.

The four Supremes who sat at the head of those fortresses were killed before they could understand what was happening, while the remaining forces were cleaned up in the following months.

The only problem was...the completion came too easy.

The Nox were unintelligent, but they were not weak by any means.

It shouldn't have been so easy to take down their entire operation with only a few hundred allied casualties.

Haa...just what could it be...?"

Commander Huo sat at his desk, hunched over a variety of documents and reports.

No matter how he looked at it, there were no problems.

"Are we truly being too wary?"

He couldn't believe it, but that was what his peers believed.

Was it arrogance or reality?

No matter what, Commander Huo didn't think the Nox would direct so many forces towards the Soul World for them to be killed like ants.

"Bad news!"

A call suddenly resounded through the room.

A woman surfaced nearby, blood drenching her body from the countless gashes torn into her skin.

"Hera!" Commander Huo exclaimed, rushing over.

This woman named Hera was a member of Rose's Judgement Order. She was not part of the original group, but a member who joined after the fact.

She was someone who idolized Damien because she was a spatial practitioner just like him.

If it wasn't for him showing everyone the night of space in his performances ever since he became public, she would've remained thinking she was born with a useless affinity for the rest of her life.

However, she found purpose in the Judgement Order and decided to follow in his footsteps to become great.

How did she end up like this?!

"Commander...it's..."

Her words became vague as she tried to force them out with the blood erupting from her mouth.

"Do not waste energy on words! We will get you to the medics as soon as possible!" Commander Huo said, lifting her body and moving.

Yet, she stopped him before he could do anything extraneous.

"Commander...it's...a trap..."

Her bloodied hand gripped his arm, her eyes shining with the last spark of life remaining within her.

"They...are not here..."

"They? The Nox? If not here, then where?" Commander Huo responded in shock.

"..."

"...Giant—"



It was over for her.

The wounds she'd received were too severe, and she only worsened them by traveling through space.

She died right then and there, unable to accomplish her ambitions or meet the man who caused her to change her path.

But she died without regret because she was able to pass on the crucial information she was tasked with before leaving the world.

She made something of herself.

Nothing else mattered.

"DAMMIT!" Commander Huo roared as he felt her body go limp.

Loss was not a new thing in this war, but this was different.

Not only did Hera's state suggest terrible things for the Judgement Order's current situation, but Commander Huo had no time to think about helping them!

"Connect to the Miststrewn Cliffs right now!"

A blue projection screen appeared before him and fizzled out in the same second.

Commander Huo's eyes narrowed.

'Communication has been cut off.'

They put so much attention into the Soul World that it made no sense.

All these billions of Nox...were they just cannon fodder used as distraction?

The commander put Hera's body down gently before making an immediate rush to connect to everyone he could.

He told Luxurion the words delivered to him and squads were dispatched through the array system in seconds to investigate.

And the result...

"We've been breached."

The Miststrewn Cliffs and Venomous Steppes, both areas of Eien bordering the Giant Domain, were filled with fresh red blood.

All of the tens of millions of allied forces in those areas were eradicated in full, with not even corpses left behind to bury.

The Nox were nowhere to be seen.

The two territories were fully searched for clues in the coming weeks, but not a single Nox was found.

The Giant Domain also underwent what was essentially a quarantine, but the enemy was still yet to be found.

The universe was breached by an invisible force.

None could predict what came next.

Except for one group.

Only, in their current situation...

...well, even passing a single sliver of information could only be done by sacrificing one of their own.

It wasn't hard to imagine why their knowledge didn't spread.

Chapter 1148 Darkness [5]

BOOOOOOOOOM!

A massive explosion went off. It was so loud it was inconceivably why it could be so hidden.

It made no massive scene, and the noise and damage it caused were contained within a specific area and could not be perceived outside of it.

This kind of explosion rang out constantly over the past few weeks.

They were not from enemies, but a product of Rose's illusion abilities.

"Retreat! We must make it to the rendezvous point by any means possible!" She yelled, pulling more and more space under her control.

She was currently covering the rear while her team members ran ahead of her.

It wasn't that they were cowardly, it was that the path needed to be cleared in the front as well!

The Judgement Order did a large amount of research on the shadow army before choosing to invade it, but their information wasn't nearly as useful as they thought.

Everything was fine at first. While Commander Huo's operation took place, they were able to gather intel and undertake assassination quests relatively often, creating a solid profile of what the shadow army was like.

However, they stumbled upon something too big for them.

The unveiling of the Nox's hidden intelligence.

Those at the bottom were generally idiotic, but their leadership was anything but.

The repetitive strategies, the easily readable behavioral traits, these things that seemed impossible to forge were a complete lie.

It was only possible because there were so many of them.

Everyone sent to the Blood-Drenched Wilderness, no, practically every Nox being who'd shown themselves since the start of this full-scale war was cannon fodder.

They were sacrifices in an elaborate play to completely control the universe's movements.

As expected, they focused their forces where they were supposed to and allocated the rest as predicted.

As expected, their concentration made them ignore the slight chip in the glass that had the potential to become a crack that shattered it.

Along with that, the Judgement Order learned of several of the Karmic Emperor's plans as well as the Inhuman Emperor's general traits.

However, in the process, their presence was discovered.

Because the Inhuman Emperor himself visited the shadow army!

Naturally, he didn't chase the group of rats in his house himself. He used his followers as a horde to exterminate them instead!

For 6 weeks, Rose and her forces had been playing a cat-and-mouse game with the shadow army in a bid to escape with as few casualties as possible.

They entered the shadow army with a group of one hundred, including the ten who went to visit Commander Huo.

They each had squads of ten and worked independently, only occasionally sharing information to keep their actions hidden from the enemy, but all of them were uncovered one by one once the hunt began.

They'd been cut down to 80 total, but it already was a miracle they were able to save so many.

"AHHHH—!"

79.

A member of Rose's squad was impaled, his heart stuck at the end of a spear tip jutting out of his chest.

His name was Arthur. His reason for joining the Judgement Order was nothing more than honor and glory, but on the battlefield, he was neither arrogant nor unruly.

He was one of the most loyal and reliable comrades anyone could ask for.

With blood pooling from his body, he opened his eyes wide.

"Everyone...now—!"

VOOM!

His body expanded as his mana reached a level he could no longer contain.

Rose's eyes widened.

She gritted her teeth and stomachached his death, pushing her mana as much as possible.

BAAANG!

The man's body exploded and sent sweeping waves of chaotic mana in every direction.

The Nox encirclement was made up of strictly high-level 4th class or higher enemies, so not all of them died, but their formation was definitely broken!



And more than that, their vision was obscured.

"Vanish."

Rose wrapped her mana around the rest of their group and spoke a single word.

They disappeared from the world physically and ethereally. Any trace of their presence disappeared without warning, almost as if they'd teleported.

But this was not the case.

Rose's illusions were essentially a secondary reality at this point. As long as she had an opportunity, she really could make herself and those around her invisible to anyone under Divinity.

The problem was that they'd been discovered. The Inhuman Emperor's forces left several defenses in every shadow army encampment, Demigod-level formations that could undo Rose's concealment and cancel the skills of others as well.

This was the first time they found a chance to hide again, and it was at the cost of one of their own.

It became a trend.

If they wanted to accomplish something, their people had to die.

No matter what they tried, this truth never changed.

Blaring alarms and the screeching words of the Nox filled the air.

With no view of the targets, they chose to stop aiming entirely.

But giving up was not in their dictionary.

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Flaming ballista tore through heaven and earth and wide area attacks filled with unreasonable amounts of mana clouded the atmosphere.

The earth outside the encampment became a hellscape of cratered land and corruption. Nobody could survive such a bombardment for long.

Luckily, Rose was not alone in this battle.

The eight remaining members of her squad put their abilities to use, enhancing each other and supporting their movements.

They created defenses and ran with their lives on the line, hoping nothing would touch them.

BOOM!

Another ballista fell dangerously close to the group.

"Left!" Rose cried out.

BOOM!

BOOM!

Three consecutive shots slammed into the ground on their right and exploded into a ball of flames that almost consumed them.

Rose was forced to adapt her illusion to incorporate those flames while making them harmless.

She had to be absolutely certain she didn't change the picture the outside world saw unless she wanted to reveal their positions.

"RUN! NOW!"

Without warning, she jumped forward and dashed with all her power. The squad followed her, but not everyone could make it in time.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

An arrow the length of a city obliterated the ground as it landed only a few kilometers behind the group.

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!

Its shockwaves spread with the ferocity of a charging tiger, chasing the group no matter where they went.

"LEADER! TELL MY S—!"

BOOOOOM!

The woman at the back of the group stopped and summoned her mana to create a solid wall behind her while yelling as if she understood what was coming, but the time she had was too little.

The shockwave collided with her mana wall and blew it to pieces before hitting her and turning her body into a cloud of blood mist.

Her name was Marina. She joined this fight for the simple reason of creating a safe place for her loved ones to live peacefully.

Now, her wish could only be carried on by her comrades.

Unfortunately, she would never see those people again.

However, her sacrifice lessened the shockwave's force enough for the rest to block it with their power and keep going.

Marina left no trace of her existence on the battlefield.

Even though it made her want to vomit from disgust and the feeling of betrayal, Rose had no choice but to erase Marina's remains from the world to avoid giving away their location.

Dog tags were something Elena suggested.

The only thing Rose could do was collect Marina's and deliver it to her family.

Two more people died in one siege, but once the gigantic ballista showed its inability to reveal the group, the pursuit became less aggressive.

They were able to escape eventually.

Yet, only after losing another member, a man named Henry who idolized Su Ren and Damien.

Rose and the remaining six members of the group entered a hidden cave behind a mossy wall that helped it blend into the cliffside and rushed to the back wall.

Rose placed her hand on it and pushed her mana in a certain pattern.

The Eye of Horus with a sword through the middle, the emblem of the Judgement Order.

Inscribed in the sword was a code that would change at random intervals in order to confirm the identities of those attempting entry.

Once the symbol was drawn, the cave wall turned illusory and the group rushed in, the door closing behind them.

The six squad members immediately collapsed to the ground, breathing heavily.

Meanwhile, Rose glanced around the safe house.

It had been 6 weeks so far, but they still had several thousand kilometers to cover before they could escape this area.

'I can only hope...' She thought as she glanced at her squad members with sorrow.

The other nine squads should've been on their way to this location.

It was disconcerting for them to be the first to arrive.

Rose tried to quell her dark thoughts, but it was impossible to not consider the possibility.

The possibility that they were some of the last ones remaining.

Chapter 1149 Darkness [6]

While the disturbance in the Giant Domain wasn't forgotten, it faded from the forefront of people's minds after a few weeks of silence.

The defensive line was definitely pierced, but with no signs of Nox in the universe at all, how could they continue prioritizing the matter above all else?

After all, fighting an invisible enemy wasn't something one could just do.

The sheer amount of manpower and security needed to completely turn the Giant Domain upside down was too heavy of a cost. In the current situation, investigative squads were the most Heaven's Army could provide.

Luciel's mind was fogged with problems. As the head of the logistics division, he was the main one choosing how the universe responded to threats.

Personally, he wanted to put everything into the Giant Domain regardless of the cost. He knew for a fact something terrible would happen if it was left alone, but he didn't have absolute executive power.



Those around him were more pragmatic and focused on the problems as they came, such as the mobilization of Nox forces on the boundary of Soul World.

Previously, the Nox only sent cannon fodder that was uncovered as such far too late. This time, on the other hand, the troops they sent were fully equipped for war.

Commander Huo took lead of the military and fought against them with the large army that gradually formed in this area.

Through these battles, he was able to learn the identities of these Nox. They were not small characters.

Kira, a female Nox whose Demonic Providence seemed to involve blades in some convoluted storm-like way. She sat opposite Commander Huo, however, her strength was not Divine.

She was a Supreme who also participated in the battle personally with power far surpassing those at her level.

Under her guidance, the Nox formed an army structured similarly to its universal counterpart.

Blood-Drenched Wilderness and its periphery territories became a stage for an organized war between nations. It was extremely different from the norm, and the ability to strategize became extremely important.

As focus returned to Soul World, mysterious phenomena began to surface in the Giant Domain.

Due to Damien's arrays that turned the universe into an interconnected web, it was detected early.

But this detection didn't help Grand Heavens Boundary at all.

Altogether as one, over 10,000 worlds disappeared from the domain as if they never existed.

This disappearance was, at first, compared to the same situation that took place with the Corrupted World Cores several months ago, but this notion was denied soon enough.

The Corrupted World Cores disappeared for unknown reasons, but that event was not the Nox's doing.

After all, everyone strong enough had sensed the terrifying calamity that would have struck the universe if those cores weren't teleported away in time.

This event had to be the Nox's fault.

Luciel was convinced beyond measure. They left the domain alone after breaching its entrance so long ago because they were preparing something; something like this.

Yet, months of investigation led to nothing but disappointment.

Just how were they doing it?

No traces, no mana, not even a hint of differentiation in the Giant Domain in the times before and after the invasion.

With such inconclusive reports, it was impossible to justify focusing on the event for more than research purposes.

The teams sent to investigate were largely made up of scholars without combat power, as it was ruled something the army's involvement wasn't necessary for.

Luciel was very unhappy with this decision, of course, but he had nobody to call for help.

Those who would be willing were too important to the current effort to do anything, and the other option...

The Judgement Order had been unreachable for almost a year at this point.

Their lives were uncertain, and though he personally believed they were alive, he had no way to contact them for help or to help.

He felt like a puppet.

He did hold immense authority, and his authority could bypass the decisions of the council in most cases, but severe changes in the allocation of troops could not be done with just him alone.

Those people, not all of them were power-hungry or greedy. Some of them just prioritized the whole without caring about the parts.

To them, even if the Giant Domain was destroyed, it didn't matter as long as the rest of the universe was secure.

There were naturally those who were evil and those who were righteous, but the majority held the aforementioned opinion.

They wanted to cut their losses and amplify their gains.

But...was that a sustainable strategy?

Luciel definitely didn't think so, nor did those in his righteous faction.

However, this was a universal war.

The opinion that won was always the majority.

And when it came to justice...

...those who believed in it would never be the majority in this cruel world.

\*\*\*

Almost a day passed already.

Rose was almost unable to keep her cool.

This rendezvous time and location had been decided at the very beginning of their operation, before they'd been discovered, but she didn't believe the rest wouldn't come here.

She was certain they would at some point enter through the false cave wall.

But she was losing certainty with time.

Elena and Ruyue were steadily approaching. This much she could tell through the artifact Damien gave them.

However, the rest were still completely dark, their actions hidden from her and her group.

With the passing of a few hours, Elena and Ruyue appeared one after the other in the hidden cave.

Their teams were also missing members, down to 7 and 8 respectively, and they were covered in injuries from head to toe.

"Take them to the recovery area immediately!" Rose commanded.

Her people moved without hesitation and helped their comrades into the recovery bay, where a formation with healing capabilities had been installed.

Even severed limbs could be reattached with this formation, but excessive blood loss could still kill someone just as easily as if it didn't exist.

Therefore, it was imperative to get the injured into the recovery bay as fast as possible so they wouldn't die before they were brought back to health.

Rose personally helped Elena and Ruyue, but both declined to enter the recovery bay.

Instead, she took them to a private room near the back of the hidden safe house, a room decorated like a bedroom.

The three sat on the bed together, and Rose helped the two consume healing medicines to recuperate as she listened to their stories.

Just like her, they'd been forced into an unending battle for several weeks as they fled. They made it far without much of a hitch, but they lost people in the final stretch.

Of course, they wanted to let go of the situation for a second and rest, but that wasn't possible right now.

Once was a coincidence, and even twice could be written off, but when all three of them experienced the same course of events...

"They are corralling us. If this continues, they'll find our location by the time the rest can arrive."

Individually, they could hide their traces, but if just a sliver of information was found from each of their escapes, it could be put together into a picture that pointed straight at them.

It was a conundrum.

What was more important?

Their comrades or their safety?

Logically speaking, the answer was safety, but if these geniuses were logical thinkers, they never would have reached their current heights.

"We live and die together. This is the oath we made."

The Judgement Order was that kind of place.

A place that detested disloyalty and was formed due to the disgusting actions of those selfish creatures who dared to call themselves denizens of this universe...

How could the members of such a place even consider betraying their allies?

Chapter 1150 Darkness [7]



Day: 364

Kill Count: ~85,000,000,000

Sura, the Adapting Demon.

Kizma, the Dragon Dweller.

Ishamael, the Waverider.

It had almost been a year.

In that year, the number of Lesser Nox killed became so unreasonable that Damien stopped bothering with it and just approximated.

His words of challenge spread through the Abyss in the time after it happened and many Higher Nox also began challenging him.

Those three were the ones that stood out.

The count of slaughtered Higher Nox was around 10,000 at this point, which wasn't much, but was still considerable.

Especially when only three of them really stood out.

These three were unfamiliar to Damien, but it wasn't the same for Grand Heavens Boundary.

These few were a portion of the Nox geniuses who made their names famous by usurping positions on the Dimensional Leaderboard as outsiders.

But...it was too late for something like a spot on the Dimensional Leaderboard to still be considered a worthy position.

The difference was just a few moves, a few seconds.

If most of the Higher Nox that challenged Damien died in under five moves, these three were able to last twenty, which was why Damien still remembered their names and titles.

Other than that, everything else became a blur.

It was hard to imagine that a year had passed.

Day 364 didn't feel any different from day 1. The only difference was Damien's mentality.

After getting used to this place, thoughts of loneliness or doubt were erased from his mind. He became a true machine made for the exclusive purpose of slaughtering Nox.

In the process, his rank increased tremendously as well.

In one year, Damien managed to reach the 5th revolution.

The reasoning was simple.

Not only was he doing something unreasonable himself by guarding No Return Pass alone and successfully, but his people were also making huge achievements.

The creation of the Judgement Order was in large part because of his influence, so whenever their name spread, his did as well.

This was a sort of passive Legend building, but it didn't have nearly as much of an effect as his own actions, it was just the cherry on top.

But it was fun to see.

He got to see a glimpse of what they were up to, and he was assured of their safety, which allowed him to act without worry.

However, he still hadn't met them yet.

He never entered the Sanctuary himself, and the girls didn't do it either.

However, Tian Yang and a few others used it religiously as a hiding place and more.

Theavel's army, the self-proclaimed Void Army whose name Damien refused to acknowledge, was being put to use as much as they could without garnering suspicion.

Tian Yang, Tang Lingzi, and the rest were guarding the Mountain Range of Insanity bordering the Beast Domain. Under their leadership and the large personal force they possessed, they were able to absolutely secure this area.

Theavel's Army was naturally that very personal force, and whenever they moved, they didn't hesitate to spread their allegiance.

Damien Void.

Despite being confined in hell, his influence refused to leave the universe.

Damien was a bit concerned about what Immortal Blood Asura would do, but he threw those worries away.

The traitorous Demigod was too busy being a traitorous bitch to target his people.

He had to move extremely carefully now that war had broken out in totality. If his contact with the other side was even assumed because of his actions, he'd be done for.

That was one of the reasons why the Judgement Order was able to function without hindrance, and it was the same for the Sanctuarians.

"Hm?"

Damien flicked his finger, casually erasing millions of Lesser Nox from existence with a wave of Void Mana as his head tilted curiously.

The Sanctuary was suddenly home to 4,000 new World Cores that were slowly rebuilding their surfaces.

"What happened to you guys?" He asked inwardly, directing his words at the World Core Fusion Reactor.

The voice that responded was Reva's.

[Master, these children are terrified. I will explain.]

"Oh? You've become quite different in the time since we met, haven't you?"

[This is only natural. I am bathed in World Force and Universal Law every day. I am slowly regaining my mother's identity.]

"I see. Anyway, continue with what you were saying."

[Yes, Master. I will directly transmit the necessary memories.]

Reva had been quiet since Damien bound her, but it seemed she was just reconnecting to her identity as a universe fragment.

After all, when they first met, she was so broken she could hardly express her intentions, merely wandering through existence.

Now, she was starting to show traits similar to a World Core. In a sense, she could be considered an older sibling of World Cores as a whole.

She became the main consciousness of the World Core Fusion Reactor on her own and managed their processes for Damien, most of the time not bothering him at all.

He was unaware of her interference for a while, but since she was only doing good things for him, he left her be and didn't force her to explain herself.

His actions were definitely right, since it was only recently that Reva reached a point where she could express herself.

Nevertheless, the memories in question entered Damien's mind in waves, allowing him to process them.

For the most part, they all showed similar scenes.

With no prior warning, every being in the world died.

At the same time, in the same way, with no interaction whatsoever.

They all just fell lifeless to the ground.

In the next scene, darkness prevailed.

A massive environment was vaguely present in the distance below the scene, but it couldn't be made out yet.

There were 10,000 worlds here, all devoid of life.

A being appeared in their midst.

He was cloaked in darkness, with only a pair of eerily soulless eyes peering through the veil.

He raided his hand once, and—

RUMBLE!

The worlds deconstructed.

Every level of their physical existence was torn away until their surfaces were just rubble in the void, which was soon consumed by that very entity.



The 10,000 rogue World Cores were in survival mode. They searched for any opportunity to guarantee their survival.

But there was no such thing.

One by one, they were corrupted by the great power of a Demigod and sent to an unknown location.

Except for these 4,000.

They who chose to shelter themselves under Damien's umbrella early were the only ones able to escape this situation.

They teleported to the Sanctuary automatically through its mechanisms, and that was the end of it.

Damien wasn't able to see what happened to the majority that couldn't escape.

"That must be the Soul Emperor," Damien said casually.

He'd seen the Saint and Inhuman Emperors with his own eyes, while he learned the Karmic Emperor's appearance through the memories he'd devoured from the thousands of Higher Nox that came looking for him.

That only left one option.

The most elusive Nox Emperor, he who never showed his form, the Soul Emperor.

"It's a shame they targeted the Giants."

Damien likes Giants a lot. They were honest and righteous without fail. It was a racial trait that couldn't be any other way.

In another sense, they were the most secure race in the universe.

Their mere existence gave denizens a sense of surety about their safety, which obviously wasn't something the Nox could allow.

So they targeted the Giants first, with a plan of total eradication.

"If I was the enemy, I would have also made this choice. The only surprise is that it wasn't discovered by Heaven's Army before it happened. Now..."

Now, there was a simple question that needed answering.

What was the Soul Emperor planning to do with those newly corrupted World Cores?