

# Void 1221

## Chapter 1221 Death [3]

Just like every other true show of power, there was no magisterial effect accompanying the command.

With Damien's single word, the foreign material executed his command.

At that moment, if one could view Al'Katra's full form from the Abyss, they'd witness a horrifyingly beautiful sight.

Quintillions of existences.

They formed a mosaic along the surface that even the dark clouds in the atmosphere couldn't hide.

Yet, at this moment, that mosaic merged into a sea of blackness.

Every Lesser Nox on the surface of the planet, a majority of the Nox's power, dropped to the ground without resistance.

Their bodies turned into ink that flowed and filled the desolate earth of Al'Katra with oceans of blood, and despite the merging ability that made the denizens of the universe infinitely wary, these Nox did not reform after dying.

Just like that.

It happened fast, within a few seconds, and far before anyone could understand what was actually happening.

It was hard to picture how grand such a major event was when the time it took to occur was so short and the visual spectacle was practically nonexistent, however, it couldn't be helped.

Damien realized instantly that he didn't have time to marvel at it.

'I need to leave. Now. I can process the weight of my actions later.'

The Saint Emperor just left so he was definitely close enough to return to the Demon Abyss within the hour, while the rest of the Nox Emperors wouldn't be too far behind.

'I have to get out of here before they return, or I'll really find myself facing the entire Nox Race alone.'

He looked at the foreign material with a strained expression for a moment, but understood what he had to do.

'Disassemble.'

He gave the command, and without a consciousness of its own, the foreign material could only follow.

From the inside out, it took itself apart and dissipated into the atmosphere, becoming one with the area that was disappearing now that it was gone.

Damien rapidly exited the alternate reality using the same method he used to enter, and with his current understanding of the Nox, escaping the Demon Abyss wasn't nearly as stretched out of an ordeal as descending it.

He shot up like a fish swimming against the current. He couldn't see it, but starting at the very top, the Demon Abyss was disappearing.

It looked like a swimming pool being drained.

A sinkhole formed in its center due to the extreme speed at which the currents of the abyss swirled and vanished, creating a long corridor that touched the very bottom of the space within the minute.

Damien noticed it once it passed him. He didn't hesitate to change his path and fight the chaotic vortex to reach its eye, where he could directly fly through the environment.

Al'Katra's laws were flooding the space now that the disruption was gone, and he could use these to propel himself far faster than he could through the Demon Abyss itself.

And his mind was moving just as fast.

He needed to find an escape route.

'It's open air outside, so theoretically, I should be able to make it out easily. I don't have to hide my identity anymore, so I can use the full power of my laws to get out of here.'

It was fine.

He trusted himself to make it out before anything bad happened.

He didn't realize how far he'd descended until he had to return to the surface.

Using his true power, he was teleporting millions of kilometers every second, but he'd already teleported hundreds of times and couldn't see the open air yet.

The Demon Abyss itself was a separate entity from Al'Katra.

Its depths didn't reflect the size of Al'Katra, and despite the world itself being far larger than any other world in existence, the Demon Abyss was deeper than it could hold.

'I was billions of kilometers deep at the very least. I'm afraid of how much time it took to descend that, but I didn't feel it at all. Even using extraordinary means to increase my fall speed, it'd take years for the abyss to take me the abyss.'

Damien lost track of the significance of time when he came to the Abyss.

It had already been over a decade since he left the universe, but it felt shorter than the amount of time he spent in No Return Pass.

It was just too fast.

Too much happened in too little time, and Damien learned so much that his brain was full of information that clouded his perception.

He hadn't even digested it all yet.

'The information I learned from the foreign material, at least what I could understand immediately, expanded on things I already know. However, the stuff that's left will help me clear the doubts I formed while I was pondering earlier.'

The things he assumed about the Void's effects on the Nox naturally weren't presented in the foreign material because it had no relation to that, but the information it had would help him clear away incorrect assumptions to eventually triangulate the truth.

'The most important thing now is to get back to Grand Heavens Boundary and spread what I know, as well as the current state of the Nox. We have more than just a chance now. We have the absolute ability to win!'

The threat of an infinite Nox wave no longer existed. Not only were their forces now finite since they lacked the ability to reproduce rapidly, they also lost a majority of their foot soldiers, so the war situation would balance out instantly.

Everything was set up.

That single move, something that only needed a single thought from him to come to fruition, completely reversed the dire situation.

Everything was in his palms now.

He grinned to himself.

The entrance to the Demon Abyss was now visible. He'd be there in a few seconds.

He pushed and pushed and pushed.

His thoughts were focused on the future.

'Escape is easy. As soon as I get out of the Demon Abyss' distortion, I can enter the Sanctuary. With the connection the isolated universe had to my wives, I can go directly to them once I'm there.'

He didn't need to make a journey through the Abyss anymore.

He didn't need to worry about confronting the Nox Emperors.

He had an out.

An easy out that he created with his own hands.

His ego felt overly inflated. He deserved it, after all.

He'd just accomplished a miracle.

He knew he couldn't let it stay that way.

He hadn't changed from the man he once was just because he was able to accomplish something major.

Because, at the end of the day, his deed was done through external forces, not personal power.

But for now, it was okay.

He deserved a pat on the back.

But not yet.

He pushed and pushed and pushed.

The opening above him became bigger and bigger in his eyes, and with just a few more teleportations, he made it past the barrier.

'Now!'

He didn't know what the Nox were up to and he didn't care to know.

His mana immediately went into his connection with the Sanctuary to pull him out of Al—

SHIK!

Damien's eyes widened.

He looked down.

There was an arm jutting out of his chest.

"What..."

He felt a breath on his ear.

"Thank you, but this is the end."

He knew that voice.

It was the Saint Emperor.

He wasn't supposed to be here.

Damien made sure the Saint Emperor left Al'Katra before he entered the Demon Abyss.

And...

He was a Demigod.

This...was not supposed to happen.

"Are you curious?"

The Saint Emperor asked casually, but his words flowed so fast they only took up a fraction of a spark of a millisecond to end.

"Look around you."

Damien obeyed.

He wasn't in his right mind.

The second the Saint Emperor pierced his body, his connection with the Sanctuary was cut off.

He couldn't even teleport or access his mana.

As his eyes focused on the atmosphere, he realized.

He was surrounded by Demigods.

There were over 100 Nox Lords in the area around him, and there were 100 more maintaining a barrier of Divine Energy that disallowed the usage of any lesser mana.

"I prepared this for you."

Divine Energy flowed into Damien's body.

This was the force.

It was because of this mana that everything he tried didn't work.

Even the Void didn't answer his call.

"You have fulfilled your role," the Saint Emperor continued.

"You have no more use in the plot, so..."

"I will be taking the Dark God's Seed. Thank you for growing it so well for me."

"Keuk...!"



Damien sprayed blood.

Divine Energy filled his systems and turned him into a cripple instantly.

The pocket dimensions protecting his vital organs were shattered, and his systems fell victim to the Divine Energy's erosion.

His vision was blurring.

He never expected this.

He had no way of predicting it.

The restriction on Demigods was absolute. Even at this moment as time slowed almost to a stop, the Demigods in the surroundings, including the Saint Emperor, were slowly fading.

Their bodies were turning into blue light particles as they were transported to the Ancient Battlefield.

But it hadn't happened yet.

Damien didn't understand.

The Nox would suffer more than anyone else if they lost their Demigods.

Their command structure was heavily reliant on Lords, and their armies would fall into chaos the second they were gone.

That was why the Nox made sure to stop the universe's Demigods from forcing them into the Ancient Battlefield.

So...

"...why...?"

Damien squeezed out a single word.

"Why?" The Saint Emperor echoed with a smile.

"Because I wanted to see your expression. Why else?"

An extremely Saint Emperor-like answer.

He did it because he wanted to.

He didn't care about the Nox.

It was an oversight on Damien's part.

This man was never someone who acted predictably. Damien never should've assumed he could understand how the Saint Emperor would move.

But that couldn't be it.

He couldn't accept it.

"Tell...me..."

He couldn't see it.

But the Saint Emperor grinned widely.

"You are that curious?" He said mockingly.

"Unfortunately, you will not get an answer."

VOOM!

The Divine Energy rampaging through Damien's body increased to a new level.

Everything was destroyed.

He couldn't fight Divine Energy.

It was several leagues above his existence.

He could barely perceive it. If it wasn't crushing him piece by piece, he wouldn't have perceived it at all.

Without the Void, he couldn't do anything about it.

But the Void was silent.

His brain was starting to melt.

"After all, you are already dead."

Dead?

Him?

Damien Void?

Dead?

He couldn't accept it.

He wasn't someone who could die.

Not here.

Not now.

He spent too much time and effort to get where he was. He sacrificed too much to become the man he was.

This wasn't his time.

He had too much he still wanted to do to die here.

"I...refuse..."

His words were weak. They couldn't accurately represent the flame in his heart.

No matter what he wanted, no matter what his mind and heart said, he couldn't overcome Divine Energy.

And the Void...

The Void was still silent.

It was his mistake.

It was all his fault.

He got too confident.

He let his ego tell him everything was okay.

But...

Was there a way out?

There wasn't.

He didn't have the power to escape before the Saint Emperor got to him.

Even with his inflated ego, he was acting with absolute speed.

But he dropped his wariness because of it.

That was his fault.

He didn't know if he could've escaped, but it was too late for him to think about it.

Because his brain was no more than a puddle of fluids leaking into his systems.

He was too late.

He had no chance.

Rose, Ruyue, Elena...

His mother, Xue'er, his father...

Iris...

Tian Yang, Elvira, Malcolm, Bai Yuxuan, Feng Yuxiang, Bianca Snow, Su Ren, Long Chen, Aishia, Director Alucard, Feng Qing'er, Lunaria Snow, Qing Tan, Hugo Fang, Atticus Flamesworth, Yong An, Luciel, Lucifer, Commander Huo, Lynn Carter, Xue Fang, Bai Xieren, Shangguan Yu, Tang Lingzi, Drunken Old Immortal, Jiao Mei, Sierra Lock, Leona, Pricilla Adelaide, Ria, Maximus, Elitra...

They all flashed through his mind.

One by one.

The connections he built through his life, the people he loved, and those who loved him.

The First Dungeon, Apeiron, the Cloud Plane, 3000 Beast Mountain Range, Primordial Undying Realm, Earth, the Unnamed World, Atlas World, Azure Rain Star, Death Emperor Star, Hidden Death Valley, Calypto, Luxurion, Holy Light Star, Beast Emperor Star, Eien, the Wild Continent, the Severed World, No Return Pass, the Abyss...

The places he'd been, the sights he'd seen, flowed like a stream after that.

His memories flashed one after another, showing him the Legend he'd built thus far, showing him the events that created him, showing him the struggles he went through, showing him what he wished to protect...

As the Demigods around him turned completely into blue particles and disappeared from the universe, a single sentence entered his ears.

"Rest well. I will take good care of your universe. That much, I can promise."

And then...

One second finally elapsed.

Everyone in the Demon Abyss disappeared from the lower universe.

In this place, far separated from everything he knew and loved, a place he came to protect those things...

A life withered away.

Damien Void had died.

Chapter 1222 Death [4]

The phenomenon echoed through all of existence.

Those who were on the warfront, those who were observing it silently, those who were plotting in the shadows, and even those who remained wholly uninvolved with the universe's affairs...

Without a single notice, completely beyond their expectations, the Demigods of the lower universe disappeared from the world.

Nobody knew why.

There were no obvious signs of a restriction being activated to summon the Ancient Battlefield.

Even if one assumed there was a problem in the Abyss, the problem still didn't make sense.

It had been so long since the war began. The last time the Ancient Battlefield opened was dozens of thousands of years ago, so naturally, nobody expected someone to open it now.

After all, the universe's forces were now unified. Regardless of their attempts to accomplish this exact feat, they'd been unsuccessful, and they were very clear on the fact that they did not cause this incident.

However, the Nox didn't have any reason to take drastic measures.

The Nox power structure was simpler than anyone expected once it was revealed.

The Supremes were like envoys who represented the Lords they served, while everyone under them would be allocated by said Supremes to act in any way they needed to in order to accomplish the overarching goal.

Lords were subordinated to Emperors, and the four Emperors practically managed the entire Nox Race's actions for as long as they existed.

Essentially, their power was extremely concentrated in the highest ranks.

The Karmic and Inhuman Emperor were presently active in the universe when this phenomenon took place, as were the majority of the Lords under them.

The Soul Emperor was also focused on the universe from the Abyss, and while his actions couldn't clearly be seen, there were several incidents that were assumed to be his doing.

The only Emperor who had been silent was the Saint Emperor.

After imposing the 2-year ceasefire and presiding over the battle between Damien Void and the Saint King, he disappeared from the war scene entirely.



So those like Luciel who watched the Demigods disappear and had minds racing with questions could only assume he was the one who caused this.

But they couldn't understand why.

The Nox would not benefit in the slightest.

Others had made similar conjectures.

Losing their Demigods left Nox's leadership in the hands of their Supremes, but those Supremes didn't have any knowledge of how to move without instruction.

They were just puppets.

Considering what was known about the Nox now, this design was both pitiful and extremely ironic, since they themselves were keeping themselves in a state where they would never escape their enslavement.

Though, not everyone was clueless.

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In the depths of the Abyss, a massive wave of shock spread.

How could it not?

Unlike those in the universe, those in the Abyss were able to understand far more about the cause.

The fact that Al'Katra was now covered in seas of black ink was hard to ignore, and with the way rumors spread among the Nox, more and more of their race concentrated on the world to find the truth.

Among them was a certain Nox man who wasn't able to return here in a very long time.

But now...?

Now, the enemies he had to hide from were gone from the universe, and his freedom of movement increased greatly.

'Before they left, they made a monstrous claim...'

Yong An was frowning.

He had taken several Lords under his banner in the past several years, so he wasn't as uninformed as the masses.

The hivemind of the Nox was prejudiced towards powerful individuals. With his current strength as a Supreme, he couldn't see much, but those Demigods under him let it be known.

A huge change took place in Al'Katra.

He had to find out what.

And as he did so, he realized the shocking truth.

The area where the Demon Abyss used to exist, which was currently heavily guarded by the forces of the four Emperors, was already suspicious, and when he used his contacts to gain access, he found that there was nothing more than a chasm left in its place.

'There should be fluctuations of something, but there are none. It is as if the Demon Abyss decided to disappear on its own.'

He couldn't understand it.

Such an action couldn't be done by a Nox.

'And the Envoy...'

The Envoy, who should've been extremely angered by its disappearance and on a manhunt to find the cause, was nowhere to be seen.

'This is bigger than I thought.'

Nobody could predict it, and nobody could understand it.

But Yong An had a wild thought.

'Could it be...?'

There was only one man in existence he thought was capable of this.

But that man...

'He should not be here.'

And even if he did come, why was there no sign of him?

A pit formed in his stomach as he continued to ponder.

Damien Void.

He had a strange relationship with that man.

They started off as enemies. The entirety of his existence was built on killing that man and taking his place.

However, that man never seemed to treat him like an enemy.

It was like he understood Yong An's struggles and, while pretending to be his opposition, was guiding him on a path that led to freedom.

At some point, their relationship changed for the positive.

Damien saved his life, and Yong An wasn't a man who forgot his debts.

'I thought something was off...'

The last time they met, Damien seemed far less concerned about the threat of the Nox than he was.

Yet, he had information that should've terrified him.

The same information that made Yong An cower in fear.

'Why is it...?'

Why was that man so fearless?

Did he think himself a god?

Yong An couldn't understand it, but he respected it immensely.

Because that was the kind of courage he wished he had.

That was the courage that allowed him to continue on his path and grow to the point where he was at now.

'But...'

'Did you do it...?'

There were two ways for Demigods to be transported to the Ancient Battlefield.

The first was by the universe's decree, which could only happen if the actions of Demigods were directly causing enough harm to harm its lifespan.

But that didn't happen.

If that happened, the event would've been far more spectacular, and the main battlefield would've been wrought in destruction mirroring the Abyss.

And the second...

The second was for a Demigod to directly cause harm to a lower existence and activate the restriction.

If that happened, and Damien was the lower existence...

'Are you...have you truly passed?'

He couldn't believe it.

That man died?

That man couldn't die.

He was a person who would survive no matter how much fate wanted him to die.

He was a light.

'No, he was my light.'

Yong An didn't have role models in his life until he met Damien. He'd never met someone who could set him on the right path and support him unconditionally.

To Yong An, even though they didn't know each other that well, Damien was like an older brother.

'I can't accept it.'

His family, his village, his clan...

His friends, anyone he'd ever cared for...

The Saint Emperor took them all from him.

His heart was barely beating.

Did it happen again?

It felt like his emotions were slipping away.

He was becoming numb to it.

'If this is fate...then is it even worth trying?'

Was it hopeless?

Perhaps they hadn't known each other for long, but Damien had a profound impact on Yong An's life.

And even the thought of something happening to him was crushing.

Damien wasn't that kind of person.

Whenever it seemed like he'd fail, he'd always appear happily and ease everyone's hearts.

But as days and weeks passed, he never showed up.

It was getting harder to deny it.

Damien Void was truly dead.

And not even a body remained to prove it.

Chapter 1223 Death [5]

The death of Damien Void wasn't an event that took the universe by storm.

At least, not at first.

While people clamored to find the answers to the great mystery of the Demigods' transference, it happened quietly, like a passing breeze.

The Dimensional Leaderboard changed.

The first-place position that was occupied by the greatest genius of the universe ever since his spectacular battle with the Saint King became empty, and every other individual present on the leaderboard moved up.

The first to notice was the younger generation, who then spread it to the elders of their clans and sects, who discussed it amongst themselves until the rumors became an unmistakable reality.

Either Damien's age suddenly jumped over 400 years and disqualified him from the leaderboard, he became a Divinity and ascended past it, or he was dead.

With that thought in mind, because the sudden and silent death of a supreme genius was so hard to accept, they checked the legacy leaderboard immediately in search of his name, but unable to find it, they were forced to look at the only remaining option.

Various reactions filled the universe when this information spread, and various forces connected it with the Demigod incident due to the timing, but this was a matter for several days in the future.

Currently, a meeting was taking place between the highest authorities of the allied force.

Luciel headed it, and present with him were several Holy Masters such as Iris and Sterling Asterin, the Fallen Star Holy Master.

And surprisingly enough, given the privilege to listen in on the meeting from the side were the highest officials of the Judgement Order, including Rose, Ruyue, Elena, and Su Ren.

The topic of discussion was the same as it had always been.

The endless war they were currently fighting.



"We have lost 30% of the Infernal Realm, but they do not seem to be pushing as hard as they were before. Has information come from the other side?" Luciel asked, guiding the meeting.

"Yes," a Holy Master stood up.

"Our spies found that the Karmic Emperor's forces have been moving strangely in recent days. It seems they will make a big move soon."

"Is there any solid information?" Luciel pushed.

"Not much, however..."

The Holy Master hesitated for a second, but under the burning gazes of those around him, he folded and sighed.

"It has been confirmed. Members of Blood Asura Holy Land have been secretly communicating with the enemy forces for at least a year. Their betrayal is evident."

"Dammit!"

Luciel banged his fist against the table.

If one looked at Immortal Blood Asura's personality, while he was abhorrible and evil, he wasn't someone one would expect to turn traitor.

Mainly because of his pride.

As a man who always stood alone and forced others to respect him, to make a move like this was essentially throwing away his pride.

Either that, or the allied forces had severely estimated how twisted his mind was.

"How is Elyssa?"

The member who stood up this time was different.

Two years ago, a contact appeared spontaneously among the allied forces.

She was a woman named Elyssa Bloodlock, and according to her, the Bloodlock Clan had long been subordinated to the Nox.

At first, her information was doubted for its credibility, which led to a year-long investigation that was finally yielding results.

This woman, who was just an ordinary disciple in comparison to the status of the rest of the room, was the individual in charge of keeping up with her and passing her messages along to the rest of the group.

"Everything the contact said has been verified. Not only have they been sacrificing their own citizens for reasons unknown, but the majority of those in Blood Asura Holy Land have been corrupted into Nox servants."

"They have managed to hide well due to Immortal Blood Asura's interference. According to recent news, he has a deep cooperative relationship with the Karmic Emperor, and the members under him have been given the means to hide their corruption in order to accurately deceive our vision. The length of this cooperation...if we are estimating properly, is over a decade."

The woman continued to elaborate on the situation, listing much more information she received from Elyssa Bloodlock.

There wasn't much they could learn about the nature of the Nox's next move, but just by seeing the troop distribution and their movements, it was clear that their plan was going to shake the universe's very foundation.

"If we can find a way to suppress the Karmic Emperor, it will become much easier, but he has remained hidden even while staying in our universe. It's quite frustrating..." Luciel muttered with a sigh.

He was the main contributor to the most difficult problems. As long as he could be removed from the equation, their forces would be able to launch the counterattack they'd been preparing in secret for the past three years.

"Alright," Luciel said.

"We must strike preemptively. If they are allowed to regain momentum, it will be difficult for us to stop them."

A heated discussion began among the meeting members.

Plans were being finalized to bring this war into its final stages and finally chase the Nox out of their universe for good.

However, at this moment, something strange happened amidst the observers.

Rose's eyes widened.

As did Elena's.

They suddenly froze in place.

Their hearts practically stopped beating as their minds were thrown into chaos.

"H-huh?"

Ruyue sat with widened eyes.

She reached up and touched her face.

Were those...tears?

Her countenance was icy as always. Her expression was cold and locked away the feelings in her heart, disallowing others from understanding her inner thoughts.

It was a factor that added to her beauty. There were countless men who swooned after her, not that she paid attention to them.

But the charm she possessed was laced with a freezing touch.

Yet, at this moment, this exact indifferent facade was unsettling.

Something snapped within her.

It wasn't like before.

It wasn't a matter of something being lost temporarily.

It was gone.

She couldn't find it.

It didn't exist anymore.

It caused extreme pain to envelop her body and soul, but she was too shocked to even register it.

Her soul...

That piece of her soul that she left with her beloved as a symbol of their love...

It was gone.

It shattered.

That...

There was only one situation that could cause that. No matter how much time passed, even if she herself passed away, that piece of her soul would always be with him.

Until...

It was hard to breathe.

It was hard to think.

She sat there as an impossible truth dawned on her mind, frozen like a statue.

Everything went silent.

Everything became blurry.

A messenger rushed into the room, hurriedly reporting information about the disappearance of the Demigods that just took place.

The entire meeting hall was filled with noise as Iris and several others disappeared, and the rest contacted outside forces to understand the scale of this phenomenon.

But she didn't hear it.

Neither did Rose or Elena.

It was all drowned out.

Leaving only the sound of crystal tears shattering against the cold, lifeless ground.

Chapter 1224 Death [6]

Damien Void.

What did he mean to the people who loved him?

To some, he was a rascal they couldn't help but like. To some, he was an annoyingly charismatic brat. To some, he was a good brother with whom they could share joys and sorrows. And to some others, he was a man who represented their goal, everything they strived to surpass.

But none of these definitions could really explain what he meant to people.

Just like Yong An said, he was a shining beacon of light.

He was a genius who stood alone. He had a type of talent that destined him to walk a lonely road.

Yet, he was always there, smiling brightly and bringing people together, standing alongside them, supporting them through thick and thin, and guiding them towards the light.

Why else would there be so many powerful people involved with him?

People like Director Alucard or Iris simply couldn't be moved by ordinary geniuses. Even the strongest people in the universe had to treat them with respect and stay mindful of their neutrality.

But Damien, with nothing more than his words and actions, won them over and placed them in a situation where they'd throw away their neutrality to support him.

To the people who knew him, Damien was someone to be learned from.

Whether it was the older generation full of monsters who'd lived countless millennia or the younger generation who were still trying their best to survive in this tumultuous universe, they had something they could learn from him.

So regardless of what one felt for him, whether it was love, greed, fear, or even hatred, they had no choice but to respect him.

That was how they viewed him.

At least, most people.

But what about those three?

Rose, Ruyue, and Elena had a relationship with him that nobody else could understand.

Damien always kept people at arm's length. Even Long Chen and Su Ren, two of his only friends in the entire universe, didn't know much about the struggles he went through alone.

Only they did.

Only to them did he open his heart.

And he was the same for them.

Whether it was Rose, who lived for others and had to keep her emotions hidden so they wouldn't feel her fear and crumble, Elena, who only knew battle and never cared to explain herself to others, or Ruyue, who refused to allow others to get too close due to her past experiences, they were all equally closed off.

Only Damien was able to pierce through their defenses and make his way to their hearts, which he occupied in full.

To them, he was everything.

He was their husband, the father of their future children, and the mighty wall that supported them silently no matter the distance that separated them.

Asking them to just accept his death was laughable.

They would never do that.

But, even they were forced to sit down and face reality, accepting that he might've truly left this world without them.

After all, it wasn't just Ruyue anymore.

Rose and Elena also had a deep bond with him through their engagement rings that allowed them to sense his presence as long as it existed.

At that moment in the conference room, all three of them felt the disappearance of that connection, and the second they overcame the pure shock that froze them in place, mainly because of Su Ren and the others who pulled them out of it, they immediately disappeared.

They went to the Sanctuary.



This was a place built by him. If there were any clues about his situation, they would be present here.

However, when they arrived, they found a silent Theavel.

Elvira came to find them before anyone else and took them to Avalon to sit down and talk.

Damien had a clone in the Sanctuary for several years now, which he'd used to transfer a great deal of information from the Abyss and help the universe's forces in secret.

The so-called "counterstrike" plan that Luciel mentioned in the meeting was precisely the result of his information.

Yet, that clone was no longer present.

Elvira personally watched it fade from existence as it passed on its final message.

A message that revealed "everything" about the Nox.

He did it while he was still escaping the Demon Abyss.

Just in case he was held up and couldn't immediately escape, he transferred his most recent memories to his clone to update them.

However...

By the time it finished loading that information into a jade slip, it disappeared.

It's final words...

"Condition...?"

Elvira nodded.

"Yes, it said 'condition' before dispersing. We have no way to know what it means, but...because of how valuable the last information he transmitted is, I can only assume he was doing something extremely dangerous."

The clone was, after all, a reflection of Damien. He didn't want them to worry, so it didn't say a single word about descending the Demon Abyss or infiltrating the Nox's most sacred area.

It only transmitted the information without context.

"He..."

Elena was the one who spoke.

All three of them were holding in their emotions. They couldn't allow themselves to break down in front of anyone else.

Not until they confirmed it.

"He will not die so easily..."

It was a statement all of them thought so many times that it was numbing at this point, but she felt the need to say it out loud.

Elvira looked at her with sad eyes, but nodded anyway.

"Yes, he is not someone who will die at a time like this. We still need him, after all."

Her relationship with Damien was...vague, so the way she viewed his wives was also laced with strange feelings, but at a time like this, none of those mattered.

They had to stay strong together.

Or else, all of them would crumble.

And if that happened, the consequences would be dire.

"For now, I have made sure this information doesn't spread. Aside from me, Lynn, and the other Emperors of Theavel, nobody knows."

"...not even Xue'er?" Rose muttered.

"Especially not Xue'er."

If Xue'er ever found out about this, nobody could predict what she'd do. Whether she'd charge into the enemy camp and recklessly kill until she died or simply end her life silently, the final result would remain the same.

Xue'er was left with nothing before Damien found her.

He was more than just an older brother to her, but a father.

He may have been unable to be with her for a majority of her life, but she was understanding and always mature beyond her years.

She only looked up to him and worried for his safety, waiting for him to return victorious and tell her the wondrous stories of his exploits in the outside world.

Xue'er was an adult now. She was at an age where it wouldn't be strange for her to have kids of her own.

But when it came to him, she was still that little girl he saved in the Trial World.

The little girl he created the Sanctuary for, so she could live a life in peace, away from the troubles that darkened her bright world.

Days passed quietly, yet the universal situation only became more disordered.

Perhaps this should've been a time of grieving for those close to Damien, but surprisingly, it wasn't so at all.

All evidence pointed to his death.

The more they learned, and as information poured in from anonymous sources like Yong An and Elvira, making them aware of Al'Katra, the Demon Abyss, and the extermination of over eight quintillion Lesser Nox beings, the picture became clear to them.

And...

It also became clear why the Demigods disappeared.

These two events were directly related.

On his own, hidden from the gazes of all and expecting not a single ounce of credit, Damien Void descended into the Abyss and created a miracle.

But, in consequence, he lost his life to the Saint Emperor.

That was the story the universe knew.

Those who didn't know him personally but admired or placed their hopes on his talent mourned heavily, but who knew whether they were sincere or not?

As for those who stood against him, they celebrated, because the man who had the greatest potential to destroy everything they ever worked for, the enemy that was inevitably impossible to overcome, went and died on his own.

But those close to him refused to entertain their delusions.

Damien Void was not that kind of person.

He was not some ordinary character who'd quietly die in some unknown corner of the Abyss.

He was a man that even the universe pinned all of its hopes on.

So, one day, he would come back.

They didn't know how long it would take, but until that day came, they would wait for him.

Unless they died first.

They had to keep their mentalities strong, because mourning here would only make them weak.

Weak in front of the enemy that claimed to have killed their light.

And that...

That was absolutely disallowed.

Their goal was the same as before, but their hearts were filled with burning rage and a thirst for vengeance.

When Damien came back, they'd present him with the Nox Race's heads on a platter alongside a clean universe.

They'd make sure the race known as the Nox became an afterthought, a stain that became forgotten in the rivers of time.

They would drive this race to extinction.

Everyone moved forward with purpose.

Both the sides of justice and evil faced each other, letting loose the cards they'd hidden the past several years for this moment.

Damien's death was the turning point.

The turning point that would bring this war to an end.

At the same time, as turmoil and chaos enveloped all things...

A blue holographic window that was imperceptible to all of existence appeared amidst nothingness.

Its location was unknown, and it was fated to go unseen by even the individual it was meant for, but its words were jarringly clear.

[Condition Achieved: True Death.]

Chapter 1225 Death [7]

Damien never dreamed of the afterlife.

The concept of eternal life was never appealing to him, but doing so after death, giving himself a false sense of security, wasn't his desire.

If he could do something impossible, he would want regression, so he could try again and avoid the mistakes that killed him.

But since that was nothing more than fantasy, he only wanted one thing.

He wanted his ego erased, so his soul could enter the reincarnation cycle and live again in a new form.

He had no greed for life beyond life, and no desire to hold onto life by sacrificing anything and everything.

The life he lived was the only thing that truly belonged to him.

The memories engraved in his soul, the experiences and relationships that forged him into the person he was, he wanted to selfishly keep all those things for himself and take them with him when he disappeared into the void.

He wasn't asking for too much.

In fact, his thoughts about death were quite realistic, because ever since he was a teenager, he'd been facing it directly.

At some point, he developed a warm relationship with death that made him embrace it tightly, and even after he healed from that state, he never feared or revered death.

Nor did he regard life as anything more than it was.

If he was fated for death, then he wanted to die properly.

It was that simple.

And it seemed he was granted his wish.

Everything was dark, but it was not black, for color did not exist.

Nothing existed.

He didn't have a body, nor did he have a mind. He was in the form of his soul in this place on the boundary of life and death, and it seemed his ego would be erased soon enough.

His thoughts were...

Well, they weren't necessarily thoughts.

Perhaps these were just the marks engraved in his soul naturally responding to external stimuli.

Perhaps "Damien Void" didn't even exist anymore, and was only a remnant formed by these Legends.

But that was fine.

Because before he left the world, he paved the way for those people to live.

The people who mattered, the ones who were the basis of every regret he had, they would be fine without him.

...at least, they should've been.



But was that really the case?

Even if they moved on and continued their lives, was he satisfied with dying like this?

He didn't have sentience anymore. That sentience was broken down by the wheel of samsara as his soul was cleansed before rebirth.

But the base instincts that he developed through his life vehemently rejected the idea of an easy death.

Everyone who loved him had the thought before it even occurred to him.

Damien Void was not someone who would die so easily.

Hadn't it been repeated so many times?

He didn't even have the opportunity to fight.

He sat there and watched as his life was taken, unable to make a single move.

He even bent to the will of the Saint Emperor. He followed that man's words like some common pedestrian on the side of the street.

Since when was he that type of person?

Since when was he someone who cared for such things as inevitability?

For the past decade, he'd been fighting against exactly that, and he'd never given up once in his pursuit of achieving the impossible.

So, was death enough to hold him?

He comprehended Death before he even grew into his own.

He comprehended Samsara and took control of the forces that were trying to break him down before he had even a fraction of the power required to truly understand it.

So, here, in this place, as his ego was erased...

Even without sentience, would his soul allow itself to be purified so easily?

[Condition Achieved: True Death.]

His soul remembered the notification that appeared before him in the final seconds of his life.

Burning desire, something a soul should have never possessed, appeared inside of it.

But it didn't care.

All it needed was a reminder.

A reminder of who it really was.

A spark lit up the darkness.

No, it was better to say darkness appeared in this colorless existence.

A small black dot that once existed in Damien's spiritual world transferred to his soul.

That ethereal construct without defined shape or size due to his status as a lower existence was suddenly defined against its will.

It was dyed black, a blackness that represented the space beyond all known concepts.

The Wheel of Samsara lost its grip on his soul.

This space was empty of all concepts aside from Samsara, so it was difficult to describe the process itself, but if it had to be related to something, it was like a planet being thrown out of its natural orbit.

The blackened soul rushed away from the cycle at high speeds and forced its way out of the space, but as there was nowhere to go, the blackness formed a separated pocket for it to reside in so as to not completely shatter the Wheel of Samsara.

And there, it went through a metamorphosis.

This change...

This change couldn't possibly be described in words that existed.

It was far above the plane of understanding that even the greatest divine beings stood on, a place where nothing but a single entity could exist.

But that soul was changing.

It was being reformed.

A spark of consciousness appeared slowly before growing further and further.

The Legends that defined the soul, that imprinted "Damien Void" onto every piece of its existence, bloomed into a consciousness that imitated the one that originally resided in this body.

But that was nothing more than an imitation.

If this continued, the end product could only be called a clone.

Yet...

As if impossibility was just a word and not an absolute truth, the budding consciousness screamed out in pain.

A small seed, hidden deep within the soul, was awoken by the occupation of its abode, and furious at the attempt, it began devouring the secondary conscious until it became a part of that seed.

The Void's energy fed into it, and the Legends the secondary consciousness tried to plunder were returned to their original owner.

Cracks formed on its surface.

"Something" was blooming.

But it could no longer be seen.

After all, that rogue soul was no longer just a soul.

As its consciousness returned, as its ego forced its way back into existence, as it transformed into something greater than itself...

It truly achieved the impossible.

It formed a connection to something "real."

It formed a connection to its body.

And from there, it was only a matter of time.

"Damien Void" would be reborn.

No matter what the universe thought, no matter what the heavens deemed possible, he would return.

Because that was who he was.

Whether it was life, death, or even existence itself, nothing could hold him.

Not even the Void could establish control.

It was just a matter of time.

Those people who forced him to experience death, the inevitability that prevented him from doing what he wanted...

Everything that stood against him would be crushed.

And only he would reign supreme.

Chapter 1226 Death [8]

That was reality.

Somewhere separated from the perception of both the living and the dead was the Wheel of Samsara which controlled the reincarnation cycle.

Through it, souls would be returned to their natural state and removed from everything that defined them so they could enter a new body and live again.

Of course, this process wasn't always accurate.

Sometimes, souls would have deeply entrenched desires, regrets, or even memories that would appear in their new lives in some way, shape, or form.

But in the end, even true reincarnation with memories intact was impossible.

This was an absolute rule established at genesis, a concept of a level Universal Law couldn't even compare to.

But Damien...

When his ego was erased, he was gone from the universe completely.

That's how it should've been.

But for some reason, he could see it all.

As if his ego was separated from his soul, he watched it flow through the Wheel of Samsara and experience everything it experienced.

And as he did so, his denial only got more prominent.

He denied death.

He denied the control these pre-established concepts had over him.

And he found that as his Legends resonated with his emotions, his soul experienced changes.

He still had control over it.

In all senses of the word, he "did not exist" right now.

Even he considered his current state a delusion in his last moments. He assumed the milliseconds were passing slower than stopped time and he was experiencing this facade of control because of his inability to accept death.

But even so, he refused to give up.

He clung onto the vestiges of his existence with everything he had. Even if he had to sacrifice all his power, even if he had to throw away his connection to the Void, he would cling onto existence until he could bring himself back or die trying.

That was his nature.

That was the flaming determination that defined him.

"As expected, I was never a man who gave in."

He heard a voice behind him and turned around.

That person...

"You're me?"

His words were calm.

He looked down and realized that his formless ego was now shaped in the likeness he held before death, with that gaping hole still engraved in his chest.

"Hmm...in a sense, yes, I am you."

The man who appeared responded with the same nonchalant attitude.

Damien nodded.

Since he was like this, the illusion couldn't be anyone else.

After all, there was nobody else who could appear here with him besides himself.

Because neither of them truly existed.

"Do you want to return?" The other him asked.

"Isn't that obvious? I haven't even begun to accomplish my ambitions," he responded in kind.

"However, hasn't everyone who died held this same thought? What makes you worthy of returning?"

"Isn't that even more obvious?"

They both knew the answer.

Yes, he wasn't any better than the rest of them.



The people he killed throughout his life probably mourned their inability to accomplish their goals in their final moments as well.

But that simply didn't matter to him.

If he viewed himself the same way he viewed them, he wouldn't be fighting in the first place.

"They weren't able to do it, and that was their mistake. Since I have the opportunity, then that's my fortune. There's no need to bring morality into this, there's no need to be arrogant about it, and there's nothing I need to realize about myself. I will only survive if I can save myself, and if I can't, that just means I am the same as them. Does that make sense?"

"No."

The other him smiled.

"But at the same time, yes it does. The most simple reasoning is often the most incomprehensible, since as humans, we are incapable of denying complex thought."

"That doesn't matter. If I try to understand what's happening right now, I'll just fall into the depths of confusion and justification and waste time on pointless things."

"You're quite arrogant."

"I'm not. I'm just a realist."

"Would a realist be trying to fight the Wheel of Samsara?"

"Yes, if they lived the life I did."

"Hahahahaha!"

The other Damien laughed loudly.

"Mm, this is the mindset I have to possess. Otherwise, it'll be impossible to accomplish anything in the future."

They were both Damien Void.

Neither of them could be considered the "real" Damien, because neither of them existed in reality right now.

But at the same time, they could both be considered real.

Just different versions of him that existed for different purposes.

"There is a way to survive," the other him said.

"I know," Damien responded.

They were one and the same.

He realized what the other version's purpose was the second he appeared.

Because they shared the same existence.

They were standing in the blackness.

Before this, Damien just assumed his ego was a false concept, a product of delusion.

But at some point, he understood his position.

"Embrace it. Become part of it, and you will live for eternity."

"Hah!"

Damien laughed.

"Become a part of it?" He echoed mockingly.

"That will never happen."

He placed his hand out. It was illusory, like that of a ghost, but it made contact with the blackness as if the space itself was material.

"I will never allow it to consume me. If it wants me to live..."

He grinned and clenched his fist.

"Then it will become a part of me instead."

"Is that the decision you've made?"

Damien looked at his other self and shook his head.

"I should be the one asking that question. Have you come to a decision?"

The other Damien's smile widened.

"Haha, how silly. There was never a decision to make in the first place."

Damien smiled in return.

"You're right. The question itself was flawed. In the first place, there was no need to make that distinction."

"Because you are me..."

"...and I am you. Yes, from the start, you misjudged this connection, and that held you back."

"Is that why you were silent until now?"

"Is it? Or perhaps this was a trial you were always meant to overcome."

"You must be quite annoyed. I guess I was supposed to struggle more."

"If you struggled, then you'd just be like the rest of them. Since you're able to save yourself, then you will, right?"

"Right."

\*\*\*

A spark lit up the darkness.

No, it was better to say darkness appeared in this colorless existence.

A small black dot that once existed in Damien's spiritual world transferred to his soul.

That ethereal construct without defined shape or size due to his status as a lower existence was suddenly defined against its will.

It was dyed black, a blackness that represented the space beyond all known concepts.

The Wheel of Samsara lost its grip on his soul.

\*\*\*

"I will come see you soon."

Damien looked his other self in the eyes as he spoke.

And his other self nodded in agreement.

"Yes, it will not be long."

\*\*\*

His body began to fade, and Damien felt something pulling him out of the blackness.

A small seed, hidden deep within the soul, was awoken by the occupation of its abode, and furious at the attempt, it began devouring the secondary conscious until it became a part of that seed.

The Void's energy fed into it, and the Legends the secondary consciousness tried to plunder were returned to their original owner.

Cracks formed on its surface.

"Something" was blooming.

\*\*\*

"Before you go back, I do have something to say."

Damien raised his brow.

"And what is that?"

"There is no end product without the processes that led to it."

"Hm?"

The other Damien smiled as the two of their existences separated for good.

"You do not always have to plow through directly. Sometimes, it truly is better to just go around the mountain."

"Ah...I guess I forgot I could reroute the GPS."

"What an amusing analogy."

"After all, I can't forget my roots."

"If you did, I'd be severely disappointed."

The two smiled in tandem.

They understood each other better than anyone else.

Because in the end, they were one.

But for now, they could not become whole.

Damien was pulled out of nonexistence by an invisible force, while his other half disappeared back to its true location.

And finally, the seed in his soul sprouted.

The Saint Emperor said something strange back then, but he was simply wrong.

Because the story of Damien Void...

"...will never end until I say so."

Chapter 1227 Return...? [1]

Those were the events Damien experienced in death.

And for that reason, they couldn't be properly explained.

After all, Damien's ego and soul experienced two different situations that acted in tandem to reach the final outcome.

But the actual transformation of his soul happened in the absence of his ego, so naturally he didn't know what it entailed.

At least, not at that time.

What did Damien experience in death?

The truth was, he experienced nothing.

Because Damien didn't allow himself to die even though all conventional definitions considered him dead.

He didn't allow himself to stop existing even though his ego was quite literally in the depths of nonexistence.

Because of his unique existence, he could define himself within nonexistence and feel its presence, rather than becoming a part of it like the ego of any other individual.

When Damien's ego and soul combined into their true form, and he finally felt the blackness that now formed his soul, he partially understood what happened.

[Condition Achieved: True Death.]

That notification was the key.

It didn't come from the system.

It tried its best to mimic the system, but Damien knew better.

The Void sent him that notification.

As he grew, he became closer to the Void and gained more control over its energy.

In the current time, he rarely used his other laws on their own. Even when he used Spacetime, Samsara, or Elemental, he used them by transforming the Void into their individual forms.



Many of his previous techniques became useless because of this change, but at the same time, they became more profound than ever.

And his fighting style experienced a complete transformation.

Yet, there was always something missing.

He was always blocked by walls that shouldn't have existed. His internal logic held him back and formed those walls of inevitability that had been mentioned to death by now.

As the Void's Apostle, he should've been free from those barriers from the start. His position should've made them as flimsy as paper, allowing him to push through with just a bit of effort.

But why didn't that happen?

The answer was simple, yet another form of impossibility.

Damien was born a human.

His parents were Gods from the Heavenly World, and he carried their bloodlines.

His existence at a physical level was confined within a set of standards, even if those standards were a level above his peers.

However, the Void existed in a far higher realm than even the Heavenly World. Even the Heavenly World was born from the concepts birthed by the Void.

His soul was one that had existed for eternity.

Just like all the rest, it had been washed and reused countless times over the eons as people died and were reborn in new forms.

There was no way to avoid this. This was the absolute law of the universe, and how souls were managed by it.

How could he ever hope to truly reach the Void from this starting point?

Whether it was his soul or his body, they needed to change.

He already knew how to achieve this physically.

His Universe Baptism reconstructed his body in such a way that Void Mana became available to him, and that process was precisely what allowed him to comprehend the Breath of All Things and the Breath of Nothingness to make progress in his Void comprehension.

He would go through Cosmic Rebirth upon becoming a Demigod, and this process would occur for the second and final time, completing his evolution and perfecting his body.

However, his soul was another story.

Until now, he was unable to sense it at all. This was normal, since even the Void didn't change the fact that he was a lower existence.

He would only gain access to it during Cosmic Rebirth, and his soul would surely be affected by that process, but...

Unknown to him, that wasn't enough.

To completely reform his soul in the image of the Void, a condition needed to be met.

True Death.

His ego needed to be erased so the Void could take complete control over his soul and transmute it.

Even if his body was destroyed to the point where only a drop of blood remained, if he still had a possibility of revival, and if his ego was still attached to his soul, it was impossible to undergo this change.

Therefore, he needed to die at some point.

And that death could've never been expected or orchestrated by him.

Now that he'd been returned to his whole form, the change could be explained.

But there weren't many words that could be used to glorify it.

His soul was now a completely unique existence.

Damien had the choice to become a part of the Void, but he refused.

Instead, the Void integrated with him, and rather than being two existences with a power dynamic between them, they became one and the same.

Damien was never the Void's Apostle.

He was the Void personified.

Maybe not before, but that was his true identity, and he had now gained the qualifications to claim that title.

Damien's growth would no longer face hindrance.

Unlike other Divinities who had to slowly unravel the mysteries of the soul, Damien would have no problem once he underwent Cosmic Rebirth and joined their ranks.

The effects of this transformation couldn't be seen yet.

They wouldn't be seen for a while.

But, they couldn't be denied.

Because this was the foundation for Damien to become unparalleled.

As he became acclimated to his soul, he thoroughly ingrained the feeling of nonexistence in his memory so he would never forget what it felt like to almost disappear.

But now that the time had come, he couldn't resist the pull.

A living soul was not allowed to be in this space where only those who were being reborn could go.

Everything shattered around him like he was surrounded by walls of glass, and amidst light so unbelievably bright it caused one to feel reverence, his soul was pulled back into existence.

BANG!

A sharp inhale.

Cold air.

He didn't realize he wasn't able to feel these things before, because their concepts simply didn't exist around him.

But now...

He raised his hand.

His movements were clunky, but it eventually followed his command.

"It's real..."

His voice.

He could hear his voice.

His body was corporeal, not a vague shadow.

He was back.

He tried to expand his awareness, but he didn't seem able to control it quite yet.

His soul had returned to his body, but it hadn't settled in yet.

It would take some time for him to regain harmony.

But that didn't matter.

He could feel it.

Mana.

Atmosphere.

Earth.

Blood.

Vitality.

He could feel it all.

Those forces that told him without a doubt that he had returned to existence.

"Hahaha..."

He laughed listlessly.

Even he couldn't explain what just happened.

It was like no time had passed at all, but at the same time, it had been an eternity since he felt "reality" so vividly.

For a moment there, he was really gone.

His soul was removed from his control, and his ego was truly erased.

Just as he wished to happen when he died.

But now that he was alive, now that he'd been reborn...

It was terrifying.

The fact that he was actually dead until just a moment ago made him feel a chill within the depths of his soul.

No, that chill was not a product of his emotions.

It was a real force that forced him to remember.

It was a mark that would forever remain on his soul, the energy of True Death.

But that didn't matter.

All of these feelings and fears were just things he had to get used to or get over.

All that mattered was that he was back.

And he had much to do.

"Before all that..."

He spoke out loud just to hear the sound of his voice.

This simple thing he took for granted made him feel glorious.

He relished in it.

But...

"...where am I?"

Chapter 1228 Return...? [2]

He looked around curiously, still unable to spread his awareness.

The terrain was relatively barren and the rock was greyish-black, which held similarities to Al'Katra, but he was certain he was no longer in the Nox stronghold.

Because there were signs of vitality all around.

It wasn't clear, as there wasn't any fauna, but he could feel it intuitively in the earth.

This area was just extremely rocky. There were several mountains and large hills in the distance, and though Damien was currently in a valley, he could see a path to a plain in the distance.

The problem was that it was far too empty.

"I need to find shelter."

Damien struggled to stand up in his current state, but he eventually got to his feet.

For now, his first priority was to stabilize his personal state. Everything else would become much easier afterward.

"Keuk...!"

Damien suddenly coughed a mouthful of blood.



"Heuk...! Haaah...HEUK...!"

It seemed standing up was not the right choice.

Blood pooled in his throat and forced him to vomit it out.

It was black in color, clearly stained with impurities.

Damien clutched his chest in pain.

"Ah..."

Right, he was back in his body.

And his body was not given the same treatment as his soul.

The hole in his chest was still present, and to best describe the state of his internal body...

It was a stew of bodily fluids, mixed with organ chunks and bone powder.

He was quite literally only surviving through the power of his soul. His body was still technically deceased.

"Haha...heuk...! No wonder it felt like that..."

The coldness and the scent of death that wouldn't leave him. It was definitely present in his soul, but he didn't realize how much his body eviscerated the sensation until just now.

"Technically, I'm a zombie right now. No wonder my soul was having so much trouble acclimating."

He was some kind of corpse puppet, a state that couldn't be allowed to remain.

He limped through the rocky terrain and somehow found his way to a cave on the side of a nearby mountain.

Since Damien couldn't properly wield his mana to protect himself, he could only follow the cave to its deepest depths and collapse against the wall, hoping nothing would discover his position.

"Okay..."

It was fine.

It was painful, and it felt like he was dying, but the situation wasn't as bad as it could be.

"I just need to figure this out."

He had a far greater connection with his soul than before. Now that he had half of the true Void Physique, he found himself equipped with several more abilities.\

One of which being the power to use mana without his body as a medium.

"Transcendent Regeneration."

He said it out loud, using his words as a trigger to tell the Legends in his soul what he wanted.

And like that, mana obeyed his command from a plane beyond reality.

"[Heal]."

Two streams of mana flowed through his body.

The colorless mana of Transcendent Regeneration mixed and flowed with the pure white mana of [Heal], and together, they began working to put his body together.

The first step was obviously his organs.

He couldn't use his awareness because his brain was nonexistent and his spiritual world was disconnected, and he couldn't use mana because the Ananta Matrix and his blood vessels were melted into nothingness.

He had to not only reform his physical systems, but also the ethereal ones.

Chunks of flesh and blood came together to reform his heart, before empowering it to a new level.

Mana came together and reformed his Mana Heart, recreating the vessel where several of his powers housed themselves:

Those powers immediately responded upon its recreation, and things like the Void Flame and Lightning took their proper places without Damien's prompting.

He reformed his blood vessels and other core systems that kept his body healthy, and created a space for his bloodline core to reform, which allowed his bloodlines to reform in his body and help him with the process as well.

The more he completed, the more his body responded in kind, and eventually, Damien lost the need to directly control the process.

It was better that way.

Damien was very clear on the structure of his spiritual world and the ethereal aspects, but he was still a human.

Even he didn't know exactly how the brain functioned.

He trusted it to rebuild itself more than he trusted himself to guide it.

So, he waited and meditated.

After his brain formed, Damien stopped focusing on the bodily rebirth and tried to find his spiritual world.

Though he didn't have awareness at the moment, he was able to find it through his soul, and as expected, it was in a shattered state.

"Haa, to do this again..."

It brought back bittersweet memories, especially because of the similarities between the two situations.

It was always Nox Demigods making him go through things like this.

Nevertheless, the current Damien was far more equipped to deal with it than his old self.

Back then, it took him several months in the real world and over two years in the spiritual world to fix everything, but despite the fact that his spiritual world was now far more broken than that time, he fixed it far faster.

The process took roughly six months in the spiritual world still, but he didn't view that as a long period of time anymore.

Perhaps his perception of the concept was broken now.

The eternal second he spent beyond existence made time seem irrelevant, and the decade-plus he spent in the Abyss already broke his worldview.

This was how someone with a lifespan like his should've perceived time, but he was always stuck in the views he developed on Earth.

By the standards of his original world, he was already aged.

He was almost fifty years old now.

But he was still just a child compared to those monsters who lived for tens of thousands of years.

And his main enemy was a man who'd lived for uncountable millions of years.

The process of putting his body back together wasn't all bad though.

While it was time-consuming and placed him in danger if he was found, he was lucky enough to stay secure for the duration of his treatment.

Once his body was functioning again and Transcendent Regeneration took over the workload, he focused on rebuilding the Ananta Matrix over everything else.

The Ananta Matrix had been with him for a very long time, and it went through multiple evolutions as his strength grew.

The system was capable of supporting Void Mana and gave him efficiency others couldn't hope to match.

On top of that, its revolution system made his already expansive mana capacity even more limitless. He only had to deal with the problem of running out of mana a handful of times despite his moveset becoming ever more taxing over time.

It was his most reliable creation, and now that it had been broken by a mana even he couldn't contain, its reformation marked the beginning of a new evolution.

An evolution that allowed it to withstand Divine Energy and bring Damien to a new state of existence.

It was taxing for sure.

Damien's attention was completely removed from the outside world. His soul and body needed time to readjust to each other, but he could now use his mana and awareness effectively.

Which meant he was equipped to trek this land and understand his current situation.

Or at least...that's what he thought.

Until he placed the last piece of the puzzle.

The second his body was recovered to peak condition...

His mind expanded past its limits.

He was struck with sudden enlightenment.

And his mana started to move.

Chapter 1229 Return...? [3]

"This..."

Damien dropped all other thoughts and focused on the mana.

His mind went back to the conversation he had with his other self in the depths of nonexistence.

'You don't always have to plow through the mountain, huh...'

This state of enlightenment was definitely sudden, but it wasn't unexpected.

Damien understood the base concept at that time, but without a body to exercise it, there was no way for the process to actually occur.

Now that his vessel and soul were both in good condition, it came naturally and didn't allow him to hold off.

He understood the meaning of those words well.

For over a decade he tried to push his laws together by force.

He tried to find a way to merge them into a single entity, because he assumed that by doing this step by step, he'd reach the truth of existence.

However, he was wrong.

As he originally thought, it was impossible to combine them.

They were whole on their own. They worked in tandem by accomplishing things their counterparts could not, but by the same reasoning, they could never achieve what their counterparts could.

This was like making spirit liquor.

If he just put two herbs together, they'd just be a mixture of two herbs. They wouldn't become something new just because he forced them into one product.

To make a proper liquor, he needed to understand the precise combination of herbs necessary to create it. They could only be combined when they were all gathered together.

The analogy wasn't completely accurate since it lacked the fundamental impossibility that followed Damien's efforts with laws, but it was close enough.

Instead of plowing through the mountain, why couldn't he just build a winding road around it?

Why couldn't he just "tether" the laws together in a way that mimicked their natural states and wait for the opportunity to fuse them into the full extent of "existence" that he desired?

He was stupid for not thinking about it earlier.

No, it was just a flaw in his mentality.

As a man who always confronted problems directly, he didn't even think about using other methods. His growth had come too easy until now, so he never had to think of alternative ways to strengthen himself.

Tunnel vision wasn't a new concept or even an unexpected one, it was just something he couldn't see precisely because he was suffering from it.

But that other version of himself directly cleared away the obstacle.

And Damien, who was not bogged down by existence at that time, understood it instantly.

The movement was ethereal. It did not exist in the Real Plane, and it was impossible to witness.



But there was a pocket in Damien's soul that contained several forces.

A swirling formless Spacetime, a black and white Samsara, a flashing rainbow Elemental, and a reddish-black seed of unknown origin.

These forces all carved out their own corners of the space, and despite how reckless their movements seemed, their paths never connected or interfered with each other.

It was like they were separated by a natural revulsion.

But at this time...

From the deep blackness that represented Damien's reformed soul, a strand pierced into the space.

It latched onto the Elemental Law and forced it into submission before digging into its core and deeply entrenching its roots.

Then, the other side of the strand rushed forward, ignoring the boundaries of this hidden space and rudely intruding into the territories of the other forces residing there.

They did not refute its presence.

They did not have the ability.

Luckily, most of them were safe.

It made a beeline straight for Samsara, and as if it had intelligence, it cowered and trembled, understanding its fate.

Once again, the strand stabbed into the Law and spread its influence.

Suddenly, there was a connection.

Samsara and Elemental energies flowed back and forth through the string, and while they still couldn't interact, they were bound together and unable to extricate themselves.

"Huu..."

Damien took a deep breath.

It felt like his chest was expanding, allowing him to intake as much air as he wished.

There were many theories about the human body.

It was hard to not see the similarities between humanity and the wider universe.

But today, Damien's body took its first step towards truly becoming a microcosm, a miniature representation of the greater universe.

The tethering of Elemental and Samsara Laws created a chain reaction that spread through his systems.

The best word to describe what these two fundamental laws represented was "life."

Of course, it was in a broader sense of the world.

Creation, Destruction, Space, and Time created a container for everything to exist, while Life, Death, and the Elements gave that container "life."

They could be said to form the material half of the concept of Existence.

Every other law, every other concept that related to the material side of existence stemmed from them.

It was supposed to be an extremely complicated process.

But strangely enough, Damien didn't feel it was difficult at all.

Rather, the closer he came to the Void, the less need he felt to define things.

Because even definition was only created to explain these processes to those who were below them.

Damien was not.

In fact, as he accepted his position as a manifestation of the Void itself, or rather, its owner, he was above all concepts.

He hadn't reached that point yet, but that was his final destination. All concepts, in a sense, came from him.

So why did he need to define them?

They meant what he wanted them to mean.

It was a complexity that embraced simplicity. Nevertheless, it came to an end just like that.

Damien stood up in the cave, finally feeling like himself again.

"This is the answer. Not only to my previous problems, but my current ones. As long as I can add the rest of the fundamental laws to this connection, my soul and body will rediscover their harmony! "Huu..."

Damien took another breath.

This time, it was to feel their weight.

The weight of the past several days.

It was hard to process, but he had to accept the genocide he committed and the death he faced in return.

He had to internalize these experiences and use them to grow.

'Funnily enough, I thought I'd feel more. I guess there are consequences to everything!

He understood exactly why his emotions were duller.

He lost sight of existence for a moment. That had a profound

impact on his psyche.

'But it's fine. In the scheme of things, it's a minor matter, since this numbness isn't universally affecting his emotions!

He could even consider it a boon.

He couldn't hold sympathy for his enemies.

'But my own life...I have to stay excruciatingly aware of the importance of my life!

That was something he wouldn't lose again.

He didn't want to experience that deafening nothingness again.

'Now that everything's sorted out, let's answer the most pressing question!'

Where in the world was he?

He spread his awareness and covered millions of kilometers in an instant.

He found that it was far easier than before.

'Hmm...it all looks the same. I can't get any clues from the environment, but my awareness can't pierce the atmosphere, so this can't be a regular world!

It had to be a secret realm or something of the sort.

'I guess I'll just-'

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

The explosion was more than just massive.

Damien gritted his teeth and put up several layers of defense as the mountain around him was decimated.

His vision was inhibited by the bright light around him, but his heart dropped nonetheless.

"This feeling..."

It was penetrating his body, making it impossible to ignore.

But this time, his systems didn't immediately break down.

The Ananta Matrix whirled to life and revolved furiously, creating a suction force that pulled that energy into its system and expunged it through his palms.

A fluid that looked like golden-white blood dripped onto the ground.

This energy...

Damien knew it very well.

He gritted his teeth and withheld his fury.

"Divine Energy..."

The mana of Demigods.

He didn't know who was fighting, and he didn't know what was happening, but this energy could only exist so prominently in one place.

"Fucking hell..."

Damien almost laughed at the nonsensical situation.

"Why the fuck am I in the Ancient Battlefield?!"

Chapter 1230 Ancient Battlefield [1]

BOOOOOOOOOM!

The explosive force that decimated the mountain was nothing more than a residual effect of the original attack.

Damien realized this instantly when he survived without much problem, and didn't hesitate to teleport several million kilometers away.

"This is dangerous.

The Ancient Battlefield.

Since he was here, it meant he couldn't rely on anything but himself.

This was a place meant for the battle of Demigods. By all reason and logic, he wasn't supposed to be here.

But the fact that he was wouldn't change.

He had no protection against Divine Energy here. There were no mechanisms preventing the Demigods from attacking him.

If an enemy happened to see him, he wouldn't even have time to register it before he died.

'Let's hide and observe first!

Damien could be considered extremely lucky.

Putting aside his concealment abilities that were already high class, the imbalance between his soul and body made his existence difficult to perceive.

After all, his soul was baptized by the Void. This meant its existence wasn't something Demigods without knowledge of the Void could perceive.

When he only needed to hide the fluctuations of his body, it became far easier to separate himself from reality and make himself truly imperceptible.

And that's exactly what he did.

A variation of One With Dimension went into effect. Damien vanished into the folds of space and isolated himself with several Dimensional Cages, effectively hiding himself within a fraction of a second.

That gave him the security to observe the ongoing battle.

The Nox Demigod appeared first.

That man didn't have many features distinguishing him from other Nox, but his mana was surprisingly light, far separated from the mana most Nox used.

"That must be a result of his Demonic Providence. It's kind of ironic to see something titled demonic looking so holy!

Damien couldn't accurately gauge Divine Energy with his current abilities, but he could at least understand its attributes.

It was extremely sacred. It was a mana that should've been used to heal, but this Nox used it for the complete opposite purpose.

Every attack had the capability to siphon life from its target and weaken them, and from the way he fought, it was evident he loved to torture his opponents until their last breath.



'And the one he's fighting is...'

Damien had a relatively decent understanding of the Demigods on the universe's side.

He was certain he could understand the one fighting if he saw the mana, but...

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

His eyes widened.

Wasn't this mana...a little too familiar?

He sharpened his perception and peered through the clouds of dust and Divine Energy in the atmosphere, instantly confirming his guess.

"That's...Albeus!"

A Demigod from Shadow Garden, Albeus was a great help to him when he was fighting on the unnamed world, but they'd had almost no contact since then.

Damien was wondering what he was up to, but he didn't expect to meet him again like this!

'Calm down. Their levels seem matched, so it shouldn't be a problem!

The fight was already underway by the time it reached Damien, and it definitely wasn't an isolated incident.

The two Demigods were already injured to varying extents, and as they continued to fight, their injuries only worsened.

It was definitely interesting to watch if Damien let go of his personal feelings.

Since both of them used mana with light attributes, their battle was like multiple stars exploding and creating supernovas that swept through the space.

The Ancient Battlefield was specifically built to house Divinities, so its space didn't budge, which protected Damien, but the environment wasn't so lucky.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Divine Energy ran rampant.

"The last time I saw Demigods fight was when the Fifth Primal Sovereign showed up. Back then, I was somehow able to involve myself without incurring the universal restrictions, but if I tried the same here...'

He'd seen two Demigod battles, but neither of them compared to this.

After all, the first was between two with fractured Divinities, and while the second involved over a hundred Demigods, its impact didn't come near what he was seeing now.

'Why is that? When the old man and the rest fought the Primal Sovereign, they definitely went all out. The old man's divinity was fractured, but the rest were still in good condition, so why...?'

Was it a matter of strength?

Was the strength difference between Demigods so massive as they grew?

Or was there another reason?

Damien shook his head. This wasn't a question he could answer before understanding Divinity himself. For now, he could only watch this battle at a superficial level without gaining much.

As it continued, a difference appeared between them.

The Nox Demigod's life siphoning was clearly taking effect.

Albeus' pace was slowing down by the second, but his attack power didn't lessen.

As Albeus realized his disadvantage, he rushed in and disallowed the Nox Demigod from using his ranged power.

However, life siphoning wasn't something he could stop.

It was clear he just wanted to deal as much damage as possible.

They exchanged countless blows in just a few instances. Their fighting techniques weren't extremely refined, but for some reason, their exchange felt like a well-thought-out play without any viewers.

'It's because they're predicting each other so well. Even if they don't specialize in close combat, they're able to replicate the moves of a master through perception alone!

It was amazing.

It was no wonder the 5th class was so far separated from the classes before it.

It made sense that one needed nine revolutions to even be on the cusp of this power.

This kind of foresight coming from nothing more than regular perception was amazing.

But...

The battle was a tragic one.

The power to control one's life and death at a touch was terrifying.

Unless one had appropriate countermeasures to protect their life force, power level didn't matter.

Because this Nox Demigod's power seemed to ignore all defenses to directly target one's lifeblood.

'Albeus...'

Damien gritted his teeth.

...is going to die!

He wasn't the only one who realized this.

Albeus understood his fate several minutes ago, but he kept fighting.

There was no way to escape here. His speed wasn't fast enough to get away from his enemy, and even if he was, he'd be essentially crippled when another Nox Demigod inevitably found him fleeing.

So he made a choice.

Even if he was going to die, he'd make sure this Nox Demigod would lose his life here too!

He gathered all his power together.

His body was frail and weak. It wouldn't live more than a few more years even if he lived here.

And to a Demigod, that was just a blink of an eye.

He didn't need that time.

He already accomplished everything he set out to do in life.

The Shadow Garden he raised was now proudly standing amongst the soldiers of the Human Domain, and had the protection of Luciel himself because of Tian Yang's connection to the angel.

So it was fine even if he died.

As long as he died while contributing to the great cause they were fighting for, he didn't care.

His mana gathered in his core.

He burned his blood away and took the last few years of his lifespan to strengthen the mana he held.

And finally...

Damien closed his eyes.

He didn't want to see it.

But he heard it well.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

An explosion far greater than any other.

A force that leveled the area for several dozens of millions of kilometers.

Light that covered the grey and bleak environment and painted it in majestic beauty.

And the crushing feeling of death.

Divine Energy raged for over half an hour before it finally settled down.

When Damien opened his eyes again, there was only one man remaining in the area.

He was crippled beyond belief. He'd lost both legs and an arm, and his torso was practically burnt to a crisp. Several holes were present in his body, allowing one to see the area behind him clearly, and his head was only half of its previous size.

But there were faint signs of life force emanating from his body.

He was still alive.

With the abilities of a Nox, even if it took a long time, he'd be able to reach peak condition if he was left alone.

Damien gnashed his teeth.

'I can't allow that!

Albeus' sacrifice was inevitable.

It happened so fast that it almost lost meaning, but to Damien, it deeply engraved an understanding of what the Ancient Battlefield was like into his soul.

Perhaps it was quick, but it had unprecedented value.

To sacrifice his life for justice...

'Albeus was a great man. A man of honor that I can't compare to. His sacrifice...cannot go in vain!

Damien exited his hidden dimension with cold eyes.

It would've never been possible under other circumstances, but right now...

...he would kill this Demigod.