

Void 1341

Chapter 1341 Reunion [3]

Damien treated the universe like a grandson did his grandfather.

He dealt with a lot of trash in Grand Heavens Boundary. He experienced trials and tribulations, bullshit brought upon him by people who didn't deserve to live, but he never blamed the universe for the actions of its people.

Because Grand Heavens Boundary never did anything wrong.

The universe was a grand thing. It housed everyone without discrimination and allowed them the opportunity to become bigger than themselves. It was a beautiful place filled with wonders and mysteries that one couldn't help but want to explore.

The universe was an inspiration.

And Damien loved it.

Yet, the universe was no longer existent.

"Grand Heavens Boundary" was now a part of the Sanctuary and would eventually become one of many universes that filled its space, the Universal Core was now nothing more than an isolated entity with no universe to support, and Damien was left alone.

That old man's identity...

He was, with no better way to describe it, the Universal Will.

He was the Universal Core's consciousness, but he had no real power.

Because the Universal Core was never meant to develop a will of its own.

It was never meant to have feelings and emotions.

Reva was a fragment of a Universal Core, and her "mother" was also an entity like this, a "taboo" that shouldn't have existed.

With no power of his own yet forced by his own existence to be omniscient, the old man retreated to the Abyss and acted as an observer, doing nothing but watching as his own people brought him to destruction.

That old man was the one Damien viewed like a grandfather.

And the fact that the old man viewed him like a grandson made him feel an unknown tightness in his chest.

Perhaps nobody would ever be able to understand the relationship between them. The universe wasn't meant to choose sides or favor anyone, but it favored him and reciprocated the emotions he held towards it.

It helped him become the man he was today, both directly and indirectly, and now that its will, the old man, had vanished into nonexistence, Damien was left feeling hollow.

But he had to move on.

And he had to carry out the old man's last will.

He wanted to be sacrificed.

To aid the Sanctuary, which would become the new Grand Heavens Boundary, he wanted to dedicate his existence.

For that purpose, Damien absorbed the Universal Core that was left in the Abyss.

That Universal Core wouldn't just be devoured by the Sanctuary like the rest. Rather, Damien made sure the two cores would combine and become one entity on mutual terms, so that if a new consciousness was born in the future, it would honor its forefather and properly inherit the old man's legacy.

The Sorrows of Farewell. He called it the 111th entry in his series of liquors, but it was really a unique product made exclusively for himself and the old man.

He wanted to send him off properly. That was the only purpose of his visit.

And now that it was over, he needed to make his final preparations.

There wasn't much time left, after all.

Alexander went to the Sanctuary.

And this was Damien's first time seeing it in its newest form.

Calling the Sanctuary a sub-universe was inadequate at this point. No, after absorbing Grand Heavens Boundary, it became a new universe in its own right.

And with a Universal Core supporting its growth ever since he first absorbed it back in the Abyss, it now had the functionality to create its own worlds and facilitate its own improvement. Damien didn't need to directly intervene anymore.

There were only 5 Sectors at the moment, but it was getting bigger with every passing day.

Theavel was the center of the universe, and Avalon, which was just a few million kilometers beyond its orbit, took the position of Sky Castle Luxurion.

From those two points, the entire universe was managed. Under Lynn Carter and Elvira's conjoined rule, no matter how much distance separated worlds and Sectors, they all worked in tandem.

Yes, there was conflict. Conflict was unavoidable with such a huge population. However, the conflict never reached a breaking point where the universe itself would be harmed, as per Damien's will.

He had been moving so fast that he almost forgot about it. He was viewing everything from the Void, and with reality slipping past him, it was hard for him to realize the extent of what he'd done.

Time also moved like he was reading a book. Countless years were condensed into just a few words, and even though Alexander spent over a year swallowing Grand Heavens Boundary, Damien didn't really feel the effort.

Only when he saw it like this did he feel amazement at his own actions.

He was really doing the impossible.

He had really become Divine.

It was unreal.

Did he change?

Did he become someone else, or was this a natural progression he was meant to experience after ascending?

He didn't know, but he felt different.

He was like a real God. He almost couldn't accept it.

Nevertheless, he had to.

Because from this point forth, he would need that kind of attitude to stay with him.

'But the real question is...'

He put all the negativity and agitation aside.

'...how do I do this?'

He had done this too many times for it to be comfortable, but the situation now was a bit unique.

'I can't really go as Alexander, but my main body is also in a bit of a situation...'

He couldn't leave the Void. He tried to do it once he finished everything he needed to do in the lower universe, but he found that it was impossible.

He was too far disconnected from it all. If he tried to go back now, his body would be torn apart by the displacement.

'Still, I want to meet them before I move on. I can't just take everyone to the Heavenly World without explaining anything.'

He thought deeply to find a way, and as expected, there was only one.

'I guess I need another Avatar.'

Instead of a living Avatar like Alexander, he needed a regular one that was just a reflection of his qualities.

He needed a second Damien.

The process was similar yet different.

He tore off another portion of his soul and sent it to the Sanctuary around Alexander's location.

That piece of his soul sat without a vessel for a moment before absorbing all the mana in its vicinity.

That mana was used to create a vessel around the soul. It didn't have a beating heart or any sort of physical systems, but it was a vessel created specifically to be an Avatar, so it was more than enough.

Unlike Alexander, this one was built through Damien's Legends and Divinity, so it held his appearance and could only use abilities specific to him. Its strength was at the Supreme level from the beginning and couldn't be improved or degraded at all.

When it was fully formed, it had the same appearance as Damien himself, and as Damien took control of it and felt the differences between it and Alexander, he smiled.

'As expected, it's a lot worse than a living Avatar, but...'

'...with this, I'm ready.'

It had been delayed enough.

He was finally prepared to reunite with everyone he left behind.

Chapter 1342 Reunion [4]

What was Damien expecting when he saw his women again?

At first, he thought he'd get beat up. The main reason was that he left without telling them anything.

But the situation was different. He didn't just leave, he actually died. It wasn't something he was able to control, and besides, they were adults now. An exaggerated reaction like that just wouldn't happen.

When he met them again and realized they knew he was Alexander, he once again thought he'd get nagged, but he was wrong again.

Their expressions said nothing about admonishments, and their behavior was as if they'd come to an agreement about something he was left in the dark about.

So what brought about Damien's hesitation if there were no visible consequences that would come to him?

Maybe it was himself?

Maybe it had something to do with them after all?

The answer was neither.

It was fear.

Because...

He happened to form a relationship with another woman during the time he was away.

But again, that was beside the point. Introducing them to Iris was a trial he'd undergo once their reunion ended. When they understood the situation, there was no way they'd react negatively.

Then, what really happened when Damien met his wives again?

They were all together as they usually were, sitting in a cottage huddled in the large mountain range that existed on Theavel's main continent.

That was a house made specifically for them, a place for them to spend their time when they wanted to get away from the world and relax.

It was a family home.

Damien appeared outside the door and paced back and forth for a while as he tried to figure out how he wanted to approach them, but he didn't really get the chance to act first.

The door swung open, and he came face to face with the three of them.

And...

He got beat up.

Well, maybe that was the wrong wording.

He got tackled to the ground in an instant as the three women rushed forward and embraced him with all their strength as if to do everything in their power to prevent him from leaving again.

They snuggled themselves into his warmth, and though he was using an Avatar body, that body was currently housing the majority of his soul.

He wanted to do this reunion properly, and for that purpose, he only left the bare minimum amount of his soul in his main body to sustain it in the Void and transferred the rest into the Avatar after it was created.

This kind of soul manipulation was impossible for any other Divinity, but wasn't the soul a piece of existence?

Damien only needed to spend some time understanding its nuances to do something like transferring it between bodies he owned.

Nevertheless, he was here at this remote location that nobody else knew with his whole body and spirit. He wasn't just a piece of himself, but the true Damien Void, even if his body wasn't necessarily human.

So he felt their warmth.

He felt their emotions.

And he felt their tears.

Their emotions had already been clearly displayed when they were fighting the final battle.

They didn't care about pretenses. They didn't care that they were "too old" to be acting like this.

The husband they thought was long gone had returned, and any grievance they were holding in their hearts disappeared when his presence returned.

What was the point of being angry?

In the first place, did Damien choose to leave them?

Even before he died, when he went to the Abyss and challenged Al'Katra on his own, what was the reason he did so?

It was because nobody else could make that journey with him.

He was the only one strong enough to do it.

How could they be mad at him for making a decision to protect them from harm?

It didn't matter how strong they were. He was facing enemies they couldn't even imagine, especially back then.

Rather than anger, what they felt was pure relief that he was safe.

They were just happy that he was back.

And Damien felt the same.

This was what he fought for.

His lonely struggle, this was the motivator that allowed him to endure it without a word of complaint.

They were his everything.

They were his support system, and they were his anchors, but more than anything else, they were the ones who'd accompanied him on his journey from the start.

With them, he could be himself. He didn't have to put up pretenses, and their presence seemed to melt away all his worries and inhibitions.

Whenever he imagined the peak, that place where he would inevitably stand in the future, he could never imagine himself without them.

He was proud to call them his wives, and he was proud that they called him their husband.

He loved them and they loved him.

Even if he lost everything right now, even if he was forced to return to being a mortal, he would be fine living out the rest of his life like that as long as they were beside him.

That was why he fought so hard.

Because if even a mortal lifespan that would come to an end after a mere 80 to 100 years with them seemed so blissful, wouldn't eternity with them be an absolute paradise?

He buried his love for them deep in his soul so he wouldn't be inhibited on the battlefield, because the thought of being separated from them by a barrier of time and space was soul-wrenching.

However, now that he was back, he allowed all those emotions to flow freely.

They flowed out and mixed with the emotions of these three women, who were thinking something almost exactly the same as him.

Just as they were his everything, he was their everything.

After experiencing a decade of what life was like without him, they never wanted to let him go again.

Their motivation to truly stand by his side was greater than ever, but that was a matter for the future.

Right now, they didn't care about anything like power or the future.

Only this moment mattered.

They remained on the ground, the four of them embracing each other, for several minutes without any movement.

They didn't need words. With the connection between them, a connection that surpassed space and time, surpassed words and actions, and surpassed even the barrier of souls that kept them as separate entities, they perfectly understood what each other were thinking and feeling in this moment.

The four of them relished in those feelings. They relished in each other's longing and affection, letting out everything they'd wanted to say to each other in the time they were separated with their feelings alone.

Tears began to form in Damien's eyes.

He was usually quite stoic these days, but he couldn't help it.

He almost wanted to stand up right here, right now, and ask them to be the mothers of his children.

But that could be set aside for another time.

Right now, he could only say two words, his voice cracking as he held back his tears and smiled.

"I'm back."

He was back.

And he didn't plan on leaving again any time soon.

Chapter 1343 Reunion [5]

Damien was in a justifiably selfish mood.

He didn't know how long he could wait before his main body would be forced out of the Void, and to extend the time he could spend with his wives as much as possible, he intentionally distorted the Sanctuary's time flow to be far, far slower than reality.

Not like it meant anything. The lower universe was just an empty Abyss now, so there was no real-time flow to use as an anchor anyway.

His main body was also in a place where the concept of time didn't exist. While he'd spent over 5,000 years in Grand Heavens Boundary as Alexander, he couldn't say how long it had been since he entered the Void.

Because he truly didn't know.

It was a strange situation where he couldn't anchor himself to any flow of time no matter how hard he tried, so determining his stay in the Void in terms of time was just not something he could do.

In the first place, it wasn't applicable to him.

With no such concept as time, he could perceive countless billions of years if he really wanted to, and the time he spent in the Void could still equate to less than a second.

Basically, it was the perfect opportunity.

He didn't need to rush.

Compared to the previous Grand Heavens Boundary's time flow, the time flow of the Sanctuary was roughly 10 times faster right now, and the time flow within the mountain range was double even that.

He could spend more than enough time in relaxation with his wives and people before the time came to leave.

That was his only plan.

He put aside training, and he put aside introspection.

The only thing he focused on was his wives, because his time was the only thing he'd always failed to provide them with.

Years passed.

He stayed in the isolated mountain range with Rose, Ruyue, and Elena. The only ones who knew their location were Elvira and Lynn, who visited occasionally for various matters, but other than those visits, the four of them spent their time indulging themselves in each other's presence.

It wasn't something grand.

They lived like mortals, in fact.

They went to sleep when night came, woke up in the morning, took turns cooking for each other, relaxed, went on dates, and utterly abused their newfound freedom to enjoy the most mundane parts of life.

Rose was finally able to put down her burdens, Elena was finally able to entertain her truest laidback self, Ruyue was finally able to open up, and Damien was finally able to release the weight of the world from his shoulders for a few moments.

They spent their days in pure bliss.

Even their interactions were so mundanely affectionate that there was no need to describe them.

They let a decade pass like that, five years in the rest of the Sanctuary, and half a year in the outside world.

That was when a certain event took place.

Well, in the original timeline, this was around the time the war was supposed to end. It took far longer to reduce the Nox to a number that could be exterminated and carry out the extermination without Alexander's presence.

And that was also when the Demigods were meant to return to the universe. With their victory simultaneously motivating the lower existences who were still fighting and applying pressure to the Nox, the war was quickly brought to an end.

But now, there was no ongoing war.

The Demigods would have originally found themselves dropped somewhere in the Abyss to figure things out for themselves, but Damien wasn't so heartless.

He even turned a portion of them into a free labor force back then, so he couldn't just let them go to waste!

He interfered from the Void and connected the return portal from the Ancient Battlefield to the Sanctuary.

While the majority of the Demigods were left to those like Luciel, who'd practically become Lynn's right-hand man in the past five years, Elvira, and Lynn herself, there were two that Damien brought to his abode to introduce to his wives.

The first was Tiamat. Since she would be a close subordinate of his in the future, he wanted her to get acquainted with them. He would likely have her spend more time with them than him anyway, so it was beneficial for them to get along.

And the second...

Well, that was the more important of the two.

Damien never planned to just sprint Iris' existence on his wives. Over the course of their past decade of peace, he slowly eased them into the fact that he had another woman, and to make sure nothing bad happened when they met, he made sure they knew all about Iris beforehand.

This included her struggles and position in the universe, the adventures they'd had together before they fell for each other, and even the circumstances behind their union.

Rose, Ruyue, and Elena were definitely a bit irked by the fact that he picked up another wife when he left, since they thought he'd gotten over that habit a long time ago, but they didn't unnecessarily discriminate against Iris.

After all, not only was she a respectable individual, but she also risked her life more than once to save Damien when he was still too weak to live alone on the Ancient Battlefield.

They thought if anyone was going to become their fourth sister, it had to be her.

Though, Iris wasn't aware of their acceptance, so when she showed up, she was quite awkward.

"I-I am Eyrisea Luminus. You can call me Iris. It is a pleasure to meet you all. Please take care of me."

Her sentences were choppy, and the silly half-bow she gave as she tried to be polite made it even more amusing.

Compared to the perception of this woman Rose and the rest developed after learning that she was the Prismatic Sun Holy Master and one of the strongest Demigods in the universe, the true Eyrisea Luminus was a gentle woman who was clearly new to love.

Rather than berating her, they happily accepted her into their ranks.

And...

"Our husband clearly has a type, eh?" Elena teased, glancing over at Damien.

"Hm? I have no idea what you're talking about," Damien instantly responded, hiding the sweat trickling down his face.

"Are you sure about that? But, wasn't our Ruyue also like that when you met her?" Rose added.

"Mm, not only me, but the two of you as well. Now that we know, we can make sure to prevent him from meeting these kinds of women in the future. Four is already enough," Ruyue finished.

"Mhm, mhm."

"That's right. I couldn't have said it better."

"Then, if our 'dear' husband would excuse us..." Rose smiled deviously.

"...we have something important to do before anything else."

Ruyue and Elena supported her eagerly, and as if they'd planned it beforehand, they whisked Iris away with them to a location unknown and left Damien alone with his thoughts.

He scratched his head with an awkward smile.

"They're probably going to tell her some things I really wish they wouldn't tell her, huh..."

However, after a few moments, his smile became pure.

"Well, it's not like it's a bad thing. She would've learned them in the future anyway, and if it helps them get closer, I don't mind sacrificing myself a little..."

"Also..."

Damien's smile went through its third transformation.

"You must be thinking something unsavory right now."

"Ah?!"

He jumped a bit and turned around.

"Oh, right, I forgot you were here."

He smiled awkwardly as he addressed Tiamat.

"Yes, I very much appreciate this kind of treatment, Sir 'I'll Take Responsibility For You.'"

"Are you being sarcastic right now?"

"Am I?"

"I don't know, but I'll have to ask you to refrain. I'll really die if they hear you, you know?"

"And why is that...?"

She tried to hide it, but Damien clearly saw her lips twitching as she hid the sly smile threatening to light up her face.

'Dangerous.'

Damien realized it instantly.

Tiamat was a threat he never expected!

"You..."

"Oh, I think someone is calling for me. I'll leave you alone now."

"You don't know anybody here."

Tiamat flinched but quickly recovered, looking out into the distance with an obviously forced calm expression on her face.

"Ah, what was that? I see..." she suddenly muttered. Turning back to Damien, she continued, "I apologize, but it seems my aid is required elsewhere."

Without giving Damien another chance to strike back with facts and deal her another dose of unadulterated embarrassment, she vanished.

This time, Damien was really left alone.

And the ever-transforming smile on his face returned to its purest state.

"Hahaha..."

He couldn't help but laugh.

This feeling...

"...it really is good to be home."

Chapter 1344 Reunion [6]

Iris and the girls got along spectacularly.

While Iris had a reserved and passive personality in terms of relationship matters, but that was only because she was naive in that sense.

She was able to hold her own, and when her pride was challenged, she was able to push back with the same intensity.

She also wasn't someone who expected things from other people. She was with Damien purely because of Damien, not his talents or potential. She didn't have any desire to be pulled up the power ladder by him, rather, she was planning to do so herself before she even fell for him.

This was a trait the girls admired greatly. Independence was important, especially for someone like Damien. They had to be their own people first, because if they simply allowed themselves to be known as "Damien Void's wives," they would never truly be able to support him as they wanted to.

Plus, Iris' love was pure and genuine. It came from her soul and couldn't be shaken by external or internal factors.

That was the most important thing.

The [Void Daughter] title gave them unparalleled talent already, and something like mentality could be trained if need be.

So as long as Iris had a genuine sense of love and loyalty, what else needed to be said?

She was kind, understanding, and didn't try to exert power over the group because of her strength or status. Rather, she willingly put herself in the position of Damien's fourth wife, because just as the girls understood why he came to love her, she understood that they had known him far longer than she had, and their connection with him wasn't something she could compete with yet.

It was just a matter of time, so she didn't fret over it, but she also respected these three women. Since mutual respect was already established, and Iris had a wealth of experience that could contribute to their group, it didn't take long for their conversations to move outside of Damien and evolve into something greater.

Nevertheless, they spent a lot of time without him to create synergy between themselves, and Damien used that time to visit the other people who were waiting for him in the Sanctuary.

First, he went and saw Alucard, Luciel, Commander Huo, Tian Yang, the Golden Dragon Emperor, and the rest of their group. They drank and conversed about the old days, but their conversation was generally cordial.

Afterward, he went and saw Lynn and Elvira to see how the Sanctuary was being managed. It was good to see how everything was connected. Unlike Grand Heavens Boundary, where many forces split ownership of the universe and remained relatively divided, all the main forces of the Sanctuary were of one mind, because they both understood their position and wanted the best for the universe.

Those who wanted to harm the greater good were punished severely. Blasphemous or traitorous thoughts weren't allowed, but freedom also wasn't restricted.

Negatives were just as important as positives for growth. Lynn wasn't someone driven by emotion so she was clear on this. Unless a certain line was crossed, she, as the authoritative power, didn't step in.

The people had to be able to take care of themselves just as the experts did. If the common populace only existed to be protected, wasn't that too demeaning to them?

In the Sanctuary, everyone had a chance to become someone.

The Void Library was open to everyone regardless of status as long as they could pass a set of trials, there was a plethora of secret realms and hidden locations full of fortuitous encounters, and the newly introduced Legacy Realms, those which Dante left for Damien, were incredible for those who wanted rapid and stable growth.

The environment of the Sanctuary as a whole motivated people to grow and gain the ability to stand up for themselves. It was a great place, and its development had nothing to do with Damien.

That made him proud. They didn't need to be coddled or anything of the sort, yet they were still able to become what they were now.

What more could he ask for from his personal universe? He had no desire to be a spiritual god or a figure that was revered by all. There was quite literally no benefit in holding a title like that in a universe

he could control in every way. It could at most give him some self-satisfaction, and what was the use of that?

At the end of the day, the Sanctuary was doing fine without him and would continue doing so in the future. His only job was to foster their development by giving them opportunities and allowing them to choose how they made use of them.

He didn't stay for long. Lynn was doing a good job by herself, and he didn't want to spend too much time with Elvira right now, lest the atmosphere between them cause problems.

Instead, he made his way to the rest of his visits. He saw Long Chen and Su Ren, drinking and laughing with them. He saw the members of the Judgement Order and gave them encouragement, met with the people whom he'd encountered throughout his journey, and generally made his presence known to those he wanted to see.

The only place he had left to go, the place he visited every time he came to the Sanctuary, and the place he hadn't been to in so long...

It was a house belonging to a certain woman.

Xue'er.

Damien always thought of her as that little girl she used to be. She was his precious little sister. It was genuinely insane to see her grow into a woman in her own right, but it happened.

Xue'er was past the age of adolescence and had a life of her own nowadays. She wasn't someone who was hung up on Damien at all times, though her admiration and respect for him never changed.

Xue'er was regarded as the Sanctuary's greatest young genius. She had status, she had power, and she had an endless desire for growth and happiness that couldn't be fazed by anyone or anything.

And Damien...

Damien was proud.

He was so extremely proud that he couldn't describe the feeling.

This was what he wanted to see from the start.

When he met her in the Trial World, she was scared and alone. She'd lost everything, yet she was strong enough to continue living despite all the circumstances that tried to end her.

When he took her in, he just wanted her to be happy. When he made the Sanctuary, he originally did it with the sole intention of giving her a place to peacefully stay.

The years passed so fast. So much happened that it was hard to keep track of just how much time passed.

But Damien was over the age of 70 now, and Xue'er, whom he'd taken in back then, was already in her 30s.

His visit to her was just as warm as any other, but the dynamic was a bit different than usual.

Damien didn't really know how to act towards the adult Xue'er, since he couldn't really treat her as a child anymore.

But Xue'er happily created an atmosphere for the two of them, and noticing how her brother/father figure awkwardly tried to accommodate her, seeing how he never changed no matter how much time passed, she didn't have any complaints.

She could see the pride in his eyes.

She smiled, not mentioning it at all as they conversed.

'Really, he gets embarrassed at the stupidest things.'

She knew him better than he'd ever realize, perhaps for the better.

And as he brought her back to the cabin where he was living with his wives, along with the others he considered family like Tian Yang and James Adelaire, the same thought kept repeating in his head.

It really was good to be home.

Chapter 1345 New Beginning [1]

Damien didn't have much left to do in the Sanctuary.

At least, not when it came to tasks that "must be accomplished."

Of course, he wanted to spend more time with his wives, and he could do so with his Avatar, but there was one more important meeting that needed to be had.

He gathered all the important players in the universe.

Whether it was those he knew, or those who rose to power while only knowing "Damien Void" as a sort of spiritual leader of their homeland, they were all summoned to Avalon for one purpose.

Damien stood before them, their number in the tens or even hundreds of thousands.

They all deserved to know.

He told his wives before, and he told Lynn and the rest as well, but these people were also important to the Sanctuary, so he wasn't going to exclude them needlessly.

It was their first time seeing the exalted man who created the Sanctuary. No matter how they felt about him, all of them held a trace of awe and reverence in their hearts for a figure who could accomplish what he had.

And looking back at them, Damien smiled.

"Let me tell you a story," he said.

It was the story about a boy, and a story that led to the current moment they were all experiencing.

And at its end lay a single destination.

Eyes went wide, and mouths dropped to the floor.

Because the news he shared with them, news that was absolutely pivotal for the development of the Sanctuary...

...really was something beyond their imagination.

Someone like him, someone who could casually say such words...

What else could he be if not a god?

At the same time, and at a time beyond time...

Damien's main body stood in the Void overlooking all things.

Whether it be the lower universe, which was now a true Abyss, or the Sanctuary, which was blooming further with every passing second, he could see it all.

But he didn't need to watch the Sanctuary. He was already experiencing it firsthand.

The Abyss was more interesting.

There was quite literally nothing there anymore.

All the separated Nox settlements were gone, swallowed by the chaotic laws. Without the Nox to maintain them, they had no protection against their environment.

As for the only true world within the Abyss, Al'Katra, Damien naturally wouldn't leave such a prime location alone.

Al'Katra was now unpopulated, and after Damien used Alexander to clean up all the residual Nox vestiges remaining there, he found that the world was actually a paradise in hiding.

It had the potential to become a grand place with a variety of beautiful environments. Underneath the corrupted soil, and beyond the corrupted World Core, was a foundation with immense potential to house life.

Damien naturally couldn't leave it to rot after seeing this, so he took it into the Sanctuary and gave Elvira specific orders to have the elves purify it over time and bring out said potential.

But still...

'There's really nothing left.'

It was hard to imagine. He was the only one who could see this sight, aside from the Ancient Sovereign, of course, and he could hardly fathom the fact that everything he knew was reduced to this.

'I guess that's the cycle all things follow. Everything comes from the Void, and everything will eventually return to the Void.'

Even now, the Abyss was slowly being devoured by the Void beyond it. There was no use for an Abyss without anything left to inhabit it.

Or rather, was even this a natural process, where after all universes were destroyed, the Void would reclaim its territory to birth a new world?

It was an interesting phenomenon, to say the least, but Damien didn't peer into the future to see it happen.

He didn't know how long he'd been in the Void and he didn't know how long he had left, but there were a few more things he wanted to do before he had to go.

'Promises from the past, curious questions that went unanswered...'

He had the ability to look through the entirety of the universe's history.

He already answered many of the questions he had about the ancient universes that were destroyed by the Nox, and most of his remaining questions were answered through the Saint Emperor's memories as well, but there were a few things he wanted to check.

For instance, someone who'd been buried by the rivers of time.

Bai Yuxuan had a son.

Their relationship began through a promise Damien made to find his son, but once Damien got stronger and the Mana Oath lost the ability to hold him, he didn't really have anything reminding him to keep it.

Throughout the years, he always kept the token of the White Dragon King in his subspace without moving it, but it never reacted as it was supposed to so he eventually forgot about it.

For Damien, it was just forgetting, but for Bai Yuxuan, it was definitely a massive blow.

He probably already accepted that his son was dead, but Damien didn't want to leave it at that.

He couldn't change the past.

He couldn't bind worlds that were fated to be destroyed through the universe's wars, and he couldn't save everyone who was meant to die. Unless they had the Void's interference protecting them, like people he was close to or Heiron, where Alexander was born, they couldn't be saved.

So he knew Bai Yuxuan's son, whom he had no connection with, couldn't be saved either.

Still, he searched space and time to find any trace of a man with Bai Yuxuan's bloodline. He looked far and wide through the entire plane, knowing Bai Yuxuan's history in the wider universes, and eventually found what he was looking for.

A sad smile formed on his face.

'Haa, at least it was a good death.'

Bai Yuxuan's son lived a quiet and happy life in a secluded corner of the Divine Realm. It was the life of a mortal who didn't experience the fears or beauties of the universe, but it was a fulfilling life that ended with him surrounded by many people as he left the world.

That scene was the best closure a father could have.

'I hope the rest isn't so depressing...'

It still saddened Damien that he couldn't create a miracle here, but he had to move on regardless.

He wasn't at the point where anything was possible yet.

But he would be there eventually.

And for that purpose, he couldn't be resigned to his current level.

He searched far and wide, high and low, from the greatest macrocosms to the tiniest microcosms in all existence, and found all the knowledge that could complete his understanding of the lower universe.

He made sure to reach a state where there were no lingering doubts in his heart, and he could take away the lingering doubts in the hearts of his people.

Whether it be the elf race, who he was currently fostering the rebirth of, the Cloud Giants, who were now left as the last remnants of their species, or anyone else, he wanted to make sure they could leave for the Heavenly World without regrets.

Because if the answers couldn't be found in the Sanctuary, they could only be found here, in the place only Damien could see.

He learned of many secrets hidden from him, including the presence of the woman named Yiren, his adoptive sister from the Heavenly World who'd mysteriously disappeared before his return to Grand Heavens Boundary, and when the time came...

The painting of reality disappeared from his sight, replaced by a reflection of his being.

"We finally meet," that version of himself said.

"It is a pleasure to finally speak to you face to face, my reflection."

Chapter 1346 New Beginning [2]

Damien raised his brow.

"Who are you?"

The answer was very obvious, but he asked because he was curious.

That being said it was their first meeting, but hadn't he met it once before?

It was a bit confusing, so he wanted clarification.

The other version of him smiled as if understanding his troubles and responded:

"Just as you are, I am a reflection of that entity. However, unlike you, who has the potential to rise above it, I am merely a messenger who delivers its will."

"Then, is this my first time meeting you, this reflection, or is this my first time meeting that entity?"

The reflection's smile widened mysteriously. Its eyes turned into crescents as if Damien said something extremely amusing.

"I wonder...which is the truth? Do you wish to know?"

"Would I have asked otherwise?"

"Yes, you would have."

Damien tilted his head curiously.

"I would have?"

"Would you not?"

"No, I would have."

Their conversation was confusing, but it made sense to them.

As they discussed the musings of fate, the existence of inevitability, and the true height of the Void to view all things from a position of authority through those simple and meaningless words, Damien came to understand a few things.

The one he saw when he had his stint in Nonexistence was probably not this reflection, but it probably wasn't any other reflection either.

The question of whether it was the Void or not was something he wasn't prepared to ask himself, because if not the Void, then who else?

The real question was why this reflection appeared before him now.

"Is there any reason not to? You understand why I am here, so why are you questioning it?"

Damien sighed.

It was really annoying facing someone who could read his every thought, even the ones he wasn't consciously aware of.

But the reflection was correct. He was well aware of how important this next step of his journey would be, so it was understandable why he'd have a conversation with the Void now.

Plus, if there wasn't a reason like this, why would he have been summoned here at all?

"You must have many questions," the reflection said.

"I thought I would, but I'm surprisingly clear-headed right now," Damien responded.

"Nevertheless, there are things you wish to know, and I have been sent to give you those answers."

"All of them?"

"Of course not."

"Hahahaha..."

It was always like that, wasn't it?

According to these supreme beings, some answers became meaningless if one didn't find them oneself.

And it wasn't like they were wrong.

That was why enlightenment existed in the first place. One could look at the sky for sixteen hours a day if they wished to, and one could be told how beautiful the sky was until they got tired of it, but until the thought that the sky is beautiful appeared in their mind by their own will, would they truly feel that beauty?

Would they connect that beauty with the beauty of life or feel thankful that they were alive in this world?

Of course, the situation would vary from person to person, but that was exactly why such realizations were to be reached through one's own will and experiences.

So what could Damien, who had the chance to ask why question, ask right now?

'I'm assuming any questions about the Heavenly World will go unanswered...'

"Correct," the reflection said, smiling and replying to Damien's unvoiced thoughts.

'Yup, that's expected. Just like I had to explore Grand Heavens Boundary on my own, I have to explore the Heavenly World on my own so I can get the most out of the experience.'

'Then, what am I meant to ask?'

Not what should he ask, but what was he "meant" to ask.

The thought came to his head so naturally that he almost didn't question it, but he was glad he did.

'Aha, so it was like that.'

There was clearly a question the Void wanted him to ask, and this was a test to see if he could understand its intentions.

He was supposed to be the man who conquered it in the future. If he wanted to overcome the limits of an Apostle or a reflection and truly become the Void's sovereign, he needed to be able to pass this test.

That was the least he could do to justify his ambitions.

The first question that popped into his head was a simple, "What are you?"

But he already knew the answer to that. At least superficially, he knew what the Void was, so using his chance on that would be a waste.

The next was also simple.

"Why me?"

Why was he chosen out of the myriad existences who populated the worlds of this cosmos?

That was a question he didn't have any answers to. He would definitely benefit by knowing the answer, but was it enough?

Why would the Void prod him to ask such a basic question? It was too selfish to be the answer.

He was stumped for a while.

After those two questions, the ones that came next were worse and worse as if they had no meaning at all.

In the end, he came to a conclusion.

"I have nothing to ask that's befitting of a chance like this."

He didn't know the answer, and he wasn't ashamed to admit that.

"I will not ask a meaningless question here, and it is your choice whether or not you want to share the answer you were given."

The reflection raised its brow in interest.

"And what if I choose to keep silent?"

Damien shrugged.

"Then I'll find the answer on my own."

Since when did he need to rely on someone else?

The Void enabled him to reach his current heights, but it was just a foundation. His comprehensions, his ability to reach the Authority of Existence in such a short span of time, was entirely a product of his own effort.

He knew this was the opportunity of a lifetime.

The Void quite literally birthed everything. There wasn't a single being or object in the world that the Void didn't know about. All of the happenings guided by fate and individuality were products of its efforts, and thus, all thoughts and actions were crystal clear to it.

Damien could ask what a random farmer on a specific farm in a specific town in a specific country on a specific day was thinking at a specific time while doing a specific action and the Void could answer him with total accuracy.

So even if he stood here right now and asked for the meaning of existence, he could get the answer easily.

He just didn't want to find out this way.

He wanted to perceive these absolute truths with his own power, because only then would he be able to stand above omniscience.

Seeing his thought process, the reflection smiled an indiscernible smile that Damien couldn't see.

After all, he was acting as expected.

"Correct."

That was the right answer.

Someone who was born to dominate couldn't settle for outside aid on a problem that could be solved with their own strength and potential.

That was what the Void wanted.

It wanted someone who could undermine its authority instead of submitting to it like the rest.

Not just through blind ambition, but with absolute confidence in one's own power.

Damien was fully living up to the expectations placed on him. No, he was outshining them greatly.

And the Void...

...how could it not be satisfied?

Chapter 1347 New Beginning [3]

The Void's reflection had a lot to say, but it didn't have much it had the right to say.

It wanted to tell him how difficult his journey would be, how much stronger his enemies would be, what True Godhood was like, but the Void didn't permit it to give him any information or advice about those matters.

It might've seemed like it was restricting Damien, but it was actually the opposite.

The Void had never trusted someone so much. It had enough confidence in Damien to guarantee he could do it all on his own without an inkling of foreknowledge.

So it wanted to test Damien, to see if he also thought the same.

And since he did, since he could maintain his mentality even in a situation like this, it was absolutely assured of its choice in descendant.

Damien didn't feel it.

Perhaps because he'd completely inherited the Void Physique, he didn't notice it at all.

The Void had a subtle coercion that rejected anyone standing within it. If any regular existence came here, their entire being would be erased in an instant. Not just their current person, but the entirety of their existence. Those people would be erased from the timeline, and even those who were closest to them wouldn't be able to remember their past presence.

Even the Void's chosen were meant to experience the weight of the existence they were attempting to tame when they reached this step.

But Damien didn't feel it at all.

He was already at a point he wasn't supposed to reach yet, and whether it be coercion or fear, he simply wasn't affected by them.

His mentality was far more concrete than anyone could imagine. How else was he able to pass through Cosmic Rebirth so easily?

His mentality was hardened through a myriad of trials throughout his journey. It was practically the main focus of his growth for half of his life.

That kind of thing couldn't be broken just because someone else wanted him to break. It was probably his greatest strength, outshining even the Authority of Existence with its light.

Damien smiled as he looked at the reflection's expression.

It looked proud, but also a bit stumped, as if it didn't know how to breach the main point.

He long understood what it wanted to say.

"It's time for me to go, right?" Damien said, doing it for him.

The reflection nodded.

"You have already overstayed your welcome, but that entity favors you, so it did not persecute you. Instead, I have been sent to both test you and send you on your way."

Damien already figured that was the case. His long yet unbelievably short stint here allowed him to accomplish far more than he ever should have had the right to, so it was granted that he'd be evicted soon.

If he had to place himself somewhere in the timeline to accurately place how long he spent in the Void...

...he would probably still be in the spatial corridor headed back to the lower universe right now.

But the Void was an entity that wasn't meant to be touched by his lowly hands yet. The mere fact that it was already gave him an unbelievable position amongst all living beings.

Still, all good things had to come to an end, and all ends were new beginnings.

As he stood there, he cut himself off from perceptions of his Avatars in the Sanctuary. He focused his entire spirit into his main body and prepared his mind.

Those thoughts came inadvertently.

Like a gentle stream that trickled into a massive river, roaring and raging as it became one with the ocean, the memories of his journey flooded through his mind in droves.

His time as a mere cub in the First Dungeon, his time in Apeiron learning about how big the universe was, his time on the Cloud Plane coming into his own, his time in the unnamed world becoming a true main player in the universe...

His time in the Dawn world gaining a footing in the wider universe, his time in Hidden Death Valley gaining prominence, his time in Calypto when he first met the Saint Emperor, his time in Eden fighting his first true war...

His time in Eien and the Void Corridor becoming someone who could hold a say in the universe, his time in the Beast Domain where he first entered war as an expert, his time in Luxurion being crowned the universe's greatest genius...

Everything he did with his life, all his fights and all his connections, all his deeds and all his Legends...

They all flashed through his mind one by one.

It was a cathartic moment.

Those experiences that made his life what he was, the death he experienced that made him realize how important his life was, the people who surrounded him and made his life worth living...

How could he not look back on them now?

He entered this wild world at the young age of seventeen. Back then, who could have imagined that a few decades later he'd step into the realm of Divinity, becoming someone who could eliminate entire worlds with a single flick of his wrist?

He really achieved something.

He made something out of his life.

He was proud.

He was so proud that he could hardly contain his emotions.

But...that was only who he was here.

That would not be his status anymore once he turned his back on this place.

He wanted to reach a place higher than this. He wanted to see what truly stood at the top, above all else, at a place nobody else could ever reach.

He let go of all his lingering emotions. He allowed his memories to stay memories and engraved those things that defined him into his soul.

He was ready.

He was scared, he was excited, but he was ready.

Damien Void was graduating on this day.

He was leaving everything behind, grasping everything in his hand, and stepping into a new playing field.

The Void's reflection disappeared at some point.

Its presence wasn't needed, because Damien already knew what he needed to do.

He turned around.

It was there as if it was waiting for him the whole time.

A world, or rather, a complete universe.

It was a single celestial body, however, its size was bigger than the entirety of Grand Heavens Boundary.

Even standing in the Void, Damien could feel the waves of power and Divinity emanating from that place, purely a byproduct of the auras of those who called it home.

It was a beautiful place filled with a myriad of colors as viewed from the outside, and even Damien, who was extremely knowledgeable on all things celestial, found himself stumped by its existence.

That was his destination.

That was the Heavenly World.

"Huu..."

He took a deep breath.

His family, his destiny, and everything that remained a mystery to him now were all awaiting him there.

There was no need to hesitate; there was no need to falter.

He took a single step, a step that took him out of the Void.

The time he spent there was no more than 0.00001 seconds.

And with nothing left to bar his path, the moment had come for him to descend on that place.

To the first step of a new adventure, to the start of the next chapter, to the end of his destiny...

It was time to go to the Heavenly World.

Chapter 1348 New Beginning [4]

The Heavenly World.

It was a name used by those in the lower universe to describe it, but it wasn't an incorrect term at all.

The Heavenly World truly was a world. It was a Universe World, something that had never existed before in the lower universe.

Its size was hundreds of quintillions of kilometers, and the number of existences living within it was even greater.

How could one describe the entire Heavenly World in a few words? No matter how hard one tried, it was impossible.

When Damien stepped out of the Void, it didn't feel like he'd traveled through space and time. Rather, it really felt like he only took a single step, and everything changed around him.

The blackness of the Void, still and absolute, was replaced by a myriad of colors as an environment appeared where it once was.

But Damien didn't immediately look at it.

He was overcome by the feeling of the environment before he could even see its appearance.

'The mana...'

"Wow."

That was the only thing he could say.

The mana was beautiful.

It was far denser than the lower universe. If mana was equated to gravity, a lower universe existence would be crushed under the pressure of the Heavenly World's energy.

And it wasn't just about density.

The mana was far purer. Damien felt like he was gaining more lifespan with every breath he took. His body was revitalized, his fatigue drifted away, and an aura of spirituality seemed to fill his entire being.

This was mana of a Divine level. The myriad of laws hidden within it could be clearly felt, and the environment created by this energy had to be unbelievable.

Damien started to understand why people feared the Heavenly World.

What would a person born into such an atmosphere be like?

If they went to the lower universe, their body would be a treasure nobody could compete with. They would have talent on par with what Damien showed despite not having any assistance from the Void.

That was their natural advantage, because the Heavenly World's mana was perfect.

'This...'

Damien closed his eyes and focused on it.

He was a man who controlled Existence. The disparity between the energies he'd felt before meant a lot more to him than anyone else.

He knew what the Void felt like, and he knew the energy that the Envoy's race used. Compared to both of them, this mana was completely different. It hardly even held similarities to regular mana in the first place.

As he picked it apart, he did his best to completely internalize its structure and replicate it, but surprisingly enough...

'...I can't do it.'

He didn't have the ability.

"Hahaha..."

He laughed strangely.

How long had it been since he felt something like this?

How long had it been since there was something he "couldn't do?"

It was a little bit hollow, but he had to admit it was a great feeling. It made him even more excited for this place.

'Even if I don't have any peers at my own level, I can be certain there are people who can kill me here.'

He, who had the Authority of Immortality, could be killed!

He already knew it would be like this.

If even the Void wouldn't tell him about it, Gods had to be existences beyond his imagination.

But feeling it with his own body was a completely different thing from just being told.

He didn't even have to meet them to understand, but his desire to find one and spar them was at an all-time high.

'I should probably not stand around like this.'

He got absorbed in the mana, but he didn't completely cut off his senses. There was nobody and nothing nearby, but he had to be careful, because this was a completely new environment.

He knew nothing.

He was a country bumpkin like the day he left Earth.

He opened his eyes to look at the splendiferous location he'd arrived in.

It was in the middle of nowhere.

Great trees that rose hundreds and thousands of feet into the air populated every inch of the land around him, their leaves shimmering as the sunlight struck their various shades of red, green, and blue.

The bright sky was hidden behind their canopy, but hints of its magnificence streaked down through the gaps and decorated the world with a plethora of dancing shadows that highlighted the ground below.

Green grasses and lush vegetation were everywhere. It was impossible to see a place that an unknown herb or plant didn't inhabit, and of course, the flora was accompanied by its resident fauna, filling the atmosphere with a variety of calls and chirps.

The wind brushed lightly through the air. It was filled with mana and colored in its own right, but maintained its ingrained state with the environment. As it breezed past Damien, he was struck with so many sensations that he couldn't explain, really cementing the fact that he was in a new world in his mind.

'Should I explore...?'

Did he want to explore this place, or did he want to find a city?

The latter would definitely be much more beneficial, but he was truly intrigued by this world. His adventurous spirit was lit aflame by its wonders, and he didn't want to suppress it.

'But...maybe I should wait a bit.'

He could always come back later.

Right now, his lack of information was too debilitating.

'Alright, let's do it like that.'

The only thing he knew about the Heavenly World was the existence of Void Palace, the influence his father ran.

It was a beautiful place, but it was mysterious, and it had dangers with enough power to slaughter even True Gods.

It was an environment where even Damien couldn't guarantee his safety, so he had to find at least the knowledge to help him survive until he could.

He nodded his head as he came to the decision.

'Let's find a city then, and hopefully, on the way...'

Information costed money, and Damien didn't have any money that would be valuable in the Heavenly World. He also didn't know what the herbs and heavenly resources he had were worth in a place that had even greater resources, so relying on wealth right now wasn't the right choice.

Didn't he have a better method?

'I don't want to kill needlessly, but if some unfortunate soul just so happens to test me...well, I should take the gifts they bring me, no?'

He smiled, once again breathing in the energy of the world.

He could hear them in his mind. The World Cores he'd bound that were confident enough to speak were quite agitated by the scenery around him, and they were making their opinions known.

'Good.'

He took a step. It was the first step he truly took in the Heavenly World.

'Let's get to work.'

Whooooosh!

His body vanished, becoming one with the breeze.

His destination was unknown, as was the path he'd take to get there, but he didn't care.

What was the point of coming here if he was just going to focus on work?

This was a new world. It had been mentioned to death already, but this fact was so prevalent in Damien's mind that it had to be so.

Since he was here, he planned to enjoy it thoroughly.

And nobody would be able to stop him!

Chapter 1349 New Beginning [5]

The journey was longer than expected.

When Damien said the mana was complete, he meant it. Even the Void couldn't exert as much influence here as it could in the lower universe, and there were hardly any openings that could be exploited.

One was practically forced to act within the bounds of law if they wanted to live, and as someone who'd encountered the Heavenly Order before, Damien didn't doubt there'd be some kind of punishment for trying to defy them.

Still, it was difficult to see just how complete the laws were until one experienced them oneself.

For Damien, that moment was the second he started teleporting. Moving through the spatial layers felt like being surrounded by molasses. They were densely packed and had a thickness incomparable to the lower universe.

Any movement through them felt sluggish, and while distance could still be covered, it was far slower than its regular potential.

Though, the meaning of "far slower" was relative to a universally acclaimed genius like Damien.

'Damn. I was approaching a level where I could move a billion kilometers in a single step, but even a few tens of millions feel difficult now.'

If any other spatial practitioner heard him, they'd surely succumb to the desire to beat him to a pulp.

Tens of millions of kilometers was nothing? With the mana pool of a Demigod, this was still a travel efficiency most people needed to spend egregious amounts of money to replicate through artifacts and arrays!

The Heavenly World was massive. Simply traveling by oneself was practically impossible for those who couldn't afford spirit vehicles, and even then, most people would choose to use public transportation provided by large influences for the sake of convenience.

Tens of millions of miles was quite the distance, but in terms of the Heavenly World, it was a span of land that could easily be ignored.

After all, when Damien teleported for the first time and came out 50 million kilometers away, he was still within the lush forest, and the terrain didn't change enough for him to assume he was close to the exit.

It took another ten leaps of the same length to finally find something different, and that was only after he spent a few days exploring the forest itself.

The worst part was...when he left the forest, all he saw was bare land.

'Hahaha...don't tell me I'm that unlucky...?'

Was this a barren area?

'Well, whatever, I just need to—'

VOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

A huge sound filled the air.

The ground didn't rumble and nothing seemed to change, which was a bit confusing, but Damien was quick to find the source of the grand fluctuation.

'Haha, as expected, my luck hasn't failed me.'

In the sky above, far beyond the clouds, there was "something" moving extremely fast. It housed so many life auras that it couldn't be a beast, which meant it had to be a human-made flight artifact.

'I don't know where it's going, but it's definitely going towards civilization.'

Damien was a logical person. He wasn't just going to follow an unreasonably fast spirit vehicle on the ground and expect to keep up with it.

No, he could never do something so stupid!

Rather, didn't he have 50 million kilometers of jump distance? No matter how expansive the ground was, there was no way the sky had the same gait.

He grinned, stepping into the ground as he activated his mana.

'Hitchhiking time!'

Whoosh!

His body vanished again, and when it reappeared, he was high in the sky, a lone man amongst the clouds.

His eyes widened at the sea of white below him and the beautiful painting above. Rather than one sun, this realm had two, and rather than the usual blue sky he knew, this shade was a little bit darker, as if the atmosphere extended far beyond his imagination.

'Wait, there's no time for this.'

He turned his attention forward and located the spirit vehicle.

It was a starship-like object, almost similar to a plane from Earth, but far more advanced and large enough to carry thousands of people without a problem.

'Perfect. Adding one more onto a number like that shouldn't be a problem.'

He flashed three more times to catch up and land on the ship's hull.

He somewhat expected it, but his presence was not welcome in the slightest.

Alarm bells rang, and within the second, there was a squadron surrounding him.

'Yeah, I did feel something strange when I was landing. I guess this ship had a barrier around it to protect it from the natural forces.'

Otherwise, there was no way these soldiers would be able to stand here so steadily without worry.

"State your identity and place your hands where I can see them!"

The one leading the group shouted out, slowly approaching as he warily took a pair of handcuffs out of his uniform.

Damien smiled wryly and followed the procedure.

'Doesn't this feel oddly familiar?'

Why did the Heavenly World seem to resemble Earth more than anywhere else in the lower universe?

It was quite strange when he thought about it, but that was a matter for another time.

"We will be taking you into custody. If you have any complaints, you can voice them to the officers inside."

Damien shrugged lightly.

"Do I look like I'm resisting? Just cuff me and take me inside already."

The leader's eyes narrowed, but he complied regardless.

He cuffed Damien's hands in front of him and, with his troops still covering every side to make sure the prisoner couldn't escape, he guided Damien into the starship.

The internal structure was lavish. The floors were carpeted and the pressure stabilization made it so it was no different from standing on land inside. It was ventilated somehow, and the overall ambiance was more like a luxury hotel than a starship.

'People really live large around these parts.'

Damien admired the wonders of innovation as the soldiers led him through the halls.

They had used some sort of concealment device to make their presence invisible to the ship's passengers, obviously a method to ensure no panic would break out, and once again Damien had to marvel at their customer service abilities.

'More than any of that, these cuffs sure are interesting.'

He'd seen handcuffs that sealed mana before, but this one was even more advanced than that. It had the function of sealing all powers, including Divinity.

'It isn't really succeeding at sealing mine since it's a Divinity built on the Void, but they don't even seem to know I'm a Demigod in the first place.'

He could also feel something trying to interfere with his senses, but because of the All-Seeing Eyes, that had become his regular pupils instead of an inherited trait, even that mechanism malfunctioned.

It was a little comedic when he thought about it.

In the first place, these guards were all Supremes. If he wanted to, he could evaporate all of them by blinking.

'Is there something different going on? Everyone in the lower universe seemed to inherently understand that I'd ascended, but here they can't sense it.'

Maybe the assumptions he made about the Void earlier were wrong?

'If so...'

He definitely needed to investigate his limits when he had some free time, but that could be done later.

Their group had already arrived at their location, an isolated room within a series of corridors long disconnected from the passenger area of the ship.

Damien was sat in a chair there in a room that looked like the poster child for interrogation rooms and forced to wait for hours.

'Is this a psychological tactic? It's not bad, but they should really do some checks before starting something like this.'

He smiled wryly.

If he was affected by the sense blocking and Divinity blocking, he probably would've been panicking by now, but wasn't he completely fine?

Not only was he fine, but his All-Seeing Eyes didn't really let him remain unaware of the presences around him.

Especially those behind the one-way mirror.

None of them had the aura of a God that Damien wanted to feel, but there were at least three powerful Demigods among them.

And behind even them, far separated from this place yet watching it through their awareness, was another Divinity.

That one...

'That one is definitely stronger than the Saint Emperor.'

Chapter 1350 New Beginning [6]

It took a few hours before anyone came into the interrogation room. They likely realized Damien wasn't going to break easily and chose to stop doing meaningless things like psychologically pressuring him.

The one who appeared was a rough man with the gait of a gorilla. As he sat down at the table, his gaze was stoic yet filled with flames that put an immense pressure on whoever he looked at.

'Pressure this, pressure that, I guess this is how criminals get treated, huh,'

Damien couldn't really do anything about it, but he didn't care to either. This would inevitably be resolved peacefully since his intentions weren't anything hidden or crazy.

"You, who are you?" The gorilla man said.

"You can call me Damien Grey," Damien responded lightly.

His last name was already noticeable in the lower universe, but what about in the Heavenly World where there was an entire Void Palace?

There was no way it was a common surname, so he made the decision to keep it unsaid until he learned more about the Heavenly World and the Void Palace.

"Damien Grey..."

The gorilla man glanced at the one-way mirror for a second before turning back to him.

"There is nobody like that in the records. Where did you come from?"

"Eh?"

Damien made the sound inadvertently.

"Records? Do you have records of everyone in the world?"

The gorilla man scowled.

"Are you treating me like an idiot? Obviously we only have records for those who have allowed themselves to be registered. But, is there any good person who hasn't registered? Don't joke around!"

'Hmm...I guess this is something like social security? But how does that work on the scale I'm imagining?'

The world he saw from the Void wasn't one that could have a social security system that accurately noted every existence within it.

'But I can't just steal anyone's identity without knowing anything. Should I try that?'

Damien scratched his head awkwardly, a strange motion with his wrists still cuffed.

"Actually, I haven't left the mountains in my entire life, and I have never seen another human aside from my master. How can I be on the records?"

It was an extremely common excuse, but Damien really had the qualifications to use it.

He knew exactly nothing except the environment and ecosystem of the forest region he appeared in, so he could guarantee its success.

As expected, the gorilla man didn't let him off easy. He asked many questions about the area, which Damien was able to answer because he spent some time there instead of immediately trying to leave, and asked more questions about the Heavenly World to test Damien's responses.

He glanced at the one-way mirror every few minutes to gauge what those behind it were saying, and from the responses he received, there was really only one explanation for Damien's existence.

He was truly a mountain man, a country bumpkin!

"Wow!" The gorilla man exclaimed inadvertently.

"You, you are the first one! I can't believe I finally saw this excuse actually turn out to be the truth!"

He laughed boisterously and explained that the members of every ship crew had an ongoing bet about when they would meet the first real mysterious mountain man instead of a con artist whenever they heard this excuse.

The ratio seemed to be thousands to zero, but Damien had just turned that zero into a one!

'Well, I guess the lower universe also counts as the mountains...?'

He felt a bit bad, but it didn't matter.

"Why did you board our ship, mountain man?"

The gorilla man's tone became much lighter after the primary interrogation ended. Damien's identity as a bumpkin actually made him far more trustworthy than those with status or identity, especially the type who usually illegally boarded ships like these.

In response to the question, Damien tilted his head a little, fully immersing himself in his role.

With a wide, toothy grin, he said only a single word that stumped everyone watching the conversation.

"Hitchhiking!"

It was naive enough to be expected of a mountain man, and without much else to do with him, they threw him in a cell until the higher authorities came to a decision.

'I guess they don't treat human life poorly around here. If I was in the lower universe, I'd probably have been thrown out to fall to my death nine out of ten times. That's good to know.'

Regardless of whether it was cell or suite, he didn't care as long as he could reach his destination.

With that mentality, he calmly sat in the cell and meditated, accustoming himself to the Heavenly World's mana once again.

He didn't know how long the trip would take, but if they were taking this many precautions, it would probably be a while before they docked.

'What a good way to start this adventure.'

Damien smiled.

He was once again a young genius in the wide and unknown world.

And frankly, despite the harsher treatment, he was enjoying it quite a bit!

The starship and three floors and its length was around that of a football field. Each floor could house thousands of people, but naturally, for a paid service like this one, there were multiple levels.

The bottom floor was for the common people. There weren't many amenities, and rooms had to be shared, but one could be relatively comfortable for the journey and their meals would be provided.

As for the second floor, it was for those of higher class. This was the floor Damien was taken through, filled with various services and entertainments that could be used to pass the time. Rooms were individual and among them, there were some luxury suites that couldn't be imagined by normal people.

As for the third floor, it was for operations. The starship's crew and their facilities were present here. Just like the passengers, there were thousands of crew members, a number necessary to maintain the starship during long-distance voyages.

Its mechanisms were many, and many groups of specialists were needed to ensure they would never malfunction.

After all, this was a business. If anything went wrong, how would those of immense power react?

People were especially unreasonable sometimes. If some beast figure died aboard a starship, the entire company could be destroyed, or in the worst case, countless lives would be lost to rage.

Nevertheless, that was a separate matter.

"Captain, there's news."

A shadow appeared next to the ship's captain. She was a woman roughly in her forties with an impressive figure and face that didn't match her rugged attire and demeanor.

She glanced over at the shadow, scowling without taking the cigar out of her mouth, and motioned for him to speak.

"The intruder that was caught earlier has yet to be identified. The interrogators believe he is a bumpkin from the mountains, however, it is still unknown if this is a front."

The captain glanced in another direction, her eyes piercing through the layers of metal that made up the ship.

Her eyes focused on the man calmly sitting in his cell as if nothing was wrong, narrowing as they spent more time observing him.

She grinned.

She didn't care what the shadow was saying, because she'd been observing this man's presence from the moment he arrived on the hull.

'He knows I'm watching.'

She understood when he was waiting in the interrogation room that he was well aware of her presence, and as he started meditating in the cell and the mana in the air started reacting strangely, she realized the protections taken against him were meaningless.

'Looks like I've stumbled across a hidden gem.'

"Bring him to me."

She didn't really have a reason to see him, but her curiosity got the best of her.

'Let's see what you're hiding, Damien Grey.'