

# Void 1501

Chapter 1501 Celestial Prison [2]

The following events took place within the span of no more than a single second.

It truly came down to the wire.

Damien let go of his transformation. In that instant, his body began to grow and change back into a human.

His arm was already outstretched. He was reaching for the key since before he even decided to act.

In terms of time, Damien took less than one ten-thousandth of a second to return to his original form, but that was already enough time.

In the first fraction of that 1/10000th, Malevalon noticed his presence.

His body didn't have time to move, but his aura was already mobilized and prepared.

From every side, it attacked Damien, and that was the cause of the first explosion.

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

The study stood strong. It was made to resist Malevalon's aura. However, Damien's body wasn't quite the same.

His left arm and left leg were blown off. His right left split in half vertically, and his chest caved in.

Deadly damage was inflicted. No normal person would've been able to survive.

However, Damien was obviously different.

The Authority of Immortality went into action immediately, allowing him to continue functioning despite his injuries.

His right arm kept moving. Damien used every ounce of his mana to protect it and its connection to his body.

He was only inches away from the key at this point. Malevalon also got the time to turn around and face him, so his situation still wasn't good.

"You..."

His eyes flicked between Damien and the key. He didn't have time to speak. He could only react.

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

The second explosion.

This time, it was a true attack filled with the intent to kill Damien, not a natural response.

His head was blown off.

He couldn't defend himself.

Or rather, he didn't try to.

But for Damien, whose soul and body had been tuned to the Void, losing his head didn't mean death.

His soul was still controlling his body, and his arm was still reaching forward.

Millimeters.

That was all that separated him from the key.

The fact that he kept moving made Malevalon anxious. Despite the fact that Damien should've already been dead, Malevalon continued his attack.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

The third explosion.

The remainder of Damien's body was blown away.

The result of a direct confrontation between the two of them was obvious. Damien had gotten extremely powerful, but he was still not powerful enough to fight against this world's finest.

Only a single arm remained in the physical world.

But Damien's soul was untouched.

The next attack would destroy it.

But that soul, attached to the single arm it put all its efforts into controlling, continued to reach for the key.

"BASTARD!"

Malevalon's roar finally managed to come out of his mouth.

He didn't even know who he was shouting at.

After all, he couldn't see Damien's Void Soul.

He could only see that arm as it grabbed hold of the key.

The small cube on the desk made of interlocking pieces. The thing nobody else should've known the identity of but him...

Someone had broken into his study and was trying to take it.

This fact registered in his mind.

But his logical reasoning told him there was no way Damien could escape with it.

He didn't have a body left.

As long as that arm was destroyed, even the strangely unkillable entity that was trying to rob him would fail.

That was his thought.

So he aimed for the arm.

But the second Damien touched the key, it was already over.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

The fourth explosion.

It came far too late.

In the same fraction of a fraction of a fraction of a second that it took for Malevalon to process everything and move his mana...

Damien firmly took hold of the key and activated his own mana.

The study was filled with destruction. The furniture had already turned to powder and the walls were shaking as the amount of power they had to endure continued to increase.

But Damien was already gone.

One second passed right then and there.

And by the time it was over, Malevalon was once again alone in his study.

Only, this time, the key he'd been keeping close for countless years...

...was gone, along with the one who stole it.

A lot of seconds passed after that one.

It took a considerable number of them for Malevalon to truly process what had just occurred.

And when he finally reached the foregone conclusion...

Well, his reaction could be imagined.

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Damien thought he went to the Sanctuary.

That was his original intent.

No matter how strong his enemies became, they could never reach a level where they could sense the existence of an entirely different cosmos.

Because that was what the Sanctuary had grown to become.

It was the perfect place to hide away when the need arose. In an operation where Damien needed to steal something and return to the palace as fast as possible, the Sanctuary was quite literally perfect.



However, that was not where he found himself when he escaped that room.

The first thing he noticed was that he couldn't sense anything.

His soul form didn't have that ability, and since his body was practically nonexistent, he couldn't use physical senses to support his ethereal ones.

It took a while for his perception to return to normal.

His body had to regrow, and with nothing more than a few fingers left dearly clutching the Celestial Prison key after the final explosion, it took a minute.

And when Damien's eyes returned, he was finally able to realize that his surroundings were not what he thought they were.

He didn't actually know what he was seeing.

But he could feel it.

'This place...'

His eyes widened slightly.

'...this is the Celestial Prison.'

His perception of it was wrong from the start.

He'd misinterpreted the visions.

That "key" was never a key from the start.

That "key" was a physical manifestation of the Celestial Prison.

The moment Damien's mana interacted with it, he was forcefully pulled inside.

And strangely enough, he was still holding that physical manifestation in his hand.

'This is a trip.'

He felt like he was on drugs.

From what he gathered before coming here, the Celestial Prison was a four-dimensional space that didn't work according to the rules of every cosmos.

Rather, it was a place that directly twisted those rules so that they couldn't be exploited.

It was only natural for the things that happened here to make no sense.

But that didn't matter, because Damien was here.

Which meant he could finally find his father.

Damien slowly felt his environment.

He was standing, but there was no solid surface for him to stand on.

It was like the floor was made of glass, allowing him to see the rest of this strange cuboid structure.

But there was really no floor at all.

Damien was confused.

His perception couldn't be trusted anymore.

Even with all his power, even he was suppressed within this realm.

'This is the level of prison necessary to hold Dante Void.'

The situation was definitely a bit precarious, but...

...Damien, as a son, couldn't help but feel proud of his father.

Chapter 1502 Celestial Prison [3]

Dante Void was truly an amazing character.

He was a genius beyond geniuses, a man born from nothing who managed to gain everything for himself.

During his formative years, Dante was nothing more than a village boy.

He grew up poor, and more than that, he grew up talentless.

While everyone else around him quickly became practitioners, he struggled.

His starting line was behind everyone else's.

And while the system was said to be completely unbiased, it gave him less than half of the experience that everyone else got to level up.

But Dante was always a charismatic person.

It was like nothing in the world could faze him or make him give up, and that spirit attracted people towards him.

It attracted destiny too.

Dante's life was regular for a long time, but the moment he reached level ten and gained his first class, everything turned around for him.

His experience still didn't rise like it did for others, but he was granted his own opportunity.

That same opportunity granted him his special affinity.

He was finally on the same starting line as everyone else. The moment he gained an advantage like that...he thrived.

He suddenly rose to prominence in his area, and from there, he only got better and better. He met people like Alex, Claire, and the rest of his friends, and he continued to have adventure after adventure to leave his mark on the Heavenly World.

It was a long journey. Dante never stopped rushing throughout it.

He knew what it was like to be without talent, and because of that, he did everything he could to make sure he'd never be powerless again.

Perhaps it was that drive that allowed him to do what he did.

There was a reason Malevalon Straea and his Foreign Race allies needed to create something like the Celestial Prison to hold him.

This place not only eradicated space and time, it also made sure no other laws could exist in the vicinity. If they did, they'd be distorted out of proportion so they could never be accessed or used properly.

This wasn't a prison made for someone who controlled space.

Something like that was far, far easier to create, while the Celestial Prison's existence was bordering on the realm of impossibility.

Quite literally the only person whose power seemed capable of bringing the Celestial Prison to life was none other than the Dark God of the Foreign Races.

Why did they need to go to such lengths...?

It was because Dante was an anomaly.

His only affinity was space. That never changed. No matter how strong he got, Dante was always singularly focused on his element, ignoring all else.

However, exactly because of that, he was able to achieve a feat greater than anyone else.

He was able to reach an understanding of Existence itself through space.

That was precisely what made Dante the most powerful person in the Heavenly World.

His spatial law was so convoluted that others described it as miraculous. It looked to them more like he was controlling the fabric of reality than space, but they couldn't doubt the mana fluctuations they sensed.

In that sense, Dante could be considered even more of a genius than his son.

Because he was able to reach a similar height with far less of an advantage.

Of course, that didn't discount Damien's genius. He knew very well how talented he was.

But seeing the Celestial Prison, sensing how intentionally it tried to suppress and eradicate his aura of Existence, he felt so impressed by his father that he couldn't put it into words.

Really, Damien was the only one who could possibly understand just how monumental his father's achievements were.

And, at the same time, he realized it really was a shame that he couldn't spend his childhood with such an amazing father.

'It's not like it was his fault, though.'

Any ill will Damien had towards Dante was gone at this point.

When he learned that his father didn't leave him, but was forced away, when he learned that his father didn't choose to stay gone, but was trapped in a place he could never leave, how was Damien supposed to feel wronged?

He wasn't the one wronged. Their entire family was wronged.

The target of Damien's negative feelings changed to another person a long time ago, but the Celestial Prison truly cemented his thoughts.

'There's usually a whole story behind things like these...'

Just like the Saint Emperor, others probably had their own reasons for being the villain.

But Damien and the Saint Emperor were only enemies because they disagreed on how things should be done.

If they were born on the same side, perhaps things would've been different.

The Dark God was different.

That person had tried to ruin Damien's family on multiple occasions. He was the reason Void Palace was targeted in the first place, and his pursuit was the reason for Dante leaving Damien alone and everything that came after.

That was a real enemy.

That was a person Damien had no interest in getting to know.

Regardless of that man's story, regardless of his reasons, Damien would make sure he died a painful death.

Because those reasons had nothing to do with him.

He closed his eyes.

The strange illusive nature of the Celestial Prison made his thoughts spin, but he had to remember that he was here for a purpose.

'The question is...how do I find him?'



There was no up or down here. There wasn't really anywhere to go, but at the same time, the prison expanded infinitely.

'Perhaps...'

Damien allowed his mana to flow outwardly.

He tried to connect to the fabric of this place, but it was difficult without a foundation of spacetime.

'Is it mirrored?'

Damien tried walking in every direction, testing the waters.

'It seems that as long as my will can overcome the will of this place...'

At the end of the day, the Celestial Prison was also within the realm of Existence.

The one who made it clearly tried to go beyond that limitation, but didn't succeed.

Which meant that Damien could gain control of this entire construct as long as his power could defeat the original creator's.

'Sounds easy, right?'

He said it sarcastically, but he wasn't necessarily wrong.

It may have been the will of a supreme existence that Damien was fighting, but this will had been holding the prison together and suppressing Dante with all of its might for an untold amount of time.

It had naturally experienced a lot of wear, and as Damien began trying to infiltrate it, he realized that there were a lot more cracks in its surface than he expected.

It made him smile.

His father...

'...never once stopped fighting.'

Even when his power was stripped from him, he used every means at his disposal to try and escape this place.

And because of his unrelenting effort, Damien was able to easily seize control over what remained.

'Now, show me...'

He spoke to the prison itself.

'...my father.'

The space around Damien, a collection of infinitely mirrored glass-like cubes that both reflected off each other and gave one the ability to see through them, began to change.

As if they were being rearranged, the individual cubes started moving, something that should have been impossible.

And as they moved, a scene became clear in their reflection.

A man Damien had never seen before.

Yet, a man he'd met so many times already.

Dante Void.

Chapter 1503 Celestial Prison [4]

He didn't look anything like the man Damien had gotten used to.

His face was haggard, and his skin was taught to his bones, showing just how much time he'd been forced to spend here.

Especially because this space lacked its own timeflow, Dante's body had aged according to his own internal body clock alone.

If that was the case, then just how much time needed to pass for an unrivaled God to reach a point like this?

Damien's brows furrowed.

'His Divinity is leaking.'

It had been leaking for a long time. Dante didn't have the aura of a God at all, but since there was still Divinity obviously leaking from his body, it meant that his Godhood was intact.

But he was alive, and his vitality was extremely powerful.

Damien walked up to him cautiously.

'His leaking Divinity is probably what created all these holes. As for the mechanism that brought me here instead of taking me to the Sanctuary...that must also be his doing.'

In normal cases, it was impossible for anyone other than Malevalon and those higher than him in the hierarchy to enter or even interact with the Celestial Prison.

Since the entire prison defied all laws of reality, it was obviously possible to make sure others couldn't even touch it.

That was why Malevalon was so confused when Damien was able to steal it.

Dante used the majority of his power to create a mechanism that would counter that one, allowing others to enter this place.

And judging from what Damien could sense, as someone who was temporarily controlling the prison, the mechanism he created was more than just complex.

It made sure not just anyone could enter the prison, so a random person couldn't get trapped within.

However, it also wasn't so limited that only someone like Damien was able to exploit it.

It was a contingency plan, a final effort to create hope for escape.

'It worked.'

Dante's efforts gave Damien the chance to come here, and since it was Damien of all people, Dante's chances of survival were heightened immensely.

Damien stood over his father, who was slouched against an invisible wall.

'Is he too exhausted?'

Damien frowned. Dante's eyes were closed, and despite Damien expressing his aura to wake him up, he didn't remotely register it.

'...or can he not wake up at all...?'

Damien's frown deepened.

He got down on one knee and gently took his father's wrist into his hand.

Sending his senses into Dante's body, Damien scanned everything.

And, as expected...

'...nothing.'

Whether it was his soul or his body, the injuries he sustained weren't enough to cause a state like this.

Dante should've still had consciousness.

His powerful vitality was another confusing factor when his appearance was taken into consideration.

'Either he willingly put himself into a stasis-like state to survive and sustain himself for as long as possible...'

'...or they did this to him.'

Damien's eyes narrowed.

He didn't have a way to find out which one was the truth.

The only way to learn that information, and Damien's entire purpose from the start, was to save Dante Void and hear it from the man himself.

'First things first, I need to save his Divinity.'

"On the bright side, it won't be too difficult."

If there was one positive in this bleak situation, it was that the Celestial Prison was an entirely contained space.

The energy trapped within wouldn't just disappear.

It lingered.

Dante's Divinity, and the Legends and ethereal factors that made it up, were still within the Celestial Prison.

Even concepts like Divinity couldn't escape. That was the type of security this prison was designed with.

Damien closed his eyes and stood up, once again spreading his aura out.

'Please help me.'

This time, he truly and sincerely asked the mist for its help.

And it, as a concept that wholeheartedly wished to serve him, it allowed his audacity.

Existence, a power Damien wasn't supposed to have access to without suffering from the appropriate consequences.

In a space where the laws of reality weren't real, it was a force he could utilize without restriction.

Damien held his hand out, watching his mana become physical.

Its presence in the world was defined by a lustrous blue glow. As that glow got stronger and stronger, as it spread past the borders of what seemed material, a golden energy was trapped within.

The energy gathered in Damien's palm, endlessly compressing to form a ball. With more and more energy joining the ball, it got bigger and bigger before slamming back into the size of a pearl, its aura multiplying by several times.

By the end of it, Damien almost couldn't believe what he was holding.

It was still that same golden pearl.

But the energy it contained...

'...this is energy beyond anything I've ever felt from a single individual.'

That included Malevalon Straea.

That included every single existence Damien had seen or met, both through memories and life experiences.

Dante truly was the most powerful person he'd ever seen.

Wasn't it amazing that such a man was his father?

Damien smiled wryly and shook his head, refocusing on the situation at hand.

'Now, what to do with this...'

This energy was Dante's to begin with, so if Damien fed it to him, it wouldn't act aggressively.

But with the current state of Dante's body, even the gentle version of this enemy could cause him to collapse.

'His vessel is still broken...'

Damien knelt down again and touched his father's chest.

'Bloom.'

He gave a command, and the world responded.

A pure white lotus flower bloomed within Dante's chest and connected to his mind, body, and soul.

'That'll protect him in the short term, and as long as it lasts for a while, it'll heal him completely.'

The lotus was a condensed essence created from Damien's Authority of Immortality.

Even if Dante was the most powerful God, it could still heal him.

In a moment like this, Damien truly felt thankful for all the work he put in.

Thanks to his efforts, thanks to his struggles, he always had the proper tools at his disposal for critical moments like this.

Being able to heal his father, Damien felt like all of his suffering was validated.



"Huu..."

"Okay."

Damien took a deep breath and opened his eyes.

The situation was stabilized. He didn't have to worry about Dante's health degrading.

'Now, I can focus on what's going on outside again.'

Damien was relieved.

He didn't show it, but he was truly relieved.

His father was in a bad state, yes, but it wasn't anywhere near unrecoverable.

In his eyes, Dante was safe.

The biggest worry in his heart had been taken care of.

All that remained was...

'...when I get out of here, I'll probably be right where I left from.'

That was the worst-case scenario.

But it was also the most probable one.

'Before I leave here...'

The Celestial Prison was timeless. Damien could spend as much time here as he wanted without consequence.

'...I need to find a way.'

He needed to use that timelessness to his advantage, so he could find a path that would allow him to safely extract Dante from the Northern Region.

'Because if I don't...'

...all the effort he put in would be in vain.

He would die.

As would Dante.

And everything would end there.

With Damien being the man he was...

There was no way he could allow that, right?

Chapter 1504 Escape [1]

"Huu..."

Damien took a deep breath.

'Realistically speaking, this is going to go badly, isn't it?'

He had been in the Celestial Prison for a decent amount of time now. This space was great for sitting alone and thinking, and as Damien spent more time here, he realized that it had more benefits than he expected.

In normal cases, this prison was meant to absolutely rob any and every one of their abilities. No matter how they tried to escape, they'd find their mana and strength unable to do anything.

Even if their minds were amazing enough to devise strategies to escape, they wouldn't have the appropriate means to actually test those theories.

Dante was trapped here for an unknown amount of time because he wasn't enough to break the prison's mechanisms.

Still, Dante was able to influence them slightly.

And Damien...Damien was Dante's greatest creation.

He was everything Dante was and more.

In this place where laws were obliterated and mana was devalued, Damien found himself able to "perceive" the world completely differently.

It was actually a great place for him to isolate himself and train.

Unfortunately, even though time was frozen within the prison, it was still flowing outside.

Damien had to leave this place and escape the Northern Region.

He had a plan.

The problem was that his plan was quite reckless.

'It's just that there's no way to do this without being reckless.'

Plus, Damien was never one to shirk away from recklessness.

He found a viable strategy. At least, it was viable for the most part.

'There isn't any better path.'

Malevalon Straea and his goons were not people Damien could escape just because he wanted to.

Since he would be forced to confront them anyway...

'...let's just do our best.'

Damien's eyes narrowed. He glanced around, making sure that there wasn't anything left in this place that he needed to see or do.

'I'll be back later.'

Until then...

'It's time to work.'

"Huu..."

Damien took another deep breath, and as he activated his mana, he focused on the physical manifestation of the Celestial Prison, which he currently had in his hands.

VOOM!

A huge fluctuation of energy burst forth from the construct.

Space and time began to twist around Damien, dragging him out of the Celestial Prison with a suction force that nobody could resist.

Up until this point, everything was normal. Damien would have had to undergo these processes to escape regardless of when or how he tried to do it.

The most important part came in the next few seconds.

Damien's mind was utterly focused on the task.

The second he found himself in the spatial corridor leading back to the Heavenly World, he began to act.

VOOOOOOOOOOM!

VOOOOOOOOOOM!

VOOOOOOOOOOM!

Every few deciseconds, Damien released a pulse of mana filled with the laws of space and time.

The blackness around him, which stirred and swirled with the movements of the spatial layers, was expanded away from him and pushed in all different directions.

The only thing Damien could do now was control his direction of escape.

If he did nothing at all, he'd end up exactly where he left off, facing Malevalon in his study.

However, as he continued to manipulate and stretch the spatial corridor he used to return, his exit point was continuously changing.

Even he didn't know where he'd land.

All he knew was that as long as he continued to throw this corridor into chaos...

'...I'll at least land further away from Malevalon.'

VOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

The spatial corridor trembled.

A light appeared at the end of the tunnel.

Whatever Damien had done, it was all he'd be able to do, because his time in the corridor was coming to an end.

He focused his attention on the light, his eyes narrowed and his mana ready to be thrown into use as soon as he needed it.

And that was it.

That was all the time Damien had to affect his return.

So when he finally reached that light and made it out of the other side...

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

The world instantly exploded.

Damien swept his arm through the air, using his mana to create a massive shield that isolated him from the world.

RUMBLE!

The shield was struck by copious amounts of mana with four different unique signatures.

The four laws used to attack coalesced into one as they attacked the barrier, doing everything in their power to destroy it.

And eventually, they did.

BANG!

The barrier directly shattered into a million pieces, and another slew of attacks hit the point it was protecting.

Unfortunately for the attackers, Damien was already gone.

'Shit!'

He stood in the air, concealed, and cursed his luck.

'I won't be able to hide for—'

BOOM!

They'd already found him.

The attacks flying towards him right now didn't have any precision ingrained in them. They were just being thrown with the assumption that he'd die if they hit him.

After all, they were thrown with the power of Gods, with the power of Edicts.

Damien gritted his teeth.

'I can't even see my enemies.'

He dodged and weaved through the air, teleporting in every possible direction to add a sense of chaos to his movements.

It was somewhat working. The attacks that were aimed at him rarely got close, and when they did, he was able to barely avoid being struck by them.

However, the problem wasn't with the enemy.

'I can't maneuver my mana properly.'

The second he left the Celestial Prison, he felt it.

'So this was also an effect.'

In case someone actually managed to escape the prison and make it back to the Heavenly World, they'd be unable to escape.



There was a certain energy within their bodies, something otherworldly.

That energy absolutely disagreed with the laws of the Heavenly World, so when someone left the prison and found themselves back in reality...

...they'd also find themselves crippled, unable to use any strength at all.

Damien was obviously not completely crippled, but the energy in his body was also disagreeing with whatever had entered his soul while he was unaware.

He could get rid of it.

He had to.

If he had some peace and quiet, he'd be able to do it in a heartbeat.

But, of course...

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

...he didn't have that kind of peace and quiet in the slightest.

'To fight while fixing myself...to escape this fight without encountering Malevalon...'

"Fuck."

Damien cursed to himself.

This would be more annoying than trying to get into the Celestial Prison in the first place.

And the worst part...?

Damien finally got a glimpse of his enemies while he was figuring out his own problems.

A woman, tall and unreasonably skinny, with scales of green covering her entire body.

A man who looked more like a tiger than a human, covered in a massive bloody red aura.

Another man, this one closer in figure to the first woman, but with just as much strength pulsing from his body.

And lastly, another woman. She had a devilish beauty about her, accompanied by a strange pink fog that clouded one's mind and controlled them.

These four, while they were extremely different in every way, had one thing in common.

An absolute loyalty to the Straea Clan.

These were none other than the 4 Evils.

Other than Malevalon Straea...

Right now, they were the last people Damien wanted to see.

Chapter 1505 Escape [2]

The Four Evils.

They were titled as such for obvious reasons. Actually, they were the ones who chose such a title before anyone ever called them by it.

They were born and bred by evil. They grew up in the lawless zone, surrounded by people who had no concept of morality.

And the people they became because of that environment were something they were proud of.

At the end of the day, they survived.

They conquered evil by becoming the epitome of it, and as people who were chosen to serve the great Malevalon Straea, they were truly deserving of their title.

Their names had been lost with time.

Now, they were only known by the names given to them by the public.

'Envy, Wrath, Gluttony, and Lust.'

Four of the seven deadly sins. They'd become perfect representations of their namesakes.

And while Damien didn't have too much knowledge on the 4 Evils themselves, he was more than aware of their power.

'I can do this.'

It sucked that he had to face them. They were definitely weaker than Malevalon, but they were Gods among Gods, people whom even other Gods feared and worshipped.

Damien couldn't easily get past them. Even if he could, he couldn't do it quietly.

'If I want to escape properly, I need to kill at least one.'

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The explosions kept coming. Mana kept wildly populating the atmosphere, leaving Damien with less and less space to maneuver through unharmed.

'They're all attacking, but it's really only Wrath.'

The explosive power all came from him.

Lust's abilities were more mental, while Envy and Gluttony didn't have explosive power.

Wrath had extreme physical strength, along with a terrifying ability to weaponize "force" itself.

Every time Damien's barriers were struck by his power, they got weaker.

Or rather, Wrath began to understand the inner workings of those barriers through the force transmitted to him.

It became harder and harder to block his attacks as time went by, because the more he understood Damien's barriers, the easier it was for him to adjust his force to destroy them.

And he wasn't aiming for Damien himself.

'Wrath is just trying to expose me. I think in normal cases, the second Lust's mana touches an enemy, they win.'

Damien had met and fought a lot of people with mind control and mental manipulation powers before. Actually, they used to be his most hated kind of people, because they would take away the freedom of those they influenced, including himself.

Lust was on a different level compared to them.

She was one of the rare few who managed to establish Godhood with mental manipulation alone.

Her power was truly something terrifying. Even Gods found it difficult to resist her, let alone a Demigod like Damien.

'I should be fine.'

Thinking about it realistically, Damien didn't think he'd be affected by her power.

'But others...'

His eyes narrowed.

To start a war with Straea, the 4 Evils needed to die.

And for the 4 Evils to meet their end, Lust had to die first.

'Okay.'

Envy was an assassin-type. Her main speciality, however, was the ability to copy other people's abilities.

As for Gluttony, nobody had a real understanding of his power, but from Damien's experience with the deadly sins, Gluttony was definitely the most dangerous.

'I have to be careful of them.'

Damien was still rapidly moving through the air.

The 4 Evils below had stopped their brainless attacks, probably out of boredom.

They would approach Damien soon enough so he could no longer avoid confrontation.

But that was fine.

Because Damien was also of the mind to fight head-on.

He immediately teleported to the ground before they could act.

His leg raised up in the air before slamming down with immense force.

BOOOOOOOOOOOM!

A massive shockwave spread from his body, throwing up clouds of dust.

The 4 Evils were strong people. Just this much wasn't enough to faze them.

Damien knew that too.

In fact, his dust clouds gave Envy the opportunity she was waiting for.

To copy someone's ability, she first needed to have physical contact with them.

Seeing how Damien couldn't see her, she hid her presence and snuck around, approaching him from the back.

At the same time, Wrath charged from the front, both distracting him and trying to steal Envy's kill.

BOOM!

BOOM!

Two bursts rang out as both Wrath and Envy attacked.

But the target they struck...

...was not a target at all.

In the few milliseconds that Wrath's fist was flying through the air, Damien narrowly avoided it and danced on the tips of his toes, slipping past him.

Envy was standing behind them. She should have seen Damien's movements, but her eyes seemed to skew for a moment.

It was like an illusion, or an afterimage. Damien's body blurred and moved, but at the same time, it stood still, as if he had no idea they were trying to kill him.

She misjudged the enemy because of his apparent strength, and because of that...

BOOM!

BOOM!

Two attacks hit nothing but air.

And Damien had already made his way to Lust.

She was his target.

And she seemed to be aware of that too.

It wasn't rare for them to meet an enemy who underestimated Lust's control abilities.

If they were fighting as a group, the enemies usually attacked her or Gluttony first.

But that was a mistake.

There was a reason they hung back, and it wasn't because they were weak.

Sensing Damien's approach, Lust controlled her pinkish fog to cloud the atmosphere, enveloping several meters of the area around her.

If he wanted to attack, he'd have to fall into her realm of control, and if he decided to go for Gluttony either...

Lust grinned.

'Once again, the prize is mine.'

The 4 Evils were on good terms with each other, but they were also each other's greatest rivals.

Lust knew she'd get this kill, which meant she'd be the one who gained Malevalon's praise and reward.

The thoughts of that moment clouded her mind. She was already too assured of her victory to pay attention to Damien before he was under her control.

Was she stupid?



No, she was just unaware.

Because Damien was already behind her, wasn't he?

His arm was already outstretched and covered in mana, aiming to kill her, wasn't it?

Gluttony noticed before she did.

His eyes widened, as did his mouth.

It formed a massive cavity larger than the size of his entire body, a startling sight that the other Evils had gotten used to by now.

Damien hadn't, but he'd already committed.

Watching Gluttony out of the corner of his eyes, he moved his arm to strike.

His mana went wild into the air, signaling his presence to Lust.

She whipped around, an expression of shock in her eyes.

And the first thing she saw...

A beautiful burst of mana, so bright that it blinded her.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Damien's mana exploded into the air only centimeters away from her face.

And at the same time, Gluttony attacked.

Wrath and Envy charged towards Damien from the back and the side.

Amidst all of this, he began to wonder...

'...was attacking right now really the right idea?'

Chapter 1506 Escape [3]

Damien's eyes widened, not out of surprise, but so that his field of view could reach its maximum size.

He saw everything that was coming at him in slow motion.

He saw what Envy and Wrath were doing, and he read their exact paths to understand where they were planning to go.

He saw Lust, who couldn't do much of anything, and Gluttony, who was perhaps the only one who currently had the chance to harm him.

There was only a split second for him to make the decision.

Did he want to continue attacking like this or did he want to push back?

'For now, retreat.'

In any case, being surrounded wasn't a good idea at all.

Damien jumped into the air just as Wrath reached him.

BANG! BANG!

The first punch missed, but the second was aimed upward at Damien's body.

'Damn!'

Damien twisted his waist and tried to avoid the impact force, but he couldn't from his position.

A huge burst of air pressure struck his side, cracking several ribs.

However, the impact also pushed him higher in the air.

That was why Envy wasn't able to reach him in time.

She jumped, joining him in the air with her claws outstretched.

All she needed was a single touch.

But Damien knew that, and he refused to allow it.

Using the air as his stepping stone, Damien's feet became those of an artist. He danced through the sky in such a way that nothing could touch him, and as his body turned more illusory, he was finally given a chance to look at his own internal body.

At the same time, on the ground...

BOOOOOM!

The explosion of Damien's mana still struck Lust as it was meant to. There was no way for her to avoid it.

The cloud of mana expanded rapidly and turned more and more chaotic.

Lust was thrown back several steps, sustaining severe damage to her skin. However, before the attack could truly injure her, Gluttony stepped in.

He'd opened his mouth for a reason.

Like it was being suctioned by the strongest vacuum in the world, Damien's mana was pulled into Gluttony's throat.

The air was cleared, and Lust was saved.

Gluttony turned his attention to Damien's body in the air and...

Well, he burped.

He regurgitated the energy he'd consumed in a different form. It was now laced with his own mana of Gluttony, shooting back at Damien to give him a taste of his own medicine.

'Tch.'

Damien clicked his tongue.

The 4 Evils weren't being overly destructive, but their attacks were still terrible. With the four of them working together, Damien was never given a moment to himself for whatever reason he needed it.

Even when he thought he was safe, one of the four would make sure he was forced back into battle.

It was a strategy that, while less powerful overall, forcefully wore the enemy down until they couldn't fight any longer.

'Are they trying to capture me...?'

Damien suddenly had a realization.

'Right, Malevalon doesn't want me dead, at least not by someone else's hands. He still needs to get the Celestial Prison back, and that's not considering all the information he's dying to extract from me.'

He was extremely valuable. Even someone like Malevalon couldn't easily sentence him to death.

'That means...'

Damien grinned.

It seemed he had a lot more maneuverability than expected.

'Luckily, I've pretty much diagnosed the problem.'

The issue in his body, as he thought from the start, was a foreign energy causing problems.

In normal cases, his Void Physique would have removed this energy automatically so it couldn't cause problems for him.

However, this particular energy managed to avoid the detection of his physique.

'Is it because it's too convoluted, or is it something else...?'

Damien had to find out, and as he found out, he had to isolate the energy so it couldn't affect him.

Of course, all while he continued to fight for 4 Evils.

'No big deal, right?'

Damien grinned as he twisted his body again.

His mana raged, swelling around his leg as he slammed it down.

Envy was right there.

She was concealed, but she couldn't hide from Damien.

She tried to grab his leg, but instead, she found it coming down on her neck.

BANG!

The mana shield made sure Envy didn't have contact with Damien's skin as he struck her.

His leg slammed square into her neck, throwing her downward, and since Damien made sure to aim properly...

Her falling body just so happened to end up in the path of Gluttony's attack.

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

Green scales went flying everywhere as Envy's natural protections were destroyed.

Her body went flying further into the air, covered in mana as she tried to correct her position.

The other Evils saw her get hit, but none of them moved to help her.

Recovery was her own problem.

Their goal was to capture the target for their Lord.

Damien focused his vision again and allowed time to slow.

'Wrath is about to jump. Lust will recover soon. Gluttony is...I don't know.'

Wrath's movements were easy to read. As for Lust, she was incredibly angry, so she was also telegraphing her movements a lot.

Gluttony merely stood there. He stared at Damien with the same dull look in his eyes, but he didn't seem to be aiming to attack at all.

'Hmm...'

The previous few seconds before Wrath made it to his current position...

'...I can use them.'

Damien immediately went to work.

His mana created a cage within his body, slowly guiding the foreign energy so that it would be trapped within.

While it did so, Damien took the opportunity to truly analyze the energy.

'It's not familiar, but it's close...'

At first, there wasn't much he could see.

The energy didn't look like anything he'd seen before, and its properties weren't similar to mana or malakh. It was an entirely new energy source that Damien hadn't encountered before.

'If that's the case...maybe the Void Physique didn't grab it on purpose?'

The Void Physique could cleanse his body, but anything it devoured would be turned into pure energy and fed back to him in a digestible form.

If that happened to a foreign energy, it would lose the signature that allowed Damien to comprehend and seize it for himself.

'Now that I think about it, I encountered something similar with Nox Mana too.'

He couldn't devour it when he was younger, and eventually, he gained malakh because of that.

'Whatever this energy is...'

It wasn't from the True Void Universe or the Sacred Abyss Universe.

'But for it to show up here...'

...it had to have been used by the person who created the Celestial Prison.

Suddenly, the 4 Evils, and even Malevalon Straea, started to look insignificant.

But still, they were the ones threatening him now, so Damien had no choice but to focus on them.



'For now, I'll tuck it away.'

He gathered the foreign energy and made sure it could no longer impede his systems.

It was easier than expected, especially when Void Energy was brought into play.

And as Damien's strength began to return...

'That Gluttony guy gave me a great idea.'

A new way of fighting.

He was going to have fun testing it out.

Chapter 1507 Escape [4]

The current situation was as follows.

Wrath had just leapt into the air. He would reach Damien within the second.

Lust had summoned her mana. The pink fog she created was already being mobilized.

Envy had returned to the battlefield, but she didn't look as good as her peers. She was hanging back, watching and waiting for an opportunity.

And Gluttony...

Well, he just stood there.

None of them noticed the change in Damien's demeanor.

He made sure to hide the change in his aura.

'It feels good to be back.'

Damien had reached a high level.

He knew that he'd reached a high level.

But he'd rarely ever tested the limits of that level.

As he looked at the 4 Evils, his mindset changed.

'I can escape at any time.'

Now that he had his power back, it wouldn't be a problem at all.

'Malevalon isn't nearby.'

Damien couldn't sense him. Not even with Absolute Perception.

Wherever Malevalon was, it wasn't here.

'No, that's concerning in its own right.'

Malevalon's location was something he absolutely needed to know.

'So basically...'

He could test himself, but he couldn't play around too much.

'Okay.'

Damien closed his eyes. Reality began to flow as normal.

BOOM!

The shockwave caused by Wrath's launch was finally allowed to spread.

The tiger-like man appeared before Damien like a flash of light. His fist was outstretched, and a mana filled with the aura of war swarmed around it fiercely.

'That's interesting.'

The mana was a combination of several laws. To imitate the aura of war was a difficult task, as one had to truly understand the various cruelties involved.

If this mana hit someone, it would strike with the power of an entire army.

It was truly impressive.

'It'll be fun to play with.'

Gluttony gave Damien a great idea.

To use an enemy's power against them...

Couldn't he do that too?

Not only could he do it, he could do it far better than anyone else.

The concept of order and the concept of domination, though opposite in many ways, worked flawlessly together for an action like that.

Wrath threw his punch.

War-like mana flew towards Damien at high speeds.

But as he watched it approach, Damien just smiled.

His mana was already moving.

"...!"

Wrath's face instantly changed. He felt what happened, but he couldn't explain it.

His mana was moving.

It was moving, but it wasn't moving as he wanted it to.

He felt like time slowed down around him.

It was a beautiful sight, but it was equally eerie.

His mana simply...floated in the atmosphere.

It slowly wobbled and expanded, like a drop of water in a space with no gravity.

In this space, it was just him and his weightless mana.

And that man.

Damien, who smiled through it all.

Damien raised his hand as Wrath watched incredulously.

He put his hand in that mana, waving it around and feeling its fluctuations.

"You really are an accomplished practitioner," Damien said.

He wasn't being sarcastic. Wrath truly was impressive.

"However, it's a shame that you made me your enemy."

Wrath's senses were screaming at him.

Something bad was going to happen.

But he couldn't do anything to stop it.

"Especially at a time when I can do this."

Damien flexed his fingers.

And Wrath's mana moved.

It was no longer Wrath's anymore.

Whether it was his laws or the energy itself, all of it was under Damien's control.

"Have a taste of it."

Damien grinned happily.

"The mana you've cultivated after all these years, I mean."

The slowed time elapsed, and Wrath's perception returned to normal.

For a moment, he contemplated if everything that just happened was an illusion.

But the mana in his face told him otherwise.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Everything Wrath prepared for Damien struck him in the chest with amplified intensity.

"ARGH!"

He roared in pain, coughing up several mouthfuls of blood as he flew back.

Damien looked down at the ground.

He extended his hand again, and suddenly, he felt the fluctuations of an illusionary mana in his soul.

'So this is her power.'

Lust's ability of mental manipulation, he controlled it through her mana and sent it towards Envy, who was now back and trying to return to battle.

She immediately froze.

Lust's mana was extremely intrusive. When it touched one's skin, it would enter through the pores and immediately drive towards the brain.

Both mentally and spiritually, one would be subjected to an intense stimulation, and by the time it was over, Lust's mana would take complete control over their body.

Any actions they took or feelings they possessed after that point could be controlled by Lust. She could do whatever she wanted with them even if they were conscious.

They would never notice her influence. Not on their own, at least.

Envy had gotten used to this mana after being around it for so long, but even she didn't have a tolerance for it.

When she saw it coming, she tried to fight, but she was already injured from Gluttony's attack, so she wasn't able to properly free herself of control.

Her body was frozen.

Her mind was safe, but she was immobilized.

At this point, the Evils noticed the strangeness they were encountering.

Something was wrong with their mana. It was obvious that the enemy had gained a way to influence them, but they couldn't believe the easiest and most obvious answer.

Because they were Gods. That obvious answer was the most impossible one.

'They're confused.'

Wrath had already recovered, but he was standing back and watching with narrowed eyes.

Lust was also staring at him strangely, while Envy was forced into stasis.

The only one who couldn't be read was still Gluttony.

He was also the one Damien had the least information about.

Gluttony was obviously someone with a devour-type ability. Damien was used to those, so he thought he'd have an easy time dealing with that particular enemy.

That was an incorrect assumption.

'The longer he stands there, the more dangerous his aura becomes.'

It wasn't his physical aura, but something more ethereal.

'Gluttony is definitely a trump card. If I mess with him right now...'

Damien had to remember that his main purpose was to escape.

He'd saved Dante, but only temporarily.



To truly return his father to good health, Damien needed to take him back to Void Palace.

He looked at the 4 Evils.

They didn't look nearly as threatening as they did before.

With him in the air and the four of them on the ground with varying degrees of injury, it was obvious who'd won this battle.

'But if I want to kill one...'

"I can't risk it."

Damien gritted his teeth.

Never once had he doubted his intuition, and his intuition was telling him to just leave it at this and be satisfied with what he'd accomplished.

If he pushed any further...

Damien took one last glance at Gluttony.

'That man...'

Those dull eyes, that strange ability that was only displayed once, the general apathy...

Gluttony was an unnerving presence in every way.

'Preparation.'

As long as the lives of others were involved, preparation was the most important thing.

So, while Damien had the energy and desire to continue this fight...

"Tch."

He clicked his tongue. It was a sound of annoyance loud enough for all of the 4 Evils to hear him.

And he disappeared.

His aura and presence completely vanished from the vicinity, and soon enough, from the entirety of the Northern Region.

Damien's decision was a confusing one in the moment.

But if one stayed on the scene for just a tad bit longer, just a few more seconds after he left...

One would soon come to realize just how wise of a decision it was.

Chapter 1508 Return [1]

WHOOOSH!

It was a huge wind, indicative of the speed the one who caused it had traveled to reach this place.

"Where?"

One word.

When the 4 Evils heard it, their bodies froze.

That voice...

That was the voice of a person they never wished to meet in their lives.

"Where?"

It was repeated, this time in a far sterner tone.

They were frozen, but they had no choice but to respond.

"He...he escaped..."

Lust spoke for the group.

"Escaped?"

The man looked between them. There was no emotion in his gaze.

"From all of you?"

He observed their states.

Gluttony was unharmed, and wounds on the rest of them were no more than surface level injuries.

But what was he sensing from them?

Was that fear?

"Disappointing."

Only one word again. It was like the man didn't believe they were worthy enough to converse with.

It didn't matter how the battle went or what happened with the enemy.

All that mattered was that the person the Lord wanted was gone.

The man closed his eyes and sensed his surroundings

His awareness spread across the entire Northern Region without halting.

And when he sensed no sign of the man he was looking for...

"Tch."

He clicked his tongue.

"I will report this to the Lord. Do not think your pitiful performances will go unnoticed."

The man didn't stop to look at the disgraces known as the 4 Evils any longer.

He only came here for one purpose, and as it had become impossible to achieve, he would return to his Lord and report exactly what he'd seen.

The 4 Evils could say nothing. They didn't try to stop him from leaving.

After all, they truly did show a pitiful performance.

Damien didn't have to work hard to escape.

No, once he confused them and made them wary, rather than escaping, he just left.

He absolutely could've continued the fight there, and though they didn't want to admit it, they didn't think they'd win if he did.

That strange power he showed at the end was an ability unlike anything they'd ever seen. The second he started using it, Wrath, the most sturdy of them, was forced to cough blood and focus on recovery.

They were fighting an unknown enemy. If they wanted to capture him, they needed to do a lot more to understand his strength before even trying.

Yet, they didn't get anything close to an opportunity to do so. It was all over after just a few clashes.

This was the most demoralizing battle they'd ever fought. It didn't even feel like a battle, more like an encounter against someone who didn't have any interest in fighting them from the start.

That, of course, was a correct assumption, as Damien really didn't have any plans to fight them, but for it to be felt meant that he truly wasn't putting any worth in their existences.

It made them feel a plethora of hostile emotions, but those were all squashed the moment "that person" arrived.

They couldn't focus their hatred on one man anymore.

They had to show results befitting of their position as soon as possible against the enemies of the Straea Clan, causing as much damage as possible.

Because as long as "that man" said even a single word, they would die.

He was Malevalon's true right hand.

He was the person under one and above all others in the Straea Clan.

He, Malefice Straea, was Malevalon's blood-related younger brother, and the strongest and most loyal person under his control.

Malefice practiced a law nobody else understood or even knew the identity of. That law could kill anyone as long as Malefice wanted them dead.

There was no way to escape it.

He was someone who could kill Damien with a single glance, even with his new comprehensions about Existence.

Just like Malevalon, he was someone Damien absolutely couldn't mess with right now, especially if he wanted to save his father.

He was lucky he left when he did.

But his departure was the worst thing that could possibly happen to the 4 Evils.

This failure was the biggest mistake they'd ever made, and with their positions and lives at stake...

They had gone insane with the desire to live, a primal urge that came from the deepest depths of their souls.

\*\*\*

There was a dark place.

It was far removed from any sort of society, located in the exact center point of the Sacred Abyss Universe.

Here, there was a darkness beyond darkness. A supermassive black hole that was slowly consuming everything around it.

But it was not a black hole.

Rather, it was the latent energy subconsciously released by the being in the center of that mass.

He never moved from that place.

Many people hardly even knew of his existence.

However, they all knew his name.

He was the owner of this cosmos, the supreme being that controlled any and all things within it.

Nobody in existence could stand his aura or look at him directly, so even his own subordinates had only interacted with him through telepathy from billions of kilometers away.

The Dark God.

The reasons behind his stasis were unknown to the outside, but while he never moved or truly interacted with anyone else, he was always watching.

Nothing that happened in the Sacred Abyss Universe could escape his perception.

And as Foreign Territories spread across the Heavenly World, he gained the ability to sense the undercurrents of that place as well.

'Something...is amiss.'

His thoughts didn't have true form. They'd reached such a spiritual level that they couldn't be properly phrased in existing language anymore, but that was something of a summary.

He could sense it.

In the True Void Universe, something major was happening.

His plans were being meddled with by an unknown factor.

'Something...I cannot sense?'

It wasn't that he couldn't sense it, but that he could only sense the absence of it.

There was something that should have been within the bounds of his perception, but instead of being there, it appeared as an emptiness too large to be possible.

That emptiness was uncomfortable yet familiar.

To the Dark God, who had never felt familiarity with anything outside of himself, it was an extremely concerning feeling.

'Find it.'

His thought was projected into the cosmos, sent to every being under his direct command.



'Find the anomaly.'

It had to be eliminated.

Throughout the entirety of time, anomalies like this were not rare. However, while they were not rare, every time they appeared, they'd cause scenarios that otherwise could not exist.

They impeded the Dark God's conquest, and in some cases, they truly managed to cause him trouble.

But they never succeeded in defeating him.

They never managed to achieve anything beyond what he allowed, because they'd be eliminated before they had the chance to do so.

This time was the same as every other time.

That anomaly would not be able to grow, nor would it be able to thrive.

That anomaly would fall, and the cosmos would become his.

After all, this was not the first cosmos to fall by his hands.

The Dark God was not a being who could be stopped.

This was a fact the True Void Universe would soon come to learn.

He would be sure of it.

## Chapter 1509 Return [2]

Damien's journey back to Void Palace wasn't impeded again after that.

After all, even if they knew where he was going, they couldn't chase him.

The Straea Clan still had to be wary of the Veritas Clan and the Holy Empire. If worst came to worst and they decided to expand their area of operation, the Vega Clan would likely step in as well.

At the current moment, even if it was Straea, they couldn't act outside the Northern Region.

Of course, that was going to change soon.

The Dark God had given his order. Both the Straea Clan and the Foreign Race nobility would begin acting soon enough, but that was still a ways away.

For the Foreign nobility, it was a serious task to enter the Heavenly World. Until they could reliably travel between the two realms, they couldn't do much.

As for Straea, well, Malevalon was currently in a certain mood.

He wanted to destroy the person who stole his treasure. He wanted nothing more than to directly kill that person.

However, he had to hold himself back. It wasn't because of those who had their eyes on him and it wasn't because he wanted to guarantee the safety of his clan.

Instead, it was because he was given a far more important task to complete, and until he was done with it, he couldn't focus on anything else.

Even if that "anything else" was Dante Void and the prison he was being kept in.

Malevalon had to quell his desire for revenge.

He also needed to gather information to find out where that man went.

Though, even if Damien hid his soul fluctuations and pretended to be someone else, his end goal was obvious.

There was only one influence that would do such a thing, after all.

Nevertheless, while the Straea Clan reeled from the events that happened under their noses, Damien found his way back to Void Palace, unharmed and with the best news he could possibly have.

Dante Void had been recovered.

Unfortunately, he couldn't just announce the information.

For the time being, he had to withhold news about Dante's status. This was both to keep Malevalon's suspicions as mere suspicions and to protect Dante.

It would take time for him to regain consciousness. It would take even longer for him to regain strength.

Until he'd done both, the fact that he'd been successfully extracted from the Celestial Prison was a truth the Straea Clan could never find out.

That was the main reason why Damien kept his return secret as well.

He snuck into the palace in the depths of the night and called his mother, aunts, and uncle.

They were the only ones he was willing to tell.

And more importantly, they were the key to Dante's recovery.

"Mom..."

Damien smiled at her as she walked in. He nodded at the rest, giving his greetings to them as well.

"You've returned...?" Claire asked.

She was happy that her son was back, but hardly any time had passed since he left.

Did he return with bad news...?

Did something happen to him while he was gone...?

The worries that plagued her mind didn't allow her to maintain hope, but Damien's smile was bright enough to somewhat calm her spirits.

If he was smiling like that, then her son was fine. Even if he didn't succeed in the operation, he'd returned without a scratch.

That was all that—

"I succeeded."

"What did you just say?" Hugo asked, questioning his hearing.

"I said I succeeded."

Damien's smile widened.

"I managed to rescue him."

Silence.

It was a silence filled with so much emotion that it could hardly be called silence.

"W-where is he?" Claire asked hesitantly.

Damien pursed his lips.

He didn't want to ruin their happiness by showing them Dante's current state.

'Should I wait until he's regained his complexion first?'

Even if Dante was unconscious, if he looked okay, it would probably make them feel better.

'But how long will it take to get him to that point without Mom and Aunt's help?'

He used the same laws as them, but they had far more experience than him. Unlike Damien, they were practiced in even the most niche concepts of those laws.

There were things they could do that even he lacked the ability to do right now.

'Haa...I guess there's no choice.'

"Mom, his condition is a bit...well, you'll see it in a second."

He prefaced the situation so they could mentally prepare themselves.

And as he watched their expressions harden, he pulled Dante from the Sanctuary.

His body was still frail and weak, his skin hugging his bones.

His Divine aura was so heavily weakened that he barely seemed like a Divinity anymore.

And regardless of the presence of his closest family, he didn't open his eyes.

"I managed to contain his leaking Divinity and heal the most immediate wounds on his body, so he's not in serious danger, but..."

"I can't give him his Divinity back until he's awake again, and I can't figure out how or why he entered this coma, so I can't wake him up."

Damien had tried several times while he was making his way back.

He originally went to the Sanctuary to remove the foreign energy from Dante's body, which he accomplished, but when he tried to investigate Dante's soul and mind...

"...I was completely blocked out. I don't think I'm capable of breaking his protections unless I'm willing to harm him. That's why I'll need all of your help."

"You don't need to say anything more."

Serena was the one who spoke up.

They all understood Dante's situation clearly after listening to Damien.

Those first words, the ones that assured them of Dante's immediate safety, allowed them to calm their hearts and think over things logically.

And when it came to a task like healing Dante...

No matter what it took, they'd bring Dante back.

Damien nodded, smiling wryly to himself.

"In the first place, you never needed to ask for help. We are more than willing to sacrifice ourselves for him."

No matter what it took, they'd bring Dante back.

Damien nodded, smiling wryly to himself.

'I guess mom wouldn't just take anyone as her sister.'

Serena was also someone Dante held dear, and she had the same commitment to him as Claire did.

"Then, I'll take my leave."

Damien knew his aunts and uncle needed some time alone with his father.

And after seeing how deep the feelings Claire and the rest had for Dante were, he suddenly had the urge to go find his own people.

Yes, this was his family.

Hugo, Persia, Claire, Serena, and everyone else at Void Palace were people he held in his heart.

But they weren't his only family.

Damien had another family, one he'd found himself as he made his arduous journey to the Heavenly World.

And right now, he was missing them more than anything.

Not just his wives, but everyone.

Long Chen, Su Ren, and all the other friends he'd made along the way. Tian Yang, Malcolm, and the many mentors who'd become his most trusted confidants...

Damien had been too involved with the Heavenly World's matters ever since he got here.

Now that the war was in full swing, he didn't have to take a frontline position as often.

So he finally had time to spend with them.

'I guess this is the perfect time.'

Damien's demeanor softened.

'Let's take our first real break since coming to this world.'

Chapter 1510 Desperation [1]

A lot happened in the coming months.

Damien returned to his daily life in the Young Lord's residence. With the most important task completed, he had time to spend on the back line overseeing everything.



But mainly, he used this time to spend with his family.

It had been a long time since he'd had quality time with his wives. It wasn't just because he was busy outside, but because they'd been fully immersed in training.

The Heavenly World was a dangerous place, especially for the weak.

They were powerful back when they were in Grand Heavens Boundary, but unlike Damien, they experienced what it was really like for an ascender.

Adapting to the laws of this world was difficult. They were far denser, and every concept they had come to know was now far more complex than ever before.

To understand these laws meant to gain true power, but it was a time-consuming task.

Especially for people who'd only recently become Demigods.

That critical benchmark was reached not long after they arrived in this world. They already had the foundation, and if it wasn't for the speed of the events that passed since the war against the Nox ended, they would've ascended long before Damien returned to take them to the Heavenly World.

Establishing their Divinities was a job Rose, Ruyue, and Elena didn't have any trouble with.

Again, unlike Damien, they were absolutely certain of the paths they'd decided to tread.

They didn't have the vagueness of the Void and Existence clouding their vision.

Plus, with Iris' help and information about her experience with Divinity, they were able to rapidly grasp the concept.

Rose's Divinity was called True Fantasy. It reflected her desire to turn her imagination into true reality, her ability to create illusions beyond illusion.

Ruyue, on the other hand, gained something called Absolute Yin, which furthered her ability to control all yin-related laws and concepts.

Finally, Elena trod the same path she found in the Holy Light Realm. Her Divinity was called Transcended Death. It was her true start on the road she'd chosen.

Once these Divinities were established, it was all just a matter of perfecting them.

And that was exactly what they spent their time on.

For as long as they'd been here, they'd remained in meditation.

Of course, they occasionally took breaks to rest their minds and become familiar with the people in the palace, but their hard work was their main focus.

They excelled in comprehension more and more as they continued trying, and as they made progress, they got somewhat addicted to the feeling.

It was normal, and it wasn't problematic.

But it did make them somewhat unavailable.

The people of the palace had a good impression of them. They were beautiful, had the poise to be the wives of their Young Lord, and showed a work ethic beyond even their most hard-working members.

It was just a shame that they couldn't make any real connections outside of Claire and Serena due to their schedules.

That problem was solved when Damien returned.

They took a break to match his break. With the group of them spending more time together relaxing and enjoying each other's presences, others were also able to see more of the Mistresses they had to respect on the same level as their Young Lord.

The atmosphere within the palace was quite harmonious.

To the point where one could easily forget what was going on outside.

But, naturally, Damien paid close attention to it. Even if he was taking some time off, he couldn't completely separate himself from work.

'The Straea Clan is acting strangely.'

By this point, Straea should've already made several moves to strike back at the palace. Damien had accounted for their movements and made several plans to counter them.

However, the Straea Clan was not fighting back.

Instead, they huddled up and stayed within the Northern Region.

'This isn't how they're supposed to be.'

The Straea Clan was arrogant and domineering. That was the image they'd built up over all these years.

For them to act like cowards...

'...they're planning something big.'

Damien sighed.

It wasn't something he could predict. He could only try to be prepared for any situation, so they couldn't catch him off-guard and ruin everything he'd built up.

And while he did so, he needed to focus more on the operation against the Divine Order.

That, unlike the matters of the Straea Clan, was going quite smoothly.

How could it not?

The assault was perfectly planned so the Divine Order would be destroyed without any hope of survival.

Dominic and Yiren led the troops on the frontline of that battlefield, while Hestia helped them from the palace with information and strategies.

Veritas helped them with the war effort, and the two great clans working together, the Divine Order's power was weakened and crippled.

That was the combat side of things.

The Divine Order's Council of Gods acted a few times, but after losing several Gods to the enemy, they chose to hide away rather than fight.

And that gave Void Palace and Veritas the freedom they needed to systematically destroy the order.

Amidst all of this, one couldn't forget the Holy Empire.

City after city, town after town, the people of the Southwestern Region were liberated from their brainwashing.

They didn't know about it either.

They went about their days as normal, unaware that anything about their fundamental thinking capabilities had changed.

But they had.

The Divine Order lost control over their people, which meant they lost the cannon fodder they could use to stop their enemies' advance.

Those people were still believers of the order. That part didn't change. However, they could no longer be forced to do things against their will.

They'd regained the freedom of thought.

Which meant they could fully absorb the situation around them and understand what was happening.

It was a fearful and confusing time for those who were freed, but the Holy Empire wasn't just present to free them. They provided aid and care to make the transition as smooth as possible.

And because the Holy Empire itself was a religious order, they were able to use the faith those people held to help them.

It was a perfect operation in every way.

And because of that, the Divine Order was forced into an extreme position.

If they wanted to survive through this, they had to find a way to escape the Southwestern Region.

"They" being the highest level of the order.

The rest had been abandoned.

And since the rest had been abandoned...

Naturally, they had to be used.

Damien forgot about one thing.

When an insane enemy was forced into a corner...

Nobody could judge what they'd do next.

Especially when it was the Divine Order, an influence that was always forced to be suppressed and controlled by those greater than it.

The Council of Gods held one more meeting.

It wasn't much of a meeting at all.

It was merely a time for them to make sure they were all on the same page.

They would make it out of this mess alive.

Even if they had to bring the world down to do so.