

# Void 1581

Chapter 1581 Chaos [4]

Damien disappeared from the Heavenly World.

As did the massive dome of light that seemed like it'd exist for eternity.

As did something within Claire.

Her eyes fluttered open only moments after the scene regained peace.

They were no longer reptilian. Claire had regained her sanity.

'What...?'

She held her head as she tried to remember what had happened after she went berserk. The memories were foggy, as they didn't necessarily belong to her.

The fact that she was never able to know the chaos she'd wrought in her crazed state was one of the most terrifying things about her power.

But somehow, she'd returned to normal.

"Claire!"

Her eyes snapped to the side as she heard a voice call her name.

Serena approached from the distance, phasing in and out of reality as she stopped time and essentially teleported closer.

She reached within a few seconds and instantly hugged Claire.

"What happened? Are you okay?"

She glanced around, trying to gauge the situation through the surroundings.

'Nothing...?'

It was incredibly confusing.

'The explosion was...if Claire is alright, then was it worse at the edges...? But that doesn't...'

Serena tried to make something of what she knew, but it was practically impossible. Nothing she could imagine could explain what was happening now.

She was downright stumped.

Claire wasn't any better

"I...I don't know," she muttered.

"I just woke up."

"That's good, isn't it?" Serena replied with a sigh of relief

"Then Damien must have succeeded. Where is he now?"

"Damien...?" Claire echoed.

"Yes. I was trying to stop you in the Heavenly God Plane when I sensed his aura from here. You only started improving when he came."

Serena smiled slightly

"That's a good son you have. It's just...it seems he had something urgent to attend to."

She didn't know where Damien was, but if he'd left so hastily, then there had to be another important matter at hand. Her nephew was a filial and caring person, and she didn't mind covering for him in moments like these.

However...

"No."

Claire felt differently.

Something was wrong.

'Damien was here...?'

That wasn't right.

How could he have come?

If he saw her in that state...

'No...'

That wasn't the problem. Her son was not that type of person.

If he saw her in that type of state, and he wanted to help her get out of it...

'No...'

She felt it in her soul. There was a difference in the scourge that had plagued her all her life.

The fluctuations of its energy were much calmer now. Rather than trying to invade her soul, it felt like it was strengthening it.

And beyond that border, she no longer saw that terrifying beast.

She saw a picture of the universe, strong and proud. It was an image that filled her entire body with energy and ideas.

'This is not possible...'

Even Dante couldn't do it. If he couldn't, then who—

'No...'

There was no denying it. Her son had been here.

"Where's Damien?"

Serena frowned.

Her heart sank as a bad feeling set in.

She'd been ignoring it until now because she wanted to focus on the fact that the situation was resolved rather than "why" it was resolved.

But the question came back to her in that moment.

How did Claire regain sanity?

And where did the massive amounts of rampant mana coiling through the air go?

The only outlier in the entire situation was Damien himself. The answers to their questions were with him, but he was nowhere to be seen.

He definitely had the ability to, but there was no way he'd just leave. Serena was able to feel Damien's concern through his aura.

The two women looked at each other as a realization dawned on them both.

"We need to go."

It was a consensus between them.

They needed to return to the palace immediately. Using all of the resources and manpower at their disposal...

They needed to make sure their child was safe.

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A lot of things changed from that moment.

Damien Void's disappearance was confirmed by many sources. He was not anywhere in the Heavenly World.

It was normal for Damien to disappear at this point. He'd been caught in many plots like this and had ended up in several wild places where he found new adventures to give him strength.

But this time was different.

Back then, Damien didn't have something like a home. He had his wives, but he was still a wanderer in his core. He never truly had a place to settle down and truly call his own.

Because of that, the only connections he made were fleeting. If he found something that lasted through it all, then he would celebrate it, but he never actively tried to create relationships that would last a lifetime.

He was used to being alone, traveling as he pleased to places where others couldn't go.

Void Palace was a new thing to him. His biological family was one thing, but everyone else in the palace also considered him as family. They loved him and respected him in so many ways.

They trusted him and put faith in him, absolutely believing that he would take them to greater heights.

So his disappearance had far more impact than it ever had before.

Countless people were mobilized throughout the Heavenly World to find a trace of him. The Straea Clan was even further isolated and the war against them raged on in a completely new way.

The current Straea was just doomed for destruction. Its head had been thoroughly chopped off.

Of those who knew him, only his wives remained unconcerned.

It was definitely unexpected for a situation like this to occur at this point in their lives, but they of all people had gotten used to this.

They could feel Damien's soul. He was alive and well somewhere in the planes of existence.

And as long as he was alive, he'd always return.

The four of them further entrenched themselves in their current missions, remembering their goals and why they wanted to get stronger.

Still, while they knew he was alive, they had no way of knowing where he was.

Only one specific group had that knowledge, and they had no plans of sharing it.

After the destruction of the hidden Principality, the Foreign Nobles were forced to return to their homeland to hide for a bit before they could target Damien again.

The Dark God was playing the long game. He never intended to wage a full war against the True Void Universe. He wanted to see it slowly destroy itself.

As such, those under him had to be careful with their movements. It wasn't yet time for them to reveal themselves openly to the world.

It was depressing, but they had no choice.

For Grand Duke Maveth, who took the lead of the operation against Damien, the defeat they faced was an especially humiliating one.

However, it wasn't long after they'd returned in shame that they sensed it.

All of them at once.

Some of them shot to their feet, while others immediately grabbed their weapons.

'He's here.'

There was no doubt about it.

The presence of Damien Void...

It was now in the Sacred Abyss Universe.

Chapter 1582 Chaos [5]

Right, the place where Damien ended up was the Sacred Abyss Universe.

It wasn't an accident either.

Damien arrived just as he wanted to, carrying with him everything he intended to take away from the Heavenly World.

'With a slightly volatile grenade...'

Damien looked at his left hand, where a yellow orb the size of a bath bomb calmly pulsed as if it wasn't made of Godly amounts of chaotic energy that could blow at any second.

'...and some sort of interdimensional cosmic entity...'

Damien looked at his right hand, where he held that beast contained in a barrier of Existence. It was trapped for now and wouldn't be able to do anything he didn't let it.

'...I think this is going to be a pretty fun roadtrip.'



Damien's disappearance. It was partially out of necessity, and partially because he figured out a great way to use his time.

While he took the entity from his mother, he also purified her body with the concept of order, which completely absolved all of the problems she'd had.

And when he had the entity trapped in his grasp, he realized that killing it wasn't the best option.

Especially not when he had this much rampant energy around him.

He had to find a way to get those things out of the True Void Universe. That much remained true. However, his decision to come here was a bit nuanced.

The battles he had to fight...he figured he'd get them over with as soon as possible.

This was the Foreign Nobility's home ground, so they had somewhat of an advantage.

But he was also able to approach them as he wanted to. He didn't have to be trapped in their schemes anymore.

And more than anything else...

'...there's almost nothing to lose here.'

Thalia and the Gehenna Tribe wasn't related to him in the eyes of everyone else, so as long as he stayed away from them, they would be safe too.

The main point was that Damien could fight here without worrying about any outside factors.

'So I should use the things I was given to wipe out the Foreign Nobles.'

Malefice's core explosion was right about powerful enough to kill a Supreme God, right?

'And while I'm at it, maybe I should try to meet that Dark God of theirs.'

Damien wanted to end things here and now so current events wouldn't repeat themselves.

His goal in this place was the complete elimination of all hostile Foreign Races.

'It's just like my time on Al'Katra, except...'

Damien grinned to himself.

'...unlike Al'Katra, I don't plan to do any sneaking around here.'

He was just continuing the combat circuit he never got to finish.

'For now, I should put these away.'

Damien stored the "grenade" of Malefice's power in a safe storage space he created specifically for that purpose.

As for the dark beast, he just threw it in his proverbial pocket, since the Existence barrier was all the containment it needed.

'Learning from last time's experience, killing a Noble means I inherit their territory. I already have Count Verex's land under control, but I guess I should go see what Horacio was up to before he joined our side.'

Damien immediately vanished from his position, wherever he was.

All he knew was that he wasn't anywhere near Count Verex's territory, and he could feel the direction of Horacio's territory.

Nevertheless, he had to move.

'They should know I'm here.'

With how they'd locked onto him, there was no way they didn't feel it when he arrived.

'I just have to control our encounters.'

He had to be the one in charge of it all.

'This territory...'

It must've belonged to a Viscount. It was quite small as if to further that assumption.

Damien wasn't subject to the territory boundaries that held him when he came the first time. He didn't use a Dimensional Crack, after all.

As such, he was able to move through the Sacred Abyss Universe just as easily as he could the True Void Universe.

'Is this place...also one planet?'

It was a thought Damien couldn't help but have. This land was so expansive that it could truly compete with the Heavenly World.

However...

'...the stars in the sky are real.'

There was truly a horde of celestial bodies floating through the void of space. It was completely different from the artificial skies of his home cosmos.

'This planet belongs to the Foreign Nobility, but it's not lacking other peoples. If this is where the majority of civilization is, then what's out there...?'

It wasn't a question he could answer right now, but he did plan to have it answered before he returned to his homeland.

'Okay.'

Everything was set. Plans had been properly made. Now...

'...let me return unto them the things they did to me.'

It was going to be an exciting few months.

'...let me return unto them the things they did to me.'

It was going to be an exciting few months.

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That was when it started.

A wild goose chase with disastrous consequences.

The Foreign Nobles could sense Damien's position, but they didn't have an exact measure of it. Especially since he zipped around so fast.

Damien never stayed in a single territory for too long. Any time he senses incoming presences within a few tens of millions of kilometers, he'd warp away, leaving them completely unaware of his position.

When it came to running, there was really nobody who could defeat Damien. At this point, it might've been better to stay back and try to triangulate where he'd appear next.

But even that became difficult.

Because Damien wasn't just running around for fun.

There were 128 Barons, 64 Viscounts, and 32 Counts before they'd met Damien.

That number had slightly decreased through his interactions with them, but it was nowhere near the catastrophe he'd caused them since he came back to their world.

There were now 68 Barons, 12 Viscounts, and 15 Counts.

Those were all Nobles he'd killed while the others tried their best to catch up to him.

The low-rank Nobles were easy to kill. Especially the Demigods, who couldn't last more than a single attack from him.

Damien was able to move quite fast since he didn't have to be too focused during battle, but he still had a lot of distance to cover.

It was almost like this world had been divided in such a way that would cause Damien the most trouble. The weaker Nobles were all separated, strewn about in random parts of the world.

Meanwhile, the more high-class nobles remained concentrated. It was almost impossible to attack one without being spotted by the others.

But Damien had it all planned out. He was slaughtering the low-

rank Nobles just for convenience. His main goal right now was information gathering.

By the time there were only Dukes and Grand Dukes remaining...

'...I'll be well equipped to make sure they join their friends in hell.'

The Foreign Races didn't know what kind of enemy they'd made out of Damien.

The Dark God didn't know the consequences of attacking the True Void Universe.

The anomaly they'd encountered this time wasn't a person they could defeat with the strategies they'd used previously.

No, if it was Damien at the center of everything...

Nothing more needed to be said.

Chapter 1583 Chaos [6]

Months continued to pass. It was far less time in the Heavenly World, but that didn't change how long it had been in the Sacred Abyss Universe.

It would've been strange if Damien had been able to go untouched for all of this time. Perhaps it was normal for a few months, but after a while, it became a question why the Foreign Nobles kept chasing him so aimlessly.

Well, it was because their chase wasn't aimless.

Damien had been caught quite a few times, and while he did manage to cause some injuries, he never actually managed to kill anyone above the Count level.

He was always quick on the escape, just like when they'd first met him.

In the end, it became obvious that they couldn't catch him through normal means, but until Maveth and the others who stood on the back line finished creating a way to properly trap him, they still needed to chase, so that he would never lose the sense of danger around him.

If he put his guard down for just a moment, if the stress got to him and he snapped...

They would immediately make sure he became their prey.

Definitively this time.

Damien was quite aware of their plans. Though they didn't broadcast them to everyone, the Counts he devoured still had some tidbits of information about what was happening in the world.

It was good they thought the way they did.

'It means they're acting exactly according to plan.'

Was Damien unable to kill a Duke?

Obviously not.

Was he unable to do it fast enough?

Perhaps when he fought Horacio, but now...?

Damien had comprehended the concept of chaos when he tried to control the absolute chaos that raged around him when he was trying to save his mother.

That concept was just as offensive as domination, having a far more direct impact on his combat power than something like order or harmony.

Damien didn't quite know how strong he'd gotten. Just like every other time, it was a vague feeling that he couldn't define without fighting.

But now wasn't the time.

There were five gems in the Emperor's Crown. Only one short of completion.

Theoretically speaking, a Duke wasn't Damien's enemy anymore.

However, he couldn't test that, because he couldn't let them know that he'd gotten stronger.

'I may be able to fight a Supreme God properly now, but I'll for sure be at a disadvantage.'

He definitely wasn't at the level of those who had been Supremes for millennia yet. But if it was a recent Supreme...Damien didn't think he would lose easily.

'That doesn't mean I'll be reckless, though.'

He needed to make the Foreign Nobles underestimate him as much as possible. Convincing most of them was easy, but his main target, Grand Duke Maveth, was not.



Maveth was calculating beyond any of the others. Damien truly had to put on a show to convince him that he wasn't strong enough to fight, especially after what he'd pulled in the hidden Principality.

That was why Damien got rid of all of the Barons, Viscounts, and Counts within his first year of being here.

Most of that time was spent traveling, and more importantly, claiming the territories left behind by those he slaughtered.

Damien had a considerable claim to this world now, though he didn't know what it meant for him to possess it.

However, he would have ample time to figure it out.

There was no way to convince Maveth that Damien was completely powerless.

For that reason, Damien chose a different approach.

'To make him believe my power is specialized in the wrong places.'

Concealment, defense, and escape. If Maveth was absolutely certain that Damien was strong in these aspect and weak in others, then he would move in a way that Damien was more than prepared to exploit.

He'd already convinced the man of his power to run away. The fact that he was still alive after the torture he'd been put through when they fought was enough proof of his defense.

Now, all he needed to do was put the icing on the cake.

There were only 15 Dukes and 3 Grand Dukes remaining, which made it a lot easier for Damien.

His next trick...

'...is to disappear.'

Damien gathered his mana, converting it all to malakh.

He phased through the world, appearing and disappearing from countless points across the land simultaneously, making it impossible to see where he actually was.

His body began to change, becoming exactly like a Foreign Race. His soul changed, mimicking what he'd seen in people like the Saintess and Thalia.

His Legend hid itself deep, almost sinking into Nonexistence.

And the entity known as Damien Void was completely eliminated from this plane, replaced by someone completely different, someone who wasn't anomalous.

The instant Damien's transformation finished, he promptly vanished. He didn't use Warp or any other space-twisting movement techniques. He traveled directly through Existence itself, making it impossible for his enemies to track him.

He arrived at a city within a random territory of the ones that belonged to him. At that moment, the "Damien" warping through the sky vanished all at once.

He had effectively been removed from all forms of detection.

The main problem was his status as an anomaly. Through it, the Nobles could find him whenever they wanted. They were quite literally bred with the skills to track anomalies.

However, gaining chaos gave Damien a way to cut them off.

Just a slight bit of chaos in his soul, just enough to scramble his readings but not enough to make him feel like an imposter, went a long way.

The anomalous nature of his soul could now be hidden under a veil of "talent." And when that was taken care of, Damien's preexisting abilities were more than enough to make him invisible.

'Good. I now have freedom.'

Damien nodded to himself, walking through the city and blending in with the local population.

'I've left enough clues and I'll keep leaving more, so I can be sure they won't go looking for trouble in the Heavenly World.'

And while he led his enemies by the nose, he could take a second to see what society was really like in this world.

It was a place he didn't know, and observing the common people would always bring him unexpected boons.

'We say the Dark God is an evil person, but is that really true?'

What was he like at his core?

What was he like to his own people?

These were all curiosities Damien held in his heart.

The dilation of the Sacred Abyss Universe gave Damien a surprising amount of time to use freely. Even if he spent a year here, no more than a month or two would pass in the Heavenly World. That is, if he watched the timeflow and stayed in locations where the dilation was stable.

He could even make the dilation more pronounced to give himself more time.

So while he waited for the moment to come for him to initiate the next step of his plans...

Wasn't this the perfect time to explore the things that set the Sacred Abyss Universe apart from the rest?

#### Chapter 1584 Chaos [7]

Living in one city could only ever introduce one to the culture of that one city. To understand the world, one had to see the world in some capacity.

For earthlings, this wasn't too hard. The internet made it easy to connect with others and learn of their circumstances regardless of distance. Cultures became prominent, and melded together to form new forms of culture.

It was a truly interconnected world, but surprisingly enough, it was also an outlier.

Perhaps it was because mana was a new thing for Earth.

For most worlds, mana would awaken before life managed to take root. The presence of mana would transform the environment, making it inhabitable for life forms.

This was why certain concepts of physics were ignored as the worlds in the universe drifted down their own paths. Mana had fundamentally altered those laws for its own benefit.

On Earth, life came first. It evolved, eventually creating the food chain that existed there now. And without mana to aid its development, its dominant race found another way.

Electricity was such a basic form of energy, but it wasn't something everyone had learned to harvest.

Plus, the sort of connectivity achieved by Earth just wasn't desired by most worlds. Satellite technology and other similar branches were completely unnecessary when men and women could fly into the sky and achieve the same results with their bodies.

As such, when it came to technology that connected the world like cellphones and the internet, the actual number of societies that used them wasn't high at all.

Of course, the Sacred Abyss Universe was especially dull, so perhaps it was too much to expect technological development from them, but Damien didn't expect their society to be so backwards.

'It's like they're still in the dark ages.'

The Gehenna Tribe was different. They lived away from society, and thus, their lack of societal development in some aspects was understandable.

It was different when the people in question were living in large territories like these.

They were developed in the most necessary ways. They had a proper currency and economic system, they had extreme technological development in fields like agriculture and production, but their society had never evolved in terms of entertainment.

'There's no political structure since the politics are nonexistent. There's no societal growth because the people are forced to live in an established hierarchy that never changes.'

Overall, from the perspective of someone who'd seen other circumstances, it was bleak.

However, that didn't mean the people were miserable.

They didn't know any better than what they had. They didn't look at the greener grass on the other side and wish for it.

They made due with their situation and found their own happiness.

Perhaps it was hard for things like equality to thrive. Perhaps discrimination was frequent based on random features that some of them had.

But there was good inside the bad too. This was something Damien realized immediately.

'The common people are the same almost everywhere.'

The mundane lives that people lived without power were all uniquely theirs, but also eerily common to how their peers on other planets lived.

It was almost beautiful in a way, the fact that sentient beings would always find a way to satisfy themselves, regardless of their circumstances.

Nevertheless...

'...I'm not here just to sightsee.'

Damien's main goal as he traveled from city to city in several different territories to experience their cultures was not a vacation.

He had a decision to make.

What were the people like in this world?

Was the Sacred Abyss Universe worth saving?

Life would've been a lot easier if the answers to these questions was no.

Just like the cosmos where the dark beast came from, if the Sacred Abyss Universe had no value besides as a tool, he could do with it as he pleased.

However, he came to realize that the people here had potential.

It really set in when he went to his own territory, or rather, the territory led by the new Saintess, Thalia.

Her leadership was completely different from that of her predecessors, and her reign begot more change than the citizens she ruled knew what to do with.

To accept her meant to throw away the old ways. The longer a society remained in stasis, the harder it was for its people to accept change. For the people of Sacred Abyss, it should've been almost impossible.

But it wasn't.

They changed and adapted in ways Damien could never believe.

Their minds were strangely receptive. Despite being entrenched in prejudice for generations, they were now a society that was closer to Earth's than any other.

Compared to the other territories surrounding them, they looked like they came from a completely different world.

If these people, innocent people, were to die just because they existed...?

'It just doesn't sit right with me.'

Damien didn't like involving people who didn't do anything. It felt pathetic to include their lives in the slaughters that took place.

The fact that the Sacred Abyss Universe had these common people, people who were willing and able to adapt to change, at that...

'...I have to conquer, not destroy.'

Damien had a bit to think about it.

'It's not much of a problem, especially if I take precautions...'

This world never had to be the main battlefield, did it?

'Yeah, but they're all here, and I can't really leave this world out of it until I kill them all.'

It was useless to consider saving the world before he could kill the Foreign Nobles. Drawing them into space wouldn't be beneficial at all, so it was better to just fight them, kill them, and worry about things like saving innocent lives later.

'On that note...'

Now that another year had passed, the Foreign Nobles were getting a bit desperate.

They'd stopped scouring the world themselves and had instead resorted to something they'd barred from the masses, technology.

There were drones in the sky at all times as if it was a science fiction work instead of fantasy. They blanketed this entire world, leaving no spot untouched, despite the fact that the world itself was as large as the Heavenly World.

Every being existing in the world was constantly being surveilled. It made Damien's life a bit harder, but it wasn't the end of the world.



He could still travel from city to city by disguising himself as existing people rather than creating new images. Plus, even with all this surveillance, they couldn't find him.

'If they've spent all of their time and effort in the past year to create a system to find me, then my bluff should've worked.'

At this point, Maveth was probably confused as to what Damien's purpose in this world was if he was simply hiding without attacking or retreating.

'So I'll show him.'

It was just another step in the plan, another deception that would ultimately lead Grand Duke Maveth to his doom.

With a trusty little gadget in his hand, a calm manifestation of absolute chaos...

'Let's get our first boss kill.'

Grand Duke Lance was first on the menu.

Today, as Damien declared, he would die.

His fate was already set.

Chapter 1585 Chaos [8]

Grand Duke Lance's power was "throwing."

It wasn't a power fit for a Grand Duke. Usually, someone with this position would be expected to have some grand power that could control the laws of everything.

Lance was an outlier. He was born with something that didn't seem to have any use at all, but with his ambition as fuel, he worked and worked until he turned that talent into a goldmine.

Throwing was an incredibly tedious and repetitive power to train. Lance had to understand the movements of his body beyond anyone else, and he had to obtain the most perfect form to even reach the starting line.

Eventually, his power became massive.

Throwing was taken to a new level.

Anything Lance touched could be "thrown" as long as he pushed it with his arm. And as long as something was thrown, he could control it like his own limb.

His projectiles could reach speeds beyond light and almost beyond mana. Their power didn't need to be mentioned at that point.

But, throwing was an incredibly tedious power to train. The work put in to make it shine was worthwhile...but it didn't leave Lance with much time to practice anything else.

There was a reason he took a supportive role in battles and never confronted enemies head-on. He had the power level of a Grand Duke, but only in a single factor.

If one was able to get close to him, he was the weakest of the three that remained by far.

That very fact was what landed him at the top of Damien's list of targets.

Dukes weren't a problem for him, but he didn't want to start attacking them and give Maveth a clue about his real strength.

What Damien wanted to paint was a picture of desperation, luck, and triumph. It was a picture that would crumble the second he ran out of luck.

To convince Maveth that he still wanted to fight, he had to kill someone. However, how was he to do that without putting on a show?

That was very simple, just like Grand Duke Lance's daily schedule when he wasn't on the battlefield.

Lance was great at legislative things. When it came to ruling a territory, he was the best of the four. In fact, even the other three Grand Dukes often relied on him to manage their territories, as they were inept in some areas.

In the Sacred Abyss Universe, off the battlefield, was where he shined.

But working an office job made one sedentary. Lance didn't move much if he didn't have to.

He would always be in the same places, doing the same things. Even if he somewhat deviated from his routine, he'd eventually end up at one of the locations he spent every day at.

There was a small coffee shop he visited in the mornings, though they didn't sell coffee but whatever the Sacred Abyss equivalent was.

In Damien's opinion, it was worse. It didn't have the same effects as caffeine and the taste was much blander. But that was beside the point.

After he left the coffee shop, he'd walk to his office building, which was actually quite inconspicuous and built to resemble the surrounding infrastructure.

He would stay in that office for at least eight hours every day, and when he left, after another visit to the coffee shop, he'd make his way back home, which was no more than a ten minute walk.

'He's almost human.'

That was Damien's feeling as he continued to observe the man. His actions were like those of a modern politician or someone of similar status. To think he was a Supreme God who could destroy this entire world at will if he desired...

It just didn't feel right.

'Regardless, that's how it is.'

It was night by the time Lance left the coffee shop and made his way home. The shop usually closed earlier than this, but it would specially open back up at this time every day to serve Lance his coffee.

The commute home wasn't anything special, and it wasn't like Lance had anyone waiting for him at home.

Why did he live his life like this?

It was just easier.

Lance had Throwing because he did. He was a Supreme God because he was. None of those things were what he was good at.

He was born for stability like this, and it was the environment in which he thrived.

As such, he never left behind his routine. Not even when he was acting as a Grand Duke with his peers.

The walk home. It was a time for him to calm his mind and embrace the monotony of life. The streets here were empty, since not many people lived in this quaint city hidden in the countryside of his territory.

The atmosphere was to his liking.

However, he'd gotten too predictable.

Alleys were not common. The buildings either had too much space between them or not enough at all. It made sense why people would forget to be mindful of them.

But for Lance, the mistake was a lot more than just a small blunder.

As he walked home like normal, a shadowy figure rushed out of a nearby alley and attacked him.

He immediately reached into his pocket to grab one of the any small objects he kept with him so he could always use throwing, however...

VOOOM!

A door of light appeared in front of him and passed over him, transporting him somewhere new.

He looked around.

'This is not my territory.'

Same world, but not nearly the same place.

"Yo!"

A voice called out to him. It was the voice of the man who brought him here.

"Damien Void."

Grand Duke Lance's eyes narrowed. He flexed his fingers as he prepared to send a message to Maveth.

"I can't let you do that."

Damien noticed immediately. It didn't matter, though. This space had already been prepared and covered in an Existence barrier so nothing could enter or leave without Damien's permission.

"That's right. It may be confusing for you, but this has been in the making since the moment I arrived here."

Damien nodded his head with a smile, drawing a glowing yellow grenade out of the air.

Lance's eyes went to the bomb and widened instantly.

"Wai—!"

"It's too late."

Damien dropped the grenade, letting it free fall.

Using the same portal he used to enter the barrier, he left, closing it behind him.

Grand Duke Lance's eyes shot around as he assessed his situation. Several projectiles hit the Existence barrier at horrifying speeds, but none of them could do any damage.

In the split second he had to try and make a difference, Grand Duke Lance did whatever he could.

That, at the very least, couldn't be taken from him.

However, as Damien released the restrictions on the bomb and allowed the chaos within to reign free...

As the full force of Malefice's hatred, which had been condensed and strengthened by Damien's concept of chaos, was released into the world...

Grand Duke Lance was able to understand just an inkling of what Damien was forced to endure in the hidden Principality.

It was a sweet, sweet start to his revenge.

Chapter 1586 Chaos [9]

Once again, the core explosion revealed itself to the world.

Damien had a hard time containing it at all. Unlike the dark beast, it was incredibly volatile and always waiting for a moment to burst.

He kept it in a plane without space and time, so that its explosion absolutely couldn't happen, but the instant he brought it back to reality, it blew.

Damien knew to leave as soon as possible. Even then he was hit by a little wave of chaos that made it out through his portal with him.

However, the majority of the explosion was contained within the barrier he set up, completely engulfing Grand Duke Lance.

It had to be remembered that Malefice wasn't much weaker than Malevalon, which meant his core explosion was at a level that had more than enough power to harm and kill Supreme Gods.

But Grand Duke Lance was still a God in his own right. He immediately used his mana as a defense, blocking or redirecting the majority of the energy that came towards him.

Throwing was a nuanced power once he got used to it. Even if it was energy, as long as it was thrown, it fell under his domain.

As such, a defense like this was easy to hold up.

It looked like Damien had underestimated him.

'Well, that's probably what it looks like.'

But that wasn't the case at all.

Damien never underestimated Lance even if he was the weakest of the Grand Dukes. If he wasn't capable of at least some self protection, then he would've already been dead, right?

Grand Duke Lance was the weakest only because he was being compared to people with unreal strength.

As someone who was trying to kill him, Damien was forced to respect his strength and respond in kind.

That explosion which returned to the world was not the same as it was when it first appeared. No, it had been enhanced beyond belief.

Damien toyed with it while it was in that place without space and time. He played with forces that should've never been touched. He tried to master chaos.

It was the force of uncertainty. It existed to do things against the grain, to rebel against the ordered structure of the heavens.

Because only with chaos could there be progress and change. It was a force just as related to time as it was to destruction.

Damien had a hard time at first, because he was trying to take an orderly approach to comprehend it.

That was wrong from the start.



Chaos was chaos. If he wanted to comprehend it, he needed to let it run wild and do whatever it wanted to do.

The bomb was the perfect test subject. Damien could let it change and grow as it pleased because he was going to release it to kill. He didn't need to worry about chaos ruining things because that bomb was also chaos incarnate.

As such, he injected so much chaos into it that the bomb's base properties had changed.

Now...

Grand Duke Lance experienced it firsthand.

His barrier was torn apart, and every barrier he created after that was instantly dispersed into the environment.

He pushed his arm out, grabbing the energy so he could use his throwing talent to defend himself, however...

'I can't...?'

He couldn't touch anything.

His ability wasn't working like it normally did. He'd lost his power to grab energy like it was physical and use it to his advantage.

'Shit!'

The Grand Duke's power was limited in uses. Controlling energy was the most creative possible thing he could do with it, unless he wanted to mimic telekinesis.

He didn't have any ability to "create."

With his malakh unable to form a proper barrier and his power fluctuating as if it forgot its identity, he was left defenseless in the storm.

WHOOOOOOOOOSH!

The sound was atrocious. It was hard to concentrate on anything when it felt like his eardrums were about to shatter into a million pieces.

His Godly body was filled with the energy of chaos. His skin burned off and his flesh melted like it was drenched in acid.

Grand Duke Lance roared as pain overcame his body.

He reached out with his soul, seeing if there was a way for even it to escape, but the instant it touched the outside chaos...

Something snapped within the Grand Duke.

That single ounce of pain was so severe that his spiritual world was shattered, leaving his mind in crumbs.

His body and soul would follow soon enough.

The power that was contained in that explosion...

It was enough to destroy a universe if it was used in the wrong place.

Even if it was a Supreme God, survival was hopeless.

After all, it wasn't an explosion that would end in a few seconds or minutes.

No.

This explosion would continue to rage on for months on end.

And by the end of it, nobody could know whether Grand Duke Lance would even be left with remains to bury.

\*\*\*

It was like a bass drop.

A sound struck the earth and traveled through it until it was audible from anywhere on the planet.

Everyone looked in the same direction, and even if they were on the opposite side of the world, they could see the bright light on the horizon and feel the tremors that it caused.

Those in the immediate vicinity made treks to see it, realizing that it wouldn't be going away anytime soon.

Those who managed to reach it in time found themselves encountering an invisible wall that completely protected them against the terrifyingly beautiful energy storm taking place on the other side.

And vaguely, some of them thought they saw the figure of a man, or perhaps it was a ghost.

An evil spirit who was being tormented for his sins.

The massive dome of energy became a source for many folktales and rumors. Some even took it as an act of God and worshipped it.

The only people who could really know what was taking place were few.

Among them, Grand Duke Maveth.

He knew that energy. It felt quite familiar.

And he wasn't the only one.

A man who'd come here thinking it could become his new domain, Malevalon Straea.

He felt an energy that was close to him, one that touched his very bloodline.

The energy of his brother...

An energy that could only be released if he'd died...

He stared into the horizon with dull eyes that didn't reflect an ounce of emotion.

But deep in his heart, there was rage.

'My things...'

If Malefice's death aura was here, then nothing he left in the Heavenly World would remain if he ever returned.

It wasn't a feeling like grief.

The things he owned, the things that were his...

Those things were being destroyed.

And that filled his heart with more hostility than anything else.

'Damien Void.'

The Grand Dukes had been mentioning him frequently. It must've been his doing.

'The last time we met...'

...he humiliated him and ran off with the Celestial Prison.

'A revenge...'

'...and a reckoning.'

Malevalon Straea made his way towards the shining light in the distance.

And he wasn't the only one.

The enemies Damien was trying to draw in were all attracted to his bait.

This was the moment he'd been waiting for.

With Grand Duke Lance's death as his opening gift...

...Damien was going to show them what a real reckoning looked like.

## Chapter 1587 Lure [1]

'Hmm...that's an unexpected aura.'

As Damien stood, watching Grand Duke Lance burn, he sensed someone approaching at a rapid pace. They were obviously headed for him, and they were more than just familiar.

'Malevalon...he wasn't supposed to be anywhere close to here. How did he reach so fast?'

It was truly curious, but Damien didn't spent time thinking about it.

'That's my father's greatest enemy, and a guy who caused me a lot of pain too.'

Malevalon fled to the Sacred Abyss Universe because he gave up on the Heavenly World, but he likely never expected that Damien would bring the fight to him.

'And now that I've used something like that, he can't hold back.'

Despite all of Damien's alteration, the energy bomb that was currently erupting was still Malefice's work. It contained his Legends, and completely hid Damien's interference as if to tell people that this was exclusively Malefice's work.

That was a clever lie for another purpose, but it seemed like it had inadvertently become bait that led a big fish over.

'Malevalon is...'

In terms of power, Grand Duke Lance definitely didn't match up to Malevalon. Famas had a similar power level, but Famas ended up dead because he was being stupid. Malevalon wouldn't be the same.

He was cold and calculating. He never made an emotional move.

Even now, as Damien felt his rage and desire for vengeance in the approaching aura, he didn't believe that Malevalon was actually trying to get revenge for his brother's death.

'He's here because of a personal vendetta. Since he remembers me by my strength last time...'

Damien's eyes narrowed.

'...I'm just an easy target to him.'

Unfortunately, Malevalon would have to be disappointed.

'It won't end the same way.'

He'd said it before, hadn't he?

Perhaps it wouldn't be a clean fight, but if someone put him up against a Supreme God, he wasn't necessarily going to lose.

It was worth the risk.

Especially since Damien also wanted to settle the score with Malevalon.

If it wasn't for him leading the traitorous forces in the Heavenly World to chase Dante, going so far as to interfere in the lower universe just to catch him, then Damien's life story would have been completely different.

At the top of it all was, of course, the Dark God, but right under him, the person with the most fault was Malevalon Straea.

For his own revenge and his father's, Damien left Grand Duke Lance behind.

His body flashed away, and when it appeared next, he was already above Malevalon.

His hand was in the sky, and malakh raged in the atmosphere, creating massive energy clouds in the sky that sparked with electricity.

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

Malevalon was given a fraction of a second to process the situation and respond. It wasn't much, but it was barely enough for him.

A lightning bolt of pure energy came down from the heavens and tried to strike him, but he managed to narrowly dodge by taking a few wobbly steps to the side.

He glanced up and saw his attacker for the first time.

"I was just about to come find you."

He didn't respond in surprise. He kept that same robotic demeanor as he pushed his own hands into the atmosphere, summoning his energy.

VOOM!

Malevalon's energy was weaker than normal right now. He had begun the process of converting his mana to malakh when he first came to this realm, but he didn't have enough time to both covert his energy and regain control over it before Damien started causing a scene.

Malevalon didn't quite use malakh, and he didn't quite use mana either. His energy was somewhere between the two, but unlike Damien, who could bring them into harmony, Malevalon had to cope with the constant repellent force they exerted on each other.



Nevertheless, he fought as if he didn't have any problems whatsoever, simply refusing to believe that Damien could match him even with these negative conditions.

As Malevalon moved his arms, three balls of the mana-malakh mixture formulated, shooting towards Damien on separate paths.

'That one's a physical attacks...'

Damien pushed his hand out, using Creation to manifest multiple layers of stone in front of him.

BANG!

One of the balls slammed against the physical barrier, exploding it into pieces. Meanwhile, the other two pushed forward as if the barriers didn't exist.

'That one's a soul attack...'

Damien didn't have to do anything to block that one.

His Void Soul, what could a mere soul attack do to it? It was created so that even the Void itself couldn't destroy it, so wouldn't it be a bit embarrassing if it showed weakness here?

VOOM!

A pulse of energy was released from Damien's body without his prompting. It phased through all material things, but as it came in contact with the balls, another one shattered instantly.

The third was approaching at a rate Damien couldn't block, but he really didn't care.

'And that one...'

It slammed into his head.

'...is a mind attack.'

Needless to say, it instantly collapsed against Damien's impenetrable mental barrier.

"Valiant effort, but it's not enough," Damien mocked, looking at the Straea below him.

Malevalon stepped back slightly. He had a look in his eyes as if he was reevaluating things.

'My strength doesn't make sense to him.'

Damien understood what that look meant. Malevalon was completely overturning the preconceived notions he had about his enemy.

'It's not his fault, though. My strength doesn't make sense to me either.'

Damien smiled.

'Either way, he's done.'

Maybe the regular Malevalon could've put up a fight, but this one...?

BOOM!

Damien pushed his leg down, putting pressure on the air. It collapsed under him as a wave of chaos was spread through it, infecting the environment.

Malevalon was caught in it, and immediate he felt his senses blur. His vision turned hazier just slightly, and his other physical senses suffered similar tiny adjustments that could lead to terrible consequences.

His perceptive range was strange. It wasn't a perfect circle anymore. In some places, his perception would extend for several hundreds of millions of kilometers, while in other places, he couldn't see five feet in front of him.

Whether mana, malakh, or a strange combination of both, all energy turned chaotic under the pressure wave, rebelling against its users.

Damien didn't really understand until recently. Obtaining chaos was the biggest step he'd taken towards becoming Absolute thus far.

Nothing could ignore chaos. Whether it was a common bug or a Supreme God, if afflicted with chaos, they would become its prey.

The concept was inverse to order, but it had far more strength in the universe, since it needed to be incredibly strong to properly influence such an ordered cosmos.

Supreme Gods were scary. Even as he currently was, Damien wasn't confident enough to haphazardly challenge them.

However...

Maybe Malevalon Straea knew it better than anyone else.

The current Damien wasn't someone whose body would break from just a touch of his aura.

No, that boy from a few years ago had grown into an even greater monster.

And even if he was arrogant, even if he wholeheartedly believed in his strength...

...even Malevalon was forced to admit that Damien wasn't an enemy he could take casually anymore.

No, he was now someone with the power to kill him.

He was a real enemy, and at the same time, an equal.

This man who, astonishingly, still had the aura of a Demigod...

was a bonafide Supreme God himself!

Chapter 1588 Lure [2]

BOOOOOOM!

Damien didn't give Malevalon even a second.

After fighting so many people who'd had contact with him, Damien had gained a rough understanding of Malevalon's power.

He used the Law of the Dark Star that his brother used, but it was different. His version of the law was much colder and more precise, aimed to completely crush enemies with force.

Malevalon and Malefice were different in almost every way. They had a connection as brothers that went beyond their personalities, but at the end of the day, they were just too different.

But perhaps that was why they were able to rule Straea together so perfectly for so many years.

Nevertheless, Malevalon was a person who liked to fight with full force from the front. He liked to end things fast, but he liked his enemies to be well aware of why they died.

Damien wasn't necessarily afraid of his power, but he was definitely wary of it. Malevalon was hard to beat, mainly because he would never give his enemy the opportunity to fight back once he got hold of the momentum.

That was why Damien used the full force of chaos and his current Existence to make sure Malevalon couldn't do a thing but block.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

It was really a nonsensical sight. As Damien's power grew, it really did become a lot more random.

Creation bloomed, creating stars and heavy objects that slammed into Malevalon at high speeds. Destruction joined it, amplifying every impact so they were all more than fatal forces.

The elements raged about. The twisted fires and waters of the Sacred Abyss Universe, its jagged winds and free-flowing rock rose from the ground, swirling around and attacking Malevalon whenever they saw an opening.

Space and time were already in chaos. Malevalon's body moved incredibly slowly as if he was walking through molasses, and as his perception of time was altered, his ability to fight was majorly inhibited.

Shing!

A razor-sharp blade of malakh sliced through his side. It contained the essence of Life that suctioned out his vitality.

The wound quickly turned black and necrotic, signs that Death also played a part.

The foundational laws were all used in some way to keep Malevalon busy, and as if that wasn't enough, Damien made sure to use the concepts of Existence as well.

Order and harmony were the bane of the Law of the Dark Star. They completely unraveled the law's core principles, so one could imagine what happened to Malevalon's techniques when he tried to defend himself and attack.

Domination was even better, since Damien could directly control the Law of the Dark Star and learn its properties.

And, of course, the mist was by Damien's side, helping him control Existence with fluidity that he simply couldn't achieve on his own.

It was a monstrous showing of skill. This was the first time Damien had ever used every single ability he had to its fullest capabilities against an enemy, and the scene he created doing so was...

Well, it was beautiful to say the least.

The lights flashed in all different colors, creating a nebula in the sky that created even more legends in the eyes of the common people who saw it.

The sheer amounts of energy being thrown into the atmosphere caused it to destabilize and collapse, ripping open to display the chaotic void beyond.

Malevalon was forced into a tighter spot than he'd ever imagined he'd be in.

'This is not possible.'

He was practical about it. Considering the level of skill Damien was showing, he wasn't an enemy that could be killed unless Malevalon had all of his power.

For that, he first needed to finish converting his mana to malakh.

'I must leave.'

This wasn't the time to fight Damien. He needed to retreat and return at a later time to finally face this battle properly.

He didn't like it at all, but that didn't matter. The most practical solution was always the one he'd take.

BOOOOOOOOOM!

Malevalon used pure energy to defend himself. He could already tell that the Law of the Dark Star wasn't going to respond to him, so he didn't bother trying to control it.

His mana was also rebelling, but it was far easier to control. He was a Supreme God, after all. He had just as much of a dominion over energy as someone like Damien did, at least for now.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

It was difficult to adapt to the multidirectional attacks. There was no way for him to know where an attack would come from, how much power it had, or even what law it contained until it was right in front of him.

Deflection was a good skill, but it could only take him so far.

His eyes still darted around, looking for an opening.

Damien didn't leave him any, but he was certain that at least one opportunity would appear.

Because he wasn't ready to die yet. Damien could contain him with this, sure, but he couldn't yet kill him.

Explosions continued to ring out.

Damien also knew he couldn't kill Malevalon with any of his current attacks, but Malevalon wasn't his current goal.

He was just causing a scene while tormenting an enemy he'd wanted to torment for a while now.

His main target...

'Ah, there he is.'

An aura appeared on the horizon. It was the man Damien had been waiting for, another Grand Duke.

This time, Klaus.

Maveth obviously wouldn't show up yet. He was too cautious.

'But Klaus was probably sent by him.'

Damien turned his attention to the horizon. His attack on Malevalon became slightly weaker as the mist took full control over it.

WHOOOOOOOOSH!

The atmosphere roared with sound. The roar got louder and louder until it was enough to shatter eardrums, then...

BANG!

With a huge explosion of air pressure, Grand Duke Klaus appeared nearby.



He moved with pure physical strength. The natural phenomena he brought with him were merely a result of the sheer power of his movements.

"You are a hard man to find," Klaus said, sneering.

"I try my best," Damien responded in kind.

His eyes flicked to the side.

'He's gone.'

In that single instant, Malevalon found an opening to escape.

He was so far gone that he wasn't even worth chasing anymore.

'I can get him later. It would be more fun for him to die when my father wakes up.'

Damien withdrew the forces targeting Malevalon and focused his attention on the Grand Duke.

'He was the one I wanted to bring out anyway.'

The next part of the plan was the same as its predecessor.

Damien was going to use a mysterious force to kill a Supreme God, putting on a show for his favorite Grand Duke Maveth.

By the end of it, the Grand Duke would be properly fooled and playing right into the palm of his hand.

'For that to work, Mr. Grand Duke Klaus here is going to have to play a big role.'

Damien smiled widely.

It was incredibly disconcerting to Klaus.

He didn't know why, but he couldn't help but feel like something was very, very wrong here.

And little did he know that he was going to find out why at this very moment.

Damien held his hand out, the same smile on his face.

And a small Existence barrier appeared on top of it.

The dark beast that hid away within Claire's body...

Wasn't it time for it to get some air in this cosmos?

Chapter 1589 Bait [1]

That beast, it had a name, and it had a species name as well. Damien had been calling it the dark beast because he didn't really know what it was. It didn't exist in his cosmos, after all.

If he wanted to know what it was, he needed to draw it out and read its existence.

That would have been nice and all, and knowledge about another cosmos was always something interesting, but it could all be pushed back for later.

The dark beast had much more intuitive uses for now.

Damien drew the Existence barrier out, but the dark beast didn't understand what was happening.

In its eyes, it was experiencing something unimaginable.

Somehow, out of nowhere, it had been assaulted and promptly plucked out of the sky, only to be placed in a white room with no bounds.

Time didn't pass in this place. It felt like it was living its life normally just a moment ago, but more than enough time had elapsed for it to ruminate over what happened and try to find a way out.

Naturally, its attempts were unsuccessful, but that was beside the point.

The dark beast was enraged. It was a great being that none dared to offend, something like that cosmos' First Primal Sovereign.

So how would that being react when the white room faded, giving way for a place it had never seen before?

Naturally, it went berserk.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

The second the Existence barrier was removed, the dark beast returned to its original size.

Damien teleported very, very far away. Not just to avoid being crushed, but also to avoid being recognized.

The planet they were currently on didn't have a name. Almost nothing in the Sacred Abyss Universe was named. It was the Dark God's way of forcing conformity, making bleakness the norm.

Damien didn't understand why the Dark God treated his cosmos like this. He would definitely benefit more if he properly nourished it.

But that was beside the point.

This planet was huge, as mentioned several times before. The dark beast was planetary, easily three times the size of Earth, but it wasn't anywhere near large enough to dwarf this place.

Rather, it fit within this world's atmosphere. It was massive, sure, but it looked more like the size of a mountain than the size of a planet.

Still, that didn't change how powerful that being was.

And that didn't change its rage.

The dark beast opened its eyes as it adapted to the atmosphere and laws of this new plane. For a moment, it felt excitement at the confirmed discovery of alternate cosmos, and on the other hand...

'Life.'

There was a living being in front of it, and a dying being trapped in a swarm of light to its side. There were countless mortals all across the surface of this world, and as it saw the sky and the vast expanse of stars there, it became excited for the possibilities this new cosmos held.

However, it didn't focus on those possibilities. These kinds of rational thoughts only lasted for a single moment.

Wasn't it said before?

When the beast saw light again, naturally, it went berserk.

It didn't totally understand what was happening, but if it had just been released, then one of the two beings in the vicinity had to be the culprit behind its evident kidnapping.

And it was hard-pressed to believe that the one who was currently half dead was able to capture it.

Its attention focused on Grand Duke Klaus, who wasn't quite sure of what Damien had done.

'It must be a summon.'

He was familiar with Claire's power, so he assumed that her son had followed in her footsteps and created something similar.

That was the mentality he approached this battle with, leaving him none the wiser.

It wasn't wrong to compare the dark beast to Claire's summons. If it had to be put side-by-side with them...

...maybe it could take down the dragon and the tiger?

The beast had to be considerable if it wanted to possess Claire.

It was just that it didn't have a chance to show its power yet.

All of the built up animosity it had was released at once, and the onslaught that was originally meant for Damien was released onto the forces of the Sacred Abyss.

BOOOOOOOOM!

The beast was shaped like a turtle. It moved its gigantic leg just once, and it created a tsunami of earth that destroyed over a million kilometers of land.

Grand Duke Klaus was caught by the air pressure and thrown backward. He summoned his malakh, stabilizing his body.

He was a physical fighter, so compared to others, he had a far easier time withstanding such an attack.

The dark beast glared down at him with its huge eyes. It registered the energy coming off of him as something different from its own, and...

VOOM!

The strange energy it contained, which was similar to chaos in many ways, changed and morphed.

It wasn't being transmuted. It was imitating its surroundings, blending in to the point where even the Sacred Abyss Universe's Heavenly Order couldn't distinguish it from what naturally existed.

Only then could its full aura be felt.

It was still being suppressed by the world before that, after all.

The second the dark beast regained its full strength, it went on the attack.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Massive tendrils extended from the surface of its shell, like massive tree roots that chased their targets to oblivion.

At the same time, massive hexagonal swatches of land ripped off in chunks and threw themselves at the Grand Duke.

Klaus was immediately met with physical attacks to combat his physical attacks.

Both him and the beast could use other means to fight, sure, but this kind of combat was where they felt the most comfortable and where they could kill the easiest.

BOOOOOM!

The dark beast took another step, digging the ground for several million kilometers another several thousand kilometers deeper.

This area, compared to everything around it, was already a gaping chasm, a new natural wonder.

BANG!

The roots that chased him were difficult enough to block. Klaus used his fists to slam them away one by one, and while he was fully capable of deflecting them, the hexagonal disks were different.

Not only were they as heavy as continents, they were infused with chaotic energy that messed with the flow of Klaus' malakh.

Grand Duke Klaus slammed into a wall of the chasm, gritting his teeth as he pushed off of it and shot back towards the beast.

It was able to keep him away, so it was able to corner him, but pushing him into a wall was the wrong move.

Now that everything was in front of him, he could see the path.

One step took him off the wall, and the next bounced him off of a hexagonal disk and propelled him towards the beast.

His every step was calculated, and the enemy's attacks suddenly became cards for him to use to his advantage.

Before long, he was in its face, staring into its eyes that resembled moons.

Grand Duke Klaus raised his fist and pulled it back. He infused it with a gargantuan amount of energy, and...

Chapter 1590 Bait [2]

BOOOOOOOOOM!

Grand Duke Klaus' fist, containing a force rivaling the explosive death of a galaxy, slammed against the dark beast's snout, sending ripples through space and time.

The massive impact's force could be best seen in its effects on the environment. It truly caused a catastrophe in the sky, and the waves that struck the ground started chain reactions that led to natural disasters all over the planet.

Damien was watching from the distance, and even he had to admit that the impact would've shredded him. His powerful physical body would've been ripped to shreds. His only path to survival was the Authority of Immortality.

That was an extremely strong attack. It was absolutely worthy of being something Grand Duke Klaus believed would change the tides of the battle.

But...the dark beast...

What happened to it while everything around it was being plunged into destruction?

The punch forced its head to the side. It closed its eyes as its thick skin absorbed the force.

It was strange to see such a hard external layer ripple, but it did happen. Not because the skin was loose, but because the spatial and temporal position of each particle was being shifted as the spacetime layers shook.



There was no external damage, but surely the beast was injured internally, right?

Just as Klaus tried to entertain this thought, he was proven wrong.

Because once the beast opened its eyes again, it attacked with even more force than before.

Klaus was close now. It didn't need to use such tedious methods to attack.

If there was one problem with being so large, it was that range of motion became a nonexistent concept. When a target was far away, it was forced to rely on a different attack technique and even different methods of perception to fight.

However, when the opponent was close...

The dark beast had a lot in common with Klaus, really.

BOOOOOOOM!

It's eye dilated, and energy concentrated in its pupil. A beam of chaos erupted forth and slammed past Klaus, swallowing him whole.

"Tch!"

The Grand Duke clicked his tongue as he rapidly used malakh to protect his body. The beam eroded his energy, making it difficult for him to continue blocking.

'Fight.'

That was the only answer.

Klaus gritted his teeth and slammed his foot into the air, shooting upward.

He left the beam's radius, but it followed him as he continued to fly.

Klaus watched the beast's eye. The beam would only last for as far as its eyes could physically see, so as long as he could get out of sight...

He zipped around, zig-zagging to confuse the beast as he rushed towards its back.

He did reach.

Klaus was faster than the beast in every way. That was inevitable.

He pushed against the sky and landed on its back, putting all of his weight into his legs.

BOOOOOOOM!

The beast's body rattled. Its legs bent slightly as the force transferred through.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Klaus moved a few inches backward and started raining down punches on the exact position he landed.

His fists were extraordinarily accurate, and with the strength of a Supreme God, Klaus was able to produce galaxy-shattering force with every single strike.

He didn't have to charge his power for that kind of impact.

If he was charging his power...

BOOOOOOOM!

Tendrils rose from the beast's shell to attack the man who invaded it. That place was large enough to make up several continents. When all of that space was used to create offensive force, it truly did create a sight to behold.

Hundreds of thousands of earthy spines shot out of the dark beast, completely changing its shape.

They twisted and wormed through the air as if they had minds of their own, and while they moved independently, they were all focused on one target.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

One by one, they slammed down on Klaus and tried to crush him.

He fortified his barrier, refusing to give up.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

His own strikes eventually synchronized with the tendrils attacking him. Aggressive, monotonous bangs resounded through the environment, audible from light years away.

Klaus reached a flow state. He punched the turtle's shell and upheld his barrier. He used the force attacking his barrier to strengthen and reinforce it.

All of these processes happened simultaneously as Klaus lost sight of everything else.

And the results were clear to anyone.

BANG!

CRACK!

BANG!

CRACK! CRACK!

The dark beast's shell was cracking. Those cracks were connecting and widening, creating an access point to the beast's internals.

But the dark beast wasn't just sitting around either. It saw that its attacks weren't working, and it redirected its energy towards something else.

Klaus was too dialed in to realize that the frequency of attacks against his barrier had decreased greatly.

He also didn't notice as the shell he stood on started to heat up.

The event could be better described from Damien's perspective.

Something like a tangled web of ribs lashed around on the dark beast's back. Those ribs crushed each other and everything around them, creating huge storms of dust that obscured the man they were attacking from any onlookers.

Through that dust, lines of orange began to show themselves, getting brighter and brighter by the second.

The dust melted into nothingness, and the dark beast's shell had completely changed.

It was once a world that inhabited life, so it was built in a similar fashion. Its ridges were mountains and valleys, and it even had artificial oceans that ran across its back.

One would never look at that shell and believe it to be part of a living organism.

But it was no longer like that. All of its previous beauty was gone.

The shell darkened as its intricacies burned away. It looked like it was made of miasma-filled volcanic rock, with lines of lava highlighting the hexagonal grooves between each piece of the shell.

It still looked natural. It was much more exaggerated than any natural area, but one could easily mistake this new variation of the shell for a volcanic island.

However, it was nowhere near that.

Those orange lines weren't magma, after all.

That was a pure essence of chaos.

A force that even Damien had to work hard to control.

His eyes were peeled as he watched the beast and the Grand Duke's every move.

'That thing...is a lot crazier than I gave it credit for.'

It hadn't shown much, but it had already pushed Klaus into a corner.

And more than anything else, the attack it was preparing now was something monstrous even in Damien's opinion.

'They say sealing is easier than killing.'

If Damien actually tried to fight that beast on an even playing field, he didn't know if his current capabilities were enough to guarantee a win.

'And if I can't guarantee anything, then neither can he.'

Damien could only imagine Grand Duke Klaus' mind right now.

Did he still want to fight?

Or had he accepted that he'd die?

The answer was neither.

Grand Duke Klaus remained blissfully unaware of everything that was happening around him, solely concentrating on the hole he was boring into the turtle shell.

All the way up until the moment when those jagged lines of chaos finally burst.