

Void 1851

Chapter 1851 Records [2]

Though Damien still was not truly in the Heavenly World, time resumed when he left the Land of Nothingness.

The first stages of the war against the Dark God had begun. The Dark God himself wasn't aware of the disturbance of several years that had only just ended. Even his senses could not detect that Damien had finished for less than a single instant and returned.

Of course, he sensed when Damien was taken away by the Apeiron Records, but that didn't frighten him.

No, those records...

He wanted to get his hands on those records, so it was better for him if Damien went and met them.

When he finally killed that man, he could steal his Existence and find the method to reach them.

Everything worked out, didn't it?

While Damien was in the counterside of the world, the battle of generals began in full force between his clone and the Dark God.

Immediately upon his return, the DIimensional Cracks that plagued the land became active, spitting countless troops into the Heavenly World.

Damien and his people were ready. He overlooked the entire situation, waiting for the moment when he could provide backline support to his people. Hestia was the one who truly stood at the head of everything.

In these years, she'd graduated from immaturity. She found her talents and thrived in an environment that she loved. She understood how people depended on her and wanted to show them that she was worthy of their support.

As such, she became a commander who was fated to go down in history.

Her tactics were mainly provided to those without as much raw power. Those troops who were raised from the common populace of the world simply didn't have enough time to reach a level where they were suited for this kind of large-scale combat.

Still, in the face of their enemies, they remained calm.

Hestia had earned herself a nickname in the ten years that Damien didn't experience, after all.

She was now the true Eyes of God, a person who could see through anything and everything. From the most common people to the Supreme Gods of the world, everyone was willing to listen to her advice on the battlefield.

The reward system that Damien set in place was working well. Three days passed after he was taken by the records, and somehow, people were already finding ways to redeem their points.

On top of that, Damien personally selected a troop out of the world's people and put them together, calling them to the palace.

They were given specialized training in a realm of his creation and given the opportunity to instantly rank up without needing to spend points.

They became targets of jealousy for many, but their presence was necessary.

Not only was their power on the battlefield crucial for the world's defense, but they were also proof that the listed rewards were truly attainable.

Some of those people that Damien chose were commoners. Their friends and family knew that they were mortals before they left, but they'd returned as Supreme Gods who were able to save everyone from disaster.

The efforts were going well, all things considered. There were definitely many deaths, but the people were resolved to save the world. Rather than being depressed at the loss of their comrades, they celebrated their deaths like warriors, promising to join them after taking down the enemies that killed them.

The Heavenly World's atmosphere had changed immensely compared to when Damien first arrived. It was not split between forces. There were no conflicts between the people.

It didn't matter if they were good or evil. At the end of the day, they all shared the same world.

What was the point of robbing and killing if there was nobody to rob and kill? What was the purpose of aiming for world domination if there wasn't a world left to take?

No matter how big, small, or twisted their reasoning, everyone found a way to justify fighting for the world's sake.

Plus, those rewards were just too tempting. The war enveloping the world was fated to continue for a while, but deep in their hearts, everyone could feel it.

Their turn to attack would come soon. "Hope" was far too prevalent for them to think otherwise.

Yes, they were going against what seemed like an impossible foe, but did that matter?

Regardless of the Dark God's power, they had a miracle on their side too.

A miracle named Damien Void.

'The Worldwalker...'

He symbolized a lot to Damien.

More than just being the proof of an Absolute that the author of the [Records of the Absolute] saw. He was someone who presented the struggles and benefits that came with that position.

In essence, he humanized the Absolute, making it clearer to Damien what it truly meant to become one. His story was interesting. In some cases, he was similar to Damien, but he was also very different.

For instance, from start to finish, the Worldwalker never had a connection to "life."

He was a wanderer without the need for companions or relationships. He never truly met anyone that he spoke to for extensive periods of time, let alone someone who could sit him down and help him understand his more human aspects.

When he reached the Void, he was happy. He was happy to be able to explore to his heart's content and see the cultures that were otherwise barred from him.

Unfortunately, he did not have an anchor. He fell prey to those stray emotions because there was nothing keeping him grounded.

The people in Damien's life were there because he always held onto them. Even when it seemed counterproductive to stay with them, he refused to leave anyone he cared about behind.

The Worldwalker's story was, to some degree, validating his efforts.

But the most important part by a large margin was the fact that Damien now knew how the system was created.

'It isn't something I can't do.'

Well, if he wanted it to be like the records, then it absolutely wasn't something he could do.

But what if he wanted to do something similar on a personal level?

'A system that the mist and the owl can use as a medium to incorporate themselves into my power.'

A system that would be the vessel for his power as both a Supreme and an Absolute...

'I can make that easily.'

Damien's meeting with the system was a reward for his own accomplishments, so he wouldn't be able to get more out of it than he was promised.

Still, he made use of that reward to gain everything he could have possibly needed.

'The Worldwalker didn't have much trouble putting the two concepts together. Is it because his personality was already close to the Void?'

When Damien finished viewing the records, the system kicked him out of its space. He contemplated the process he saw the Worldwalker undergo, trying to apply it to himself, but there was one more thing he needed to do before he could start focusing on the world around him.

The system gave him his reward already, but the cosmos had an inviolable tradition.

In that moment when Damien's feet once again touched upon solid ground, an entity appeared before him.

A non-living entity with only a single word on its surface.

"Void"

Chapter 1852 Records [3]

"Void"

It was not related to the entity that Damien chased, but his own family.

A massive white board lined with gold descended from the heavens to meet him. It was backed by a holy light that almost formed a mirage of angel wings and made one feel the weight of the entire universe.

Right, the Firmament Board could not be reached by anyone who could not bear this pressure.

When Damien saw it, he immediately knew what to do. He raised his hand, and the world's energy naturally formed a brush in his grasp.

He raised it to that board, to the position underneath the one occupied by his surname.

His father was only ever able to leave four letters on this board while enduring its pressure. He was not able to completely immortalize himself in the cosmic core of the True Void Universe.

Damien was different.

The pressure he felt was massive, but it was not overwhelming.

This board represented the entirety of the cosmos, but that was merely Existence, wasn't it?

He had surpassed the bounds of Existence alone, so he showed no fear in its presence.

He raised that brush with a delicate hand, pressing it against the surface of the board. It shook, receiving his touch. An electrical current was shared with him through it, another form of pressure that tested his worth.

Damien accepted it without a fight. He was at that level now where every form of energy was beneath him.

With slow strokes, he etched himself into the world.

The name "Damien Void" was placed onto that board one letter at a time, becoming an eternal part of its existence.

Damien felt a massive aura covering him. It was not from the board this time, but a product of his own body's interaction with this cosmos.

He and it were eternally bound from this moment forth. It would become his greatest strength, and he its greatest Legend. The board understood quickly that it was late. Damien's unexpected growth made this interaction shorter and easier than it was meant to be.

But, even that was fate.

Even that was contributing to the great Legend of this cosmos.

Dante received his physique around this time. The mystical ability to remain immortal through reincarnation was truly only possible to attain through equally mystical means.

Damien didn't receive anything like that.

Instead, in that moment when the Firmament Board returned to its position beyond perception, he felt a sense of wholeness in his body.

He was complete. It was that kind of feeling.

He remembered this sensation well. The last time he felt it was back in the Human Domain. Still, both that moment and this one were defining for him.

'This is a mark of completion. My foundation has been completely built.'

With the two Crowns and the Firmament Board's blessing, Damien could finally take up that task.

He could merge Existence and Nonexistence, reaching that final point. ***

Easy, right?

With his support system so developed, it would be easy for Damien to reach the next level, right?

That was a very, very wrong assumption.

Plans had been made among the highest authorities of the world. The moment to take the fight to the Dark God had been decided.

Damien had some time before then. He was planning to use that time to completely surpass the Dark God so that everything could be solved swiftly, but that was nothing more than a pipe dream.

How could it be so easy to do something impossible?

The Worldwalker's method simply couldn't be replicated.

His body naturally merged the two. Like Damien, he seemed to be someone with an intrinsic connection to the Void.

However, the Worldwalker's connection was something more primal. It ate his personality and ate his ambitions, turning his everything Void.

Damien had a close connection to the Void, but the Void itself regulated that connection so that he would always maintain his individuality.

Did it learn from the Worldwalker's story? Regardless of the reason, it was true that it wouldn't give him its loyalty so easily.

Damien sighed,

'I want to talk to someone about it, but who can help me?'

This was a path that nobody else had walked, right?

He was now at a point where, in this world, there was no one other than him.

'This is a path I must walk without anyone by my side. They help me purely by being present. That is enough.'

How could he burden anyone else with his thoughts?

To contemplate Existence and Nonexistence, these forces with such grandiosity that just listening to his explanations would destroy the minds of most, was to accept that nobody and nothing could ever be at the same level.

It was inevitable.

'No, even the fact that the Dark God exists is lucky for me.'

It was a selfish thought, but that didn't affect its veracity. If not for the Dark God, then what would Damien possibly be doing with this amount of power?

He never took the time to truly think about the scale of what he could do, but if he wanted to, then with just a thought...

'...I could turn this entire cosmos into ash.'

Nobody knew what it meant to be a true Supreme. And nobody could be allowed to know.

'My first step is already decided.'

The thoughts he had when he faced the records. He could start by turning them into reality.

A metaphysical construct without true form, a coagulation of energy that manifested itself as a familiar holographic window...

Damien envisioned it perfectly and executed it. His energy moved, and for the first time, the owl and the mist met eyes.

Their presences entwined. They did not truly become one, but they mirrored the force of the Void merely by standing next to each other.

The two of them became the so-called "system" that would manage Damien's power from now on.

Those two entities were practically apostles of their concepts. Though Damien could control both concepts to a great extent, they would be able to better manifest his will.

Besides, when the two Crowns became one atop his head, the mist and the owl became a part of his power.

The system window that Damien created was not blue like the color of pure mana. It was a murky gray color, a sign that the two concepts within were not wholly merged.

Nevertheless, the window existed for but a moment before disappearing.

Its physical manifestation was only necessary for communication between him and the concepts. It was a way to give them more physical presence so they could expand their dominion. What really mattered was the "counterside" that Damien created. In a way, Existence and Nonexistence could be considered his own shadow.

'A system that is meant to evolve me until I reach the Void...the Void Evolution System? No, that's stupid. It's just a sum of its parts. It's not even a real thing.'

With strange and completely unnecessary thoughts filling his mind, Damien put away his subtle worries and troubles. Conquering the Void...

Perhaps it didn't come easily, but he was confident in achieving it eventually.

There was no need for him to rush.

Chapter 1853 Prelude [1]

'They're so friendly with each other.'

Not just the mist and the owl, but Existence and Nonexistence. As the two stayed in his body together, they got along quite well. The Void didn't even have to show its presence to quell them.

It was likely because Damien raised them in tandem. Existence helped with his comprehension of Nonexistence and vice versa. They were not strangers, but allies who had been side by side for some time.

They were friendly. They were so friendly.

'But why won't the two of you just merge?'

Damien sighed to himself. He had really only been trying for three days or so, but he had used every single second of every single hour trying to bring them together. If he saw any progress at all, then three days would be too short of a time period for him to be complaining. However, there was nothing.

There was an extremely fine line between their yin and yang. It was a line made up of empty space that contained neither Existence, Nonexistence, or the Void.

Of course, if the Void came into play here, it could easily put these forces together. The only problem was that this was the final step to reach the Void. It naturally wasn't going to lend its aid.

That tiny space that was imperceptible to the eye was the root of Damien's problems.

Let alone getting the two forces to merge, he couldn't even convince them to cross that line and interact.

In a real-world application, it worked something like this.

Damien could use Existence alone flawlessly. He could use Nonexistence alone flawlessly. When he tried to wield them both together, he encountered issues. He could barely maintain Existence in his right hand and Nonexistence in his left. To do so, he could only separate their flows so their paths didn't intersect at any point between where their force was mobilized and his palms.

If they were truly willing to cross that line, he would be able to wield them side by side just as flawlessly. But, that was the next step. From where he was, that was the only step separating him from the end goal.

No matter how much he wanted it to be accomplished, he could do nothing but continue in his practice and hope that they eventually found their balance. There was...time.

It wasn't much time, but if he couldn't do it before the deadline, then the best way for him to improve would be through battle. His fight with the Dark God would be the logical next step regardless.

For the moment, Damien decided to put everything down.

He was dealing with grand things all the time, so the war on the horizon had been fully digested in his mind and didn't cause him any worry.

However, it was still a war with the fate of the cosmos on the line. Everyone had their own thoughts about it.

He had only been in his isolated training area for a short period of time in the eyes of others, but the years that passed in the Land of Nothingness still took their toll on him.

Almost every single person he saw there was fated to never reunite with their families again. They were forced to start new lives in that place.

Now that he was back home, Damien wanted to take a moment to appreciate what he had. This was something that both the people of that realm and the Worldwalker could never keep hold of.

Simply, the concept of family.

When Damien exited seclusion, he was immediately met by his own father.

"Congratulations," Dante said with a heartfelt smile.

"It seems that you have truly reached that place now."

Damien nodded slightly.

"I guess you could say that."

"Good," Dante said, patting his back.

"You are carrying a great weight on your shoulder, but it is still best to remember that you don't need to rush. I believe you will be able to accomplish everything that you desire."

Damien smiled. Was this the fatherly affirmation that everyone sought? It did feel quite good.

As Dante led him back inside, Damien had a sudden thought. "By the way, how did you know that I made progress?"

It may have been a guess backed by the fact that he exited the cave, but Dante looked too sure of himself for the basis of his words to be an assumption.

"Ah..." Dante made a sound of surprise.

"You didn't know? The Firmament Board manifests so that the entire cosmos can witness your accomplishment. Back then, if it weren't for that, Straea and the rest wouldn't have learned of my physique," he said.

"But you don't need to worry, do you? The entire world knows the heights you've reached, and with the era you've ushered in..."

Damien felt the pull of space as Dante moved him to a separate location.

They were in front of a door that he opened while finishing his words.

"...the entire world has been celebrating them."

RAAAAAAAAAAH!

As the door opened, Damien's heart and mind were assailed by an aura of vitality. His hearing was engulfed in a wave of cheers that did not originate from the palace in the slightest.

No, what Dante wanted to show him when he opened the door wasn't a crowd waiting for him conveniently in the moment.

All Damien needed to do was spread his senses across the world to find the origin of those cheers.

Everywhere. On every single battlefield, in every single meeting room, and at every single home, the people were cheering.

They roared his name, they roared about his accomplishment.

Because, with the descent of the Firmament Board, the people of this world could finally rid themselves of their fear of the Dark God.

They also had a person like that.

They also had someone who was capable of doing everything the Dark God could.

Which meant that as long as they kept fighting, the enemy of their cosmos would be vanquished. They would receive the glory of defending their cosmos and the stability that had been forcefully taken out of their lives.

It was a miracle the things hope could do.

Damien was currently looking at a situation that was almost the exact same as what happened to Grand Heavens Boundary.

A great plot that spanned countless eons was unraveling, forcing the people to fight back for the sake of their survival.

What was the difference?

In Grand Heavens Boundary, the Nox were a force that people knew to fear. While many were willing to risk themselves for their homes, there was a larger number that chose to give up.

They fled, hid, or betrayed their people. Even amongst the highest echelon of society, there were so many traitors that even Damien was tempted to give up on the universe.

The people of the Heavenly World weren't the same.

They knew to fear the Foreign Races, but they also knew to fight them.

Their true threat had only been revealed at the end, and by that point, Void Palace had built up so much worldwide patriotism that it was received with cries of war, not fear. Everything that went wrong last time went right this time. And as a reward for his efforts in making that possible, Damien received these cheers, a pure cry of vitality and hope that came from the people. It was surreal. Truly.

Chapter 1854 Prelude [2]

Their cheers could be considered the world's gift to him. Damien cherished that moment when he heard them, taking it all in and digesting it fully.

Right, if the rest of the cosmos had that much hope, then there was no need for him to be worried either.

Hope wasn't a power. It couldn't magically change situations and give people the strength to do the impossible.

Still, it was special in its own way. The will to fight present in all living beings was displayed at its greatest when those beings were desperate for survival.

Was this his doing?

Most of what Damien did was in the shadows. He gained some recognition, sure, but nobody truly knew that he was the one making changes to the world.

He never sought acknowledgement from the people he saved and empowered, but that didn't mean he didn't appreciate it when it was shown.

'I guess they made sure that my deeds became public knowledge.'

The culprits were obviously the members of his one family. He smiled wryly and shook his head.

'How could anyone give this up?'

With idle thoughts in his head, Damien followed his father into another room and sat down with him for some small conversation.

They spent a decent amount of time together before Damien left. After all, he still had a lot of people he wanted to see.

His mother and aunt, his siblings, his wives, his friends, his mentors...

This cosmos was filled with people whose fates intersected with his. As Damien stood above the clouds, looking down at Existence from a new perspective, he couldn't help but emphasize just how much those fate lines were.

Perhaps in this world, only Rose could understand his current emotions.

'Come to think of it, she's been seeing stuff like this since we were young. If she wanted to, couldn't she also do something incredible?'

Rose's interest wasn't in training, so it couldn't be helped. Her potential was definitely something he still needed to keep in mind.

'With how eager she is for children...'

Maybe it wasn't a good idea to meet her now?

'If she finds out I thought that, even as a joke, I'm dead.'

In the end, the only people who could truly control Damien were his wives.

But, he had been spending a great deal of time with them recently. He was, of course, going to visit them, but there was a stop he wanted to make first.

'Those bastards...I should properly catch up with them.'

Long Chen and Su Ren, those two men who chased only the sword even at this stage in their lives...

They were treading a completely different path than him, but it never seemed to matter. No matter how much time passed or how much their lives changed, their bond was as solid as it was when they were younger.

There were only two of them, sure, but the two of them were true friends that he'd never be able to replace.

It was just a shame that he didn't get time to meet them more often.

While Damien took a break, the rest of the world continued to move. There wasn't much that needed to be said about the never changing chaotic war situation, but a few important events happened.

The most significant of them all had to do with none other than Arulion.

Roughly three days after the war began, Arulion completed its preparations. The hidden realm that housed all dragonkin and dragons finally left the shadows. Their land was superimposed upon the Western Region, and finally, dragonkind returned to the world. The entire kingdom changed immensely since August took control.

Zenith, the current Dragon Emperor, gave him teachings with genuine care, ensuring that he grew into a great emperor.

And from the position that he aimed for, August did everything he promised to do.

He brought the entirety of dragonkind back to their roots. From those roots, they evolved by using Qinglong's ideas as a basis and improving upon them.

The current dragon kingdom didn't have anything like a class system. Nor did it have anything like a common population. There were clans everywhere and small groupings of dragons, sure, but they all had access to strength.

Even the most common dragon could now stand on the same pedestal as the previous Holy Clan geniuses. As for the Holy Clans themselves...

Well, it was safe to say that they were repenting.

The Holy Dragons were gone, and as the population grew, the influence of the sheer power of the Holy Clans had decreased.

Now, even if they were freed from their slavery, they'd be no more than normal. They were forced to accept their positions and become August's personal army.

He utilized them mostly as civil servants. They quite literally served the people in whatever way possible. Their hands got dirty, they got on their hands and knees and did things they'd never experienced in their privileged lives, and for the most part, their hatred grew further and further.

But it wasn't as if all of them were the same.

Liqua...didn't need to be mentioned. Even August rarely visited that realm, because its insanity-inducing environment was doing horrible things to them.

Nevertheless, the new Arulion came to the aid of the forces that already existed in the world.

In this period of time, August managed to pull the Ignis Clan and the Ether Clan to his side. The Noct Clan seemed more easy to convince than he originally thought as well. Really, the Aurora Clan and the Aureat Clan were the only ones who continued to be problematic.

Liqua...didn't need to be mentioned. Even August rarely visited that realm, because its insanity-inducing environment was doing horrible things to them.

Nevertheless, the new Arulion came to the aid of the forces that already existed in the world.

With the dragons joining the battlefield, the Heavenly World forces started to gain an advantage that was impossible for them before.

Because the Dark God was not sending an insane number of Supreme Gods into their world, they were still able to fight.

However, Damien properly shared the Dark God's information with his people. Hestia, who stood at the army's head, knew that he had the capability to turn this entire war meaningless.

Preparations needed to be made to that effect. They could be left in the hands of the Krone Clan. Their formation knowledge had already been improving by leaps and bounds over the past few years, but they were able to unravel so much new technology when the war started that it was almost unbelievable.

Frankly, the True Void was prepared for this war. Partially, it was because they bought themselves a lot of time, but if it weren't for the Dark God's quirks, they would have already gone extinct.

He was the one who created this relatively even playing field because he wanted to see them properly struggle before they died.

It was their job to flip the situation on its head and show him that he made the worst possible decision by giving them time to prepare.

The most common people in the world, the clans that once ruled it, and its strongest players were all on the same page.

The period of time remaining before the pot boiled over could only be called "some days."

And the eruption that would occur when those days passed...

It would be quite a sight to witness indeed.

Chapter 1855 Prelude [3]

Damien spent the next two days visiting his people. He spent a long time with Su Ren and Long Chen, went and saw his wives, and even spoke to people like Tian Yang or Malcolm, who he hadn't seen in ages.

He was glad to see that everyone was doing well. It seemed that the Heavenly World acted as a motivator for them. Despite the new environment, they flourished and found a new purpose in their lives.

It was surprising for someone like Malcolm to even be out of the Sanctuary, but the things he'd accomplished after Damien left Apeiron couldn't be underestimated.

When the Human Domain came together, he started working closely with some of its strongest people and learned how to become more than he was at the time. As the Human Domain connected to the rest of the universe, he excelled even further.

But, Malcolm didn't reach the heights of his potential until the Heavenly World. He was one of the people who'd somehow managed to become Gods in such a short period of time. His tenacity and desire for growth couldn't be underestimated.

By now, he didn't stand a chance against Damien. They were in two completely different leagues that barely had a chance to interact.

However, the relationship between them didn't change. Malcolm was Damien's first mentor in this life. The lessons he learned from the academy back then and the things he gained with Malcolm's support were and would always be extremely vital to Damien's journey.

Even now, when Damien visited him, Malcolm treated him the same, giving him advice and wishing him well.

Every meeting was meaningful in its own way, and by the end, Damien was more than satisfied. He felt like taking a break from ceaseless comprehension was a great idea, because there were many other things that he still had to do.

For one, ridding himself of the Dark God's influence. When they first met, the Dark God toyed with Damien like he was nothing. He set a deadline, displayed his power, and severed the connection between Damien and his most valuable asset, the Sanctuary.

Since then, Damien had lost a lot. Not only did he not have his most certain escape method, but he could no longer access the people left in that realm.

Lynn, Xue'er, and even Zara were in the Sanctuary and hadn't left yet. Their reasons were different, but it didn't change the fact that Damien had family there who he hadn't seen in a very long time.

Plus, wasn't he just thinking about Earth?

He wanted to visit and see how his homeworld was doing.

The Dark God's severance was effective, but not definite. Now that Damien was at the same level, he could easily undo it.

After all, he already knew the universe's coordinates. He would never forget the specific position of his very own creation. All Damien had to do was reach through the Void, using Existence and Nonexistence as his guides and protective detail. He had to grab onto the Sanctuary and recreate the thread that bound it to him.

'No, maybe that isn't the best idea.

He couldn't allow the Sanctuary to be affected by his clash with the Dark God. It was absolutely possible for the shockwaves to travel through his connection and ruin that universe.

Rather than allowing that to happen, it was better to postpone re-establishing the connection.

Instead, he could just travel there.

'It would be impossible in any other case, but the Sanctuary is still a universe I created.'

Damien could "technically" move through the Void at his current level, but he couldn't do so for extended periods of time or in an unprotected state. Like the Dark God, he would need to use the cosmos as a starship and move closer to other cosmos through it.

When the Sanctuary was the target, it was naturally different. He could create a temporary connection and turn his body into the pure essence of Existence to travel through it.

It was like teleportation. More specifically, it was like turning into light and moving beyond infinity.

It sounded extremely complex. It sounded like something that should have been impossible.

But, Damien was now a being synonymous with "the impossible."

His body dematerialized in the Heavenly World and came back into being in the Sanctuary.

He looked at his creation, feeling the familiar warmth of its laws wrapping around his body, and smiled.

'So even this place is improving well.'

Was this the same place he left? How long had it really been since the last time he saw it?

Logically, as he left it, the time flow should have been evenly matched with the Heavenly World. The Heavenly World had experienced multiple time dilations in recent times, so time here should have flowed at an even slower rate.

How did they manage to get so much done?

The Sanctuary could be considered more spread out than the Heavenly World. Because it had the concept of "outer space," the many societies all lived disconnected from each other by nature.

It seemed that Lynn had something to say about that, because this clearly was not a disconnected society.

'As expected, this kind of environment is the best.'

He loved the starry sky. It was his greatest dream when he was young, the place where most of his battles occurred, and the single greatest contributor to the development of his spatial law.

Starships were everywhere, transporting goods and people between planets. Some worlds were even connected physically through cosmic megastructures unlike anything Damien had ever seen before.

'As expected, this kind of environment is the best.'

He loved the starry sky. It was his greatest dream when he was young, the place where most of his battles occurred, and the single greatest contributor to the development of his spatial law.

A society built while embracing space was truly the best.

However, he didn't just come here to marvel at the overall structure of the universe. Damien didn't move, but space extended around him like a rubber band being pulled back until Earth arrived before him.

He could hear its World Core happily greeting him in his mind, and as he returned those greetings, he sent his senses into the world.

It definitely wasn't the one he left behind.

Their skyscrapers existed in the skies now on huge floating platforms built above the natural landscape.

The vegetation had become too thick for the surface to be populated properly, so humanity innovated.

They were doing well. Hunters and adventurers were able to grow on the surface and experience what it meant to be a practitioner, while society could continue to thrive in the air, giving a sense of normalcy to anyone who desired it.

Earth...

Damien didn't know why it was so important. When he was young, he didn't put much value into this world at all, thinking better of the other places he visited after falling into the First Dungeon.

But, as he grew older, the world grew in meaning.

His "root" became a vital factor, because this world was one of the only physical locations that had a profound impact on his Legend.

He didn't even have a particular reason to visit.

Just...when he was reaching a point where his Legend would transcend all things and become engraved in the eternal timeline, he wanted to see it.

And after he properly appreciated it, he definitely had a few more stops to make and just a few more people to see.

Chapter 1856 Prelude [4]

Damien only went and saw Lynn for a little. No matter how much time it had been, nothing would change in how they interacted. Originally, she was his mother's Apostle, but once Claire's soul healed and she left for the Heavenly World, Lynn dedicated herself to doing the same for Damien.

She acted faithfully as his Apostle and never overstepped her bounds. That continued even now, when she was practically the Sanctuary's ruler.

Zara and Xue'er took up more time, along with the people around them.

Naturally, Xue'er wasn't very happy about his absence. For someone who was also family, she was kept separated from the rest for an unreasonably long time.

Of course, Xue'er had met the rest of her family members. Rose and the rest of his wives were able to take people in and out of the Sanctuary, so that meeting was always fated to happen.

However, the Heavenly World was like a vacation destination for her. As Damien and the rest didn't want her getting involved with the great war, she was forced to spend most of her time in this universe, away from it all.

She complained a lot, but Damien agreed with everyone else.

Xue'er spent most of her life peacefully. Even when she fought, it was rare for her to find her life on the line. She wasn't ready for war.

She overcame her childhood trauma long ago. She was an adult now and technically the same age as Hestia, but their situations were different, so the way they were treated was also different.

It wasn't that she didn't have a chance. Xue'er had good people around her who supported her dreams, so they obviously weren't going to hold her back without reason.

So, they tested her to see if she was ready for war. Naturally, she failed. Who could ever be ready for war except those who'd experienced it?

Xue'er had no choice but to accept that she wasn't going to be able to leave the Sanctuary. She just complained because she could. Mostly, it could be called revenge. Since her brother decided to so rudely leave her alone for so long, she had the right to nag his ear off, right?

Damien was happy to see how she'd grown. He stayed with her for a long time before he went to see Zara. That meeting was a bit less vocal.

Zara hardly noticed the time that passed. Because she and Alea had been vigorously training ever since they left Grand Heavens Boundary, the time flew in her perception.

She didn't even truly understand what level Damien had reached now or what was going on in the Heavenly World.

Unlike everyone else, she had yet to even leave the Sanctuary.

Zara and Alea were a unique case. They liked the atmosphere of the Sanctuary better and stayed because they wanted to.

After all, this universe was now capable of housing True Gods as well. Their paths wouldn't be inhibited by the Heavenly World.

Zara knew that if she wanted to properly coexist with Alea, she needed to continue finding herself and developing as an individual. That had been the defining goal of her journey in the past years.

She was glad to see Damien after so long, but he thought it was better if he didn't tell her about his growth. She could no longer feel his level through their connection, and she wasn't aware that the heights he reached had influenced her as well.

It was impossible to say that he was the main contributor to her growth, but she would definitely see it that way if she realized the gap between them. Rather than that, Damien kept the focus on her and learned about what she and Alea had been doing.

Zara mentioned that she wanted to do practical training. The only problem was that nobody in this universe had the guts to aim at her throat.

Conveniently enough, there was a war about to happen. Knowing what Zara and Alea could do in battle, Damien happily invited them to participate.

Finally, after making a few more stops, he returned to the Heavenly World, officially ending his small vacation.

Those conversations and meetings weren't worth explaining in detail. Most of what was said was meaningless and only spoken for the sake of conversation. Still, those meaningless conversations were extremely valuable. Because of them, Damien could return to his training with a clear mind. He thought about going straight back to putting Existence and Nonexistence together, but there was another route he more preferred.

His foundation was complete, but he felt like that was the only place where he made progress. As such, he made one more move to bolster it.

The Cosmic Core.

Damien knew it existed. Just like World Cores and Universal Cores, every cosmos had its own Cosmic Core. He had never met it or even looked for it, but he felt like the most important part of bonding with any celestial entity was meeting with and gaining the approval of its core.

Wasn't it strange for Damien's "Existence" to be so entwined with the True Void Universe when he hadn't even spoken to it?

To solve this problem, he made that leap and established contact with the Cosmic Core.

He put out a request, and the cosmos received it. It accepted his desire to meet and entertained him.

Again, at this point, there was nothing special about the meeting.

The Cosmic Core had witnessed everything Damien had done. From the moment he was born to this very moment, it had witnessed almost all of his excursions. It saw him clear out the threats that plagued it. It saw him try to save its lesser parts like Grand Heavens Boundary, and it watched how he positively impacted the environment of the Heavenly World.

It was not averse to giving him its loyalty, especially in the current situation.

It was more than aware that Damien was its only hope. What kind of survival instinct did it have if it didn't accept him?

Perhaps this was the true end of the path of every Celestial. The Celestial Mana Thread that once only interacted with planets was now interacting with the core of the entire cosmos, easily creating a bond between it and Damien.

Damien's "Existence" became slightly more robust. He could now view almost the entire history of this cosmos, barring only the few events that even the Cosmic Core didn't want him to see.

If he wanted to, he could easily pierce through its defenses and gain that information as well, but trust was the foundation of every relationship, no? He was willing to wait. Even in this matter, there was no need to rush.

'One more try.'

There wasn't really another way to stall. Damien could only give it one more try before truly giving up.

Existence and Nonexistence didn't want to become one. They liked their individuality a lot, and without the true constraints of the Void inhibiting them, they were able to exhibit more freedom than ever before.

Could he break their rebellious attitudes, or would they overpower him in the end?

Regardless, the outcome was already determined. He could never be first, since the Worldwalker already accomplished it, but there was nothing wrong with being the second to become Absolute.

Because he would be the second in all history, across all cosmos, regardless of time. That was more than enough.

Chapter 1857 Prelude [5]

"Huu..."

'So you guys won't listen until the end.'

To say that he didn't make any progress was wrong, but it was true that it was currently impossible for Damien to merge his concepts.

He was forced to accept it. There was nothing he could do to change that fact.

'At least they aren't just silently resisting anymore.'

The two concepts refused to tell him why they wanted to stay apart. No matter how much contemplation he did, he couldn't find a proper reason for them to refuse other than their desire to maintain independence.

Did they think they'd be suppressed when the Void appeared? That was clearly a misrepresentation of how his power worked. Just because they combined didn't mean they wouldn't retain their individual

states. Rather, the product of their merger would be separate. It would be a step above them and would not interact with them directly.

He was clueless until recently. Now, he could finally say that he knew what their problem was.

They weren't being selfish. Instead, they knew that he was not ready yet.

The foundation was built, but that was it. There was still work to be done before a castle could be built upon it. What Damien needed now was not ceaseless effort towards an unattainable goal. He needed to get used to Existence and Nonexistence. He had to properly become a Supreme and then reach past that level. What he was currently attempting could be compared to trying to jump to the second floor when one was still only halfway up the stairs. 'To climb the rest of the staircase...'

From the beginning, there was only ever one proper method.

It was the Dark God. A battle with him was the only thing that could propel Damien past where he currently stood.

'It was always like that, huh? Even when I went to meet him the first time, wasn't it for this purpose?'

His last act of selfishness, the choice to provoke the Dark God for the sole purpose of boosting his own growth rate.

Everything had come full circle.

Damien stood up, stretching his limbs.

'It's time.'

There wasn't a need to wait any longer.

"Call everyone. Let us prepare."

Damien sent a request out into the world that was fated to be answered. All of the most important personnel in the world were summoned to the palace. The Veritas Clan, the Kyushu Federation, the rest of the great clans, and the influences that had risen in the past ten years all appeared. It was as if they were called by the Emperor of the realm. Damien's current position was one of a Godking. His status surpassed even Dante's previous heights. Not a single entity dared to disobey his summon, especially when it manifested as the world's voice itself. A new space had to be created to house the tens of thousands of people who came. It was done directly in front of them by Damien himself with nothing more than a wave of his hand as a way to show them his strength and solidify their belief.

When they arrived inside, the most important meeting in the history of this land began.

"I will explain this shortly," Damien said, addressing the crowd.

"The forces you all will be facing will likely be infinite in number. Remember, no matter how many times the Dark God's army dies, they will be resurrected until he joins them in hell."

"I need all of you to keep your people focused on only one thing: survival. You need to survive as long as possible and defend. It might feel impossible, but if you want to live, then that's the only way."

He would address the civilians later and give a more powerful speech. In this moment, when speaking to the people who would lead them, he had to be realistic.

In this battle, their job was almost irrelevant to the survival of the population.

To save all living beings was Damien's job.

They were fighting against the infinite forces of the Dark God in order to prevent them from moving through the Dimensional Cracks and destroying the entirety of the Heavenly World. Their job was to protect the non-living.

"I know almost everything there is to know about the forces he has under his control. The purpose of this meeting is to give you all a comprehensive overview of what you will be facing.:

"And, it is to inform you about one critical truth."

There was something about the Sacred Abyss that these people did not know that was of vital population. Damien manifested his own memory into reality to show them.

"The common population of this world is innocent. They are nothing more than prisoners of the Dark God, likely even more pitiable than our own people."

"And, among them, there are forces that will come to our aid."

The Gehenna Tribe had been prepared for this war from the moment Damien left them. He couldn't have them accidentally targeted by his own people.

"I will make sure that the people who are fighting with us are clearly delineated from our enemies. Other than them, try to ignore anyone who isn't being immediately hostile. Also, if possible, attempt to take the battle into the starry sky and out of the world that we appear on. That place can potentially become our territory in the future, so it is better to keep it in good condition."

Damien continued to talk about the Gehenna Tribe, the history of the Sacred Abyss Universe, and the characteristics of both the Foreign Nobles and Foreign Vanguard.

The people listened intently. Even if they knew all of the information, they kept their ears on his words in case he mentioned something new.

After all, most of what he said was uniquely his own knowledge. It was attained by visiting the Sacred Abyss. Other than him and his group, there weren't many who had done so and survived.

On top of the fundamental war conversation, Damien brought up the Worldwalker and made the nature of the system public knowledge.

It was a system created with no other intentions but to help them grow. The Worldwalker deserved to be appreciated by the people. Now that Damien knew his name, he wouldn't allow his Legend to fade so easily.

The meeting went on for 6 hours in total. From information, the topic switched to strategy and the presentation turned into a conversation. Everyone was included, and everyone was able to properly understand the roles their influences would take in the oncoming conflict.

Finally, when they left, they were given three days to return to their own territories and arrange their troops.

When all preparations were made in full, the entire force of the Heavenly World gathered together. Damien stood before them as their leader for the very first time. It was a daunting task, but he was ready for it. He closed his eyes for a moment before opening them and saying his first words.

The wait was finally over.

The war was no longer on the horizon.

No, it was right in front of them, and they were going to face them head-on.

Chapter 1858 Prelude [6]

It was the first time the world had faced Damien like this.

Most of them didn't even know his face. To them, he was more of a spiritual entity attached to the stories of heroes.

His act of appearing in front of them signaled more than Damien himself expected. They were mostly prepared when their leaders brought them together and told them to prepare to fight for their lives, but his image set it all in stone.

Quintillions of existences watched him, whether in person surrounding Void Palace or on screens throughout the world. They all had their eyes trained on a single man as he stood up to speak.

"This is my first time greeting everyone like this. Maybe I should start things off with a joke?" Damien spoke with a smile. He knew that the line wouldn't hit when the atmosphere was this dim, but it was still important. He wanted to humanize himself in their eyes, because if they saw him as one of their own, his words would resonate deeper.

He definitely got a few laughs. When the whole world was watching, his choice to start with humor in such a grim situation definitely touched at least a few circles.

But, the people weren't here for his jokes.

He was their representative, the hero of their cosmos.

They needed to see that side of him as well.

"You are all aware of what we face. They are not new enemies, nor are they enemies that we have never defeated. Our current enemies are nothing more than puppets created from the ashes of those we have slain."

"However, their leader is a vile man."

"He is a man that thirsts for our land. He is a man who wants nothing more than to see us suffering. There is nothing but greed in his eyes. In that sense, he is no better than a pig."

The citizens didn't have any fear when they fought in the Heavenly World. This was their home territory, so they always felt like they had the advantage no matter what happened.

14:35

"Since when have we, the proud denizens of the True Void Universe, allowed pigs to best us?!"

Damien's eyes changed. Something in his aura radiated majesty, and though he was not using any sort of techniques or technology to boost his voice, every single person could clearly hear his voice.

He was no longer using his own mouth to communicate. No, his voice had become one with the world itself.

"You will see it for yourselves soon," he continued.

The citizens didn't have any fear when they fought in the Heavenly World. This was their home territory, so they always felt like they had the advantage no matter what happened.

Now, as they'd been informed that the time had come to step on enemy soil for the first time, the fear they lacked naturally caught up to them.

It plagued their hearts, making them wonder if they'd really be okay.

Damien's job was to provide them security, even if it was false.

"The Sacred Abyss is nothing," he said. "That cosmos does not have life. It is a land of death and misery. The people in that land are forced to struggle and survive without the same security that we have. They are the true captives of the Dark God. Our mission this time is not just to defeat the enemy, but also to save people."

"Think about your homes. Think about your families. Think about everything this world has to offer. We are fighting to save it and to allow others to see its beauty. We are fighting to purge evil. Remember, no matter what happens in the battle ahead, each and every one of you will attain glory."

"You may not be written by name in the history books. Most historians will only bother to name the most important figures in a conflict. However, those names do not matter, because even the people who will go down in history will remember the rest of you as the true heroes. You will be the hidden heroes of this world, its true protectors."

Multiple different methods, all meant to give the armies purpose, were deployed.

It didn't matter what they aimed for.

If they wanted to protect, they had to fight with everything they had. If they wanted to be heroes, they had to fight with everything they had. If they wanted to be recognized in the history books, they had to fight with everything they had. And, even if they only wanted the glory of being an unnamed hero...well, it didn't need to be said another time.

Damien's words rang true with several implications behind them, but his voice seemed to carry his intent perfectly to each and every person who listened. Whether they were smart or dull, literate or not, they understood exactly what he wanted to convey.

"The time has come for all of you to shine. After so many years, the time has come to rid this world of all of the calamities that plagued it!"

Straea was the doing of the Foreign Races. The downfall of society when Dante disappeared was the doing of the Foreign Races. The destruction of the lower universe was the doing of the Foreign Races.

From start to finish, everything led back to the Dark God.

The crowd was listening intently. They understood that this speech was not a final goodbye, but a moment for them to look back on with pride once they survived. Damien smiled confidently at his people. He had much more he wanted to say. Truthfully, standing in front of them and giving a valiant speech was something he'd been looking forward to doing.

But, there was nothing left to be said.

The eyes of those people all said the same thing. Their hearts were fueled by the same fire.

If Damien said anymore, he would just be holding them back from what they truly wanted.

And that was war. "These Foreign Race scum..." he began. He swept his arm through the air. No matter where they were, the screens in the world suddenly switched to a different picture at the same time.

They showed scenes of Dimensional Cracks surrounded by Foreign Territories crawling with enemies. "...they are nothing in front of us." Those words resounded through the fabric of space and time. A mysterious wave of energy spread through the land, and in a single instant, all of it was gone.

The Dimensional Cracks, the Foreign Territory, and the Foreign Races. All of them disappeared from the world at once.

And, at the very same time, everyone concentrated on points nearby as their senses alerted them to rampant mana fluctuations.

As if the heavens themselves were preparing them to assemble, new Dimensional Cracks opened. They were an aquamarine blue color and had a much warmer aura than those of the Foreign Races.

"Now, everyone, make them kneel, and slaughter without mercy!"

Damien's shout shook their souls. The spirit of battle he had been building within their minds and bodies boiled forth as they felt the sheer power and fighting intent in his words.

He held his arm out, his eyes locked with those of the Dark God beyond the veil.

Finally, he gave the command that everyone had been waiting for. "Charge!"

RAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

The war cry of the True Void people forced the very fabric of reality to tremble before their might.

As one, they charged through the Dimensional Cracks. There was no more time to waste; no more time to hesitate. At this very moment, the final battle for the fate of everything had begun.

And it would not end until only one side remained.

Chapter 1859 War [1]

The people of the Heavenly World had some leeway in preparing for the great war, but it was different for their allies on the inside.

Thalia was surprised to suddenly receive a message from Damien. He had not contacted her since he left the Sacred Abyss last time, and she had become so used to her duties managing the territory that she'd forgotten to wait for him to say something.

So, when that first message came, she was met with some hollow surprise as she wasn't actually that excited to receive it.

However, that feeling only lasted until she saw its content.

"In three days, there will be war. Prepare to rebel against everything you know."

"Ah..."

That was when the surprise came. The Gehenna Tribe never once thought about antagonizing the Dark God. They knew better than anyone that such thoughts would only get them killed.

However, that didn't mean they didn't wish for it. The Dark God and his nobles were the reason for their and many others' suffering. They obviously wanted him gone.

And, it seemed that the time had come for everything to be flipped on its head. The enemy that the Dark God provoked this time was not willing to stand down and take his beating.

No, they were headed by a mystical entity and were coming here to exact their revenge.

'As he said, we must prepare.'

Thalia was very different from her last appearance. With the help of the people Damien left her, she grew into a true leader and her tribe was able to thrive. Rather than mulling over the decision or taking it emotionally, she immediately went into work mode.

It didn't matter how she felt. The great war would happen whether the Gehenna Tribe was participating or not.

This was an opportunity for them to shine and show their worth. It was an opportunity for them to get revenge for the many transgressions they'd faced at the enemy's hands. And, it was an opportunity for them to see greater horizons.

The Sacred Abyss would thrive if the Dark God was removed from the equation. She had no qualms with helping the person who wanted to make that happen. Her people were the same.

When she got the message, the first thing she did was contact her tribesmen and inform them of the matter.

They had made immense progress. From a dwindling tribe that was getting smaller with the passing of time, they ballooned into an entity that could not be ignored.

The warriors had become incredibly powerful. They couldn't be called Gods yet, but they were definitely on par with the Divine. Even the common tribe members who used to stay in the village found themselves learning as many skills as possible to help with the current environment they were in.

The people of the True Void Territory were welcoming as well. Thalia didn't treat them like the other nobles. As she was originally one of them and only achieved this seat through luck, she learned to rule in a way that supported the common populace.

Though they were not aware of it as it was never shared with them, the people of this territory were practically already people of the True Void.

Thalia was both a Lord and a Saintess. She governed two different entities, and in this moment, she wondered how many of those people would be involved in this war and how many would be lost.

'Still, it's inevitable.'

It would be nice if war was something that could be avoided, but since when was that possible?

The Dark God could not be allowed to continue destroying this cosmos. Because, the moment he could no longer uphold its structure, it would collapse.

In the first place, the attacking side wasn't in the wrong. They were attacking because they had no other choice. It was the Sacred Abyss' own ruler who was so hell-bent on attacking other cosmos and incurring these kinds of losses and tragedies.

He had to be stopped.

The Dark God could not be allowed to continue destroying this cosmos. Because, the moment he could no longer uphold its structure, it would collapse.

"Haa..."

Naturally, the responses Thalia received from her clan were all positive. None of them were averse to entering the war from the start, and when they heard that Damien was going to be confronting the Dark God, they became even more excited.

That man was the savior of their tribe and the person who gave them a better future. His position was no weaker than the Saintess' in their hearts.

'I guess there's no point in delaying.'

The territory could be kept as a military outpost if it was necessary. Though it was more likely that the war would be one long battle to determine the victor, it was impossible for the troops to maintain their energy infinitely.

For those who could find their way back, this place could act as a haven. They could heal and return to battle in peak condition, since their continued presence in the war could end up saving more of their fellows.

As for the Gehenna Tribe itself...

Well, once Thalia shared the information, she didn't need to worry about them anymore. They were already getting ready to fight in their own way. As their Saintess, it was her job to watch over them.

The only trouble was the common people of this territory.

Was it right to enlist them in this war?

'No. I can't force them into it. The people here are relatively clueless, so they don't know to blame the Dark God for their struggles. They only blame the nobles and the system. Most of them won't be willing to fight, but I should at least let them know.'

It was better for her territory to be prepared for the incoming war. Unlike the nobles, Thalia didn't have contact with the Dark God or the higher entities of this cosmos. She was relatively isolated, and though she'd been invited to join their ranks a few times, they never bothered about her refusal.

In a sense, the True Void Territory was an independent entity from the rest of the Sacred Abyss.

While that was good for the overall state of the territory, it meant that Thalia was out of the loop about many things. The other nobles probably knew that this moment would come from a long time ago.

'Tch.'

She couldn't stand them. How could she when her opinion of them was based on the man that led to the previous Saintess' death?

Moreover, they didn't try to fix that reputation.

Even the nobles that she'd come in contact with—

'—speak of the devil.'

She only just got the news and plotted her next move, but he was already here.

The person who had been keeping watch on the True Void Territory for the Foreign Races and a person that Thalia had come to abhor. A person who was not lecherous yet had such a disgusting gaze that it made him seem like a pervert. He was also originally a member of the enemy side. Perhaps that was why the nobles put him in charge of menial tasks like this.

Right, the person visiting Thalia wasn't unfamiliar at all.

In the flesh, as a member of a new race, was the Dark God's former favorite dog in the Heavenly World.

Malevalon Straea.

Chapter 1860 War [2]

"Thalia, have you been well?"

It was a cordial attitude coming from an extremely disrespectful person. He appeared without notice in her office, evading all detection to meet with her.

Naturally, she wasn't happy to see him.

"Why are you here?" She sneered.

She couldn't maintain open hostility to the nobles because she had to keep her territory in mind, but Malevalon was different. She had a justified reason to dislike him, and she wasn't the only one either. Most of the nobles hated him and only tolerated him because he served the Dark God.

Even if she decided to kill him here, nobody would object. It was just a shame that he would inevitably be resurrected.

He smiled at her. It was an expression impossible to see from him in the Heavenly World. He only started doing it when he came to this cosmos, but he wasn't good at it. Still, what could someone like Thalia do against him? He was demeaned and discriminated against by the nobles, but he didn't care because they wouldn't be able to do the same once he grew stronger than him.

He was able to do whatever he wanted to the world and its people. He was able to almost see the dream he had when submitting himself to the Dark God. As such, he didn't care if he looked disgusting when he smiled. He was going to do it anyway.

"I have come to advise you," he said, nodding his head. "It seems that you have contact with people you should not keep in your circle. Your seniors hope that you won't make any rash decisions in the coming days."

"I don't know what you're talking about. Who have I been communicating with? You know that this territory has been isolated from everywhere else."

Thalia's eyes narrowed. She frowned as if she was being questioned for no reason, hiding any traces of worry or doubt in her face. 'I just received word. How do they already know?'

It was impossible for there to be leaks in her staff or tribe. If so, then it could only mean that they'd planted other means of spying on her activities in her usual workplaces without her knowledge.

It was dangerous, but it didn't look like Malevalon had come today to kill her. "I don't know what you're talking about. Who have I been communicating with? You know that this territory has been isolated from everywhere else."

Malevalon shook his head.

"It is fine if you wish to take that stance. Regardless, if you choose the wrong side, then you will die. Remember that your clan will not be spared either. You see, I personally would love it if you remained

the ruler of this place that reminds me of my homeland, but it would truly be a shame if you left us no other choice, right?"

His tone was as if he knew everything. It almost made Thalia question herself before she was reminded of who he was.

"You do not need to concern yourself with my affairs."

She left it at that, and Malevalon accepted. "Indeed, I do not. Prepare yourself well. Nobody will stop you. However, keep my words in mind as you decide what you wish to do."

Malevalon disappeared when he finished giving his warning. This time, at least, he didn't have any other plans.

"Tch."

Thalia's eyes widened as she observed the surroundings. 'Stupid.'

She sensed the devices immediately. Tiny recording modules that transmitted her every word and action to the people who wanted to know what she was up to.

Was there any point in adding more when the room already contained five?

No, but as if he wanted her to see it after he left, Malevalon left an extra one where he stood.

She only made contact with Damien this one time, and since the war was on the horizon, it seemed that the nobles believed her allegiance could be changed.

If he contacted her more frequently, or if the staff he left behind ever showed signs of betrayal...

'...I've been lucky.'

Thalia gritted her teeth. It was an annoying situation, but there was nothing to be done about it. Regardless, she would prepare for the war. And, regardless, she would side with the True Void.

Not only was it the cosmos that her savior came from, but it was also a place where people could thrive. With Damien's help, her tribe and people could migrate there in search of better lives.

Since when did the Sacred Abyss give her a reason to fight with it? It only ever fueled her hatred.

'Fine. Since it's starting soon, I should make my allegiance clear.'

Thalia had grudges with a lot of Foreign Nobles. Most of them were out of reach, but the surrounding territories were owned by people with similar strength to her own.

She grinned as she moved to a nearby teleportation array and visited that territory. The buildings that lords of their level lived in were almost all mirrors of each other. Thalia knew her way around well, and with her knowledge, it wasn't hard to do the same thing Malevalon did and appear in someone else's office without notice.

It was a perfect scenario, wasn't it? Since everyone was fiercely loyal without thoughts of rebellion, such a thing was possible.

"Hi!"

Thalia appeared in front of the nearest noble with a smile on her face.

He glared at her. She had no reason to be visiting anyone, so what was her purpose in acting so rudely?

She walked towards him without losing her smile.

"Actually, I have a little matter to settle with you. I was wondering if I could get your opinion."

"No need. Ask someone else."

"Really? But I was sure that you would be able to help me."

By this point, she was already standing across from him, separated by only a desk.

She looked down at him, making him feel a sense of unknown pressure.

'This woman...'

She was a newcomer, but her aura was definitely not something to laugh at.

"Haa...fine. What do you want?"

He wasn't going to entertain her, but he needed to get her to leave somehow. Hearing her out was the only method.

Thalia nodded.

"What I want..."

This was nice. This kind of atmosphere where she was the only one who knew what was about to happen was enjoyable. It was unfortunate that she couldn't face anyone else like this.

But, she was still happy.

After all...

"...is for you to die. That's okay, right?"

The man instantly stood up and prepared for a fight without questioning her motives, but letting her get so close was already a fatal mistake.

By the time his body was upright, his head was already in the air.

See, Thalia had grown immensely since taking up the position of Saintess. She was no longer the weak person Damien once knew.

She, without fear, took the first blood and first kill of the war.

And as if to commemorate her achievement, the entire world was filled with aquamarine portals.

The Heavenly World's forces charged into the Sacred Abyss, and though it seemed like nothing much was happening as Thalia was able to find a noble casualty in his office...

...there was indeed a bloody present waiting for their arrival.

The Dark God had fully prepared himself.

It was a battle between cosmos, after all.

It wouldn't be any fun if it ended because of a silly mistake.