

Void 1861

Chapter 1861 War [3]

The Heavenly World's troops, emboldened by Damien's speech and their own vigor, charged straight into the Sacred Abyss.

They were met immediately with the war they came to fight.

Damien gave the leaders orders to move the battle off of the main planet, but they wouldn't get the chance to do so any time soon. They arrived and were faced with a crowd of nobles and vanguards that charged at them without a shred of fear or hesitation.

There were many duplicates among them. Every noble appeared at least four or five times, which allowed their numbers to match the Heavenly World's diverse array of Divinities.

On top of that, along with the hundred-and-something nobles that existed in the current era, the forms of several people who had once been of noble status but were later abandoned appeared as well.

Weren't there Nox among them as well?

Those who came from Grand Heavens Boundary were surprised to see the Soul Emperor, Karmic Emperor, and Inhuman Emperor manifested among the enemy forces.

The only one missing was the Saint Emperor. He was never loyal to the Dark God or the Foreign Races in the slightest, so he did not fall under the umbrella of the Dark God's power. The clash began with so much spilled blood that it was questionable how it was supposed to last for more than ten minutes. At the rate that people were dying, wouldn't their side be exhausted easily?

No. This was a war against an infinite number of enemies. Measures had been taken to protect the lives of those who stood at the very forefront of the battle.

After the first wave of death spread, a holy golden white aura filled the air and wrapped the entire Heavenly World force in canopies of the same colored light. Their defensive abilities were slightly boosted, but the main effect was the protection of their lives.

The light was the combined force of the Heavenly World's Light and Wood Law users. They were at the back of the army and protected by many powerful Divinities. Their abilities were sent through an array that the Krone Clan developed and spread through the allied force. It was an imitation of what Damien once did in the past to achieve the same effect, but it was not based on his actions. The goal was to keep the fighters alive for as long as possible. For that purpose, those same practitioners were even willing to take the accumulated damage upon themselves.

It was destined to be a brutal battle. However, it wasn't entirely hopeless. The nobles were rapidly separated from the vanguards. A wall was formed around them by the members of Void Palace and they were immediately teleported far into the starry sky. The lower existences stayed on the ground to fight against other lower existences.

If Divinities were involved on the same stage, they were destined to die meaninglessly.

Damien watched as everything proceeded according to plan. 'I don't think I need to watch over them for much longer.'

Initially, he was worried that the force of the Foreign Races would be too much for his homeland's people. Once they proved their resolve and power, he lost that worry.

It was unfounded from beginning to end. The Nox had that kind of power over the people. The Nox spent billions of years tormenting their enemies and built up a crippling fear that overran almost any army that faced them.

The Foreign Races did no such thing. They acted in a calm and unhurried manner because of the Dark God's confidence. If Damien hadn't shown up, a similar situation would have occurred here as well.

However, he did. He appeared and expedited everything the Dark God had planned. He erased the fear of the Foreign Races that could have been created. Now, the psychological advantage simply didn't exist.

The Heavenly World's people fought like berserkers. They knew that their lives were on the line. They knew that they would never be able to stop fighting until the Dark God died.

Still, they craved blood. They craved the scene of a mountain of dead bodies consisting of only Foreign Races.

Regardless of what they were, everyone had found their reasons to put their all into the war.

"Huu..."

Watching them fight, Damien prepared himself as well. He could see the massive black hole in the starry sky. He knew exactly where he needed to go and what he needed to do.

If he wanted to shorten his people's suffering by even a single second, he had to go there and fight his own battle.

Not many people noticed his body disappear.

However, they all knew that their leader was going to confront the Dark God.

All they needed to do was survive until he succeeded.

Thalia almost didn't have time to do anything before the war came to her. The time between when she met Malevalon and targeted the nearest noble was around three days. In those three days, her tribe was able to prepare and the people were able to learn about the fact that a slaughter was about to begin.

Unfortunately, it was not enough time for those untrained mortals to learn the necessary skills to pick up their blades. They were forced to hide in their homes and hope that the sounds of destruction didn't get any closer.

Meanwhile, the Gehenna Tribe fought its own battle.

Thalia went to work completely dismantling the armed forces of the territory she'd just occupied. At the same time, her tribe members invaded the remaining territories around their own for the same purpose.

Damien didn't order the Gehenna Tribe to join the frontlines. Their job was to take down the Foreign Races around the world and claim their territory.

When the True Void Territory expanded, its power would be able to bless the allied troops fighting within.

It was a sort of home ground blessing that Damien organized the instant he arrived in this plane. By the time they were finished, the hope was that the mortals would gain enough power to completely overwhelm the vanguards they faced. That also gave more leeway to the Divines who were fighting in the starry sky.

After all, the moment the entire world was claimed, the blessing's effects would be exerted on the surrounding space as well. This plan was one of many that were created to promote survival rates among the troops.

There was no need to watch the lower existences fight.

Their battle was one of numbers against numbers for now, but it was sure to change as they became more confident in their strength.

The more riveting battles were taking place among the Divinities.

And among them, the battles to focus on were naturally being fought by the people who surrounded Damien.

It had been a long time since they had the spotlight. As Damien grew past them, they were forced to stay in the background as each and every one of them focused on their own training and adventures.

Now that the final stage was prepared, their moment to show the world what they'd accomplished was here. Hell, even Rose was fighting. She chose not to train, so she was the weakest of them all.

Watching her performance was like setting a benchmark for the rest, right?

Because it didn't matter if she was the weakest.

Because that term was relative, and the people she was being compared to were the best the cosmos had to offer.

Chapter 1862 War [4]

Rose's opponent was not a Foreign Noble who existed when Damien last came to this cosmos. This trend could be seen in many other places. The Dark God prepared an army to combat the Heavenly World directly, and for that purpose, people like this woman were created.

She was once called Veritera, a Grand Duke of Illusion, unlike anyone who had ever come before her. She was able to turn reality into her playground through those abilities, and she was now a part of the Foreign Race army for the sole purpose of combating Rose.

If there was one thing to note, it was that the extent of their abilities and the specific vein of concepts they studied weren't taken into account. Merely, people who followed the same law were promoted to the highest strength they could reach and thrown into the battlefield.

Rose and Veritera had already disappeared from the battlefield. They were in a plane of their own creation, but at the same time, they were deep within the folds of reality. Their bodies could not be seen, but there was a sector in the starry sky that was continuously changing and becoming more dangerous.

The other Divinities fighting in space had to stay far away from that place if they didn't want to be caught in the collisions. That alone was enough to tell of both women's strength.

Nevertheless, what was unseen to others was not the same for everyone. If anyone possessed the ability to look past the reality they knew, they would find the splendorous scenes that their fight was truly causing.

The ever-changing image of reality seemed to mirror the abilities possessed by Existence itself.

Rose and Veritera stood far away from each other and never made attempts to close the distance. They had formed domains around them, manifestations of their control over illusion and reality. If they entered the enemy's territory, they would be slaughtered without mercy.

The goal of this battle was to overthrow the enemy's territory with one's own and swallow them. Only when that happened could a winner be declared.

They were relatively even from the beginning.

Rose sat on a throne of swords. It was the same Illusory Throne that she used when she was young, but its meaning was entirely different.

From this throne, she controlled reality itself. The fate strings seen by her eyes were turned into the strings that weaved into the fabric of reality, and when she pulled on them or twisted them, she could directly influence the world.

The throne was a defensive position, but it gave her ample room to attack as well. She was not sitting in a dark space or surrounded by winds or swords. Instead, she was surrounded by the golden light of fate itself.

Her territory almost felt holy, but if one mentioned that opinion to Veritera, she would absolutely take the opportunity to call that person an idiot.

This was nothing like a holy land. The territory she faced was one of pure death.

Reality was folded into several layers, creating something like a sixteen-dimensional prism. It continued to expand and add more dimensions to its body, growing into an unbelievable monster.

However, Veritera was never someone to be doubted. The Dark God had something of a superiority complex when it came to women. He hardly ever resurrected them and gave them power because he felt that they were lowly.

For a woman to gain any sort of position in his army, she needed to be worth more than his prejudice.

Veritera was exactly that kind of person. She also followed the path of controlling reality, as did any illusion user who pursued their power to the end.

However, unlike Rose who displayed her abilities by folding and manipulating reality into a cage, she learned how to manipulate it in a way similar to Nonexistence. She altered singular concepts and changed their meanings so that existing became a lethal condition. Her domain, while not nearly as bright, contained a deep purple color and an ominous fog. At the point where it came into contact with Rose's power, flashes of white light sparked with such ferocity that they tore through reality and destroyed the starry sky of the Sacred Abyss.

'Hmph.'

At first, Rose didn't plan to fight in this war. She wanted to stay at home and enjoy peace until it ended. After all, she had absolute confidence that Damien would succeed.

However, everything changed after his visit.

He supported her. He acted like he knew that she was going to stay home and essentially treated their meeting as a "Goodbye. I will be back."

Something about that irked her.

It had nothing to do with Damien, but the fact that she was being expected to sit the battle out annoyed her beyond belief.

Perhaps it was because she always wanted to fight by his side and support him. It felt like he no longer expected that from her and was prepared to love her unconditionally regardless.

Wasn't that insulting?

Since when did she become so unreliable?

Obviously, Damien didn't feel that way at all. She knew it as well, but it didn't matter. Since that was how her mind decided to perceive it, she was provoked.

She ended up here only because she wanted to prove to herself that ceasing her training in favor of being a housewife was her own choice. It was not a decision made because she had no other choice, but something she did willingly.

Once she proved that to herself, she would be able to peacefully live her normal life, always aware of the fact that she could do anything else if she really put her mind to it.

Veritera was a difficult opponent. As Rose hadn't fought a real opponent in quite some time, spending most of her training in simulations or her own hidden realms, this was an experience that could be considered beyond her level.

Nevertheless, she hadn't lost her edge.

The name "Rose Adelaire" used to strike fear into any enemy. Her cruel methods and sadistic fighting style completely contrasted the reputation she had among her allies.

The people of the Heavenly World didn't know. They weren't aware of what Rose was capable of in a fight. At most, they believed in her knowledge, leadership, and stealth.

Yet, here she was. Here she was controlling a power that was only different from Existence in name, fighting against someone whose power had the same relationship with Nonexistence.

Damien would have been extremely proud of her if he had been here to witness it, but that was beside the point.

Those two domains were clashing quite fiercely, but there was a problem.

Rose's growth rate was too fast. The technique that gave her the ability to fold the dimensions of the impossible prison she was creating wasn't anything Veritera could replicate. In terms of raw speed, her domain was growing larger at a much slower rate.

Rose's eyes were trained on her opponent the entire time.

She refused to defeat only a single Grand Duke in this battle.

She wasn't satisfied with showcasing the power of an ordinary Supreme God.

It didn't matter if it was a miracle for her to reach that level when she only ascended to Divinity after coming to the Heavenly World, but what did that matter?

Her sisters were going to show performances that she couldn't match.

And though it didn't necessarily matter who did better, it was fine for them to entertain friendly competition, wasn't it?

It had been some time since they last gathered, so they didn't quite know what level the others had reached.

This was the perfect time for them to display their might.

If they were able to get a win over their closest friends and sisters in the process...

Why would they ever refuse to do their best?

Chapter 1863 War [5]

On that note, perhaps the most competitive of the four was the best to turn one's focus to.

Elena was completely different from when she last appeared. Becoming an Empress and reviving an entire race tended to lead to such outcomes.

Out of the four, Elena's fighting style was the one that changed the most. She had a habit of being fluid, choosing whatever method suited her best in the moment.

When she was young, she was a close combat fighter. When she got older, she switched into being a summoner and then sort of incorporated both elements into her power.

At the current moment, her style could be considered the solidified version of all of her achievements. She was a Supreme God. She was at the highest stage of power. There was no point in maintaining fluidity anymore.

Rather, she needed to find a singular style that she could practice until it represented absolute perfection. It was a little funny. Did the Dark God know what she was trying to do? If he didn't, then she really had to thank him for being stupid.

Rather than a Grand Duke of Life, the opponent he prepared for her was a Grand Duke of Death.

What was the concept Elena comprehended again...?

Right, Transcended Death.

What could that possibly look like at this stage of power?

Well, Elena was happy to answer that question for Reigard, the Grand Duke she was facing. The Heavenly God Plane usually had to be used for battles of this scale, but the Sacred Abyss was different from the True Void. Such things as methods to protect the fabric of reality didn't exist. Elena, Rose, Veritera, Reigard, and all of the other Divinities could easily manifest the height of their power.

Reigard was even more formidable than Veritera. His power of Death manifested as a swarm of dark entities much like Eris from the Noct Clan. However, at the Supreme God stage, that was a completely different thing.

Every entity he summoned was Divine. They were manifestations of mythical beasts that did not exist in the Heavenly World, each holding a different concept of Death within.

Under the siege of this deathly army, no one could survive. No matter their power, no matter their law, they would always fall before they reached him.

When he saw Elena, he assumed that this battle was going to be the same as every other battle he'd fought since developing this power. He could tell immediately that she was a Life Law user, but it didn't make a difference.

At the end of the day, his power of death transcended life.

Or so he thought.

But, he never comprehended anything like Transcended Life. Instead of doing something beneficial like that, he continued to develop the number of troops in his army and the variety of concepts they held.

It wasn't necessarily a bad decision in the long run, but when Elena was the opponent in question...

Transcended Death was a concept that disrupted the natural law. That which was meant to maintain duality and balance was overthrown, making one side absolutely suppress the other.

Frankly, it was a question of how its original owners were able to find it. If Elena didn't have the support of the [Void Daughter] title, she definitely wouldn't have been able to replicate their efforts and surpass them.

She witnessed the parade of mythical beasts charging at her the moment she came face to face with Reigard. She didn't fear it at all. Instead, she raised her hand and allowed her energy to let loose.

VOOOOOOOM!

With a huge amount of force, the whitish-green energy of life sprayed into the surroundings. Everywhere it landed, the starry sky became solid and mystical plants began to grow.

They were made out of space itself using the vitality of the surrounding stars. However, they were still elements of life.

They formed a chain of connection and spread energy between themselves to create something like a domain, but Elena didn't intend to stay still.

She moved forward, charging into the swarm, and her "domain" followed her like a security detail. Her every step caused space to bloom into different manifestations of life until there was an army following her as well.

The Souls of Valhalla were no longer restricted to their forms and were able to manifest wherever Elena's mana appeared. Like an army of wraiths who were servants of Life itself, they became her arms and legs.

In this case, they were sent to fight against the army that Reigard prided himself on. Cosmic lifeforms with a strange vitality and glowing blue eyes appeared in the tens of thousands in the surroundings and instantly confronted the army.

The servants of the Valkyrie Race were not only empowered by Elena's strength, but also by the powerful bloodline of the people. Elena was no longer the only person representing their race. Their numbers gave them power, and in return, the Souls of Valhalla were able to display even more strength.

The first warning sign was when they started plowing through the parade of death. The concept of Transcended Death first manifested itself there.

Like beasts, they opened their mouths and bit into the mythical beasts, tearing them to shreds and consuming them piece by piece. With every bit of flesh and blood they consumed, their power became

stronger. Reigard's army was overwhelmed from the moment Elena decided to act. It was to the point that it was hard to still consider Reigard a Supreme God. But, he didn't notice it. Rather, he couldn't.

At the same time as the decimation of his troops, Elena rushed past them at the speed of light and ignored every combat technique that Reigard employed.

Whether he liked it or not, they were going to fight personally. She wasn't someone he could hold at bay with a mere army of summons.

BOOOOOOM!

Unlike Rose, who had a lot of silent collisions, Elena's power was loud. A bright flash of light covered millions of kilometers as a sword of pure vitality manifested in her hands.

Reigard was originally of the mind to block it directly, but he was forced to retreat. The force of that blade...

'It does not siphon life, but death instead!'

He almost gasped as it swung just inches away from his body. Even without making contact, it was able to shred away some of his deathly aura and just slightly weaken him.

The wisps of murky blackness were absorbed into the sword and turned into the energy of vitality.

In that moment, Reigard realized what he was up against. He was not her mortal enemy. No, it was the complete opposite.

The person in front of him refused the existence of death. Her very presence was the antithesis of it.

In her own way, completely disregarding Existence and Nonexistence, Elena had become an immortal entity. Death was afraid of her. Even Reigard's own law was shivering in fear after feeling the sharpness of her blade.

If he wanted to fight her and win, then he needed more than just luck or skill.

To stay alive against a monster like this, he needed a miracle beyond miracles.

And as someone who once lived in the Sacred Abyss, he was certain that he would never be granted one.

Still, he didn't feel a strong hatred towards Elena. Rather, he just wanted answers from the Dark God. Just why?

Why did he have to summon them to fight against such a monstrous enemy?!

Chapter 1864 War [6]

The concept of space was frozen. The concept of time was the same. In these billions of kilometers of the starry sky that had been sectioned off, only two beings had the power to move.

The beings of the Sacred Abyss were usually associated with powers of darkness and yin. This was only because of the Dark God's own preferences and thoughts.

In reality, this cosmos had just as many paths as the True Void despite the difference in energy and power system. At the end of the day, all energies came from the same origin and all paths led to the same place. The Krone Clan came up with a method to make mana freely usable in the Sacred Abyss, so that problem no longer existed.

Ruyue was the epitome of everything the Dark God appreciated. She was the embodiment of yin, so anything he usually used would be irrelevant against her. It didn't hurt him to create a soldier worthy of facing her, but his goal was to make a person who could surpass her.

His goal in handpicking the troops that would face Damien's closest people was to destroy Damien's mentality. He wasn't taking it lightly. What Ruyue faced was an embodiment of yang. The man, named Meryon, was the direct opposite of Ruyue's power.

Unlike Elena, she didn't spend a large portion of her life learning how to surpass yang. Her power was too diverse for her to have that option.

So, it could be said that their fight was more fair.

Though, the opposite could be said as well.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The clash was between blue and red, black and white. One would be hard-pressed to find out what actual laws were being used, but it was certain that yin and yang were going toe to toe.

This was already against natural order, but wasn't everything that happened in this war the same? These two forces that were always supposed to exist in harmony were now directly opposed.

The result was pure chaos.

Space and time were stopped by Ruyue's power, however, her abilities could hardly affect Meryon.

His abilities were the same for her. Unlike life and death, which had the possibility of surpassing each other if taken to proper heights, yin and yang were the representation of absolute duality. No matter what anyone wanted, those two laws would refuse to cooperate. They would never be able to harm each other. So, how were Ruyue and Meryon supposed to fight?

Well, every single collision of theirs gave birth to Chaos. Though they could do no damage to each other, the action of yin and yang had to have a reaction. The energy of pure chaos filled the air and affected both of the fighters. They were unable to control the rampant energy that was a combination of what both of them possessed, but it affected them severely.

Ruyue felt the chaotic energy entering her body and interfering with her power. As Meryon was subjected to the same feeling, they both understood how this battle was going to progress. It was a matter of attrition. They could not defeat each other, but one of them would absolutely be defeated. Whoever lasted longer against the chaos would be the final winner.

But it wasn't as if they were going to sit still. They continuously increased the amount of chaotic energy in the surroundings to kill themselves faster. It was a self-destructive battle with the only goal of forcing the other person into hell.

She was forced to fight with monsters that even Damien hadn't seen directly as she adventured through the lands.

They both knew how important their presence on the battlefield was. Yin and Yang were too powerful. If they were allowed to meet the other Divinities, they would instantly overwhelm most of them. Ruyue had been searching for a long time to find her emotions. Because she wanted to live a good life when everything was over, she needed them. She couldn't give them up forever as she originally decided to.

In that search, she discovered everything but the feelings she wished for.

She was forced to fight with monsters that even Damien hadn't seen directly as she adventured through the lands.

What did it mean to search for emotions? Even Ruyue didn't know. She followed the winds and walked the path of a wanderer, living a day at a time. Through those experiences, she was able to learn a lot about emotion and the way that people felt it, but she was never able to find her own again.

To fight against the heavens and steal them back had been her goal for a long time. For that purpose, the path she pursued was bordering on Existence.

And, as Damien planted a seed in her body, she would be able to challenge that level as long as she was able to reach it naturally.

She was confident that her current achievements were greater than anything Meryon had done. Perhaps their combat power was matched, but she would absolutely be able to last longer in the chaos than he could.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The explosions were of a black and red color, the same as the energy of the Spiritual God of Chaos that Damien faced. The black energy that Ruyue released was a mixture of death and destruction manifested as a massive ice storm that overran the entire area.

Meryon was surrounded by a sea of fire in the blizzard that could not be extinguished.

They were like mages, refusing to approach each other but constantly on the attack. Between them was a cloud of chaotic energy, and that was where their attacks were truly manifested.

Ruyue's fighting style was already the most chaotic of them all. She had the most mana, so she was prone to throwing out as many skills as possible in a short period of time to overwhelm her opponent.

It was the kind of strategy that could be easily countered if one knew about it, but since when was she someone who relied on arrogance? She was always prepared for a situation where she needed to rely on skill, which was precisely what made her the most dangerous of the four. If allowed to release her full potential, if allowed to disregard all things and embrace her indifference, Ruyue's destructive force surpassed everyone but Damien.

Meryon was specifically created because of how dangerous she was. In a certain sense, Ruyue was the only one of Damien's associates, aside from Dante, who the Dark God took a special interest in corralling and defeating.

Her battle was going to last longer than the rest. In terms of kills alone, she would never be able to match her sisters in this battle.

However, her overall impact would definitely be in contention for the greatest.

Even Meryon could tell. If he didn't accomplish what he had been created for, then the efforts of the Dark God's army would become meaningless.

Still, he had supreme confidence.

Not because of his own abilities, but because of the lord he followed. Even if he lost here, he would be able to return and fight against Ruyue over and over again until she lost.

That was the same confidence possessed by Veritera, by Reigard, by Meryon, and by every other being who was conscious of the Dark God's existence. It could be perceived positively or negatively, but the facts remained the same.

In the end, everything came back to Damien. But it was not yet time to see what he was up to.

Chapter 1865 War [7]

The next target of focus was naturally Iris. She was far away from the rest, who were far away from everyone else, but that was only because the effects of her fight needed to be isolated more than others.

After all, regardless of who was stronger or weaker, the law she studied was above everyone else.

Creation, when used with destructive intentions, created more wide-ranged chaos than any other element aside from its own twin.

And that was exactly what she fought, wasn't it?

There was a clear pattern in how the enemies born to face these four wives of Damien were chosen. It wasn't hard to guess that she was standing against a Grand Duke of Destruction.

Yusen was his name. He existed in a bygone era like the rest, but he could be considered unique in that he was someone who served the Dark God willingly long ago.

The rest of the resurrected Grand Dukes had their loyalty forged through torture and fear tactics after they were subjugated. They were thrown away when their use was gone and brought back when they were useful again.

Yusen willingly followed the Dark God. He didn't need to be instilled with loyalty, and yet, he was also eventually thrown away.

If the rest could be considered fighting only because they had to, he was fighting because he wanted to prove his use to the Dark God. He didn't want to be thrown away again.

Because of that, he was taking this battle much more seriously than the rest. With destruction as his law, he became a true beast.

The red and black energy that was different from chaos only in its aura spewed out into the atmosphere, causing space to shatter into pieces. A massive gash leading to the chaotic void was opened around Iris, forcing her into that space.

She was forced to react defensively. Filling in that empty space with new energy, she left herself open to attacks.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Yusen's fighting style was similar and different. In a way, it was the version of Iris' fighting style that would have arisen if she was born with a destruction affinity instead. Why? As people who had no contact and learned from entirely different disciplines, how did they end up at the same point?

It could be called a coincidence, but it surely wasn't. This phenomenon was seen in many of the other battles taking place in the vicinity. All of these experts chased different goals using different methods, but as long as they sought strength, they'd find themselves in the same position.

The meaning of that position only changed based on their perception. Creation and Destruction were inherently similar because they were direct opposites. When reaching the peak of those two laws, there were really only a handful of paths one could pick.

Since there weren't many users of these elements, their styles were never directly compared in such a way. Now that the two of them had come to face each other, they realized that their weaknesses were bared to their opponent from the beginning.

Whatever weaknesses destruction had were filled by creation and vice versa. Though Yusen seemed to be on the offensive with his continuous attacks, this offense was merely another defense.

If he gave Iris the chance to take the momentum he was carrying, then he would be exposed almost immediately.

As such, he targeted the weaknesses of creation that he inferred through his knowledge of destruction.

Firstly, it did not have as much attack power. It could be skillfully used to create deadly moves, but its raw strength as an energy was lacking.

Iris was forced on the defensive because of this. Her surroundings were filled with constructs of her creation that acted as barriers to keep Yusen out, but that was within his expectations.

The second weakness of creation was based on the same glaring aspect.

Creation was a tame element. For every ounce of destruction's ruthlessness, it was forced to be more docile.

Perhaps Iris could throw up shields, but her absolute defense could never beat his absolute offense. As long as he "shattered" her law, he would be able to break through.

That was his thought process, but Iris' mind moved along the same lines. The inverse of everything he thought was his own weakness.

Destruction was too chaotic and hostile. It could output a lot of energy and suppress creation, but it could only do so like a raging fire.

Creation had a maneuverability that destruction did not possess because of its refusal to be tamed. Even at the highest level, users of destruction had to sometimes bend to their law's will and go wild.

Precise control could turn creation into a jet of water that cut through destruction's flames.

Iris was just waiting for the right moment.

She learned to be calculating long ago. As the Holy Master of the Prismatic Star Holy Land, she had to mingle with crowds of ppl who only wanted to engage in politics, so her social literacy was at a high level.

However, in battle, she didn't have the same tendencies. Patience was something she was forced to learn when she started pursuing creation seriously. She ended up becoming a sect leader again in the Heavenly World, but she took a different approach.

She, now among True Divinities, no longer had to be wary. She did not have the same power as she did in Grand Heavens Boundary, but that was a benefit to her. She could now confidently lead without her eyes standing in the way. From that position, and from the experience of building a sect from the ground up instead of inheriting it, she was able to master creation almost passively.

Still, that passive progression only came because she was endlessly learning.

As someone who had lived far longer than any of the rest of them, Iris had a different perspective on life. She gained a lot of new things from Damien, but she didn't necessarily revel in them like the rest.

After experiencing them properly, their relationship became calmer. She and Damien had an unsaid understanding of what each other wanted, and the love they'd bred was not something that needed to always be shown.

Their relationship was matured despite being the shortest of them all, and as that transition took place, Iris decided that the best way to help Damien was to help the Heavenly World.

She took control over the Northern Region to increase Void Palace's control over the world and to prepare for this very war. Perhaps her opponent was trying extremely hard to kill her and prove himself to the Dark God, but she had been fighting to prove herself for long enough that she knew.

Whenever the feeling was that desperate, mistakes were bound to be made. That single opportunity was all she needed. In that moment, because destruction could not be serene like creation, she would be able to end it all.

Her eyes remained trained on his movements. Her energy stayed hidden yet on high alert. She was like a hunter in the wild.

The armies of the Dark God...

They were fearsome in the past, but they were only prey now. The True Void Army didn't come here to lose this war.

Chapter 1866 War [8]

The newest people to the Heavenly World's atmosphere, in a certain sense, were Zara and Alea. They only came out of the Sanctuary for the sake of this war, so of course they weren't ready to fight Supreme Gods. Still, they were occupying several Dukes at once and sufficiently displaying the power they worked so hard to achieve.

The Dark God could sense the existence of the Sanctuary, but he could not sense its location or what was happening inside. As such, people like them were free from perfectly created avatars born to take them down.

They were able to show the full extent of their power against opponents who'd reached the same level but were not able to counter them perfectly.

Zara and Alea's story had to be explained in a bit more detail. They were a single being, yet two. The Godbeast evolution paths of their predecessors were no longer available to them.

The entire time they were in the Sanctuary, their focus was on finding a path of their own to become the leaders of a new species.

There would likely never be others like them, but their bloodline was worthy of becoming Godly.

When they progressed into the realms of Divinity, that Godbeast was partially manifested. When they reached True Godhood, that form was fully created.

They were now the first Twin Spirit Wolf in existence. This race of Godbeasts was not defined by their exact elements, but by circumstances like Zara and Alea where two souls found themselves as half of each other.

Their case was an impossibility only caused by the Divine Emperor's presence, but because they'd established this new Godbeast species, it was now possible for others to be born with similar conditions.

Twins would eventually become one, and their opposing elements would complement each other to create a supreme power. This was the nature of the Twin Spirit Wolf.

Those elements could be fire and water, time and space, or anything else. For Zara and Alea, of course, it was light and darkness.

There weren't merely a few tens of Dukes anymore. They numbered in the tens of thousands at the very least, providing ample opponents for every Divinity who stood at the same level. It was overwhelming in a sense, but Zara and Alea's presence decreased the level of danger significantly.

They cruised through the battlefield like it was a safe zone. The combination of light and darkness filled the starry sky, displaying a great power that made the Dukes shiver in fear.

Damien experienced how frightening the combination of opposing laws could be when he first developed the Elemental Wargod ability. Unlike him, though, these two stayed along that path and developed their fusion to its greatest potential.

Light and Darkness held a lot of power. They had so many different meanings in so many different ways. As the most supreme laws that a common person could perceive, they became the manifestation of good and evil, of the known and unknown, and many other similar aspects.

It was ironic how Existence and Nonexistence found themselves so often mimicked in the concepts of other laws due to the interference of living beings. Each of Damien's wives had at least a piece of one of the two concepts within their techniques, and Zara and Alea were the same.

They did not have the [Void Daughter] title, but their importance to Damien made them like family. They were no less important to him than his blood siblings, after all.

With their rudimentary versions of Existence and Nonexistence, they were unstoppable among opponents of the same level. It was likely that they would never face any real opposition in this battle.

That is, if nothing unexpected happened. ***

In a lot of ways, Tiamat was similar to Zara and Alea. Only, her story played out a little differently.

As she remained in the Sacred Abyss and secretly amassed her power, she was able to learn more about her hidden past.

Right, her gut feeling was always right. She was never born as a member of the Nox Race, which was why she was always forsaken. She was believed to be unworthy to carry the true blood of the master race, so they tried to put her down.

But, regardless of their efforts, Tiamat rose. She was born in the lower universe, but she was always meant to be a member of the Foreign Races in the Sacred Abyss.

When those visions first plagued her, she almost believed that she was something like the daughter of the Dark God, but that was never a possibility.

The Dark God could not make direct contact with a person of lower status than him. Even if he artificially initiated a pregnancy in a woman, the baby born would have nothing to do with him. It would be the product of the mother's genes alone, like the reproduction process of some single-celled organism.

Tiamat could never be related to that man, which was truly a relief.

Nevertheless, the circumstances behind her birth were not normal.

She was the product of research. She was born naturally to a mother and father, but they did everything possible to turn their own bodies into vessels for the power meant to flow into her.

In that aspect, rather than parents, they were just tools. They died immediately upon her birth.

She, as a being that had barely been conceived, was transported to the lower universe where the Dark God's direct interference wasn't present.

As for why...?

Wasn't that obvious? She was a disaster project meant to bring an end to the Dark God's reign.

She was the final effort of a dying civilization that disappeared during ancient times. Even back then, there were no more than a few of them left, and they were kept alive only as toys. The efforts they made outside of the Dark God's perception were only possible because they received outside help. Still, they succeeded, and Tiamat was successfully created. She was housing an untapped potential that was only awakened when she was cleansed by the energy of the Sacred Abyss.

Tiamat's role in this battle was more important than she made it seem with her actions of patiently watching from a hidden place on the sidelines.

Actually, she was the key to ending the war. Not for Damien, but for everyone else.

Tiamat's main power was the same as it had been. Her goals and personality were the same too. Only one thing had changed.

Within the fabric of this cosmos, there was a weapon created by a portion of her soul.

The second it attacked, it would all end.

The infinite resurrection that made the Dark God's army so terrifying would be canceled. That infinite resurrection was what all of them were relying on. However, Tiamat needed to wait for the right moment. While the Dark God was so conscious of the battlefield, she could not expose her presence.

Her moment would come after Damien's confrontation with that man reached an extreme.

At that time, when he did not have the peace of mind to focus on the rest of the cosmos, she would strike.

This was not an act of revenge or retribution.

It was merely fate.

The Dark God had been playing with others for so long, and Tiamat wasn't the only one who thought it was time for him to be the one getting played.

Chapter 1867 War [9]

As he approached, he saw that man kneeling in the sky.

"O, God. Please lend me your strength so I may slay this mighty foe."

His opponent had been waiting for him to approach. Now that a war like this was underway, they were fated to clash.

Dante Void and his greatest enemy, the cosmos' traitor, Malevalon Straea.

"Pathetic."

Dante sneered. This kind of ritual obviously had meaning since power was flowing into Malevalon's body, but it was clearly done at this very moment to mock him.

Even Malevalon knew that he was never strong enough to directly face Dante. In the first place, he and his people were only able to catch him after breaking the cosmic laws and infiltrating the lower universe, where they seized him before he could grow into his full strength.

Otherwise, how could someone like Malevalon possibly challenge a man who partially controlled Existence?

Malevalon was stronger now, but he was still not certain about fighting Dante. He didn't know what level the man had reached, but his aura radiated much more powerfully than ever before. Dante's fight with Damien helped him a lot. Though it was embarrassing to admit, his son taught him more about Existence than he was ever able to learn on his own.

Damien kickstarted his father's path. He was finally able to take the step that was originally impossible for him because his only element was space.

Malevalon would have been killed in an instant if he was fighting on his own, but his current form was nothing more than a puppet of the Dark God.

The energy that surrounded him was not his own. It belonged to another entity. "You're sacrificing your own vitality for the sake of this battle. As always, you go to unreasonable lengths for the stupidest reasons," Dante spat with a sigh.

"Dante, why would you talk to me like that? This is our first reunion in such a long time! It should be a happy moment! We should celebrate!" Malevalon responded.

He was twitching. His body clearly wasn't responding well to the foreign energy, but he was accepting it regardless.

His speech became slurred and his attitude changed immensely from his usual stoic self.

Dante almost felt like he wasn't facing the person he'd spent all these years waiting to kill.

However, the two men were one and the same.

The change in Malevalon was merely the result of the path he was walking. Dante was forced to accept that the things he desired were far in the past.

He had been captured and too many years were allowed to flow without his presence. Malevalon was defeated and defeated and defeated. Facing Damien, he couldn't find victory at any step. When he finally escaped into the Sacred Abyss and truly became a part of the Dark God, he felt a sort of ecstasy that he'd never known.

That was the source of the change.

The energy that turned him mad also contributed.

Dante shook his head. Engaging in conversation with this version of Malevalon would amount to nothing. It was best to just kill him and end the lifelong debt that was plaguing his mind.

Dante raised his arm to attack, but as if he was waiting for that moment, Malevalon did the same.

BOOOOOOOM!

Two types of energy clashed between them, throwing both of their bodies back.

Dante's was a special kind of Existence. Meanwhile, Malevalon used a chaotic energy that seemed to be mocking Nonexistence.

Still, the sheer power of the Dark God's energy filled the gap and allowed Malevalon to clash directly with his foe.

'Perhaps this is for the best.' Dante thought as he observed the clash.

It felt like he was fighting Malevalon and the Dark God at the same time. He had no qualms with settling his grudges all at once.

Dante's eyes changed when he viewed the battle through that lens. He was a bit passive during the first collision with his spirit dampened, but he gained it all back in an instant.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

From a slow start, they rapidly moved into a fast-paced battle.

Dante's base law was space. The way he controlled Existence mimicked that of his spatial laws.

The starry sky itself became his weapon. On one hand, it turned physical and attacked Malevalon with a huge aura of deadly spatial mana. On the other hand, the concept itself came alive and started to constrict around the enemy, forcing him to bear the brunt of any force Dante decided to employ. This collision wasn't actually that important in the grand scheme of things. Malevalon didn't matter much, and while Dante was extremely powerful, he was only participating in this singular battle.

As someone with no real enemies on this battlefield, he would catch the Dark God's attention if he did too much. Of course, distracting the Dark God was a good thing, but it wasn't worth it if it led to the deaths of everyone who was currently fighting.

Even Dante had to remember it. The Dark God could wipe out their entire army in a single instant if he wanted to. Dante was here only to settle his grudge. In this war that he was originally planning to avoid for the aforementioned reasons, he only appeared because of his son's convincing.

Standing here now, he realized how right Damien was.

No matter how long it had been, getting closure was still extremely important.

'Jeez...my son is so far past me that it's almost shameful.'

He was always the one being taught. But, that same reason was the source of his pride in the child he helped conceive.

Speaking of...

His wives were both participating in this battle. Serena was on the back line managing all of the formations being applied at every moment, but Claire was on the forefront with him.

Compared to him, she definitely had more worth.

After all, the enemy she fought, just like Meryon, was an individual who absolutely needed to be defeated.

And...it was not necessarily an individual at all.

Claire was having an experience that was rare on a cosmic scale. Regardless of how one traveled through the Void, one would find only a handful of people who'd done the same.

Her son was one of those people.

Claire's opponent was a Spiritual God. An incarnation of pure evil that was like the Dark God's shadow.

The Dark God cared about Dante more. However, he wanted to kill Dante personally after dealing with his son.

For his wife, naturally, the most deadly of forces had to be prepared.

The Dark God wasn't just aiming for the destruction of Damien or Dante. No, he wanted the entire Void Clan and all of their associates to suffer to the extreme.

Nobody could say why. However, that hostility was obvious.

Claire was facing it more than anyone else. Unlike the relatively even battles that were taking place elsewhere, her match had the odds stacked against her.

However, Claire was also in a state like never before. This time, she was ready.

She would not allow the Dark God to tear her family apart for a second time.

Chapter 1868 War [10]

The being was similar to Chaos. It was built on a foundation of many of the same ideas, since Chaos and Evil were usually associated with each other.

There was likely a good incarnation of chaos somewhere in the Void, but evil would always be evil.

And, as a true Spiritual God who was not allowed to develop the same human emotions as Chaos, Evil was not going to make any mistakes.

He charged at Claire the moment he caught her in his sights. His aura was vile, causing her mental state to tremble.

She was able to fight against it, but Evil's mind-intruding aura was passive and would continuously attack her as she fought the entity, which Claire was forced to keep in mind. When Damien arrived in the Heavenly World, Claire was already at the peak of the Supreme God level. That was where she stood before the whole fiasco that led to her entering the lower universe, and that was where she returned to when her soul was fully healed.

As such, Claire's power hadn't changed much from the last time the Dark God saw her. If anything, she'd only become more varied after seeing how her husband, son, and daughters-in-law trained.

Void Palace was always a gathering place for spatial practitioners. The four clans were able to maintain their own disciplines, but nothing outside of that ever existed.

It wasn't as if they banned other kinds of practitioners, but those people used to seek out other clans as opposed to the palace that seemed to have built a clear specialization. Really, the crumbling of their reputation and then the way they were rebuilt by Damien was what changed them.

The palace was now filled with all kinds of people from all kinds of disciplines. Their methods never aligned, but all of them were able to learn from each other.

The natural law was varied, but every piece of it came from the same origins. The laws were always meant to exist in harmony.

Even Claire, who thought there was nothing more to learn, found herself changing.

That change was the source of her confidence when facing this being. This was a being who quite literally cleared the battlefield. Any and all people, regardless of which side they came from, parted ways for him until he reached Claire.

This was not an act of betrayal by the people of the Heavenly World, but their bodies' pure instinct of survival that they could not disobey.

Even as he approached closer, Claire felt her body locking up.

She was only able to respond because she did not need to move her mana to move her body.

Her instincts told her she would die, but her mana had developed a resilience after its time suppressed within the shell of a mortal. Even under this kind of pressure, it moved fiercely.

Plus, there was the "dream" affinity she developed as a mortal.

That affinity gave her some control over the immaterial world, while her natural Creation talent gave her dominion over the material.

She accepted that she wouldn't be able to reach Existence a long time ago when Dante was first exploring the subject. Instead of pursuing it, she vowed to become as strong as possible without it.

VOOOOOOM!

Before Evil came close enough to attack, she erected an array of walls around her.

Most of them were physical, made from the countless materials that could be found throughout the True Void Universe, but they were all crushed the instant they came in contact with the Spiritual God.

However, the point wasn't to slow him down. Within those physical walls were walls made with the dream affinity. They could not affect the mentality of a being without mentality, but they were able to contain some of his aura in a dream dimension, which gave Claire a renewed ability to move.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Multiple small black holes appeared and charged at the enemy. They warped his movement path and confused the space around him, making it more difficult for him to reach her. Stars immediately appeared all across the starry sky. Their energy depleted rapidly as beams of pure heat were released from their cores and targeted at Evil.

BOOOOOOOOOM! Unexpectedly, it was indeed Claire who kept the initiative.

Evil didn't take any damage. Like the black holes she summoned, his body was able to take energy in and contain it in an eternal prison.

However, as he was not able to approach her, his danger level decreased significantly as well.

Without the initial advantage, Evil wouldn't be able to kill Claire as easily.

And that was all she needed.

The "chance" she created was more than enough to inspire her to continue fighting. After all, if she was able to make a change this time, she could do the same in the next instance. Eventually, any enemy would fall under such circumstances.

Naturally, this thought process had its flaws, but who was Claire to care about them?

Flaws were only important to people who would be affected by them.

To her, none of that mattered. As it had been stated so many times before, Claire was tired of all of this.

She and Rose were able to bond over this feeling. They wanted to live peacefully and happily with their families. Why did they have to be plagued by enemies and distractions at every step?

What differentiated them was that while Rose was prepared to take that path now, Claire wanted to create a way to do it properly. She fought not because she was provoked, but because she was tired.

The only way to ensure that a similar situation would never occur again was to win this war and display the Dark God's head for everyone to see. Who would test them after that?

Evil was an incarnation of its name. However, it, like the current Malevalon, was holding a portion of the Dark God's power.

The amount may have been minuscule in his eyes, but every inch mattered at a time like this. If Claire was able to defeat Evil and disallow its energy from returning to the source, what kind of impact would it have on Damien's fight against that entity?

Even the small possibility of helping her son was one she had to entertain.

The minutes passed and Claire continued to keep Evil at bay. She expended as much mana as possible in as short of a time period as possible to keep it from getting a chance to attack, but this kind of strategy was forced to be countered soon. Especially against a being who was not taking damage from any of those attacks.

As if it was acting on set patterns instead of thoughts, it took a stance and bellowed. Its aura spread wildly and disrupted all other energy in the surrounding area, creating just a single second of silence.

In that single moment, the initiative changed hands. Evil charged through the folds and closed the distance between them.

Now, it was Claire's turn to face endless hostility.

As for whether she'd survive or not, nobody could tell at this moment.

But, to get past survival and actually defeat the enemy was what Claire wanted.

And just like her survival in the immediate situation, that still remained to be seen, didn't it?

Chapter 1869 War [11]

There weren't many people left to be specifically focused on.

Of course, Damien met many people on his journey to the top. Of them, most remained nearby and were willing to either fight for him or with him.

However, not all of them were able to reach the greatest heights.

People like Tian Yang or Elvira were of vital importance to Damien himself, but their roles in this war were no more than any other Divinity. They were strong. Their growth rate was amazing considering both their age and their circumstances.

Unfortunately, they were only amazing when compared to the average individual. Elvira had ascended to Godhood, but only recently. Tian Yang had to start over after his shattered Divinity was returned, so he was barely able to reach the peak of Demigodhood by now.

There was no telling what would happen in the future, especially since the Void's blessing did subtly touch them. Still, their stories would not be completed in this final war.

Interestingly enough, there were two people who stood out from that majority who didn't have the same sort of connection to Damien as his blood family or his wives.

Long Chen and Su Ren.

These two sword practitioners who became his closest friends over the course of their time together were in a unique position.

There were two reasons for this. Firstly, the sword path was that kind of road. It was extremely difficult to traverse at the beginning because it was not a natural law. To make great accomplishments meant to train until death and reach enlightenment through battle.

What those practitioners who stuck with it until the end received was an easy road in their later years. Because all sword paths eventually connected back into a single river of knowledge spawned from the living mind, sword practitioners would eventually reach a state where any and all swordsmanship would become easy for them to comprehend.

After that, the only thing one required to continue ascending was the growth of one's Legend.

Both Long Chen and Su Ren were geniuses of their generation. And, when the second reason came into play, their genius was bolstered to a new level.

The Void's blessing that others didn't receive was effective on them. The Void may not have acknowledged friends as beings with enough importance to provide with a blessing, but Damien did.

Damien wanted to see the two of them become just as strong as him. Sometimes, it got annoying to remember that there was such a huge gap between them.

His wishes manifested as a sort of special blessing that they were able to make use of. With its help, both of them were nearing the peak of the swords they chased.

Their paths were different, but that was only because they chose to express themselves differently.

In terms of growth, they were evenly matched. Both of them were Gods by now. They were only in the middle of that level, but that was irrelevant. The two of them were not fighting Dukes like Zara and Alea.

Instead, using their combined power, they took on Grand Dukes along with their fellows.

Together, their two swords were unstoppable.

What Su Ren always chased was a sword that cut through any and all energies. He had not yet completely manifested it, but he was more than strong enough to cut through the energy of the Sacred Abyss.

Meanwhile, Long Chen had a bit more of a complicated path.

It had to be remembered that he was born with a poison affinity. It was something he avoided for a long time, and then it was something he was forced to use by the circumstances.

In the end, it was only through the coercion of his wives that he finally accepted himself and decided that he couldn't ignore his inherent traits.

To find a sword that used poison but was still as honorable as the one he sought was almost impossible. It was obvious how poison was used with blades.

However, as he searched far and wide through both Grand Heavens Boundary and the Heavenly World, he was eventually able to find his answer.

Poison was usually seen as a discreet weapon due to its nature. There were only a few people who ever used it openly, and those people usually used techniques that affected large areas.

None of those styles fit Long Chen. Instead, to incorporate poison into his existing techniques and wear his affinity proudly, what he sought was the blood of a Poison Dragon.

It was a rare subspecies that hardly existed in the Heavenly World. Luckily, he was able to find one and inherit its bloodline abilities just two years before this war began.

The sword technique he created was not yet polished, but combat was the best place for it to shine.

And, when combined with Su Ren's abilities, his force became unstoppable.

The sounds of explosions did not resound on the battlefields they visited. Su Ren would cut through any and all energy immediately upon his entrance, so any such scenes immediately ceased.

After he did the preliminary work, Long Chen would focus on the enemies and play the main role in the fights.

His poison was a sword itself. It showed itself openly and boldly as if to declare to anyone that it was not meant to be pathetic or weak.

No, rather than being a force that caused that kind of death, Long Chen's poison had become a part of his sword aura. It moved with his sword and was one with his heart. Even when he commanded mind swords and the likes, his poison would move too.

Long Chen had a lot of killing power. He was able to force almost any opponent onto the back foot in seconds. From there, he pressured them and pressured them and pressured them.

His swordsmanship was strong and direct. All of his attacks were telegraphed, however, even if one knew where they were coming from, they were impossible to avoid.

With such techniques, he was even able to push Grand Dukes.

Killing them, on the other hand, was a different story.

To truly break a Grand Duke's defense was only possible with Supreme God-level power. The only way to circumvent this law...

...was it not to eradicate that defense entirely?

Long Chen's sword was sharp enough to cut through the flesh of a Supreme God. Behind him, he had a force that could take care of the energy.

The moment he saw an opportunity, Su Ren would appear and strike, throwing the enemy off balance and slicing their energy apart.

Long Chen could completely capitalize on that opportunity and kill them.

This strategy worked like a charm. On such a chaotic and expansive battlefield, it was impossible for the enemies to learn from the deaths of their allies.

As such, ironically, the Long Chen-Su Ren duo had a much greater impact on the overall war situation than any of Damien's wives.

Speaking of Damien...

It was curious how the war could progress without any signs of his fight with the Dark God, was it not?

The Dark God existed in the folds of the Sacred Abyss Universe's space. Even if the two of them moved to a different plane, at least the initial impact would cause some sort of scene.

This kind of quiet made people assume that those two great beings had not yet met.

But everyone who thought that was wrong.

In fact, Damien approached the Dark God only minutes after the fighting started.

What happened between them...

Chapter 1870 War [12]

The darkness around them couldn't be compared to what others experienced in the starry sky.

See, the Sacred Abyss did still have many stars and planets. Merely, they were all uninhabited, uninhabitable, or destroyed. The only life that existed in this cosmos was contained in a small area like animals in a zoo.

The Dark God was in the very center of the cosmos, taking the place of the Cosmic Core. Compared to even the most spread-out Divine battles, he was extremely far away. Damien naturally didn't need to travel for a long time to get there. He and the Dark God were now equal. Not only could he approach easily, but he was no longer affected by the aura of this place as well.

He saw that black hole. As he came closer, it took on a more human form, or rather, a form more suitable for battle.

The humanoid figure was still wrapped in a fog of blackness. It had no real features and was only a vague outline, but it was the most human the Dark God had ever been in Damien's eyes.

"As I expected..."

The Dark God was no longer using techniques to project his voice or language that made him seem superior. Though he was an inherently flawed being, it seemed that he no longer saw the use of displaying himself so mysteriously.

He and Damien were the same now. They were the same, but that was the exact source of the mockery in his voice. "I said upon our first meeting that you were not the one. You now have the same power as I, yet, even you were not able to surpass the final boundary."

Damien raised a brow.

He was clearly talking about the Void. Had he mentioned anything like that during their first meeting?

'No, but it was probably his thought process at the time.'

The Dark God made a lot of claims at that time. He showed Damien an "Existence" beyond his own and even gave him a taste of Nonexistence.

However, he only did so because he was confident after meeting Damien that he would not be able to reach the Void.

It was likely because there had only ever been one Absolute.

'And from his words, it seems that he knew that person.'

Now wasn't the time to question it. The Worldwalker had done a lot in his life, so it was impossible to single out the moment when the Dark God decided that another person like him could not exist.

Regardless, Damien was not of the same mind as him. If the question was about whether he would reach that place or not...

"Unlike you, I'm still quite young. I'll eventually get there, as I'm not a being who exhausted all of their potential just to become Supreme."

A backhanded comment was a great way to greet someone who would always just be an enemy. Yes, an enemy. Back then, didn't the Dark God say that he wasn't worthy of being called one? Damien had to wonder what that man was thinking now that he'd become an individual with the potential of killing him.

However, the Dark God didn't show any signs of emotion.

"You are indeed an enemy worth acknowledging. However, that is the end of it. Your achievements mean nothing, and you will attain nothing. By the end of this day, you will be no more than another anecdote in my biography."

They both looked down on each other. They both believed that there was no way for the other person to win.

Any sort of banter between them was pointless.

It had been mentioned too many times. The Dark God was not like the Saint Emperor.

Damien had no desire to understand him. He had no desire to find a human side in this being.

The only thing he cared about was exterminating him. Regardless of what happened, there wouldn't be anything like pity for the Dark God.

Damien stared at that entity, and it stared back. They were both waiting for the other person to make the first move.

Just by existing in the same environment, the reality around them twisted. Though they were still in the Sacred Abyss, they were in a specific state of reality where they were separated from everything else.

As if they stood inside of a black hole, their combined energies formed a battleground of absolute blackness reminiscent of the Void so they could display their power to the fullest.

There was only a single instant separating them from a clash. As soon as that single instant passed, everything changed. The fate of two cosmos was now at stake. And in a matter of time that would be seen as nothing at all by those in reality, that fate would be decided once and for all.

The war was progressing well. Many hours had passed already. The situation wasn't looking great, but it wasn't bad either.

"Send word to the ground troops. A new array is on standby for use."

Hestia sent word from her encampment, erected in the True Void Territory. Her current efforts were going towards supporting Thalia and her people, as their progress would change the overall state of the war more than those on the frontlines.

She was in charge of many things. Of course, she could have easily distributed her duties to others, but she was never that kind of person.

For Hestia to be the Eyes of God, she needed complete control over the situation. The people supporting her were in charge of maintaining contact with the troops to relay her orders, feeding her information, and creating a web that connected each and every branch of their operation so that everything could be managed effectively. Through her aid, Thalia was able to move far faster than ever before. And as Thalia moved, the troops facing the enemy army were granted more and more benefits that made them stronger and more resilient. For every move that was made from their base, Hestia was the one who made the decisions.

Through her aid, Thalia was able to move far faster than ever before. And as Thalia moved, the troops facing the enemy army were granted more and more benefits that made them stronger and more resilient. The Divinities didn't necessarily need to be as heavily controlled. They were basically fighting all individually. When they needed to coordinate, Hestia would arrange it, but she was able to spend most of her time focused on the lower existences. They were the ones who needed more help. And, they were the most plentiful. They, as the common population of the Heavenly World, held great importance in the grand scheme of things. Hestia's role was equally important, but she was not in any danger. Not only was she far away from the warzone, but she was also surrounded by a heavenly troop dedicated to her safety.

If it was about Damien's siblings, then the other three were in more exciting situations. All three of them were fighters

They were somewhat spread out, but like Long Chen and Su Ren, they took the opportunity to bounce off of each other's strengths.

Damien was too much of a star. Dante was amazing. Serena was amazing. Claire was amazing. Hestia was amazing. All of them had their own roles in both the family and on the battlefield.

However, the three of them, Dominic, Darius, and Yiren, were still trying to find their places.

This was their chance. They had to prove it to everyone else, and they had to prove it to themselves.

They were also members of the Void Clan, and they were not going to let themselves be forgotten.