

# Void 1871

Chapter 1871 War [13]

Dominic and Darius were a dream team. That was the truth when they were both practicing the palace's techniques, but now that Darius had found his own path as well, their synergy became impeccable.

They were not fighting together at all times, but they were doing something similar to Long Chen and Su Ren at times.

See, they were fighting on the Grand Duke level. Naturally, they were able to promote to Supreme Gods in a short period of time due to the influence of the Void.

It could be called cheating. The fact that the people around Damien were able to have such growth rates made it unfair to everyone around them. To an extent, it even invalidated their power.

However, the Void was not kind. All it was willing to provide for those other than Damien was an opportunity.

It was because each and every one of them chased that opportunity as far as they could. If not, they would have never come this far.

Talent was a good thing. Talent was a foundation atop which so much could be built. But, no matter how talented one was, nothing was achievable without effort.

People who put in effort were always guaranteed to beat those who had talent but no motivation. Dominic, Darius, Yiren, and the rest were not those kinds of lazy geniuses. They already had the effort. All Damien's presence did was give them a slight boost in speed. Dominic had always been a practitioner of both the Void Palace's techniques and the Krone Clan's techniques. Time and space were both present inside of him, but it was obvious where his affinity was.

It was around ten years in the Heavenly World that he took to reach this position, but in his own life, it had been over a thousand.

He tried his best to embrace both sides of him. He put space and time together, and as he went further and further down that path, he found himself trapped in a dilation of reality where he was forced to reach great heights if he wanted to escape. In that place, he went through a great transformation. He managed to escape rapidly, but he went back to that plane with every opportunity he could. That was the perfect land for his development. Through struggle, he was now at a level Damien once reached, where space and time had merged into a single entity in his soul.

He, of course, could not touch the timeline, but everything else was available to him.

His abilities were very uniquely useful in support situations, but he was always a fighter. They shined the most in battle.

Dominic was calmer than Darius. As such, he stayed in the back and controlled the enemy's movements. He turned into a shepherd and his enemies were no more than sheep. Plus, with Darius acting as a herding dog, they were forced to stay in line until death came to meet them.

Darius was terrifying. He was brutal, he was reckless, he was relentless, yet he was untouchable.

He maintained all of the qualities that made him who he was, but after refining himself, he lost the things that made him weak in battle.

The recklessness he displayed now was controlled and calculated. It was all a part of his actual fighting style instead of a product of the influence of his emotions.

And the flames he controlled responded well to his attitude.

They were heavenly. It was obvious, but still true enough to need describing.

Their light was the purest in the entire world. Their heat could sear the folds of reality and change the natural law in favor of fire.

With the palace's sword art and his affinity for space also at his disposal, he had truly become an unrivaled expert.

A lot of time had passed.

When looking at these people who showed so much growth, it was hard to imagine them as different people from their past selves.

After all, they were stuck in the background. How much could they have possibly changed?

However, there was one thing that could be guaranteed.

No matter who it was, every single member of Damien's entourage experienced the ten-year extension in the Heavenly World's timeline intensely.

And, every single one of them had aged by a hundred years at the very least.

These were people who had the palace and each other's full support. Time dilations were easily accessible to them.

As they needed to train as much as possible, they chose the method that wouldn't waste a single second. When they trained, they trained for periods of time that were almost unspeakable in some cases.

Dominic and Darius were still teenagers mentally when Damien first came to the Heavenly World. They were now grown men. They were commanders who would attain glory on any battlefield they graced with their presence.

It was the same for Yiren. Back then, she was bratty. Even she had to admit it.

She was jealous, self-centered, and unable to accept her new brother simply because of her own complicated emotions.

Perhaps it was the sense of disparity between their positions. No matter what anyone said, she was still the adopted child in the family. The sense of belonging she felt was always overshadowed by the reminder that she was not related to any of these people by blood.

It haunted her for a long time. In fact, she wasn't even able to properly progress in her training because that feeling was clogging her heart.

She was sent to the lower universe to observe Damien on orders that indicated that it was for his sake.

That was a lie.

Damien didn't need any help. Yiren never got the chance to help him even once.

Instead, Yiren was sent to the lower universe to learn something from him.

He, who was a member of the main family, had never known most of them. He, who didn't even know the true form of his own mother.

The quest he embarked on through his own grit. The struggle he went through. They wanted her to see it and learn from it.

Because even though they could not help Damien, he was still a member of their family. Yiren developed a respect for him that she didn't want to admit. As she grew older, however, she was finally able to accept it.

Her path was different from the rest because she did not reach her full potential yet. She only recently overcame her struggle in the last few years and was now making a rush to match the progress of her siblings and friends.

This battle was a stage for her to prove herself to herself. Because she had a change in her mindset, because she was no longer stuck in her ways, because she stopped worrying about useless things and accepted herself as a member of the Void Clan, she would succeed.

Perhaps she would not have the same impact as others, but that didn't matter anymore.

The attention was no longer her goal.

All she wanted was to reach the goals that she'd established in her mind after moping around for so long.

This final war meant a lot to everyone involved. It was an important event for reasons other than the obvious, so everyone was highly focused on doing everything they could to win.

Perhaps it was better to let them focus on their own growth and goals for now.

It had been a long time. By this point, it was unknown where Damien and the Dark God's battle was. However, for the sake of clarity, it was better to describe it from the start.

From that very first clash...

#### Chapter 1872 Clash of the Titans [1]

The sounds of war were brutal throughout the Sacred Abyss. The common population was forced to remain in their homes and pray that the destruction didn't reach them, but only some were successful.

They didn't know that even then, they were lucky.

If Damien and the Dark God were present in the true Sacred Abyss Universe, the entire cosmos would have been destroyed within minutes. Not a single person would have had a chance to survive.

They did not immediately use the height of their power. It was as if there was an unspoken agreement between them.

First came Existence.

The Existence that the Dark God controlled came in direct contact with the Existence that Damien built. They were completely different despite being the exact same.

Existence was a strange thing in that it was always anchored. Damien's anchor was the True Void, but despite how it looked, the Dark God's anchor was not the Sacred Abyss.

No, the anchor was incredibly important. If the anchor was destroyed, one's ability to use Existence properly would suffer as well.

Damien was willing to anchor himself to the True Void because he understood how important it was to him. The Sacred Abyss did not have the same worth to the Dark God.

Rather, it was no more than a tool for him to exert his strength with. It was due to his decision to forgo an anchor that the Sacred Abyss was constantly collapsing under the weight of his presence.

He could have taken the easy route and calmed it, but he refused. Instead, he took the much longer and much more annoying path of holding the cosmos together with his essence. He became its anchor, a decision that Damien could not understand.

The way they perceived Existence was inherently different as well. To Damien, Existence was a beautiful yet flawed concept.

It was everything, but exactly because of that, it was riddled with holes and flaws. Existence as a concept was always meant to be imperfect, but the concept's perception of itself, built on the human perception of it, craved perfection.

Only after meeting it directly and spending time with it was Damien able to convince it that perfection was not necessary.

Rather, it was perfect even with all of its imperfections.

This interaction created a new kind of Existence based on Damien's perception and the concept's own acceptance. That was the force under his control.

It was tame. Though it was able to attack and it was willing to follow his will without any complaints, it had a sense of tameness to it that could not be removed. Damien had treated it too docilely. There wasn't anything wrong with that, but the result was a relatively docile Existence.

The Dark God was clearly different. He, as a person who didn't even know what docile meant, was far more forceful in all of his training.

To reach this level, he did not think to become familiar with the two concepts and develop friendly relationships with them. Instead, as he sensed the concepts further, his goal was set to subjugate them. He took control by force and did not allow any sort of rebellion against his command. He didn't care if the concepts had spirituality. He did not care to understand them further than what he already knew.

With his strength alone, he forced them under him. He essentially took them hostage.

To say that this was the wrong path was wrong. There was no such thing as a right or wrong path. In terms of familiarity, the Dark God's many years of living made him a match for everything Damien accomplished with his hard work.

And, because the concepts under him were familiar with suffering, they were immediately hostile to anyone he used them against. So, what did the difference in their Existence look like when manifested on the battlefield?

Damien always manifested Existence as a universe before. To him, the best way to show its power was by creating something with enough scale to house it all.

However, after his experiences in the Land of Nothingness, that was no longer the case.

Damien's Existence was like a sharpened blade. The blade he used against the Dragon Lord was his inspiration. After trying for so long and failing to combine Existence and Nonexistence, he instead chose to use the things he learned from each concept to change the way he used the other.

Existence itself was now compressed into the form of a translucent sword. Its aura surrounded Damien and shielded him from his surroundings, while the power itself was concentrated on the blade. As his

version of Existence was tamer, he had to be smarter about how he used it. Compressing it like this allowed him to manifest the same kind of strength as the Dark God.

Because the Dark God was really, really strong.

His Existence was a massive storm. The way it presented itself was almost like Nonexistence, but it could not be denied that the force he was using was that which existed.

The huge storm of black energy was terrifying. It surrounded Damien, hiding the Dark God from him, and attacked ferociously.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

What attacked Damien could be called stars and lightning bolts, but those were only the physical manifestations. In reality, the Dark God was striking him with the pure essence of laws.

Every star contained another aspect of Existence, and when they exploded on Damien's body, they forced him on the defensive. He had to rapidly understand what the Dark God's attacks meant and find ways to repel them, almost reminding him of his first few times fighting in the Land of Nothingness.

Damien's sword was swung without technique, yet it was so beautiful that it felt like an absolute sword realm. Each cut, each stab was cutting through the storm, bringing light into this dark realm. The light danced through the air, attempting to locate the Dark God's body.

Damien wasn't going to allow his enemy to put him in this kind of position. He had to admit that the Dark God's Existence was better than his, but that was irrelevant.

The only reason the Dark God was better was because he had millions and billions of years to learn these concepts and embolden them.

He could also reach that level if he had time.



The problem was that he didn't. Regardless, their fight was happening now. Time was not something allowed to Damien.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

He jumped off of the illusory ground and approached the storm with his body.

'Void Sword Art Fourth Step: Spatial Collapse'

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

All of the lightning and all of the clouds were blown away. That shadowy figure was once again revealed, but the Dark God was prepared.

He had so much time while Damien was caught up. How could he not be?

His hand struck out. Damien's eyes widened.

'I have to...'

It was too late.

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

'...dodge.'

Even as he thought it, he was enveloped in that force.

A twisted Existence unlike anything he'd ever felt before.

For a moment, Damien was reminded of who exactly he was facing.

The Dark God. The Cosmic Conqueror. The Destroyer of Worlds. This was a being who had not destroyed just one or two cosmos. No, he was far greater than that.

And somehow, it had become Damien's job to defeat him.

One could call this battle many things, but easy was not one of them.

Simple was not one of them.

For the first time in a while, Damien had to prepare himself to struggle. Yet, even that was not a problem.

After all, if he didn't struggle here, then what would any of his effort be worth?

#### Chapter 1873 Clash of the Titans [2]

Damien was in the midst of a swarm of energy. When the storm parted, the Dark God's shadowy form glitched and turned into a horde of locusts that swarmed him.

Each and every locust was filled with the energy of Existence. It would be fine if it was only a single energy, but that was not this vein of Existence was manifested in countless different forms.

The Dark God had traversed so many cosmos and seen so many different energy forms with different laws that he was able to create something like this. Damien was using a sword. He could act against the storm because it was a large and formless entity. Each of its attacks was relatively independent, and against concepts, just concepts were enough.

This swarm was filled with millions of physical creatures. Each physical creature had its own concept within. Damien's sword was fast and precise. It was able to make wide-range attacks as well, but he couldn't just blindly swing it.

If he didn't want his own Existence to be damaged, he had to understand and counter each individual concept within the Dark God's Existence. If he missed even one, it would be catastrophic.

The problem was that these energies weren't simply concepts of Existence that he knew. He had to discern for himself the energies of all these different cosmos and understand them first and foremost. Damien gritted his teeth. 'There isn't a path of escape.'

There also wasn't time to think.

Damien spread his senses in a spherical form around him, containing the entire swarm.

His senses zapped between each individual locust. Time slowed until it almost didn't exist. Damien's mind split into hundreds, thousands, and millions of pieces, each dedicated to understanding an individual concept.

His body was on autopilot, following the data it received as the minds completed their calculations. Suddenly, Damien himself was a blur. The light that his sword carved into the sky as he moved in a flurry was the only thing defining him.

Back and forth, from front to back, Damien's body swung and contorted into impossible shapes so he could reach the locusts that he wanted to cut. He seemed wild, but every movement was precise.

He had to use his sword to attack singular bugs in a swarm of them. He couldn't even graze another on his path to those individuals, so how could he not be precise? It was a silent showing of glory. It was an amazing move that would kill anyone else who tried it. However, it was just a single instance in this battle.

Damien cut through each and every locust. Time resumed and his minds merged back into one.

What he gained from all of his efforts was merely the preservation of his life. The ten or so seconds he took to end the swarm was more than enough time for the Dark God to prepare countless attacks.

When Damien was able to see past the swarm again, he was already surrounded. Five massive white star-like entities encircled him in a star formation.

Damien's jaw almost dropped when he saw them.

'Cosmic Cores.'

Damien knew how densely packed the energy inside of a Cosmic Core was. To manifest five of them at once was already insane. If their energy was mobilized with the intent to harm...

'I can't.'

There wasn't a difference in power between him and the Dark God. Naturally, as they'd reached the same realm, that was impossible.

Instead, what separated them was eons of experience. Damien simply couldn't wield Existence with the same proficiency. In simple terms, the Dark God was an old lion and he was still a cub. Before those Cosmic Cores exploded, he had to make a decision.

No, he had to make it now.

'Dammit.'

He didn't want to lose even once to the Dark God, but he had to make the sacrifice for his eventual victory. The Dark God was better than him at wielding Existence. He had to accept that as fact.

'It won't be the same next time.'

VOOOOOOOOOOM!

Damien pulled all of his energy back into his body and opened his eyes once more. This time, the aura that surrounded him was different. With a single thought, he spread that energy throughout this empty space. The Cosmic Cores, the residual energy from the Existence he released, and everything else vanished. Nonexistence took prominence and Existence was forced to step back.

"So this is your level."

The Dark God taunted him immediately. He retracted his energy, accepting Damien's defeat, but he did not allow it to go unsaid.

"That is your only advantage, so enjoy it well. It'll be different from now on."

"Indeed. It will be different. You will no longer have any chances to believe that you will defeat me."

The Dark God's words were bold, but they did not affect his opponent. Damien was confident for multiple reasons, but there was one that stood above them all.

He could sense the aura of the Land of Nothingness. Even though he never absorbed any of its energy, even his Nonexistence had its scent as it was formed there.

The Dark God...

'He doesn't have that scent.'

As he switched to the energy of Nonexistence that he possessed, Damien clearly understood its structure due to his connection with the concept. It was not anything like the energy of the Land of Nothingness. Actually, it didn't seem to have any structure at all.

That could only mean one thing. He somehow obtained Nonexistence before Existence. Because the two forces didn't come in contact when Nonexistence was still in a fetal state, he was never invited to that land. If he was never invited to that land...

'He's missed out on all of the opportunities present there.'

Damien almost wanted to laugh. That was how confident he was.

Mirage changed. Its form was now closer to invisible than ever before. The entire essence of Damien's Nonexistence was contained within, but it was not presented alone.

His territory spread out as well and a vestige of the Eternal Sanctum appeared in reality for the first time. Instead of engaging in more conversation, Damien charged.

"Let me show you how to wield Nonexistence, since you seem quite unaware."

This space was similar to the arena where Damien fought the Dragon Lord. It was meant to support the manifestation of Existence and Nonexistence, so the force Damien produced was visible.

The chains that surrounded him were the same. Rather than Damien, the Dark God saw a mangled mess of precisely plotted attacks, a humanoid arsenal. Damien could not see his expression. He was too deeply hidden in the blackness. However, as he observed and prepared his own energy, he gritted his teeth.

'Impossible.'

It was merely a thought without any backing for now, but if it came true...

The Dark God was not someone who would allow himself to think about anything that indicated that he was not supreme. As such, that thought cut off there and did not emerge again.

He was better in Existence because he had been connected to the Sacred Abyss for so long. Nonexistence was different. It was the core of his self. Back then, Nonexistence was the only—

BOOOOOOOM!

The Dark God's energy finally collided with Damien's.

The second round of their grand battle had begun.

#### Chapter 1874 Clash of the Titans [3]

Damien's Nonexistence was well known already. He used it for many years before coming up with a concrete style, and due to the environment that he trained in, he was able to make eons' worth of progress in just a few years.

The Dark God, on the other hand, had eons worth of practice but no solid environment to support his growth. It was for this reason that they were equal in terms of power.

The disparity came from the fact that the Dark God had never faced another Supreme. He had seen the Worldwalker before, but he'd never seen the Worldwalker fight. In the same way, because Supremes were so rare, none of the cosmos he'd conquered until this point were able to birth one to face him.

This was his first real battle against someone of the same level. He was always confident in his skills because he understood just how much damage he could do with them. His Nonexistence had consumed entire cosmos before. Under its weight, countless quintillions of existences were slaughtered.

Even if it was a person of his level, he didn't doubt that he would be able to defeat them.

But...did he truly know how to fight against another form of Nonexistence?

The flow of battle was relatively similar, but it was an entirely different ballpark from the Existence battles he was confident in. He only realized this when Damien started his attack.

Just like the people in the Land of Nothingness, Damien's attacks followed a certain pattern. It wasn't the same, as the Dark God was not familiar with the rules of this kind of fight, but he didn't change much.

Instead of staying still, he charged in and used physical force on top of his concepts. However, other than that, Damien's strategy had already been seen.

The Dark God was caught inside of his web. From his position as the controller of those metal webbings, Damien canceled several concepts while birthing new nonexistent ones to support them.

Though he was able to fight back, the Dark God could not effectively counter him.

VOOOOOOM!

His Nonexistence raged like a powerful tsunami. There was no sense of control or finesse, but Damien had to admit that the Dark God's connection with the concept wasn't something to be laughed at.

Clearly, after being around it for so long, he had formed a special bond with it.

Just, the nature of that bond was different from what Damien had.

It felt almost as if he was relying on that force. It was like he had absolute trust in it and it was being forced to live up to his expectations.

That relationship was almost the direct opposite of what Damien had with his concept, and as a result, the concept manifested differently as well.

There was no precision. There was no method. The energy swarmed wildly and latched onto each and every chain and concept Damien utilized, erasing them as they came.

'Interesting.'

Rather than an energy, the Dark God seemed to treat his Nonexistence as a summoned being. When it was viewed through this lens, it became far easier to understand.

A part of the concept protected him instinctively. Meanwhile, the rest lashed out and attacked anything that was targeting him.



The Dark God himself was like an observer in the battle between Damien and his Nonexistence.

'It is true.'

From that position as an onlooker, he was able to entertain the thoughts that he pushed away before.

'This method of wielding the concepts...it is not unfamiliar.'

He had seen it before, but at that time, he thought it was just the accomplishment of the individual in question.

Damien's style was different, but this refined sense of Nonexistence that couldn't exist without some sort of guidance and the strange aura of the energy that felt like that of the person he had in mind gave way to an unquestionable realization.

Both Damien and that person experienced something that he was not privy to.

There had to be something. He refused to believe otherwise.

How could this man who was not even two hundred years old control Nonexistence better than him? It simply should not have been possible, especially since he was aware of Damien's every movement since their last meeting.

'There is something I do not know.'

More unacceptable than anything else was this fact.

It didn't matter to him if things happened outside of his control, however, the situation in the True Void was meant to always be under his thumb. He could not directly interfere with the other cosmos easily, but watching it wasn't a problem in the slightest.

He watched as Damien spent time in meditation in his isolated cave. He watched as the man's power grew exponentially, but he took it as a sign of talent, another reason to end the anomaly known as Damien Void.

This new information told him that rather than talent, Damien attained some kind of opportunity elsewhere.

And he did so while making a fool of him. Perhaps that was one of the only things Damien had in common with the Dark God. The desire to be in complete control that pushed them to become Supremes; Damien's actions had violated that desire for the Dark God.

The further their fight progressed, the more the Dark God's emotions rose.

Damien was truly a master. His every movement trapped the Dark God's Nonexistence and took away its power. Despite being at the same level, it was powerless.

Was this what Damien felt during the last round?

No, this was to another degree. This was far more pronounced of a gap than what existed between the two of them in terms of Existence.

The Dark God could feel the air around him constricting as any and all concepts were banished. He was forced to focus on protecting himself and his own mind, as it didn't slip his perception that Damien was trying to find a way in.

If there was one thing he could never allow, it was the invasion of his mind.

'I will not lose.'

The situation was like this, but he refused to lay down his arms and cancel Damien's attacks with Existence. Damien made that move earlier, and he mocked the man for being defeated. If he was forced to do the same, then it would be too much of a blow to his ego.

Though it didn't seem like it to people who didn't know, the Dark God did have emotions. He wasn't dull and unfeeling.

No, he was actually someone who valued his emotions more than most.

However, the actual feelings that he held and the weight he gave them were not normal.

Damien would learn more about that as the battle continued. For now, they only touched upon the supreme concepts they controlled, but this fight was fated to be more than that.

Because when Supremes clashed, the outcome wasn't like any other battle.

And the process...

Well, it was enough to say that expecting an ordinary battle was just plain stupid. The twists and turns to come were fated to be unexpected to the both of them.

It truly made one wonder how they'd react when those moments finally came.

#### Chapter 1875 Clash of the Titans [4]

Damien knew that he was going to dominate. The odds were tipped too far in his favor, so there was no chance of the Dark God winning in this stage of their fight.

Still, it was going better than he ever expected.

See, when he knew that he was going to lose, he was quick to accept it. Within no more than fifty moves, they had already switched into this battle. Playing the long game meant moving on when it was necessary. Damien wasn't so prideful as to deny it. However, the Dark God was different. He did not want to admit defeat no matter what kind of situation he was in. He refused to learn from Damien, but he was trying to improve mid-battle and surpass him.

'Hmm...'

As he was now in possession of the battle's momentum, Damien's own thoughts were given time to run wild.

He wondered about the Dark God's attitude. He was someone antagonized by the cosmos for so long, but he hadn't really been interacted with. In fact, when was the last time someone from the True Void actually met the Dark God and saw him as more than an imaginary being?

Dante met him but was still too weak to truly see him. Instead, he faced the form of someone who may as well have been a real God to him.

Damien was the only one to stand equal to the Dark God and dare to view him from that perspective. As such, he felt that what he assumed was different from reality.

He was a terrifying and powerful enemy. That couldn't be understated. In terms of sheer strength, none could compare. However, when it came to he himself as a person, was he really so great?

His ability wasn't enough to make him a ruler. He had a mind capable of plotting millions and billions of years' worth of steps in order to systematically destroy an opposing cosmos, but even that did not give him the qualifications of an Emperor.

The way he treated his people like they were nothing...did he fail to grasp how much the vitality of the people mattered to the life of a cosmos?

The Dark God was supposed to be great. He was extremely flawed, but his flaws were meant to be different from this.

Damien had doubts that he couldn't explain. His Nonexistence was meant to intrude on one's mind and dismantle it from the inside. Meanwhile, the chains would attack physically and entrap the enemy until they had no choice left but to die.

He couldn't make it into the Dark God's mind as he was focusing most of his defensive efforts there, but the information he received was more than enough for a preliminary estimate.

To him, it felt like an absolute emptiness. It was hollow, lacking everything except a few certain things. Damien didn't know what they were, but other than those three or four concepts, the Dark God did not value anything.

He was a strange man. That much was certain. For him to be so unknown even at this juncture was unbelievable considering everything he'd done to Damien, his family, and the True Void Universe.

Damien said he didn't want to learn more about this man many times, but that was a lie. He wanted to know what led the Dark God to become the person he was today. Only, he had no interest in sympathizing with that story.

Nevertheless, for now, he was just trying to kill.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The majority of the attacks were being made with Mirage. The territory was used to pressure the enemy, but the sword was the true killer.

Flashes of blackness illuminated the area impossibly. The air whirled, but it was not because of force.

Rather, the lack of concepts holding up the fabric of this reality was starting to affect it.

This space was made only to properly manifest their power, but it was still a product of the cosmos. When they started to go beyond its power, they would still cause serious environmental damage.

The lack of concepts formed a vortex as the existing concepts of the space tried to fill in the gaps they left. They were, of course, unable to do so. However, that was better for him, wasn't it?

The environment itself was acting against the Dark God while Damien was able to maneuver through it freely. His advantages were stacking up and leaving no crumbs for his enemy.

The Dark God's shadowy form was forced to constantly retreat. His energy was flaring into the world with such intensity, but it was barely able to do anything.

At first, it put up a good resistance. Through pure force, it could dismantle Damien's attacks and give the Dark God some respite.

But Damien's pushing was incessant. The summoned beast-like energy without a true commander couldn't keep up with his intentional and methodical attacks.

The Dark God held on for many minutes. It was impressive when his weakness was considered, but in another vein of thought, it was idiotic.

Even he was forced to eventually admit that he didn't have a method to overcome Damien in the short term.

And when the long-term was irrelevant, what was the point in considering it?

His pride was floored in that moment, but what else could he do?

Gritting his teeth to the point where blood was drawn, the Dark God spread the energy of Existence, ridding the world of Nonexistence.

"You don't look too good. Did something happen?"

Damien naturally took the opportunity to mock him.

"I see that you're nothing more than that. Didn't your parents teach you not to talk big if you can't back it up?"

The Dark God practically growled in response.

"This means nothing, Damien Void. Do not think that this will change anything."

He refused to give up a single inch. Though he conceded, he justified it in his own way.

"It is pointless to continue with such meaningless battles. Use the power you gained as a Supreme and see the difference between us."

Damien sighed.

"You're quite antisocial, it seems. This mysterious attitude you're trying to push is truly not working for you."

He summoned those two forces.

With Existence in his right hand and Nonexistence in his left, he faced the Dark God proudly.

"I may have less experience, but you have to admit that I'm more talented."

The Dark God summoned his two forces as well. They were in the opposite hands from the forces that Damien controlled, but they would not be confronting their antitheses. Instead, it was just a physical representation of the value the Dark God placed in each concept.

"Talent...it is no longer an important metric. Today, all of your talent will go to waste. Regardless of how you learn, you will never reach my level."

His confidence was not unwarranted. No matter what he'd been through, Damien's experience with controlling Existence and Nonexistence together was limited to no more than a few days. His starting point was too far behind for him to reach the Dark God.

'Or so he thinks.'

In reality, Damien had been preparing for this very moment for a long time. He knew that his starting point was not the best, but...

'...nobody should ever doubt my ability to learn.'

Chapter 1876 Clash of the Titans [5]

BOOOOOM!

The two of them instantly resumed combat. There was a clear disparity here as there was in every stage of this fight thus far, but it was no longer nearly as one-sided.

Existence and Nonexistence couldn't exist in the same space with either of their power. Though they could be used concurrently, they had to remain separate.

This time, neither Damien nor the Dark God moved, but it definitely seemed like they were moving when one noticed how fast the atmosphere was blurring and changing.

Their minds split in two. They fought in a world that had split into two different planes of existence. At a glance, it looked like this was just a combination of their previous two bouts in one, but it was very different.

Damien and the Dark God were controlling Existence and Nonexistence together, It looked like they were two separate battles only on the surface. In reality, it was one massive battlefield.

The difficulty here was to accurately judge what moves needed to be made on both battlefields concurrently. The realm wouldn't be able to handle this kind of stress, so before the battlefields merged and reality itself shattered, they had to determine a winner.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!



The storm was back, but it was no longer the same. Along with the chaotic laws of Existence that it originally held stood a power of nothingness that manifested as lightning.

It struck at Damien with the same intensity as the lightning he faced in the Land of Nothingness. Naturally, he put up a defense with Nonexistence immediately and planned a counter.

Still, while that was happening, Damien was also being assailed by Existence. The law of fire itself became physical and attacked. The laws of darkness, death, and destruction did the same, molding themselves into a perfect form that was technically not allowed to exist.

This kind of merger that didn't come from duality was impossible to find in nature. This attack was an example of Nonexistence being used to support Existence, a technique far too advanced for Damien.

"Khh..."

He gritted his teeth and did his best.

'Luckily, Existence is enough to block it.'

He wasn't going to arrogantly claim that he would be able to match the Dark God immediately, but that wasn't his intention. He knew that he would be able to properly defend himself from the onslaught no matter how bad it was, so the goal was to learn from the enemy and use his own expertise to defeat him.

In that vein as well, they differed. Damien did not like the Dark God or anything about them. However, he was able to respect his opponent's strengths.

He did not let his ego get in the way, so something like this was possible.

Damien knew everything he needed to reach the level of efficiency he desired. All he needed was the knowledge of eons of training that the Dark God's attacks contained. With it in his arsenal, what did he have to fear?

When he found himself in the Void, Damien saw Existence as a ten-dimensional painting of sorts. The current environment could be considered something similar.

As the worlds got closer to each other, the painting became even more abstract and muddled.

Reality continued to split and fragment under the Dark God's might, and in each small piece of the mirror, he existed, putting pressure on Damien.

Damien could only follow his lead. He had to split his mind and exist in all of those dimensions if he didn't want to die. He had to defend, taking attacks from all angles, even nonexistent ones. Still, with each and every time he was struck, he learned.

He learned how to wield the two concepts together more fluidly. He learned how to use one to support the other and create even greater attacks.

Every second that passed was another second where Damien showed improvement.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

Universes collided. The Nonexistence that swallowed life after death manifested itself in two forms and started a battle. The world itself twisted to such a degree that it was impossible to explain.

If one did not have the powers of a Supreme, this incomprehensible picture was enough to destroy one's mind.

At every second, life was born and life was taken. In every instance, new laws were made to create the structures of new potential cosmos as the circumstances at the beginning of Existence were replicated, but in each second, they were once again destroyed.

Colors lost meaning, yet every movement from the two fighters gave them more meaning. All senses became irrelevant, yet were heightened to the greatest of their potential.

Damien was enamored by this form of battle. He almost couldn't believe his own eyes.

Like the Dark God, he had never seen something like this before. This was his first time having a fight against another Supreme.

Everything the Dark God could do was something he could do. Only now did Damien finally accept just how powerful he was as a Supreme.

'I see. So it's like this.'

He was like a sponge soaking up the entirety of the Dark God's waterfall of power. Damien's eyes hadn't been mentioned in some time, but he never forgot about them.

The All-Seeing Eyes were always a power that helped him. When they became a natural part of his body, it became useless to speak about them because they were constantly working.

They constituted his eyesight at all times. This advantage was useful in every aspect of life and was one of the hidden contributors to his success in the Land of Nothingness.

The All-Seeing Eyes took his comprehensive abilities to new heights. With their power, even in this moment, Damien was able to see "everything."

He could delve into the very core of the Dark God's techniques as he faced them and dismantled them. He could see the eons of effort that went into creating them, and he could dissect the very process through which they were comprehended.

When he reversed those comprehensions using the same tactics, his improvement was guaranteed.

Slowly but surely, the field evened. Damien started to attack more as he gained confidence, and soon enough, the Dark God lost his absolute monopoly.

He and Damien were evenly matched within three hours of this clash. Before that time came, the Dark God was not able to penetrate his defense.

Damien was finally able to muddle the painting on his own.

He formed his own image, an abstract work of countless colors that offset the Dark God's black and grey world.

His techniques were so different, built on a different wealth of experience and worldview. However, it was just as powerful. The art he made by wielding the most supreme concepts of all was truly beautiful.

They were artists competing in a world that only they could see.

And as that world came closer, as their two worlds started to merge into one, reality truly started to break.

The cracks that spread through the fabric were proof enough. If they weren't there was the rumbling atmosphere and catastrophic destruction enough?

The world rebelled because it knew that it would not be able to stay whole for much longer. Storms raged and seas of energy formed, crashing about as stability disappeared.

How much time did it have left? It still remained to be seen, but nobody and nothing could deny that the merging of two worlds was not going to bring about pleasant outcomes.

And one did not need to wait long to see what they were.

#### Chapter 1877 Clash of the Titans [6]

The fight continued with the same ferocity for a very long time. No, rather, since Damien was better equipped now, they had become even more ferocious. The original painting was no longer anything like that. Instead, it was a canvas that had been torn to shreds and rearranged in the name of art.

Damien knew that the world was falling apart. He and the Dark God could both feel the fabric of reality peeling away with their every movement. Of course, they paid it no mind. When this realm broke, they would create another, then another until there was no longer a reason to create another field. This was their shared opinion as Supremes who were new to combat at their level. The planes in question at the moment were just two. There were over fifteen planes of existence through which the two of them fought, but they were all illusory sub-planes that branched off of the two main planes. Half of them were used for Existence and the other half for its twin.

There was never a single plane where both existed, but there was indeed a border where they were forced to interact.

At these borders, they touched each other with both hostility and interest. They stayed close, becoming infinitely closer to the aura of the Void, but were separated and constantly bashing each other like they had a grudge.

It didn't help that there were two faces of each present. Damien's Existence clashed against the Dark God's Existence and both versions of Nonexistence. In the same way, the Dark God's Nonexistence fought against his Nonexistence and both versions of Existence.

Each force was fighting against three others. Each of them was releasing enough power to combat them properly. Because of the nature of these concepts, they could produce an infinite amount of energy and infinitely expand from nothing, which, from the border's perspective, was a nightmare. The problem was only exacerbated by the fact that the fight wasn't anywhere near over. Damien and the Dark God didn't slow down. They only sped up and became more aggressive. Paintings were no longer enough to describe the battle of forces between the two beings. Instead, it was better to see them as great ancient gods.

The Dark God was a king of the sea and its darkness. He stood above it as the waves circled him and awaited his command.

Meanwhile, Damien stood in the sky as the being closest to heaven. His dominion over the light was a direct contrast to the darkness below, as if the universe itself wanted to make their rivalry clear. The seas challenged the skies, forcing them to disperse their ethereal state and become a true piece of the world. However, as it had done for eons, the sky suppressed the sea, guiding its currents and keeping it at bay.

These two forces could be considered equal to some. To others, their power was far too mismatched and one was obviously better than the other.

In this moment, all of those trains of thought became real. All of the "opinions" in the world became truths at once, creating an absolute chaos within which Damien and the Dark God found harmony.

They mobilized everything against each other. To the greatest extents that they could manage, they fought and fought and fought.

The time that went by was not short at all. This round of the fight continued for days upon days. It likely would have gone on for longer, but they had no influence over that.

In fact, when the realm was finally destroyed, they would not be able to create another one.

Amidst the furious clashes between their energies, the cracks in the realm turned into ruptures. Those ruptures expanded into masses of blackness that swallowed anything and everything.

The borders between dimensions that kept Existence and Nonexistence separate were banished, and the two elements flowed into a singular plane together.

That was when it happened.

A great explosion that was witnessed even in the true Sacred Abyss Universe manifested in that realm's destruction and consumed the two fighters.

The abstract painting had finally come to life in the Void that appeared when Existence and Nonexistence connected.

As for Damien and the Dark God...

...they had been sucked into the flow of that painting.

Their situation at the moment was more than just a bit strange.

\*\*\* BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Right, that bright white light was reflected throughout the Sacred Abyss Universe and even parts of the True Void. For a moment, the attention of all active fighters was captured as they saw the sight they had been somewhat nervously awaiting.

It should have been common sense for their leaders to be in the midst of battle by now, but without any visual cues, nobody could be certain.

The people of the Heavenly World didn't see Damien as a god-like figure. Rather, they saw him as a hero with the power to defeat the demon king. That was an inviolable kind of power, so they expected it to create some sort of grand showing.

In the same way, the troops that came from the Dark God were confused because they were excited to truly see his might as he vanquished his foe. It had been a long time since most of them had seen him exert himself, and for some, it was a sight they had never seen in their infinite lifespans.

As if to answer their concerns, two days into the war, that bright flash appeared.

It appeared and it blinded them, rocking the very foundation of the Sacred Abyss. Dante was able to sense the change better than most, and it made him incredibly concerned.

He trusted his son to win, but the amount of energy hidden in the light was not something to be scoffed at. The rumbling of the cosmos wasn't just caused by the destabilization of its foundation, but by the ruptures created in reality as well.

Rose and Veritera sensed those instantly, as they directly interfered with the fight between them. Suddenly, they had to be conscious of reality breaking. Both the forces of the True Void and the Sacred Abyss needed this cosmos to stay alive.

A strange situation arose. While they continued to fight each other, the Divinities also worked in tandem to stabilize the collapsing cosmos.

With their aid, it was able to return to its proper state after another day and battles were able to resume at full force.

Still, that eruption was a sign to them. It was one of many that would inevitably strike this cosmos if those two Supreme Beings continued to act so roughly.

And if that kind of flash was allowed to happen more than just a handful of times, they would not be able to hold the cosmos together anymore.

Every person involved in this war now had to be careful of another factor. However, their priority remained the enemy.

Unlike Damien's battle with the Dark God, which was moving back and forth, this one was far too even.

A change needed to take place, and it needed to take place soon.

The stalemate created here was bound to fall.

It was only a matter of who would be the first to tip the scales.

#### Chapter 1878 Clash of the Titans [7]

As the worlds merged, everything else was forced to merge as well. There was no longer a plane to hold Damien and the Dark God, and the cosmos knew that there was absolutely no way it could allow their power to exist in its folds.

So, what happened to them?

Damien was expecting himself to appear in a different place, but he didn't know where. When his eyes were greeted with the new environment, however, he recognized it instantly.



'This is...Earth?'

He moved his body and felt a sense of disassociation. Looking down, he noticed that his skin was no longer the same color. It was a far paler white, and his body itself was lanky rather than built.

In the middle of the city, it wasn't hard to find somewhere to see what he looked like. This appearance...

'Jin.'

His first enemy in this life. Why had he appeared as this person?

The city was filled with people as always, but none of them seemed to notice his presence. He was not ethereal, but they all subconsciously walked around him as if his existence was meaningless. It took a moment for Damien to understand the situation, but it wasn't hard to grasp.

'This space is manifested from my memories.'

When reality itself broke, the only safe places to contain two Supremes were their own mindscapes. They were currently in Damien's memory, at the very first moment that he held important.

There was a gate nearby. It seemed that this was just moments before Damien and Elena arrived for the expedition.

'If I'm here, then he must be here too.'

And if he was in a different form, the Dark God had likely also become someone in this world.

'I have to find him.'

Damien looked at the gate.

'No, he's going to find me.'

This world moved along with the flow of his memories. All events would eventually congregate at the gate where his life changed. The Dark God was bound to become someone who went on that expedition, which meant that he was bound to either already be here or arrive soon.

Damien returned to the gate, feeling the state of his current body.

'My mobility is shit. This guy really only relied on mana.'

It had been a long time and Damien had practically forgotten about this small villain by now, so those words weren't jabs. Merely, now that this body was his own, he was suffering from the consequences of that man's laziness.

'Really, how difficult.'

The mana in his body was not the pure and rich energy that he usually possessed. It was the mana of a being who only recently learned of its existence, and mana that could only ever be familiar with a single element.

'I wonder...'

Damien thought he had some time to take interest in the environment, but he was wrong. It became clear why he was even given these few minutes to begin with.

A certain bus arrived at its station. Two people got out, and when Damien turned his attention there, the only thing he saw was his old self.

BOOM!

An explosion of light blinded his vision in the next moment. Without hesitation, he used the mana in his body and retreated into a nearby shadow to dodge the abrupt attack.

'I see.'

His eyes turned cold.

Naturally, the one who attacked him was Elena.

The Dark God took those minutes that it took for the bus to arrive to understand Elena's power. The instant he was given the opportunity, he located Damien and attacked.

'How?'

He wanted to know how the Dark God picked him out of the crowd, but he wasn't in a situation where he could figure it out.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Though he was using Elena's power, the Dark God utilized what she had with far more skill than she could at the time. He was the same with Jin.

Realistically, this was a battle that needed some time since their elements were contrasted, but Damien refused to let that happen.

"You need to get the hell out of her body."

He didn't care if this was simulated from his memory. Someone like the Dark God was not allowed to remain in Elena's form.

Instead of waiting for the light to die down, Damien flew through it and approached his enemy.

He had an inherent advantage because he knew this environment better. Elena's body was naturally equipped for her infinite combat path at this time, so the way he was exerting his enemy actually caused a lot of strain. He couldn't easily learn the techniques that Elena used, so he could never properly inhabit her body.

Damien, on the other hand, knew how Jin fought. The two of them hadn't met many times before the situation in the dungeon. In fact, they'd never really met at all. Still, Damien could remember each and every instance of their time in the First Dungeon. Jin was not skilled at the time, so it was easy to discern what kind of path he was attempting to follow.

Two daggers appeared in Damien's hands. Since this path was actually somewhat similar to a style he'd explored in the past, he was able to rapidly bring it to life.

His daggers swung out, aimed for Elena's neck. A sword appeared in her hands, which she moved into a parrying position, but Damien was never planning to strike from the front.

He disappeared as the world was enveloped in shadow. The darkness became his playground, and like a spatial practitioner, he moved incessantly around his opponent and attacked from all directions.

The Dark God tried to let loose more and more light to destroy the darkness, but there was nothing he could do when Damien was so determined.

They were no longer Supremes. They were limited in power and ability. In this place, killing the Dark God was child's play.

"Elena" continued to swing her sword. She took advantage of her speed to make distance and continue her attack, but Damien was following right behind her.

He kept the pressure on the Dark God while keeping track of his mana. It was being used at an astronomical rate, but he had no doubt that it was the same for his opponent.

In order to defend against this kind of onslaught, he had no choice but to expend mana as if it were nothing. Continuously, Damien attacked until there was nothing left in either of their tanks.

And, with the last of his mana, he teleported into the Dark God's blindspot.

"Die."

Shing!

Two daggers swung out and a head flew in the air. It did not belong to Elena, but instead to a dark and faceless entity. Damien looked into the sky with a frown.

"This isn't the end."

It was only the beginning. Beyond the borders of this world, he could feel the existence of several more. 'Let's not stay in my memory.'

It was fake, but killing Elena wasn't fun regardless. He would much rather prefer to leave his memory so a similar situation didn't occur. He held his hand out and gripped the air. It turned material in his grasp, and as he clenched his fist, the sky shattered.

Only after being surrounded by blackness for a single moment, Damien found himself in a new city.

A city that existed in a very different plane from the one Damien was familiar with.

#### Chapter 1879 Clash of the Titans [8]

This world existed in a different setting entirely. The city was rundown and medieval. The houses were not made of brick, but instead of wood and a preliminary form of cement. The streets were cobbled, not paved. There were storefronts all around, but they did not have windows. They were denoted by signs that simply explained the kinds of services they provided. Clothing-wise, the era was hard to distinguish. The only thing certain was that it was very ancient. This was the budding stage of this civilization.

Damien had shaggy blonde hair in his eyes and a scrappy body once again. He was smaller than he was as Jin, but it didn't seem to be because the owner of this body was malnourished.

Rather, it was an inherent condition. He was well-fed and definitely came from a good family, but his body didn't seem to grow.

However, he had an unbelievable amount of untapped potential in his body.

He was no more than a mortal, but with Damien's senses as an individual, he could easily understand that this child would become great if given the chance to grow.

There were no mirrors in this place where glass was a rarity. He couldn't see his own face, but he felt like he should know his name.

Damien wandered the city with true curiosity in his bones. 'This has to be his memory.'

If they were starting from the beginning, then this was the city that the Dark God associated with his earliest and most important memory.

Was there anything that stood out about it?

Damien lived in and around one of the biggest cities in the world, and this seemed to be something of the same. There were countless people. The standards weren't the same and they looked very different, but they were definitely humans. As Damien observed them, he found himself following an unknown path through the city. He didn't know its layout, and he knew it was impossible for him to find the Dark God, so he just explored.

The Dark God's form...what could it possibly be?

Would he manifest as himself or as someone else like Damien did?

Still, just like his own mindscape, this world directed all of its events towards a single place.

Damien was already unconsciously approaching it, when all of a sudden, he was once again attacked from the shadows.

Shing!

A blade tried to cut into his neck. He just barely avoided it with his mortal body and dashed out of the way.

'I have to run.'

Quite literally, he had no way to fight. He did not have access to mana or any sort of energy. His body was able to naturally circulate energy with every breath, growing stronger and stronger, but he could not yet handle it himself.

If he wanted to defeat the Dark God in his own realm, then he had to depend on the benefits this body came with. His physical strength would be enough to navigate certain maneuvers soon. He just had to survive until then.

Damien stayed on the main roads until then, but with the appearance of the Dark God's assassin-like attacks, he was forced to run through the backstreets.

Shing! Shing! Shing!

The sword slashes came every so often when Damien was least expecting them. He turned left and right through alleys and used the main streets to connect to new systems, rushing and rushing and rushing. Bang!

He tried to fight back only for a short period of time. After sensing the approach, he turned around and faced the blade with his body.

The Dark God was cloaked in a physical cloak this time. Damien still couldn't see his face, because he made an active effort to keep it hidden.

'He must be himself.'

There wasn't another reason for him to go through all the effort. He was so concerned about it that he delayed his attack when Damien recognized his presence and took a hit to keep himself concealed.

That was the only time he was able to land a hit. The Dark God became more serious after that. His every attack was done only when Damien would not be able to sense him. His form became so shadowy that it was almost like he was able to use mana.

But he was not able to use mana. Damien was able to sense at least that much.

At a certain point in time, he realized he was being herded. Whenever he made it to an intersection, the Dark God would attack and draw him to move in a different direction.

Damien got closer and closer to the city center. He accepted the herding because he was getting faster and stronger in the process, but he had to question the Dark God's intentions.

There had to be some purpose to this. There had to be a reason why the Dark God was going to such lengths to lead him to the center of the city, where he stood in front of a statue depicting a heroic man.

The original flow of this world was leading him somewhere else entirely. Damien still felt the pull of that location despite being too far away to ever properly reach it. Sure, he was led away from that place because the Dark God wanted to keep himself hidden within this world that was centered around him.

However, Damien got the feeling that it was more than that. In part, it was to hide the true location that anchored this world, but this statue also had to have meaning. He looked up at it for a second as the attacks slowed down. It wasn't too ornate. It looked like it was created by a society that didn't have many resources at hand. Still, their adoration for the man in question was unquestionable. "Look at it. See it with your own eyes before you die. I am the one who succeeded, not you."

Damien suddenly felt a blade on his neck as if everything that had happened was purposeless. That line...



'That line was not meant for me.'

The Dark God acted like Damien did not exist. He spoke to this body with such ferocity and emotion that it simply couldn't have been directed at Damien.

Rather, what he felt was a representation of those few important things he saw in the Dark God's mind. The first was hatred. The second was the form of an individual. That individual was faceless back then, but not anymore. His consciousness remained in that body for a few moments after his head went flying. In those split seconds, he saw his appearance flash in a faraway mirror.

The face he possessed, the face that was no longer hidden by the shaggy hair on his head, was one he recognized.

His last thought before the world vanished was true to that recognition. 'Why is...the Worldwalker...'

Right, the Worldwalker. The person who created the system...

This version of him was not an Absolute. This version was nothing more than a child who had yet to even take notice of his potential.

That meant that the Dark God did not meet the Worldwalker in his later years. He did not form a grudge against the Absolute. No, the Worldwalker was born in the Sacred Abyss Universe, on the very same planet where the Dark God spent his childhood.

Chapter 1880 Clash of the Titans [9]

Just what was the connection between them?

Damien knew that the Dark God was familiar with the Worldwalker, but he assumed it was one of many fate lines that appeared as the Worldwalker walked his journey across the Void. However, that city painted a different story. The fact that the Dark God was so quick to kill him yet positioned him so that his death allowed him to imagine a situation that did not occur in reality was suspicious.

It was clear that he had a seething hatred for the Worldwalker, but its origin was still a mystery.

VOOOOOM!

Damien appeared as himself this time. He was in the First Dungeon, which meant that if the battle was allowed to continue without any interference, it would take a very long time for them to determine a victor.

Every time they killed each other, they left a piece of their own energy in the other person's mindscape. That energy meant nothing in small amounts, but as they continued to fight, kill, and die, the amount of energy would increase until it was enough to kill indefinitely.

The goal here was to win more than one lost so that in the end, one could kill the other before it was too late. If their minds were broken, their opponent was given the opportunity to do anything and everything while they were automatically recovering. Allowing another Supreme so much freedom and control was practically begging for death.

Damien didn't need to walk to find the Dark God. The moment he returned to was then, when he first met Zara. She was facing a beast tide back then and needed his help to survive.

He originally assumed that the Dark God would appear as the young wolf, but that was incorrect.

'He must have found a way to influence things.'

The Dark God put himself in a beneficial position. Rather than becoming a single entity that he could not understand, he split himself into many forms and took control over the entire beast tide.

Of course, he was in control of the wyvern as well.

All of those beasts turned to face Damien with fury in their eyes. That fury was directed at him, but it seemed to be coming from the wrong place.

'What is this feeling?'

Damien was starting to believe that he was not the enemy in the Dark God's mind. Still, he was the one fighting. The Dark God's malice landed on him only because there was nowhere else for it to go.

The horde of beasts charged at him, forcing him to fight back.

They were no longer the same beasts he fought before. As the Dark God gained some control over the mindscapes, he was able to tip the scales and shift the memories.

More specifically, he exploited Damien's old memory of this place.

When he was traumatized still, he viewed this part of his life very differently. In his mind, those beasts were invincible entities that were practically the apostles of death.

That was how he was forced to fight them. With his small power as a low-level being, he had to face them like it was his first time.

The Dark God clearly could not speak in his current form, but his thoughts were perfectly conveyed as their mindscapes were connected. His seething rage provoked him to tear apart anything and everything. The very fact that Damien appeared in his memories as the Worldwalker sent him off the edge.

His personality was actively changing.

Or rather, his personality was finally coming out of the shadows. Everything that he kept hidden behind the veil of confidence and godly demeanor came to light, and Damien was the one who had the pleasure to experience it.

**BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!**

Explosions ran rampant in the cavern as a battle erupted in full force. Damien was back to his old ways, teleporting and using the Void Sword Art to maneuver through the crowd and kill as many beasts as possible.

All the while, he was in his thoughts. There was an entire battle ahead to consider everything he was questioning about the Dark God.

More importantly, he needed to turn the tides in his favor.

'At this moment, neither of us have left much of anything in each other's mindscapes. But, he is gaining strength and I am stagnant.'

He also wanted to find out how to change the memories to benefit himself. He also wanted to become bigger and stronger so he could unravel everything he wanted to know and defeat his enemy.

Instead of ending the battle rapidly, Damien tried to prolong it. He took the chance to focus on the mindscape itself and become familiar with its ways.

The Dark God had time in the first world to learn. He had time in the second world as he held the absolute advantage the entire time. Damien never had this time. He was forced to create it in the midst of battle just to make the same achievements.

'It all comes back to our concepts.'

At the end of the day, even this space was created through the merger of Existence and Nonexistence. It looked like a stroll through memory lane, but it was nothing like that.

These scenes were merely manifested because they were closest. They could be reached easiest, so their environments could be recreated to house the two Supremes.

To gain influence and change things, all he needed to do was properly use Existence and Nonexistence.

Luckily, the Dark God taught him exactly how to do that. Damien killed and killed and killed. He was used to killing mindlessly, so he didn't pay the Dark God any mind as he focused instead on the mindscapes themselves.

It did not appear in their reality, but his energy was definitely in use. It surrounded the mindscape and created a cocoon, allowing Damien to influence it.

'That is...'

His eyes widened slightly. As he wrapped his energy around his own mindscape, it touched upon something else as well.

He tried to stretch his power further, but that secondary space resisted fiercely. Damien grinned. That space could only be one thing. He couldn't completely cover it, but he could definitely grab onto the edge.

That was enough. He placed as much energy as possible in the space between the two areas and brought them closer and closer.

He forced them to bleed together.

RUMBLE!

The space shook as its structure was broken. The Dark God's power advantage disappeared along with all of the other conveniences and cons of this First Dungeon clone.

And, as Damien cut down the last of the beasts, he jumped and shot into the hole that appeared in the sky. This battle was clearly not anywhere near its end, but this installment of it was surely getting there.

This was a perfect place for him to answer all of his questions about the Dark God. In this place where the Dark God could not hide himself, he could reveal everything about that hidden entity.

The Dark God's mystery was the only thing that kept him fearsome.

Damien was no longer different from him.

If that layer of shadows was ripped off, if the Dark God's true self was revealed to the world...

...then Damien would absolutely win.

He had no doubt about it.