

# Void 1881

Chapter 1881 Clash of the Titans [10]

Two worlds bled together and became one. Damien found himself in an older body than the last time he was in the Dark God's memories, but the internal structure told him that he was the same person.

'The Worldwalker again.'

He was inside of a massive cathedral as the Worldwalker, but outside was not the scenery that was associated with this memory. Instead, they stood on the large ring that once surrounded Grand Heavens Boundary, Eien.

They had skipped a decent portion of Damien's memories when he tore apart the established boundaries, but only a few years had passed on the Dark God's side considering that the Worldwalker, who was roughly fourteen in the first instance, was now around eighteen or twenty. He had become familiar with his potential at this point, judging from the way his energy was moving.

'Good. This will help.'

The Worldwalker was someone who grew stronger just by existing. At this time, he seemed to have only recently begun learning techniques and methods to control his power, but in terms of base value, his strength was superior to many people.

No, it wasn't his strength, but his constitution. This magnificent body allowed Damien to exhibit Godly power because of his knowledge and skills. If the Worldwalker at this age was given the knowledge of his future self, he would have instantly become Divine. Damien left the church and flew into Eien. This time, he was not going to be ambushed. He scanned the entire field with his senses. The worlds were truly merged, as there were several cities on Eien filled with races that did not exist in the True Void Universe.

However, if Damien appeared as someone from the Dark God's memories, the Dark God had to be someone from his.

'Around this time, the Four Emperors were my greatest concern.'

Logically, the Karmic Emperor couldn't be here since he was plotting with the Immortal Blood Asura. The Inhuman Emperor was off causing mayhem elsewhere, the Soul Emperor was deep in the Abyss sending World Cores to the Foreign Races, and the Saint Emperor...

'He's the only one.'

The Saint Emperor was always following Damien's movements in some way. This place that stood on the border between Grand Heavens Boundary and the Abyss was the stage where he could observe Damien the closest. 'Round two, then.'

Damien activated the energy in the Worldwalker's body. Though he was not in control of it, the entire world responded to his will. He was one with nature yet a being that existed outside of it. In front of him, nature naturally fell into submission. It was a kind of instinct.

Everything that could not be seen was revealed to Damien's eyes, including the location of the one he sought.

He instantly arrived there and attacked before the Dark God could respond.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Still, he was in the Saint Emperor's body. He had control over all of the laws in this world and some understanding of Existence itself at his command. Damien's advantages were only enough to match him.

Damien once again engaged in a battle with that being who he both respected and could not justify. Just...

It was bound to be different, right?

The Dark God didn't have the same motivations and ambitions as the Saint Emperor. He didn't have the same complicated character that turned this battle into something beautiful. Instead of the scene they

caused when they put their all into fighting each other on the Ancient Battlefield, this battle seemed more regular.

And, it did not continue for long.

As the two worlds bled more and more, becoming a singular plane, the Dark God's form continuously changed. He cycled between the different enemies and allies Damien created throughout his life as his contribution to the environment did the same.

The environment created by the Dark God's mindscape changed as well, but there was one thing that remained constant.

Damien himself.

Damien never left the body of the Worldwalker. He was never forced to redefine his understanding of his form in the middle of the fight. One would believe that this was enough to give him an absolute advantage, but that was incorrect.

As the Dark God became Malevalon Straea, the Golden Dragon Emperor, or Tian Yang, he switched between different forms of the Worldwalker from when he was very young to when he was an older man.

He even found himself as a baby for just a moment, but his age never crossed thirty or so. Both he and the Dark God were constantly adjusting their stances and readjusting to their levels.

They shifted from being mortals with no training at all to experts who could destroy the entire realm. For a moment, they even became each other. That was the only time Damien ever felt what it was like to shift into a different person in the midst of battle.

And, that seemed to be the final change.

The atmosphere was destroyed and reconstructed over and over again. Damien and the Dark God died and revived, died and revived, each time leaving their mark on the world.

The juxtaposition between the environments they formed with their minds became more severe as their influence grew, and eventually, the environments themselves were the ones fighting and threatening to devour each other.

When the two of them became each other, they experienced a change that was unexpected to both of them.

The bleeding environments finally closed their wounds. When they were patched and healed, they had already become a single entity. There was no longer anything like separation between the minds of the two Supremes.

However, it was the same outcome Damien had been aiming for. It just came at an unexpected time.

The bleeding environments finally closed their wounds. When they were patched and healed, they had already become a single entity. There was no longer anything like separation between the minds of the two Supremes.

They could have used this moment to instantly become familiar with the other person's skills and achievements, but neither of them did so.

After all, what was the point? After fighting for this long, they were already well aware of each other's fortes and flaws in battle. What mattered more was the core of what defined them. In other words, their "identities."

As Supremes, they did not only aim to injure their opponent in a literal sense. A Supreme was essentially an immortal being. There was only one way to bring about the death of one. That core of existence, that bundle of concepts and feelings that defined a person, was one of the most vital things. The universe itself forced one to understand oneself to an extreme level and form that core through the processes undergone to rank up after 4th class. This was because, at the highest level, it was the core of one's existence that would allow one to transcend space and time.

As long as that core was present, a Supreme could be reborn over and over and over again. This ability was the basis by which the cosmos created Dante's physique.

If one was able to get ahold of someone else's core and steal their identity, if one was able to undefine the ego of another person, then even if that person was a Supreme, they were guaranteed to die.

So, Damien and the Dark God did not waste this moment where they were connected completely to look at meager things like techniques.

No, they delved into each other's histories. They viewed each other's Legends and understood each other to the greatest degree possible.

As for the results of that decision...

Chapter 1882 Clash of the Titans [11]

The Dark God found himself enveloped in Damien's past and present.

Damien grew up as an only child in a single-parent household, which was something the Dark God had never experienced. In those first sixteen years when nothing much really happened, his thoughts on Damien were no more than comparisons to his own situation.

'This life...this world...'

This was a place where nobody existed except him. As such, all of the barriers he used to hide his true self from others were gone. He was finally acting like an actual person.

As he saw how Damien grew, the feeling that spawned in his heart was strange.

Was it envy?

Because compared to his life, even what could be considered suffering for Damien was nothing?

Damien had a difficult life, but he was still privileged. Even if he had to sleep on the streets occasionally, he was never truly homeless.

Hell, even if he was homeless, he would have had it better.

The homeless in the Dark God's era and homeland were not given the conveniences of paved streets or separated walkways. They didn't have the convenience to beg for money or find a way to survive.

Instead, because the homeless were attributed to disease, they were rapidly beaten and discarded into the slums. That place was allowed to rot and get infested while the rest of the city remained bubbly and vibrant.

Damien's starting point, the First Dungeon, was a terrifying place, sure, but it was nothing more than an opportunity for Damien.

Frankly, the Dark God did not care about the emotional turmoil and trauma this environment caused. Damien was able to survive and become stronger rapidly. More importantly, he was able to awaken his god-given gift.

The Void Physique.

How could someone who possessed the Void Physique ever struggle? Wasn't it laughable to even think such a thing was possible?

No, Damien was just weak for perceiving these events in a negative light and being mentally impacted by them.

Even his physical injuries were the same. He lost his arm. If he had continued to exist with a single arm, perhaps there would have been a struggle. However, did he even have to try to grow it back?

He was extremely lucky to be returned his faculties before he ever left the First Dungeon. Apeiron was just a place riddled with opportunities for him. That world had little to no danger, and if anything, it only existed for the purpose of introducing him to the Nox.

The universe told him about the overarching schemes threatening it so early because it knew that he would rise to save it.

The Cloud Plane was nothing more than a romantic fantasy getaway. Damien went through some things there, but he really just used the realm to heal from the weak traumas that held him back.

Even then, didn't he develop new problems?

It was infuriating.

Why were geniuses always like this?

Damien didn't have anything like external pressure putting him into precarious situations. He was either putting himself in those situations like an idiot or wallowing in his own sadness without any sort of cause at all.

From the unnamed world to the Divine Realm, nothing changed. He got stronger and stronger with little to no suffering. Even when he experienced great pain, he always knew that he would live.

Damien was backed by the Void. Damien had always been backed by the Void. The Dark God finally accepted it.

Yes, this feeling was envy. This feeling was a kind of burning jealousy and envy that he had never felt for anyone else except for a single person.

How could someone be born with a guaranteed path to Godhood? How could one possess such a physique that allowed them to become Absolute as long as they put in a little bit of effort?

Why did these things always have to go to other people? Why did he have to struggle so much to reach his current state?

Did Damien even understand what it meant to be born untalented, to be discarded as useless and be forced to climb up from nothing?

He didn't!

None of them did!

It was always like this. As the Dark God continued to watch Damien's life play out, he understood that the Void was not as fair and just as it claimed to be.

It was unjust. It showed favoritism. It was not perfect. It was flawed.

Why?

'Why? Why? Why?'

Why did it always have to be like this? Why couldn't the world show him the same love that it showed others? What did he ever do wrong?!

The Dark God clutched his head in his hands.

His long black hair flowed over his shoulders and reminded him that he was not in his own body. Rather, he was inhabiting the body of that person he despised so much.

"WHY?!"

He roared, tearing at his own skin. His nails dug into his face as he ripped it off. His eyes bulged out of their sockets as he drowned in his own envy.

It didn't matter how far or how deep into Damien's memory he dove. His opinion did not change.



Damien was given unbelievable benefits in return for no work at all. Obviously, that was not true, but was he entirely wrong?

He was not.

Many of his skills were the same. His improvement would not have been so fast and his journey would not have been so smooth if he didn't have the support of both the Void and the cosmos itself.

In the first place, for Transcendent Regeneration to appear so early was preposterous. That was a skill that healed him perfectly even when he was in the nine revolutions. It should not have been given to a young genius who was still becoming familiar with the system.

Many of his skills were the same. His improvement would not have been so fast and his journey would not have been so smooth if he didn't have the support of both the Void and the cosmos itself.

Wasn't it enough proof that nobody around him was dead? That kind of situation was almost impossible to find in a cruel place like the one he conquered. Even those people...

The Dark God would never admit it, but he was envious of their existence as well. He was currently trying to kill them brutally and present their heads to Damien before he died for that exact reason.

Everything about Damien's life was something the Dark God felt that he could only ever wish for.

This was exactly like—

Whatever the case, because of these memories, the Dark God's mentality shifted.

Damien was also someone who needed to be surpassed. He was someone who absolutely needed to be destroyed so that he could prove himself as the best.

Geniuses like him should not have been allowed to exist.

To the Dark God, nothing about this was necessarily new news except for the existence of the Void Physique, which he only assumed beforehand. Now that he knew it was real, he knew he needed to find a way to take it for himself.

Nevertheless, this situation was his loss. No matter what he learned or gained, he was still defeated.

Because at this very moment, Damien was also witnessing his past, the past he tried so hard to hide.

And unlike the Dark God, once again, he was receiving far more than he should have been allowed.

Nothing was ever fair or just in this world.

Really.

#### Chapter 1883 Clash of the Titans [12]

Once upon a time, in a world far, far away, two brothers were born. Their births took place only a few minutes apart, however, the way they were treated was different from birth.

The elder brother was showered with love. He was found to have an extremely rare talent during his birth, and all eyes had been on him from then.

The younger brother wasn't untalented, but compared to his elder brother, he was nothing special. That was the origin of the Dark God.

The Worldwalker, the man who established the system in the True Void Universe, was originally a member of his race, and his blood-related older brother.

The Worldwalker was always a mysterious man whose intentions could not be understood, and his talent far outstripped anyone else.

He was loved by the people, he was loved by the heavens, he was loved by women, and he was granted everything he wished.

Meanwhile, the Dark God was stuck in his shadow.

The woman he loved used him as a stepping stone to reach his older brother, his talent was mediocre in comparison, and frankly, he wasn't loved by many at all.

Damien was watching the story play out through his perspective, so he couldn't tell if this was entirely true. He definitely saw that the Dark God was treated poorly in comparison to the Worldwalker, but that was truly just in comparison.

It looked like they came from a good family so the Dark God still had both parents and a safe and secure childhood environment. Maybe he didn't turn heads everywhere he went, but his ordinary life was just fine.

However, the Dark God's perception of the world was skewed from birth. Because his brother was heaven's chosen, he expected that kind of treatment for himself as well. He thought that the life of a heaven's chosen was what every person was supposed to have, so to him, his own experiences were terrible mistreatment. He had maids and servants who genuinely worried for his safety. His father and mother definitely neglected him more than they should have, but rather than their negative feelings towards him, it looked more like they were struggling with their own matters and couldn't pay attention to either of their sons very much.

Damien could tell. The look on their faces in the few memories where they went to see the Dark God was the same as the one his mother used to wear.

However, the Dark God's perception of the world was skewed from birth. Because his brother was heaven's chosen, he expected that kind of treatment for himself as well. He thought that the life of a heaven's chosen was what every person was supposed to have, so to him, his own experiences were terrible mistreatment. And, his hatred for his brother was formed out of a deep, seething envy. In the Dark God's mind, the Worldwalker became the cause of everything. When he needed to concentrate his hatred on something tangible, the only answer he found was his own brother.

His resentment grew with every passing day, until finally, a prophecy was granted upon their world.

The prophecy chose a hero, and both he and his brother were hero candidates.

The Dark God saw this as a chance to surpass his brother, and worked as hard as he could to become stronger before the day of the chosen ceremony.

However, on that day, the Worldwalker simply declined the position and left without a word.

It was an utmost showing of arrogance.

The Dark God's fall into depravity started there. Realizing that his brother never even considered his efforts anything at all, he became vengeful beyond belief.

Even though he was chosen as the hero, nobody regarded him as one. They regarded him as his brother's substitute and nothing more.

However, when the Worldwalker disappeared, they had no choice but to accept him.

The Dark God toiled away for hundreds of years trying to gain validation from those people, but in the end, they threw him away when he lost his use.

There was nobody who ever cared about him.

The statue of the hero in their world did not depict him, but the Worldwalker. His mind became twisted.

The holy power he possessed was corrupted, and a new type of disgusting black energy was created.

Using it, he corrupted the entire world and destroyed everything.

He subjugated everyone who could be corrupted and killed everyone else.

At some point, the entire cosmos became his, and the variety of peoples who existed there were reduced to a new race of his creation.

He felt empty when everything was destroyed.

Until one day, he found a trace of the Worldwalker in a distant location.

He traveled beyond the bounds of his own cosmos for the first time and found another one. He found his brother's influence throughout it and realized that even in conquest, he'd been surpassed.

His rage was reignited. He waged war against that neighboring cosmos and destroyed it. Along the way, he realized that swallowing the cores of those cosmos could increase his power further.

From then on, he followed his brother's path. He destroyed several dozens of cosmos and searched for the final object of his revenge, and the last clue he found was the True Void Universe.

Therefore, he waged war once again.

It was a desperate invasion that reeked of a desire to find something, anything that bore the mark of the Worldwalker.

It was the work of an existence whose life was only given meaning by someone else's traces.

That was how Damien perceived it, at least.

To say that the Dark God's entire life story was built on delusion was wrong. After he fell into depravity, he definitely experienced real struggle.

His energy was corrupted by his own darkness into something new. That something new gave him traces of Nonexistence, from which he later extrapolated Existence as well.

He did not go to the Land of Nothingness. He did not earn the six concepts of Existence before gaining control over it.

He consumed cosmos after cosmos and artificially raised the strength of his concepts. Any improvement he made outside of that was achieved by toying with the Sacred Abyss to the point where it was destabilized and he was forced to take the place of its Cosmic Core.

In a sense, he could be praised for making it this far while walking that twisted path.

However, Damien seemed to realize something from his memories. He realized a truth about the "core" of the Dark God's existence.

Even in these memories, even as Damien watched him grow up from a baby into a monster, he remained covered in that same black veil.

In his own memories, the Dark God refused to acknowledge his own face.

This was a past he tried to hide not because he was embarrassed by it, but because he was trying to remove himself from it. If he reached the Void, he was prepared to change every timeline in every cosmos in order to give himself a different story.

His first step, the step that turned him Supreme, was his action of erasing himself from his own Legend.

Damien had his own thoughts on the matter. He considered them as his ego took form.

When they finished viewing each other's memories, concurrently, they reformed their detached auras into bodies. They stood on a plane that could no longer be described. The background was a mixture of flashing colors. The Dark God was a bundle of blackness, and specifically in order to contrast him, Damien appeared as a bundle of whiteness.

Though their power had not changed and they technically had not managed to do damage to each other yet, something seemed to have changed.

The air between them was different.

It became evident that a clear power dynamic would be established between them soon.

#### Chapter 1884 Clash of the Titans [13]

The war had continued for a week now. As it was a war, that was quite a short period of time. Usually, the individual battles that constituted a war would take place weeks or months apart, but it was different here. The battles continued constantly. Every time the Heavenly World's people killed a member of the Foreign Race army, the dead would return no more than a day later. In order to cope with the numbers, they adopted a revolving door strategy where they constantly swapped the troops on the frontlines.

The ground troops were able to use this strategy, the arrays of the Krone Clan and their allies like the clans who followed August, and the blessing they received from Thalia's group's progress.

The majority of the world was taken into the True Void Territory at this point. It was highly unlikely for the Vanguard forces to make any progress in destroying the True Void forces.

There were several different places on the battlefield where one could focus.

At one point, the Nox were there. Those who came with Damien and those who ascended without staying in Grand Heavens Boundary were all led by Yong An. Under his command, they finally reached for the revenge they had been yearning for.

On another side, the members of the Void Clan and their associates were fighting against the most important Foreign Nobles in the starry sky.

They were all making progress at different levels. It was certain that none of them were losing, but it would take more time for some of them to defeat their enemies than others.

For example, Claire naturally couldn't take down the incarnation of evil in one fell swoop. She was still in the process of reading it and discerning the method to defeat it. At the moment, she was able to stand against it without constantly being under pressure, but she was still unable to do any damage.

Ruyue was the same. Absolute Yang was a force that she couldn't dispel easily. The Chaos between her and her opponent was enough to form a sea, and they were both drowning in it. Their bodies could only be represented by their burning silver and gold auras that cut through the waters.

She didn't expect to find it here, but this situation was able to surprise her. As her Absolute Yin came in contact with Absolute Yang, heaven's restrictions loosened. She felt herself getting closer to that point where they couldn't affect her at all.

The solution was nearby all along. All she needed to do was ask Damien to manifest Absolute Yang for some time so she could comprehend everything she needed.

To thank her opponent for that revelation, she continued to attack the atmosphere, increasing the level of chaos and granting him a quicker death. Rose was practically done with her fight already. She was able to use the cracks in reality that Damien and the Dark God created to her advantage to dismantle her opponent's power.

As for Elena, it was already clear when she was last seen. She killed her enemy over and over again. He had no power against her.

It got to the point where he stopped aiming for Elena and looked for other opponents, which gave her time to rampage through the field and cause mayhem for the Sacred Abyss side.

Everyone was doing their part. From sky to ground and all around, it was impossible to find a single person slacking. Even Tiamat, who remained hidden until this moment, was playing her role perfectly.

Because the time was almost here.

The first flash happened some days ago, but from the way the sky was trembling with greater frequency with every passing hour, she predicted that the second would take place soon.



That was her opportunity.

When everyone was once again focused on the shattering reality, when reality itself was broken enough for her to intervene as she wished, she would act.

And that moment, the moment she showcased the power that had been bred into her by the grudges of countless slaughtered innocents...

That would be the moment when the True Void Universe attained victory over the Sacred Abyss.

The instant their egos reformed into tangible beings, they started fighting once more. They didn't hold a single thing back, because they could both see and feel exactly what the other person was thinking.

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Their battle was indeed about to explode one more time.

The instant their egos reformed into tangible beings, they started fighting once more. They didn't hold a single thing back, because they could both see and feel exactly what the other person was thinking.

Universes were thrown around. Cosmos themselves were created within the folds of the Sacred Abyss. Their peoples, their cultures, and their structures were recklessly thrown around as they were used as attacks. With such strain being placed on the fabric of this reality, it was only natural for it to tear.

BOOOOOOOOOOOM!

That second explosion happened, but neither of them felt the effects of its aftermath. Neither of them sensed what Tiamat had done because they were no longer contained within Existence.

Their battle reached such a scale that it could no longer contain them. Their current environment was like a film, a tiny layer of space that separated them from the Void.

The backdrop was that very concept. They were mere inches away from it, but the Dark God especially was ensuring that they did not touch it.

He now knew Damien's growth potential. He understood that if Damien was allowed to make contact with the Void, he was highly likely to comprehend it.

Damien could feel the Dark God's envy clearly. As their minds were one, that burning feeling, that feeling that was as deep and wide as the greatest of oceans, was perfectly transmitted to him.

For the same reason, the Dark God felt the emotions Damien held towards him.

The ones he expected were there. The mild nature of the emotions like hatred and whatnot was confusing, but those emotions were present.

What Damien felt more strongly, however, was scorn and pity.

But the Dark God didn't need to read his emotions to know that. The look in Damien's eyes had changed. He was no longer seeing the same Dark God he saw before.

That scorn was so clearly represented. Those cold eyes that looked at him like he was nothing were incredibly familiar.

Why was he using that expression?

In that moment, those eyes overlapped with a pair that the Dark God knew well. Those empty eyes that did not care one bit about his struggles were the same ones he saw from the Worldwalker.

The faces of the two overlapped in his mind. His eyes bulged behind the veil of darkness as he gritted his teeth and attacked as ferociously as he possibly could.

"GET OUT OF MY HEAD!"

He roared. Damien reeled back at the unexpected words. The Dark God lunged at him with an arm out for his throat, but Damien quickly substituted his body with air and used an ethereal state to travel to another point in space. Even behind the veil, the other party's madness was not hidden.

Damien's eyes didn't change despite the fact. No, he was only given more reasoning to have that expression on his face.

The conjectures he had when he watched the Dark God's memories did not have to remain hypothetical.

He was sure that it was true.

And that...

That only made him respect the Dark God less.

Chapter 1885 Clash of the Titans [14]

As Damien's respect disappeared, the Dark God became more manic.

And as he became more manic, he became more powerful. Damien had the upper hand for a second there, but the Dark God took it back almost instantly.

He pushed him back and forced him into a corner. Damien's energy was special because it could be used very precisely, but it took time to make the necessary calculations.

That amount of time wasn't much at all, but the Dark God was able to prevent Damien from having even a single fraction of a fraction of a spark of a second to think. Using pure volume to overcome any and all obstacles, he created a situation where he held a great advantage.

Damien's memories made him feel endless envy, but he watched them all. He understood the core of Damien's existence extremely well. The problem was that it wasn't very easy to target.

The center of Damien's everything was his own name. It was the pride he held in himself, his integrity, and his morals. To break something like that took a lot of time and effort. Luckily, Damien managed to rile the Dark God up, and the Dark God was someone who had endless power hidden within his envy. His emotions were intrinsically tied to his energy. Damien saw his history, so he knew this for a fact.

When the Dark God was born, he actually had holy energy. He was connected to the heavens through a strange link, which made him a prime hero candidate. If he continued on that path without looking at his brother's achievements, he would've lived happily and achieved great feats.

Unfortunately, his energy was corrupted. When his energy was corrupted, his ego dipped into a pit of envy so deep that it touched upon Nonexistence.

Nonexistence became a crutch for the Dark God. He used it as a way to affirm himself and assure himself that he was not useless. It became his emotional support, and because it liked this position, Nonexistence responded to him.

However, it entertained an emotion it should not have touched. Rather than becoming a pure representation of itself, it became a twisted weapon of his.

It was exploited so he could gain control over Existence, and that Existence which never willingly chose him was corrupted as well.

This bundle of corruption was held together by one and only one thing. Emotion. Emotion was an interesting fuel for Existence and Nonexistence. Perhaps this was the only aspect where Damien could find a parallel between him and the Dark God.

He also used emotion to connect to the two concepts, but rather than his own, he focused on theirs. He gave them the opportunity to feel like a human and evolve past their original states, and they accepted wholeheartedly.

Because of that relationship, the flow of Damien's energy was smooth and buttery. It was flawless, like the whitest of swans in an icebound lake at the top of the most beautiful mountain in the world. It was like crystal-clear glacier water. Meanwhile, the Dark God's energy was murky. It was a sludge of muddy water filled with the residue of his emotions. Because he focused on himself instead of the elements themselves, he influenced their states negatively.

They became further from the Void, further from their fullest potential. As such, they manifested in ways that were similar to his internal state. Naturally, that wasn't a good thing. If he wanted to reach the Void and change all things so that his Legend would change, then he needed to first reach a state of selflessness and become one with the Void.

Damien was under the assumption that the Dark God had never even felt the Void with his own body. There was a real chance that the current madness he was exhibiting was caused by the visions of the Void he saw in Damien's memories.

'Why did he ever think that?'

Why did he ever think he was going to be able to reach the peak if he was pretending like the concepts of Existence and Nonexistence were nothing more than concepts to be controlled?

'Wait...'

'Why did he ever think that?'

Right, Damien was able to get this far because he always took the two concepts into consideration. Always, right?

That was it. He wasn't looking for it. For the first time since he came back to the Heavenly World, he didn't think about the merger between Existence and Nonexistence at all. He completely put it out of his mind with the thought that he would focus on it after the Dark God died.

But, precisely for that reason, the clue he needed came to him. The things that evaded him when he was single-mindedly focusing on reaching the peak finally dawned on him. In the first place, Existence and Nonexistence needed more than just his control to come together.

He treated them as their own beings with thoughts and emotions while he was comprehending them, but he never once maintained that mentality after he came out of the Land of Nothingness.

The two concepts still had their emotions after becoming one with him. They embraced him because he showed them that he was willing to consider them and recognize them in a way that nobody else could.

Now that he was trying to force them together like ordinary energies, what reason did they have to continue listening to him?

Their refusal to bond was something of a rebellion, and he only now realized why they were rebelling at all.

He understood that they needed to achieve a kind of compatibility before they could begin their merger. He was hearing their voices again, listening to their complaints. They felt themselves being heard and could see the qualitative change in the way he handled their energy.

That was when they finally responded. Their energies stopped disobeying his command, and finally, he was able to accomplish the things he desired.

In an instant, he returned to the attack. He used his own energy to suppress the Dark God. His emotion-fueled barrage was unable to stand against his connection to Existence and Nonexistence. The space trembled, and subtly, the Void came closer. Damien split his mind into millions, billions, and used the power of each individual to compute a new concept to either add into Existence or remove. His purpose was one. He was going to completely remove the Dark God's energy from the world. In any other case, this would have been irrelevant, as it didn't have any real effect on their battle. However, Damien's goal was a little different. Physical attacks were meaningless. Any sort of impact taken by their bodies was made inconsequential by the fact that they would always be able to heal back to perfect condition.

Still, Damien closed the distance between them. As the energy blocking his way was destroyed, as the space quaked and adjusted itself to accommodate the ongoing battle, Damien regained control.

He didn't wait a second longer to make his move.

Existence and Nonexistence combined in his hands. Their power was no longer exercised completely separately. They were starting to mingle, a sign that Damien was getting closer to that final boundary. He looked at the Dark God with extreme scorn in his eyes.

"In the end, you are nothing more than a child trapped in his brother's shadow."

With one sentence, Damien waved his hand and destroyed everything the Dark God used to keep himself hidden. For the first time, his true form was revealed to the world.

#### Chapter 1886 Clash of the Titans [15]

Indeed, his form was that of a child. He looked very similar to the Worldwalker when he was around fourteen. He had the same face, but his hair was brown instead of blonde and he was much taller. Still, he looked like a young child, which made the expression on his face hard to fathom.

That kind of malice, resentment, and envy simply couldn't exist in someone of that age.

But, of course, the Dark God was not fourteen.

Damien felt it as well. When he became closer to the peak, his form changed somewhat. He became the version of himself that he saw. In essence, his mental image of himself became reality.

As Damien was someone who always remained confident in his sense of self, not much changed. Rather than someone in his early thirties, he looked like someone in his mid-twenties. The Dark God clearly experienced something different. Because he was so stuck in the past, because he saw nothing but his brother's traces, his body was reverted to the form he took at that time. He was unable to escape his past both in mind and body. His eyes were black holes, pits of misery that sat front and center on his face. They were signs that he had already lost himself. It was the effect of his decision to sever his Legend and his increasingly prominent envy.

As he became stronger and stronger, he only came to truly understand what the Worldwalker was capable of. He wasn't able to celebrate his own achievements because no matter what he did, his brother had already been there or done it.

His envy never quieted down for a moment. Every cosmos he conquered only gave it more fuel. In the end, he became this kind of being.

Damien knew that he was nothing like the Dark God.

He knew there wasn't really a grand connection between them like there was between him and the Saint Emperor.

Still, he kept trying to make that comparison. Because the Saint Emperor was everything he envisioned a great villain to be, he was trying to find some similar qualities in the Dark God. He was someone who found Nonexistence before Existence and threw his ego into the maws of envy to use it to increase his Existence level. He was someone who devoured everything he abhorred and turned the cosmos into nothing more than a playground. Even his conquest against the True Void was because he sensed the Worldwalker's final traces there. He had caused so much damage to so many cosmos. He had to be an enemy with a complicated story or respectable motives, didn't he?

He had to be someone who was entwined with the True Void on an intrinsic level, someone Damien had no choice but to find understandable. He had to be what a Supreme should be.

But that simply wasn't true.

To accept this fight, Damien had to accept something else first. Sometimes, chaos did take hold. Sometimes, people would do unimaginable things without any sort of reasoning. That was the kind of freedom given to all living beings. They did not exist just to enrich each other's stories. He was not the enemy the Dark God was looking for. He was not the main character in the other person's life. From beginning to end, the Dark God was looking for the Worldwalker. He was not "fated" to be here. He just happened to be the one who had the potential to rise up and stop the Dark God's madness. Perhaps he was not the enemy the Dark God was looking for, but he was the enemy he'd found. And he was not planning to let there be another. The Dark God was furious about his veil being torn off. More than anything else, because Damien was now someone who confirmed his past.

He needed to completely detach himself from that past if he wanted to live properly. He needed to become a new entity, but now that Damien existed in this world, it was impossible.

The only way for him to erase his past was to destroy any relic of it. The previous Sacred Abyss no longer existed, so all physical traces and individuals who knew him at the time were dead. He was at the very end of his path, on the cusp of completely extinguishing that history, but now Damien had become the greatest obstacle he ever faced.



Damien understood who he was. With the revelation of his form, he was certain and his mind would not be changed easily.

That only meant one thing.

Damien had to die.

Everything came back to that, didn't it?

There was a reason why the Dark God's attacks had become unfathomable and inescapable. Damien was being pressured intensely despite the advantage he possessed before.

He had an absolute advantage in the sense that he understood the core of the Dark God's existence. The Dark God was matching and even surpassing him through sheer emotion.

Two faces became one in the Dark God's mind.

He was convinced of it. Damien was not unrelated to the Worldwalker.

Through his memories, the Dark God knew that there was no direct connection between them. After all, Damien only learned about the Worldwalker moments before they fought.

Still, there was something.

Their demeanor, their energy, their talents...

It was impossible for him to not draw wild conclusions about how they could be connected. His envy bred a sense of twisted curiosity. He had to know, because depending on the truth, his attitude would need to change again.

Frankly, that curiosity wasn't his alone.

As Damien listened to the Dark God's thoughts, even he was forced to entertain those thoughts.

The Void Physique chose him at random. He really didn't have anything special to draw it to him other than his origin. That was a fact he believed for a long time, but the origin he thought mattered was Dante.

What if it was something else?

The Void Physique was not just unique in the True Void Universe. There was only a single Void Physique in the entire Void. No matter how many cosmos one traversed, one would never find a second.

A physique with such uniqueness couldn't just pick its hosts at random. There had to be a definite reason for the Void to believe that Damien was the one out of countless contenders who would be able to reach it.

The thoughts of these two beings clashed and came together. As the Void was their spectator on their current battlefield, wondrous things were commonplace.

If they weren't so busy fighting, they would have been able to use the countless phenomena around them to heighten their comprehension and perhaps even fuse their two concepts.

However, they were not able to do so for obvious reasons. They didn't realize how magical the space created by their battle truly was.

The Void was known to answer to those who wielded it. When the desires of two Supremes came together, even it felt an obligation to show them what they wanted to see.

So, it did.

In that moment, it froze their battle and placed them into a scene like that.

A scene that showed them the hidden history of the True Void Universe.

#### Chapter 1887 Clash of the Titans [16]

The Void showed Damien and the Dark God a story that nobody else knew. It was a story that was never told to the world because its main character wanted it that way.

Still, when these two people pleaded so earnestly, the Void had no choice.

For these two people especially, it was important to see.

It started in the Sacred Abyss. It started when the Worldwalker returned to that world and saw it covered in mementos of his brother.

No, it started when he saw his brother tearing down the singular statue of him that existed in that world. At that moment, as he saw the raw emotion in his brother's eyes and actions, as he witnessed something so powerfully deep for the first time, he first took notice of it.

Still, it was at a far later time when that note became a true interest and curiosity.

What the Worldwalker witnessed more than anything else during his travels was "emotion."

This thing called "connection," the "relationships" between people. It was entirely new to him when he first saw the world from the grand perspective of an Absolute.

He remembered the relationships he once had, and he remembered the relationships that could have been formed if it weren't for his detachment from all things.

He had never been curious about it before. As he was still learning himself, he didn't take the time to consider the things that were set in stone. He merely accepted that he was the way he was.

Frankly, he only accepted the value of emotion in his later years. It was the only thing that could be felt by all living beings. No matter what cosmos they came from or what culture they practiced, all people and things had emotion.

Such a thing could only be possible if the concept of emotion was something the Void took interest in. It was from there that he gained his curiosity, and it was in that moment when he decided to try and find it for himself.

As the Worldwalker wandered the Void, he started interacting with people. Those interactions were slight most of the time because people couldn't help but view him as a God, but he did gain some insight from them.

The feelings that others held towards him gave him a relatively negative view of the concept. He wondered why the Void cared about them so much when they were so useless.

Wouldn't his path have become more difficult if he entertained emotions?

Perhaps the Void realized its mistake.

When he was born, the Worldwalker also had something like the Void Physique. Only, it was an unrefined version. His physique did not have any restrictions. Unlike Damien's physique which existed separately and only came closer to him through time and effort, his physique gave him everything without conditions.

He was immediately connected to the Void, and that was what ruined him.

His entire being became void. His personality disappeared and he became a mindless entity who only strove for the Void. He could not experience life because his fate was that of a puppet.

The Void was not seeking this kind of person as its companion. It understood that it made a mistake. It could not change what happened to the Worldwalker, but it gave him a chance.

The Void was not an entity, but a concept. It was a concept that had sentience because without it, sentience could not be born as a concept at all.

The past, present, and future were all its children, and it could see the flow of events that could be brought into existence by its decisions. Still, it gave him a chance. At this point in time, the Worldwalker was experiencing his first emotion, boredom.

The sheer emptiness of his existence finally caught up to him. He decided that it was time for his life to end. He went down to the True Void, and that was the true start of the story Damien and the Dark God were witnessing.

As he gave up on his desire to be Absolute, the Worldwalker became a being that the Void could once again influence. Its code of conduct was similar to what Damien practiced. Fate was not something to be meddled with, because it would be too much to change everything to create a personal utopia.

The role of an Absolute was to watch over the worlds and help them maintain their existence. The paths of each individual were guided by their thoughts, actions, and circumstances.

The Void did not give the Worldwalker emotions. It merely planted a seed in him, a seed that he was made aware of. As long as he fed that seed his desire, it would give him access to the things he lacked.

He didn't immediately take it.

For hundreds of years, the Worldwalker lived in the Heavenly World and became one with its people. He inhabited a lonely mountain but was known by the people in nearby towns and cities as a great immortal who lived in seclusion.

They were unfamiliar with the concept of training and didn't understand his true position. Merely, because he never aged, because he was always there, he became a being that they respected and loved.

It was a strange feeling.

They saw him as a God but they did not treat him as one. Rather, they treated him as a member of their community.

They concerned themselves with his health and well-being, and as their attitudes were replicated by their future generations, they created a crack in his heart.

The man who never knew emotion finally decided that in this period at the end of his life, he at least wanted to know what they were like from the perspective of everyone else.

All the while, the Worldwalker's strength faded. He started to age like a normal person, and his lifestyle became more like a mortal.

For that experience, he fed the seed the Void gifted him.

Emotions slowly started to sprout in him. Happiness filled his lonely world with color, and soon enough, it was joined by all of the good and bad emotions in existence.

All the while, the Worldwalker's strength faded. He started to age like a normal person, and his lifestyle became more like a mortal.

And, in the midst of that process, he met a woman.

It was a bit of a cliché, but it happened to the Worldwalker as well. He met a woman who showed him what love was, and with her, he spent his final days. Love, a concept he'd ignored for his entire life, suddenly struck him like a train. He married that woman. He made a family with her and joyously experienced fatherhood.

However, her life was eventually threatened. The empires of the world finally started to covet this area, and as bloodshed became common, he was forced to make a decision.

In his current state, the power of an Absolute in his body was difficult to reach. If he wanted to accept it again, then he would not be an Absolute. He would become one with the Void and his existence as an

individual would disappear. It was an easy choice for him back then, and it was an easy choice for him now.

The only difference was that before he went to the True Void, he would have easily disappeared for self-preservation. He would not have used his power for anyone else's sake.

Now, the easy direction was in the opposite direction. Now, after no more than a few decades with his wife and family, he understood why emotion was so valuable.

Because of emotion, he was even willing to do something like this without hesitation.

The Worldwalker disappeared at that time. He was never seen again, but he took with him the wars plaguing the region. Nobody understood where the sudden peace came from except for a single woman.

He sacrificed himself for her sake. His life ended that way.

But his wife survived, as did their children.

That was the start of the lineage.

The lineage that would later come to be known as "Void."

Chapter 1888 Clash of the Titans [17]

To Damien, this story only filled in the gaps. It gave him a clear reason for his possession of the Void Physique and his father's ability to reach Existence with space.

Dante's upbringing was normal at best, but that was because the Worldwalker lived a mortal life. His lineage had talent in their blood, but they were not innately fated for greatness.

Dante was the one who broke the cycle, and Damien was the first who came after. Perhaps if Dominic or Darius came first, his story would be theirs instead.

Surely, the information made Damien consider some things. Definitely, he realized that he was a lucky person. But, what else? What else could this story possibly do for him?

It was good to know, but the news didn't make a great impact on his life. After all, he didn't know the Worldwalker. He respected the man who he now knew as his ancestor, but that was the extent of it. If he wanted to find any sort of use for the knowledge, then he had to wait until he returned home. The Dark God didn't respond the same way for obvious reasons. The story was originally supposed to be about the True Void Universe's hidden history, but the Dark God's desires held too much weight. It ended up being a story about the Worldwalker, which was not the greatest outcome. Envy.

Envy. Envy. Envy.

It was an emotion that had been mentioned too many times in this conversation about emotion. Damien, the Worldwalker, and the Dark God all experienced it differently, but it was a vital point to all of their stories.

However, the Dark God was different from the other two. When talking about his story, the only emotion that could be mentioned was envy.

It was hard to fathom the true level that his envy had reached. It was hard to fathom before, but with that story, it had become unfathomable.

The fact that there was a genuine connection through blood between Damien and the Worldwalker was one thing, but what hurt him the most was something else.

The Worldwalker no longer existed. He had become one with the Void, an entity that essentially didn't exist. The tail the Dark God chased for so long led to nothing.

In the end, his brother was already gone. Once again, he left selfishly without considering the Dark God at all.

'What gives you the right?'



The Dark God's eyes were clouded with redness. How dare he?

How dare he leave on his own after so long?! Without a single word, without a single trace! Damien was not wrong. The Dark God knew it as well. His entire life was focused on his brother. If it weren't for his brother, he never would have reached his current level.

At the end of the day, all he wanted to do was reach the same position and confront him. All he wanted was a single chance to prove himself for once in his life.

It was all gone now. Because of something as useless as boredom, because of something as useless as love, everything he ever dreamed about was destroyed.

'WHO GAVE YOU THE RIGHT?!'

Who gave him the right to feel love? After he spent so long neglecting his own family, how dare he end his life so happily?!

The Dark God's mind shattered. He had only been keeping himself in one piece in preparation for that moment. However, with no Worldwalker, he no longer had purpose.

He looked at Damien and reality changed. 'Reality is changing.'

The fact reiterated itself in his mind. He realized the state that his power had reached.

'If only I were Absolute...'

If he were Absolute, then the Worldwalker would have never escaped him.

"If I were Absolute..."

...wasn't the Worldwalker's blood standing in front of him now?

Damien Void was his own person, but as long as he became Absolute, he could entirely erase Damien Void and replace him, couldn't he?

The Worldwalker could be reborn in his body, couldn't he?

The Dark God simply could not accept things ending this way. He did not want such an anticlimactic ending to his grueling story.

And, he was prepared to do anything necessary in order to change things.

The form he held now was that of a child. If he was a regular Supreme, he could have easily found a way to change his physical form. The problem was that he was not.

In fact, the Dark God's true form was somewhere else. Because he was stopping himself from reaching that state, he was forced to cope with the form his thoughts assigned him.

He wanted to look somewhat human. He wanted to possess an appearance that the Worldwalker could recognize. There was no longer a need for that.

Finally, the Dark God fell completely into the pits of envy. He willingly jumped off of the edge and embraced the darkness that had been brewing inside of him for such a long time. In essence, he reached his final form.

Damien was forced to completely remove himself from the plane and shift into a different dimension. The child-like form of the Dark God that was only allowed to exist for a small period of time was completely destroyed.

A creature that could not be called anything close to human emerged in its place.

A mass of flesh and bone, a bloody chimera of millions of hands and eyes. The souls of those it devoured were trapped within. Their forms could be seen trying to escape, pulling against its flesh and becoming pieces of its external appearance. This being was a monster in every form of the word. Damien understood its identity well.

Right, the Dark God himself was just a way to hide it. The person who came to be known as the Dark God had given himself up a long time ago.

In his mindless pursuit towards his goal, he sacrificed even his own identity.

He was represented by three things.

The Worldwalker, envy, and the hatred that fueled it.

With the Worldwalker gone, the core of his existence was just that.

He had transformed into a true incarnation of envy.

It was best not to believe that this being was the same as the Spiritual Gods of Chaos and Evil. Such a misinterpretation would only cause needless slaughter.

This Incarnation of Envy was a being that had fed itself until it reached the ultimate level. In this form, the Dark God was the closest to the Void that he had ever been for all the wrong reasons. He was now completely uninhibited and completely mad. Damien was no longer Damien in his mind, but the Worldwalker.

Coincidentally, Damien did become the main character in his life.

But that was not good news for him.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

In a single instant, the defenses he used were all shattered. Those millions of arms charged at him and grabbed his body from every direction and in every possible plane. He was dragged into the darkness that manifested from the great mass of envy. In that plane, he was nothing more than prey. The Dark God had an absolute advantage that he needed to break as rapidly as possible.

But the way out...

#### Chapter 1889 Clash of the Titans [18]

Their battle could no longer be tracked, but the scene was monstrous. Damien only witnessed the true form of the incarnation of envy before he was dragged into this space. If he hadn't seen it, then his perception of the monstrous being would have been even more terrifying than its appearance.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Arms that numbered in the millions came after him from every direction. The ceiling of the darkness was decorated by those millions of eyes that saw into the past, present, and future and witnessed everything in every dimension of every reality. Those eyes made it impossible for Damien to hide, retreat, or dodge.

Anywhere he went, there was another arm waiting.

And it wasn't as if he could just take the hits.

The Dark God was, of course, still using Existence and Nonexistence, but the power of the incarnation of envy twisted those concepts. It was almost like a secondary Void was being created by the incarnation's actions, and Damien was to be its central point and anchor.

The terrifying concepts were enough to obliterate him a hundred times over. Damien fought back using his own concepts and only managed to avoid being completely overpowered because they started to mingle only moments prior.

If he never made the realization that he was making a mistake in his control method for the two concepts, he would already be dead.

"Khh...!"

As if this space was absolute, he could not find any method to escape. There were no weak points to target, and the space itself was incredibly resistant to his concepts. If he had some free time, he could maybe find the necessary method, but where could he find it?

He made a sound of struggle. The Dark God's body had become this very space, so he was able to accurately perceive every inch of it without exerting too much effort. Damien couldn't do the same. No matter how he split his mind or altered his perception, reaching the same level of awareness was simply impossible if he were to remain in this space.

The problem originated from there.

'I can't find a way out.'

As if this space was absolute, he could not find any method to escape. There were no weak points to target, and the space itself was incredibly resistant to his concepts. If he had some free time, he could maybe find the necessary method, but where could he find it?

The Dark God would not allow such a thing.

'I have no choice but to admit his power.'

His methods were wrong and stupid, but the end result was a level of power that simply couldn't be matched. Damien could try to acclimate to these conditions as much as he wanted to, but with the Dark God in his current state, there was really only one way to win.

'I have to reach the Void.'

His concepts that were only beginning to mingle had to fully fuse. Otherwise, the Dark God's win could be declared here and now.

Damien's eyes narrowed.

Chaos was indeed a concept to be respected. The Spiritual God that represented it in the Land of Nothingness did it no justice.

It was only through Chaos' influence that the Dark God was able to manifest the incarnation of envy. If not for chaos, such a path simply would not have been available to anyone.

That man's path was carved with the souls and sacrifices of others. It was an incredibly selfish path that did not consider anyone or anything, including the person who walked it.

Still, the fact that it existed in the first place...

As an Absolute, one couldn't merely stand for order. Order was one side of the coin and would always be that way. The concept provided security to many, but it also made the lives of the minority hell.

Still, only kings and emperors considered the majority and minority. To an absolute existence, they all appeared the same.

All beings and all things were equal, therefore, what did it matter that Order benefited the majority? Chaos' necessity was proven by the minority. Chaos had to exist so that the fairness and balance of all things could be maintained.

So, though its influence was less prominent than order, chaos was just as significant.

The Land of Nothingness was precisely the reason why people like the Dark God could never become Supremes, but chaos gave him a way to avoid it entirely and reach that stage regardless.

Now, he, as a manifestation of envy and a greater being than chaos, was administering its will unto the world in ways it never could have imagined.

Guided by this train of thought, a portion of Damien's mind went into a state of contemplation as it extrapolated more and more information out of the confusing and muddled painting of the Void. His concepts were actively being placed closer and closer together at a rate that could barely be perceived, but that was not important at the moment.

Rather, outside of his mind, the situation took a turn for the worse.

Damien needed to put his entire mind into the fight if he wanted to survive. That was how he had been surviving before, but it clearly wasn't possible anymore.

He took a risk in order to win, and the consequences of that choice appeared instantaneously.

The Dark God couldn't ignore his slowed reactions. He refused to ignore such a good thing. Countless hands charged Damien's body and wrapped around him. He was only able to half-mindedly survive for thirty seconds before he was caught.

The hands caressed him disgustingly, feeling every part of his body. The information received from that sensation was transmitted to the Dark God, and suddenly, Damien was indeed prey.

Malice entered his mind and body. Damien noticed it, but the best he could do was protect the portion of his mind that was busy comprehending. The rest was sacrificed along with his body, and that malice immediately misused its freedom.

Damien's memories and ego were targeted. They did not immediately fall, but with everything around them changing, they were bound to eventually do the same.

His figure itself shifted. His genetic sequence mutated until it belonged to someone who was not Damien Void.

His hair turned blonde, his eyes turned blue, his skin became paler and his height decreased rapidly. His body lost all of its muscle mass and though he did still look like a man, he was weak and fragile. A new set of memories entered his mind. They were not real, but instead an assumed history of the Worldwalker created by the incarnation of envy. The life seen by the Dark God through his own eyes and the memories of the universe were used as a basis. The perspective was shifted to a first-person view,

and events were created to link the more important events together. The Dark God's intent didn't need to be explicitly mentioned. He would ensure that Damien became the Worldwalker so the Worldwalker would die the death that he wanted to see.

He would change reality itself to achieve his goals. And erasing Damien had become the first step in that plan.

His body and half of his mind were rapidly changed, but the transformation couldn't be completed.

Nevertheless, Damien's "essence" still remained. It burned brightly and turned the traces of the Worldwalker into ash.

However, in the process. Damien's body and soul were burned as well.

In the darkness was only a bright golden light, a strand of energy one could say.

That was the only remaining trace of "Damien Void" in existence.

No, that energy was "Damien Void" himself.

Damien's body was completely destroyed in the darkness. His physical form and soul were both gone, so in a certain sense, he could be considered dead.

The human known as Damien Void was already exterminated, however, he was no longer human in body and soul. He was a Supreme, and his body responded to death like a Supreme's would.

His existence maintained itself. His Legend shined bright through the blackness and created a place for him to exist. The Void Soul and Void Physique still existed, anchored to that essence. They were ready to reappear at any time.



This kind of state could not be considered disadvantageous in any other situation. Damien was essentially impervious like this, and with resurrection on the horizon, he wouldn't usually experience danger even if he was forced into such a corner.

The Dark God was an issue because he could target what others couldn't. His target changed when he managed to erase Damien's body. After realizing that superimposing the Worldwalker onto him wasn't enough to create the outcome he desired, he changed his strategy.

He was now targeting exactly the few things that held Damien together. He went after his Legend and dismantled it from beginning to end. He went after his body and did his best to destroy anything that gave him strength.

All of the connections Damien made as a Celestial were shattered. The World Core Fusion Reactor managed by the fragmented Universal Core, Reva, disappeared. His spiritual world was rid of everything that he established there and returned to a plane landscape with no defining features.

Damien's physical body was gone, but its properties were maintained in his essence. The Dark God targeted those, reverting his bloodline to what he possessed when he was just a human, destroying his traits, including his regeneration, and doing everything possible to disrupt the Void Physique's existence.

The physical body and soul that had been baptized by the Void were meant to be unbreakable, but the Dark God transformed into an entity that was the antithesis of such words. He was so close to the Void now that even these aspects had to stay to the side and let him have his way.

Because this was Damien's final challenge. No matter what he did or what happened, the Void would not help him.

He either survived this and became Absolute or died in mediocrity. Its stern demeanor would not give him another choice.

It was undeniable that Damien was dying, but he did not pay it any mind. His ego, hidden in the deepest recesses of his existence, was too busy with other things.

He spoke to Existence and Nonexistence. He formed a connection between them while comprehending their interactions.

With every passing second, the light that made up his essence became dimmer and dimmer. However, with every passing second, his two concepts became closer and closer.

If Existence and Nonexistence were considered as two pieces of a puzzle that was half white and half black, then most of the pieces would already be in place.

Merely, there were ten pieces in the very middle that were not in place, leaving the black half and white half disconnected.

Damien placed the pieces down one by one.

Nine...eight...seven...

Six...five...four...

His efforts had him progressing at a speed that he had never reached before in his comprehension of anything. The pieces filled themselves properly, because now that Damien was in such a state, Existence and Nonexistence had to make a choice.

Inevitably, either he or the Dark God would become a representative who spoke for them. Damien was the better of the two choices, at least in the opinion of his own concepts, so they stopped fighting.

They supported his efforts and wholeheartedly accepted him as their everything. And with that acceptance, he was granted progress.

Enough progress to make that key realization.

The seconds were too important. Not many of them had passed, but from the moment when Damien was destroyed to now, his essence was devoured at a disastrous rate.

His light was too dim to even be seen for a long period of time. It was protected by a thin invisible film that the Dark God could not cut for a very long time.

Still, under such a violent onslaught, anything and everything would eventually be destroyed.

The light of the essence almost disappeared from reality. Damien reached the tip of true death, his entire being almost consumed by the incarnation of envy.

However, that final moment was like a lifetime. The light disappeared entirely for only a second before a real difference was seen in the incarnation of envy's behavior.

Suddenly, it reeled back as if it was panicking. As its darkness retreated, a spark could be seen. It was no bigger than a grain of sand, but it was light nonetheless.

Damien still existed. He did not allow himself to fall into the jaws of death.

No, he revealed the very core of his existence and lured the Dark God in. He used the sensation of being completely erased to finally fill in the parts where he was lacking.

Damien finally perceived it. That state of an Absolute which could only be imagined became tangible on the line between life and death.

It could be seen even from the Worldwalker's story. Absolutes were existences closer to selflessness than anyone else. To become Absolute, one had to be more than just an individual.

It was a necessity to grow past that point and become a being that could not be defined through pre-existing concepts, laws, or even their nonexistent equivalents.

What Damien experienced on the line of erasure was the cold feeling of the Void that his body was not allowed to feel when he was sent there before.

Back then, he couldn't survive it so it was hidden. Now, it was different, wasn't it?

He felt it clearly, and by feeling it, he achieved what he needed to become more than himself.

'That's it.' Damien thought to himself.

His essence experienced a qualitative change. For this moment, he had been waiting his entire life.

From the moment the World Awakening took place, when that set of asterisks appeared in his status window. Damien questioned it many times throughout his life, but he never delved too deeply into it. At some point, it lost meaning to him and he stopped caring about learning what it was.

However, it was the most important piece of his essence and the reason why he was able to resist the Dark God's attacks while in an energy state.

The title in Damien's status window revealed itself, and finally, its effects became true.

'It was that the entire time. In this moment, I am to become...infinite.'

He was to throw away his connection to the mortal plane if only for a second. Because, even if he wanted to be an Absolute who stayed grounded, he had to reach infinity first.

His essence exploded. Everything that originally created the existence known as "Damien Void" in mind, body, and soul was dismantled.

[Child of Infinity]

For that moment, the title was the only thing that remained in reality.

The title that signified his fate, the title given only to him.

It was a title that told him that no matter what happened, he was always bound to be infinite.

And it was the key that unlocked for him the door to the Void.