

Void 76

Chapter 76

If the aura the temple exuded to the outside could be considered domineering, the inside was a chaotic mix of bloodthirsty and tranquil. Damien couldn't fathom how a human could ever balance such polar opposite emotions perfectly, let alone a construct like the temple.

The first thing they saw upon entry was an expansive hall that seemed to continue for eternity. The walls of this hall were decorated with large depictions of a massive battle.

As they walked forward, the depictions became even more gruesome. In the start, there was a world filled with strife. Empires would fight for territory, people would clash at even the slightest grievance, and law and order were only present within the upper class of society.

They saw paintings of this society essentially leading itself on a path to ruin. However, something changed after a while. Deformed creatures darker than a starless sky suddenly appeared within the world. At first, it was only one, but as time went on, they propagated and multiplied.

When the creatures first arrived, the various leaders of the world simply ignored them. They figured it was a new species of beast, and promptly slayed every single one they saw. Noticing that the strength of these creatures was nothing, the leaders of the various races stopped paying attention to them.

Even the members of the beast race shunned them, not claiming them as their own. But with the blatant discrimination and immense hatred that the beast race and humanoid races had against each other, these claims were widely ignored.

Without anyone's notice, these deformed creatures continued spreading, kidnapping women from various races and creating progeny on the planet. They spent years in the dark, slowly waiting for their time to strike. As their progeny grew up, these creatures brainwashed them, making them faithful believers.

And since the progeny had humanoid appearances, they were accepted into society without question. These children spread through the continent, preaching their beliefs and infecting the minds of countless people from all races. These people were further brainwashed and then sent to act against the nations they resided in.

This was how things started.

At this point, the trio had reached the halfway point of the hall. They could see a door in the distance, but they were too focused on the paintings to care. Even Zara, whose innocence was extremely prominent, still had her focus on the scenes depicted in front of her.

The deformed creatures performed sacrifices and rituals, unnaturally granting strength to those that followed them as they corrupted a large part of the population. Even at this point, the higher-ups of the nations didn't take notice.

They simply took the spread as a new faith that had been started. They disdained these people for praying and giving their lives to false gods.

It was at this point that the deformed creatures decided it was time to act. They sent word to their homeland, depicted as a dark star within an infinite cosmos. It took 10 years for others from their race to arrive, and seeing the progress the frontrunners had made, they began to set up circular devices in various areas of the world.

Then, after spending 20 years in hiding, they struck. Those circular devices widened into massive black holes, and out of those holes came swarms of the deformed creatures. It was only now that the leaders of the nations began to fight back.

They were strong, stronger than anything Damien had felt before. The residual aura of these beings was strong enough to leak even when it was just a painting of them.

‘How do you even paint such a thing?’ Damien only had a passing thought before he refocused on the paintings.

The depiction was brutal. Denizens of the world were slaughtered like pigs, whether they were warriors or innocents didn’t matter. The deformed beings moved with the singular goal of wiping out all existence on the planet.

Then, what Damien could only assume to be the 4th and 5th class beings on the planet made their move. He was surprised by the sheer number, as there seemed to be tens of demigods and thousands of 4th classes.

These beings went on a rampage, killing every last one of those deformed creatures they could find. But they were too late in their efforts. They had been too conceited in their positions of power.

Those who had been converted by the deformed beings made their move, crawling the streets of cities with the unnatural power they gained and committing mass slaughter, laughing while doing it. It took years to finally win the battle, but the losses were too heavy to even be considered a win.

Almost half of the world’s population had been razed during these short few years.

For the first time since their long rule had begun, these beings realized their idiocy. They got together and proposed a truce, a method to bring their people together, and a method to unite the world.

And their method found success.

The denizens of the world, having experienced a massive calamity, came together in hatred for those deformed creatures. Their features were obvious even on their progeny, and anyone who possessed those features was killed on the streets regardless of their innocence. It took many years for the world to regain a semblance of peace.

But those deformed creatures didn't allow it. They once again came to the world with the same purpose, but this time, they brought stronger forces. On the enemy's side as well, Damien felt the residual auras of what he assumed to be demigods.

Tracing the length of the wall, Damien realized that the depiction was almost over, but he felt there was too much story to tell for it to end so soon. He decided to keep observing before coming to any conclusions.

As he watched, he saw another gruesome battle take place, but this time, the denizens of the world were more prepared. The deformed race wasn't able to propagate as they could previously. However, this was made up for by the fact that their leaders had descended.

Suddenly, the entire depiction became centered on a boy. The boy lost his family in the first calamity the world faced, but he still grew up and learned how to use his powers, he joined the war when those beings returned and he surpassed everyone around him.

As the battles raged on, he grew from a boy into a young man, and from a young man into an old one.

Even at the apex of the war, the denizens of the world were losing. Placed in a compromising position, the leaders of the world decided to own up to their mistakes.

They trapped the leaders of the deformed race with their schemes and directly used their mana to implode. The paintings became entirely white, depicting the massive explosion that took place.

Only that single man was left alive, the one who had grown from a boy during these years of war. In front of him, countless of those deformed creatures stood, even 3 of their demigods remained. Yet, he was on his last leg.

Just like those before him, the man decided to sacrifice himself. But his effort was much greater than theirs. When he imploded, the space around him cracked and shattered, creating a massive black hole, while countless meteors rained down from the sky.

Two more demigods and most of the cannon fodder died in this apocalyptic explosion.

In the last panel of the hall, the man's corpse had a smile on its face, while the final living demigod on the enemy side rushed to escape.

The trio was silent. None of them could bring themselves to speak.

The depiction was horrific calamity on a worldwide scale, but also the tale of various heroes.

It was the tale of growth and development, but also destruction and devastation.

Finally, after what seemed like many hours, the silence was broken, yet not by any of the three currently in the room.

An aged voice echoed through the halls.

“Finally, someone has arrived to whom I can tell my story.”