

Void 871

Chapter 871 Confrontation [3]

"Come, I shall entertain you for today!"

A booming voice rang out, and was immediately followed by a collision.

BOOOOOOM!

Two extreme peak masters attacked as one, slamming into the Giant Leader's body with their full force.

However, what were giants known for if not physical power?

"Hahahaha! I am Galantis, King of the Cloud Giants! You two Nox scum should be grateful to have a chance to injure my body!"

Galantis roared and laughed heartily like an old sailor, a completely different demeanor than he demonstrated during more managerial duties.

And hearing his ecstatic response, two faces crumpled as one.

"Receive my strike!"

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Galantis threw his fist forward without a care in the world, but this single strike was enough to cause countless booming explosions to blanket the sky as the air exploded.

"Kak...!"

"Ha...!"

Two groans of pain rang out as Lucas and Sir Theon were pushed back, their blood rolling in their bodies.

They looked at each other solemnly. It seemed that the current enemy wasn't something they could defeat if they held back at all.

After that single strike, they were already aware of the difference in power between them.

After all, even after fighting each other for so long, they both needed to use countless tricks to injure each other.

Meanwhile, this giant only needed a single punch!

"Have you forgotten my existence?!"

A booming voice was followed by a terrifying storm. Punches rang out in bulk with no semblance of physics. Galantis' body moved with the speed of a cheetah despite having the size of an element, and as if his defying acts were recognized by the universe, space continuously threatened to tear open and swallow him as his attacks grew fiercer.

"Dammit!" Lucas yelled in frustration. If he could just get past this damn giant's skin, he would be able to gain an absolute advantage, but it was impossible!

Every time he punched out, every time his mana came in contact with that skin, it was repelled as if there was a forcefield covering Galantis!

However, there was nothing of the sort. This was the result of pure physical prowess that matched the elemental prowess of most people's 9th revolution.

Sir Theon's eyes narrowed. He could feel the effects of his Demonic Providence fading away with every second, he still had internal injuries remaining from the mysterious expert's attack, and he was already corrupted with Lucas' mana shards. He was by far in the worst position among the three.

'Even if Lucas is on my side now, I have no doubt he will sacrifice me to save himself if the situation arises.' Sir Theon thought to himself.

Regardless of which side he was on, he'd lose.

It was an incredibly vexing feeling, but at the current juncture, Sir Theon had no time to think over it. He could only keep it in mind and plan for the event so he could be prepared when it occurred.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Spurt!

Sir Theon flew backwards with blood spraying out of his mouth. Even Lucas was thrown away, unable to bear the momentum of Galantis' attacks.

"Hahahahaha!"

Galantis' laugh echoed through the surroundings, inadvertently freeing many people from their confused states.

As the battle in the sky progressed, the battles on the ground began to change as well. As more Heaven's Army soldiers regained their sanity, the tides began to turn in their favor.

The only problem they had to deal with was the Nox's numbers, but with their current advantage, the Nox's advantage only evened the playing field.

Unlike Lucas who was fully focused on the fight, Sir Theon had been taking in all of these sights. He could feel the tides of this war changing, and he clearly understood who would win in the end, even if the victory was pyrrhic.

He glanced at Lucas as he avoided Galantis' punches. His body swerved through the air, not hindering the battle but not necessarily helping either.

Lucas glared at him hatefully, but how could he find time to complain? He didn't even have the freedom to control Sir Theon through the mana shards in his body at the moment.

The only thing he could do was dodge, dodge, dodge!

"I refuse to be beaten so one-sidedly!" He roared in anger. His aura suddenly flared with the scent of blood, making it evident that he was burning his blood vitality.

Sir Theon's eyes widened. He didn't know why Lucas was so determined, but it was all the better for him.

He quietly awaited his chance as the other two fought.

Galantis didn't care about Sir Theon at all. He could see the latter's injuries clearer than water, and considering the expression currently decorating the Nox Supreme's face, Galantis could guess that something interesting would happen if he let that man go.

Nevertheless, Galantis lost the ability to check on Sir Theon soon after.

With his blood vitality as the foundation, Lucas' strength skyrocketed. It wasn't just his physical body, but the power of his laws as well.

BOOM!

Two fists collided, one natural and the other covered in bloody light. A gargantuan red explosive force spread from the impact and enveloped them, however, neither of them chose to retreat.

Their fists connected again. At the same time, Lucas maneuvered his mana skillfully to create several metallic constructs enhanced by blood mana. These constructs were vessels for several different law concepts, any of which would be deadly to practitioners under the extreme peak level.

Xiu! Xiu! Xiu! Xiu!

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Galantis' eyes narrowed. He could feel microscopic cuts forming on the surface of his skin.

While these cuts didn't mean anything in the short term, he had seen a portion of Lucas and Sir Theon's previous battle and understood how this Nox Worshipper's abilities worked.

"It looks like I'll have to get serious!"

Galantis kicked his foot forward like a spartan, striking Lucas in the chest and pushing him back. His body suddenly flared with light, beams shooting from his orifices as his aura solidified into something greater.

"You...!" Lucas tried to exclaim.

However, the fist in front of his face had already struck him by the time the first word came out.

BOOOOOOOOOM!

Lucas shot backward with the same speed as a comet. He could feel his organs rumbling. There were several internal injuries already in his body, but they'd all become exponentially worse.

'If this goes on, I'll lose no matter what!' Lucas thought to himself.

However, the solution immediately appeared in his mind.

His mana concentrated in his body as he took control over the mana shards he'd left in his target.

He sensed his target's location and prepared to throw him into Galantis to distract him, however...

'The target is...'

Shik!

A blade pierced through Lucas' chest.

'...behind me?'

Lucas' eyes widened in shock. He was too absorbed in the battle and failed to consider Sir Theon's actions.

After all, logic said that the duo should attack the Cloud Giant first, since the latter wasn't affiliated with the Nox.

Unfortunately, Lucas forgot for a second who he was dealing with.

He was irrational, but he was still born a Demon. He still understood the prudence that universe denizens learned as they grew.

The Nox had no such concept.

They would act on whichever benefit would serve them best in the short term.

In this case, Lucas' death was that act.

Cough!

Lucas suddenly coughed. Chunks of organs sprayed from his mouth, mixed with the blood that was already leaking from it.

His body started to liquefy.

However, it wasn't allowed to complete that process at all.

Chapter 872 Confrontation [4]

"Hang in there, we're almost out!"

An exclamation of drive rang through a flower space as those within clashed with the flower's petals in a bid to escape.

They'd already been attacking the flower barrier for several minutes, but they hadn't seen any sort of change. Even the spirited shout that spurred them on was one of false hope.

It seemed like the only way to escape the flower space was to kill each other and claim the treasure, however, none of those currently alive were stupid enough to even consider this.

They'd seen the flower's evolution for themselves. They'd seen how the heavenly vine absorbed the dead to grow. After that, how could they still believe that its treasures were safe?

Still, their mentalities meant nothing in the face of the flower space's defensive power.

Alexandra sighed to herself as she attacked the wall.

She didn't even know how to feel at the moment.

How was one supposed to feel when they learned that one of the universe's leaders was a traitor?

Was one supposed to doubt everyone and everything from that point forth?

Alexandra couldn't bring herself to do that, and while she of course held the desire to do something, she didn't have the power to act on it.

'I have to find a way to tell him.'

She thought back to the strange man she'd met for barely any time at all. If it was him, maybe ridding the universe of a great betrayer would be a possibility.

But how was she supposed to warn him?

Rumble!

At this time, the flower space suddenly shook. Muffled impacts sounded all across the barrier as if a rain of hail was battering it.

Alexandra's eyes widened. "Someone's helping from the outside! Push harder!"

The others noticed around the same time as her, and their efforts were maximized instantly.

Crack! Crack!

The barrier began to crack slowly. As the petals were being attacked from multiple angles, the spreading cracks eventually met each other and became more pronounced.

And just as the petals began to shatter...

RUMBLE!

The earth itself rumbled.

The heavenly vine glowed with intense golden-red light.

Rilia appeared beside Alexandra in an instant.

"Must...leave."

She grabbed Alexandra by the arm and rapidly shot into the air.

"Wait! The barr—"

Alexandra started to warn Rilia, but her worries were unfounded. Before the duo reached the top of the flower space, the barrier shattered entirely.

Alexandra and Rilia shot into the air of the outside world and rapidly retreated away from the heavenly vine, leaving its sphere of influence entirely.

"Time...of...reckoning," Rilia muttered, pointing at the heavenly vine's peak.

There, Alexandra saw a sight she'd never once expected.

A massive giant stood facing Lucas Stroom, who was currently impaled by the Nox Supreme's blade.

The heavenly vine squirmed below them, the petals of the twin flowers at its peak curling and releasing as if to express excitement,

"This is...just what happened?!" Alexandra exclaimed.

It wasn't just about the Cloud Giants who suddenly appeared, but the battlefield as a whole.

Where did all the troops go?!

Unless...

They couldn't have died in the relatively short amount of time that passed, right?

Then again, thinking about the sheer number of extreme peak masters who died within that same span of time, Alexandra stopped doubting what she saw.

RUMBLE!

The earth shook again, sending vibrations even to where Rilia and Alexandra stood several hundred thousand kilometers away.

"The heavenly vine...is moving," Alexandra muttered.

Before her eyes, the vine squirmed to life.

Two massive vines like tentacles shot from the main vine's surface, flying into the air and wrapping around Lucas' body.

In the air above the vine, Sir Theon's expression changed instantly.

Boom!

The air exploded as he pushed away from Lucas as fast as he could.

And at the same pace he moved, he clearly witnessed Lucas' body freezing over and being sucked into the vine's "mouth," almost as if it was being stored for later.

'I must flee!'

The thought was instantly changed into action. Without any care for face or mission, he turned tail and ran away at his fastest speed.

In the first place, this kind of conflict wasn't in his pay grade!

He was sent to kill a weak kid not even at the extreme peak of 4th class!

Why should he entangle with these forces that'd definitely cause his death?

And he wasn't the only one thinking so. Galantis pulled away even before Sir Theon, completely avoiding the vine.

In the first place, he was hired help! There was no need to risk his life where it wasn't necessary.

'The mana shards in my body have become ownerless now that Lucas has been taken by the vine. If I can find a place to sit down and refine them, I should be able to heal back to my peak.' Sir Theon ruminated inwardly.

With his power limited, Sir Theon could fight evenly against Lucas and even escape the heavenly vine. What would his full strength look like?

Though, Sir Theon's fantasies remained fantasies.

Escape?

Maybe if it was a few minutes ago before Galantis arrived, escape was still an option.

But now?

The heavenly vine's growth was accelerated exponentially after it absorbed the mana of three Supremes, and in its current state...

BANG!

...it was no different from a Supreme itself.

The ground below exploded. A vine as thick as a tree trunk flew into the air, aiming to tangle around Sir Theon and bring him down.

He narrowly dodged in the air, but was met by a second, third, and fourth vine as he moved like a fly, buzzing around without a particular destination.

Once the 99th vine exited the ground, the group of vines began to sway in formation. A magic circle appeared around them, increasing their girth and length, as well as imbuing them with certain powers.

They now shot out with the power of the earth itself at their disposal. More than that, it even seemed like the vine had certain elemental affinities, likely gained after devouring so many experts.

After all, it wasn't impossible to gain an unnatural affinity, merely extremely rare.

The prospect of escape which was barely possible before became completely impossible.

When one entered 4th class, their every attack would be imbued with laws. The form of the attack stopped mattering as much as the substance became more defined.

This meant that most people opted to drop their fancier techniques for simpler, more useful skills that could be utilized with speed in a normal battle, and this also meant that the current heavenly vine, even though it was only swinging tentacles around wantonly, was throwing deadly force with every attack.

It was especially annoying since the heavenly vine didn't quite know how to control its strength.

And Sir Theon was incredibly unresigned since his internal injuries were the only reason he was so miserable right now.

But, the reason didn't change the fact that he was miserable.

With the vines filled with terrifying law fluctuations attacking him relentlessly, a thought crossed Sir Theon's mind.

'Did I offend someone insanely powerful in my past life?!'

There was truly no other explanation for his misfortune.

Chapter 873 Confrontation [5]

'Partial Divinity.'

Once again, a call was made.

However, its strength was nowhere near its predecessor. Under the heavenly vine's suppression, Sir Theon had no choice but to forcefully activate his Demonic Providence again.

He couldn't summon the Saint Emperor's strength a second time, but he had long made contracts with several Lord-level Demigods that he could use in case of emergency.

'Blade Lord's Intent.'

Sir Theon's aura strengthened to a new level and sharpened incredibly. His entire body became like a sword, and the blade in his hand started to swing even without his prompting.

It was like an extension of his body, something he could control on an instinctive level.

Shing!

His blade slashed through the air in a mysterious pattern. Sir Theon's body weaved through the 99 vines that attacked him, easily dodging and parrying their attacks before counterattacking fiercely.

Vines dropped like flies. It was like their previous forcing Sir Theon into a corner was a complete lie.

'As long as the Demonic Providence is active, I can move while ignoring my internal injuries. However, when it ends...'

Previously, Sir Theon used the Saint Emperor's Divinity because he was in a critical situation where he needed the greatest power output he could get.

However, for his body, bearing a Lord's Divinity was far less taxing. His efficiency would be maximized at the cost of raw power.

At this moment, Sir Theon's opponent was a vine that hadn't fully grown into its strength yet. Its sentience was limited so its control over its laws wasn't refined at all.

As long as he could capitalize on his temporary advantage and destroy that vine, he'd end up with benefits that far exceeded the consequences he'd suffer from overexerting his power.

'I have five minutes. I must not falter!'

His head snapped in the direction of the heavenly vine, his body following not long after. By the time his thought ended, he was already halfway to the heavenly vine's main body.

But how could it allow its greatest threat to return?

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Vines blasted the ground open with every inch that Sir Theon moved. The number grew from tens to hundreds and even until the thousands, endlessly approaching Sir Theon and attempting to confine him.

Unfortunately for the vine, Sir Theon wasn't in his same weakened state anymore.

With the Blade Lord's Divinity, he truly became a master of the blade. His every strike was filled with profundity and meaning and his every movement caused the winds to whip in reverence.

Slash!

He slashed out forcefully, throwing a massive crescent of Blade Aura into the horde of vines.

Shik! Shik! Shik!

A strange sound rang out as the vines were slashed into pieces. As they landed on the ground, Sir Theon suddenly noticed that they were absorbed into the earth like the corpses of the dead.

'At this rate, the vine will regenerate endlessly. It's already delayed me too much!'

2 minutes passed. Even if it wasn't much time, it meant everything to Sir Theon.

He wasn't even a thousand kilometers closer to the heavenly vine yet, and he had several thousand to cross.

If every thousand kilometers took an entire two minutes to penetrate...

'I'll never make it.'

Sir Theon's eyes hardened. His face turned dignified.

'It seems I won't be able to escape death today.' He realized.

But would this realization shake his resolve?

Never!

Even if he was fated to die, he'd take his enemy along with him. If he didn't try until the end, the possibility of survival would truly become zero!

"Burn!"

VOOM!

Sir Theon's eyes burned brightly, his body suddenly covered in bulging veins. His blood boiled and burned, empowering his aura with its vitality.

"Damned vine! I will conquer you today!"

Sir Theon's body arched, his head turning to the sky.

RAAAAAAAH!

He let out a fierce roar. His aura flared several hundred kilometers into the surroundings, letting loose a storm of Blade Aura that obliterated any and everything in that range.

BOOM!

Sir Theon's body shot forward like a comet. By the time his third minute ended, he only had a few hundred kilometers to travel before reaching the vine's main body.

At that time, the situation evolved again.

The heavenly vine wasn't remaining in stasis while Sir Theon attacked it.

It's every action to delay him had a single purpose: to buy enough time for it to acclimate.

And while that time wasn't completely bought...

VOOOOOM!

A massive fluctuation escaped the ground below Sir Theon and blasted him into the air.

A vine shot through the exploded ground as the rest had, however, this one was inherently different.

The flower blooming at its tip was clearly emanating fluctuations of Sword Aura, likely collected from the dead.

'Blade Aura and Sword Aura are rivals in the same vein. It chose to fight fire with fire until it can understand proper countermeasures.'

Sir Theon gritted his teeth in frustration. In all his years of life, he'd never been this suppressed by an opponent at the same level.

'I won't allow today to be the day I suffer such humiliation.'

Sir Theon slammed his feet against the air as if it was solid and shot towards the vine with ferocity, slashing in a specific pattern that was difficult to perceive with the naked eye.

'Blade Lord's Inherited Art: 10,000 Consecutive Slashes!'

SHIING!

His Blade Aura reached a great level and created 10,000 interconnecting lines that acted as an inescapable net of death.

In response, the vine shot out several fierce blasts of Sword Aura, utterly brutish yet far more damaging than Sir Theon's strikes.

BOOOOOOOM!

The two forces collided in the air in a terrifying flash of light. The air was cut into tens of thousands of pieces, and even the Wild Continent's sturdy atmosphere slightly cracked under the pressure.

Sir Theon shot several thousand kilometers in the distance, blood spraying from his body.

Yet, his face was decorated with a grin.

'Foolish vine.'

He might've been injured, but the direction he was flying...

Sir Theon suddenly turned his body and slashed his blade diagonally.

'Blade Lord's Inherited Art: Absolute Dominance.'

The edge of his blade made contact with something solid.

Blade Aura overshadowed the heavens.

Sir Theon put everything he had into this attack. He used the momentum of the explosion to shoot himself towards the heavenly vine and use his final minute to gather every last bit of power that he could.

The Absolute Dominance strike was the full force of a Supreme, a force that caused the Wild Continent's atmosphere to crack into several different pieces.

His blade penetrated the heavenly vine's thick exterior layer.

HAAAAAAAAAAH!

Sir Theon roared, his muscles bulging monstrously as he pushed the blade deeper into the vine's trunk.

It went deeper and deeper. With every second, another piece of the heavenly vine was obliterated, returned to nothingness by Sir Theon's blade until finally...!

The final minute of Partial Divinity was exhausted.

Sir Theon's progress...?

Roughly halfway through the vine.

His strength faltered.

His expression crumpled.

"I still...failed." He muttered.

The thick trunk of the vine separated into countless strands that wrapped around Sir Theon and dragged him into its body.

And in the same moment...

"It's time."

A voice rang out in the void.

Chapter 874 Confrontation [6]

While the heavenly vine was dealing with Sir Theon, it didn't stop its attempts to grow stronger.

The ferocious vines that were attacking the Supreme rained hell on the main battlefield as well, and unlike Sir Theon that had the ability to fight against them, not many on the ground were the same.

Countless people were torn to shreds and absorbed within a single instant, but luckily, the Cloud Giants had also finished freeing the extreme peak experts trapped in the flower spaces.

A fierce battle followed.

The extreme peak experts banded together to hold back the vines and destroy them, but facing their endless regeneration, even their power wasn't enough to stop tens of thousands from dying as collateral damage.

Alexandra and Rilia were also part of the crowd facing the vines. They swerved together, acting as one and combining their power to create a solid attack and defense that couldn't be penetrated.

Unfortunately, the duo had expended a great deal of strength trying to escape the flower space earlier and they hadn't been given much time to rest at all.

Bang!

Crack!

A group of vines slammed into Alexandra's earthly defense and shattered the impenetrable wall. Alexandra clutched her chest and calmed her rolling blood as she retreated. At the same time, Rilia moved forward and held the vines back with her strength.

Black shadows and liquid swirled through the air as Rilia moved, acting as the only proof of her presence. With her speed, dodging the vines wasn't a problem, but destroying them was another matter altogether.

It was fine when she had time behind Alexandra's defense, but in a head-on fight, she was powerless in the short run.

Rilia darted around and slashed the vines, but they slammed back at her with the same intensity. In this fierce back and forth, Rilia gradually left a myriad of cuts on several vines, and when she felt that the number was enough...

Slice!

She sliced her weapon, letting a black line fly through the air, directly shattering the vines she'd been targeting.

"Haa...haa..." Rilia caught her breath and moved again, but at that time, a vine appeared behind her, absolutely unannounced!

Her eyes widened. She tried to move her body, but the best she could do was offset the impact so she didn't get any fatal injuries.

However, in the current atmosphere, any major injury was fatal!

Xiu!

A projectile whizzed past Rilia's face as she slightly moved her head. The cut on her cheek was mild in comparison to what happened to the vine that almost killed her.

Crackle!

A strangely brittle sound resounded. The vine directly froze within a second and shattered into multiple pieces.

Xiu! Xiu! Xiu!

The first projectile was followed by a storm of countless more, causing every vine in the vicinity to shatter.

When Rilia and Alexandra looked up, they caught sight of the figure who helped them.

Alexandra's eyes widened.

"Xinyue!"

Xinyue glanced over and nodded before dashing over to a separate group of vines and continuing her attack.

Alexandra sighed to herself and took several medicines to heal herself.

It looked like a great change would be taking place soon.

Just as she had that thought, it was like the entire battlefield froze.

The heavenly vine and everything connected to it froze as if paused in time.

The Heaven's Army soldiers affected by the vine's control were completely freed in an instant.

It was almost like a miracle.

"It's time."

The heavenly vine froze as a voice rang out in the void, unheard by all but one.

Damien stood below the earth, unmoving from his original position with his hands on the underdeveloped World Core.

However, his command forced that horrifying heavenly vine to freeze.

Why was that?

The answer was simple.

Damien was now the "owner" of the Wild Continent. Even if this didn't give him control over the beings who inhabited it, it definitely gave him control over the flora.

Regardless of how heavenly the vine was, it was still a plant that required the earth to survive, at least for now.

Damien realized immediately that he could capitalize on this.

While he couldn't take complete control over the vine, he could somewhat govern its actions.

The vine originally held the desire to devour Lucas and Sir Theon, but it was Damien's influence that caused it to target Sir Theon to such an extent and first entrap Lucas before anything else.

'Although I couldn't do anything before, this vine is really unlucky.'

The root system the vine established to absorb the blood of the dead and attack with its subordinate vines was the very reason Damien was finally able to establish full control over the vine's movements.

Damien's gaze pierced the earth and viewed the situation above.

"Galantis, now. I can only hold it for 3 minutes." He said.

His voice traveled through space and entered the Giant Leader's ear, causing him to grin.

"Good! I have been wanting to destroy this thing since I first saw it!"

In fact, Galantis wasn't nearly as powerless as Lucas and Sir Theon. Even if the vine was at full power, he'd be able to defeat it in single combat.

The problem was that their fight would span countless kilometers and cause unrestrained destruction. As Damien wanted to save Heaven's Army, he couldn't allow Galantis to run wild.

Thus, the current plan. After he restrained the vine, Galantis would be able to use his full force without repercussions, and if the vine couldn't dodge or block, the collateral damage caused by this strength would be lessened greatly.

The Damien and Galantis duo ignored the strange atmosphere on the battlefield and enacted their plan without a single deviation.

Galantis's body became a peak weapon as he let loose a flurry of punches and kicks laced with terrifying mana fluctuations.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Rendered unable to react, the vine was forced to endure the attacks. Chunks of its body flew into the air and exploded, its flowers withered, and it eventually began to die.

Standing underground, Damien felt that the whole scene was quite anticlimactic.

After all the trouble it caused, the heavenly vine was just going to die so easily?

It almost felt wrong.

However, there was nothing strange about it. This was the result of taking control of every variable and waiting for the perfect opportunity to reverse the situation.

Merely, was Damien ever the person to do this?

He finally got to experience what it felt like to be the person controlling things from behind the scenes.

No danger, only benefits.

Damien cracked a wry smile.

'It's a bit disgusting.'

He shook his head and turned around.

"Let's go up. Staying away from the battlefield is irking me." He said. "Plus, it's time for you to eat."

The woman standing behind him nodded with a smile. "Finally. Waiting like this was so tiring."

"You're telling me!" Damien exclaimed. "It's so suffocating that I honestly wish the scale of this battle was a bit smaller so I could participate, but it is what it is."

He shrugged his shoulders and held out his hand out. "Either way, we benefit most in the end."

Zara's smile widened as she took it. "Mm. As expected of us."

The duo vanished, reappearing above ground.

Only then did they notice the strangeness of the battlefield.

It was normal for the area to be blanketed in emotion, however, this emotion was usually something desolate or fiery.

Was it normal for the atmosphere of a battlefield to be...awkward?

Chapter 875 Rewards [1]

The sudden end of the apocalyptic situation that had overtaken the Wild Continent left all those who were able to witness it in shock.

Other than the 3rd classes, who were still too busy taking care of the mindless Lesser Nox to notice the changes in the battlefield, all others were simply staring at the motionless heavenly vine as it was beaten into nonexistence.

Damien and Zara appeared in this very atmosphere, acting oblivious as they met Galantis at the heavenly vine.

"Young Master!" Galantis greeted when he noticed their approach.

Damien nodded. "How's it going? Any benefits?"

Galantis shook his head with a sigh. "None. It seems that the treasures of this vine have all been coalesced into two different cores. The first is at the peak of the vine, and the second is at the very center of its body. The first is easy to reach, however, the second..."

Galantis trailed off and let his words become vague, but Damien understood his intent. Just as there were some tasks that needed to be left to brute force, some tasks required immense precision.

Galantis could absolutely claw out the second core, but if he did so, just how much raw material would go to waste?

There was no need to even think about it when there was a spatial expert present.

"Then I guess it's time for me to do some work," Damien said with a smile.

He closed his eyes and let his awareness penetrate the dead vine's surface. Instantly, he was met with an incredibly interwoven set of structures, so complicated that a headache struck his mind for merely trying to navigate it.

Damien furrowed his brows and focused his awareness. 'This vine...'

He shook his head and saved his thoughts for when the task was over. Slowly but surely, he unraveled the vine's complex structure, following the traces of aura inlaid within to locate the second core.

'Finally.'

He breathed a sigh of relief as the crimson-red and gold core came into view. And unexpectedly, there was a second surprise next to it.

'Haha, this guy really had bad luck until the end.'

Damien used his spatial mana to wrap around the two objects buried in the center of the vine and carefully displaced them, bringing them into the outside world without a single trace of damage.

Zara's eyes immediately lit up. "Can I?"

"Go right ahead," Damien responded easily. "What else is he good for?"

He tossed Sir Theon's dead body to Zara, who changed into her beast form and began feasting in a way that reminded everyone that she was born a beast.

Damien smiled wryly. Zara had come out of her small seclusion while he was binding the false World Core, awakened by the strong breath of Nox Mana she felt through her connection with him.

And naturally, she woke up hungry.

Damien shook his head and let her be. In the end, this was no different from his own Devour ability, so he couldn't really comment at all.

Instead, he collected the heavenly vine's second core, a clear pouch filled with unknown viscous liquid, and investigated the two treasures in his hands.

The thought he had earlier cemented itself in that moment.

'This heavenly vine is a taboo existence.'

Even in the memories he'd taken from the various ancient Emperors of the Wild Continent, Damien had never seen such an anomalous existence.

'The vine wasn't just able to regenerate from nothing, it was able to absorb people's abilities from their corpses. Such an ability simply isn't possible in the universe's power system.'

Damien knew well what it meant to be an anomalous existence, as there were none as anomalous as him. In fact, even this ability of the heavenly vine was similar to his own Void abilities.

'So it truly comes back to that.'

The fact that this was a Void Corridor, a place outside of the universe's jurisdiction, meant that the restrictions and structure of the universal system didn't exist outside.

Damien's Void abilities, the heavenly vine's abilities, and even the Nox's Demonic Providence were all proof that the Abyss was a place more lawless than any other.

But it also meant that the Abyss was a place of endless opportunity, a place where one could obtain reality-altering power if they could survive.

'The internal core contains all the blood vitality that the heavenly vine collected, which isn't very helpful to me...as for the external core, this liquid seems to be the vine's lifeline. If I devour it, I should be able to enhance my Samsara Intent to a new level.'

Damien grinned. This time's expedition was really fortuitous. It was likely the least amount of work he'd put in thus far in comparison to what he gained.

Nevertheless, there was still one problem.

'How long has it been?'

At first, Damien thought the time dilation was constant at the strange rate he'd heard from Alexandra, but after binding the false World Core, he realized this wasn't true at all.

Rather, the time dilation was always randomly changing at such a subtle and intrinsic level that even Damien couldn't detect it with his current abilities.

Such smooth transitions in dilation that didn't even alert those within was absolutely an ability at the peak of Time Laws.

'Well, I just hope it hasn't been a month.'

Damien looked into the sky.

Until the Void Corridor spit them out, they were stuck here. Now that the greatest trouble had been taken care of, the only thing left to do was...

"HEAVEN'S ARMY!" He roared, his voice amplified by mana so it boomed all across the battlefield.

Countless beings snapped to attention, staring into the sky at the man flanked by the same giant who killed the heavenly vine.

Seeing their eyes on him, Damien opened his mouth to speak.

"Lucas Streem was a traitor!"

His opening sentence cut through the silence, causing countless people's hearts to skip a beat.

"Asuran Gate has betrayed the universe, however, we soldiers of Heaven are not scum of the same feather! Today, we have an opportunity to achieve a great victory and wipe out the Nox forces of several sectors of Eien. If we win this battle, you will all be heroes talked about for many generations to come!"

Damien's continued words caused their blood to boil. Flames of vengeance and determination alit in the eyes of those soldiers on the ground and even the extreme peak masters among them.

"Today, we have defeated the greatest threats! The heavenly vine is destroyed, and the Nox Supreme has become nothing more than dog food!"

Damien directed their attention to Zara absolutely devouring Sir Theon's body.

"Fight! Fight and kill all of our enemies, so we can return to the universe with glory!"

Damien's final roar shook Heaven and Earth.

The Nox who'd just found out that their Supreme was truly no better than dog food lost their opportunity to take initiative.

And as if a rolling tide...

RAAAAAAAAAAH!

The roars of valor spread and infected all Heaven's Army troops present.

The war began once more.

However, this time...

It was nothing more than a one-sided slaughter.

The Nox who lost their leader felt their morality drop by several leagues, and without a central power to guide them, their structure fell apart entirely.

And dealing with a disorganized crowd?

It was truly no different from slaughtering pigs and chickens.

Chapter 876 Rewards [2]

Sunlight.

It was something taken for granted by those who experienced it, something judged as a natural part of the universal system that would always be present.

However, in a time of war, in a time where dark clouds covered everything as far as the eye could see, not naturally but through the effects of countless mana emissions coagulating and polluting the world, sunlight took on a new meaning.

As the bright rays of the sun parted the clouds of the Wild Continent, showering the cracked and sundered earth with an aura of vitality and power, the dark and bloody battlefield found its resting place.

Several million soldiers stood together, kneeled to the ground, cried their hearts out, and celebrated the fact that they were alive.

After all, it was truly a miracle.

When the number of soldiers was decreased from the tens of millions to the single-digit millions, it became clear just how harrowing the previous battle was.

It was difficult to identify it when the battle was viewed through the eyes of the powerful, but in the eyes of these common soldiers, they'd just been through purgatory.

Several thousands of healers made their way through the crowds, restoring limbs and healing those who needed it. Some soldiers with immaculate cooking skills began to barbecue, using the meat of beasts they'd caught earlier to create a feast for their comrades.

With so many priests and healers around, one didn't even need to worry about the mutation factor that these beasts carried.

Nevertheless, as these soldiers shared stories of their heroic battles this time, a few points seemed to maintain prominence, whether between crowds of 3rd classes or extreme peak masters.

The first was that incomprehensible heavenly vine. How could they not talk about the entity that almost massacred them all?

The second was the Cloud Giants. If it wasn't for their timely aid, all of the extreme peak masters and a majority of those under them would've died under the combined assault of the vine and Nox.

And the final point was the mysterious man who spurred them into action once everything was over.

It didn't take long for a connection to be drawn between him and the mysterious expert who originally left Sir Theon with his internal injury.

However, they had no way to confirm their suspicions.

After all, just as mysteriously as he'd appeared, he'd disappeared into the wind, completely untraceable by all methods.

It made some people wonder.

Was he truly a member of the current society?

Or was he a phantom of an ancient emperor who couldn't bear to see his descendants slaughtered?

Unfortunately, this train of thought only led to more questions.

When these people learned that the man they revered wasn't even at the extreme peak of 4th class yet, how would they feel?

Perhaps some of them would directly cough blood and die.

That was just too unfair!

Indeed, Damien had vanished from the perception of others, but he wasn't necessarily trying to hide.

Merely, after the battle ended, he and Zara returned to the Cloud Giant settlement with Galantis.

Currently, they stood before the Giant Council once again, however, the air between them wasn't nearly as tense as it was the first time.

"Old Giant, this time several hundred of your people died helping me. I must thank you from the bottom of my heart." Damien declared, bowing his head slightly.

Galantis smiled.

"No need for thanks. They died honorably in battle, not disappointing our people. I'm sure their souls are content in the afterlife." He said. The Cloud Giants did mourn their dead, but with their past, they didn't attach the same meaning to death as humans did.

Still, Damien couldn't accept it. Galantis and his people's help was imperative for his plan's success, and he was never the type of person who didn't know how to reward his people.

"Regardless, take this Bloodstone as a sign of my sincerity. If you use it yourself, it should enhance your strength somewhat, but I'd suggest letting a younger generation refine it, as it will comprehensively boost their physical body and talent to a new level. Perhaps they can even revive your race."

Damien took the red and gold Bloodstone out of his spatial storage and tossed it to Galantis, allowing it to fly through the sky until the Giant Leader caught it in his hands.

He looked at it with widened eyes, but eventually smiled.

"Good! Elder Liu is never wrong in her choice of people, and it seems she's kept her streak today! Damien Void, you will forever be a friend of my Cloud Giant race. As long as it isn't too severe, we will accept any request from you!"

"Any request?" Damien asked.

"Anything...that isn't too severe," Galantis responded, emphasizing the latter half of his words after seeing the look on Damien's face.

Damien shook his head in wonder. "It's funny you mention that, actually. I have an offer that you won't be able to refuse. So there's this place called the Sanctuary..."

Damien put on his best old fox smile and gave his spiel.

The Wild Continent was his already, so all that he had left to do was convince its residents to become his as well.

Nevertheless, it was a long and boring talk that nobody would want to go through if they didn't have to.

Compared to it, there were far more interesting conversations taking place elsewhere.

Heaven's Army retreated from the battlefield after a day and returned to their original base camp to live until the Void Corridor opened. There were still several opportunities and inheritances present, so it wasn't as if these soldiers ran out of things to do after the war ended.

Within a certain tent, a group of elders sat with a young lady, currently in the middle of a fierce discussion.

"Young Master, you aren't lying, right? No matter how many times I hear it, it is simply impossible to believe!" A man exclaimed, rubbing his forehead as he tried to make sense of the information he'd just heard.

The young lady among the crowd shook her head. "No, everything I have said is the truth. If it is necessary, the elders may use soul-searching techniques on me."

"We wouldn't dare!" Several elders exclaimed at once.

Ha! Punish her? What a joke!

These elders, despite their powerful strength, didn't even have the status to kiss the Young Master's feet!

Xinyue glanced at these elders and nodded. "Very well. Be prepared to send an envoy to meet with him soon. We must invite him back to the clan."

"Young Master, why should we take such methods for a mere brat? We can just force him to come!" An elder suddenly said.

Ha!

Xinyue accidentally scoffed, something that surprised these elders who'd never seen her change her expression before.

Panning her gaze over them, she smirked slightly. "If you wish to bring him by force, you may try. However, do not blame me when you die an early death."

"Hehehe~"

A giggle rang out at the edge of the tent as Xinyue's words came to an end.

"Master Elize," Xinyue greeted respectfully.

The woman named Elize nodded in recognition before spreading the fan before her face, her eyes unreadable.

"Young Master, I will personally act as the envoy this time. Do not worry, for I will bring that man back to the clan without fail."

Xinyue's eyes widened slightly. She didn't know anything that could make this woman move on her own accord, but if she truly did, then it was guaranteed that the task at hand would be completed.

Xinyue nodded at Elize as she dismissed the rest of the elders.

"Very well, then we shall leave right now. I will take you to see him."

Elize smiled happily, only a modicum of the euphoria she was experiencing internally.

After all, she'd confirmed it when she saw him last.

It was truly him.

He'd finally come.

Now that she had the opportunity to meet him, how could she reject it?

Chapter 877 Discussion [1]

Xinyue and Elize arrived in the area where the Cloud Giants resided soon enough, however, once they arrived there, Xinyue paused, unknowing of where to move next.

After all, Damien didn't bring Xinyue with him to meet the Cloud Giants, so her only real marker in this territory was the golden palace that seemed to have disappeared.

Just as she furrowed her brows, a light fluctuation spread in front of her, giving way to a small section of malleable space.

"It seems we've been invited in," Elize said with a smile.

Xinyue nodded, leading her through the spatial portal and arriving within the golden palace's familiar domineering halls once more.

The duo traversed the palace until they made it to the throne room, giving Xinyue an all too familiar feeling. Just as she pushed open the door, expecting to see a noncommittal man uncaringly eating spiritual fruits like last time...

Voom!

A powerful pressure descended.

Thud!

Xinyue was immediately forced to the floor while Elize struggled to keep her balance. Confusion set in instantly. Why was Damien suddenly attacking his allies?

But when Xinyue finally managed to raise her head and look at him, the questions in her mind vanished.

Despite the fact that he was weaker than her, she absolutely couldn't put up any resistance at the moment.

Whether that was because of the golden palace's suppression or Damien's own icy murderous aura was unknown.

Currently, Damien didn't resemble his usually carefree self at all.

He sat upon his throne, radiating the dignity and authority of an Emperor. His cold and deadly gaze was trained on Elize alone, never even acknowledging Xinyue's presence.

"Who are you?" He asked without a change of expression.

Xinyue struggled to lift herself off the ground and answer, but a hand on her shoulder stopped her from doing so.

Thud!

Instead, a second knee hit the ground.

Without hesitation, Elize kneeled on the ground, lowering her body even further into a full kowtow.

Xinyue's eyes widened in shock.

Damien's brow raised in curiosity.

Eliza's mouth opened as she introduced herself.

"Elize Handler greets Young Master."

"Oh? But isn't Xinyue your Young Master?" Damien questioned rhetorically.

Elize slightly lifted her gaze so she could see him.

"Young Master, please accept this subordinate!"

Damien's eyes sharpened.

Of all things Damien expected Xinyue to bring here, this definitely wasn't one of them.

However, his current emotion wasn't something he could explain with words.

After all, the feeling he got from Elize was something he'd only felt twice before, and although this feeling was far, far less defined than the previous two, Damien would never forget the feeling of this specific type of connection.

It was a connection of blood.

"Tell me who you are. You should understand the consequences of lying or hiding the truth." He stated.

Elize hesitated for a second. "Young Master, there are many things that you cannot know, however, I will answer you to the best of my ability."

Damien nodded. "Then first, what is your relationship with Void Palace and how did you end up in the Ancient God Clan?"

He got straight to the point. His words cut through the atmosphere, particularly striking Xinyue deeply.

Void Palace?

It was a force she'd never heard of.

But considering Elize's current attitude, wasn't she an outsider who infiltrated the Ancient God Clan?

How...

How was that possible?!

Naturally, Damien had his own considerations about the matter. There was a reason he didn't send Xinyue out before speaking to Elize, despite knowing clearly what the topic of their conversation would be.

And as Elize began to answer his question, he found that his assumptions were mostly correct.

"Young Master, my ancestor is a direct blood descendant of Void Palace. I was raised in this lower universe by my mother, but I have been instilled with countless memories of the past, allowing me to know my purpose for existing here in this place."

"As for the matter of the Ancient God Clan..."

Elize glanced over at Xinyue and hesitated for a moment.

"Speak," Damien ordered.

Elize sighed in resignation.

"The Ancient God Clan is a force cultivated by my ancestors for the sake of aiding the Young Master when he finally appears."

Xinyue felt her heart stop for a moment.

Even Damien's eyes widened with some surprise.

"Oh? Expand on that."

Elize nodded and continued. "The Ancient God Clan was originally an indigenous tribe of evolved humans living on the boundary of Eien. When my ancestor arrived in this realm, he saved them from certain destruction and began to care for them on a whim."

"However, unbeknownst to him, the people he saved were far more special than he gave them credit for. Over the years, they evolved and became stronger until their gene pool concentrated to the point of birthing a trait, which later became termed the All-Seeing Eyes, a reflection of reality itself that pieces through all things."

"The Ancient God Clan wasn't originally supposed to exist, and even the ancestor was planning to leave them on their own after they developed to a certain extent. Yet, before he could leave, he was visited by the Wanderers of the clan."

"Wanderers?" Damien asked.

"Yes. The Wanderers are a group of clan members who traverse the upper and lower universes reading the flow of fate and karma."

"I see," Damien nodded in understanding.

From here, he could pretty much understand how events panned out.

The Wanderers likely read his future existence in the flow of fate, and after Elize's ancestor learned of it, he remained behind to cultivate the Ancient God Clan into a force that could truly aid him.

'It seems the rest of the clan has been putting in more effort than that damn dad of mine.' He scoffed inwardly.

Dante was in prison and couldn't move for obvious reasons, but Damien was still allowed to insult him, right?

Nevertheless, Elize's slight bloodline connection with him and the Ancient God Clan's existence were explained quite easily since Damien already had enough information to guess most of the things Elize told him.

There were probably several secrets hidden within the stories that Elize could tell, but Damien wasn't interested in them. He already got the answers to the questions he wanted answers to.

The matters of Void Palace weren't his to worry about.

What was more surprising was the coincidence that led to their meeting. If he hadn't obtained the All-Seeing Eyes from a random spider in the First Dungeon, would he have ever made it to this point?

Damien closed his eyes for a second and organized his thoughts. Afterward, he turned to Xinyue.

She was the Young Master of the Ancient God Clan. Learning these things from Elize likely struck her far harder than anyone else.

But she was smart enough to not blatantly deny something that could very well be the truth.

"Xinyue, what do you think about this?" He asked curiously.

Xinyue raised her gaze to meet his own, her eyes filled with complicated emotions.

After hesitating for a moment, she finally spoke.

"I am not convinced."

4 simple words.

4 words of defiance.

Her prideful clan was going to subordinate itself to another power so easily?

Unacceptable!

Chapter 878 Discussion [2]

"I am not convinced."

Xinyue's bold words rang through the halls of the golden palace without care.

Damien smiled in response. It wasn't as if this wasn't what he expected from her.

"What are you not convinced by? You've seen my strength, you've understood my status, is there still something that needs to be proved before I can inherit what's rightfully mine?" He asked.

Xinyue gritted her teeth. This method of speaking about the Ancient God Clan like it was an object...

"I cannot accept someone like you as the owner of our Ancient God Clan!" She yelled, defiantly staring into his eyes.

Damien flashed, appearing not even a few inches away from Xinyue, allowing their breaths to mingle.

"Then, what would it take for you to accept me?"

Xinyue pushed away from him and hardened her eyes.

From what she understood about Damien's personality, he wasn't this type of disrespecting and lecherous person. For him to be acting this way...

'Is he testing me?'

Of course, it wasn't some sort of extremely important test, but it was a test nonetheless.

Rather than testing Xinyue, he was more testing the Ancient God Clan's attitude, something which Xinyue could represent easily with her status.

And from Xinyue's reaction, it became clear that subordinating themselves to someone wasn't the problem.

The problem was "who" they subordinated themselves to.

In that case...

"Tell me, is there some kind of trial or something? From your reaction, it seems you only want 'worthy people' to control your clan. It shouldn't be too hard to take that position, don't you think?"

Xinyue furrowed her brows. He wasn't wrong. The Ancient God Clan did have their own Trial Land that would usually be used in situations like this. In fact, there were several people who tried to control the Ancient God Clan in the past who failed the trials and died.

However, if the Ancient God Clan was truly created by Void Palace members, didn't that mean the Trial Land wouldn't pose any problems for Damien?

After all, the entire clan was made for him to inherit.

Honestly, the fact that several hundreds of thousands of years of effort had been put in for this single purpose was still unfathomable to her.

'Then again, I have yet to read the clan's ancient records.'

The ancient records could only be read by those approved by the Clan Head. A portion of the highest elders were the only ones who received this honor aside from the Clan Head herself.

Xinyue was supposed to be granted this authority if she performed well in the Void Corridor, but currently, she didn't know whether she'd still be able to.

Nevertheless, she couldn't decide on such a matter, and in the end, she wasn't the one in control of the Ancient God Clan.

"When the Void Corridor opens, come with me to meet my mother. Your goal of conquering our clan will depend on her decision." Xinyue said indifferently.

Damien sighed lightly. "It seems you despise me now?"

Xinyue shook her head in denial. "No, I'm merely overwhelmed by the things that I've learned. It is natural considering that my entire lifeblood has been reduced to a tool that was created for others."

"Hmm..."

Damien cracked a wry smile, not knowing how to respond.

After all, wasn't this sprung on him out of nowhere as well?

It was just that, after the conversation he had with Dante, this level of news couldn't surprise him anymore.

Void Palace had always existed behind the scenes of Grand Heavens Boundary even though the force itself was located in the Heavenly World. Damien was smart enough to understand that a good portion of his development was likely influenced by Void Palace's guiding hand.

Now that he'd grown, this guiding hand showed itself before him, allowing him to decide how to use it.

"Very well," he said, "I will accompany you to the Ancient God Clan once we leave the Void Corridor. Until then, do as you please. The resources in the palace are free to use."

With those words, Damien vanished, entering the Sanctuary to train by himself.

The atmosphere between Elize and Xinyue froze the instant he left, making it evident that some extremely emotional conversations were about to take place, but that was between the two of them.

Damien had no interest in what the Ancient God Clan felt about the truth of their existence. In the end, he had nothing to do with them before he met Xinyue, which also meant that their problems were unrelated to him.

At least, until they accepted him as their ruler.

When that day came, they'd receive the same treatment as his subordinates.

But before that, he didn't deign to waste time on them.

There were more important things to be done. Mainly, increasing strength.

'Regardless of how long it's been, the Bloodlock Clan's pursuit will begin soon. I need to be prepared to face a few extreme peak masters at the very least. In the worst case scenario, I need to have countermeasures against a Supreme.'

Damien sat in his own personal training area with the heavenly vine's "life sack" in his grasp. He lightly cut open the top, using space to maintain the sack's shape and disallow the liquid from spilling.

Immediately, a strong aura of life and death blasted the atmosphere.

Damien inhaled this breath with his eyes closed.

'It's more life aura than death, however, the duality of the two concepts is still reflected here. Unlike my previous life and death comprehension, however...'

The concept he felt within the heavenly vine's lifeblood was intrinsically tied to the concept of "siphoning."

The Life Laws taught one how to siphon other people's life force for oneself or even share their own life force with others. This concept was similar to [Heal], however, [Heal] was a far more refined version.

[Heal] was able to siphon life aura from the universe itself for healing purposes, which was why it was so sure-fire.

Nevertheless, just as it could siphon and control Life, the vine also learned to emulate these effects with death.

'It's like a curse. The concept is just like the Life Bullets I used to kill the Nox at the first few strongholds, but before today, I wasn't able to perfectly define these laws.'

Damien had been using a rudimentary form of this ability without knowing how to grow it. The addition of the heavenly vine's comprehension into his own would be a massive boon, more than he ever expected to receive from this "life sack."

'Devour.'

His mana enveloped and consumed the entirety of the liquid and even the pouch it came in. Furious waves of power tumbled through Damien's body as he accepted and acclimated to the heavenly vine's power.

Damien quietly incorporated this new strength alone in the void, and as he remained unaware of time, it passed faster than ever before.

It was unknown how many days passed before he opened his eyes, but when he did, he was immediately met with several urgent messages requesting his presence.

According to those desperately contacting Damien from the outside world...

The Void Corridor was finally opening again.

Chapter 879 Vengeance [1]

The Void Corridor experience, none could truly pinpoint how to describe it.

Of the first batch of entrants, the only ones seen alive thus far were Damien and Rilia, however, there were more survivors than just them.

2 years passed before they met outsiders again. Unlike Damien who was constantly hunting inheritances and Rilia who was trapped in an inheritance site for that time, the others were forced to acclimate to the Wild Continent's ecosystem and ingrain themselves into it.

This was the method Ezio chose to keep his people safe.

He and the Roaring Dragon Cavalry took it upon themselves to unite all the survivors they could find and establish a base camp to the far, far south of the continent, far away from any of the action that had taken place thus far.

Of course, they were still attacked by plenty of Nox beings, but with their position, the beings who found them were never strong enough to become a threat.

Currently, the survivor group had just undergone a mass migration. They left their camp behind for the first time in 2 years and made their way to a specified point.

When they arrived, they were met with a large, swirling black portal.

'It's finally time to go, aye?' Ezio thought to himself.

After these few years, he'd become used to the Wild Continent, and it'd be a lie to say he wouldn't miss it.

Several people had sacrificed their lives here, allowing the majority to survive.

Even a new member of their Roaring Dragon Cavalry ended up missing, never heard from again after leaving them on the battlefield.

'I can only hope that boy is okay...'

He sighed to himself and took his first step, prepared to leave the Wild Continent once and for all, but at that moment, a change occurred.

A terrifying pressure descended, not aimed at those on the ground, but merely passing by them.

A large structure flew through the air. It was a golden chariot that emanated the same energy as a starship despite its regular size, a chariot that barely came into view before it disappeared into the Void Corridor along with the massive aura that accompanied it.

Ezio and the others only got a brief glimpse of the personages who could occupy such a vehicle before they were gone.

However, was there something wrong with his eyes?

Ezio could have sworn that he saw a familiar face among them.

'Haha, what a joke.'

How could such a thing happen?

He truly must've been getting old.

The fresh air of the Blood-Drenched Wilderness, though it carried a heavy scent of blood and an inexplicable feeling of death, was like holy water to those who exited the Wild Continent.

Although their time within wasn't anything special, not even lasting more than 2 months, they'd experienced so much that they wished they could immediately retire for the rest of their lives.

However, even compared to the joys and emotions of those who survived the Void Corridor, the emotions of those waiting for them on the outside were far greater.

In the records of the past, not even a few thousand people would survive until the end of the Void Corridor openings. When hundreds of thousands or even a million Heaven's Army troops piled out of the entrance, how could their hearts remain stable?

When they heard about what happened inside and saw that not a single Nox made its way out of the Corridor, their joy turned into utter ecstasy.

What a victory!

In that final battle and the days that proceeded it, Heaven's Army was able to eradicate the Nox forces of several territories spanning almost half of Eien's distance!

The fall of Asuran Gate, the appearance of the heavenly vine and mysterious expert, the Cloud Giants, everything about the Void Corridor became a mythical story that was documented for the history books to be included as one of the very few Void Corridor openings to ever take place.

The effects of the Void Corridor were slow to spread through Eien due to its sheer size, but it was certain that Heaven's Army, at least in Eien, would gain a definitive advantage over the Nox, all thanks to the machinations of just a few people.

Though, the name "Damien Void" didn't resound through the heavens and strike fear in people's hearts. Rather, the name "Damien Void" wasn't mentioned at all.

The only people who knew of his existence apart from Xinyue were two, and he was certain that neither of them had the guts to oppose him for no reason at all.

The fact that he was both the main contributor to Heaven's Army's victory and the person who put in the least effort would remain known only to him.

Currently, Damien was already several million miles away from Eien. He, along with the Ancient God Clan, was on their way to the Ancient God Clan's Hidden World for the sake of continuing their previous discussion.

However, even as they moved, Damien's sharp gaze remained in the sky.

He read the time flow.

It had been roughly a month since he fell into the Wild Continent.

Therefore...

A grin spread on his face.

'Things will get interesting soon.'

Far away from Eien, in the Divine Realm, there was a certain world isolated from the rest. The chaotic space that surrounded it allowed it to maintain a natural defense that even blocked Demigods, and the reputation that this world itself had helped it block any threats that the barrier couldn't.

This place was none other than Death Emperor Star, an inheritance ground, a death zone, and the home of the universe's most prestigious academy.

At this moment, a swirling iridescent blue light was blanketing the institute. With every second that passed, a new figure would materialize on the ground and become physical.

Finally, the Celestial Realm opening, the progress examination, was over.

3 months had passed both swiftly and extremely arduously, but now that they were over, it was a lie to say these geniuses weren't left with a sense of loss.

Nevertheless, as more and more people exited the realm, word began to spread and rumors began to circulate. Rumors of the Celestial Realm's mystical environment or treasures were prevalent, but even more than them...

The Heavenly King.

This title began to spread like wildfire.

And unbeknownst to these geniuses, many fates attached to this title started to interweave in that moment.

It began with the escape of a single strand of mana from the Celestial Realm.

A memory that had been trapped for several months finally made its way to its destination, traveling across millions upon millions of kilometers in a few instances and reaching a collection of worlds located in their own section of the Divine Realm.

The strand of mana flew through the several mystical structures of these worlds until it arrived at a specific reddish-black castle near the summit of the largest world.

Kacha!

Without interference, it entered between the eyebrows of the man who populated that castle.

BOOM!

Killing intent immediately flared, tearing down the castle walls. The man's aura roared and raged into the heavens, growing so titanous that it almost eclipsed the entirety of the world he resided on.

His eyes burned with fury as he watched the scenes that the mana strand offered him.

"Hey, hey...my name...camera shy...seeing each other...ta ta...!"

The words of the man who turned his son into an abomination were choppy as if the signal had been interfered with before he finished talking, but with the man's comprehension ability, understanding a portion of what was said wasn't a problem.

It was humiliation, open provocation.

And what was worse? His son wasn't even left with a body. He could clearly feel that his son's existence was erased from the universe entirely, an act that would even prevent him from reincarnating through the Wheel of Samsara like all others.

"DAMIEN...!" The man roared.

His voice boomed through the world, sending cracks through its foundation, however, he clearly didn't have any plans to calm down.

His aura flared further as he roared with all his might.

"MARK MY WORDS! I, ARTHUR BLOODLOCK, WILL AVENGE MY SON!"

BOOOOOOM!

The world collapsed under the weight of his aura, and the universe took note of his determination.

At this very moment, Damien earned the unquenchable hatred of a Supreme...

Yet again.

Chapter 880 Vengeance [2]

By the time he calmed down, Arthur was already within Blood Asura Holy Land's main world. This world was located in the center of the galaxy cluster that the holy land presided over, and when it came to size, even a few Calyptos could be stuffed within before it was full.

It was truly a wondrous sight to see constructs the size of mountains, a society that grew far past the limit of the world's holding capacity.

But this overpopulation and the industrial development that followed was really caused by the selfishness of one man.

A man who created a palace the size of a world as a symbol of his status as this galaxy cluster's master.

Arthur stormed through the halls of this unnaturally sized residence and sought an audience with the Demigod who built it, a request that was granted soon enough,

Arthur walked through the halls and arrived in a secluded room. It was small and slightly musty, completely unlike what one would expect from a Demigod like Immortal Blood Asura. Especially when considering his whims while creating the palace itself.

"Holy Master," Arthur greeted respectfully, bowing a full 90 degrees.

"Mm, for what purpose have you come?"

A response came from the robust old man who sat silently in the middle of the room. He didn't open his eyes, nor did he change his meditative posture, but the breath he radiated inherently made Arthur feel reverence.

This wasn't the reverence between parent and child, but between god and servant.

In Immortal Blood Asura's eyes, blood relationships were weaker than dust.

After all, if he truly wanted to, he could forge his blood to match anyone, technically relating him to all beings in the universe.

Arthur bowed before this man he never once considered his father and begged for permission like a son.

"Holy Master, my son has been mercilessly tortured and slaughtered! Please allow me to seek revenge!"

"Who is your son?" Immortal Blood Asura asked noncommittally.

"Responding to Holy Master, my son's name is Reavus Bloodlock."

Immortal Blood Asura sat without speaking for a moment, but soon responded: "Very well. Do as you please. However, do not involve the sect in your troubles."

Arthur's eyes lit up.

"Thank you, Holy Master!" He proclaimed. After another deep bow, he immediately left the room.

Immortal Blood Asura wasn't someone who approved intrusions, and the way he projected himself to others was as an overbearing tyrant, so nobody dared to stay past their welcome.

Left alone, Immortal Blood Asura let out a small sigh, sweeping the dust in the room into the air.

His languid eyes seemed like they'd seen everything there was to see and had grown numb, but at the moment, there was a twinge of something else hidden inside.

Rage? Curiosity?

The origin of this emotion was unknown, as it wasn't something he was used to feeling. In fact, it was strange for him to feel anything at all.

Was it because one of his grandsons died?

Impossible. He had several thousand grandsons, and most of them were incompetent. He didn't care about the death of a grandson whose name he couldn't even be bothered to remember.

Then, was it because one of his sons, a direct descendant, one with enormous talent at that, was aggrieved by this loss?

That was even less likely. For those Immortal Blood Asura approved of, he was a devil greater than any other. If they couldn't survive the trials that life beset on them, they weren't worthy of his approval.

Then...?

Just what was causing this strange feeling...?

"Aha..." Immortal Blood Asura muttered.

He realized where this feeling came from.

An ant dared to smack his Blood Asura Holy Land across the face so openly.

Some random fly in the universe dared to do something that even other peak influences would have to hesitate before doing.

Wasn't it interesting?

No, to be more accurate, it was comedic.

It was utterly laughable that someone so idiotic existed in the world.

"Ha...hakaka...!"

A strange sound came out of the mouth of the man who hadn't laughed in hundreds of thousands of years as he tried to remember the feeling.

It was almost a shame that he'd already reached his current impossible boundary, for he couldn't go crush this ant himself.

However, since one of his progeny was already on the job, there was nothing to worry about.

Blood Asura Holy Land's sturdy foundation, just who could shake it?

That person simply hadn't been born into this universe yet.

The first destination was naturally Hidden Death Valley.

After gaining Immortal Blood Asura's permission, Arthur immediately boarded his spirit ship and rushed to the academy at his fastest speed.

When he arrived on Aroath, he immediately galvanized his aura and made his presence known.

After all, even he had to be cautious around the rulers of Hidden Death Valley.

The portal on the satellite world activated within seconds of Arthur's aura eclipsing the world.

A gentle force pervaded the air and offset the terrifying pressure that had enveloped the world's residents.

"Arthur, we haven't seen each other in hundreds of years, and this is how you greet me?"

A sagely old man stepped out of the gate, revealing himself as the Hidden Death Valley Director.

"Alucard, you must already be aware of the purpose of my visit. Do not try to stop me from entering your institute." Arthur proclaimed coldly, referring to the Director by a name that only a handful of existences in the entire universe had the privilege of knowing.

Alucard, the Director, glanced sideways at Arthur. He could clearly feel the latter's deep-seated killing intent and hatred, however, there was nothing for him to do here.

He shrugged and responded casually, "I'm aware that some kind of accident has taken place. You may go in and investigate, however, if you cause trouble, you are aware of what will happen."

Arthur didn't respond, instead directly walking through the portal and entering Death Emperor Star.

Looking back at his receding figure, Alucard cracked a small, imperceptible smile.

'Was this your purpose all along?' He wondered, thinking of a certain genius he had the pleasure of meeting.

'I've seen countless insane geniuses throughout the years, but I've never met one who purposefully provokes impossible enemies to kill him. Damien Void, will you be able to escape this self-created catastrophe? Or will you fall to your own ego? I'm quite interested to find out.'

Either way, there were no traces of Damien left in Hidden Death Valley. Without at least this much mystery, the chase wouldn't be any fun.

Therefore, while Alucard erased Damien's existence from the academy, when it came to those who attended it...

Well, it was simpler to say that it wouldn't be impossible for Arthur to find his son's killer's identity.

'I definitely can't miss that moment of realization. Should I capture the image and give it to that boy later? I still haven't rewarded him for his efforts in Calypto...'

Alucard walked through the gate and re-entered the academy as he finished his thoughts.

He was really glad that such a genius had been born.

Because as long as he was active in the universe, fun things were guaranteed to happen.

He was truly a lucky star!