

Void 921

Chapter 921 Clash [5]

"Goddess' Blessing."

Elena's mana, entwined with concepts of holiness and purity, truly had the ability to create a safe zone within the apocalypse that had befallen Beast Emperor Star.

As she took to calming the sudden madness that overcame the army, a figure landed beside her, his golden eyes cold and piercing.

"Helper, the situation has become extremely severe. The beast population of the world has been driven to madness by the corrupted rain of the Fate Clouds, and the Fate Clouds themselves have begun to dissipate. We must act immediately if we wish to change the situation.

This man, Hedrick, was the Draconic War God, the Second Prince of the Golden Dragon Royal Family himself. Before he'd come to battle, his father had told him to explicitly trust the Valkyrie that would likely arrive to aid him.

As such, he didn't withhold any information, and despite her small strength, he treated her as an equal.

'Aside from Father Emperor's suggestion, I must still befriend this woman. Her power will be an incredible asset in the current situation.' He thought as he watched the Golden Dragon troops regain their sanity.

Elena's expression became grimmer with every passing second as she listened to the information.

According to Hedrick, the Black Dragon Clan's previous teleportation had taken them directly to the Inner Estate where the palace was located. It was evident that they were going to use the chaos as an opportunity to launch a siege.

And it wasn't them alone. All of the hostile forces that the Golden Dragon Clan gathered with the plan of slowly taking care of them one by one united, leaving them severely outnumbered and overwhelmed.

The world itself was shaking from the wide-scale destruction taking place on its surface. The Golden Dragon Emperor had to maintain his utmost focus to keep it stable as stronger and stronger beings began to fight.

It was an utterly hopeless scenario that appeared out of nowhere.

No, it was an utterly hopeless scenario that was the result of a thousand years of planning.

'The original corrosion of the Fate Clouds was due to the Black Dragon Clan's plotting, but the rain has changed in the past few seconds.' Elena thought to herself.

The current rain, the color of that rain, was not the blackened gold it originally held. Currently, that black color had deluded into a more murky grey.

While this color change wasn't significant enough to mean anything to others, Elena was different.

After all, she spent several years fighting side by side with a woman with the natural ability to read fate, almost staying together for every hour of every day.

She was never able to grasp it herself, but if it was just colors...

Rose had told her more than enough to allow her to read the rain.

"The situation isn't hopeless yet," she declared to Hedrick, her voice solemn.

Hedrick immediately turned his attention to her, ready to hear the solution offered by someone his father trusted to such agree.

However, when Elena opened her mouth...

"We must save the common people."

Hedrick immediately frowned.

"Do you think this is a game?" He growled.

Elena shook her head, clearly aware of his misunderstanding.

"I'm a proponent of justice, but I'm not an idiot with a hero complex. To attain victory this time, our best chance is to save the common people."

Before Hedrick could interrupt again, Elena flashed him a sharp glare, letting him understand the gravity of her words.

"The Fate Clouds have protected the Golden Dragon Clan for untold millennia. It isn't just a matter of physical protection, but the ethereal aspect as well."

"The 'Fate' of the Golden Dragon Clan has always been protected, and as long as that 'Fate' remains protected, the Golden Dragon Clan will not fall, no matter how tragic its fate may seem."

Hedrick's eyes widened as he finally understood her point.

"If the Fate Clouds can be restored..." he muttered.

"Just as the common people were sacrificed to destroy the Fate Clouds, they can be saved to repair them," Elena concluded.

Hedrick nodded in concession. "I apologize for my previous bias. I will lead my troops and work in tandem with you to protect this world!"

Elena nodded as well. "Good. I can cover half by myself, I'll need you to take the rest."

"No problem."

"Yes, problem. You cannot kill the frenzied beasts. You must restrain and suppress them until I can come and purify their souls."

Hedrick frowned at the troublesome situation, but didn't complain.

He needed to do what needed to be done.

As he watched Elena's figure fade into the distance, a look of abject determination on her face, he thought back to his family at the palace.

'Hold strong.' He thought in prayer. His eyes were icy, but they burned with the flames of vengeance.

'I will not allow these scum to take our world!'

"Boy, is that all you have?!"

Arthur's crazed exclamation boomed through the vacuum of space. His bloody mana roared and raged, forming massive unavoidable waves that trapped Damien from every direction.

"Tch."

Damien clicked his tongue in annoyance as he dodged Arthur's attacks and attempted to escape the encirclement.

'Not being able to teleport is fucking annoying.'

Damien was currently in a domain of Arthur's creation. Even if he teleported, the current situation would just repeat itself.

·c0m Damien withdrew Mirage and switched Freya to his right hand before summoning Hel in his left.

'The Mirror Domain would be ineffective facing such a grand display of laws, and it's too early to summon the Space-Time River...'

Bang! Bang! Bang!

BOOM!

'I have to use "that."'

900 shots left Freya's barrel in a matter of a second and swarmed the surrounding space with white bullets, unavoidable due to their numerosity.

These shots were followed by a single black bullet fired from Hel, hidden deeply within the storm to the point where even Arthur couldn't detect it.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang!

Arthur's arms moved at unbelievable speeds as he blocked each and every life bullet that came near him. He felt the strange fluctuation that made his lifeblood tremble and knew very well that he couldn't allow those bullets to hit.

Splitting a portion of his mind, Arthur spread his awareness to find and counterattack—

Damien appeared in the air above Arthur, his back facing his enemy and his sword crossed against his chest.

The second Arthur recognized his presence, he released his stored momentum and twisted his body violently, slashing Mirage out with everything he had...!

'Void Sword Art Seventh Form...'

Arthur tried to dodge, but Hel's death bullet struck him in the side and forced him to remain stationary.

Mirage slashed into Arthur's shoulder.

And immediately, everything went white.

It was a flash of light that could be seen even several million miles away. Countless beings on several worlds deep in the Beast Domain turned their eyes to the sky to witness the strange phenomenon.

From the surface of Beast Emperor Star, it was as if the sun dropped into their atmosphere, directly blinding anyone under the extreme peak of 4th class.

The energies of spacetime, the energies of Samsara, that slight trace of Void, they combined into a mystical sight, a sight rare to witness from such close proximity.

It truly looked like a—

'...Supernova.'

Chapter 922 Clash [6]

Supernova.

Unlike the rest of Damien's sword forms, this one wasn't the product of months of experimentation and theorizing.

Rather, it was the result of sudden epiphany.

Even Damien didn't quite understand what it was, he only knew that he could use it.

Was it the result of increasing his control over Void Breathing? It was yet another fact he didn't know.

Damien merely used the most destructive attack in his arsenal, and as he felt the mana course through his body, he called out its name instinctually.

And a supernova truly followed.

Space and time warped around Mirage, the concepts of Samsara filled that space, and with the addition of some Void Mana, even traces of the 5 elements included themselves in the concoction.

And in that final moment, a pulse of reddish-black mana amplified everything to another level.

The proceeding burst burned with the heat of an exploding star. Mirage wedged itself into Arthur's shoulder and poured every ounce of its power into his bodily systems.

The effects projected into the starry sky were merely the aftershocks of this outpouring.

'ARGH!' Arthur roared in pain inwardly,

His physical defenses were strong, but they'd been melted through by the heat of a star! The mana stampeding through his body at the moment was volatile, profound, esoteric, and most of all, from elements Arthur had no connection to!

"Fuck!" He shouted madly, his voice dissolving into the blinding light around him.

He could feel fluctuations similar to his blood laws, but they were entwined with another mysterious power that blocked him from interfering with them!

If not for this connection, he had no way to use his laws to fight back!

'I can't believe I've been forced to this point by a child!' Arthur exclaimed in fury.

Without another choice, he charged mana into his core and...

Exploded!

Bang!

Arthur's body exploded into a river of blood, and the chaotic fluctuations trapped within him burst into the surroundings.

BOOOOOOOM!

A secondary explosion went off, even catching Damien and flinging him backwards with several fatal injuries.

The sea of blood that was once Arthur Bloodlock didn't sit still in the void. It swam like a living organism and escaped the radius of the explosion before coagulating into a physical body once more!

Only...

"Haa...haa...haa..."

Strained breaths left his mouth, his face pale as paper.

'He's weak.' Damien realized.

It wasn't a small portion of that blood that was incinerated by the heat. How could a whole be formed when its parts were missing?

When Arthur came back, his aura was widely unstable and far less domineering than it originally was.

Now, by no means was he truly weak.

However—

'I can definitely beat him now.'

Damien's eyes hardened as he put away all his weapons.

From this point onwards, his weapons would only limit him.

And if he used them too much, they were sure to break.

"Arthur Bloodlock, you're a far better grindstone than I was originally expecting!" Damien exclaimed, his battle spirit boiling.

"Boy, you dare mock me?! Do you think this state means you will win?!" Arthur spat back spitefully.

"Haha, of course I do! And you do too!" Damien quipped back.

Arthur snarled, but didn't speak. He knew better than anyone else his physical condition.

The problem was...his arrogant self declared a Mana Oath!

If he actually raised his strength and used power to suppress Damien, he'd be struck down by the universal law and become even easier to kill!

Arthur frowned to himself, warily circling Damien as he looked for an opportunity to take the initiative.

They'd been fighting for over 20 minutes now, but the majority of their collisions had taken place in the final minute of that.

As the two of them let loose all of their cards, they were able to exchange tens of thousands of moves within that single minute.

By now, they were already standing in the chaotic void that represented the destruction of space. The scenery of this void was merely shadowed by Arthur's domain.

However, even that domain was currently showing signs of failing.

Was Arthur...going to lose?

'Lose...?'

A thought suddenly came to mind.

And Damien found his moment as well.

'It's time.' They thought as one.

'Space-Time River.'

Damien immediately summoned his domain. The iridescent blue form of the Space-Time River, that projection that was merely a few inches long when he first created it, spanned for several kilometers, ebbing and flowing through space like a fish in water, and directly suppressing Arthur's weakened domain.

Damien flashed away. His teleportation truly became instant as he attained power that made him feel like a God of Spacetime.

He exhaled the Breath of All Things as he thought back to the way the Saint Emperor incorporated the properties of other elements in his mana.

'Void Breathing: Elemental Wargod'

Void Breathing, the comprehensive term for Damien's Void abilities and the most apt term to describe the methodology he discovered to comprehend his most elusive affinity.

Now, the first true technique manifested through this affinity had been created.

Damien's form changed. He became a being of energy, incarnated by the elements.

Flames, water, wind, earth, lightning, wood, metal, and many more elements combined to create his existence itself as he slammed his leg towards Arthur's face.

BANG!

The kick struck true. Damien's shin crashed into Arthur's cheekbone and the latter was struck with the volatile force of incompatible elements bursting together as if they were lovers.

It was different from a normal elemental attack. There was something more profound, more deadly behind it.

Arthur felt this clearly. He felt it as clearly as the cracking of his skull when that kick impacted him.

"Ack!" He cried out inadvertently, stumbling away and readjusting himself.

Damien gave chase. He didn't know how long the Elemental Warlord state would last, but as long as it did, he wouldn't let up!

'Fall.'

Meteorites were summoned through earth, sized like monster trucks.

'Burn.'

They were ignited by fire, gathering more and more heat as they fell through the air.

'Faster.'

The force of wind provoked the flames into a burning inferno. It was almost impossible to see the superheated chunks of rock they hid.

The meteorites only took a second to reach a critical point.

'Now, finish it.'

The burning atmosphere immediately cooled past freezing.

And...

Just what would happen when the heat from a meteor met a force that could match its heat in coldness?

Just as the duo was going to find out, Arthur opened his mouth and roared out:

"I...QUIT!"

Damien's mind immediately went blank.

He almost felt the need to break the imaginary fourth wall in order to make sure his ears were working.

Did Arthur Bloodlock...

...really just forfeit?

The thought was a laughable one, but this laughable feeling disappeared instantaneously,

For the instant Arthur declared his withdrawal, his aura burst from its confines.

The terms of the Mana Oath; to keep himself at Damien's level as long as the match was ongoing.

If he just quit the match, wouldn't that restriction disappear?

Arthur grinned and slammed his hand forward.

"Die, you pathetic ant."

And that's when Damien finally felt it with his own body.

The true power of a Supreme, that is.

Chapter 923 Clash [7]

Elena moved at the speed of light.

It wasn't an exaggeration. She truly moved at the fastest speed her current comprehension of Light Laws could take her to, and with that speed, she endlessly circled Beast Emperor Star, helping any and everyone she could.

'This won't work.' She thought to herself.

The current plan, the one she'd suggested, used her as a central point. Everything relied on her ability to purify the common people, and more than that, it relied on the common people's understanding.

A warrior of white pushed through the air and landed heavily on the ground. He immediately reached out and grabbed onto the skull of the black-clothed man next to him.

"Let go of me...!" The man exclaimed in rage as he summoned his mana.

But without a single word, the warrior clenched his fist, bursting the man's skull and allowing his body to drop to the ground.

The warrior didn't stop for a moment, diving into the fray with his comrades and executing anyone sharing his clothing.

Eventually, a group of ten formed, moving through the chaotic streets of the city until they finally came upon the town square.

"Hahaha! For the clan!"

"Die, die, die!"

"Stop fooling around! We need to finish up and move on!"

A group of twenty men stood together in the square. Surrounding them were numerous corpses, mostly of beasts, but some human among them too.

The beasts were those common people who used the Beast Transformation Technique to attain their human forms, while the rest were evidently 4th class and above beasts.

The carcasses were all bloody and gnarled as if they'd been torn through by a horde of voracious wolves.

However, their killers were men in black.

Men who enjoyed torturing these innocent souls as they died slow and painful deaths.

The Lord...absolutely didn't tolerate these types of fiends!

The white warriors were in instantaneous understanding, their minds connecting as one.

Without any hesitation or care, they charged forward and assaulted the enemy group.

Xiu! Xiu! Xiu!

Two white-clad warriors jumped onto the rooftops of nearby buildings and drew their bows, launching a volley of ballistic arrows that exploded violently on impact.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

"What?!"

"Enemy attack!"

The enemy group panicked and grouped together, peering through the clouds of dust and smoke kicked up by the explosions.

However, the remaining 8 white warriors had already used the cover to assume their positions.

VOOM!

A glowing white formation circle appeared and enveloped the entire plaza, including the twenty men.

Eight swords struck the ground as one. They dug many inches deep into the earth, each further inch causing the formation to flow with even more fervor.

"Fuck! What're you doing?! Attack!" One of the black-clad men roared.

The others were immediately snapped out of their stupor.

The enemy was launching a massively destructive attack, but they were incapacitated in the process!

Immediately, twenty split into groups of two and swarmed the white warriors.

XIU! XIU! XIU!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

BOOOOOM!

Fists, swords, daggers, and even guns filled with eerie black mana bombarded the stationary soldiers.

Clouds of debris filled the air, the explosions only getting fiercer as the two archers fought back against their enemies.

"Hahaha, who are these idiots?! How dare they leave themselves exposed!" A man exclaimed as he shoved his sword into the neck gap of one white armored soldier.

"Just die now! Di—huh?"

He stumbled over his words at the sudden realization that...his sword struck nothing...?

Shakily, the man raised his gaze, only to be met with two blue wisps of flame, hovering within a void of nothingness.

"G-ghosts! They're ghosts!" The man yelled, hoping his comrades would hear and form appropriate countermeasures.

However, there was no response.

"Eh?"

The man let out a sound of confusion as he realized that he was no longer anywhere near his colleagues.

When did he get to this misty forest?

It was quite beautiful!

It was quite...?

'I could've sworn I was doing something impor—'

Shing!

A head flew through the air, the cut on its neck crisp and clean.

The scenery vanished. The emotionless footsteps of those white-clad warriors were the only remaining sound in the plaza.

Ding!

Seeing that all the enemies were eliminated, one of the warriors resonated his mana at a certain frequency.

Swoosh!

The response was instant.

Elena appeared in a flash and panned her gaze over the surrounding destruction.

"Any survivors?" She asked.

The Valhalla Souls nodded, using their motions in a bid to speak. However, there was no rhyme or reason to what they were doing at—

"Got it. If there are that many of them, relief should be done immediately. Take care of the bodies while I'm doing this," Elena commanded with ease, somehow perfectly understanding the strange communication attempts of her underlings.

'Goddess' Blessing.'

It was tiring to pray every time she activated the ability, but she really didn't have any other choice.

Elena put her hands together and let her mana cover the town.

According to the Valhalla Souls, there were still several survivors in this town, most of whom were part of the small non-beast population of the world.

While they weren't driven to madness by the rain, they were afflicted with deadly sickness and pain as their bodies were forcefully transformed into beasts.

Luckily, since the mutation was from the same source as the beast frenzy, Goddess' Blessing would still be able to revert the effects.

Elena sighed, seeing the corpses beneath her.

Unlike those who survived, they could be purified, but they couldn't be saved.

They were forced to die as monsters, not proud beasts.

'I need to move on.'

Elena's eyes were almost half-lidded with fatigue, but she couldn't stop.

If she stopped, the entire plan would fall apart.

And if she stopped, the weight of the situation would hit her like a tank round.

They couldn't continue like this.

But if they didn't, just what would they do?

Kiiii~!

Elena's body shuddered.

'Another one.'

A blur of light was all that was left of her as she sped towards the signal she'd just received.

In her wake, the Valhalla Souls in the city gathered the corpses of the dead and laid them out in the town plaza, respectfully covering them with sheets and closing their eyes if need be.

Quietly, the surroundings were filled with people.

The city that was filled with dead bodies just moments ago was suddenly filled with life.

The atmosphere was mournful. Those who lived cried and wished they had been the ones to die instead, no, they wished such a tragedy never happened.

"If the Golden Dragon Clan protected us..." someone muttered inadvertently.

"Yeah, if they did their jobs, my wife would still be alive!"

"They swore to protect us! How could they abandon us when we need them most?!"

The sentiment grew with every passing moment.

The people needed someone to blame, and wasn't the closest target their own ruler?

·cθm Even though the ones who caused the tragedy were outsiders, they weren't tangible.

Anger and hatred clouded the air. The crowd who couldn't cope with their sadness turned to anger and fury to fill the void in their hearts.

However...did they forget that they weren't alone?

Bang!

A sword slashed into the ground.

A white-clad soldier stared into the forming mob, his eyes indifferent and hollow.

Those eyes...were terrifying.

The mob immediately backed away in shock and fear.

Pak!

A rock hit the soldier's armor. There was no force behind it at all, but it was a clear provocation.

"A-are you going to oppress us too?!" A boy shouted, grabbing another rock into his hands.

His knees shook, his eyes welled up with tears, but he stared into those hollow blue flames with determination.

Clang!

Clang!

Clang!

The pieces of Valhalla Soul's armor clattered against each other as it slowly stepped towards the boy.

The crowd parted, not offering the child any help.

How could they? They were also mortals, after all.

The boy's head tilted further and further up as the Valhalla Soul got closer.

He tried his best to keep his eyes off the massive sword in the latter's hand, and he tried his hardest to keep his eyes open despite his fear.

Before he even knew what was happening, a hand flashed out.

He closed his eyes, accepting his last moments until...!

He felt a gentle touch land on the top of his head.

Those blue flames that flickered so indifferently in the face of calamity. That ghostly empty shell of armor that moved against the laws of nature...

Just why...?

Just why did the touch of this inanimate being feel so...warm?

Chapter 924 Clash [8]

It wasn't an isolated case.

The common people around the world were reacting violently even after being saved.

Mob mentality was a dangerous thing. The second one person suggested a place to vent anger, it wasn't difficult for all those around them to adopt the same method to cope with their struggle.

After all, it was just so much easier than facing reality.

But in the current situation, refusing to accept the situation was absolutely impractical and foolish. When the world was burning around you, what was the point of pointing fingers?

Unfortunately, the people's minds weren't necessarily in a rational place at the moment, and even more unfortunately, not everyone was as patient and forgiving as Elena.

"Why are you so late?!"

"You should've saved us earlier!"

"If it wasn't for you, none of this would've happened!"

"I hope the Golden Dragon Clan gets exterminated!"

BOOM!

The man who spoke last immediately exploded into chunks of meat paste.

Those around him shuddered and cowered in fear, backing away from the assailant.

The golden eyes man glanced at them icily.

"You may say whatever helps you survive, however, anyone who wishes misfortune upon my Golden Dragon Clan shall die!"

Hedrick roared it out, making sure anyone in the vicinity could hear him.

He roughly exhaled, catching his breath and storing his weapon. He slowly took in the constant stream of information entering his ear from all around the world.

The situation only got worse and worse with every passing second. It got to the point where even hearing how bad the situation was already pissed him and all those working alongside him off.

Elena's strategy was definitely helping recover the Fate Clouds, but the irrationality of the common populace was countering their efforts almost 1:1.

He couldn't stand it.

No, "they" couldn't stand it.

He'd already led his army to save the people, he'd worked tirelessly to subdue the frenzied beasts instead of killing them, he'd conceded as much as he possibly could in the situation, yet they still...!

He couldn't do it.

He couldn't sit still and allow them to undermine the authority of the Golden Dragon Clan, he couldn't allow their negativity to affect the performance of his soldiers, he couldn't allow their weakness to infect those around them!

It was moronic!

Preposterous!

"ABSOLUTELY PATHETIC!"

Bang!

He slammed his foot into the ground and poured all of his mana into his voice, letting his fury fuel his power.

"HOW DARE YOU?!"

The words boomed across half the world.

All existences within that area turned their eyes to the sky, feeling the waves of fury rocking through their bodies.

"HOW DARE YOU ACT SO WEAK?! IT IS NOT ONLY THE GOLDEN DRAGON CLAN WHO LIVES IN THIS WORLD, BUT ALL OF YOU AS WELL!"

"INSTEAD OF FINDING ANY WAY TO HELP SAVE YOUR WORLD FROM DESTRUCTION, YOU BLAME THE ONLY PEOPLE TRYING TO SAVE YOU FROM TRAGEDY?!?!"

"ABSOLUTELY PATHETIC!"

He knew.

He knew there was nothing these common people could possibly do to help.

But he was not going to let them sit on their asses and ruin the efforts of those who were trying.

"EITHER SIT QUIETLY AND WAIT FOR DEATH, OR FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO SURVIVE!"

Hedrick breathed out, his emotions finally calming.

On one hand, he wanted to berate himself for doing something so detrimental, but on the other hand, he didn't know what he would do if he couldn't let out his frustration.

These people were the ones his father put so much thought into protecting? They didn't deserve his compassion at all!

He didn't even want to look at them anymore.

'This type of humanitarian work isn't meant for me.'

Without wasting another second, he delegated his duties to his subordinates and set up a chain of command for them before abandoning his post entirely.

From now on, the commander of the operation would be Elena, and her orders were absolute.

Hedrick was a fighter. He was the Draconic War God.

Instead of doing this bullshit, his skills could be put to better use elsewhere.

Particularly, the Black Dragon Clan bases.

It didn't matter how strong they were.

From this point on, as long as a Black Dragon existed in his perception...

They would be cut down without exception!

"Haa..."

A forlorn sigh rang through the throne room of the Golden Dragon Palace.

Elena and Hedrick were both constantly receiving reports about the world's situation through transmissions and communication, but neither of them could truly look at the world's situation as a whole and understand how bad it was.

Nobody could do so.

Nobody except the Golden Dragon Emperor himself.

'Will it truly end as predicted...?' He wondered to himself, unable to make a move in any capacity.

His personal feelings became irrelevant when acting on them would cause his own death and affect the fate of the universe as a whole.

'Their efforts are not enough to calm the mayhem. In less than 10 minutes, the situation will be out of our control.'

The Black Dragon Clan's plan was slowly growing in scale and intensity,

At first, they just let the beasts riot, but soon enough, they also began wantonly slaughtering.

Along with that, the siege on the castle was about to begin. The forces had finished their preparations and were already marching through the Inner Estate, slaughtering anyone who dared to fight.

And finally, as if it wasn't enough to target the people alone, the Black Dragons targeted the world itself.

Or rather, the forces they'd brought along with them were dividing up the world into their own territories and using the madness to rule as tyrants.

There were even some who seemed to be targeting the World Core.

Elena's Valhalla Souls were spread across half the world, and the Golden Dragon Army was covering the other. Both sides had already come in contact with these so-called territory lords and engaged in combat with them.

But the strength of these rulers was at the very least at level 399, with some of them being genuine extreme peak masters.

'Hedrick has gone after the Black Dragon Clan directly, Miss Elena is still fighting for the people, but her strength isn't nearly high enough...boy, are you the last remaining hope?'

The Emperor glanced up into the sky, piercing the atmosphere with his gaze and viewing the battle taking place in the depths of space.

'I truly hope you can pull through and save this world. If not...I hope you can at least protect and take care of my daughter.'

10 minutes, could anything be done in this time?

With such a comprehensive attack, the only reason the world was still standing was because the enemies also needed time to properly execute their schemes.

The Emperor found himself sighing once again.

That day, long ago, two prophecies were given to two different clans of dragons.

The first told of a tragic fate of enslavement.

And the second...

The second was more elusive. It told no great tales about glory or destruction, only of an opportunity that might present itself.

However, one question remained among all those who heard either prophecy.

Just what was the Golden Star, and who was the one who could tame it?

Chapter 925 Clash [9]

At the same time, In the depths of space several million kilometers away from Beast Emperor Star, Damien and Arthur's battle took a new turn.

The shift in their dynamic was reflected in the space around them. The expansive Space-Time River was clouded with bloody air as Arthur finally unleashed his true power.

No longer bound by the effects of the Mana Oath, how could he allow this young genius to continue living?

Even if Reavus' death was removed from the picture, Damien still had to die. After all, if he was allowed to grow, he would surely pose a threat to Blood Asura Holy Land!

"Die, boy!" He roared out, pushing his mana.

His enemy was indeed just a child who couldn't compare to him anymore, but he wasn't going to be careless anymore.

Within a single instant, a fraction of a fraction of a second, he gathered his Law concepts and formed a true technique.

'Asuran Death Needles.' He called out, giving his mana a form to take.

Three long crimson infinity-blade-like needles formed in the air, silent and deadly.

The techniques of Blood Asura Holy Land naturally used blood as their main element, but blood was never a true element in the universe's laws.

Rather, it was a variation of water with hints of metal, life, death, and even a bit of fire element mixed in.

This blood affinity was unlike the blood affinities of those outside the clan. No, it was far, far more advanced.

And now, standing in the void, Damien realized that he had no choice but to experience those techniques with his body.

Shing! Shing! Shing!

The sound was swift and as quiet as a spring breeze,

The pain came before he even heard it.

Three needles, each at least a meter long, penetrated Damien's body and lodged themselves inside, jutting out of his front and back gruesomely.

One through the heart.

One through the head.

One through the center of his chest, the central point of the Ananta Matrix.

Arthur perfectly pinpointed Damien's most fatal points throughout their previous collisions, and he didn't waste time using these weaknesses against him.

How could this moment be described?

Damien always believed he'd reached the cusp of a Supreme's perceptive ability, but he found himself at a loss for words as he felt the power coursing through him.

Glug...!

Damien vomited a mouthful of blood, filled with the residue of internal organs.

Within his body, multiple forces were raging in conjunction to tear him apart.

His blood was being siphoned, separated into its different parts, and stolen. His organs were being rid of vitality and crushed beneath the pressure of the invading mana itself. Small, almost molecular specks of metal shredded through him and left his insides as nothing more than a sack of miscellaneous fluids.

He bled from every orifice, and almost every single pore in his body. Every bit of that blood flew into the air and coagulated into a sphere placed conveniently so it was perfectly in Damien's line of sight.

This...

This was a deathly experience.

It was evident that Arthur didn't want to kill him immediately, but wanted him to suffer until the last second.

Could Damien ask for more?

His mouth split apart into an indiscernible grin, hidden beneath the copious amount of blood covering his face.

'Pain is power.'

His heart was pierced?

His brain was pierced?

It was laughable to even think so.

Damien had long since separated his vitals into their own separate dimensions, and it wasn't as if he just left these defenses at the same level they were when he first created them.

The more powerful he got, the stronger those defenses became, and as he became more proficient in Void Breathing...

He was sure that he could at least keep his life long enough to escape from anyone under the Demigod level.

'This time, though, there's no reason to escape.'

Currently, Damien wasn't in trouble. Of course, if the forces in his body were allowed to continue acting as they pleased for a few more minutes, the situation wouldn't be quite the same.

But was there any need to let them do that?

Arthur watched the changes in Damien's expression, body language, and aura with extreme care, even recording the moment so he could present it to his son's grave, declaring his vengeance completed. I think you should take a look at

His smile grew wider at the same rate as the glob of Damien's blood.

Until suddenly...

Damien's finger twitched.

'Hm?'

Arthur's eyes widened slightly. This boy...was still able to move?

It should've been absolutely impossible. With a Death Needle in his brain, it was certain that the only thing Damien could do was think and feel, unable to control his body to maneuver out of the pain.

But didn't he just...

VOOM!

A fluctuation tore through space. Arthur's eyes widened as he suddenly dodged to the side, raising his defenses.

Bang!

A destructive force slammed into his barrier furiously, causing cracks to spread across its surface.

'What?!' Arthur exclaimed in shock.

He pushed higher into space and flared his aura, sending an attack back at the mysterious force.

Bang!

Crack!

Another bang, this one far more dull than the previous one.

'Tch!'

Arthur retreated again, shaking his hand and maneuvering his blood to rapidly regenerate his shattered bones.

What did he hit just now?

Was this some sort of meteor?

Or maybe Damien managed to draw an artifact with his final breath?

"Hahahaha!"

A booming laughter denied all of Arthur's conjectures.

Finally, he caught a glimpse of just what he'd attacked, emerging from a cloud of steam that could even somewhat obscure his vision.

"A...giant?" Arthur muttered.

His opponent grinned wildly in response. His large incisors glinted in the distant sunlight, creating a terrifying titan-like image.

"Indeed, I am Galantis, King of the Cloud Giants. I will be your opponent for today!" He exclaimed loudly, his voice cracking the sound barrier.

Arthur's eyes sharpened.

'This is not a simple opponent.' He thought to himself, sensing the other party's strength.

"Who are you and why are you interfering in my Blood Asura Holy Land's affairs?" Arthur questioned, using the holy land's name to warn the enemy of who he was messing with.

However, was this giant an idiot?

In response, he simply laughed!

"Hahaha! Blood Asura or Dirty Pig, whoever dares aim for my Young Lord's life doesn't deserve to exist in this universe!"

Galantis spoke raucously, but inside, his emotions were icy.

Seeing Damien's current state, he understood that any normal practitioner would've already died 1000 times over in the seconds it took for him to be summoned.

If Damien was just a little bit less extraordinary...

His heart burned with fury.

This wasn't just any random individual, this wasn't just the savior who granted his Cloud Giant Clan a way into the true universe, a path to freedom...

He was a man who was growing to be the savior of the universe itself!

These small-minded people not only wanted to kill his savior, but also ruin the beautiful free world that the Cloud Giants had just barely been able to see?

Galantis spoke raucously, but inside, he made an oath.

He swore that this man and anyone who dared to support him were not allowed to exist in the same world as him and his people!

Chapter 926 Clash [10]

BANG!

Galantis immediately sent his fist forward with crushing force, not bothering to entertain conversation any longer.

Arthur's face paled and his eyes became solemn. Without another thought, he sent a fist forward to meet it.

BOOOOOOM!

A furious fluctuation spread for several million kilometers, even causing waves of heat to enter Beast Emperor Star's atmosphere.

A rain of Law concepts from opposing elements met and collided. It wasn't just a matter of strength, but complexity.

Blood Laws had a concept of regeneration. Used to attack, this concept could cause the force of the attack to amplify and strike in waves, essentially regenerating the attack's force,

Conversely, Galantis used a mixture of Wind Laws and the unique body system of the Cloud Giants. Within the concepts in his arsenal was one of amplification, a concept that did almost the exact same thing as the regeneration concept of Blood Laws, at least offensively.

When these two concepts came in contact during the collision of force, it wasn't a matter of which concept was stronger, rather, it was a battle of which concept was more defined.

In simpler terms, it was a battle of comprehension, something that seemed far more intuitive than what Galantis was capable of.

However, for anyone to reach the level of Supreme, at least their comprehensive ability had to reach a certain standard, a standard not met often on a universal scale.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Even as their previous attacks continued to collide and battle, Galantis and Arthur didn't halt their battle. Their fists clashed thousands of times per millisecond, their laws filled the atmosphere and started to change the properties of space. For a moment, it looked like they were evenly matched.

But this wasn't quite true. Arthur was both injured from losing a portion of his blood in the previous battle and forced to engage in physical combat with someone specialized in the area.

At the moment, Arthur struck out with fists coated in multiple layers of mana, his knuckles extended into high-indestructible spikes that heavily increased his attack and penetrative power.

To combat Galantis, he could only resort to this.

"I refuse to let you control me!" He yelled out in frustration.

Bang!

His fist slammed into Galantis' once more. His mana ballooned out and suddenly enveloped the collision point, including Galantis' fist.

Shik!

Galantis' thick skin wouldn't have been penetrated normally, but after taking so many blows from Arthur's spiked fists, it was impossible for him to not have a few cuts.

And that was enough.

Arthur's mana immediately invaded Galantis' body and began wreaking havoc, allowing him to feel what was currently happening to Damien.

"You did this...to my Young Lord...?" Galantis muttered, his eyes changing.

"How dare you?!"

A catastrophic windstorm formed around him and pushed even space itself away. Arthur began to back away, but before he could get too far, he found himself surrounded by these chaotic winds.

His mana was affected by their flow, drawn out and away from his body to weaken him.

Arthur gritted his teeth and responded in kind, tightening his control over the mana in Galantis' body and ruining him internally.

At this moment, they'd pinpointed each other's strengths and weaknesses.

Galantis would be an easy target if his body was weakened, and Arthur was a pig on the chopping block without his mana.

Though they were enemies, they were well aware of the apocalyptic effects their battle could have on the universe.

While Arthur didn't necessarily care for the universe's safety, he absolutely cared about face.

If he ignored this common courtesy of lowering the destructive force of the battle, those eyes in the distance that were surely watching the battle would take it as a provocation and would absolutely use it as ammunition against Blood Asura Holy Land.

When one was on the cusp of Divinity, all forces became enemies, and all enemies would do anything they could to make sure one fell before taking that final step.

A battle of Supremes could go through a myriad of changes in a single instance.

The current silent confrontation was one of such instances.

After all, whoever took the lead at this stage of the battle...

Would gain an absolute advantage if the battle continued. I think you should take a look at

The sounds of battle faded as the battle itself became more succinct, but to Damien, they were muddled into the background from the start.

It was hard to project his senses outwards. In this sense, Arthur definitely succeeded.

It was difficult to move his body before it was fully healed. In this sense, Arthur also succeeded.

But the Sanctuary wasn't external, nor was it internal. It was an ethereal existence tethered to Damien on a level far more intrinsic than either of these things.

This allowed Damien to escape his fate of immediate death, and to solve the prospect of a slow death...

Voom!

Like a rusty machine being brought back to life, the Void Physique revealed itself.

Waves of mana eclipsing the universe spread through Damien's body and swallowed the various manifestations of foreign mana that ravaged him.

It didn't matter their concepts, it didn't matter their power, the Void devoured all.

In the end, anything under Divinity couldn't resist the Void Physique. This was something Damien discovered long ago when he was still in the 3000 Beast Mountain Range.

But even as the mana was cleansed, Damien remained impaled and unmoving.

There was a reason he formed the motto: "Pain is power."

It was only when his body was so deeply inflicted with foreign substances and unbearable pain that he could truly comprehend the universe's secrets without boundaries or restrictions.

'So it's like this. The origin of a Supreme's great ability is...their Legend.'

The more the Void Physique devoured, the clearer this esoteric concept became in his head.

The wild conjectures he'd formed as he witnessed his own Legend grow were being confirmed and denied with rapidity, and his perception of "Legends" became more defined with every passing second.

A definitive change was taking place, not within his body but within his soul.

"Something" was forming there.

"Something" that even Damien, who couldn't perceive the soul in the slightest, could sense.

That "something" coagulated slowly, taking pieces of his affinities, of his mind, of his body, of his heart, and fusing them into one.

And when that "something" finally finished forming...

Damien shuddered.

A pale white light covered his figure and rapidly regenerated his injuries.

He reached up and grabbed hold of the needle ran through his skull, and...

Shik...!

...tore it out.

Shik...!

Shik...!

The two needles in Damien's chest followed soon after. Black mana swallowed them whole and turned them into sustenance for its owner, allowing him a peek into their laws.

Damien clenched his fist lightly.

He couldn't tell what the difference was.

He was still level 399.

His stats hadn't changed, his skills hadn't leveled up, and while his comprehension had increased, it wasn't a direct result of the previous process, but rather, the result of his efforts after being struck.

Yet somehow, Damien could tell.

After 15 years, 15 long grueling years filled with joys and sorrows...

He had finally stepped into the extreme peak and begun his path to Divinity.

Chapter 927 Shift [1]

From the very beginning of Damien's journey to power, Legends had been a concept he was curious about.

Back when he was still a small warrior trapped in the First Dungeon, when the system constantly sent him messages to help him progress, it had constantly mentioned that his Legend was being enhanced.

However, he was never able to pick apart the existence of Legends.

In this moment, after devouring Arthur's mana and Laws, that hazy idea became clear.

And it was almost laughable just how simple the concept was.

Legends, put simply, were an amalgamation of one's life and achievements.

Every action one took, whether it be a grand adventure or a single minuscule step, was recorded by the system and would become one's Legend. This Legend would then become the foundation of many things, silently supporting one's strength.

It seemed extremely simple at first glance, but within that simple overarching explanation were many complexities that lower existences simply couldn't perceive.

It was unknown when the system first arrived in the universe.

The system, or rather, the Apeiron Records, was a metaphysical phenomenon of sorts, the universe's method to bring order to its plentiful forces and establish a 'system' for the existences within it to follow so they could systematically increase their strength.

However, it wasn't always so. In fact, with the existence of mana and the spiritual intelligence of the many living beings of the world, it was an inevitability for them to gain power.

Only, with no established system, growing in strength was almost impractically difficult.

To grow one's Legend was a far more intensive process, and to define one's being was even harder than that.

The system quantified the things that were previously esoteric, and even the method to build one's Legend became streamlined.

That was, naturally, the slaughtering system that was in place to the present day.

The concept of experience, this strange energy that was stolen from the corpses of those one killed, from heavenly resources, and even from absorbing ambient mana, was a numerical representation of one's Legend built through the system.

For the most part, it was an extremely accurate representation of one's strength. After all, the myriad beings didn't have the ability to gain so-called "Achievements" by themselves. They needed the system's support to translate them into an accessible format.

Conversely, the system could gain a perfect understanding of one's strength, as for the most part, it is the one transferring that strength over.

Then, what would happen if one somehow managed to gain Achievements through hard work?

In fact, it wasn't impossible or even that rare. The universe itself was keen on blessing those it appreciated, aiding them in growing their Legends as they adventured and contributed to its existence.

Though, Achievements that were earned by oneself weren't reflected in one's experience, which was why it was possible to find such disparities among those at the same level.

Those who worked hard to improve themselves and didn't rely on the system's help to succeed would always be stronger than those who only knew massacre.

The enlightenment one gained upon entering the 9 revolutions...was it supposed to be this thorough?

Damien felt like he could see through the universe, or at least take the slightest peek through its exterior, for the first time in his life.

And so many questions he had been harboring for over a decade were answered one by one.

Mainly, his own status window.

What kind of existence was Damien?

He was a unique existence in the universe, the Bearer of the Void Physique who had the impossible ability to do the system's job better than even it could!

When he devoured his enemies, their Legends, the stolen Legends that the system usually transferred to and integrated with a practitioner, were stolen directly by his hand and incorporated into his body through the Void Physique itself.

This process didn't just take place out of the system's jurisdiction, but out of the universe's as a whole!

Of course the system couldn't display Damien's strength properly when it was barely allowed to read his strength in the first place!

Damien realized that, in a sense, he was walking a similar path to those original humans who existed before the system.

He was defining himself, not letting someone or something else define him.

And this...

'This is the foundation of my strength.' He muttered inwardly, clenching his fist as he gazed down at his own body curiously,

'Legends are the foundation of everything in terms of a practitioner's strength, and most importantly...'

'...Legends are the foundation of Divinity.'

Damien glanced over at Galantis and Arthur. It had been many seconds already, yet the two remained motionless.

Damien suddenly teleported, arriving only a few meters away from the two beings.

'I understand the path forward.' I think you should take a look at

The 9 revolutions weren't technically a part of the power system at all.

If so, why would such a large power realm be relegated to mere names, rather than having its own set of levels?

In reality, the 9 revolutions could be seen as a bridge between 4th and 5th class, a road on which one defined their Legend until it grew into a Divinity that could propel them to Cosmic Rebirth.

Now that Damien had stepped on that path...

"Haha...hahahaha!"

He couldn't help but laugh. It was a boisterous and jovial laugh that Damien hadn't let out for several years at this point.

For the 9 revolutions, "levels" no longer mattered.

"Collecting experience" was no longer important.

What was important was comprehension and action.

With the Void Physique as his backer, with the universal flow directing him to the most major events taking place within his homeland, how could it be difficult for Damien to progress through these revolutions?

This was...

This was his playing field!

Shik!

Damien's arm shot out.

Arthur was currently preoccupied with his stalemate with Galantis. If his focus wavered even slightly, he'd lose the edge and be overpowered.

Therefore, when a young genius who'd just entered his 1st revolution, a genius that should've been long dead already, snuck up behind him and placed his hand on his back...

Just how was Arthur supposed to react?

'Hmph.' Arthur scoffed inwardly, not paying the slightest mind to the touch. Even if Damien managed to live somehow, there was no way for him to exert enough power to actually affect the current collision.

Whoosh!

Pitch-black mana deeper than the blackness of space surfaced on Damien's palm.

As he felt the breath of that mana, Damien closed his eyes and became absorbed in it.

'Void Breathing Enhanced Technique...'

Damien's eyes fluttered open, calm and gentle.

His beautiful amethyst pupils were dyed in black.

'Altering Spacetime.'

Arthur reacted immediately.

A horrendous fluctuation like a beast of the void appeared behind him so suddenly that he jerked his body, blasting his mana out to evade.

However, he was already too late.

And in the first place, acknowledging the attack was a fatal mistake.

Arthur felt his life force leaving his body. It wasn't being absorbed, no, it was being burned as he rapidly aged past his prime.

Just...how?!

How was this power that a 1st revolution brat could output?!

And that's when he realized it.

It wasn't the power of a first revolution brat, but the power of a first revolution brat that was being supported by the mana of a Supreme.

To the side, Galantis grinned.

"Haha, the battle was just getting fun, but I guess it has to end now! Stranger, you were a good opponent!" He said, giving Arthur a strong thumbs up.

For that to be one of the last interactions he had before death...

How could Arthur accept this?!

Chapter 928 Shift [2]

Arthur was unresigned. He didn't die in glorious battle, but in a sneak attack when he was at his most vulnerable.

In usual times, there would be no need to worry. Even if he showed his back, there were hardly any existences that could actually injure him while he was in that state.

How Damien did so? He didn't know. But he was rational enough to understand that if the power of the two men before him was combined, he didn't stand a chance.

'I can no longer run.'

Arthur was already weakened twice over. Running from Galantis was out of the question.

'Is death my only option...?'

To test the waters, he whipped out a teleportation device and tried to activate it, but as expected, it directly imploded in his hand.

It was laughable to try and teleport away from a spatial master.

Arthur's eyes hardened solemnly.

'Even if I die, I will go down fi—!'

Bang!

A fist slammed into the side of Arthur's face, cracking his skull and sending him flying.

Only then did he realize that his perception was currently covered in a hazy fog.

'Dammit! I will survive!'

Arthur widened his eyes and pushed his mana to its limit, forcefully raising his perceptive ability and burning his mana to enhance his bodily processes, an easy feat with Blood Laws.

Whoosh!

Haaa...!

Arthur let out a determined shout as he pushed his body away, narrowly avoiding another attack.

Shik!

A sword pierced through his back, shattering several ribs as it crashed out the other side of his body.

"Keuk...!"

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three punches, one to the chin that made his head spin and two to the body, crushing him into paste and forcing him to waste even more mana on regeneration.

Arthur moved.

He moved and moved.

He did everything he could, letting go of his pride as a Supreme and using every trick he could possibly think of to escape.

He turned into a blood sea.

He was burned and weakened.

He tried to target Damien, the weaker enemy, with Demigod Artifacts to distract Galantis.

A golden palace appeared in the void, protecting Damien from harm.

Whether it was escape or battle, neither option was presented to the current Arthur Bloodlock.

"FUCK!" He roared, unable to contain his frustration.

Arthur was always an emotional person. It was a quality he'd passed to his descendants and a quality that somewhat aided him in his rise to power.

But his willingness to sacrifice anything for his desires, the same willingness that caused others to rise to the peak...

Why was it bringing him only misfortune?

In these final moments, Arthur didn't experience any sort of flashbacks, nor did he see the face of his wives or sons.

He saw the face of his father, vividly reflected in his mind.

He saw the scornful expression of Immortal Blood Asura as he looked at his son's corpse.

Suddenly, something snapped within him.

'Hahahaha, what was ever the point?!' He roared inwardly.

If he was slaughtered here, he would only ever be known as a shame to the clan!

Even if he lived, falling out of favor with his father was worse than death!

And like that, Arthur came to a decision.

'If I'm going to die, I will make sure our Bloodlock Clan does not lose face because of it!' I think you should take a look at

A glorious death, the dream of every warrior.

It was nothing more than a pipe dream.

Arthur grinned madly and stabbed his own arm through his chest, grabbing his still-beating heart and crushing it.

"Die with me!" He yelled, cackling like a lunatic.

Damien's eyes widened in surprise.

Surviving a Supreme's death knell was impossible.

But...

He almost felt bad for humiliating Arthur even in his last moments.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Arthur's body exploded in the void, transforming it into a bloody hell that would kill any and everyone nearby. The explosive force spread for millions upon millions of kilometers, assaulting the chaotic void, the starry sky, and many nearby worlds, including Beast Emperor Star.

However, in lieu of this outcome, Damien and Galantis disappeared entirely, taking refuge in the Sanctuary until the force died down.

It seemed like an easy resolution to a difficult problem, but it was anything but that.

This time, Damien's victory was dependent on a great deal of luck, or was it rather...fate?

If Arthur had just known that Damien separated his vitals from his body, would he have been able to choose a more fitting strategy to deal with Damien, therefore killing him before Galantis arrived?

If Damien wasn't a monster, was there any hope for him at all?

The importance of strength was once again reflected, and though Damien had just been promoted, his mind was forced to remain grounded by reality.

With the passing of a minute, Damien returned to the broken starry sky after thanking Galantis for his help and promising him a hefty reward.

The battle just now, Damien internalized it and took it as a lesson, but he didn't attach too much weight to it.

Being blunt, Arthur's purpose was to be his whetstone, and as the battle with Arthur truly did allow him to raise himself to a new level, the man himself no longer had any value.

What was important was Beast Emperor Star, almost naked with the dispersal of Fate Clouds in its atmosphere.

'If the situation is that dire, I might not be able to execute the plan I had for Astoria. I'll have to investigate as soon as possible.'

Damien began to move, but he didn't even make it a few hundred kilometers before the atmosphere suddenly changed.

VOOM!

Space solidified. It was a strange solidification that wasn't done through Spatial Laws, a solidification that Damien couldn't break.

'This...!'

Damien's eyes widened in shock. Without another thought, he tried to return to the Sanctuary to save himself, however...!

"So this is the little rat that has been nibbling away at my Bloodlock Clan."

An ancient voice resounded through space. Just listening to it made Damien's eardrums quake on the verge of explosion.

"Khh...!" Damien gritted his teeth as he rapidly healed himself.

He made a vital error.

It wasn't that he'd forgotten, he just didn't understand enough to prepare for this situation.

Winds swirled through space, and before Damien's eyes, a massive projection formed. It was an old man with a bald head and a long beard, almost like an old monk. However, his bloody eyes told of countless slaughters and a love for mania that remained deeply concealed.

This projection...

"Immortal Blood Asura."

Immortal Blood Asura gazed down at Damien's puny body and peered through his existence, trying to unearth all of his secrets.

"As a young genius, you are passable. You even managed to kill Arthur using some dirty means. For this, I will acknowledge you. However..."

"For your affronts against the Bloodlock Clan, today you will die."

Reavus was just a grandson. Immortal Blood Asura had more grandsons than he bothered to care about. Until one of them showed satisfactory results on the Dimensional Leaderboard, he wouldn't even acknowledge them.

While Reavus used to be top 10 on Heaven's List, he was only in the 50s of the Dimensional Leaderboard, similar to Atticus. Unless he reached the 20s, Immortal Blood Asura had no reason to care for him.

Arthur was different. Arthur reached not only the top 20 in his youth, but even the top 10. His achievements were so great that he earned himself a spot on the Legacy Tome, a separate part of the Dimensional Leaderboard that immortalized the names of its greatest geniuses.

Arthur was someone Immortal Blood Asura put a great deal of effort into raising. While he wasn't a son who had a chance to inherit the throne, countless resources were expended to raise him as a loyal and unstoppable general who served the throne.

Now that he was dead...

Immortal Blood Asura was more than just a little angry.

Chapter 929 Shift [3]

A palm tore through space.

It was gargantuan, spanning several hundreds of thousands of kilometers, but at the same time, it was minuscule and untraceable.

Damien watched it approach and enlarge in his eyes. He felt its power bearing down on him, locking him in place.

Now at the first stage of building Divinity, he understood more than ever just how unstoppable this palm was.

No matter where he went, no matter how strong he was, this palm would still strike him and still kill him.

It was hopeless.

And that hopelessness was precisely what formed the grin on Damien's face.

'It's always this, huh.' He muttered to himself.

Wasn't it always like this? Wasn't there always someone more powerful waiting in the shadows to strike him for one reason or another?

This trouble was special because it was provoked by him personally, but it didn't change the fact that the Bloodlock Clan was nothing more than another one of Damien's stepping stones.

If he was certain of anything, it was that he absolutely couldn't be killed by a stepping stone!

'Defenses.'

He didn't have time to form too many cohesive thoughts. In the sparks of fractions of a second that he had, he split his consciousness into hundreds of pieces and instinctually set up every defense possible.

It started with a golden palace. Within the golden palace, Damien stood surrounded by formations, all activated to their maximum power. Spacetime around him was distorted and vague, almost separating Damien from reality entirely.

'Sanctua—'

He tried it, but immediately stopped himself.

Shiver!

'What a dangerous feeling.'

The second he tried to enter the Sanctuary, he felt a terrifying sensation as if all his secrets were about to be revealed.

The invisible tether that kept him tied to this world even when he was in the Sanctuary, it was entirely possible for the Immortal Blood Asura to sense it.

And if such a character was allowed knowledge on the Sanctuary...

'Anyway, I can't let that happen.'

'Void Breathing First Form: Elemental Wargod.'

The number of shields around Damien multiplied exponentially. At the same time, Damien's body underwent a massive change as he took on the Demon Dragon Form and activated his Defensive Body Runes.

By the final instant before the palm struck, Damien had already formed over ten thousand layers of defense.

And in the first instant the palm made contact...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

Half of those layers were directly crushed into oblivion.

The golden palace was torn into countless pieces that flew out into the vacuum of space. Its formations shattered, creating smaller mana explosions within the already existing destruction.

The palm didn't waver in the slightest even after crushing the golden palace that so easily resisted Arthur beforehand. It continued with the same pace, crashing through barrier after barrier and approaching Damien.

'There's nothing I can do here.' He realized.

With Elemental Wargod stacked on the Demon Dragon Form, Damien was in his most powerful physical state.

With Void Breathing as a basis and Spacetime and Samsara supporting it, Damien was in his most powerful ethereal state.

But even when they were all put together, when every hint of Damien's power coagulated as one for the sake of this since instance...

He simply didn't stand a chance against Divinity.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

The impact rocked Damien's body. His skin was immediately melted off and his muscles and bones were threatening to follow soon. Chaotic mana waves flowed into his body and though the Void Physique attempted to devour and convert them, it couldn't quite resist Divinity in its current state.

Damien kept his eyes open and felt the pain without numbing himself.

He stared directly into the eyes of the Immortal Blood Asura's projection as he felt his body weaken, refusing to give up or waver in the slightest.

"I...will not...DIE!"

BANG!

Something within Damien snapped.

A black seal appeared between his eyebrows, corrupting Damien's mana into an inky black color. His eyes followed the same pattern as "something" entered his body. I think you should take a look at

Damien's consciousness was forced into a backseat.

'Boy, if you reject me here, I really won't be able to save you.'

A voice rang through his head, causing his eyes to nearly pop out of their sockets.

This voice that he'd almost forgotten with time...

Wasn't this...

"Tiamat?!" Damien exclaimed in shock.

'It is I. Now, stop your resisting lest this sliver of spirit be crushed by the strange forces in your body.'

Damien immediately followed her will and dropped his defenses, allowing her surface-level control of his body.

Damien, or rather, Tiamat, turned her eyes to the sky, gazing at the Immortal Blood Asura indifferently.

"This is why humans are so demeaned by others. Even when your universe is in mortal danger, you still have Demigods willing to find loopholes in the universal law to attack juniors. How pathetic."

She scoffed lightly as if even speaking about it was below her station. In the next second, she raised her arm in a graceful motion that looked somewhat preposterous on Damien's body.

"Little boy, know your place."

Ding!

VOOM!

Tiamat tapped her finger gently in the air.

A bell chimed, a wave of black mana spread so thinly that it was almost indiscernible.

But with the spreading of that wave, the weight of Immortal Blood Asura's attack lessened greatly, and its impact on Damien's body completely subsided.

"Hm?"

The massive projection looked down with a hint of curiosity in its indifferent eyes.

As it faded, a small smile appeared on its face.

"How interesting..."

Immortal Blood Asura's final words rang through the void, accompanying the final image he saw before the connection was cut.

An image of Damien, alone in the void and covered in powerful inky black mana.

Mana that reeked of the Nox.

The projection was single use, only able to exert the force of a single Demigod strike before fading, lest it trigger the universal law.

But even though Damien hadn't been killed today...

Would his fate be any better when news of his corruption leaked?

Rather, his fate would be far worse than anything the Bloodlock Clan could do to him.

Back on his own star, Immortal Blood Asura's cold face that never cracked revealed a hint of a smile as he watched over the projection's memories.

"Arthur has been disappointing, but his death has left me such a surprise...very well. Since you were able to accomplish at least this before you died, I will enact your revenge, if only for the sake of the Clan's face."

And while Immortal Blood Asura's rage stemmed from the waste of resources rather than the loss of his kin, at least someone was mourning the death of Arthur Bloodlock.

Deep in the Abyss, away from all people in a secluded cave, a being's eyes fluttered open.

"My new toy...someone destroyed my new toy...?" They muttered to themselves.

The seed that had only recently been planted had already perished, and the body of that seed was torn to oblivion, unable to be controlled any longer.

Crack!

A small object in the being's hands shattered. As its pieces fell to the ground, they drilled holes several meters deep with their weight alone.

That being gritted their teeth, feeling an emotion they hadn't felt in a very long time.

"That person...that person must die!"

For the first time in several tens of thousands of years, someone dared to provoke the Marionette Lord.

The heavens sang a silent prayer.

A prayer for the poor soul who would have to face this terrifying being's wrath.

Chapter 930 Shift [4]

Back in the starry sky, Damien now stood quietly and unmoving in the void. The 5 Emperors of Theavel, as well as Galantis and Tephit, formed a defense around his body, making sure that no being could even get a glimpse at their Young Lord.

Currently, the man himself was wrapped in a fog of inky black Nox Mana that wouldn't leave his system. It was difficult to not view him as someone who betrayed humanity and the universe.

However, everyone standing here knew just how much Damien had done to save those who were oppressed by the Nox, and all those present understood that the Sanctuary itself was the utmost anti-Nox fortress in existence.

The person who created, nurtured, and constantly grew that place had no need to be tempted by the Nox's sophistry.

Nevertheless, under Elvira's express order, none of them said a word and merely stuck to their jobs as guards.

As for Damien's situation, that was for him to figure out himself.

They could only pray that their Young Lord would come out on top of this challenge like he always did.

Since he was Damien Void himself, a man who was titled equal to heaven by so many unrelated existences, he'd definitely find a way out...

...right?

Within Damien's spiritual world, a strange scene was taking place.

Two people, both spiritual bodies, sat across from each other at a small materialized tea table. Naturally, there were refreshments before them, but in a simulated space like this, they didn't truly give one the satisfaction of real food and drink.

"So, Divine Power, huh," Damien said, breaking the silence between them.

"Indeed. I did tell you that you would be able to resist the strike of a Demigod with it. How does it feel to waste it here?" Tiamat responded teasingly.

Damien shrugged. "Is it a waste? I'm more surprised that I went so long without provoking a Demigod to come after me."

Tiamat shook her head. "It is indeed a waste. If you were standing in front of that Demigod's true body when my Divine Power was used, you might've had a chance to injure him."

"Well, that's no fun. If I'm going to make him bleed, shouldn't I do it with my own power?"

"As bold as always."

"Isn't that my charm?"

"Hmph. Your charm is simply nonexistent."

"Ah, my heart."

"At least try to make it look real."

Tiamat smiled lightly. Compared to the boyish personality Damien had when they first met, he was indeed a different person now. The current Damien was far more mature, less susceptible to his impulses.

This could especially be seen by the fact that he allowed her to control his body for a period of time and let her continue existing in this space for a conversation afterward.

"With your previous attitude, my Divine Power should've been extinguished by now. Why are you keeping it within your body?" She asked curiously.

Damien smiled. "Well, let's just say the line between enemy and ally has been pretty skewed lately, so I can't really sit here and pretend every Nox is a mindless evil being like I used to. Aside from that, didn't you save me? I should at least give you the benefit of the doubt."

"Hmm, then should I be honored that I am being allowed to have this conversation?"

"Absolutely."

"Cheeky brat."

Tiamat sighed and looked at the world around her, marveling at the unique spiritual world unlike any she'd seen before.

"Choosing you was a good choice,"

"Choosing me was your only choice."

"Don't ruin the moment."

"Tch."

Damien looked at the deadly beauty before him without knowing what to say at all.

She'd saved him due to a promise that had been made almost a decade ago in his time. Even back then, he'd only had thoughts of turning this Demigod into a maid as revenge.

Now that he'd experienced Elitra for long enough, he'd definitely thrown that plan out the window, but he couldn't lie that having this woman as an ally would be extremely beneficial for him. I think you should take a look at

"Back then when you were sealed..."

"Don't ask," Tiamat cut him off before he could continue.

"The matters of the past, the matters of our race...simply cannot be spoken of to outsiders."

"I see..." Damien muttered, somewhat understanding what she wanted to say.

"Then, why don't you tell me what you've been waiting to say this whole time? I do have other things to do after I clear your mana out of my system."

Tiamat nodded.

Indeed, it wasn't just Damien allowing her to stay in his spiritual world, but her maintaining herself for a purpose.

Now that they'd gotten to that point, there was no longer a need to hold back.

"After possessing your body for a period of time, I became sure of something," she began, her eyes turning solemn.

She took a small breath and made sure she had Damien's full attention before continuing with a single, extremely ominous sentence:

"If you continue following the current trajectory of your fate, you will absolutely die in the coming years."

Only a single minute passed in the starry sky before Damien's eyes fluttered open, solemnity reflected in his pupils.

That talk with Tiamat...

'Let's put it aside for now.'

What she'd told him wasn't information relevant to the current moment, and in the current moment, he needed to rush to Beast Emperor Star to stop the ongoing catastrophe.

After all, if he didn't help save it, he would lose the allegiance of both the Golden Dragon Godbeast Clan and the Ancient God Clan.

It wasn't something that could be allowed to happen.

But before that...

'I need to get rid of this disgusting mana.'

Despite his gratitude and relatively positive feeling for Tiamat, Damien was still conscious of her status as a Nox.

She could come under him, but he absolutely couldn't cooperate with a Nox on such a level where she had control over him as well.

In the end, he was still a loyal denizen of Grand Heavens Boundary.

'It's annoying because I can't devour it. Should I find a way to repurpose it?'

Truthfully, Damien currently had a rare opportunity.

He had Divine Power, the mana of a Demigod, flowing through his body without any hostility.

And on top of that, it was Nox Mana, whose connection with the Void Damien had always been curious about.

'I need to set it aside until I have time to properly study it. After that, I can get rid of it easy.'

Devouring it was impossible, but expelling it was easy.

Therefore, at least for the moment, Damien gathered all that mana within his Mana Heart and encased it in a solid prism of Void Mana so it would be invisible to the prying eye.

And without hesitation, Damien took his people and made his way to Beast Emperor Star.

So much happened in the starry sky after Arthur's original attack, but not even 15 minutes elapsed throughout it all.

With the world's current state, Beast Emperor Star had around 5 minutes left before it was beyond salvation.

5 minutes...

Could Damien truly save the world in this short amount of time?