

Abyssal 641

Chapter 641 A Clear Scheme (II)

Ezequiel never showed hesitation or doubt in the face of danger. Countless life and death battles had tempered his willpower to the point that he could be considered a perfect warrior, capable of making the hard choice in a split second.

Even as he stood in front of the greatest warriors of the Prima Universe, he did not back down or show any form of weakness.

The other Primarchs were equally shocked by Hyperion's words. However, there was another emotion in the Sacred Beast Primarch and Dragon Primarch. Both bloodline Primarchs were staring daggers toward the Titan Primarch and berating themselves for not thinking of it first.

Ezequiel's Primordial Bloodline was the highest they had ever felt after Zatiel. Any child born of his seed would instantly become a heavenly genius with an easy path into the Eternal Detachment Rank.

Although strong life forms with powerful bloodlines had a more challenging time procreating, there were all types of treasures in the universe that could help with that. Not to mention that Ezequiel was still extremely young and just a Rank 7 life form. born of a Neo-Demon would become a Neo-Demon. It is something impossible to change." Zatiel spoke calmly, and it seemed he was not angry by the words of the Titan Primarch.

Hyperion's face did not change when he heard those words and smilingly nodded toward the Neo-Demon Ancestor. Clearly, he never intended for Ezequiel's offspring to come to the Titan Race.

Zatiel's eyes narrowed as he saw how that lack of reaction and enlightenment filled his eyes as he understood Hyperion's goal.

The Titan Primarch did not intend to bring the offspring that Ezequiel may have with one of his daughters to the Titan Race. He wanted to leave it in the Neo-Demon Race.

Everybody understood that Zatiel considered family very important, so that child's Titan mother would be with him over his infancy. As that child grew, he would come to see the Titan Race as a second home and do his best to ensure its safety.

All the Primarchs also understood Hyperion's scheme, but there was nothing they could say against it. The Titan Primarch was not tricking anyone. Instead, he was betting that his daughters would sway Ezequiel's heart.

Of course, Zatiel and Ezequiel's reactions would determine whether this scheme could carry on. The Neo-Demon Ancestor considered things for a moment before shrugging his shoulders, signaling he would not get in the way.

Hyperion's smile widened when he saw that and focused on Ezequiel.

The Supreme Neo-Demon was not strange to the topic of love and partners, but he was also not an expert. He already found Numir had long forgotten about seeking new partners.

"I already have a wife, so I am afraid things will not work." Ezequiel knew that daughters of powerful individuals usually would not allow themselves to be second to others, and there was no way he would renounce Numir.

However, the Supreme Neo-Demon underestimated how much Hyperion wanted things to work and how little he cared about protocol.

"So what, who among us does not have several romantic partners? I bet your Ancestor is the same."

After hearing those words, Hyperion wanted the Supreme Neo-Demon even more. The Titan Primarch cared about his family very much and was sure Ezequiel would treat any partner very well.

On the other hand, Zatiel's expression cracked a little when he heard the Titan Primarch using him as an example. Still, he could not say much as those words were true.

However, there were two that showed an even greater reaction to that. The Dragon Primarch and Sacred Beast Primarch smiled as they saw a path opening for them.

"That is right, boy. Having multiple partners is completely fine. Actually, one could say that people like us with powerful bloodlines own it to the Prima Universe to produce several offspring. That is why I have three thousand wives, some not even from the Dragon Race." The Dragon Primarch spoke with a loud voice. It was clear he felt no shame at all over his vast harem.

"Bahamut may be a horny geezer, but there is truth in his words. You may be the only Primordial in the entire Prima Universe. Stopping your seed from spreading would be a huge mistake." The Sacred Beast Primarch spoke with a more dignified tone, but the meaning was the same as the other two.

Hyperion frowned when he saw the duo chipping in. Although it seemed that they were siding with him, how could he not know they had their own agendas?

"I thank you for your words, but I am afraid I can not amuse you. My only goal right now is to become stronger. I have already found love once, which is more than enough for me." Ezequiel performed a slight bow to the duo as he spoke those words.

Bahamut and the Sacred Beast Primarch did not know how to find a way around those words. Ezequiel was not someone they could pressure, and they did not think themselves able to provide better cultivation guidance than Zatiel.

However, Hyperion was different. A thoughtful light appeared in his eyes before resolution filled it.

"Brat, there is a Sacred Trial in my Titan World accessible for all those beneath Rank 8. It is my world's greatest lucky chance, and the rewards are incredible. At the end of the trial, there is a chance to obtain a new Path of Power. I was the closest to it, and although it failed to acquire it, thanks to the insights it granted me, I formed an Omega Law that allowed me to reach Limit Rank 9."

Issac and Salomon did not show a great reaction to that, but the other Primarchs were surprised. A Path of Power was much better than a cultivation technique, and if only some insight were enough for Hyperion to form his Omega Law, its power must be incredible.

As for Zatiel, he only showed some interest but said nothing. His True Name already optimized his existence to the limit, and a new Path of Power would not help him.

Nevertheless, Ezequiel's interest spiked after hearing Hyperion's words. That Path of Power should focus on the body, which may be the chance he was looking for.

Of course, the Supreme Neo-Demon also understood that Hyperion would be using that trial to push his daughters toward him. After all, love usually flourished under risk and danger.

"Boy, do not underestimate our Sacred Trial. The number of geniuses that perished in it is very high. My goal is clear, and I have no desire to harm you, but I must warn you that the dangers you and those accompanying you would face are extreme."

Hyperion was under Issac's Omega Law's influence, so there were no tricks in his words. He made the danger clear so Zatiel would not blame him if anything went wrong.

Ezequiel's smile did not shake. The greater the danger, the higher the improvement his destiny would get.

Chapter 642 Hero

After obtaining Ezequiel's confirmation, Hyperion began to discuss the Sacred Trial with the other two bloodline Primarchs. Although the Titan Primarch would have preferred not to include them, he did not have a choice.

The Titan World's Sacred Trial was inside the world's origin, and it opened every one hundred thousand years. The last time it happened was roughly seven thousand years ago. Since they could not just wait for the trial to reopen on its own, they would have to do it manually, which would require a massive amount of resources.

Not even Hyperion could gather that much wealth on its own without harming his foundation, so he had to work with the Dragon Primarch and Sacred Beast Primarch. Of course, the Titan Primarch intended to milk as much wealth as possible from the duo.

Salomon and Issac did not care too much about that Sacred Trial. Even if they were to get access to a Path of Power focused on the body, it would not mean they had talent in it. Not to mention they already had a way to enhance their bodies.

In the end, Hyperion set the Sacred Trial to start one hundred years from now. A tiny amount of time for entities that had lived for eons.

Zatiel saw how the Primarchs and Ezequiel left the Neo-Demon Realm. The first was going to handle the matter regarding the Dreamgate Project, and the second intended to enhance his power.

After making sure that the Primarch exited the Neo-Demon Realm, Zatiel let his focus relax and allowed the rest of the Neo-Demon to leave the High Worlds. He needed to handle many things, but the first was to anchor the Virtual Dream Universe into the Neo-Demon Realm. Using the power of karma, he found the connection between him and the unique dimension that originated once the power of his mind fused into the Prima Universe.

It was not easy and took him several months, but Zatiel managed to transfer the nucleus of the Virtual Dream Universe into the White Sun.

Zatiel was tired, but there was a smile on his face after he finished. He was sure that very soon, life forms from all over the universe would come to the Virtual Dream Universe and try their luck in Legacy.

The one that will manage the Virtual Dream Universe and take the position of Universe Dream will be the NRAI. Hades spent most of his time tempering his soul force, so he would not interfere unless things required his assistance.

"Hades, teleport me to these coordinates," Zatiel said before sending a stream of numbers into the NRAI.

"Lord, would you like me to accompany you?" Hades was unsure how strong Zatiel was, but he still offered to guard him. His Realm Avatar had grown to the Peak Beyond Falsehood Stage, and it won't be long before it entered the Beyond Limit Stage.

"There is no need. I will go to meet an old friend and will be busy for several decades, maybe even more. Focus on your training. Once I return, we will leave for Abyss."

"Alright," Hades said nothing more before enveloping the Neo-Demon in a Rank 9 Teleportation and sending him away.

Zatiel felt his body traveling at incredible speeds through layers of space before finally reaching his destination.

What appeared in front of the Neo-Demon was an asteroid field. It was the same he crossed to enter the World Tree's Abode.

A confident smile appeared on Zatiel's face as he activated Sacred King Aphotic Dominion. He flew in a straight line and did not even bother to dodge the asteroids. Why would he, since they were unable to reach his body?

The Neo-Demon crossed the portal and found himself in a beautiful field with nothing but shining azure grass in sight. Ancestral Root also emerged, and after a moment, the Artifact Spirit showed a smile and performed a slight bow.

"Ancestral Root humbly greets the Lord of Beginning and End." Usually, even being the N° 1 Prima Universe's Champion would not be enough for Ancestral Root to show this type of respect. Still, he knew there was a deep connection between Zatiel and the World Tree.

"There is no need to call me by that title anymore, as I have transcended it. In the meantime, just call me by my name." Zatiel clasped his hand and nodded toward Ancestral Root.

"I see. Your aura is much more profound and powerful than before. Are you here to retake the trial?"

Zatiel immediately shook his head. His potential and destiny reached a level where not even the mighty World Tree was capable of testing it anymore.

"I came here to speak with the World Tree. I need you to awaken him."

Anyone else that asked something like that would immediately be kicked out of the abode by Ancestral Root, but he understood that Zatiel was special.

"It will take me some time. Wait a moment."

Zatiel understood that the World Tree would remain in hibernation most of the time, so he nodded at Ancestral Root and sat down.

Ancestral Root returned thirty minutes later and nodded toward the Neo-Demon before teleporting him.

Zatiel found himself in an endless void the next second, where only he and the World Tree were present.

"Welcome back, old friend. You found a way to become even stronger, good, very good. Tell me, how is my son doing? Is he growing strong like his father?"

Zatiel could not help but sigh as he heard the World Tree's weak voice and saw how the first question in this majestic being was the state of his son.

Unlike the Champion of Justice and Order that became a beacon of light for all the Prima Universe during the Cataclysmic War, the World Tree acted in the shadows, away from everybody's awareness. However, his lack of presence did not mean he was not instrumental in the victory against the Eldritch Race.

When the great warriors of the Prima Universe were forming the Final Gate, it was the World Tree, the one that kept the Eldritch Universe from interfering. He alone faced the combined might of the Great Old Ones inside the Eldritch Universe!

There was only one fitting name for such a man.

Hero.

Chapter 643 Reignite His Life Force

Zatiel's melancholy faded as he remembered why he came here. A smile slowly emerged as a sense of happiness and pride filled his heart, and he stared directly at the World Tree.

"He is growing very well. Although due to his lack of awareness, his battle power is almost non-existent, his existence has already reached the Peak Soul Realm."

Taking more than a thousand years to reach the Peak Soul Realm did not sound good for any genius, especially someone special as the World Tree's sole descendant. That was if you measured him according to usual standards.

The sapling required much more energy than other life forms. Even with the White Sun's high-quality forces feeding him, it still would be a long time before it enters the Law Realm. Nevertheless, the amount of energy and life force inside him could match that of a weak Rank 8 life form!

"Good, very good." The World Tree's aura displayed his happiness when he heard those words. "I can see that you already used the violet seal I implanted on you."

Zatiel was not surprised to hear those words. Those violet seals were precious, even for the World Tree. The fact they were gone ahead of time meant that something must have gone wrong.

"Yes, I originally intended to use them for something much more important, but the King in Yellow happened. My existence was very close to being extinguished, but I managed to turn it into a lucky chance."

Although the World Tree lacked facial features to display emotions, Zatiel could feel his aura's trepidation. The King in Yellow was truly a fearful enemy, and the worst thing was that they still were unaware of his full class="novel-ins">

Just like Zatiel transforming a dead-end into a new beginning, how can they say that the King in Yellow would not be capable of the same feat?

After a few seconds of silence, the World Tree's aura grew steady, and he said "I suppose you came here so I could engrave the seals in you again." The World Tree was aware of how much damage

creating those seals would do to his already weakened lifespan, but there was no hesitation in his voice. He was ready to fulfill his calling without fear or remorse.

"I am afraid they are too important. I can feel that something significant will happen soon, and I need the violet seals if I want a chance to level the playing field."

Zatiel could not let things carry on as they were. He already antagonized the evil Primarchs and Eldritch Universe and was unaware of the true goal of the Flame Emperor and Alpha Universe.

He felt that the evolution of his True Soul and the awakening of his unique bloodline ability would trigger a significant response from everybody. Even if Issac, Salomon, and the others were helping him, he did not feel safe without the violet seals.

"Nonetheless, I did not just come for those violet seals. I also came to treat your wounds."

"Oh, how is that possible?" The World Tree was surprised and a little dubious about Zatiel's words. He knew better than anyone how resourceful and ingenious the Neo-Demon was, but his body and soul were too severely wounded.

"In my previous life, the nature of my powers was just destruction and assimilation. There was little I could do to heal you as the Incarnation of Death and Destruction. My Rebirth Eclipse Bloodline could have allowed me to heal you once I reached Rank 9, but it would have been too late by then. However, my existence evolved to a point where I can transcend the forces of life and death and interfere with universal causality!"

Zatiel unleashed the full power of REX SAMSARA UNIVERSALIS CAUSALITAX and the Alpha-Omega Samsara King Bloodline.

A dark purple lightning-fire prime force flooded the void, and the World Tree could not hide his shock as he felt the forces in it, especially one that he had already experienced billions of years ago.

"You have the power from the Eldritch Universe's Principal Laws within your soul!"

How could the World Tree forget the laws responsible for almost putting him on his deathbed?

"That is right. I manage to integrate the highest powers of the Eldritch Universe into my existence. Having gained control over the forces that are slowly grinding away your life force, I can implement a plan that will allow me to heal you." Zatiel's eyes were full of confidence. If you understand the disease, it is much easier to cure it.

The World Tree could not help but feel excited. Although he had already accepted his downfall and was ready to unleash all his power when the right time came, leaving the Prima Universe in a blaze of glory, he would never give up if there was a chance to keep living.

"Explain to me what you are going to do." The World Tree wanted to see if there was any way he could help and make sure nothing went wrong.

"Your Primordial Essence and core life force are infected by the purest Eldritch Universe's power of Cause and Effect. Expelling them would be the same as ripping your soul and body to pieces, which would not help and would only worsen your condition."

The World Tree signaled his agreement. It was precisely due to the Eldritch Universe's power having ingrained so deeply into his existence that he could not heal himself.

"I will take your Primordial Essence and core life force and use my own body and soul as filters. I will purge parts of the powers corrupting them and then return the purified soul force and vitality back to you. Completely healing you is impossible, but you should recover around eighty percent."

The World Tree's excitement grew stronger when he heard those words. Eighty percent would be enough for him to reignite his life force. But soon he found a major problem.

"Those forces that you will purge from me, we will not be able to erase them so easily. You know how much the Champion of Justice and Order suffered due to something like that."

Of course that Zatiel knew the dangers. If he gathered the forces that permeated the World Tree in a single place, they could mutate and trigger a cataclysmic event in the Prima Universe.

Luckily, the Neo-Demon had some individuals for whom curses and evil forces were nothing but desserts. The Rex Somniorum Eye glowed, and three foul creatures emerged.

"What are those things?" The World Tree did not bother to hide his immense disgust as he saw the three members of the Depravita Race. He knew they were weak, but his instincts warned him that they could become an existential threat to the Prima Universe if they grew powerful enough.

"They are a new race I created, the Depravita Race. Metaphysical manifestations of the darkness in a sentient life's mind and soul. At their core, they are ideas made flesh. I intend to use them to devour the forces I will expel from you."

The World Tree could not help but take a moment to analyze the Depravita. They were, without a doubt, evil incarnated.

He also thought of the first race created by Zatiel, the Neo-Demons, and how strikingly different they were.

Neo-Demons were warriors of justice and freedom that sought to end all forms of evil in the universe. The Depravita, on the other hand, were monsters that only saw sentient life as food and bathed in sin and corruption.

Both races came from the same man and could be considered two sides of the same coin.

"Will they be able to handle those forces? I can see they are still relatively weak."

"A healthy cell would explode if one sent too much energy into it, but cancer would only grow more and more. The Depravitas are ideas and can devour anything, especially if what they consume is a form of corruption."

Being compared with cancerous cells would make even the most stoic man furious, but the three Depravitas showed nothing. They lacked wisdom, and even if they had it, why would they care what others think? For them, everything and anything was food.

"I understand. Should we start immediately?"

"I am ready. Let's do this." Zatiel described the procedure to the World Tree and sent the Depravitas back into his Rex Somniorum Eye before adopting a meditative position.

The World Tree made two branches appear. One of them pierced the Neo-Demon's brain while the other his heart.

A dark rotten force emerged from the World Tree and traveled into the Neo-Demon through the branch connected to his brain.

Zatiel's entire body trembled, and his face grew pale, but moments later, a clean force emerged from the branch in his heart and traveled back to the World Tree.

Chapter 644 The Eldritch Universe

There was a universe invaded by chaos and horror, where trillions perished every day, and wars were not just common but enforced. An extended period of peace was considered a sin and could result in your entire civilization's destruction.

In this nightmare universe, worlds were not heavenly bodies that slowly grew alongside its inhabitants, with Cosmic Walls meant to protect those in the Physical Realm from the danger of the void. While they still had spheric bodies, they were fully sentient creatures with billions of parasites inside them.

If one of those parasites devoured enough of the competence, it would obtain the ability to fuse its Primordial Essence with the Universe Will, become an actual sentient creature, and reach the Soul Realm.

After reaching the Soul Realm, the creature would gain a sense of self and wisdom, but that was just the beginning of their never-ending struggle. More than ninety-nine percent of the new advanced life forms would perish in the first year, becoming food for the stronger ones.

Even after reaching the Law Realm, you would not be safe or able to enjoy a moment of serenity. In this universe, you grew stronger by devouring others, so letting your guard down was the same as death.

Anyone that rose to the peak in such an environment would become a perfect killing machine. Archdemons and Archdevils were like children in front of those apex creatures.

There was a massive world in the center of this universe, greater than any Prima Universe's Principal World. One could not see its surface due to the gray maelstrom that surrounded it, extending for countless light years. even Law Overlords dared to get near this world. Just the maelstrom was considered a sacred field, and getting near it was the same as asking for your existence to be devoured.

Despite that, at this moment, a mighty dragon was flying toward that world. The creature was larger than a High Plane, with red eyes full of madness. In this universe, their kind had the name Ancient Eldritch Dragons.

He had dark roots packed with eyeballs covering his body, six powerful limbs that ended in razor-sharp claws, and wings capable of throwing any world into a perpetual night if unfolded.

Other than flying, the Rank 9 Ancient Eldritch Dragon was also eating. As for what he ate, it was nothing else but a world!

The spherical creature attempted to free itself from the Ancient Eldritch Dragon's grasp, but the difference in power was too much. As the dragon ripped pieces of it, countless parasites were exposed to the void and perished.

In the head of this world-eater dragon, there was a being with even more power. It was roughly forty-five meters tall and resembled a spider with putrefactive tentacles coming out of his chest.

The arachnid creature was an Eldritch Primigenial, and his lineage was even more special than the Ancient Eldritch Dragon. While extremely powerful, they lacked wisdom and were widely accepted as untamable.

Their kind was similar to the Sacred Beast Race from the Prima Universe in the sense they were universal phenomena made flesh. However, the only phenomena that could give birth to them were apocalyptic wars where even Rank 9 entities perished.

The Eldritch Primigenial's aura put his power at the second stage of Rank 9, and due to his unique abilities and heritage, he could even fight Primarchs!

All of that made the following fact even more incredible. There was a throne above the Eldritch Primigenial's head, and sitting in it was a man covered in a robe. As for the color of that robe, it was yellow.

The Ancient Eldritch Dragon flew into the maelstrom. It was so poisonous that the world on the dragon's hands rotted, but that did not stop the creature from advancing deeper.

Unfortunately, despite the Rank 9 Ancient Eldritch Dragon's best efforts, it could only cross half of the maelstrom before being forced to stop. It was too dense and was unable to push forward.

Even the Eldritch Primigenial felt some pressure due to the maelstrom's power. The only one unaffected was the man with the yellow robe.

He raised his arm and waved his hand, generating a blade force that split the maelstrom!

It seemed so simple, and yet the power in it was something that made the Ancient Eldritch Dragon and Eldritch Primigenial tremble in fear.

Without the gray maelstrom hindering his path, the Ancient Eldritch Dragon could reach the world with ease. It was lifeless, and massive mountain formations gave it what one could assume were two eyes and a smile. The name of this world was simple, Old World.

The Ancient Eldritch Dragon flew until it reached the Old World's orbit but did not venture forward. Previous experiences taught him there was a powerful space-time enchantment around it. While he could attempt to push through the gray maelstrom, he would only be shaming himself if he faced the invisible force field.

Once the dragon stopped his flight, the man above the Eldritch Primigenial stood up before transforming himself into a yellow beam that flashed toward the world at superluminal speed.

The space-time force field that the Rank 9 Ancient Eldritch Dragon did not dare to challenge could do nothing to hinder the yellow beam. He flew directly into the world, blasting a hole through the surface.

Inside the world at the Eldritch Universe's core, one could find a massive and complicated labyrinth that even Eternal Detachment individuals would find almost impossible to decipher. Everything was constantly morphing, so the passage forward was different every time.

That did not make a single difference for the beam. Without losing momentum, the man in the yellow robe flew forward, reaching the core of the Old World in less than five minutes.

In front of him, there was a massive hallway with more than a dozen giant skeletal creatures guarding it, each with an aura at the second stage of the Eternal Detachment Rank.

The sole purpose of the skeletal guards' existence was to keep people from disturbing the entities at the end of the hallway. Still, as they felt the man's aura, a terror so powerful assaulted them that they did not even dare to look in his direction.

The man in the yellow robe walked through the hallway, not even bothering to stare at the skeletal guards. Once he reached the end of the path, he saw a massive gate made of flesh. He raised his hand and blasted the gates open with a single push.

On the other side of the gates, there was a dimension even greater than the Old World, where fifteen gargantuan creatures slumbered.

Each of those creatures was a living horror, a supreme law and truth of the universe made flesh. Their auras were so powerful that normal Primarchs would not be able to compare.

The entity that dared to force his way into the place where those mighty and horrible creatures rested could only be the same man who dared to scheme against the World Tree.

The King in Yellow!

Chapter 645 Eldritch Universe King

The name of the massive dimension home to the Great Old Ones was R'lyeh Void, the Eldritch Universe's nucleus. All the energy that True Selves generated out of sacrifices would find its path into this place, half nurturing the universe and the other half the Great Old Ones.

For the Prima Universe, the Prima-Eldritch Universe Final Battlefield was an excellent place to train their new powerhouses. Yet, for the Eldritch Universe, it was a dimension full of food for the Great Old Ones.

Despite the Prima Universe's forces having the upper hand in each battlefield ring, the Great Old Ones did not care. As long as eldritch life forms made sacrifices to the True Selves and energy reached R'lyeh Void, the number of soldiers perishing every day was inconsequential.

When the gates into R'lyeh Void were blasted open, fourteen of the Great Old Ones awoke from their slumber. They immediately focused on the responsible, unleashing an aura so dark and malevolent that it could make even Rank 9 life forms crazy with fear.

That nightmarish force reached the King in Yellow, but this one did not move a muscle. Instead, he unleashed his own aura, one even eviler than that of the fourteen Great Old Ones combined!

The yellow aura clashed with the gray one coming from the Great Old Ones before finally overpowering it and encompassing every corner of R'lyeh Void. that yellow aura assaulted them, a sharp light appeared in the Great Old Ones' eyes. Although they did their best to hide it, there was monstrous hate emanating from their souls. Nevertheless, other than hate, there was also an immense fear.

The King in Yellow was two and a half meters tall, while every Great Old One was larger than a Principal World. Yet, the one with the stronger aura was clear to all.

A sense of utter humiliation filled those fourteen Great Old Ones as they adopted respectful stances and performed a deep bow toward the King in Yellow.

"We, the Great Old Ones, humbly greet you, King in Yellow, the Eldritch Universe King."

Only one Great Old One remained silent, the same that continued his slumber even after the King in Yellow's aura filled R'lyeh Void.

Those words felt like ash for the fourteen Great Old Ones that shouted in unison. In their minds, all eldritch life forms were slaves whose only purpose was to use the True Selves to send energy to them.

Sadly, that status quo that started in the Eldritch Universe's beginning and carried on for billions of years broke under the King in Yellow's might.

He was flawless, with a scheming mind like no one else and raw power capable of sundering galaxies. And to make things worse, his past and motivations were unknown to everybody.

Some Great Old Ones even hypothesize that the King in Yellow was the incarnation of the ego left by Endless Darkness in his Inner Universe and Omega Law. However, that was only an idea, and the truth is they know nothing about him.

The King in Yellow showed nothing as the Great Old Ones bowed to him. A yellow robe still hid his appearance, but he retracted his aura, allowing the fourteen to relax.

"Prepare yourself. I will use the Elder Key soon." His voice echoed through the void. It contained a sense of ancientness greater than the Great Old Ones, which should not be possible.

The King in Yellow did not offer an explanation or ask for their opinions. He gave an order, and the Great Old Ones needed to obey it, as simple as that.

A complicated expression appeared in the awakened Great Old Ones as they heard the King in Yellow's command. The Elder Key was a powerful spell that required them to burn part of their Primordial Essence and combine their powers.

It allowed the Great Old Ones to unleash a power that could partially surpass the Final Gate's defenses. Through it, they sent the forces that gave birth to the Prima-Eldritch Universe Final Battlefield.

The last time they used it was when they helped the Prima-Eldritch Universe Final Battlefield to form the Void, Sky, and Earth Rings. It took them a long time to heal, and some had yet to recover fully.

Despite all that, none of the Great Old Ones dared to refuse. There was no need to mention wits. Even their combined power could not match the King in Yellow.

Having fulfilled his purpose, the King in Yellow turned around and walked out of R'lyeh Void. But just as he was about to cross the gate, he stopped and turned toward one of the Great Old Ones.

The Great Old One, targeted by the King in Yellow, was an immense creature that resembled an angelic being with a deformed body and putrefactive wings. When he felt those eyes, a sense of utter doom assaulted him.

Before anyone could say a word, the King in Yellow raised his arm and clenched his fist, making the deformed angelic Great Old One explode.

Shock filled the rest of the Great Old Ones as they saw that, but an even greater feeling assaulted them when they saw someone else appear after the explosion.

The aura of the newcomer's soul told the Great Old Ones that he and the putrefaction angel were the same entity. It was just that his power and appearance had changed.

He also had an angelic form but lacked the putrefaction from before. His skin was white, and majestic wings grew from his limbs, but the most impressive thing was that his aura was almost six times stronger.

"You managed to evolve your body into Rank 10. Aktu, attempt to hide anything from me again, and you will suffer the same fate as that fool." The King in Yellow said nothing else before crossing the gate and leaving the Old World.

Aktu could not help but feel a sense of utter defeat assault him. At first, he thought he had managed to hide it, but it seemed he was too naive.

The rest of the Great Old Ones focused on Aktu but said nothing. It would be a lie to say they had not thought of improving their power in the dark and waiting for the right time to strike.

Aktu and the other thirteen turned to the Great Old One, who continued sleeping this entire time and whom the King in Yellow referred to as a fool. He had the largest body, resembling a mass of tentacles, eyes, and mouths, with four Cores of Existence into Rank 10.

That Great Old One name was Azathoth, the first and strongest. He was the one that led the Eldritch Universe against the Prima Universe. There was a time when his presence could embark on the entire Eldritch Universe, but now he ended up in that condition.

Azathoth did not wake up when the King in Yellow arrived, nor did he bow alongside the other for a simple reason. He could do nothing else but sleep after the King in Yellow lobotomized him.

Chapter 646 Titan World (I)

"¡BOOM!"

"¡BOOM!"

"¡BOOM!"

Explosion after explosion filled the dimension's sky, whose environment was nothing but giant volcanoes that pierced the firmament and lava storms that covered every corner of the ground. Flaming tsunamis emerged due to the blasts, generating hundreds of kilometers tall waves.

Cracks in space had already saturated the dimension, but it was so stable that the explosions did not cause real damage. One could only find that foundation level in a Principal Plane or World.

"¡BOOOOMMMM!"

One final explosion generated a large crack in space that almost split the sky in two. All this destruction originated due to two incredibly powerful individuals clashing against each other at superluminal speed and with a momentum that could pierce a Low World's surface.

One of them was a forty-five-meter-tall demonic creature with four large horns and armor of black lava. His entire existence seemed to embody destruction, fire, and darkness, and his physical might made space-time tremble around him. for the one battling against such a creature, he was a young man with three faces, six arms, and a perfectly balanced body bathed in white lightning.

The plane where the battle occurred was not Abyss or Baator. It was one where the landmass split into large dimensions the size of Low Worlds and whose structure resembled an infinite labyrinth, Carceri.

Ezequiel was battling a member of the Demodand Race, a race whose physical power surpassed that of Demons and could equal Titans.

The name of the Demodand bathed in black lava was Irik. Although his talent did not reach the supreme genius level that allowed him to jump a level in battle power, he was still mighty, having formed an Omega Law and reaching the Late Beyond Falsehood Stage.

In a direct battle, Ezequiel would have found it almost impossible to defeat the Demodand since they both focused on the same battle style, and Irik's martial skills were superb. After he evolved into Rank 7 and formed his first Silver Star of Origin, his battle power crossed into Rank 8, reaching the bottom of the Early Beyond Falsehood Stage.

His battle power would have obtained a massive boost if he fused with Entropy, but the Sanctum Battle Partner could not be disturbed now, as he was evolving into the Law Realm. That would take a long time, and Ezequiel could not wait.

The Supreme Neo-Demon also lacked control over World Strength. He used all his power to cut Irik's connection with Carceri's origin and hide their presence.

All those reasons were why it was excellent that the battle did not start with both in the same circumstances. Irik's body was full of wounds, but the most important was the one in his chest that began on his back and emerged from the front.

It resembled a small cylinder the size of a finger and passed right through the Demodand's heart!

Ezequiel did not come to this place by chance. After a lot of research, he chose this Irik as his prey. He sneaked into Carceri before making his way into Irik's domains and then waited for the chance to perform an assassination strike.

The Supreme Neo-Demon waited for almost six years for the chance to strike, and when he did it, he poured all his power behind the attack.

Ezequiel's strike destroyed Irik's heart and severely damaged the rest of his vital organs.

Any other race would find their battle power diminished severely after such an attack, but the Demodand managed to keep it in Rank 8. Their race vitality was legendary for a reason.

Irik's eyes were cold and full of killing intent as he stared at Ezequiel. The idea of escaping did not cross his mind at all. He knew that if another Demodand were to find him in such a weakened state, he would lose all his belonging in the best case. Instead, he focused his mind on killing the enemy and devouring his body, which would help him heal and improve his talent.

The Supreme Neo-Demon's aura was equally cold and ruthless as he stared at the Demodand as a piece of meat. His eyes burned with silver light as Will Force flooded his body, augmenting his physical might.

Fighting a Beyond the Shackles existence was incredibly hard for the Supreme Neo-Demon. Only his True Doomsday Body Path of Power evolved to Rank 7, and he had yet to ignite his first Astral Black Hole. Still, his fighting spirit burned with such might that it made a smile appear on his face.

The battle had carried on for roughly fifteen hours, with both taking big and minor wounds. None had rested for even a minute and were already in the blink of exhaustion. Another direct strike could mark the end of the fight.

"¡BOOOOMMMM!"

Another explosion echoed throughout the dimension, mightier than the one that split the sky, as Irik and Ezequiel put some distance between each other. Immediately, both made their auras explode as they prepared to perform their final strike.

Ezequiel's body grew larger as his muscle mass, and bone density increased. He tapped into the ability of his Immortal Avatar True Doomsday Body, and using the Inner Origin Essence, instead of creating copies of himself, he duplicated what was already there.

Irik's did not fall behind. He pushed his Omega Law to the limit, drawing torrents of magma into his body, making his black lava armor mightier, and transforming his hands into two blades.

The Supreme Neo-Demon grew three times larger, and Irik's black lava resembled obsidian armor as its power reached its zenith.

"ROAR!"

"ROAR!"

Both Demodand and Neo-Demon roared as they made their energy explode and blasted forward with all they had.

"BOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMMM!"

An explosion of black lava and white lightning filled the sky, burning every form of energy. It was hard to determine the winner as the blast hid both from sight.

Soon, from the explosion's core, what resembled a meteorite of lava and lightning fell to the ground, generating a blast that decimated everything in thousands of kilometers.

Ezequiel was on top of the Demodand. A lava blade had pierced his right lung, and two of his hands grabbed the arm connected to it, stopping it from pushing. That lava blade burned his right lung into charcoal, but the truly dire wound was the one on his neck. Another lava blade cut almost a third of it. If it wasn't for his spine and using one hand to stop it from cutting more, he may have lost his head.

On the other hand, Irik's condition was much worse. Two fists bathed in white lightning had penetrated his lungs, and two fingers resembling a spear pierced his head, all the way to his brain.

That clash decided the winner, but Ezequiel did not destroy Irik's soul or Inner Universe. He did not come here to kill a Demodand. He traveled to Carceri to improve his cultivation.

Ezequiel's eyes burned with even more silver flames as a blast of Will Force emerged from him and entered the Demodand's soul.

If the Supreme Neo-Demon had requested assistance or used external help to win this battle, the clash of both wills would have been uncertain. However, even if Irik was resentful, he knew he had lost the battle of body and soul, making him already too weak to resist the battle of wills.

The Demodand trembled as his eyes lost their light. His soul was still present, but Ezequiel's willpower shattered a fundamental part of it.

Chapter 647 Titan World (II)

After winning the battle of wills, Ezequiel coated Irik's body in white lightning and submerged into the lava, deep enough that even the perception of a Rank 9 life form would not find him. Demodands were extremely territorial, so the chance that someone would come to this part of Carceri was low, but it was better to be safe than to be sorry.

Once Ezequiel was sure he was safe, he looted all of Irik's belongings before adopting a meditative position and awakening his True Doomsday Body.

The black humanoid inside the Infinity Heart opened his eyes as a monstrous power emerged from him and reached the black die in Ezequiel's stomach.

An invisible force enveloped Irik's body and teleported it the next second. The Demodand appeared inside the Astral Black Hole inside Ezequiel's stomach, and immediately waves after waves of Astral Origin and Elemental Chaos began to flood it.

Those waves not only carried an immense amount of energy, but they also contained a devastating pressure that slowly began to shatter the Demodand.

Usually, during any destruction, some forces would be lost, but due to the unique nature of the Astral Black Hole, that did not happen. Not even an iota of Irik's essence escaped the black die. On the contrary, it began to compress in the die's center, forming a shining plasma core, similar to a **mighty sun**. The Astral Black Hole still had its completely black appearance on the outside, but inside it glowed with the might of a supernova. The origin of that light was the plasma core that contained the essence of Irik's body, soul, Inner Universe, and Omega Law.

Ezequiel felt how a raging torrent of Astral Origin emerged from the Astral Black Hole into the Infinity Heart, from where they reached every corner of his body, improving his physical might more and more.

Things did not end there as black lava flooded Ezequiel's stomach. That lava was a physical manifestation of Irik's Omega Law!

The Law of Darkness, Law of Destruction, and Law of Fire were Irik's Omega Law core components. The Demodand would use the devouring power of the Law of Darkness to bring into him all forms of energy and matters, where the Omega Law would transform them into pure force that could either enhance the Law of Destruction or Law of Fire.

If Irik channeled that force into the Law of Destruction, he would exponentially enhance his offensive might. On the other hand, if he were to direct it into the Law of Fire, he would overload his body with vitality and purify his flesh and blood.

An Omega Law that was capable of exponentially enhancing your regeneration and offensive powers while at the same time replenishing your energy.

Simple, yet highly efficient and powerful.

Those words described Irik's Omega Law to perfection. Thanks to it, the Demodand could unleash such an immense battle power even after Ezequiel destroyed his heart.

Now that fantastic ability was ingrained into the Supreme Neo-Demon's body!

Ezequiel only opened his eyes after twenty-four years, as his raging Astral Origin calmed down and cultivation stabilized. He had completed his First Ignition, the True Doomsday Body Path of Power equivalent to the Peak Void Stage True Soul Path of Power.

A large smile appeared on Ezequiel's face as he felt the massive upgrade in his physical might and the power he could now unleash. He then opened his mouth and began to devour oceans of lava, transforming all of them into a soaring vitality.

The battle with Irik's left severe wounds on the Supreme Neo-Demon's body. While his regeneration abilities were superb, due to the power of his flesh and blood, he required a lot of energy and time to regenerate them.

Igniting the first Astral Black Hole helped him a lot, and using the black lava in his stomach, made everything go much faster. He spent two months indiscriminately devouring the lava that filled the dimension and only stopped once he had fully healed.

Irik's domains were not any less than a Low World, but the Supreme Neo-Demon still managed to devour almost a third of its lava.

Ezequiel rose from the ground, and the first thing he did next was to spread his perception through the dimension. The Rank 8 battle destroyed almost everything, but what was left was bound to be valuable.

Once Ezequiel collected all that was left of value in the dimension, he channeled the power of his Outer Origin and teleported light-years away from Carceri's range of influence.

Carceri was a Principal Plane with Eternal Detachment existence in it. Ezequiel needed to be careful once he left, as powerful consciousnesses surrounded the plane.

Without wasting a second, continue teleporting away from Carceri, moving deeper into the Prima Universe. He also used his Inner Origin Essence to hide his presence as he advanced.

The Supreme Neo-Demon knew that his battle power was not high enough yet to roam the universe without worry. Although the Dark Tower and Immortal Alliance members would not dare to challenge him due to Zatiel's influence, the powerhouses beneath the evil Primarchs would actively hunt him for that exact reason.

'My battle power should be at the Late Beyond Falsehood Stage now. If I were to fuse with Entropy, I could push to the peak, maybe reaching the Early Beyond Limit Stage if I were to go all out and burn my life force.'

The higher the Rank, the harder it is to jump levels in battle power. Before, fusing with Entropy and burning his life force would have granted the Supreme Neo-Demon an upgrade of an entire level, but now it barely allowed him to cross into the next one.

As Ezequiel thought about Entropy, he focused on a tiny pearl inside his Bloodline Heart. That was a unique artifact with a stable dimension almost as large as a Middle World, and the only thing inside it was a white blood moon that glowed with a majestic magic matrix.

Ezequiel immediately flooded the dimension with all the resources he obtained from Carceri. The blood moon swallowed most of them while assimilating the Rank 7 and Rank 8 Artifacts, improving the already fantastic magic matrix.

Once Ezequiel saw that Entropy's evolution carried on without a problem, he focused on a distant point in the void as battle intent appeared in his eyes.

'The Titan World.'

Chapter 648 Improve One's Destiny

Ezequiel advanced deeper and deeper into the Prima Universe, teleporting with a speed that most Rank 8 life forms would find incredible. His Outer Origin Essence allowed his control over the Laws of Space-Time to reach a much higher level.

However, it would still take him some time to reach the Titan World, as Carceri was far away. The Prima Universe's core was roughly fifteen percent of the entire universe, and fiend planes were usually far from the Principal World and Planes of Primarchs.

Ezequiel waved his hand as he advanced, making an obsidian sphere appear. He focused his consciousness on it before speaking.

"Master has yet to return?"

Dante's voice emerged from the obsidian sphere less than a second later.

"Not yet, Supreme. Father told Great Elder Underworld that he would return after several decades at the earliest. He may very well be absent for at least one hundred years."

Ezequiel nodded after hearing that, and he found nothing wrong with it. Spending hundreds of years in training was not considered much at their level. He just spent more than twenty years performing his First Ignition and another sixty preparing for it.

"How many Archdevil and Archdemons have we located by now?"

One of the tasks Zatiel gave to the Sky Breakers was to locate Rank 7 Demons and Devils. It was not a complex mission, but it was not an easy one either.

"We have already located and done a comprehensive analysis of one hundred twenty-seven Archdemons and forty-three Archdevils." reason why the number of Archdemons was much higher than that of Archdevils was simple. One side was chaotic and prone to display its power in the open, while the other was crafty and showed nothing.

"Good enough. Focus your power on the Archdevils now, and try to increase the number to one hundred. After that, focus on your cultivation. If Master needs more, I will personally travel to Abyss and Baator to find them."

Ezequiel would find locating those Rank 7 fiends very easy with his current power, as he would not have to hide from them.

"Yes, Supreme."

There was one more subject Ezequiel wanted to discuss.

"How is the situation in the Virtual Dream Universe and Legacy?"

Dante took a moment to perform some calculations to give the most accurate number possible.

"Five trillion have already reached Legacy, and around two and a half billion new faces appear daily. The Primarchs have truly exerted themselves with the Dream Gate Project."

"Excellent!" Ezequiel was thrilled when he heard that. The more geniuses raised to higher stages, the greater the foundation of the Prima Universe would be.

The Supreme Neo-Demon knew very well that there were highly gifted people who may have found their destinies sealed due to their background. After all, he was a perfect example of what someone could achieve under the proper guidance.

"What about the Legacy Trial?"

What Ezequiel referred to as Legacy Trials were challenges that Zatiel created inside Legacy to test the life forms of the universe.

Some of the Legacy Trials were very encompassing as testing your full battle power. Others were focused on challenging your offensive might or speed, while some were more obscure as proving your perception, willpower, and even scheming abilities.

Zatiel divided each trial by Rank, and there was the Legacy Order where the top one hundred challengers would have their names engraved.

Just surpassing a Legacy Trial would grant you Dream Coins, but if you do it with such a mastery that your name appeared in the Legacy Order, your gains would be multiplied by one thousand.

Nevertheless, Dream Coins were not the main reason people wanted to see their name in the Legacy Order. They strive to do it due to the immense fame and respect granted, with the top ten in each classification being worthy of even having Law Overlords as teachers.

Anyone who reached the Legacy Order would have the spotlight on them. Those already belonging to great powers would not find too much change as their organization discovered them a long time ago and were usually under strict guidance.

But things were different for the people coming from humble origins. Universe Dream would guide them, transporting them and their races into a High World, outside of the Neo-Demon Realm, where they would enjoy the guidance and resources of the Neo-Demon Race.

"Regarding the trials on the Physical Realm, the Neo-Demon Race has a considerable presence in the Legacy Orders. However, things take a radical change in the trials at the Soul Realm. As for the Rank 7 trials, there is none of our kind in it."

Despite all that, Ezequiel was pleased with the result. At an early stage, Neo-Demons were superior in every aspect to other races. But, as one awakened their True Soul and entered into contact with the laws, they have a higher room for development beyond their racial heritage.

'Oh, I have not seen that name in a long time.' Ezequiel went through the Legacy Orders of each Rank, and one name drew his attention. It belonged to someone he fought along more than a millennia ago.

Rank 6 Legacy Order- Offensive Might Trial

N°1 Fallen Archangel - Nero

N°2 Sword Sky Breaker - Heinz

N°3 Shura Buda - Nito

N°4 Astral Fiend - Roku

N°5 Sundering Flame - Kiryn

N°6 Sundering Titan - Crux

N°7 Prima Holy Son - Gwyn

N°8 Cataclysm Draco - Sureing

N°9 Supernova Queen - Pholix

N°10 Dark Nirvana - Sophia

Ezequiel was surprised by the appearance of Nero as the N°1 in the offensive might trial.

When the Supreme Neo-Demon first saw him, the Fallen had yet to mature his bloodline fully. Even then, an Archangel Bloodline would not be enough for such a feat.

It was clear that Nero's destiny had obtained a massive upgrade since the time Ezequiel last saw him.

"Supreme, may I suggest that you take the Rank 7 Legacy Trials. With your power, there is no doubt we will secure the N° 1 position in all of them."

Although the Neo-Demon Race promoted inclusion, they also had a powerful sense of racial pride. Seeing no one of them in the Rank 7 Legacy Orders was not pleasant for Dante, and he wanted to change that.

Individuals among the Neo-Demon Race had evolved into the Law Realm. While they were strong and talented, they still fell short against the genius Void Creators from the Principal World and Planes.

Zatiel participating in the Legacy Trials would not be fair, as he was the one who created them, and people already acknowledged him as an entity at the Primarch level in his past life.

However, Ezequiel was different. He was a new life form in every sense, and there should not be any problem with him taking the Legacy Trials.

"Tell me, Dante, why do you think Master created the Legacy Orders?"

Silence reigned for a second before Dante's answer was heard.

"To generate a sense of competence and push people to try harder."

Competence done the right way can help someone achieve feats they may not think themselves able to do in any other circumstance.

"You are right, but you are still missing something. The Legacy Order's core goal is so when that person sees their name engraved in golden letters, proving that their hard work and talent surpassed that of billions, the idea they can achieve anything will emerge in their souls. That will help them rise through countless life and death trials in the future."

Dante remained silent as he heard those words, as a sense of enlightenment filled him.

"It improves one's destiny!"

Chapter 649 Atlas

Destiny is essential for any life form, especially as they grow stronger and face even deadlier challenges. It could be considered the sum of their talent, hard work, willpower, life experiences, and many more factors. A slight improvement could mark a massive rise in one cultivation limit and survival skills.

However, tempering it was challenging even for Primarchs and could have disastrous consequences. Improving someone's destiny was not something so simple as raising their soul or body talent.

For example, suppose Zatiel or Ezequiel had monitored and decided every step in Heinz and the others' cultivation. In that case, that may have granted them a solid foundation but would not have improved their destiny. On the contrary, it would have crippled it.

The idea that they could not tackle essential decisions regarding their cultivation without help would have risen in their souls, severing their path to the peak.

One can still receive help from those close to them, as a background is part of someone's destiny, not different from a lucky chance, but letting them decide everything for you would be a terrible mistake.

An example of how to raise someone's destiny in the right way was when Ezequiel challenged Heinz and the others to a death battle. He would have killed them, but as they nine rose through their limits and defeated him, they proved that they could challenge enemies that were virtually impossible to conquer. raised their faith in themselves and granted them a title worthy of their prowess. Every time they heard the words Sky Breakers, a sense that they could challenge anything emerged in their hearts.

All the events that led to the birth of the Sky Breakers were due to luck and chance, and it was not something one could replicate. Yet, Zatiel found a way to generate a massive boost to someone's destiny that anyone in the Prima Universe could take.

If Ezequiel discovered it, the other Primarchs certainly did it as well. Issac and Salomon could not be happier with the result as they saw the effect of the Legacy Order on their people.

"I could indeed take the N° 1 position in the Rank 7 Legacy Orders, but that would not be useful to me. I already have the firm belief that no one in the Prima Universe can surpass me other than Master."

Ezequiel's words may sound narcissistic, but that idea did not just suddenly arise. It slowly grew inside him as he faced genius after genius and battled entities whose power could shatter worlds.

"It is better to leave things as they are. The lack of Neo-Demons in the Rank 7 Legacy Orders should work as an incentive for our brethren to work harder."

"I understand." Dante did not push harder, as he knew that Ezequiel's idea was better for the Neo-Demon Race.

"I will soon reach the Titan World and enter the Sacred Trial. According to the information I was given, I will be out of reach for at least one hundred years. Since neither Master nor I will be available, the Sky Breakers and Teacher will take control of the Neo-Demon Race for the time being."

"Yes, Supreme." Dante's voice was solemn as the responsibility put on him was immense, especially now that the Neo-Demon Race was in the o ---

There were three men in a large throne room, one so immense that heavenly bodies covered the ceiling. Resting on the giant throne of solidified Origin Power was a gargantuan man. As for the other two, they were young men around fifteen meters tall that respectfully kneeled.

"Grandfather, how can you allow something like this to happen? The Titan Race will lose its pride if something so shameful happens. Not only are other races obtained slots in our Sacred Trial, but we are supposed to treat that disgusting thief as a guest of honor."

If Ezequiel or Zatiel were present, they would have recognized the owner of those screams. He was the same Dawn Titan that generated problems when they reached the Dark Tower, Tksar.

Unlike Tksar's furious expression, the young man by his side was much calmer. However, there was a coldness in that serenity that could freeze someone's heart.

He had silver hair and golden-red tattoos with an incredible bloodline force covering his body. His aura was also calmer than that of Tksar, but its power and density were at a whole different level.

A veil of darkness hid the gargantuan man's face, but even that could not conceal his two red eyes. He did not lose too much time on Tksar and instead focused on the young man with golden-red tattoos.

"My attempts to get you close to Giam have encountered a sudden blockade lately. Although Hyperion has been clever about it, I can already see that he has other plans for his daughters." The gargantuan man's voice carried a force that made space-time tremble. His physical might had reached the level where the laws found it hard to resist any direct action coming from him.

The young man's composure was affected when he heard those words. Powerful killing intent flooded his eyes, but there was no sadness or melancholy. His response was similar to that of a hunter who saw someone else take his prey.

Tksar's response was much less serene, and he immediately began to yell again.

"What, how could Lord Hyperion do that? Does he dare to offend you!?"

The notion of Hyperion fearing any other Titan would be laughable, but there was some truth in Tksar's words. That gargantuan man not only was one of the four Eternal Detachment existences of the Titan Race, but he was also someone at the second stage of Rank 9.

"Hyperion is more confident in himself lately. I initially thought it was due to the evolution of Ivar the Flawless into Rank 9, improving the overall might of the Magus World, and making his connection with the Truth of the Universe more important. Nevertheless, it seems things are not so simple." The gargantuan man rambled, and he was not expecting the duo to give him any input.

"Either way, that is not something you two need to care about." After saying that, he focused on the young man with golden-red tattoos once again, and this time his eyes had a powerful intent. "Atlas, take the Sacred Trial as the massive lucky chance it is. If you succeed where all others failed, it will cause a ripple effect that could affect the fundamental state of our race."

Atlas's eyes narrowed as he heard those words and understood the hidden message in them. Before he could respond, the sounds of bells reached the throne room.

That sound made Atlas' killing intent grow stronger. Those bells meant that the guest of honor had arrived.

Chapter 650 Grand Entrance

It was not just the trio inside that huge throne room that reacted to those bells ringing. Hyperion did not keep the news that the Sacred Trial would reopen ahead of time a secret, and a fierce contest for a slot in it already shook the entire Titan World.

As for the person responsible for triggering such an abnormality, that man was about to enter the world.

However, it was not only the Titan Race that focused on the void as they heard the bells. Bahamut and Nut, the Sacred Beast Primarch, had already brought their champions into the Titan World to prepare for the Sacred Trial.

Hyperion, Bahamut, and Nut rose to the sky just as the bells rang. Their bodies' height reached roughly fifty meters tall. Unless they were in a fight, that was their natural state.

Following Hyperion were three beautiful women and a young man. Those women were the Titan Primarch's wives, and each of them was a Beyond the Shackles existence.

Not long after those six reached the sky, dozens of Void Creator emerged. They were extremely young for Rank 7 life forms, yet their foundation was as solid as it could get, and their bloodline force put them all at the Law Bloodline level. were ten Void Creators of the Dragon Race and ten of the Sacred Beast Race, but the Titan Race had twenty. It made perfect sense that Hyperion could secure more slots for his race than for the other two, so Bahamut and Nut had nothing to say about it.

Leading those twenty Void Creator Titan geniuses, there were three young women. The three had silver hair and flaming golden eyes, but their appearance and personalities seemed to be strikingly different.

One of them had a fierce aura, and her skin glowed with a bloody metallic light. A chilling coldness surrounded another of the young women, and interestingly she had a longbow on her back.

The last one's aura was much calmer, and one could even say somewhat timid. Still, her power was not inferior to any of the present.

A small tender smile appeared on Hyperion's son as he saw the three young women, but it rapidly changed to coldness as he stared toward the void.

"Kron, you should change the look on your face. You may very well meet your future brother-in-law for the first time." Hyperion spoke aloud, but only his wives and son could hear those words.

"Father, why should we entertain the mere notion of a political marriage? We are the Titan Race, and you are a Primarch. There is no need to form a connection of this type with no one, especially not in a way that would harm my sisters."

Kron did not have anything against Ezequiel, but he was overprotective of all his siblings as the elder brother. So, when he found out his father's plan behind the early opening of the Sacred Trial, he was furious.

Hyperion's wives were all heroines of their generation. While they were more mature than Kron and could hide their feelings better, they also had the same reservation about their daughters being in such a situation.

After discovering Hyperion's plan, both Kron and the three women thoroughly researched Ezequiel, but they learned very little. Other than his feat in Gods' Tomb, everything else seemed hidden in a layer of secrecy.

The Supreme Neo-Demon would usually adopt the identity of the Demon Lord Evil on his missions, and only the Primarchs knew his actions in the Prima-Eldritch Universe Final Battlefield.

What became clear after their research was that Ezequiel was an extraordinarily talented and ruthless man who was the second in command of the new super race that emerged recently, the Neo-Demon Race.

As for the Neo-Demon Race, they knew even less about it. Other than the Primarchs, no outsider had ever put a foot in their realm.

Despite being a relatively young race, without even an Eternal Detachment existence among them, they were already considered a force to be reckoned with. As for its creator, it was a man whom even Hyperion spoke with respect and wariness.

Zatiel Daybreak's name already echoed through the Prima Universe because he created the Virtual Dream Universe. Even geniuses from the Titan Race wanted nothing more than to see their names in the Legacy Orders.

However, Kron still could not accept that Hyperion would treat his sisters as chess pieces.

Hyperion's eyes moved away from the force coming into the Titan World from the void and stared at his wives and elder son. He knew that his actions had caused anger in them, but the truth was that they had things wrong.

"When it comes to background, that man's it is even greater than that of your sisters. Not only does he have Zatiel Daybreak's absolute trust, but he is the Prime Disciple of Ivar, the Greatest Magic Creator of the Universe. As for his lineage, he is a Primordial, one of the lost races of the Prima Universe whose bloodline surpassed by far our Dawn Titan Bloodline."

Kron was surprised when he heard that. According to his father, Ezequiel's background and talent were superior to his sisters', so the one that would benefit from a union would not be his side.

The Titan Primarch had not finished, and what he said next made Kron and the three women understand that they had seen things incorrectly.

"Zatiel Daybreak has no interest in forming a direct connection with me or the Titan Race. As for Invictus, that man has little to no interest in any of your sisters. The only reason he came here was for the Sacred Trial. I hope those brats can take advantage of this chance and stir that man's heart. If they don't, then there is nothing that I can do about it."

Hyperion did not doubt that the Supreme Neo-Demon would manage to draw his daughters' attention, but he was not so sure about things going the other way around.

Silence reigned among the five after hearing Hyperion's words. Kron did not have to worry about his sisters, and they would only be engaged in a relationship if they wanted and, more importantly, could gain Ezequiel's affection.

"¡BOOM!"

An explosion echoed through the sky as a pillar of white lightning pierced the Crystal Wall and entered the Titan World.

Every single one of the thirty Void Creators focused on that pillar of majestic lightning, each of them releasing a pressure that ascended to the sky.

Who among those Void Creator geniuses did not consider himself special and unique. Being told they were second to someone they had never met or heard about before was not something they were willing to accept lightly.

Hyperion was aware that such a response was possible if he organized such a grand entrance for Ezequiel. But he was sure that the right hand of the mighty Zatiel Daybreak would have no problem facing such a thing.

As the pillar clashed with that pressure, it immediately morphed into a fifteen-meter tall man with arcs of white lightning cruising through his body.