

Bloodline 1571

Chapter 1571 Meeting With The Overseer

Gustav watched as the constructs within Dimension Six shifted once more, forming a new projection that displayed a crucial meeting among the deities. The atmosphere was was tension filled and the sheer presence of these titanic beings was overwhelming. Unlike the previous projections, this one featured a deity who appeared almost humanoid, standing out starkly against the imposing and fearsome forms of the other deities.

The humanoid deity, though smaller in stature compared to the others, exuded a powerful aura of wisdom and compassion. His form was radiant, with golden light emanating from his eyes and an ethereal glow surrounding him. His name was a melodic combination of sounds that Gustav could barely pronounce, but it resonated with a sense of peace and protection.

The humanoid deity stepped forward, addressing the assembly of deities with a voice that echoed through the chamber. "My fellow deities, I stand before you with a plea for order and restraint. Our battles have caused untold suffering across the cosmos, and it is the mortals who bear the brunt of our conflicts. We must call ourselves to order and cease these destructive wars."

One of the other deities, a colossal being with a form made of swirling darkness and void, sneered at the humanoid deity's words. His voice was a deep, resonant growl that shook the very fabric of reality. "Why should we care about the minuscule lives of mortals? They are insignificant in the grand scheme of existence."

Another deity, whose form was a raging inferno of fire and molten rock, nodded in agreement. Her voice crackled with disdain. "Mortals are fragile and fleeting. They come and go like sparks in the wind. Our power is eternal. We should not be bound by concerns for their well-being."

The humanoid deity's eyes shone with determination as he responded. "It is precisely because of our power that we have a responsibility to protect the mortals. They may be fleeting, but their lives have meaning and value. Our actions have consequences, and we must consider the impact on those who inhabit the worlds we govern."

A deity composed of shimmering water and ethereal light spoke up, her voice a melodious whisper. "You speak of responsibility, but our nature is to wield our power without restraint. The cosmos thrives on chaos and order, creation and destruction. Mortals are simply part of that cycle."

Gustav could see the frustration and determination on the humanoid deity's face. "But we can choose to wield our power wisely," he insisted. "We can create without destroying, and we can guide without dominating. The mortals look to us for protection and guidance. We must not betray their trust."

The dark deity's eyes glowed with malevolence. "Your words are naive. Mortals are tools, nothing more. They serve our purposes and entertain us. Their suffering is inconsequential compared to the grand design of the cosmos."

The humanoid deity took a deep breath, his voice filled with conviction. "Mortals are not tools. They are beings with hopes, dreams, and the capacity for growth. Our conflicts have brought them nothing but pain. We must find a way to coexist without causing further harm."

The fiery deity's flames roared with anger. "You are weak, speaking of coexistence and restraint. Our power is meant to be exercised without limitation. To hold back is to deny our very nature."

The humanoid deity stood firm, his presence unwavering. "True strength lies in restraint and compassion. We are more than our power. We are the guardians of the cosmos, and it is our duty to protect all life within it."

The assembly of deities fell silent, their egos clashing with the humility and wisdom of the humanoid deity. Gustav could feel the weight of the moment, understanding that this meeting was pivotal in the history of the cosmos.

In a moment of introspection, the humanoid deity's thoughts became clear to Gustav. "I have seen the suffering of the mortals," he thought, "and I cannot stand by while my fellow deities wreak havoc across their worlds. I must convince them to change, to see the value in the lives they so carelessly endanger."

The projection shifted, showing the aftermath of the meeting. The deities had not reached a consensus, and their conflicts continued, but the words of the humanoid deity had planted a seed of doubt in some of their minds.

Gustav watched as the humanoid deity returned to the mortals, offering them protection and guidance. His presence brought a sense of hope and stability to the worlds he touched, and his influence began to spread.

The projection showed scenes of mortals looking up to the sky with reverence, their lives enriched by the wisdom and compassion of the humanoid deity. He became a beacon of hope, a reminder that even in a cosmos filled with chaos, there could be harmony and order.

Gustav felt a deep sense of respect for the humanoid deity. "He chose to stand up for what he believed in," Gustav thought, "even when it meant going against the tide. His actions showed that true strength comes from protecting and nurturing life, not from dominating it."

As the projection continued, Gustav saw the final battles that led to the deities' withdrawal from the realm. The humanoid deity fought valiantly, trying to protect the mortals from the collateral damage of

the cosmic conflicts. In the end, he made a pact with the surviving deities, agreeing that they would all enter a state of dormancy to allow the cosmos to heal.

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"We have caused too much destruction," the humanoid deity said, his voice filled with sorrow. "It is time for us to step back and let the mortals forge their own destiny. We must trust in their resilience and capacity for growth."

The other deities, though begrudgingly, agreed. Their forms began to fade, their immense power receding as they entered dormancy. The cosmos, once torn apart by their battles, slowly began to heal.

The projection faded, and Gustav found himself back in the heart of Dimension Six. The crystalline structure continued to glow with the remnants of the deity's blood, a silent testament to the cosmic struggle that had shaped the history of the universe.

Gustav felt a profound sense of understanding and determination. "The humanoid deity's actions were a beacon of hope," he thought. "He showed that even in the face of immense power, compassion and wisdom can prevail. We must honor his legacy and strive to protect and nurture life, just as he did."

The sentience of Dimension Six spoke to him once more, its voice a soothing presence in the chamber. "You have seen the truth and the sacrifice of the deities. Use this knowledge to guide your actions and ensure that the balance of the cosmos is maintained."

Gustav nodded, feeling a deep sense of purpose. "I will. The legacy of the deities must be honored. We must continue to strive for balance and harmony, protecting all life within the cosmos."

As he left the heart of Dimension Six, Gustav felt a renewed sense of clarity and determination. The knowledge he had gained was not just a revelation but a call to action. The history of the deities and their cosmic struggle was a reminder of the power and responsibility that came with their legacy.

"We are the heirs of the deities' struggle," Gustav thought, "and it is up to us to maintain the balance they fought so hard to protect. We must use our abilities and knowledge to guide humanity towards a future of unity and resilience."

With this newfound understanding, Gustav set out to share the truth with others. The story of the deities, their battles, and their ultimate sacrifice would be a beacon of hope and a reminder of the importance of balance and harmony in the cosmos. The future was now in their hands, and with the legacy of the deities guiding them, they would strive to build a world worthy of their sacrifices.

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Gustav watched intently as the constructs within Dimension Six continued to shift and form. The scenes before him now depicted the humanoid deity, still glowing with an aura of wisdom and compassion, standing alone after the failed council meeting. The other deities, blinded by their egos and disdain for mortal life, had refused to cease their destructive battles. Especially defiant was the dark lord, whose malevolent presence was among the most powerful and influential.

The humanoid deity stood in deep contemplation, the weight of his responsibility heavy upon him. "I cannot let the mortals continue to suffer because of our conflicts," he thought. "If the other deities will not listen, there is only one being left who might have the power to enforce peace: the Overseer."

The scene shifted to the humanoid deity making his way through the cosmos towards a place unlike any other—a realm that transcended all known dimensions. The space around him shimmered with a light that seemed to pulse with the essence of existence itself. Here resided the Overseer, a deity whose power surpassed that of all others, yet who remained indifferent to the acts of the lesser deities.

As the humanoid deity approached the entrance to the Overseer's realm, he steeled himself for the daunting task ahead. "This is my only chance," he thought. "I must persuade the Overseer to intervene, for the sake of all life in the cosmos."

Entering the realm, the humanoid deity was immediately struck by its otherworldly beauty. The surroundings were a blend of surreal landscapes and cosmic phenomena—fields of luminous flowers, rivers of light, and skies filled with stars that seemed to sing in harmony. At the center of this realm stood the Overseer, an immense figure whose form was an ever-shifting tapestry of light and shadow, embodying the balance of all creation.

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The humanoid deity approached cautiously, bowing his head in respect. "Great Overseer," he began, his voice reverent yet urgent, "I come to you with a plea for intervention."

The Overseer turned their gaze upon the humanoid deity, their eyes reflecting the entirety of the cosmos. "Speak, minor deity," the Overseer's voice was a blend of countless tones, resonating with unimaginable power. "What brings you here to disturb the equilibrium of my realm?"

Swallowing his apprehension, the humanoid deity continued. "The lesser deities are engaged in endless battles, driven by their egos and disregard for mortal life. Their conflicts are causing immense suffering and destruction across the cosmos. I have tried to persuade them to cease their wars, but they refuse to listen. I implore you, great Overseer, to intervene and bring order to the chaos."

The Overseer remained silent for a moment, their gaze piercing through the humanoid deity. "Why should I concern myself with the quarrels of lesser beings?" they finally asked. "The cosmos thrives on the balance of creation and destruction. Mortals are but fleeting sparks in the grand tapestry of existence."

The humanoid deity's eyes filled with determination. "It is precisely because of that balance that I ask for your intervention. The scale of destruction caused by these battles threatens the very fabric of reality. Mortals may be fleeting, but their lives have meaning and value. They look to us for protection and guidance. We must not betray their trust."

The Overseer considered the humanoid deity's words, their form shifting subtly. "You speak with great conviction for one so small," they mused. "Yet, the balance you seek to protect has always included the ebb and flow of conflict. What makes this situation different?"

The humanoid deity's voice grew more impassioned. "These conflicts are not natural cycles of creation and destruction. They are driven by the unchecked egos of the deities, who see themselves above all else. Their battles are not for the balance of the cosmos but for dominance and power. If left unchecked, they will tear apart the very essence of reality."

The Overseer's gaze softened slightly, a hint of curiosity in their eyes. "And what would you have me do, minor deity? How can one such as I, who embodies the totality of existence, intervene without disrupting the natural order?"

The humanoid deity stepped forward, his presence radiating determination. "You have the power to command the deities, to enforce a cessation of their battles. Your word is law among us. If you decree that their conflicts must end, they will have no choice but to obey. By doing so, you will restore balance and protect the integrity of the cosmos."

The Overseer remained silent, their gaze shifting to the endless expanse of their realm. "I have always observed without interference," they said, their voice contemplative. "To intervene is to take sides, to disrupt the flow of existence. Yet, I see the truth in your words. The scale of these conflicts is indeed unprecedented."

The humanoid deity waited with bated breath, his hopes pinned on the Overseer's decision. "Please, great Overseer, consider the lives that hang in the balance. Your intervention can save countless worlds from destruction."

Finally, the Overseer nodded, their form radiating a subtle glow. "Very well, minor deity. I will intervene, not to take sides, but to restore the balance that has been disrupted. The battles of the deities shall cease, and those who defy my decree will face the consequences of their actions."

Relief washed over the humanoid deity, and he bowed deeply. "Thank you, great Overseer. Your wisdom and compassion will bring peace to the cosmos."

With a wave of their hand, the Overseer sent out a pulse of energy that resonated through all dimensions. The projection shifted to show the deities across the cosmos, each one receiving the Overseer's decree. Their battles halted abruptly, and a profound stillness settled over the universe.

The dark lord, his form a swirling mass of shadows and void, snarled in defiance. "Why should we heed this decree?" he growled, his eyes burning with malevolence. "The mortals are beneath us. Their lives mean nothing."

The Overseer's voice echoed across the cosmos, a force of undeniable authority. "You will heed my decree, or you will face my wrath. The balance of the cosmos is paramount, and your unchecked conflicts threaten that balance. The lives of mortals are part of the tapestry of existence, and their protection is now my command."

The dark lord recoiled, his defiance faltering under the weight of the Overseer's command. "As you wish, great Overseer," he muttered, his voice filled with reluctant submission.

The humanoid deity watched as the cosmic battles ceased, the deities retreating to their realms. A sense of peace and stability began to return to the cosmos, and the mortals who had suffered from the deities' conflicts could finally begin to heal.

Returning to his own realm, the humanoid deity felt a deep sense of fulfillment. "The Overseer's intervention has brought the peace we so desperately needed," he thought. "But the true challenge lies ahead. We must continue to guide and protect the mortals, ensuring that the balance of the cosmos is maintained."

Gustav watched the scene unfold with a sense of awe and admiration. "The humanoid deity's determination and compassion were instrumental in swaying the Overseer," he thought. "It shows that even in the face of overwhelming power, one voice can make a difference."

The constructs within Dimension Six faded, leaving Gustav with a profound understanding of the deities' history and the cosmic balance they had fought to protect. "We must honor their legacy," he thought, "and strive to maintain the balance they sacrificed so much to preserve."

As he left the heart of Dimension Six, Gustav felt a renewed sense of purpose. The knowledge he had gained was not just a revelation but a call to action. The story of the deities, their battles, and their ultimate sacrifice would be a beacon of hope and a reminder of the importance of balance and harmony

in the cosmos. The future was now in their hands, and with the legacy of the deities guiding them, they would strive to build a world worthy of their sacrifices.

Chapter 1572 The Game

Gustav stood still, eyes wide as the constructs shifted once again to reveal a scene of unparalleled grandeur and cosmic significance. The humanoid deity, with his radiant aura, stood before the Overseer—a being of indescribable power whose form was both feminine and masculine, their presence as vast as an entire galaxy. The Overseer's visage was a mesmerizing blend of divine light and shadow, their voice a harmonious blend of countless tones that resonated through the very fabric of existence.

The humanoid deity bowed deeply, his voice filled with urgency and reverence. "Great Overseer, I implore you to intervene. The battles among the deities are causing immense suffering and destruction across the cosmos. Mortals are being caught in the crossfire, and their lives are being torn apart."

The Overseer's gaze, reflecting the entirety of the cosmos, remained indifferent. "Minor deity, you have come before me with this plea before," they said, their voice echoing like a symphony of stars. "The deities have free reign. They embody the forces of creation and destruction, and their conflicts are a natural part of the cosmic order."

The humanoid deity's eyes shone with desperation. "But their actions are driven by ego and disregard for life. The balance of the cosmos is at risk. We must protect the mortals who suffer because of our power."

The Overseer regarded him silently for a moment, their form shifting subtly as galaxies and stars swirled within their being. "Mortals are but fleeting sparks in the grand tapestry of existence. Their lives, though precious to you, are inconsequential in the vastness of the cosmos."

Frustration and determination filled the humanoid deity. "Their lives have meaning and value. It is our responsibility to protect them. I beg you, great Overseer, to consider my plea."

The Overseer's expression remained unmoved. "You are persistent, minor deity. Very well. Let us play a game. If you win, I shall consider your complaint and take action against the other deities. But if you lose, you shall accept the natural order and cease your pleas."

The humanoid deity's heart pounded with hope and trepidation. "What is the nature of this game, great Overseer?"

The Overseer's form shimmered, galaxies within them pulsating with light. "The game shall be one of creation and destruction. You must create a world that can withstand my attempts to destroy it. If your creation endures, you will have proven that mortals are worth protecting. If it fails, you will accept that their existence is transient and insignificant."

The humanoid deity nodded, determination etched into his features. "I accept your challenge, great Overseer."

The scene shifted, and Gustav watched as the humanoid deity began the task of creating a world. His hands moved with divine grace, weaving together elements of fire, water, earth, and air. He formed mountains and oceans, forests and deserts, imbuing the world with life and vitality.

As the new world took shape, Gustav could see the care and compassion the humanoid deity poured into his creation. "This world must withstand the Overseer's tests," he thought. "It must show the resilience and worth of mortal life."

The humanoid deity stepped back, admiring his creation. "It is done," he said, his voice filled with hope. "Great Overseer, my world is ready."

The Overseer's form shimmered with interest. "Very well, minor deity. Let us begin."

The Overseer raised a hand, and a wave of cosmic energy surged towards the newly created world. The ground trembled, mountains crumbled, and oceans roared. But the world held firm, its essence infused with the strength and resilience of its creator.

The humanoid deity watched anxiously, his heart pounding with each attack. "Hold strong," he whispered. "Show them your worth."

The Overseer's eyes gleamed with challenge. "Impressive, but let us see how it fares against the void."

A rift opened in the cosmos, and tendrils of darkness reached out to envelop the world. The sky darkened, and shadows spread across the land. But the light within the world fought back, pushing the darkness away, maintaining its integrity.

Gustav felt a surge of admiration for the humanoid deity. "He has poured his very essence into this creation," he thought. "It is a testament to his belief in the value of mortal life."

The Overseer's expression grew thoughtful. "You have created a resilient world, minor deity. But can it withstand the ultimate test—time?"

The Overseer unleashed a torrent of temporal energy, accelerating time within the world. Seasons changed in rapid succession, civilizations rose and fell, and the land underwent countless transformations. Yet, through it all, the world endured, adapting and thriving.

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The humanoid deity stood tall, his eyes filled with hope and determination. "Great Overseer, my world has withstood your tests. Mortals have shown their resilience and worth. Please, I beg you once more, consider my plea and intervene to protect them."

The Overseer's form shimmered, their gaze piercing and contemplative. "You have proven your point, minor deity. Your creation has endured, and the mortals within it have shown their strength. I shall consider your complaint and take action to curb the destructive impulses of the other deities."

Relief and gratitude washed over the humanoid deity. "Thank you, great Overseer. Your wisdom and compassion will bring peace to the cosmos."

The Overseer raised a hand, sending out a pulse of energy that resonated through all dimensions. The projection shifted to show the deities across the cosmos receiving the Overseer's decree. Their battles halted, and a profound stillness settled over the universe.

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Chapter 1573 The Birth Of The Outworldly

The new Outworldly was already here. A towering figure draped in a cloak of swirling stars and nebulae, its form constantly shifting and warping, as if it was a living, breathing piece of the cosmos itself. Around it, the deities had gathered, their colossal forms casting shadows across the vast expanse of space. They were poised and ready, waiting for the final barrier to fall so they could plunge into the mortal plane.

Ellias's sudden arrival was like a thunderclap in the void. His presence radiated an ancient, almost forgotten power, and it sent powerful ripples of reverence through the deities. Even the new Outworldly, in all its cosmic grandeur, paused, its many eyes narrowing as it turned to face the intruder.

"Impossible," whispered a deity with a face like molten rock, its voice rumbling through the space like an avalanche. "He was erased... We saw it ourselves."

"How can this be?" another deity, this one with wings of blinding light and a crown of flames, stammered, its expression a mixture of fear and disbelief. "He was wiped from existence... yet here he stands."

The deities stared at Ellias, their titanic faces a mixture of shock, fear, and awe. They had witnessed his supposed destruction, the erasure of his very essence from the cosmos. None had thought he could return.

The new Outworldly's eyes flared, and a low, menacing hum filled the void. "Ellias," it spoke, its voice a deep, resonant echo that seemed to come from every direction at once. "You cling to existence like a remnant, a ghost of what once was. Why do you return now? You are nothing compared to what you were."

Ellias floated before them, his body glowing with a dim, almost ethereal light. He raised his head, his eyes burning with a fierce, undying resolve. "Perhaps I am but a ghost," he replied, his voice calm yet carrying the weight of eons. "But even a ghost can haunt. I did not come here to be lectured by you."

The Outworldly sneered, its form shifting as if agitated. "You dare stand before me with such arrogance? You are a shadow of your former self, a flickering candle against the eternal darkness that I am!"

Ellias didn't flinch. He stood his ground, his gaze locked onto the entity before him. "You speak of darkness, yet all I see is a coward hiding behind stolen power," he said, his voice cutting through the void like a blade. "You seek to break the barriers, to unleash chaos upon the mortal plane. But I will not let that happen."

A ripple of shock passed through the gathered deities. They had not expected this defiance, not from someone who had supposedly been erased from existence. The fear on their faces was palpable. They knew the power Ellias once held, and even in his weakened state, his mere presence was enough to stir doubts and dread within them.

"Enough of this," the Outworldly growled, its eyes blazing with fury. "You think you can stop what is inevitable? You are nothing but a relic, a fading echo. I will unravel you just as I did before!"

With that, the entity's form exploded into a storm of cosmic energy, tendrils of raw power lashing out in every direction. The deities backed away, their colossal forms trembling under the weight of the unleashed energy. Ellias braced himself, feeling the pressure of the Outworldly's might pressing down on him like an immense tidal wave.

But he held firm.

Drawing upon the remnants of his celestial power, Elias raised his hand, and a glowing sigil appeared in the space before him. It pulsed with an ancient light, a symbol of protection and defiance. The tendrils of energy crashed against the sigil, sending out shockwaves that rippled through the void.

"You underestimate me," Elias said through gritted teeth, his voice steady despite the strain. "I may not be what I once was, but neither are you. I see the cracks in your power. You've overreached, and now the cosmos itself resists you."

The Outworldly roared, a sound that shook the very fabric of space. "Silence!" it bellowed. "You know nothing of my power, of what I have become!"

"I know enough," Elias replied, his eyes narrowing. "You seek to rule over realms not meant for you. That is the folly of your kind."

The entity lunged forward, its body twisting and expanding into a massive shape, blotting out the distant stars. It swung a colossal arm toward Elias, its hand like a clawed maw ready to tear him apart. But Elias was ready.

He channeled what little strength he had left into his limbs and dashed to the side, narrowly avoiding the attack. The force of the blow shattered the space where he had just been, sending shards of reality flying in all directions.

Ellias countered with a blast of his own, a beam of pure celestial energy that lanced out from his palm and struck the Outworldly in its side. The entity howled in pain and rage as the beam seared through its cosmic form, leaving a gaping wound that shimmered with unstable energy.

"That was for all the lives you've taken," Ellias said, his voice a low, determined growl. "For all the worlds you've destroyed."

The deities watched in stunned silence. The one they thought erased from existence had returned, and he was fighting the new Outworldly. Fear and uncertainty spread through their ranks. They had placed their hopes in this new power, believing it would be their salvation. Now, doubt crept into their hearts.

The Outworldly glared at Ellias, its many eyes burning with fury. "You will regret this defiance," it hissed, its voice filled with venom. "I will erase you a thousand times over if I must."

Ellias smirked, a defiant spark in his eyes. "Then come and try. I've faced oblivion once. I can do it again."

And with that, the battle for the fate of the mortal plane truly began.

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Gustav continued to watch intently as the projection from Dimension Six unfolded before him. The humanoid deity's victory over the Overseer had set the stage for a crucial moment in the history of the cosmos. The scene shifted to a grand celestial assembly, where all the deities were gathered, their forms towering and majestic, each one embodying a different aspect of existence. At the center of this assembly stood the Overseer, their form a mesmerizing blend of divine light and shadow, exuding an aura of absolute authority.

The Overseer raised their hand, calling the assembly to order. Their voice echoed through the vast expanse, resonating with a power that silenced all other voices. "Deities of the cosmos, I have called you here to address a matter of utmost importance. It is time for us to reconsider our actions and the impact they have on the mortals we govern."

A murmur of discontent rippled through the assembly. The dark lord, his form a swirling mass of shadows, stepped forward, his eyes burning with defiance. "Why should we concern ourselves with the lives of mortals? They are insignificant compared to our power and eternal existence."

Ignara, the fiery deity, nodded in agreement. Her mane of flames crackled with intensity as she spoke. "We are the embodiments of creation and destruction. To bind us with concerns for mortals is to deny our very nature."

The Overseer's gaze remained steady. "Mortals may be fleeting, but their lives have meaning and value. Our unchecked conflicts have brought them immense suffering. We must consider the balance of the cosmos and the well-being of all its inhabitants."

A deity composed of shimmering water and ethereal light, Oceana, added her voice to the dissent. "Our power is boundless, and our actions are part of the cosmic cycle. Mortals are but a small part of that cycle."

The humanoid deity, his presence radiant with determination, stepped forward. "It is precisely because of our power that we have a responsibility to protect those who look to us for guidance. Our actions have consequences, and we must ensure that we do not bring harm to those who inhabit the worlds we govern."

The Overseer raised a hand to silence the growing dissent. "You have all expressed your views, but I propose a solution that will address our concerns and maintain the balance. We shall perform a ritual—a sacrifice of our own essence—to bring forth a being who will supercede even myself as the Overseer. This being, known as the Outworldly, will determine the fate of the mortals and guide our actions."

A wave of curiosity and skepticism washed over the assembly. The dark lord narrowed his eyes, suspicion evident in his voice. "And why should we agree to this ritual? What guarantees do we have that this Outworldly will not be biased against us?"

The Overseer's gaze was unwavering. "The Outworldly will be born from our combined essence, embodying the traits of all deities. This being will understand the balance of creation and destruction and will have the authority to guide our actions. It is the only way to ensure fairness and balance."

The deities exchanged glances, their egos clashing with the weight of the proposal. Finally, Ignara spoke, her voice a grudging acceptance. "Very well, Overseer. We shall participate in this ritual. But know this—we will not be bound by the whims of a single being, even if it is born from our essence."

The assembly agreed, each deity convinced that any being born of their blood would naturally align with their perspectives. They gathered in a grand circle, and with a wave of the Overseer's hand, a massive chalice appeared in the center, shimmering with an ethereal light.

The Overseer spoke with authority. "Each of you will sacrifice a drop of your blood into this chalice. Together, we shall create the Outworldly, who will guide our actions and determine the fate of mortals."

One by one, the deities approached the chalice, each one drawing forth a drop of their blood and allowing it to fall into the vessel. The dark lord's blood was an inky black, swirling with shadows. Ignara's blood was a fiery red, crackling with energy. Oceana's blood was a shimmering blue, fluid and radiant.

When it was the humanoid deity's turn, he stepped forward with a calm determination. Instead of his own blood, he discreetly drew forth a drop of Slarkov blood, the essence of a mortal. With a solemn expression, he let the drop fall into the chalice, mingling with the blood of the deities.

Finally, the Overseer approached, their form radiating divine authority. They allowed a drop of their own blood to fall into the chalice, completing the ritual. The chalice glowed with a brilliant light, the combined essence of the deities and the Slarkov blood merging into a new, extraordinary being.

As the light intensified, a figure began to form within the chalice, rising from the divine mixture. The Outworldly emerged, a being of unparalleled beauty and power, their form a perfect blend of all the deities' traits. Their eyes shimmered with a deep, knowing light, reflecting the balance of the cosmos.

The deities watched in awe and anticipation as the Outworldly stood before them, their presence commanding and serene. The dark lord was the first to speak, his voice laced with confidence. "Outworldly, you are born of our essence. Surely you understand the need for our free reign. Mortals are beneath us, and our power should not be constrained."

The Outworldly's gaze was calm and piercing, their voice a harmonious blend of all the deities' tones. "I am born of your essence, but I am also born of the essence of mortals. The balance of the cosmos includes all life, and it is my duty to protect and guide it. Your conflicts have caused great harm, and it is time for them to end."

Ignara's flames flared with indignation. "We are the forces of creation and destruction. To bind us is to deny our nature. You, born of our blood, should understand that."

The Outworldly's expression remained serene. "I understand your nature, but I also understand the value of balance and harmony. The cosmos thrives on the interplay of forces, but unchecked power leads to chaos. Mortals deserve to live in peace, and it is my duty to ensure that balance is maintained."

The Overseer nodded in approval. "The Outworldly speaks with wisdom. Their perspective is not biased by any one of us but balanced by the essence of all. It is time to heed their guidance and bring an end to our conflicts."

Oceana, her voice a melodic whisper, spoke with a hint of acceptance. "Perhaps it is time for a new order. The Outworldly embodies the balance we have struggled to maintain. We must trust in their guidance."

The dark lord, though reluctant, bowed his head in submission. "Very well, Outworldly. We shall abide by your decree. But know this—we will be watching, and we will not be silenced."

The Outworldly's eyes glowed with understanding. "I welcome your vigilance. Together, we shall ensure the balance of the cosmos and protect the lives of all its inhabitants."

Gustav watched in awe as the assembly of deities dispersed, their egos tempered by the presence of the Outworldly. The cosmos began to heal, the conflicts and chaos giving way to a new era of balance and harmony.

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Returning to his own realm, the humanoid deity felt a deep sense of fulfillment. "The birth of the Outworldly has brought the peace we so desperately needed," he thought. "With their guidance, we can protect and nurture the cosmos."

Gustav felt a profound sense of admiration for the humanoid deity and the Outworldly. "Their actions have shown that even in the face of overwhelming power, compassion and wisdom can prevail," he thought. "We must honor their legacy and strive to maintain the balance they fought so hard to protect."

As the projection faded, Gustav felt a renewed sense of purpose. The knowledge he had gained was not just a revelation but a call to action. The story of the deities, their battles, and their ultimate sacrifice would be a beacon of hope and a reminder of the importance of balance and harmony in the cosmos. The future was now in their hands, and with the legacy of the deities guiding them, they would strive to build a world worthy of their sacrifices.

The Outworldly's gaze was calm and piercing, their voice a harmonious blend of all the deities' tones. "I am born of your essence, but I am also born of the essence of mortals. The balance of the cosmos includes all life, and it is my duty to protect and guide it. Your conflicts have caused great harm, and it is time for them to end."

The Outworldly's expression remained serene. "I understand your nature, but I also understand the value of balance and harmony. The cosmos thrives on the interplay of forces, but unchecked power leads to chaos. Mortals deserve to live in peace, and it is my duty to ensure that balance is maintained."

Chapter 1574 Regulating The Deities

In the dimly lit conference room, a tense air of urgency pervaded the space. The room, stark and functional, was lined with digital displays and tactical screens, each casting a soft blue light across the faces of those gathered.

At the head of the sleek metal table sat Captain Helena Voss, a seasoned officer known for her steely demeanor and strategic acumen. Beside her, was her second-in-command, Commander Rajiv Malik, whose reputation for meticulousness was unmatched within Triton's intergalactic security agency.

The figure who had been rescued from the wreckage, now identified as Officer Eyhrum Arkwright, stood at the center of attention.

His uniform still bore the subtle signs of his recent ordeal—scorched edges and stiffness to the fabric that spoke of rapid decontamination.

"Officer Eyhrum Arkwright, report," Captain Voss commanded, her voice echoing slightly in the high-ceilinged room.

Arkwright nodded, clearing his throat before he began, his voice steady despite the gravity of his report.

"Thank you, Captain. As you're aware, the transport vessel was destroyed under circumstances that initially suggested an external attack. However, I am here to confirm that the devastation was indeed facilitated from within."

Commander Malik leaned forward, interjecting with a frown.

"Facilitated from within? Explain."

Officer Eyhrum Arkwright swallowed, then continued, "The prisoner, Karis, didn't act alone. Our investigations—before the incident—had hinted at potential corruption among the crew, but we lacked the evidence to convict. It appears that a few of our guards conspired with her."

"Conspired how, exactly?" Captain Voss asked, her expression tightening.

"The conspirators provided Karis with unauthorized access to the ship's critical systems. She gained control over the vessel's security protocols and used it to orchestrate her escape," Officer Eyhrum Arkwright explained, tapping on the data box retrieved from the wreckage to bring up a series of security logs on the screens around them.

The logs showed unauthorized access timestamps and security overrides that coincided with the guards' shifts.

Commander Malik's eyes narrowed at the data.

"And the Rion? How does it factor into this?"

Arkwright sighed, the weight of his next words heavy.

"Karis and her accomplices used the chaos to steal a containment unit housing Rion and through it, they were able to destroy from within that wrecked the entire vessel despite our lockdown protocols being effective."

The room was silent for a moment as the implications sank in. Captain Voss finally broke the silence, "The Rion—do we have any leads on where they might try to utilize it?"

"That remains unclear, Captain," Officer Eyhrum Arkwright admitted.

"However, given the nature of Rion and Karis's known associations, I can draw up possible locations... Ranging from the Darnis Forte to the Nereus sector," he added.

Commander Malik tapped on his console, pulling up star maps and potential trajectories to the locations Officer Eyhrum Arkwright mentioned.

"We'll need to mobilize a task force immediately. If Rion is as potent as our reports suggest, its misuse could result in catastrophic energy surges—potentially on a planetary scale."

Captain Voss nodded decisively.

"Prepare the fleet. I want interdiction cruisers and tactical squads ready to jump within the hour. We must retrieve the Rion and prisoner before things get out of hand."

Officer Eyhrum Arkwright stood firm, his resolve hardened by the near-death experience and the gravity of his duty. "I should join them, Captain. I have firsthand knowledge of Karis's tactics and the events leading up to the theft."

Captain Voss considered him for a moment, then nodded.

"Very well. You'll accompany the task force. Ensure the mission is successful."

As the meeting adjourned, the room buzzed with activity. Officers and aides moved briskly, executing Captain Voss's orders with precision.

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{ Nereus Sector }

The population was a patchwork of the galaxy's denizens—species of all shapes and sizes mingled in the crowded walkways, from the towering, crystalline Praxians to the diminutive, shadow-skirting Nelphim.

Gustav, flanked by Endric and Officer Eyhrum, navigated through the throng with a sense of urgency. Gustav held a small device projecting a holographic image of Karis—a striking figure with angular features and piercing eyes that seemed to challenge even from a mere image.

They approached a group of Xentarians, known for their network of information trading. The Xentarians were tall, with translucent skin that shimmered with a bioluminescent glow, casting a soft light in the dimly lit market.

"Excuse me," Gustav started, addressing the group with a polite nod.

"We're looking for this person. Seen her around?" He gestured to the holograph, which rotated slowly to give a full view of Karis.

One of the Xentarians, whose skin flickered with a dull orange light, leaned closer, eyes narrowing on the holograph.

"Hmm, might've seen her, might not have. Memory's a bit fuzzy," he said, his voice a low rumble.

Endric stepped forward, a small pouch of credits in hand.

"Perhaps this can clear up the fog," he suggested, offering the pouch with a slight sense of disdain for the necessity of the bribe.

The Xentarian's hand moved with surprising swiftness, taking the pouch and weighing it in his palm. After a moment, he shook his head.

"Apologies, travelers, but no—this face doesn't ring any bells. Best of luck to you."

"You little...! But you took the credit" Eyhrum stated with a tone of annoyance.

"Is there a problem here?" The other Xenetarians gathered around while their eyes glowed ominously.

It was obvious that a fight would break out if they continued.

"No problem at all," Gustav responded while gesturing for them to leave.

As they moved on, Eyhrum's frustration was palpable.

"It's always the same in places like this," he muttered.

"Information is just another commodity to be bought and sold, truth not included."

"It doesn't matter. He didn't get anything anyway," Gustav said while handing the pouch over to Endric.

"How did you...?" Eyhrum was utterly astonished.

Behind them the Xeneterian was checking himself in confusion, "I can't find the pouch."

"Better stop joking around and hand it here!" The others voiced without reason.

Gustav, Endric, and Eyhrum continued on their way unhindered.

They continued their inquiries, approaching a variety of species. Each interaction followed a similar pattern: expressions of vague recognition, a request for money, followed by denials or claims of ignorance. Hours passed with little to no progress.

The marketplace was a labyrinth of neon signs and holographic adverts, selling everything from rare metals to contraband biotech. Stalls were manned by vendors of all species, including a group of insectoid Arachnians, their chittering speech almost impossible for the untrained ear to follow.

Gustav approached a stall run by a hooded figure whose species was obscured by the shadows of the overhang.

"We're looking for this woman," he said, showing the holograph to the hooded vendor.

The vendor's eyes, glowing faintly from within the hood, flicked to the image and then back to Gustav. "Many faces pass through Nereus, few stick in the mind without good reason," the vendor replied cryptically.

Endric, less patient now, skipped the niceties of offering a bribe. "She's dangerous and likely looking to trade illegal goods. Any information could prevent serious trouble in your sector."

The vendor paused, "You're not from around here, are you? Every being within the Nereus Sector is dangerous. If you don't know that then you should never have come here."

"We understand but if you do have any information for us, we will be grateful," Eyhrum pleaded.

"Dangerous individuals often seek the quieter docks. Try the eastern docks during the graveyard shift. Fewer eyes, fewer questions," the vendor voiced out.

Thanking the vendor, they headed toward the eastern docks. The docks were less crowded, the lighting dimmer, and the atmosphere tenser. There, the air was thick with the electric buzz of potential danger, the shadows deeper and more enveloping.

As they made their way through the dimly lit docks, every shadow seemed to promise the appearance of Karis, yet she remained elusive, a ghost in the vast machine of Nereus.

As they moved deeper into the docks, a small, sobbing figure darted out from between two cargo containers. She was a young girl, no more than four feet tall, with luminous skin that shimmered with a soft blue light, characteristic of the Aquarii species.

Her large, teardrop-shaped eyes were filled with fear, and a gash on her arm glowed with phosphorescent blood that dripped to the metallic floor.

Ignoring and outright avoiding the child, the others around there continued with their tasks, indifferent to her plight.

The child, desperate and terrified, spotted Gustav and ran to him, her small hands clutching at the fabric of his jacket.

"Please, sir, help me! He's going to take me back!" she pleaded, her voice a mix of whimpers and gasps for air.

Before Gustav could respond, a large, imposing figure emerged from the shadows. The newcomer was an alien of the Krylorian species—tall and broad, with skin that looked like molten lava, bearing cracks of bright orange and red burning across a dark, rocky surface.

In his hand, he wielded a whip made of light that crackled with fiery energy, illuminating his stern, chiseled features.

"Child, return to me at once," he commanded in a booming voice, the fiery whip in his hand snapping sharply as he spoke.

Chapter 1575 Serial Felon

Miss Aimee's projection seemed to pause, as if considering her words carefully. "I am right where I need to be, Gustav. My journey has led me to a place where I can best assist you from afar. We will see each other soon."

Gustav's brow furrowed in concern. "But why the secrecy? What's happening?"

Miss Aimee's eyes softened. "There are forces at play that require careful navigation. You must trust me, as you always have. Remain focused."

Gustav nodded reluctantly. "Alright, Miss Aimee. I just wish I knew more."

Miss Aimee's projection began to fade slightly, her form becoming more ethereal. "You will, in time. For now, rest and regain your strength. You're almost there."

Gustav watched as her projection vanished, leaving him alone in the chamber. He took a deep breath, the weight of her words settling over him.

Despite her assurance he still felt unease,.

He exited the chamber and made his way to the adjacent quarters where Stark was resting. The spacious room was filled with an array of food and comfortable seating areas. Stark looked up as Gustav entered, a concerned expression on his face.

"How did it go?" Stark asked, setting aside a plate of fruit.

Gustav sighed, collapsing into a chair. "I'm getting closer. Miss Aimee says I will be ready once I am able to maintain it for up to thirty minutes."

Stark nodded. "You'll get there."

Gustav leaned back, closing his eyes for a moment. "Thanks, Stark. I appreciate the support. But there's something else bothering me. Miss Aimee won't tell me where she is or why she's hiding."

Stark frowned. "I noticed that as well. Do you think something is up?"

Gustav eyes narrowed. "I am hundred percent sure something is up but she doesn't want me to know. She did say we'll see each other soon and that I just have to trust her."

Stark leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. "Maybe you do. I mean, she is the most powerful person we know, right?"

Gustav nodded while rubbing his temples. "That is true..."

The two friends settled into a companionable silence for a bit as Gustav closed his eyes.

He let his mind drift, focusing on the connection between his soul, mental form, and body. He could still feel the echo of the golden body within him.

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Gustav found himself in the midst of a crumbling city, buildings shattered and fires raging all around. The sky was dark, filled with swirling clouds of ash and smoke. The air was thick with the stench of destruction and despair.

Before him, Angy stood with her form half black and half white. Horns protruded from her forehead in a grotesque, upside-down fashion. Her eyes burned with an intensity that Gustav had never seen before.

She was locked in a fierce battle with Jack, the world's most powerful Mixedblood. Jack's aura radiated with pure, unbridled power that caused the world to tremble as he engaged her.

With a swift and deadly motion, Angy suddenly severed Jack in two, her blade cutting through him like a knife through butter.

At this moment, the world seemed to hold its breath as Jack's body fell to the ground in pieces, and an overwhelming sense of panic spread through the surroundings. The destruction around them intensified, and Gustav's heart pounded in his chest.

Suddenly, Ancy's eyes locked onto his, and she moved with lightning speed. Before Gustav could react, she was upon him and her blade pierced his chest.

He felt a searing pain as the blade drove deep, and a black hole began to form around the wound, pulling everything into its abyss.

Gustav suddenly jolted awake. His breath came in ragged gasps as he sat up. His body was covered in a cold sweat.

He rarely had dreams but whenever he did, it always felt so real. This time was more real than any other. He still felt a slight pain in his chest where the blow from Ancy's blade had struck.

He couldn't shake the feeling of dread that lingered. "What kind of dream was that?" he muttered to himself, trying to make sense of it.

After a few moments of contemplation, Gustav decided to put the unsettling dream out of his mind and focus on his training.

He needed to focus on his aim. Sustaining the three in one golden body for thirty minutes. With renewed determination, he began his meditation.

Meanwhile, in the cold expanse of outer space above Earth, Endric, Aildris, and Falco piloted Gustav's spacecraft towards their home planet. The vessel cut through the void like a blade as its engines thrummed softly.

The barrier around Earth solidified and visibly appeared at this moment as a transmission crackled through the ship's comm system. "This is MBO space control. Identify yourselves and prepare for a scan."

"Understood," Aildris replied, his voice calm and steady. "This is the vessel belonging to exploration team F#2110, carrying three passengers..."

Endric adjusted his disguise, a holographic mask that altered his features. "We can't afford to be recognized, especially me," he said, his voice low. "They know I'm allied with Gustav so we could be in serious trouble."

Falco nodded. "Just stay calm and let Aildris handle the communications. We'll be fine."

The ship was soon bathed in a soft blue light as it got scanned. A few tense moments passed as the MBO officers conducted their scan. Finally, the transmission resumed.

"Scan complete. You are cleared for entry," the officer said. "Proceed to the designated landing zone."

"Thank you, control. Proceeding now," Aildris responded.

The spacecraft descended smoothly through the atmosphere, breaking through the cloud cover to reveal the sprawling cityscape below. They navigated towards the designated landing zone, a secure facility in the outskirts of Plankton City.

As the ship touched down, Endric adjusted his disguise once more, ensuring it was secure. "Let's hope this works," he muttered.

The landing ramp lowered, and the trio stepped out into the bustling facility.

MBO officers and personnel moved about, their attention focused on their duties. Aildris and Falco walked confidently, while Endric did his best to blend in, his holographic disguise altering his appearance to that of an ordinary civilian.

"Welcome back to Earth," an officer greeted them, his tone professional but friendly. "Please follow the protocols, and you'll be cleared to enter the city."

They nodded and moved through the facility, following the necessary procedures. After a thorough check, they were given the green light to proceed. As they exited the facility, the city spread out before them.

"Now what?" Falco asked, glancing at Aildris.

"We need to regroup back at E.E's and figure out our next steps," Aildris replied. "We can't risk being seen too much, especially with Endric's situation."

Endric nodded in agreement. "Let's move quickly."

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They navigated the vibrant, futuristic metropolis that thrived on the cutting edge of technology.

Hovercars zipped through the air on designated pathways, and the sidewalks were bustling with citizens as well as holographic circles.

Soon the trio finally arrived in front of a building.

As they approached E.E's apartment, which was perched on the 120th floor of a sleek, glass-walled building, he could already sense their approach.

E.E immediately welcomed them at the door with an expression of disbelief.

"Falco! You little son of a gun, come here!" E.E exclaimed, rushing forward to embrace his long-lost friend.

Falco grinned, hugging E.E tightly. "It's good to see you too, E.E. It's been way too long."

Aldris and Endric watched with smiles on their faces as they reunited.

Once inside, the group settled into the spacious living area, which boasted floor-to-ceiling windows offering a breathtaking view of Plankton City.

"Tell me everything," E.E said, his eyes filled with concern as he looked at all three of them. "Why are you back on Earth and without Gustav?"

Aldris nodded with a serious expression. "Ria's been captured by the Alliance Corps. They're using him as bait to lure Gustav out."

E.E's face fell. "I am aware of that and trying to do something about it." He took a deep breath. "You just missed Elevora. She left on an off-planet mission to find the true head of the Gustavo Alliance."

"Elevora's on a Gustavo alliance related mission?" Endric asked with an intrigued expression.

E.E nodded. "She's following a lead that took her to the outer rim. She believes the real leader of the Gustavo Alliance might be hiding there. It's risky, but we're determined to find out the truth so we can finally clear Gustav of all charges."

Falco's brow furrowed. "But she might be a while and it's just a lead so it isn't guaranteed. We still need to figure out how to rescue Ria. A break-out might be our only option."

E.E sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. "Things are tense between the Alliance and Earth right now. The MBO wanted to move Ria to Earth, but the Alliance refused. There are even rumors that the MBO might try to take Ria by force."

Chapter 1576 Banishing The Deities

"Karis, tell me where the Rion is," he demanded, his voice echoing slightly in the memory-filled void.

Karis lifted her weary eyes to meet his, a spark of defiance still burning within.

"I can't tell you, Thalos. I won't let you destroy what I've planned."

Thalos's frustration was palpable, but he masked it quickly and tried a different angle.

"Why deny me of my share? This was never the plan so stop being selfish."

Karis shook her head slowly, her voice soft but firm.

"The Nereus Sector cursed me. It made me a criminal. I blame this place for the loss of my child. I won't let anyone else suffer as I have. What I'm doing with the Rion... will make sure nothing like this is repeated. Just leave the Nereus Sector for your own sake."

Thalos scoffed as his patience wore thin.

"Tell me where the Rion is, Karis. This is not a game."

Her resolve hardened as she repeated her refusal.

"No, Thalos. I must finish what I started."

At that moment, Thalos burst into laughter, a sound that seemed jarringly out of place in the somber atmosphere. Karis stared at him, confusion and surprise written across her face.

Thalos, catching his breath, waved his hand dismissively.

"I don't need you to tell me, Karis. Look around you."

As he spoke, the memories swirling around them began to shift. The images of past tragedies and struggles faded, replaced by more recent memories.

Karis watched, horror-struck, as scenes of her arrival in the Nereus Sector with the Rion played out around them. The memories showed where she had headed, whom she had contacted, and even where she had hidden the Rion—all displayed vividly in the shimmering dimension.

Karis's eyes widened with realization and dread.

"How...?"

Thalos's smile was thin and cold.

"You see, Karis, the mind, no matter how strong, starts to crack under constant reliving of grief. It opens doors and makes it easy to navigate to the memories I want to see. Your plan, your contacts, the Rion's location—I know it all now."

Karis felt a chill run down her spine as the implications of Thalos's words sank in. Her last defense had been breached, her secrets laid bare not by torture or threats, but by her memories.

Thalos continued, his voice now a whisper that seemed to fill the space.

"You thought you could outsmart everyone, didn't you? Use the Rion to your satisfaction? But you're just a pawn, Karis. And now, I own the board."

Karis, now realizing the extent of her vulnerability, felt a mixture of anger and desperation.

"You think you've won, Thalos?"

Thalos nodded slowly, his expression serious.

"Yes, I have. And I will. The Rion will be mine, and with it, I will choose to do whatever I please."

As the revelation hung heavy between them, Karis's mind raced for solutions, ways to salvage her plan. But with every option seeming to slip through her fingers, her situation felt increasingly hopeless.

Thalos, satisfied with the shock and defeat on Karis's face, began to fade from the dimension, his parting words echoing around her, "Goodbye Karis."

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Through the intricate and exclusive capabilities of the Life Signs Tracking, Gustav had a unique vantage point. Only he could see Thalos's actions within the dimension of memories, witnessing the revelation of the Rion's location.

Without hesitation, Gustav called everyone together for the revelation.

"I have the location of the Rion," Gustav announced, his voice carrying a grave urgency. "Thalos just extracted the information from Karis's memories. We need to move—now. He'll be heading there, and if he retrieves the Rion before us, we're looking at a potential catastrophe."

The Triton operatives mobilized instantly, equipment and weapons holstered as coordinative commands echoed through the room.

The location, an industrial complex on the edge of the Nereus Sector, was now their target. The complex was a labyrinth of abandoned machinery and towering storage tanks, casting long shadows in the twilight that blanketed the area.

As the team approached the site, the surrounding environment grew increasingly hostile. The complex was guarded by figures cloaked in the shadows, their faces obscured by hoods and masks. They were allies of Karis, part of the network she had relied on to keep the Rion hidden.

The Triton guards took point, engaging the shadowy figures with precision. Laser blasts illuminated the dim surroundings in stark bursts of light as the guards advanced, using their supernatural ability dampener to handle the foes.

"Secure the perimeter!" shouted one of the lead guards, a burly man with a scar running down his cheek.

The team worked systematically, cornering the defenders who were quickly overwhelmed by the sudden and well-orchestrated assault.

Meanwhile, Gustav and a small contingent pushed deeper into the complex. The heart of the industrial maze was a massive, cavernous room where the Rion was said to be located. As they entered, the sight that greeted them was otherworldly.

The Rion itself was not a discrete object but appeared as a complex assembly of crystalline structures, fused into the infrastructure of the building. It pulsed with a glowing energy, the light it emitted growing steadily intense.

"It's charging up," Gustav observed, his expression tense as he surveyed the setup.

"We can't just pull it out. It's integrated into the sector's power grid by the looks of it. Removing it might be impossible without the energy signature of the person who activated it."

The operatives fanned out, securing the room as they contacted their base for technical support.

"We need options here," they reported through commlinks, while their gazes were fixed on the pulsating Rion.

Before further strategies could be discussed, a commotion at the entrance signaled a new development. Thalos burst into the vicinity, his face a mask of shock and fury as he beheld the scene before him. His plan to retrieve the Rion unchallenged had clearly unraveled.

He spun on his heel to retreat, but Gustav appeared seemingly out of nowhere.

"Going somewhere?" Gustav's voice was cool, calm, and ominously quiet.

Thalos reached into his jacket, his hand closing around another reflective, mirror-like device, but before he could use it, Gustav was upon him.

With a swift move, he disarmed Thalos and pinned him against a wall.

"You're not escaping this time, Thalos. Not with the Rion, not with anything," Gustav stated firmly, the grip on his adversary unyielding.

Thalos, caught and deflated, his eyes darted around the room, taking in the array of Triton operatives that had already surrounded him.

"How did you...?"

He couldn't believe his eyes. They really got to the Rion before him but he could sense that something was wrong.

Gustav's eyes narrowed as he turned to the Triton guards.

"Keep him secured. I'm going to figure out how to neutralize the Rion without causing damage to the sector."

A few minutes later, Gustav stood before the Rion, his brow furrowed in concentration. The crystalline structure pulsed with an ominous glow. Gustav, with determined precision, attempted various methods

to dislodge the Rion, but each attempt was met with failure—the mineral remained unyieldingly fused to its surroundings.

Realizing the gravity of the situation, officer Eyhrum called upon V laid Zenith for his assistance. Zenith, whose past actions had indirectly contributed to the current crisis, approached the Rion with a mix of curiosity and trepidation.

As they inspected the setup together, Zenith's knowledge proved invaluable.

"It looks like it's user-locked... A mineral with binding sentience," Zenith observed, examining the interfaces that linked the Rion to the infrastructure.

"Only the person who activated it can deactivate it. This thing is bonded to Karis."

Gustav processed the information, "So, we need Karis to shut it down."

Zenith nodded grimly. "Yes. If that energy is released, it'll obliterate everything. The entire Nereus Sector—gone. There's too much power being accumulated; no one would survive, and while my men and I can escape, it is impossible to evacuate millions in time."

Regret washed over Zenith's features as he considered the implications of his past betrayals. "This is all my fault. If I hadn't turned on Karis, none of this would be happening. I wish there was something I could do now."

"There might be something you can do, Zenith. Help convince Karis to deactivate the Rion." Gustav voiced before turning away.

Leaving Zenith to ponder his role in the unfolding disaster, Gustav strode with purpose toward the area where Thalos was being held. Thalos looked up as Gustav approached, his expression defiant yet curious about the intentions of his captor.

"Thalos, we need Karis to deactivate the Rion. It's linked to her, and she's the only one who can shut it down safely," Gustav explained, his tone commanding yet edged with a plea for cooperation.

Thalos scoffed, his skepticism clear.

"And why would I do that? What's in it for me?"

Gustav met his gaze steadily, "Thalos, if that mineral goes off, you'll die along with everyone else. This isn't about deals or leverage anymore—it's about survival."

"Hmph! Perhaps dying isn't such a bad option so long as that treacherous bitch gets to join in," Thalos spat out, his disdain for Karis was evident in his sneer.

Chapter 1577 I Know What I Must Do

"I am not risking the safety of Earth on the hope that this thing will stay captured. It is even more powerful than I remember," Jack waved Gustav off with a gentle yet firm shove.

"I can't let you kill her," Gustav stated with a strong tone.

"Kid if you know what is good for you, leave now," Jack already had enough of Gustav's interference.

"I will consider you an enemy if you disrupt one more time," He added with a stern look.

"I can't do that," Gustav eyes twinkled with a crimson glow as he slowly began to unleash his energy.

Jack was immediately taken aback as he felt the steaming presence ripple through the surroundings.

"I see. You're no ordinary person, are you?" Jack felt it made sense since Gustav had appeared before him so suddenly and was even flying.

"I don't want her dead..."

Fwwhoommsshhh~

Heavy winds began spreading about the surroundings as both their energies clashed just like that of Jack and Angy's at the time.

Jack discovered that this unknown person was a Mixedblood and they were not in anyway weak.

His eyes squinted as he twirls his fingers, prepared to use a very powerful ability.

'Even though the space seal costruct only lasts for two seconds... Not a single lifeform on earth will be capable of movement. I will use that brief time to end both their lives,' Jack decided internally.

("Careful... He is going for the kill,")

'It will be fine. I am not so helpless that a single attack will be able to end my life even though he is the strongest Mixedblood,' Gustav responded internally as he prepared to use a powerful ability as well.

("Uhm about that...")

The system seemed like it was going to inform him about something when an unexpected situation suddenly occured.

Angy whose figure was a mangled mess within the space construct Jack created, suddenly glared at Gustav's direction and then back at Jack.

Her eyes turned bloodshot as she exploded forth with a wave of dark energy.

Boom!

Both Jack and Gustav were shocked as the wave swept across hundreds of miles, causing great destruction.

Jack had surrounded himself and a few other structures around in his constructs to avoid accidents but while Gustav seemed to have been consumed by the destruction.

Jack couldn't confirm since he suddenly had his plate full again.

He didn't even have the time to lament as Angy came at him with unbridled ferocity.

Boom! Boom!

Sounds akin to thunderclaps rang out as they clashed repeatedly.

As the visibility of a particular area returned to normal, Gustav's figure could be spotted unscathed from the previous encounter.

'Hmm...'

Gustav watched from a distance with a look of skepticism.

As Angy and Jack exchanged blows, the ground beneath them shattered, sending shockwaves across the icy region.

Angy's inverted horn emitted beams of dark energy that Jack narrowly dodged, while Jack's fists glowed with a radiant light that seemed to pierce through the darkness.

"I should have ended this when I had the chance," Jack growled in frustration.

Angy remained silent with an unchanging expression. Another blade materialised in her hand at this moment causing the surroundings to twist and turn.

It seemed even more powerful than the previous one.

Angy proceeded to swing her dark blade, and a rift opened in the air, tearing through the very fabric of reality.

Jack narrowly avoided the attack as the rift closed behind him with a violent snap.

Gustav knew he couldn't wait any longer. Summoning all his strength, he propelled himself forward, his form blurring as he moved at lightning speed.

He appeared between Angy and Jack with his arms outstretched to block their attacks.

"Stop!" Gustav shouted, his voice echoing through the frozen landscape.

Both Angy and Jack paused, their eyes widening in surprise at the sudden appearance of Gustav.

For a brief moment, there was silence as the three of them stood in a tense standoff.

'He managed to stop my hand? Who is this kid?' Jack wondered internally.

Angy on the other hand... One couldn't tell what she was thinking or if she was even thinking at all.

"Angy, it's me," Gustav said, his voice softening. "You can stop this now. It doesn't have to get any worse."

Jack's eyes narrowed as he looked at Gustav. "How do you know her? You are clearly a Mixedblood" he asked with a cautious tone.

"She's my friend. But something has happened to her. She needs help," Still wanting to hide his identity, Gustav could only say this much.

Angy's expression hardened. She remained silent, but her grip on the dark blade tightened.

"Angy, please. Don't give him more reasons to end you. Whatever this is.. we can fix it," Gustav pleaded, his voice filled with desperation.

For a moment, it seemed like Angy hesitated as her eyes flickered with uncertainty. But then her expression hardened again, and she lashed out with a powerful strike aimed at Gustav.

Gustav barely managed to dodge as his eyes widened in shock. "Angy, no!"

Jack took advantage of the momentary distraction and charged at Angy as his fists glowed with radiant energy. "She is a threat. I need to neutralize her," he said, his voice cold and determined.

"No!" Gustav shouted and moved to intercept Jack.

The three of them clashed, their powers creating a blinding display of light and darkness.

Gustav found himself torn between trying to protect Angy and stopping Jack from harming her while also trying to stop her as well.

While in their midst, both Angy and Jack lunged at him simultaneously.

Their combined assault was overwhelming, and despite using multiple abilities to defend himself, Gustav found himself struggling to keep up.

His eyes darted like an arrow, following but barely deflecting their attacks that were continuously being sent out at a speed that a Beta Ranked Mixedblood would be unable to handle.

Gustav's perception followed through as two powerful fists drove forward from both sides. He had no choice but to parry both attacks as his body got covered completely in iron silk upon collision.

"Urgh!" Gustav grunted as he was sent flying across the entire region, crashing through buildings and leaving a trail of destruction in his wake.

The force of the impact rattled his bones as blood trailed from the side of his lips, but he quickly recovered.

Meanwhile, Angy and Jack had focused on battling each other again since Gustav was momentarily out of the picture.

Jack used his construct abilities to teleport massive asteroids from space, hurling them at Angy with deadly precision. Angy, with her incredible speed and agility, effortlessly deflected the asteroids with her dark blade, slicing through them as if they were made of paper.

The ground trembled with each collision, and the sky lit up with bursts of energy as their attacks clashed.

Gustav watched from a distance, his mind racing. He knew he had to do something to stop this madness, but he was hesitant to use the one ability that could undoubtedly put a pause to the ongoing situation.... Cosmic Superiority.

Unfortunately, Gustav knew that using Cosmic Superiority would mean revealing his true identity. Jack and the rest of the world would no doubt identify him since there was only a single Earthing who had achieved Cosmic Superiority.

Gustav clenched his fists as his eyes narrowed with resolve. "I have no choice," he muttered to himself.

Connecting to the base of his core, Gustav activated his Cosmic Superiority.

A glowing cross appeared in his pupils as red-pinkish energy spread from him, cascading across the world. The sheer force of his power caused all living things to pause their actions and drop to their knees in reverence.

Jack felt the overwhelming pressure and tried to fight against it. "...Is this?" he gasped, struggling to stay in the air as his body trembled.

His mind clicked as he recalled the only person on Earth capable of such power. "Gustav... it has to be you," Jack realized, gritting his teeth.

Gustav didn't say a word in response, instead he stared at Jack with an apologetic expression.

Despite his best efforts, Jack eventually succumbed to the power and fell to his knees. The realization that Gustav was behind this filled him with an indescribable tension.

However, Gustav's plan hit a major snag. Angy was completely unaffected by the power of Cosmic Superiority.

She moved with an unchanging expression.

"How are you able to move?" Gustav eyes widened in disbelief.

Although Gustav knew his cosmic superiority had been resisted by beings far above his level of strength, this was years back. He was way more stronger now and even Jack was unable to to withstand it... So how? How was Angy unaffected?

Gustav couldn't wrap his head around this.

Angy didn't respond. Instead, she raised her dark blade and lunged at Gustav with blinding speed.

Gustav barely had time to react, his cosmic energy flaring as he deflected the attack with a powerful cross shaped barrier.

"Angy, stop!" Gustav shouted as his voice echoed through the chaos.

Chapter 1578 The Path Of Dominance

Gustav stepped forward, "Thank you, Celethial. I am Gustav, and this is Stark. We seek my master... Miss Aimee."

Gasps could be heard in the environment as the creatures stared at Gustav with reverence.

Every single one of their faces held a knowing look but Gustav couldn't place his thumb on what the reason was.

"Lord Gustav of Earth and his friend, you are very much welcome," Celethial bowed alongside the others in the surroundings.

"Hmm?" Gustav expressed his confusion.

"Our creator has told us so much about you. To grace us with your presence, we are honored," Celethial voiced in reverence once more.

"Is Miss Aimee here?" Stark questioned from the side.

"Our creator's presence is all around us, in the essence of AGON, but she resides not within these walls at this moment. Her current location is known only to a few. However, I can guide you to the message she left behind for you, Lord Gustav."

Gustav and Stark exchanged a glance, their hope renewed by Celethial's words.

"Please, lead the way," Gustav voiced.

Celethial nodded gracefully and turned, leading them into the temple.

The interior was as breathtaking as the exterior, with vaulted ceilings that arched overhead like the canopy of a vast forest. The walls were lined with tablets and scrolls, each emitting a soft glow, bathing the chamber in a warm, golden light.

As they walked, Celethial explained, "These archives contain the chronicles of AGON's creation and evolution, the philosophies of Miss Aimee's design, and the prophecies of future paths. Here, every decision, every creation is recorded and reflected upon."

Stark looked around in awe, his eyes wide with the scale of knowledge preserved within the temple.

"Incredible," Stark mumbled.

"Miss Aimee sure got busy since the last time I was here."

As Gustav and Stark followed Celethial deeper into the temple, the atmosphere grew heavier with the scent of ancient incense and the murmur of distant chants.

It almost felt like the planet had been in existence for ages when that was far from the case.

The guardian led them to a spiraling staircase that seemed to ascend endlessly into the shadows of the temple's highest spire.

"From here on out is a restricted area. Lord Gustav, the path forward is yours to open."

With a gesture of farewell, Celethial stepped back, leaving them before a towering wall adorned with intricate carvings that depicted the display of stars, planets, and ethereal beings woven into the stone.

Stark, looking uncertain, whispered, "What now? How are we to go from here?"

Gustav approached the wall, reaching out tentatively. As his fingers brushed the cold stone, the carvings began to glow softly, pulsing with a gentle light. Then, with a rumble that echoed through the vast chamber, the wall parted, revealing a passage bathed in a celestial light.

"Let's see where this leads," Gustav motioned for Stark to follow.

They stepped through the opening into a space that was both majestic and mythical. The chamber beyond was a vast dome, its walls lined with murals that seemed to move subtly, as if alive. In the center of the room floated a giant orb, pulsating with an inner light that grew brighter as they approached.

As they neared, the orb transformed. It reshaped itself into a projection of Miss Aimee, so lifelike and detailed that it could take anyone's breath away.

Her greyish hair cascaded down her shoulders, flowing onto the floor, framing her extremely beautiful face. Her figure was draped in a long white gown that accentuated her ethereal presence and yet couldn't hide her glamorous curves.

"Hey kiddo," her voice filled the chamber, warm and familiar.

"If you're seeing this, then you made it. I won't be in AGON anymore by the time you get here."

Gustav and Stark stood transfixed as she continued, her image flickering like a candle in the wind.

"After my return from the Intergalactic IYSOP, a mysterious visitor came to me. They had a tablet with them and gave me a set of instructions... about you, Gustav."

Stark glanced at Gustav, his face etched with curiosity and concern, but Gustav's eyes were locked on the projection, absorbing every word.

'A tablet? That sounds like...' Gustav recalled a certain occurrence back on Planet Gohatark while focusing on Miss Aimee's next words.

"This visitor... they knew things, Gustav. Things about specific points in time relating to the challenges we are to face. The instructions were clear—I had to leave AGON to make some changes but I ensured that when you arrived, you'd find what you need."

The projection paused as if giving them a moment to digest the information.

"I've set in motion events that will lead you to the answers you seek..."

As the projection of Miss Aimee faded away, the environment around Gustav and Stark began to warp and change.

The once majestic temple-like space transformed dramatically into a vast, open chamber that appeared almost virtual, its boundaries stretching into a blurred horizon. The entrance through which they had arrived disappeared, sealing them inside the newly formed arena.

In the center of the chamber, a massive statue materialized, rivaling the size of the Statue of Liberty. Its features were stern and imposing, with eyes that glowed a deep, fiery red and a mouth poised as if ready to unleash fury.

Miss Aimee's voice echoed, "Good luck kiddo."

Before Gustav could respond, her presence vanished completely, leaving only her final words echoing through the space.

Stark looking around bewildered, turned to Gustav.

"What now? This looks like some kind of trial."

Before Gustav could reply, the air tensed with a palpable charge, a hum of energy that grew in intensity. Reacting instantly, Gustav grabbed Stark and dove to the side as a red beam of energy blasted from the statue's mouth, scorching the ground where they had just stood.

The residual heat from the beam left them with minor scalds despite evading direct contact.

"Stark, it's not safe for you here. This trial is meant for me," Gustav stated.

"Looks like there's no way out now. We're in this together," Stark responded firmly.

As they spoke, the statue attacked once more.

A massive milky-coloured sword appeared in Gustav's grasp as he activated Atomic Disintegration to parry the beam.

Raising the sword before him and Stark, the beam collided with intensity, pushing Gustav backward and causing his feet to draw lines across the ground.

Bang!

Before Gustav could manage to fend it off, the beam exploded with a higher intensity, causing him to get blasted backward.

"Gustav!" Stark yelled and ran towards Gustav after noticing that Gustav was now missing his right arm.

Another beam shot out before Stark could close in on him and they were both forced to evade once more.

"Don't worry about me, just do your best to avoid them," Gustav realized that the beams were way more powerful than anything he had faced before so taking it head on would not be a good option.

His right arm grew out immediately as the situation escalated.

The statue's attacks had become more frequent and precise.

Red beams shot out in rapid succession, each one faster and more intense than the last. Gustav and Stark dodged and weaved, barely escaping the destructive paths of the beams.

Realizing that they couldn't keep it up forever, Gustav made a decision. He sprinted towards the statue, his body tensed for action. With a powerful leap, he flew toward the statue's head as his fist cocked back ready to deliver a crushing blow.

But as his fist connected, it phased right through the statue's material, as if it were nothing but an illusion.

Shocked, Gustav barely had time to react as the statue's mouth opened once more, unleashing a direct beam that struck him squarely. The force of the impact sent him crashing into the ground as the breath was knocked from his lungs.

"Gustav!" Stark transformed into his draconic form at that moment.

His frame shimmered with golden and silver scales as three heads grew right out of his body and he became as large as a skyscraper.

The beam was still descending upon Gustav, becoming even more powerful by the moment, burrowing his body into the ground. His skin melted off from the immense heat that was hotter than the surface of ten massive suns combined.

Stark sped forward and grabbed Gustav's figure, pulling him away from the disintegration of the beam.

At that point, Gustav was like a roasted chicken with half his skin burnt and his hair toast off. His upper garments were gone and he was almost naked.

"That little son of a bitch," Struggling to rise, Gustav shook off the disorientation.

"Are you okay?" Stark asked with a concerned expression.

"I'll be fine..." Despite being cooked, Gustav's skin was starting to regenerate.

Unfortunately, the statue's relentless assault didn't pause, and it became clear that physical attacks were futile.

"What do we do, Gustav?" Stark inquired with a deeper baritone. His voice had gone through some changes after his transformation.

"We have to figure out the motive behind this trial," Gustav voiced in response while his face displayed a contemplative expression.

"Is that before or after we've been burnt to a crisp?"

Chapter 1579 Fractured Seal

Angy was expecting Jack to be here so she didn't understand why he was running late and now the trial was about to begin.

The chief judge was an elderly woman with a regal bearing and flowing white robes. She proceeded to call the court to order.

Her voice echoed through the hall, commanding immediate silence.

"Order in the court," she announced, her tone firm. "We are here today to address the charges against Gustav Crimson. The prosecution may begin."

The lead prosecutor, a sharp-featured man with a calculating gaze, stood and approached the front.

His name was Veran Kess, known for his ruthlessness in the courtroom. He wore a black suit that contrasted starkly with his pale skin, and his eyes glittered with a cold, determined light.

"Members of the court, esteemed panel, and citizens of the alliance," he began, his voice carrying an air of authority. "We are gathered here to seek justice for the countless lives affected by Gustav Crimson. He stands accused of heinous crimes that have brought turmoil to our universe. Today, we will present evidence that will leave no doubt about his guilt."

He gestured towards the tube containing Gustav. "Look at the man before you. Once a hero, now a symbol of destruction. We must hold him accountable for his actions."

The crowd murmured in agreement as doubts of Gustav's innocence rippled through the hall.

Veran Kess continued, detailing the accusations against Gustav with a meticulous, almost cruel precision. He painted a picture of a man whose powers had led to chaos and death, emphasizing the destruction of Planet Ozious and other incidents that had been attributed to Gustav.

...

Jack floated in the outer atmosphere of Earth, surrounded by a chaotic melee of spacecraft and assailants.

His body glowed with blue energy as he moved with devastating intensity. Blasts of energy erupted around him as he ripped through the enemy ranks with unparalleled power.

He spun in mid-air, dodging a barrage of powerful bolts, and retaliated with a devastating wave of force that disintegrated a nearby spacecraft. "Where did these guys come from?" Jack muttered to himself, his eyes narrowing as he scanned the surroundings.

All he knew was that when he was about to head for Gustav's trial, the MBO higher-ups had contacted him.

They informed him of a threat in Earth's outer atmosphere that needed immediate attention. No further information was provided, just that these were people with nefarious intentions.

"They could've sent anyone else," Jack thought, effortlessly deflecting an energy beam with a flick of his wrist. He punched through the hull of another ship, sending it spiraling into the void. "Why me, and why now?"

His suspicion grew with every attack he parried. The timing was too perfect. "This has to be a delay tactic," he mused, realizing the MBO's ploy. They knew he was on Gustav's side, and by keeping him occupied, they ensured he missed the trial.

Everyone knew that Jack was someone who followed the rules and obeyed commands so this was a tactic that was most likely to work.

"Nice try," Jack said aloud with a growl of determination. "But you can only delay me, not stop me."

As if responding to his thoughts, the assailants intensified their assault.

A group of them, humanoid and beast alike, converged their powers, combining their abilities into a massive net of energy.

The net crackled with ominous power as it hurtled toward Jack.

Before he could react, the net ensnared him, the energy tendrils wrapping tightly around his form. Jack struggled against the binding force, his muscles straining as he tried to break free.

"Got you now," one of the assailants who was a reptilian figure sneered with glowing red eyes. "Let's see how powerful you really are."

Jack's eyes blazed with fury. "You think this will hold me?" he roared, his voice echoing through the void.

With a surge of raw power, he pushed against the net while the energy around him flared brighter.

The net tightened in response as if it was absorbing energy from him. "It's not just about strength," another assailant who happened to be a Mixedblood with cybernatic looks, voiced.

...

Veran Kess stood at the center of the courtroom, his presence commanding and his voice steady. He had already detailed a long list of accusations against Gustav, but he wasn't done. "Furthermore," he continued, "Gustav Crimson did not turn himself in when he was accused. Instead, he eluded the pursuit of the MBO for over a year. This in itself is also a crime."

Gasps and murmurs echoed through the hall. Angy clenched her fists, her knuckles turning white. She exchanged worried glances with Aildris and E.E. Each of them felt the weight of the accusations piling up against Gustav.

Veran Kess wasn't finished. "In addition, Gustav's actions have led to numerous confrontations with the Alliance. He has been responsible for the destruction of several Alliance fleets and the deaths of both MBO officers and Alliance corps members who were simply doing their duty."

Gustav's defense lawyer, a seasoned advocate, Jareth Cole, stood up. "Objection, your honor!" He called out. "These claims are exaggerated and lack proper evidence!"

The judge banged her gavel. "Overruled. Mr. Kess, continue."

Veran Kess smirked. "Thank you, your honor. Not only did Gustav wreak havoc in space, but just weeks ago, he attempted to destroy Earth itself. Were it not for the intervention of Jack, the world's strongest, who then took Gustav into custody, we would not be here today."

The hall erupted in a combination of gasps and murmurs. People leaned toward each other, whispering in disbelief.

Jareth Cole rose to his feet once more. "Objection, your honor! This is a blatant lie! Jack can testify to the truth!"

Veran Kess turned towards her with a triumphant smile. "Then let's call upon Jack to testify," he said with his tone dripping in confidence. He looked towards the judge. "Your honor, I request that Jack be brought forward to verify these claims."

The judge nodded. "Agreed. Please bring Jack forward."

Everyone in the hall turned expectantly towards the entrance, but Jack was nowhere to be found. An uneasy silence settled over the room.

Angy's heart pounded in her chest. She looked to Aildris and Falco, her eyes wide with worry. "Where is he?" she whispered.

Falco shook his head. "I don't know, but if he doesn't show up soon, things could get even worse."

Veran Kess seized the moment. "It seems that Jack is unavailable. Convenient, isn't it?" he said, his voice carrying a tone of mock concern. "Without his testimony, we must proceed based on the evidence and witnesses we have."

Jareth Cole stepped forward again. "Your honor, Jack's testimony is crucial to this case. If we could wait for a bit..."

The judge frowned as her patience wore thin. "We will proceed. Mr. Kess, you may continue."

Veran Kess's smirk grew wider. "Thank you, your honor." He turned back to the court. "I will now bring forward several witnesses who have firsthand accounts of Gustav's crimes."

One by one, people took the stand, each recounting stories of destruction and chaos allegedly caused by Gustav.

Each story was more damning than the last, and it was clear that many of these witnesses were either coerced or lying outright.

However, there was little they could do about this.

Angy could barely contain herself. She wanted to scream, to shout the truth, but she knew that any outburst could make things worse.

Jareth Cole did his best to cross-examine the witnesses, poking holes in their stories and highlighting inconsistencies, but the damage was done. The jury, and the public watching the live broadcast, were swayed by the sheer volume of accusations.

Veran Kess gave a final statement. "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, it is clear that Gustav Crimson is a danger to our society. His refusal to submit to justice, his violent confrontations with our forces, and his attempts to destroy our very planet all point to one conclusion: he must be held accountable for his actions."

...

Deep in space, a strange calm washed over Jack as he thought of a way out. He couldn't afford to waste time here. The trial was too important to miss. He needed to break free and fast.

"Alright," he muttered to himself, "Let's see how much power you can really take."

Drawing on the deepest reserves of his strength, Jack concentrated his energy on a single area. The air around him crackled with electricity as he suddenly burst forth with unprecedented energy.

The tendrils tightened and strained... then began to tear under the pressure of absorbing way too much energy.

The assailants watched in shock as Jack's aura expanded, growing more intense by the second. "Impossible!" the reptilian leader hissed, trying to reinforce the net.

They begin to feel the energy choke them as overbearing pressure swept across the surroundings from Jack's position.

With a final, explosive burst of energy, Jack shattered the net, sending shards of energy flying in all directions.

Chapter 1580 The Ritualistic Ploy

Miss Aimee's projection seemed to pause, as if considering her words carefully. "I am right where I need to be, Gustav. My journey has led me to a place where I can best assist you from afar. We will see each other soon."

Gustav's brow furrowed in concern. "But why the secrecy? What's happening?"

Miss Aimee's eyes softened. "There are forces at play that require careful navigation. You must trust me, as you always have. Remain focused."

Gustav nodded reluctantly. "Alright, Miss Aimee. I just wish I knew more."

Miss Aimee's projection began to fade slightly, her form becoming more ethereal. "You will, in time. For now, rest and regain your strength. You're almost there."

Gustav watched as her projection vanished, leaving him alone in the chamber. He took a deep breath, the weight of her words settling over him.

Despite her assurance he still felt unease,.

He exited the chamber and made his way to the adjacent quarters where Stark was resting. The spacious room was filled with an array of food and comfortable seating areas. Stark looked up as Gustav entered, a concerned expression on his face.

"How did it go?" Stark asked, setting aside a plate of fruit.

Gustav sighed, collapsing into a chair. "I'm getting closer. Miss Aimee says I will be ready once I am able to maintain it for up to thirty minutes."

Stark nodded. "You'll get there."

Gustav leaned back, closing his eyes for a moment. "Thanks, Stark. I appreciate the support. But there's something else bothering me. Miss Aimee won't tell me where she is or why she's hiding."

Stark frowned. "I noticed that as well. Do you think something is up?"

Gustav eyes narrowed. "I am hundred percent sure something is up but she doesn't want me to know. She did say we'll see each other soon and that I just have to trust her."

Stark leaned forward, resting his elbows on his knees. "Maybe you do. I mean, she is the most powerful person we know, right?"

Gustav nodded while rubbing his temples. "That is true..."

The two friends settled into a companionable silence for a bit as Gustav closed his eyes.

He let his mind drift, focusing on the connection between his soul, mental form, and body. He could still feel the echo of the golden body within him.

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Gustav found himself in the midst of a crumbling city, buildings shattered and fires raging all around. The sky was dark, filled with swirling clouds of ash and smoke. The air was thick with the stench of destruction and despair.

Before him, Angy stood with her form half black and half white. Horns protruded from her forehead in a grotesque, upside-down fashion. Her eyes burned with an intensity that Gustav had never seen before.

She was locked in a fierce battle with Jack, the world's most powerful Mixedblood. Jack's aura radiated with pure, unbridled power that caused the world to tremble as he engaged her.

With a swift and deadly motion, Angy suddenly severed Jack in two, her blade cutting through him like a knife through butter.

At this moment, the world seemed to hold its breath as Jack's body fell to the ground in pieces, and an overwhelming sense of panic spread through the surroundings. The destruction around them intensified, and Gustav's heart pounded in his chest.

Suddenly, Angy's eyes locked onto his, and she moved with lightning speed. Before Gustav could react, she was upon him and her blade pierced his chest.

He felt a searing pain as the blade drove deep, and a black hole began to form around the wound, pulling everything into its abyss.

Gustav suddenly jolted awake. His breath came in ragged gasps as he sat up. His body was covered in a cold sweat.

He rarely had dreams but whenever he did, it always felt so real. This time was more real than any other. He still felt a slight pain in his chest where the blow from Ancy's blade had struck.

He couldn't shake the feeling of dread that lingered. "What kind of dream was that?" he muttered to himself, trying to make sense of it.

After a few moments of contemplation, Gustav decided to put the unsettling dream out of his mind and focus on his training.

He needed to focus on his aim. Sustaining the three in one golden body for thirty minutes. With renewed determination, he began his meditation.

Meanwhile, in the cold expanse of outer space above Earth, Endric, Aildris, and Falco piloted Gustav's spacecraft towards their home planet. The vessel cut through the void like a blade as its engines thrummed softly.

The barrier around Earth solidified and visibly appeared at this moment as a transmission crackled through the ship's comm system. "This is MBO space control. Identify yourselves and prepare for a scan."

"Understood," Aildris replied, his voice calm and steady. "This is the vessel belonging to exploration team F#2110, carrying three passengers..."

Endric adjusted his disguise, a holographic mask that altered his features. "We can't afford to be recognized, especially me," he said, his voice low. "They know I'm allied with Gustav so we could be in serious trouble."

Falco nodded. "Just stay calm and let Aildris handle the communications. We'll be fine."

The ship was soon bathed in a soft blue light as it got scanned. A few tense moments passed as the MBO officers conducted their scan. Finally, the transmission resumed.

"Scan complete. You are cleared for entry," the officer said. "Proceed to the designated landing zone."

"Thank you, control. Proceeding now," Aildris responded.

The spacecraft descended smoothly through the atmosphere, breaking through the cloud cover to reveal the sprawling cityscape below. They navigated towards the designated landing zone, a secure facility in the outskirts of Plankton City.

As the ship touched down, Endric adjusted his disguise once more, ensuring it was secure. "Let's hope this works," he muttered.

The landing ramp lowered, and the trio stepped out into the bustling facility.

MBO officers and personnel moved about, their attention focused on their duties. Aildris and Falco walked confidently, while Endric did his best to blend in, his holographic disguise altering his appearance to that of an ordinary civilian.

"Welcome back to Earth," an officer greeted them, his tone professional but friendly. "Please follow the protocols, and you'll be cleared to enter the city."

They nodded and moved through the facility, following the necessary procedures. After a thorough check, they were given the green light to proceed. As they exited the facility, the city spread out before them.

"Now what?" Falco asked, glancing at Aildris.

"We need to regroup back at E.E's and figure out our next steps," Aildris replied. "We can't risk being seen too much, especially with Endric's situation."

Endric nodded in agreement. "Let's move quickly."

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They navigated the vibrant, futuristic metropolis that thrived on the cutting edge of technology.

Hovercars zipped through the air on designated pathways, and the sidewalks were bustling with citizens as well as holographic circles.

Soon the trio finally arrived in front of a building.

As they approached E.E's apartment, which was perched on the 120th floor of a sleek, glass-walled building, he could already sense their approach.

E.E immediately welcomed them at the door with an expression of disbelief.

"Falco! You little son of a gun, come here!" E.E exclaimed, rushing forward to embrace his long-lost friend.

Falco grinned, hugging E.E tightly. "It's good to see you too, E.E. It's been way too long."

Aldris and Endric watched with smiles on their faces as they reunited.

Once inside, the group settled into the spacious living area, which boasted floor-to-ceiling windows offering a breathtaking view of Plankton City.

"Tell me everything," E.E said, his eyes filled with concern as he looked at all three of them. "Why are you back on Earth and without Gustav?"

Aldris nodded with a serious expression. "Ria's been captured by the Alliance Corps. They're using him as bait to lure Gustav out."

E.E's face fell. "I am aware of that and trying to do something about it." He took a deep breath. "You just missed Elevora. She left on an off-planet mission to find the true head of the Gustavo Alliance."

"Elevora's on a Gustavo alliance related mission?" Endric asked with an intrigued expression.

E.E nodded. "She's following a lead that took her to the outer rim. She believes the real leader of the Gustavo Alliance might be hiding there. It's risky, but we're determined to find out the truth so we can finally clear Gustav of all charges."

Falco's brow furrowed. "But she might be a while and it's just a lead so it isn't guaranteed. We still need to figure out how to rescue Ria. A break-out might be our only option."

E.E sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. "Things are tense between the Alliance and Earth right now. The MBO wanted to move Ria to Earth, but the Alliance refused. There are even rumors that the MBO might try to take Ria by force."