

Bloodline 1581

Chapter 1581 How Could You Let This Happen?

Nocturnis, the Lord of Darkness and Shadows, had not been purged like the other deities. He had sealed himself away in his own dark dimension, and while Ellias had reinforced that seal, it had not been enough to prevent the ripples from spreading.

"Nocturnis not getting purged..." Gustav whispered to himself, his fists clenching. "That's the reason. That's why the universe is in danger."

A cold shiver ran down his spine as he realized the magnitude of the situation. Nocturnis, hidden away in his dimension, had still managed to exert his influence. And now, through Falco—his son—he had found a way to affect the mortal realm.

Gustav's mind raced with possibilities, but one thing was clear: if the universe was to be saved, Nocturnis would have to be dealt with once and for all. His seal, though reinforced, was not impenetrable. And with Falco acting as his conduit, the danger was closer than ever before.

He stood still for a moment, his breathing steadying as he processed everything. His purpose had never been more clear.

"I'll stop him," Gustav said firmly, his voice filled with determination. "Whatever it takes, I'll stop Nocturnis."

The weight of his responsibility was heavy, but Gustav knew it was one he could bear. He had been given a second chance, a reincarnation with a purpose, and now he would fulfill it. The cosmic balance depended on it.

With a final glance around Dimension Six, Gustav turned and stepped forward, ready to face the path ahead, knowing that the legacy of the Outworldly lived on through him—and that the fate of the universe now rested in his hands.

****To be continued...****

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Some had weapons while others had activated their supernatural abilities, ready to face the group.

Falco stepped forward as his body emanated a dark aura. "Like hell we will!"

With a wave of his hand, Falco summoned tendrils of dark energy that lashed out towards the approaching guards. The tendrils smashed into the ground, causing the floor to crack and the guards to scatter.

Endric was already thinking ahead. "We need to find another way out. There's no way we can fight all of them head-on."

Aldris nodded; "E.E open a vor..."

Before Aildris could complete his sentence, E.E interrupted.

"I know where they took Ria. I can sense the link based on the spatial signature so I know exactly where to open a vortex to..." E.E announced.

"Does this mean we can still save him?" Falco inquired.

"I don't know but we can definitely get to him," E.E answered.

"At the expense of us all getting caught. We need to leave now!" Endric stated with a tone of urgency.

"I don't want to leave him behind," Falco voiced with a defiant expression.

"Let's..." Aildris was about to give a directive when more Alliance corp members approached.

Their paths were immediately barred as they got surrounded.

Falco reacted the fastest by unleashing a wave of dark energy and sending several corps members crashing into the barricades.

The place immediately turned into a battlefield as they had no choice but to face the corp members.

Endric waved his hand, causing a large rectangular prison to cleave in two and hurled it at some of the enemies.

Bam!

It rammed into a few who didn't evade quickly while others leapt over it. They made their way towards Endric while sending out a bunch of attacks which he raised telekinetic barriers to block.

Aldris moved with precision as his eyes glowing, causing the surroundings to dim. The corp members immediately felt their strength reduce and their sight disoriented as he sneaked behind one of them and sent a palm towards his back.

Bang!

The corp member got sent flying with intensity while he moved out of the way to avoid a blazing chain that swept in his direction from another alliance corp member.

E.E concentrated as he opened a swirling red vortexes behind powerful corps members who had been causing trouble.

They got sucked into it and reappeared in an entirely different location. A corp member who had been using pyrokinesis managed to escape the tug and sent a jet of purple flames towards E.E.

E.E snapped his finger, opening another vortex right at his blind spot. The flames got consumed and reappeared directly above the member.

As his purplish flames shot towards him from above, he jumped to the left and a vortex just happened to materialise into existence while he was in mid air.

Phwwoom~

The vortex consumed him and E.E charged forward upon noticing that Endric had destroyed the invisible walls barricading them in place.

"That should buy us some time."

The group pressed forward, but the number of corp members seemed endless.

Each enemy strength was nearly comparable to theirs. Some came close while a few fell short behind the others.

The group's coordinate was second to none as they dispatched the alliance corps. E.E used his vortex to transport those who would take too long to defeat.

Falco squared off against a trio of shifters. Their bodies morphing into grotesque forms with enhanced strength.

Falco created a massive dark claw that swept across the surroundings with intensity. Although Falco had dubbed down his strength by a lot to avoid some complications, it was still too much for some of the alliance corps members to handle.

He left gashes across their bodies as he engaged with nimbleness, avoiding all of their attacks and dealing them with unavoidable blows.

Endric, meanwhile, faced off against a teleporter, a woman with striking blue skin and glowing white eyes. She blinked around him, delivering rapid blows that he struggled to deflect.

Endric's blink wasn't as quick as hers and he would always find himself getting hit from blind spots. If it wasn't due to his Telekinesis energy wrapped around his figure, she would have left him with a lot of damage.

As he blinked to appear behind her, she blinked as well, appearing right behind him with a bat like weapon swinging towards Endric's head.

Fwwwhoommmssh~

With a surge of telekinetic force, he managed to pin her against a wall, immobilizing her momentarily.
"We don't have time for this!"

Aldris found himself surrounded by enemies as well. One turned the entire surroundings into a sea of water that reached the very top.

Every one of them immediately found themselves underwater and struggling to move.

"You got him!" A corp member yelled as tendrils of water wrapped around Aldris.

However, at this moment, Aldris suddenly summoned a palette of colors and the sea became polluted.

Even the conjurer couldn't see as it darkened immediately with all sorts of colors.

Aldris immediately took control of the water, causing it to spread in every direction.

Fwwwhoomm~

It swept the enemies away, leaving only four of them in the middle.

"We can't go after Ria! We need to get to the ship now!" Endric yelled.

They all understood the gravity of the situation. If they didn't leave now, they risked getting trapped in here and eventually captured.

"Everyone, get in!" E.E joined his index and middle finger together while twisting.

A vortex instantly opened up. He wanted to get them straight to where their spacecraft was parked so they could leave.

They jumped through the vortex, but instead of arriving at their intended destination, they found themselves in another part of the Alliance facility, completely surrounded by a new wave of corps members.

"What the hell? How did we get here?" Endric questioned with a look of suspicion.

"Something's messing with the spatial energy here... It rerouted our travel," E.E voiced with a look of disbelief.

"Damn it!" Falco growled.

"We can't keep this up," Endric panted. "We need to find another way to leave."

Before they could devise a new plan, an imposing figure emerged from the shadows.

'That is an alliance leader... Axarof!' Endric alerted the others with a look of concern.

The alien before them with an aura of immense power, had multiple limbs. He was tall and muscular, with skin that shimmered like polished metal and star shaped patterns all over.

His eyes shimmered with a gold glow as pressure spread from his every being.

"Good thing I just happened to be passing by. You've caused quite a disturbance," the leader said, his voice echoing with authority. "But it all ends here."

Axarof raised a hand, and a wave of energy surged forward, ramming into the group and sending them sprawling.

It almost seemed like their world had turned upside down at this moment. They didn't even get to see what hit them before it hit them.

The person before them happened to be that much powerful. There was no doubt that he was on the level of an alpha ranked Mixedblood.

"Give up any thoughts of resistance or choose defy me and see how painful the rewards of such insolence will be," Axarof stated with unparalleled confidence and power.

Falco and Aildris were the first to recover, but their next attacks were easily deflected by a powerful energy shield Axarof constructed.

He pushed forward and a booming light pierced through the walls, shooting across space.

Endric had only invaded by a few inches or his head would have been disintegrated.

Endric focused his telekinesis energy to charge forward; "This guy's too strong!"

Axarof smiled coldly. "You should have known better than to challenge the Alliance."

Falco unleashed a concentrated blast of dark energy, aiming for the leader's head. But the attack was absorbed by the shield, and Axarof retaliated with a beam of pure energy, striking Falco in the chest and knocking him sliding across the ground.

Aildris attempted to use his ability to weaken the leader's attacks, but the sheer force of the energy being directed at them was too much. E.E. created a series of vortexes to try and trap the leader, but each one was effortlessly dismantled.

The surroundings soon echoed with the sounds of struggle and combat.

The walls, once pristine, were now marred with scorch marks and blood, evidence of the intense battle that had been raging.

Falco, Endric, Aildris, and E.E. were soon cornered but unyielding. Their resolve remained unbroken even in the face of Axarof with his terrifying aura of dominance.

Axarof's voice boomed through the chaos, a warning laced with menace, "Resistance is futile. Surrender now."

But the group was far from surrendering. Falco eyes burning with dark energy as he snarled, "Such arrogance! Bow to the sovereign of darkness!" With a surge of power, he unleashed a torrent of dark energy that raced toward Axarof.

Axarof's form flickered, vanishing and reappearing right in front of Falco with inhuman speed. "You're done," he said coldly, stabbing his two fingers into Falco's eyes.

Puchhhii~

Blood spurted from his eyes as Falco screamed in agony.

Chapter 1582 Your Decision

The hood was deep and shadowy, obscuring the face beneath, but as the figure drew closer, the faint outline of a mask could be seen.

The mask was an intricate piece of craftsmanship, carved from obsidian and adorned with swirling patterns that glowed with an inner crimson light.

The eyes of the mask were hollow voids, emanating a chilling glow that pierced through the darkness.

As the figure descended further, the masked eyes seemed to scan the surroundings, instilling dread in all who met their gaze.

Lightning crackled around the figure, dancing in colors of deep purple and blue, creating an electrifying display that illuminated the courtroom with flashes of unnatural light.

The sound of the crackling energy was deafening, and the air buzzed with its intensity.

With a final, thunderous crash, the figure broke through the hall's ceiling, landing with a resounding impact that shook the entire building.

The floor beneath its feet cracked and splintered, and a shockwave of energy rippled outward, causing those nearby to stumble and fall.

The figure stood tall and menacing in the center of the courtroom, its presence commanding immediate attention and fear.

The robe continued to flow around it, defying gravity and logic, while the mask's glowing eyes surveyed the chaos it had wrought.

"The Gustavo Alliance has come to retrieve our god!" the figure announced in a deep and resonant voice, that echoed through the hall like a death knell.

As it spoke, the lightning above intensified, casting a surreal, apocalyptic light over the scene.

The entire hall erupted into chaos. Spectators screamed and scrambled for cover, and security personnel rushed forward to confront the intruder. But the figure raised its hands, summoning a barrier of lightning that repelled them with ease.

"Futile," it declared with an air of absolute authority. "We will take back our god and leave this place. Any interference will be met with severe consequences."

Angy, Falco, Aildris, and E.E. sprang into action. "We have to protect Gustav!" Angy shouted, her voice filled with determination.

Jareth Cole tried to maintain order. "Everyone, stay calm and remain in your seats!"

But the hooded figure's presence and proclamation had already thrown the courtroom into disarray.

The alliance panel members and the judge looked on in shock, their authority momentarily shattered by the sheer force of the intruder's arrival.

Veran Kess, seizing the moment, pointed at Gustav. "See? This is exactly what we've been talking about! Gustav Crimson is undeniably linked to the Gustavo Alliance!"

Jareth Cole retorted, "This is an orchestrated attempt to frame my client!"

In the midst of the pandemonium, the masked figure moved toward Gustav, who floated unconscious in the containment tube. "Our god must awaken," the figure intoned.

Angy lunged forward, trying to stop the intruder.

"No! You can't take him!"

Swwoooovv~

Her speed was still a far cry from its original level but no normal person would be able to follow it. She had been the fastest to react to the intruder.

Unfortunately...

Pah!

The figure swatted her away with a wave of its hand, sending her crashing into the wall in the distance. "Do not interfere."

"It's that guy from before," Endric recalled the Gustavo alliance member they battled with on the planet where Gustav's spacecraft underwent repair.

Falco summoned a wave of dark energy, directing it at the intruder. "Get away from him!" he roared.

The masked figure turned, raising a barrier to deflect the attack. "Meaningless. Haven't we done this before?"

"You are all mere mortals. You cannot stop the will of the Gustavo Alliance."

Veran Kess continued to use the chaos to his advantage. "Ladies and gentlemen, I implore you to see the truth. Gustav Crimson is the leader of this terror!"

Jareth Cole, undeterred, shouted back, "This is a staged attack! Do not be deceived!"

"Be reduced to ash... All those who would slander our god!" The figure voiced out while pointing at the prosecutor.

The prosecutor eyes widened in terror as a powerful lightning bolt descended from the skies above.

Outside the courtroom, the media scrambled to report on the unprecedented events. The cut live feeds only fueled speculation and conspiracy theories. The world watched in horror and fascination, unaware of the true stakes within the hall.

Thrrraahhh!

After the powerful lightning descended, the courthouse became a scene of utter chaos. Dust and debris filled the air, and the sound of shouts reverberated through the vast hall.

Everyone had expected the prosecutor to be reduced to ash but when the dust died down, Jack could be seen in the initial position of the prosecutor.

Meanwhile the prosecutor was in an entirely different position.

Jack stood poised, ready to confront the unexpected guest who had descended from the crack in the sky.

The figure, cloaked in dark robes and a menacing mask, seemed unfazed by the feat Jack had just displayed.

More figures began to emerge from the crack above, each one draped in robes bearing the Gustavo Alliance sigil.

They descended with an eerie fluidity, surrounding Jack and positioning themselves around Gustav's containment tube. The atmosphere grew tense, the air thick with impending violence.

Jack's presence spread wide, releasing an aura of power and authority. "Only one will be left alive when I am done with you lots," he declared, his voice resonating with an unyielding threat.

The Gustavo Alliance members showed no fear. Their resolve remained unwavering as they tightened their circle around Jack.

Several moved closer to Gustav's tube, ready to make contact and take him away. The tension reached a fever pitch, and it seemed like the situation was about to explode into a full-blown battle.

Just as a member of the Gustavo Alliance reached out to touch the tube, a blinding golden light erupted from within.

Gustav's body turned a radiant gold, emitting a powerful blast of energy that swept across the hall.

The closest person was sent flying, crashing into the far wall with a sickening thud. Others around Gustav were thrown back, their bodies slamming into the crumbling walls of the hall.

The sheer force of the blast caused the walls of the courthouse to crack and crumble, sending chunks of stone and metal raining down.

The entire structure groaned under the strain, and the once grand hall was reduced to a scene of utter devastation.

Amidst the rubble, Gustav floated in place. His three in one golden body was activated. He radiating with an aura of unmatched power and authority.

"Quiet down!" Gustav's voice boomed, not just in the hall but across the entire earth.

Every living being heard his command in their minds, a voice that brooked no disobedience.

The chaos halted, and a stunned silence fell over the scene. Even the most hardened warriors of the Gustavo Alliance were left in awe, their confidence shaken by the display of raw power before them.

The hall was stoked with powerful figures, ranging from MBO officers to the alien spectators to the alliance leaders and yet not a single one of them could deny the chill that permeated their bodies.

"It is time I reminded you lot of who you are dealing with!" Gustav's voice echoed, carrying a weight that demanded absolute attention.

Jack, though prepared for battle, couldn't help but be impressed by the sudden turn of events. He stepped back, allowing Gustav to take center stage.

The members of the Gustavo Alliance hesitated, uncertainty creeping into their eyes as they faced the radiant figure before them.

Gustav surveyed the scene with a mix of amusement and disdain.

"You really had the audacity to hold a trial for me while I was unconscious, unable to participate in my own defense?" Gustav's voice was calm but carried a steely edge.

One of the alliance leaders sitting behind the judges, a stern-faced woman with crystalline eyes, stood and addressed him. "There is nothing wrong with proceeding so long as you were present, even in an unconscious state."

Gustav's laughter rang out, deep and resonant, shaking the very ground beneath them. The earth trembled as if sharing in his mirth. His grim expressions on the faces of everyone in the surroundings increased the longer he laughed.

The prosecutor, seizing the moment, attempted to regain control. "You see, Your Honors, this is precisely the kind of behavior we are dealing with. Gustav is unpredictable, unstable, and dangerous. He uses his power recklessly—"

Before he could continue, Gustav raised a hand, and a wave of pinkish-red energy swept across the entire earth.

The energy radiated from him in powerful surges, enveloping every living being. Instantly, everyone fell to their knees. Their wills were overwhelmed by the force of Gustav's cosmic superiority.

"I will speak, and you will all listen!" Gustav's voice echoed across the globe, resonating in the minds of every creature, human and alien alike.

Silence fell over the courtroom, the only sound being the faint vibration of Gustav's energy. He took a deep breath and began to speak, his tone grave and contemplative.

"You accuse me of heinous crimes, yet you fail to see the truth. I am not a good person. I have never claimed to be. Most of the acts I performed were not out of some misguided sense of heroism. No, they were for the handful of beings in this vast universe who mean something to me..."

Chapter 1583 You Are Weak

The courtroom still lay in ruins due to the cosmic power that had been unleashed within. Debris and rubble were strewn across the floor with scorched patches marked in Gustav's position.

Despite the destruction, a sense of awe permeated the air.

Spectators ranging from MBO officers to aliens, important dignitaries to alliance leaders, all stood in silent reverence, their gazes fixed on the central figure who made the entire world freeze.

In the midst of this chaotic scene, Gustav stood with his arm wrapped protectively around Angy.

After a moment of stunned silence, the judge regained her composure and raised the gavel.

Her voice, though trembling slightly, carried the weight of finality. "In light of the evidence and the actions witnessed here today, I declare Gustav Crimson innocent of all charges."

The sound of the gavel striking the surface echoed through the courtroom, a signal that justice had been served.

MBO officers moved swiftly with looks of urgency as they began to cater to the tied-up Gustavo Alliance members on the ground.

The Gustavo alliance members, once a formidable threat, were now powerless. Their supernatural abilities had been rendered useless by the cosmic bindings.

As the officers escorted them away, three familiar figures made their way through the wreckage toward Gustav.

Falco, E.E., and Aildris approached, their faces lighting up with relief and joy. The sight of their friend, victorious and vindicated, brought a warmth to their hearts.

E.E was the first to reach Gustav, throwing his arms around him in a bear hug. "Gustav, you did it! You're finally free!"

Gustav laughed, the sound rich and full of life. "E.E, it's good to see you're alive."

E.E. clapped Gustav on the back with a wide grin on his face. "You were amazing out there man,"

"I've never seen anything like that before. You really showed them."

Aldris nodded in agreement, his eyes reflecting admiration. "You've always been strong, Gustav, but today, you were unstoppable."

"Are you truly the strongest now?" Falco was still in disbelief even though he was very happy about how it all turned out.

Gustav smiled in gratitude for his friends. "You guys are the best. I am aware of everything you did while I was out. Your support means everything."

As they shared a hearty reunion, laughter and light-hearted banter filled the air. The tension that had gripped the courtroom melted away, replaced by a sense of camaraderie and relief. It was a moment of triumph.

Gustav's expression grew serious as he turned to face the alliance leaders, who had been watching the reunion with mixed emotions. "There's something else that needs to be done," he said, his voice firm. "Ria needs to be freed. He's been held captive for too long. I am sure you know what will happen if I decide to head there myself."

Leader two piercing blue eyes remained imposing as he responded. "We promise, Gustav. We will ensure that Ria is released as soon as possible."

Gustav nodded with a steady gaze. "See that it's done."

No one ever spoke to the alliance or world leaders this way. Not even Jack. So this sight was quite shocking but seeing how Gustav had proclaimed he was now the most powerful on earth, it made sense for him not to cower to anyone.

With that assurance, the tension between Gustav and the alliance leaders eased slightly. They had witnessed his power, and now they saw his resolve to protect those he cared about.

They couldn't truly gauge Gustav's strength but someone who was able to bring every single person on Earth to their knees, wasn't someone that be trifled with.

Amid the ruins, Angy turned to Gustav with love and affection gleaming in her eyes. "I'm glad you're okay, Gustav. I've missed you."

He looked at her as his heart overflowed with warmth. "I have missed you too, Angy. It's been a really long year without you."

Without another word, they leaned into each other, sharing a passionate kiss. Their lips entangled as they softly puckered away with Gustav's arms wrapping around Angy's waist.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and glued to his body tightly as the world behind them faded in this passionate moment.

It was a kiss filled with all the emotions they had kept bottled up – relief, love, and the promise of a future they would face together.

Falco, E.E., and Aildris exchanged knowing smiles, their hearts warmed by the sight of their friends' happiness. The courtroom, though still in disarray, felt a little brighter, a little more hopeful.

As the kiss ended, Gustav and Angy remained close, their foreheads touching. "What now?" she whispered with a soft tone.

Gustav took a deep breath as his gaze swept over the gathered crowd. "There's a lot to do but the problems of the universe can wait. Let's spend some time together first."

The sun was starting to set and the sky painted itself in hues of orange and pink.

Gustav and the others gathered outside the courthouse.

Falco looked up at the sky. "You know, after all this, I think we deserve a break."

E.E. chuckled. "A break sounds good. Maybe a little vacation? Somewhere far away from cosmic battles and courtroom drama."

Aildris nodded thoughtfully. "We should take some time to rest and recharge. But we also need to stay vigilant."

Gustav smiled at his friends, grateful for their unwavering support. "A break sounds perfect. We've earned it."

The scene outside the courthouse was one of chaos giving way to celebration. Spectators, dignitaries, and MBO officers were milling about, talking in hushed, excited tones, all eyes occasionally darting to Gustav and his friends as they stood together, basking in the aftermath of their victory.

Endric who had been watching everything from the top of a high-rise building in the distance, decided it was time to move.

With a leap, he launched himself off the building.

Fwwhoomm~

His body traveled in an elongated arc as he flew over multiple buildings lined up across the city.

He proceeded to blink in mid-air and vanished from sight. In the blink of an eye, he reappeared right before Gustav and the others, landing with a light thud.

"Big brother!" Endric's voice rang out with a mixture of joy and relief as he rushed forward.

Gustav turned just in time to catch his younger brother in a tight embrace. "Hey kiddo," he exclaimed with a voice filled with warmth.

They held each other close, their bond as brothers reaffirmed in that heartfelt moment.

"It's good to see you," Gustav said, pulling back slightly to look at him.

Endric's eyes sparkled with happiness. "I'm so glad you're safe and finally free of all charges."

It wasn't long before others began to join the group. Matilda approached, her eyes bright with emotion as she took in the sight of her friends.

"Matilda!" Angy exclaimed while rushing forward to hug her.

Matilda embraced Angy tightly, tears spilling down her cheeks. "Angy, it's been too long," she said, her voice choked with emotion. "I thought I'd never see you again."

Angy held her friend close, her own tears flowing freely. "I'm here now, and so are you. Although a lot has happened, it all worked out."

As the emotional reunion continued, E.E., couldn't resist lightening the mood. "You know, Gustav," he said with a mischievous grin, "you must have been so horny since Angy vanished. Must have been a long, dry spell for you... Did you make use of your left hand?"

"That's wild man!" Gustav gave E.E a light jab while Laughter erupted from the group.

The tension of the past days that Gustav's trial had brought was melting away in this moment.

Even Gustav, who rarely indulged in such jokes, couldn't help but chuckle.

Gustav shook his head with a smile. "But you're right. Having Angy back is more than I could have hoped for."

As the laughter subsided, the gathering grew even larger. Empress Dahria, the elder from Planet Orion, Ozious natives, the former alien child slave, and other witnesses who had testified to Gustav's innocence began to huddle around him.

Their expressions were filled with gratitude and admiration.

Empress Dahria stepped forward with a friendly but authoritative bearing. "Gustav," she said with a melodic tone; "Your actions in the past have saved not just yourself but countless others. You have my deepest thanks... The people of Abruikis will forever be grateful."

Gustav nodded with a light smile. "Thank you, Empress Dahria. Your support and testimony were invaluable. I truly appreciate it."

The elder from Planet Orion, a wizened being with eyes that seemed to hold the wisdom of the ages, nodded in agreement. "You have done great things Gustav. We are honored to have stood by you."

The alien child, with wide, curious eyes and a shy smile, approached and tugged at Gustav's sleeve. "Thank you once again mister," the child said in a small voice. "Eloisa is free because of you. You made the bad people go away."

Gustav squatted, meeting the child's gaze. "You're welcome," he said gently. "I'm glad I could help."

Chapter 1584 Unfortunate Situation

In cities around the world, people gathered in community centers, schools, and libraries, discussing potential candidates and casting their votes. The energy was electric, a sense of hope and possibility infusing the air.

Gustav sat in his penthouse, the holographic interface before him displaying a live feed of the nominations and votes. He and the team he had set up, pored over the data, identifying individuals who received strong public support.

"Look at this," said one of his advisors, pointing to a name on the screen. "Dr. Patel Martinez, a leading expert in renewable energy. She's been nominated by thousands of people."

"She seems like the kind of person we need," Gustav agreed. "Let's add her to the shortlist but I'll interrogate her myself later."

As the days passed, the shortlist grew longer. There were doctors, scientists, educators, social workers, and activists from all corners of the globe. Each had a proven track record of dedication and service to humanity.

To E.E surprise, he was also included in the list. He didn't expect it but he already had a lot of votes from people which quite surprised him as he didn't deem himself popular.

What E.E didn't count was the many missions he had gone on and how he usually engaged people in conversations. He was always heartily willing to help others and a lot of people both within and outside the MBO knew how easy going he was.

One evening, Gustav sat down with Endric and E.E to review the final list of potential council members.

"These are some incredible people," E.E remarked while scrolling through the list. "It's amazing to see how many talented and compassionate individuals are out there."

Gustav nodded. "Unlike myself, this council has to made up of people who genuinely want to make a difference."

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The next day, Gustav stood in the grand hall of the temporary headquarters for the newly formed independent council. The room was spacious and modern, filled with natural light streaming through large windows.

The atmosphere was a bit tense as the final round of candidate interviews was about to begin.

He was flanked by a team of advisors, each one meticulously selected for their expertise in various fields.

They had spent days sifting through the nominations, narrowing down the list to the most promising individuals. Today, Gustav would use his keen perception and ability to read others to interrogate the remaining candidates and finalize the council.

As the first candidate stepped forward, Gustav gave a reassuring nod to his team. "Let's get started," he said with a calm but authoritative tone.

The candidate was a middle-aged woman with a background in environmental science. She introduced herself confidently, her passion for sustainable development evident in her every word. Gustav listened intently, his sharp eyes catching every nuance of her demeanor.

"Dr. Patel, what do you see as the biggest challenge in implementing a mandate that wouldn't discriminate against those with low graded bloodline that have the capacity to work well in such fields?" Gustav asked, leaning forward slightly.

Dr. Patel took a deep breath before answering. "The biggest challenge will be the political will and how to keep them safe when they engage in such energy research. The government might still be against it so it will definitely require a lot of convincing to pass the bill. But I believe that's why we're here. We can really be the ones to make a difference."

Gustav nodded, pleased with her answer. He could sense her sincerity and commitment. "Thank you, Dr. Patel. We'll be in touch."

The next candidate was a young social worker named Aisha Kamara, who had been instrumental in several grassroots movements for education reform. Her eyes sparkled with determination as she spoke.

"Gustav, I believe education is a major key to implementing and breaking a long cycle of unwarranted biases," Aisha said passionately. "If we can ensure that the children mentality is correct before they grow, we can avoid a lot of situations currently at play now. We can transform communities from the ground up since the society plays a huge part in grooming the personality of a child."

Gustav smiled. "I agree, Aisha. What specific policies would you propose to make this a reality?"

Aisha outlined a detailed plan, focusing on careful implemented teacher training and community involvement.

One by one, the candidates came forward, each bringing their unique perspectives and expertise. Gustav's high perception allowed him to discern their true intentions, picking up on subtle cues that revealed their character.

He weeded out those who seemed more interested in power than in serving the people, focusing instead on those whose hearts were truly in the right place.

Among the candidates was E.E. of course. He didn't need to interrogate E.E.; he knew exactly where his friend stood. E.E.'s sense of justice and unwavering loyalty made him an obvious choice for the council.

No matter how biased it may seem, Gustav wanted someone from his friend group to be amongst the candidates. If E.E hadn't made the cut originally, he would have put Aildris in.

After hours of rigorous interviews, Gustav and his team had their final list. Thirty council members, each one vetted and chosen for their dedication, integrity, and expertise.

Gustav stood before the gathered candidates. "Congratulations to each of you. You have been chosen not just for your skills, but for your commitment to changing the world. Together, we will usher in a new era."

The news of the council members' selection spread like wildfire. Media outlets around the globe reported on the historic event, highlighting the diverse backgrounds and expertise of the chosen individuals.

The public response was overwhelmingly positive, with people expressing renewed hope for the future.

The grand hall was soon packed with journalists and cameras, ready to broadcast the council members' first public appearance. Gustav stood at the podium, looking out over the sea of eager faces.

"Ladies and gentlemen, it is my honor to introduce the members of the independent council," he began. "Each of these individuals has been chosen for their dedication to justice, equality, and progress. They will be the voice of the voiceless, working tirelessly to address the challenges we face."

One by one, the council members stepped forward to give their speeches. Dr. Patel was the first.

"We stand at a critical juncture in history. We are committed to pushing for the political will necessary to make changes where any one can pursue research related to scientific and energy experimentations."

Aisha Kamara followed, her eyes shining with determination. "Education is the foundation of a prosperous society. We will work to ensure that every child, regardless of their background, has access to everything they should. We will break the cycle of discrimination and unwarranted treatments and empower communities to thrive together."

E.E. took the podium next, his presence commanding and resolute. "Corruption and inequality have plagued our world for far too long. We will clamp down on the societal differences between low and high-graded Mixedbloods. We will eradicate corruption in government and ensure that no one is silenced or unjustly persecuted."

The speeches continued, each council member articulating their vision and commitment.

As the last speech concluded, Gustav returned to the podium. "This council represents a new beginning. We will work together to address the pressing issues of our time and build a future where justice, equality, and progress are the norm. Thank you for your support."

The applause was thunderous, echoing through the grand hall. The world was watching, and the message was clear: change was coming.

Over the next few days, the council members began their work in earnest. Meetings were held to outline their initial priorities, and subcommittees were formed to tackle specific issues.

Gustav juggled his responsibilities with preparing for his postponed trip to Agon. Once he had finished putting a couple of things in place, he would leave everything to the others and finally head for Agon.

"Can you believe how far we've come?" E.E. asked with a smile. "From fighting our way through battles to now shaping the future of the world."

Gustav nodded. "It's surreal. Although, I don't care much for it so you really have a lot of work ahead of you."

"As do you haha. Get back in one piece... In fact, I'll be heading to Agon with you and you cannot refuse," E.E chuckled.

"The world is finally heading in the right direction," He added.

"Let's see if it survives long enough to become something... Better," Gustav voiced with a straight look.

...

-Days Later

In Plankton City a battle was ongoing between two powerful forces.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

They met in mid-air multiple times with thunderous clashes. The force of their blow caused a shockwave that rippled through the atmosphere, shaking the nearby buildings.

They landed on the rooftop of a deserted skyscraper, the ground beneath them cracking from the impact.

Without a word, they continued exchanging powerful blows as their fists collided with enough force to create sonic booms.

Chapter 1585 Take It Back

The morning sky over Elysium Prime was filled with a strange glows and mounting shadows as numerous massive Tark spacecraft hovered in the outer atmosphere.

Their presence had not yet breached Earth's barrier, but the sight alone was enough to throw the world into chaos. On the ground, MBO forces scrambled to organize a response, mobilizing troops and resources with unprecedented speed.

In the luxurious resort where Gustav and his friends were staying, a sense of urgency permeated the air.

Gustav, Angy, E.E., Falco, Aildris, Endric, Ria, and the rest of their group converged in the corridor. Their looks displayed confusion and concern.

The corridor was already crowded with guests and staff, all whispering anxiously among themselves with some trying to get out.

"What's going on?" Falco asked, looking around at the sea of worried faces. "Why are there so many ships up there?"

"I don't know," E.E. replied as his brow furrowed. "But whatever it is, it can't be good."

Suddenly, a loud, booming announcement echoed across the entire planet. The voice was deep and commanding, reverberating through the air and capturing everyone's attention. It was coming from the Tark spacecraft.

"We are the Tarks Force. We have come to retrieve Gustav Crimson before any form of prosecution. Release him to us immediately, or we will declare war on Earth."

Gasps and murmurs rippled through the crowd as the announcement continued. "Gustav Crimson is to be handed over to the Tarks Force at once. Failure to comply will result in immediate hostilities."

Gustav's eyes widened as he recognized the voice. Commander Egril, the Tark's force commander he had met during his visit to Gohatark and the Tark-owned galaxy.

Egril had been a key figure in Gustav's journey, providing him with a spacecraft and essential supplies, as well as revealing crucial information about his past and the existence of the other time candidate.

A slow smile spread across Gustav's face as he understood what was happening.

The Tarks had come to stop his trial, but they had arrived days after it had ended. They had assumed the worst, believing that the trial wouldn't go in Gustav's favor, and were now trying to save him.

Angy noticed Gustav's smile and nudged him. "Gustav, do you know what's going on?"

Gustav nodded, his eyes twinkling with amusement. "Yes, Angy. The Tarks are here to rescue me. They thought I was still on trial and that things wouldn't end well."

"Oh it's that old dude," Endric voiced upon recalling.

Falco raised an eyebrow. "You know these guys?"

Gustav chuckled. "Yes, I do. Commander Ergril is an old acquaintance. He helped Endric and I a lot when we visited Gohatark."

E.E. shook his head in disbelief. "Only you, Gustav. Only you would have alien friends showing up to rescue you."

The announcement continued to play across the planet, the Tarks' ultimatum sending shockwaves through the global population. People were scared and confused, unsure of what to make of this sudden threat.

Gustav turned to everyone; "I need to go up there and talk to them. They don't know that the trial is over and that I was cleared of all charges."

Angy grabbed his arm, her eyes filled with concern. "Be careful, Gustav. We don't know what will happen."

Gustav squeezed her hand reassuringly. "I'll be fine. I just need to explain the situation to Ergril. He'll understand."

Immediately after saying that, he vanished from the resort and reappeared high in Earth's upper atmosphere.

The blue planet below and the dark void of space above framed the scene.

Before him, numerous large spacecraft hovered ominously, each emblazoned with the Tark bull-headed sigil. These colossal ships lined up in a formation that spoke of military precision and readiness for battle.

Such a sight would have been terrifying to the average person especially if they were aware that the Tarks weren't under the alliance and ran things in their galaxy under a solo authority.

It turned out that Gustav's presence wasn't the only one in the upper atmosphere. Many MBO aircraft had risen to meet the perceived threat.

The tension had risen to great heights and it was clear that both sides were mere moments away from clashing.

Gustav raised his hand, a signal to the MBO forces to hold their positions.

"Commander Ergril, this is Gustav Crimson. I am safe, and I request an audience with you immediately. There is no need for hostility."

His voice, amplified by his immense power, boomed across the atmosphere and echoed down to Earth below, effortlessly reaching every corner of the planet.

The MBO forces recognized Gustav's command and hesitated but held their positions.

However, within the Tark spacecraft, suspicions ran high. The Tarks, known for their caution and strategic thinking, were not easily swayed. They found it difficult to believe that Earth would simply hand over Gustav without a fight. Whispers of him being an imposter spread quickly among the Tark soldiers.

In the command center of the lead Tark ship, soldiers turned to Commander Ergril for guidance. "Commander, what are your orders? Could this be a trick?"

Ergril's stern face was etched with lines of concern as he pondered the situation. He knew Gustav well but the stakes were too high to take any chances. "Prepare to engage," he ordered, his voice firm. "If this is an imposter, we will expose him. If not, we will deal with the consequences."

The Tarks' ships powered up their weapons, and within moments, a fierce battle erupted. Beams of energy and projectiles crisscrossed the space between the MBO and Tark forces, turning the serene upper atmosphere into a chaotic war zone.

The numerous MBO aircraft, agile and equipped with the latest technology, maneuvered expertly, returning fire with equal ferocity.

Gustav, positioned at the heart of the conflict, tried desperately to intervene.

A beam fired towards him but with a wave of his hand, he easily deflected it. He proceeded to move with blinding speed as he intercepted attacks from both sides, trying to prevent damage and casualties.

His voice rang out amidst the chaos, "Stop this at once!"

But his words fell on deaf ears. The Tarks, convinced they were facing a clever ruse, continued their assault, demanding, "Where is the real Gustav? We will not be deceived!"

Tarks soldiers flew out of their spacecraft with all sort of powerful weapons in grasp and supernatural abilities activated.

The same happened with MBO officers as the battle moved on to the next level.

The battle intensified, with supernatural abilities and high technology clashing .

Boom! Boom!

Explosions lit up the sky, and the shockwaves could be felt miles away.

Realizing that mere words would not suffice, Gustav decided to unleash a fraction of his true power.

His eyes emitted a pinkish red glow as a crimson cross appeared in his pupils. Unleashing his Cosmic Superiority Yarki, an unfathomable energy radiated outward in a limited scale.

The effect was immediate and overwhelming, sweeping across the entire surroundings.

Everyone immediately froze in their tracks.

"Cease this madness now, or I will destroy everyone," Gustav's voice boomed, carrying the weight of absolute power.

The declaration hung in the air, a promise of annihilation that none could ignore.

The fighting stopped instantly. MBO pilots and Tark soldiers alike found themselves immobilized, their weapons and abilities rendered useless by the oppressive force of Gustav's Yarki.

Gustav hadn't even decided to stop their body motor functions. He simply threatened them and decided he would take further actions if they chose to disobey but fortunately, it got to them.

Commander Ergril, sensing the undeniable truth in Gustav's power, ordered his soldiers to stand down.

"It is him," Ergril said in awe. "This is the real Outworldly... Our saviour."

The tension began to dissipate as the Tarks retracted their weapons and the MBO forces lowered their defenses. Gustav allowed his Yarki to fade, though its presence lingered.

He floated towards the lead Tark ship with unbridled confidence.

As he approached, a hatch opened, and a transport beam enveloped him, bringing him aboard. The interior of the ship was as impressive as its exterior, with advanced technology and tactical displays lining the walls. Gustav was escorted to the command center where Commander Ergril awaited.

"Our saviour," Ergril greeted him with a respectful bow. "I apologize for the confrontation. We acted out of concern for your safety."

Gustav shook his head with a light smile. "No need to apologize, Commander. I appreciate your efforts to protect me even though you arrived quite late. The trial was concluded days ago and I was found innocent."

Ergril's eyes widened in surprise. "Is that so? We feared the worst and came to intervene."

Gustav nodded. "Yes, and I am grateful for your concern. But there's no need for further hostilities. Earth's people are already on edge."

Ergril sighed, visibly relieved. "Understood. We will withdraw our forces immediately and issue a formal apology to Earth."

Turning to his communication officer, Ergril gave the order. Moments later, the Tarks' new message was broadcast across the planet.

Chapter 1586 Rigid Awakening

Ria quickly rose as well; "Rival! Is that really you?!" His eyes were widened in disbelief while Gustav stood between them and the monstrous entity.

Wilendor grunted while getting to his knees in disbelief. "I was starting to think we were done for. Thank you, great Outworldly."

Gustav didn't look back at them. His eyes remained locked on the creature, his hand still raised as reddish pink strands of cosmic energy crackled around him. "You're not done for yet," he said quietly. "But this thing is."

With another gesture, Gustav unleashed a torrent of energy, this time even more powerful than before. The creature let out a distorted, otherworldly howl as the energy tore through it, ripping its body apart at the molecular level. It tried to reform, as it had done so many times before, but this time, Gustav's energy didn't allow it. The creature's body flickered and sputtered, unable to maintain its form.

In a final, blinding flash, the creature disintegrated, its body dissolving into particles of light that scattered into the wind.

The battlefield fell silent.

Gustav lowered his hand, the glow around him fading slightly as he turned to face Endric, Ria, and Wilendor. There was a calmness in his eyes, but also a deep, unspoken understanding that the battle was far from over.

"Let's get that sword," Gustav said simply. "And get out of here."

****To be continued... ****

---SSS

Gustav paused briefly, allowing his words to sink in. The spectators, still on their knees, listened with rapt attention, unable to tear their eyes away from the figure before them.

"I care little for the rest of the world, but for those few, I would move mountains. It is for them that I have fought, bled, and sacrificed. Not for the applause or the accolades. Not to be branded a hero."

Gustav's eyes scanned the faces before him which were mostly filled with fear before he continued.

"The allegations against me are false. The crimes you claim I committed are fabrications. I am no saint, but neither am I the monster you make me out to be. My deeds, whether good or bad, were driven by my own motives, not by a desire to bring harm to the innocent."

He let out a sigh, his gaze growing distant as he spoke of deeper truths. "The world is full of fools and greedy bastards. Those who are never satisfied with what they have. They seek to claim benefits wherever they can, trampling over anyone who stands in their way. This is the nature of living beings: selfish, insatiable, and short-sighted."

The crowd was spellbound, unable to look away from Gustav's commanding presence. His words cut through them like a blade, forcing them to confront uncomfortable truths.

"We live in a universe driven by greed and selfishness. You all scramble for power, for wealth, for status, without a thought for the consequences. You damned me because it was convenient, because it served your purposes. But now, you must face the reality for I am no one to be trifled with."

Gustav's golden aura flared brighter, casting long shadows across the courtroom. His eyes, filled with a deep wisdom and an even deeper sorrow, bored into those of the alliance leaders.

"You call for my trial, but I stand here today to put you all on trial. You accuse me of crimes, yet your hands are far from clean. You seek to use me as a scapegoat for your own failures and fears. But I will not be your pawn."

The alliance leaders exchanged uneasy glances, their confidence wavering under the weight of Gustav's words. Even Veran Kess, who had been so sure of his victory, seemed at a loss for words.

Gustav continued, his voice steady and unyielding. "You must understand that the universe does not revolve around your petty squabbles and power plays. There are greater threats out there, forces that seek to annihilate us. Forces that I am giving my all to face. Forces that should be focused on and yet your sights blurred from greed."

He paused, looking around the hall, at the judges, the spectators, and his allies. "I do not seek your approval nor your forgiveness nor your hero beliefs. I seek only to protect those who matter to me, and if that makes me a villain in your eyes, so be it. But know this: I will not bow to your judgment."

The hall remained in stunned silence as Gustav's words hung heavy. It wasn't like they could speak even if they wanted to.

"Let me tell you a story," Gustav began, his voice resonant and clear. "A story of a boy who was always a loser, always at the bottom. He was laughed at, mocked, and pushed around. He had nothing. No power, no influence, no friends. Just a dream that someday, somehow, things would change."

He paused briefly once more while hovering around.

"Then, one day, everything did change," Gustav continued. "An unexpected stroke of fortune brought me power beyond my wildest dreams. But I hid it. I kept it a secret because I knew the greed of people. I knew that if they discovered what I was capable of, they would come for me. And so, I waited. I grew stronger, fought battles within and outside of Earth, and saved this planet time and time again. Not once did I think of conquering it. I fought because I wanted to protect those few who mattered to me."

Gustav's gaze hardened, and he spoke with more intensity. "I was skeptical about revealing that I had many bloodlines and could extract bloodlines from Mixedbloods. I knew what that kind of power would do to people. But I believed that one day, I would be powerful enough to no longer need to hide it."

He raised his hand, and a glowing orb appeared, the sacred Jewel. "And yet, here we are. I am not surprised that the alliance and Earth authorities have tried to pin false allegations on me. They want to dissect me, take my power for themselves and their selfish gains."

With a flick of his wrist, the orb projected a holographic image. The footage played out before the stunned crowd, showing scientists discussing their plans for Gustav once he was found guilty.

"...and once he's declared guilty, we'll finally have him," one scientist said, his voice dripping with anticipation. "We can dissect him, unlock his secrets, and take his power for ourselves."

Another scientist chimed in, "The world government wants a big cut of the pie, but they'll let us do the dirty work. It's a win-win for them."

The alliance leaders and the judges struggled against the hold of Gustav's cosmic superiority, their faces contorted in frustration. But they were powerless.

The footage continued to play out all across the world. Every one could clearly see how these scientists spoke of him like he was some kind of resource.

They added that the world government had their eyes on Gustav since he saved the earth from Yung Jo and now Gustav had finally given them the chance to legally turn him into their specimen.

The entire world had watched, and the truth was now undeniable. The allegations against Gustav were false, fabricated to serve the greedy ambitions of a few.

Gustav looked around the room. "Time and time again, I tried to give living creatures the benefit of the doubt. I believed that maybe, just maybe, they could change. But all you have proven is that you cannot. You are driven by greed, by selfishness, by a lust for power."

He took a deep breath as his aura flared brighter. "That is why I was okay with the universe perishing. If it weren't for my loved ones, I would let it all burn. But because they exist, because they matter to me, the universe gets another chance."

[Five Years Quest Completed (1/2): Become The Most Powerful Mixedblood ✓]

Gustav's voice grew colder, more resolute. "I am now the most powerful Mixedblood on Earth. Anyone who comes for me will meet a very gruesome end. I have no more patience for your schemes and deceit. I could have destroyed this planet a hundred times over if I wanted to. But I didn't."

He paused, his gaze sweeping across the room. "And that is the reality you must face. I am not your enemy. I am not your conqueror... But cross me, threaten those I care about, and you will know true fear."

"Let this be the last time anyone dares to mess with me," Gustav declared, his tone brooking no argument.

As his words reverberated through the air, a binding process began. Cosmic strings, shimmering with a light that defied the spectrum, shot out from Gustav's fingertips.

They wrapped around the masked figure in dark robes first, encasing him in an unbreakable cocoon. The figure couldn't even struggle as the strings tightened, rendering his supernatural abilities useless as well.

One by one, the members of the Gustavo alliance met the same fate. Each was bound tightly, their powers nullified.

Finally, Gustav deactivated his cosmic superiority. The oppressive weight lifted from the Earth, and people everywhere gasped for breath as their bodies slowly regained motor functions.

Chaos gave way to a tense stillness as everyone tried to process what had just happened.

In the courtroom, the judge and the alliance leaders were at a loss. They exchanged wary glances, unsure of how to proceed.

Gustav's display of power had left them speechless, their carefully laid plans shattered.

Suddenly, a figure broke through the tension. Angy ran towards Gustav with a look of relief.

Her arms had wrapped around him before anyone could even understand what was happening. She locked him in a fierce embrace as her breath hitched with emotion.

"Gustav," she whispered, her voice trembling. "You're back..."

Gustav's rigid stance softened as he returned her embrace. His eyes closed for a moment as he enjoyed the solace of her warmth. "Angy," he murmured, his voice heavy with the weight of recent events. "I'm here. I'm not going anywhere."

The judge cleared his throat, attempting to regain control of the situation. "Gustav," she began cautiously, "what do we do now?"

Gustav gently disentangled himself from Angy, turning to face the judge.

"I think you know what to do. I don't think anyone here dares stop the final verdict... The right verdict."

Chapter 1587 Who Took The Sword?

The other half of the ground trembled beneath them as the sword disappeared, leaving Gustav standing in stunned silence, his outstretched hand still hovering where the sword had been moments before.

Endric stared at the empty space where the sword had been. "It's gone..." he whispered in confusion.

The battlefield fell silent once more, but the tension hung heavy in the air.

Gustav lowered his hand slowly as his eyes flashed with a hint of killing intent. 'Who took it?'

The scene here was one of utter devastation. Half of the world had been destroyed.

What was left of the terrain was pointy broken landscape, dotted with deep craters and gaping fissures that stretched into the distance. Dark clouds of dust and debris still hung in the air, drifting slowly as

though time itself had been fractured. The only sound was the faint crackling of energy dissipating into the void.

Gustav hovered in the air with his glowing eyes fixed on the place where the sword had been.

His fists tightened as he replayed the moment in his mind. Just when he was about to take hold of the sword, to claim what was rightfully his, the crack had opened like a tear in reality itself. The sword had been pulled through it before he could react, disappearing into the void.

Around him, the others—Endric, Ria, and Wilendor—stood in stunned silence, each processing the enormity of what had just occurred.

The battle had drained them all, and now they were left with more questions than answers. They had come all this way, fought so hard, and in the end, the sword had slipped through their fingers.

Gustav's voice cut through the stillness like a blade. "The sword... the dark crack... Nocturnis is still sealed. He shouldn't be able to do anything like this unless a premonition is at play."

Endric looked up at his brother, his brow furrowed in confusion. "I don't know, Gustav. It doesn't make sense." He wiped the sweat from his face, his expression one of exhaustion and uncertainty. "Ria and I have been away for months, searching for the sword. We had no idea anything like this would happen. The Death Angel... the crack... none of it was anticipated."

Ria, who stood a little distance away, shook his head. His voice carried a similar note of concern. "We've been in the farthest reaches of the outer galaxies. We've been so focused on finding the sword that we

weren't aware of what was happening elsewhere." He glanced at the empty space where the sword had been, his brow creased. "But this... something about this feels wrong, rival."

Gustav sighed with a slightly disturbed look. He had felt the connection with the sword the moment he'd arrived. It had called out to him, responded to his presence like a long-lost part of his soul.

Besides the fragments, It was the final piece he needed to restore his full power as the Outworldly, but now it was gone. And the fact that a Death Angel—one of Nocturnis's most feared servants—had appeared to stop him only made things worse.

He turned to look at Wilendor, the hulking Tark warrior who had fought valiantly beside them. Being a time candidate like Endric, Wilendor had been the first to locate the sword. He had tracked it down to this strange, distant world and had led Endric and Ria to it after his own attempts to retrieve it had failed.

"Wilendor," Gustav began, his voice steady but laced with urgency, "you were the first to find the sword. Did you see anything before this? Any signs that something like this was going to happen?"

Wilendor, shook his head slowly. His deep, rumbling voice was like a distant thunderstorm. "No, Outworldly," he said, his tone respectful yet firm. "When I found the sword, it was heavily guarded by those beings we fought earlier—the ones that merged into that creature." He gestured to the remnants of the battle, where the spiritual entities had been before fusing into one. "I tried for weeks to retrieve it, but the closer I got, the more it resisted me. At that time I didn't know it needed its owner."

He paused, his expression hardening. "But there was no sign of a Death Angel. This... this was unexpected."

Gustav's thoughts raced as he processed the information. The sword couldn't be pulled out or wielded by anyone besides himself. It was obvious that they had only interfered because they knew it was a much required key to regaining his full power.

The crack, the Death Angel—these were not part of the natural order of things. Nocturnis was still sealed away, trapped in his dimension and further enforced by the comic webs that Gustav had created long ago.

He shouldn't have been able to affect anything in the mortal plane unless a premonition was ongoing.

"I wouldn't have been able to pinpoint the sword's location without the three of you finding it first," Gustav admitted, his voice heavy with the weight of the situation. "But now that it's gone, we need answers. Fast."

Endric rubbed the back of his neck, his mind still trying to wrap itself around the events that had unfolded. "There's... only one being that might have any idea what's going on," he said slowly, his gaze shifting toward the trapped Death Angel.

The creature hung there, pinned by the glowing red cross that Gustav had summoned during the battle. Its hollow, glowing eyes stared out at them with unrelenting malice, and the aura of death that surrounded it seemed to pulse in rhythm with its shallow breaths.

Ria frowned, crossing his arms. "That thing?" He glanced at Endric, then at the others. "That thing only serves Falco's crazy father. It's not going to tell us anything useful. Besides, it doesn't even speak our language."

Endric nodded grimly. "It speaks the language of the Celestials," he replied. "But that doesn't matter to the Outworldly."

Gustav's eyes narrowed, and without hesitation, he floated toward the trapped Death Angel.

The creature, still pinned to the ground by the red cross, twitched slightly, its cracked wings shifting as it watched him approach.

The ash-like skin that covered its body continued to crumble, yet it remained defiant, the hollow voids where its eyes should have been glowing faintly.

Gustav landed softly in front of the creature, his gaze unrelenting. "I don't need it to speak our language," he said, his voice cold and authoritative. He moved closer, his hand outstretched toward the creature's charred face. "I'll get the answers myself."

The Death Angel let out a low, guttural hiss, its hollow mouth opening slightly as it rasped in the ancient language of the Celestials. Though the words were unintelligible to the others, Gustav understood every syllable.

"The Great Nocturnis will return," the Death Angel rasped, its voice echoing like the scraping of bones. "You cannot stop him. His power is eternal, and his time is near. You... are nothing compared to him, Outworldly. You will fall."

Gustav's eyes flashed with a dangerous glint. He wasn't here for its praise of Nocturnis. "I didn't ask for a prophecy," he growled. "I asked where the sword went. Tell me where he took it, or I'll make sure you wish you had."

The Death Angel's hollow eyes glowed brighter for a moment as it let out a dark, mocking laugh. "You think you can stop him?" it sneered. "Praise be to Nocturnis. Nocturnis is eternal. His reach stretches across galaxies, even in his imprisonment. You are nothing but a fragment of what you once were. You will never—"

Before it could finish, Gustav grabbed the creature by the head, his fingers digging into its charred skin with a crushing grip. The Death Angel let out a sharp, hissing breath, but it was powerless to resist.

"I don't need to hear any more of this," Gustav said coldly, his voice as sharp as steel. "I'll get the information myself."

Without another word, Gustav began to siphon the creature's memories, forcing his way into its mind with ruthless efficiency. The Death Angel's body trembled under his touch, its wings twitching as Gustav probed deeper into its consciousness.

The memories were fragmented, chaotic, and shrouded in darkness, but Gustav pushed through the fog, searching for the answers he needed.

Some parts of the Death Angel's mind were blacked out, hidden behind layers of shadow that even Gustav couldn't penetrate. But what he found was enough to make his blood run cold.

Amid the fragmented memories, he saw a figure—a humanoid figure—having a dialogue with the Death Angel on its way here. The memory was hazy, but Gustav could tell that the figure had triggered the event that caused the sword to disappear into the dark crack. A human had somehow manipulated the cosmic forces at play.

Gustav's eyes widened in disbelief as he delved deeper. The situation was worse than he had feared.

Nocturnis hadn't directly taken the sword. A human had caused this phenomenon, and that raised far more questions than it answered.

But there was more.

Chapter 1588 I Will Look For You

In another memory, Gustav saw the moment the Death Angel had escaped its prison on Earth. The seals that had been placed to trap it were broken. Something catastrophic had happened on Earth—something big enough to release the creature.

Finally, Gustav let go of the Death Angel's head, stepping back as the creature slumped in defeat, its wings hanging limply by its sides. It was still trapped, but it had no more fight left in it.

Endric and the others rushed forward, sensing that Gustav had uncovered something important.

"What did you find?" Endric asked, his voice filled with concern.

Gustav turned to them, his expression grim. "The sword was taken by someone who looked human..." he said, his voice tight with disbelief. "I don't know how or why, but that's who the Death Angel had contact with. Falco's father wasn't directly involved."

Ria's eyes widened in shock. "A human? How could—"

"There's more," Gustav interrupted, his voice darkening. "The Death Angel was freed because something terrible happened on Earth."

Endric's face paled. "Something on Earth...?"

Gustav's expression hardened. "We need to get back to Earth. Now."

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Gustav nodded in understanding. "So no powers..."

"Yes... Don't channel at all."

They began their descent, using the rough edges of the chasm to slowly make their way down.

The walls of the crater were uneven, with sharp protrusions and narrow ledges that offered precarious footing. They jumped from one protrusion to the next, each movement calculated and deliberate.

The descent was slow and treacherous. The deeper they went, the more intense the heat became, and the glow from the magma pits below grew brighter.

In as much as Miss Aimee had told Gustav not to channel his bloodline, he was still very much unaffected by this level of heat. A normal Mixedblood would have been toast by now but Gustav still had inbuilt durability.

"How deep do you think this goes?" Gustav asked while maintaining a steady gaze.

"It's hard to say," Miss Aimee replied, her voice calm and steady. "But it might take a while."

As they continued to descend, the walls of the chasm seemed to close in around them. The air grew thicker and more oppressive. The glow from the magma pits illuminated the rocky surfaces, casting a reddish hue that made the entire scene feel surreal.

Gustav glanced over at Miss Aimee, who moved with ease. "You seem to know your way around here," he remarked.

"I've had some time to explore," she said with a faint smile.

The ledges grew narrower the further they descended, forcing them to be even more cautious.

Gustav's entire body was at a very high temperature at this moment but he maintained an unfazed look.

After what felt like hours of careful maneuvering, the walls of the chasm were now almost vertical, forcing them to rely on handholds and footholds that were barely wide enough to support them.

The air remained thick with heat and the stench of sulfur.

Despite the challenges, they pressed on. The glow from the magma pits made the rocky surfaces appear almost molten.

"Watch your step," Miss Aimee cautioned as they approached a particularly narrow ledge. "One wrong move and we could fall and you'd have to use energy which could cause a split."

Gustav nodded as he carefully navigated the narrow path. His fingers clung to the rough rock as he maintained his balance. The ledge was barely wide enough to support them, and the heat from the magma pits below was becoming unbearable for his special made outfit.

The walls of the chasm seemed to pulse with a rhythmic energy.

Miss Aimee and Gustav continued their descent into the chasm. The journey had been ongoing for twelve hours at this point and they were still at it.

The terrain was a mix of narrow ledges, steep drops, and jagged rocks. Sometimes the edges were sloppy enough for them to walk down, but other times they had to jump from one protrusion to the next.

Each step brought them closer to the heart of the desolate planet, and the bubbling sound of magma below grew louder, accompanied by an increasing heat that would have been unbearable for anyone else.

Despite the oppressive environment, Gustav and Miss Aimee powerful bodies remained unaffected by the extreme conditions.

The glow from the magma pits made the entire descent feel like a journey into the underworld.

"It almost sounds like the planet is breathing..." Gustav voiced.

"The core of a planet is a place of immense energy. It's feels alive because we're getting closer," Miss Aimee responded without coming to a stop.

Gustav looked around as his face was illuminated with red glow. "I've been thinking about the Slarkovs. They must have had some way of predicting this catastrophe. But how did they know it would happen?"

Miss Aimee considered his question while they kept stepping forward. "The Slarkovs were masters of advanced technology and foresight. They likely had systems in place to monitor their solar system.

When they detected the warp demolator, they would have known it was only a matter of time before their world was dragged through it."

"But why Earth?" Gustav asked while leaping to a lower ledge. "Of all the planets, why choose Earth as their refuge?"

Miss Aimee moved almost like she was floating while answering Gustav. "They must have seen some kind of potential on Earth. If there's more to it, I have a feeling you'll find out down there,"

Gustav nodded thoughtfully. "They sure had everyone fooled. There better be a good reason why they never mentioned the warp demolator..."

The path grew steeper, and they had to slow their pace to navigate the treacherous terrain.

"Will I truly find out everything in Dimension Six?" Gustav wondered out loud.

"I believe so," Miss Aimee replied with a confident tone. "Unless that time candidate person is wrong."

Gustav took a deep breath,

They continued their descent and the bubbling sound of magma growing louder with each step.

"I wonder what would have happened if the Slarkovs had stayed and found a way to save their planet? Mixedbloods most likely wouldn't exist and all the technology..." Gustav realised how choosing Earth really set many things motion.

Miss Aimee shook her head. "The Slarkovs made the best choice they could under the circumstances. Staying would have meant certain death. By fleeing to Earth, they ensured their survival and the continuation of their legacy... As much as I hate the existence of mixedbloods which was due to their decision, I am grateful for your existence. So I guess it's not all bad."

Gustav glanced at her briefly; "Pffft... It's the same for me Miss Aimee. Although I can't help but wonder if the world would have been kinder without bloodines..."

The glow from the magma pits grew brighter, casting an almost blinding light on the rocky surfaces. The heat was now beyond bearable for fabrics. Scorched holes were starting to appear on Gustav's clothes.

"How much further do you think we have to go?" Gustav was worried about being stripped completely naked before they arrived at their destination.

"We're getting close," Miss Aimee replied.

Gustav was sure he had heard that before but he decided to take Miss Aimee's word for it.

They continued to navigate the treacherous terrain, the path becoming increasingly unstable. Rocks crumbled beneath their feet, and the air was filled with the sound of distant rumbling.

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Back on Planet Agon, it had already been a couple of days.

Yet, the air still carried the scent of Gustav's bittersweet departure.

The group stood in a clearing surrounded by towering trees, their leaves rustling softly in the gentle breeze.

Endric stood at the center of the group, his expression resolute. "I need to find the other Time Candidate," he announced. "The fifth sacred item of the Outworldly is crucial, and it's taking too long."

"Understandable but not outerspace missions for me at the moment. I think I need to spend some time with my earthly father. I haven't properly caught up with him, and I owe him that much," Falco said to everyone.

Angy looked at Endric in concern. "I wanted to wait here on Planet Agon, but Aetherial informed me that when Gustav returns, he will appear in a different location."

E.E. stepped forward. "Angy, do you want to go back to the MBO in the meantime? It's better than waiting here without knowing where Gustav will show up."

Angy sighed, her shoulders relaxing a bit. "That's true. I'm still an MBO officer after all."

Aildris smiled with a calm look. "I need to return to my family. It's time I take my position as the leader. I can no longer ignore my father's legacy. Besides, those bastards don't deserve it."

A spark of excitement appeared in Ria's eyes as he spoke up. "Endric, I'm coming with you. I want to go on missions outside Earth."

Endric turned to him, his expression serious. "Ria, it's going to be dangerous. We're going after a Time Candidate. There's no telling what we might encounter."

Ria's resolve was unwavering. "I know. But I'm ready for it."

The group fell silent, the weight of their decisions hanging in the air. They had been through so much together, and now it was time for some to go their separate ways pending Gustav's return.

Endric suddenly cleared his throat, drawing everyone's attention. "Listen, everyone. We need to be prepared for Gustav's return. When he comes back, a battle line will be drawn. We have to be ready for whatever challenges lie ahead."

E.E furrowed his brows. "A battle line? What do you mean, Endric?"

Endric met his gaze with a serious expression. "Gustav's return will mark the beginning of a new conflict. I believe it will be at a time where he is ready to face them head on. We must be ready to stand with him. The fourth premonition is only a few months away."

Angy had a perturbed expression. "What if Gustav doesn't return in time? What do we do then?"

Endric took a deep breath. "If Gustav hasn't returned by then, it will be up to us to prevent the devastation. We must be prepared for anything."

Chapter 1589 On The Run

"This position is better off with someone who will actually be available," Gustav shook his head.

When the thought about it, Gustav was right. Looking at the situation, the world leaders were definitely aware of this as well.

However, if Gustav joined it would be as though he was a part of them in name only.

It would quell the unrest while Gustav wouldn't have the time to really keep the government in check. It was a win win for them.

"Will you refuse them? The world balance may fall apart though," Aildris chipped in from the side.

"I'll think about it," Gustav finally said with a contemplative tone.

Xanatus nodded with an expression of understanding. "Thank you. And enjoy the rest of your vacation."

The holographic projection flickered and disappeared, leaving the group to digest the conversation. The sun had dipped below the horizon, casting a deep orange glow over the ocean.

"Well, that was intense. So, Gustav, world leader, huh?" E.E said with a chuckle.

"Let's not get ahead of ourselves," Gustav gave him a light slap at the back of his head.

Falco grinned. "Hey, if you become a world leader, does that mean we get special privileges?"

The place soon erupted with laughter as they kept talking about this all through the night.

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Gustav and the others finally returned to Plankton City the next day.

As they made their way through the airport, a swarm of reporters descended upon them, eager to get a word from Gustav.

"Mr. Crimson, can you tell us if you're going to accept the position as a world leader?" one reporter shouted as a floating mic hovered before him.

"How do you feel about the protests that have erupted worldwide?" another chimed in as camera lenses clicked incessantly.

Gustav maintained his composure and ignored the barrage of questions without pausing. His friends formed a protective barrier around him, ensuring that the reporters couldn't get too close. Angy stayed particularly close with a straight expression.

The group got into hover cars that was already waiting for them and waved each other good-bye. It was time for them all to get back to their families after the last week vacation. They would rendezvous later at E.E's place.

Besides Matilda and Empress Dahria, Gustav and Endric were the only ones who left together.

They finally reached a luxurious penthouse Gustav had booked. Since he cleared his name, he hadn't returned to the MBO.

The penthouse was spacious and elegantly furnished, with large windows offering a panoramic view of the cityscape. Soft lighting and minimalist decor added to the serene atmosphere, providing a perfect retreat from the chaos outside.

Once inside, Gustav let out a deep sigh of relief. "Finally away from all the pestering," he said while looking around the familiar surroundings.

"What do you intend to do now big brother?" Endric inquired.

"Preparations... What about you?" Gustav asked.

"Same."

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Over the next few days, Gustav found himself with much-needed solitude to plan for his upcoming trip to planet Agon. The world continued to buzz with speculation about whether he would accept the position of world leader, but Gustav focused on the task at hand.

In the penthouse, Gustav gathered the sacred items currently in his possession. The void stepper boots, the ancient hourglass, and the sacred armor, which Endric had finally handed to him. He wrapped a layer of compressive space around the armor to suppress the energy it was giving off.

It was still a highly sought after artifact so he wouldn't want to attract unnecessary forces to this place.

Cohilia, the living devourer, remained embedded in his left palm. This meant he had four out of five sacred treasures.

Gustav sat cross-legged in the middle of his spacious living room, channeling his bloodline and taking stock of his abilities.

He was acutely aware that he was still at the fourth step of Beta rank, yet he currently held the title of world's strongest. He had achieved this during the intense battle with Angy and Jack but at the time didn't notice it because things were pretty intense.

As he meditated, focusing on his internal energy and power, he couldn't help but marvel at how far he had come. The journey had been arduous, filled with challenges and trials and yet he had successfully completed one of out of the five years quest.

One evening, Gustav was checking his system stats...

[Host Attributes]

-Name: Gustav Crimson

-Level: 210

-Class: Transdimensional Being

-Exp: 67,040,000/302,000,000

-Hp: 450,000/450,000

-Energy: 210,000/210,000

{Attributes}

»Strength: 899

»Perception: 895

»Mental Fortitude: 898

»Agility: 896

»Speed: 899

»Bravery: 897

»Intelligence: 895

»Charm: 411

»Defence: 898

»Vitality: 893

»Endurance: 896

{Attributes points: 127}

'Hmm is there really no limit as to how powerful I can get from the system?' Gustav thought about how he was already beyond level 200.

Besides strength from all of his bloodlines, he also had strength from the system and then strength from being a cosmic Superior being. It felt like he had limitless potential.

Unfortunately, whether he had limitless potential or not, strength had to be cultivated. One couldn't just achieve the highest level with a snap of the fingers.

Chaos wasn't going to wait for him to cultivate strength before it struck. So it didn't really matter that he could keep improving, what mattered the most right now was speed.

As he reviewed his stats, a new system notification popped up, catching his attention:

\[System Notification: Rewards for Becoming the World's Strongest Mixedblood \]

\[Issuing Rewards... \]

Gustav's eyes widened in anticipation as the notification continued:

\[Congratulations host. As the World's Strongest Mixedblood, you have unlocked the following rewards:
\]

\[» Cosmic Insight: Gain knowledge of otherworldly forces upon contact. \]

\[» Level up x3 \]

\[» +2 Bloodlines Unlock \]

\[System Notification: Since shops has been sacrificed to attain system manifestation in the past, credits will be replaced with a different reward; +2 Skill Evolution Cards. \]

\[» +200 Attribute Points \]

Gustav felt a surge of energy course through him as the level up rewards took effect.

"Finally, the rewards are here," Gustav mumbled with a scrutinizing gaze.

("I was held up,") The system voice rang in his mind.

"Held up with what?" Gustav questioned with a suspicious tone.

Fwwhiii~

A red light phased out of him in the next instant and the system materialized in it's usual teenage girl form.

"Origins... You're going to be discovering my origin soon," The system voiced.

[Activating Cosmic Insight]

Gustav saw the notification appear before him after staring at the system's physical form.

< Archaic Otherworldly Artificial Life Form Detected >

< Drawing Information... >

< From the Throxiac Dimension >

< Created For The Purpose Of... >

"Not now!" The system suddenly retracted back into Gustav, causing the readings in his line of sight to stop.

"What the hell? Get back out here!" Gustav voiced with a strong tone.

("No. Not yet,")

"You've been saying this for years. It's about time I figured out everything else you're hiding."

("You will but at least hold on till after you get back from the Siterus void. It will interfere with your mission.")

"I highly doubt that. Your ass is not to be trusted."

("I'm telling you the truth. Your head has to be in the game. Things relating to me should only be secondary.")

"How about you go fuck yourself," Gustav stated with a tone of annoyance.

At that moment, Angy walked into the room; "Are you okay?"

"Yeah yeah I'm fine," Gustav answered with a nod. He still hadn't let Angy know that there was something living inside of him. The boys were already aware but he didn't know how Angy would react if she found out that the 'something' could become a girl. Who knew how she would take it?

"I heard you earlier... You sounded agitated," Angy sat beside him with a slightly worried look.

"No I'm fine. Just preparing for the Agon trip," Gustav said to her.

"Oh alright. Mum said to ask if you were joining us for dinner," Angy inquired.

"Sure thing. Just let me brush things up here," He responded with a smile.

Angy smiled back and gave him a kiss on his left cheek.

"See you soon babe."

After Angy stepped out Gustav's face went back to a frown.

'Fuck you!' he yelled internally.

("... you'd break Angy's heart if you did that.")

Gustav rolled his eyes in response. He couldn't be bothered to reply.

He stared at the two bloodlines he got from the reward.

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\[Primal Bond: A+ grade bloodline that grants one the ability to boost the bloodline abilities of everyone around them based on the strength of their bond. \]

\[Raw Assimilation: A grade bloodline that grants one the ability to merge with raw non-living matter. \]

Gustav imagined the possibilities these two bloodlines presented. Primal Bond was particularly intriguing. The idea of enhancing the strength and abilities of his friends based on the depth of their bond was both powerful and meaningful.

It would allow him to support his allies in ways he had never been able to before, strengthening their collective resolve and abilities during critical moments.

Chapter 1590 I Banish You All

Gustav reactivated his golden body form in time causing a radiant light to envelop him.

The hand that had lunged at him, burned upon contact, forcing the shadowy hand to shrink away. Gustav's darkened flesh also returned to its natural state, but Gustav could feel the lingering effects of the encounter.

"What was that thing?" he wondered once more.

Gustav had destroyed it before and yet it returned so he wasn't sure it was gone for good even after getting rid of it again.

His instincts proved correct when he was attacked again, this time by multiple shadowy hands emerging from the ground. They moved with eerie coordination, each one trying to latch onto him and spread their corruption.

Gustav unleashing a powerful burst of energy that disintegrated the hands. But even as they fell apart, they began to reform, their dark essence refusing to be vanquished.

Gustav continuously did his best to escape physical contact with the shadowy hands. Using his atomic disintegration he managed to temporarily dissipate many of them, but they always reformed, no matter what he did.

[Acquisition Has Been Activated]

Gustav activated Acquisition to see if it could be of any help in this situation.

Unfortunately, nothing happened. The hands still came at him. Gustav guessed that these hands didn't count as beings with supernatural abilities.

Realizing that his efforts were futile, Gustav decided to flee the surroundings and leave the shadowy entities alone for now.

"This isn't getting me anywhere," he thought with a slight look of frustration simmering beneath his calm exterior. "I need to find out more about what's going on here."

Gustav activated his void stepping boots again, vanishing from the spot and reappearing on the other side of the planet. He continued to explore the decomposed remains of what used to be Earth.

As he moved through the ruins, he saw more of the dark shadowy entities. Some took the form of hands, like the one that attacked him earlier, while others appeared as amorphous blobs of darkness that seemed to absorb all light around them. They moved sluggishly as if they were drawn to any semblance of life or energy.

"These things are everywhere," Gustav muttered to himself, watching one of the shadowy blobs engulf a piece of debris, turning it into darkened ash. "What could have caused this? How did Earth, and possibly other planets, end up like this?"

He continued to theorize as he moved. "Could this be the after effects of that?"

Gustav had a number of guesses but his mind main hinged on a particular one.

His thoughts were interrupted by another shadowy hand emerging from the ground. He quickly void-stepped away, avoiding contact and reappearing a safe distance from the entity. "I can't let them touch me again."

He decided to explore other planets in the surrounding void, hoping to find more clues.

Using his void stepping boots, he began to traverse the vast expanse of space, moving from one desolate planet to another.

Each one bore the same signs of destruction and shadowy infestation. Their surfaces were scorched and marked with deep craters.

"Every planet is the same," he observed, standing on the surface of a particularly large planet. "It's like a plague has swept through this entire region, leaving nothing but darkness and decay in its wake."

As he explored, he noticed that the shadowy entities varied in form and behavior. Some were aggressive, like the hands that had attacked him, while others seemed more passive, simply existing in their darkened state.

He also observed that the entities seemed to be drawn to any source of light or energy, which explained why they had attacked him.

"I can't waste any more time," he thought as his eyes scanned the desolate landscape. "I need to find Planet Humbad."

Gustav had looked around enough to get a general idea of what caused all of this but this was the future. It hadn't happened yet and there was still hope.

What he needed to do now more than ever was find Planet Humbad but the problem of which direction to head in, remained.

He suddenly got an idea and opened the system panel.

From the system panel, he decided to check his five years quests... Or specifically, the one he hadn't completed yet.

[Locate Dimension Six On Planet Humbad]

< Progress >

[89.10/100%]

Gustav noticed that the percentage fluctuated as he moved.

He took a step toward the west, watching the progress decrease to 89.05%. Turning to the northeast, the percentage climbed back up to 89.15%.

"North-east it is," he muttered to himself while taking off into the air with a burst of speed. The void stepping boots activated, propelling him forward with incredible velocity. He flew through the stagnant siterus void causing the remnants of destroyed planets and moons to blur past him.

The journey was arduous, with Gustav encountering more of the dark, shadowy entities along the way. They seemed to be drawn to his presence, reaching out with their tendrils in an attempt to ensnare him.

Despite the burst of speed from the void stepping boots which game him the ability to travel hundreds of light years in just an instant, he would still encounter the shadowy entities.

"They're everywhere," Gustav noticed that sometimes they even appeared in space, above the decimated planets.

He flew over the charred remains of what had once been thriving cities, now nothing more than crumbling ruins swallowed by darkness.

Each new planet he encountered seemed to share the same fate, a grim reminder of the void's corrupting influence.

As he flew, Gustav kept an eye on the system panel, monitoring the progress percentage. It was slow, but it was increasing, guiding him ever closer to his goal.

Gustav felt like he had been moving for hours already but who knew if this part of space was bound by the normal laws of time. For all he knew, it could have been months already.

Nevertheless, he kept soaring through the stagnant siterus void.

His focus remained steadfast on the system panel in his vision, the progress bar slowly creeping upwards.

\[Locate Dimension Six On Planet Humbad \]

\[< Progress > \]

\[98.00/100% \]

"Just a bit more," Gustav muttered to himself, his voice barely audible in the vacuum of space.

As the percentage reached 98, Gustav's surroundings began to distort. He found himself caught in a peculiar phenomenon. The fabric of space-time seemed to twist and ripple around him.

Every time he surged forward, he was inexplicably transported to a different location within the void.

\[Locate Dimension Six On Planet Humbad \]

\[< Progress > \]

\[95.00/100% \]

"What is this?" Gustav frowned, attempting to comprehend the nature of this spatial anomaly.

He tried again, using his Lightning Blitz to increase his speed, hoping to break through whatever was hindering his progress. In a flash, he found himself somewhere else, the scenery unchanged but the coordinates different.

\[Locate Dimension Six On Planet Humbad \]

\[< Progress > \]

\[94.00/100% \]

The progress percentage reduction was particularly frustrating.

"No matter what I do, it's the same result," Gustav muttered.

He paused for a moment, hovering in the void, and pondered his situation. "If the direct approach isn't working, perhaps there's another way."

Gustav decided to try a different tactic. He reached out with his perception, extending it as far as he could within the constraints of the stagnant siterus void. Despite the oppressive environment, he focused on sensing any anomalies or disturbances that might explain the warping space.

Unfortunately, he couldn't really pick up on much but he could tell that the spatial anomaly was like a wall that extended far deep into the stagnant siterus void.

One thing he knew about walls was that, they always had an end.

With this thought in mind, Gustav decided to go around it.

The void stepping boots glowed and he took a step forward.

Thhrrriihhh~

He instantly reappeared, five thousand light years away from his initial position.

\[Locate Dimension Six On Planet Humbad \]

\[< Progress > \]

\[91.00/100% \]

The progress percentage had reduced by so much but Gustav could still sense the spatial anomaly around so he stepped forward once more.

Thriihhh~

This time he reappeared, ten thousand light years away.

\[Locate Dimension Six On Planet Humbad \]

\[< Progress > \]

\[84.00/100% \]

Gustav couldn't sense the spatial anomaly anymore and immediately turned to the side before surging forward with speed.

He inputted more energy into the void stepping boots this time and crossed a distance of more than ten thousand light years in a single second.

Fortunately, he was not sent reeling back this time.

[Progress: 92.10%]

He let out a sigh of relief after seeing the progression. He was on the right track. He continued forward, watching the percentage steadily climb.

"Almost there," Gustav thought.

He kept pushing forward, and soon, he found himself in an area where planets were few and far between.

The void seemed to stretch endlessly, but there was a subtle difference in the atmosphere.

As Gustav moved further, the number of planets in the surroundings kept reducing.