

Bloodline 1591

Chapter 1591 Dark Fantasy

The air around them seemed to tremble with each strike, and the ground beneath crumbled further.

"Not bad, Gustav," Jack grunted, his eyes gleaming with respect. "You've truly gotten way stronger."

Gustav smirked, dodging a particularly fierce punch. "I had to, didn't I?"

With a mutual understanding, they launched themselves into the sky, heading for outer space where they could unleash their full strength without causing undue destruction on Earth.

As they ascended, the city lights below them grew distant, replaced by the vast expanse of stars.

In the weightlessness of space, they continued their battle. Their blows caused ripples in the fabric of the cosmos.

Their physical strength alone was immense, each punch sending shockwaves that traveled across the void. They refrained from using any supernatural abilities, relying solely on their raw power.

"Let's see if you can keep up," Jack said, his voice in challenge as though he hadn't accepted the fact that Gustav was now the world's strongest.

Gustav responded with a powerful right hook, sending Jack hurtling through space. Jack quickly recovered, charging back with equal force. They collided again, the impact causing a nearby star to shatter into fragments. Its light got extinguished in an instant.

For what felt like hours, they battled relentlessly, neither gaining a clear advantage.

Their physical strength seemed evenly matched. Finally, as they hovered amidst the wreckage of the destroyed star, Jack raised a hand.

"Alright, Gustav. I acknowledge your strength. You're the real deal."

Gustav nodded with a steady breathe despite the intensity of their fight. "Thanks, Jack."

They returned to Earth, landing back on the rooftop where their battle had begun. The night was still, the city below unaware of the epic clash that had just taken place above them.

Jack leaned against the railing, looking out over the city. "You've come a long way, Gustav. Although, I'd still like to say I'm stronger because I can sense you're not even an Alpha ranked Mixedblood yet, I know you have abilities that could make anyone unable to move a muscle."

Gustav pulled a small rounded button from his storage space and handed it to Jack. "There's something you need to have."

Jack took the button, examining it curiously. "What's this?"

"It's a data storage button," Gustav explained. "Everything I've discovered so far—about the Dark Plane, the Death Angels, and other things—is stored within. I don't know when I'll return from the Stagnant Siterus Void and I need to bring everyone up to speed on things I know. You all need to be prepared."

Jack's expression grew serious as he kept the button away. "I will make sure we are."

Gustav nodded with a look of relief.

They stood in silence for a moment before Jack finally broke the silence.

"How do you feel about everything that's happened recently? The council, the new responsibilities?"

"It's a lot but I've played my part and left the rest in the hands of trusted allies and subordinates. I leave for Planet Agon tomorrow," Gustav replied with a firm tone.

Jack nodded thoughtfully. "I'll hold things down while you're away."

...

...

...

As the events surrounding Gustav settled, it was finally time for him to head back to Agon.

This time, his closest friends and allies—E.E, Aildris, Falco, Angy, Endric and even Vera—decided to accompany him. Matilda had left already with Empress Dahria so they were unable to come with.

They all gathered at the spaceship port where Gustav's spacecraft was parked.

"You know... You guys really don't have to, right?" Gustav turned to stare at everyone while rolling his eyes.

E.E grinned and patted Gustav on the back. "Last time we let you face this alone, you ended up being unconscious for nearly two months. Let's go."

Aildris nodded, his eyes serious. "We're not backing out."

Falco added, "Besides, we have to keep an eye on you and make sure you don't get into trouble without us."

Angy smiled softly in response. Her horns had regrown to their full length at this point. She was back to full power so she was ready for anything.

Endric, standing off to the side, gave a brief nod. "Let's get this over with."

With everyone aboard, the spaceship powered up, and they left Earth, heading towards Agon.

...

...

...

Upon arrival at Agon, they were greeted by Aetherial, the ethereal guardian who had guided Gustav before. "Welcome back, Gustav," Aetherial said, her voice like a gentle breeze. "And welcome to your companions. Please, follow me."

They were led through the intricate and beautiful pathways of Agon, causing surprised gasps to escape the lips of the others who hadn't been here before.

The skies were a stunning teal, with clouds that looked like they were made of pure light. The landscape was dotted with crystalline structures and lush greenery that twinkled purely.

Finally, they arrived at the grand chamber where Gustav had trained his three in one Golden body. Miss Aimee's projection awaited.

In the center stood the holographic figure of Miss Aimee, her presence as serene and commanding as ever.

"Welcome back, kiddo," Miss Aimee's projection said, "Are you prepared?"

Gustav stepped forward with a resolute expression. "Miss Aimee. I am prepared."

Miss Aimee's projection smiled, a hint of pride in her eyes. "You have grown so much, kid. Very well. Get ready to use the warp demolator."

Gustav nodded while clading himself with his sacred armor. The intricate, shimmering plates formed around his body, providing both protection and enhancing his abilities.

He gave off a thrumming force that caused waves of disturbance across space.

The void stepping boots materialized in his grasp and he proceeded to wear them as well.

Aetherial led Gustav to a containment area that was heavily fortified and surrounded by intricate sigils and runes.

In the center of this area was a pedestal, and on it rested the fragment of the warp demolator. The fragment was contained within a glowing, translucent field that seemed to buzz with immense power.

Miss Aimee's projection appeared beside Gustav. "It is time."

Gustav stepped forward and grabbed the containment before lifting it and heading out.

He soon stood before everyone as the containment field of the warp demolator pulsed with an intense energy.

They had all gathered on a plateau overlooking the vast, crystalline landscape of Agon. Their faces were filled with mixed expressions because they knew this moment marked the beginning of a perilous journey for Gustav.

Gustav turned to his friends, his eyes reflecting both determination and gratitude. "Thank you all for being here. I don't know when I'll be back, but I promise to return. Take care of each other."

E.E stepped forward as his usual grin was replaced with a serious expression. "You'd better come back, Gus. We're counting on you."

Aildris placed a hand on Gustav's shoulder. "Stay strong, and remember, we're always with you."

Falco nodded solemnly. "You just do your thing. I'll keep the others safe."

Angy eyes were filled with sadness "Be safe," she proceeded to hug him.

"Big brother, I've put an extra layer of protection around you. I can't try to see into the fates in order not to risk anything bad happening so you have to be careful," Enric cautioned with a look of concern.

"I'll try. No need to worry about me," Gustav ruffled his hair with a smile.

Gustav proceeded to give them all one last look. "Goodbye, everyone."

With that, Gustav lifted the containment field higher as the immense power made the air around him vibrate.

He ascended into the sky causing the containment to glow brighter as he rose higher, leaving the planet's surface behind. His friends watched in silence, their hearts heavy but hopeful.

As he reached the edge of Agon's atmosphere, Gustav channeled his energy into the containment field. The field began to crack and splinter, beams of light shooting out in every direction.

As he sped further and further, the containment cracked more.

With a final surge of speed, the containment shattered, and the warp demolator was freed.

The warp demolator fragment thrashed around wildly, its form shifting and expanding uncontrollably.

Gustav activated his three-in-one golden body form at this moment, causing his entire being to glow with a divine radiance. The golden energy enveloped him, amplifying his strength and abilities to their peak.

The warp demolator continued to grow. Its mass became humongous as it rushed into the depths of space. Gustav didn't hesitate; he blazed forward causing his golden form leaving a trail of light in the dark void.

"Here goes nothing," Gustav muttered to himself as he pushed his speed to the limit, closing the distance between him and the warp demolator.

The fragment was now an enormous entity, its energy pulsating with an almost sentient fury. Gustav maneuvered through the chaotic energy fields it emitted.

As he drew closer, the warp demolator seemed to grow more haywire. Gustav gritted his teeth and pushed forward, the golden energy around him flaring brightly.

Twwhoosssshhh~

With a burst of speed, Gustav flew directly into the heart of the warp demolator.

Chapter 1592 Celestial Decree

Miss Aimee didn't respond immediately. Instead, she continued walking forward, with confident and deliberate strides.

Gustav watched in surprise as the magma-like liquid began to part before her, creating a narrow path through the molten sea.

Gustav's eyes widened in astonishment. "Miss Aimee, what are you doing? I thought you said not to use abilities."

Miss Aimee glanced back at him with a calm smile on her face. "Gustav, I am a transcendent being. My abilities won't affect the integrity of this planet's fragile core. I can create a path for us."

Gustav hesitated for a moment before following her, carefully stepping onto the newly formed path.

The heat radiating from the magma was intense, but the path Miss Aimee created was cool and solid under his feet.

"Why didn't you tell me earlier?" Gustav asked as they walked, his voice a mixture of relief and curiosity.

Miss Aimee's smile widened. "I wanted you to see the magnitude of what we are dealing with. Sometimes, experiencing the journey firsthand is the best way to understand the challenges we face."

Gustav nodded, absorbing her words. "So, where are we headed now?"

"To the heart of this place," Miss Aimee replied. "The path will lead us to it."

They continued walking, the path winding through the sea of molten liquid. The glowing magma cast eerie shadows on the cavern walls, creating a surreal and otherworldly atmosphere. Gustav couldn't help but marvel at the sight, even as he remained vigilant for any signs of danger.

As they walked, Gustav's mind raced with questions. "Miss Aimee, what exactly are we looking for down here?"

"We'll know when we see it," Miss Aimee answered.

Gustav was just curious as to what to look out for but it seemed like Miss Aimee wasn't too sure herself.

As Gustav and Miss Aimee continued their journey forward, the magma-like liquid continued to part before them, creating a pathway that snaked through the vast expanse of molten rock.

The walls of magma rose on either side, forming a corridor that shimmered with intense heat and light. Despite the treacherous surroundings, Gustav felt a sense of calm. His trust in Miss Aimee's abilities were unwavering.

They walked in silence for what seemed like hours, the only sounds being the bubbling of the magma and the soft tap of their own footsteps.

The path beneath their feet gradually began to change, shifting from the rough, uneven surface of the chasm to something more refined and constructed. The ground took on a smoother texture, and intricate patterns began to emerge, etched into the very rock itself.

Gustav paused, glancing around in awe. "The ground here... its... Unscathed."

Miss Aimee nodded. "Yes, kiddo. We're getting closer."

As they continued, the refined ground gave way to an expansive platform that stretched out before them.

It was incredibly large, its surface unscathed by the surrounding magma. The platform's structure was nearly indescribable. It was a blend of intricate patterns and futuristic designs that seemed both ancient and advanced.

At the center of the platform stood a structure that seemed to defy the very fabric of reality. It was both in time and out of time, a paradoxical blend of past and future.

Various technological constructs adorned its surface, their designs sleek and incredibly advanced. Holographic interfaces flickered with streams of data, and strange, glowing symbols adorned the walls.

Gustav's eyes widened in astonishment. "Is this it?"

Miss Aimee smiled, her eyes filled with a sense of reverence. "Yes Gustav, this is Dimension Six."

Gustav stepped forward, his gaze fixed on the structure. "Dimension Six... At last."

However, Gustav couldn't see the system notification alert that he had completed the second five years quest just yet.

He figured that he probably needed to get in first.

"The knowledge and power contained here will help you understand your origins. Prepare yourself, Gustav. What you'll find in there, will be beyond your current imagination."

"Bet..." Gustav mumbled.

They approached the structure, the air around them thrummed with energy.

Gustav could feel the power radiating from the platform, a tangible force that seemed to resonate with his very being. The intricate patterns on the ground pulsed with light, guiding their steps toward the heart of Dimension Six.

Miss Aimee and Gustav reached the entry point of Dimension Six, only to find themselves unable to proceed.

An invisible force seemed to push them back, preventing any further movement. The air around them thrummed with a strange energy, and the very fabric of reality seemed to shimmer and distort.

Gustav frowned as his brows furrowed. "Is there some sort of code for access?"

Miss Aimee's eyes scanned the surroundings, "Let's look around. The answers are often hidden in plain sight."

Gustav turned his attention to the walls around them, noticing for the intricate artistic depictions that adorned the stone. The carvings were beautiful and elaborate, telling a story through a series of images and symbols. He moved closer, examining them with keen interest.

"These carvings... they tell a tale," Gustav said, his voice filled with wonder. "It's about the creation and access to Dimension Six."

Miss Aimee nodded, joining him in examining the depictions. "Looks like the Slarkovs recorded some of their history and knowledge through art. Let's see what we can learn."

As they studied the carvings, the story began to unfold. The first series of images showed a group of beings, presumably the Slarkovs, standing before a darkened sky. Then a drop of something that looked like a water but certainly wasn't water, fell to the ground.

The ground caved in and some impossible structures came into existence. That was Dimension Six... a place depicted as a realm of infinite possibilities, where wishes could be granted, and resources were abundant.

"Oh?" Gustav mused, "it was like a paradise. A realm where anything was possible."

Miss Aimee pointed to the next set of images. "But look here. The dimension seemed to have demanded something in return."

The images showed a series of warnings, depicted through symbolic representations. The message was clear: the dimension would grant anything you needed, but greed would be met with severe punishment.

The final images were grim, showing individuals who had ignored the warnings being met with gruesome fates.

"So, the dimension punishes greed," Gustav said slowly. "It only grants what you need, not what you want. Those who were greedy faced dire consequences."

Miss Aimee's expression was serious. "It looks like the power of Dimension Six is immense, but it wishes to be respected. It possesses sentience. We must be mindful of our intentions."

Gustav nodded. "There must be a way to pass this barrier. We must be something we're missing."

They continued to examine the carvings, looking for any clues that might help them. Gustav's eyes fell on a small, almost hidden depiction near the bottom of one of the walls. It showed a figure getting something and afterwards getting pushed out.

After the depictions, the images seemed to display some changes. People trying to get in but being unable to.

"There is no access... It's locked... Forever," Gustav came to this realisation.

If the Dimension had been in existence since before the planet got pulled into the stagnant siterus void, there was no doubt that it had been locked for centuries already.

What were they supposed to do about that?

"There has to be some sort of way to get in," Gustav said while moving around.

He went around again and scanned the surroundings multiple times but still came up blank.

It looked like dimension six was thoroughly sealed without no form of entry. Did that mean coming here was for naught?

He couldn't possibly let it end here now that they had reached this pivotal point.

"Miss Aimee, can I use my abilities now?" Gustav inquired.

"Yeah sure... Dimension Six blankets the surroundings so the planet's core will be o..." Even before Miss Aimee could answer completely...

Boom!

Gustav had thrown a fist at the invisible barrier preventing them from moving any further.

"I don't think that's gonna..." Before Miss Aimee could caution him again...

Boom!

Gustav fist rammed into it once more, causing the surroundings to tremble immensely.

Despite the amount of strength Gustav put into his fists, they were unable to punch a hole through whatever was hindering them.

He arched his arm back intensely, letting his energy climb to ridiculous levels as he prepared to strike again.

Miss Aimee's hair and clothes flapped intensely as the air crackled.

'He has really grown,' She couldn't help but smile as she watched him from the side.

Boom!

Gustav's fist drove into the hindrance, causing a devastating clash to ring out as torrents of wind swept across the surroundings.

Even the magma in the surroundings were affected by this, causing a storm of steam to erupt.

After a couple of seconds, the steam slowly reduced and the hindering invisible wall remained unmoving.

Even the ground beneath their feet didn't crack from Gustav's intensity. There was no doubt that dimension six power was astronomical.

"Cohila..." Gustav called forth as rhombus shaped patterns of light surrounded his form.

Chapter 1593 Help The People

Philip was fifteen so he wasn't that much old but his physique made him look like he was agemates with Gustav and Angy.

Philip's eyes lit up with excitement. "You really are the strongest! Everyone won't stop talking about you at school."

Angy rolled her eyes, but there was a fond smile on her face as she watched the interaction.

Her family had always welcomed Gustav, treating him like one of their own, and seeing them together like this made her feel like, for just a moment, things were normal.

"Why don't you all sit down and relax?" Angy's mother suggested, ushering them into the living room. "I'll make something for us to eat."

Gustav, Endric, Wilendor, and Angy followed her lead, settling into the cozy living room.

For a while, the conversation flowed easily, the warmth of the home a vastly different to the chaos that had just ended outside. It was a moment of peace.

As the sun began to set, casting a soft orange glow through the windows, Angy sat beside Gustav as her hand rested lightly on his arm. "See?" she said with a gentle smile.

"Taking a moment doesn't mean giving up. We'll handle the sword and everything else. But for now, just... breathe."

Gustav sighed, leaning back into the couch. "You're right," he admitted quietly. "I needed this more than I thought."

She smiled at him, her eyes filled with understanding. "We all need these moments. You're not in this fight alone, Gustav. Remember that."

As the evening wore on, Gustav allowed himself to relax for the first time in what felt like forever. But even as he sat there, surrounded by warmth and familiarity, his mind was already turning to the battle ahead. There was still so much to do, and the sword was still out there, waiting for him.

But for now, just for a little while longer, he allowed himself to rest.

...

...

Gustav sat at a large, circular desk deep within the MBO's intelligence center, a high-tech room filled with holographic displays and buzzing with activity. The entire area was dimly lit, with the faint glow of information screens casting an eerie blue light over the officers who moved quickly from one task to the next. Gustav had been there for hours, sifting through the vast database that stored the information of all the soldiers who had been sent to the dark plane. His eyes were fixed on the glowing screen before him, where lists of names, ranks, and abilities scrolled endlessly.

This wasn't just a casual search; Gustav was looking for **one person**—the man who had appeared in the mind of the **Death Angel**, the corrupted soldier who was working for Nocturnis. He'd seen the face clearly during his mind probe, and now it was only a matter of time before he found that person's identity.

After what felt like an eternity, Gustav's eyes narrowed as a familiar face appeared on the screen.

"There you are," he muttered to himself, leaning forward.

The name on the screen read: **Calden Reist**, a former **Delta-Ranked Mixedblood** officer of the MBO. His rank was impressive—**Delta-ranked** Mixedbloods were considered to be incredibly powerful, only a step below the rarest and strongest Alphas and Omegas. According to the file, Caldén had been one of the many volunteers who had entered the dark plane during the ill-fated mission. But something about him had changed. The dark energy from that dimension had corrupted him, just as it had done to many others, but it seemed that Caldén had been twisted into something far worse.

Gustav scanned through Calden's **bloodline abilities**, reading them carefully. None of his original abilities had anything to do with teleportation or creating dimensional cracks, which confirmed what Gustav had suspected: Calden was now using borrowed power—**Nocturnis's power**.

"So, Nocturnis gave you the ability to move through dimensions," Gustav muttered, his eyes narrowing. "That's how you took the sword."

He tapped a button on the screen, bringing up more detailed records. Calden had a **wife** and a **ten-year-old daughter**. For a moment, Gustav felt a pang of empathy. He had been an MBO officer, a man with a family, who had likely volunteered for the mission believing he was protecting his loved ones and the world. But now, he was a pawn of Nocturnis, corrupted beyond recognition.

Gustav sighed, rubbing the back of his neck. "I get why you did it, but there's no turning back now."

He knew what had to be done. Calden was responsible for much of the chaos they were facing, and as much as Gustav wished things could have been different, there was no room for mercy. With a swift motion, he activated his comm link, connecting directly to the MBO's main command center.

"This is Gustav Crimson," he said, his voice cold and professional. "I've identified the soldier responsible for the recent events. His name is Calden Reist, former Delta-ranked officer. He's been corrupted by Nocturnis's power, and he's dangerous. We need to locate him immediately."

The voice on the other end responded quickly, filled with urgency. "Understood, Sir. We'll put out the alert and start the search across Earth and the surrounding planets."

Gustav leaned back in his chair, his mind racing as the MBO officers began spreading the word. There was no telling where Calden could be now—he could be hiding anywhere, on any planet, using the dark power he had gained from Nocturnis. But they would find him.

As he waited for any updates, a familiar, playful voice echoed in his mind.

It's been a while, Gustav. I see you've been busy.

Gustav's eyes widened as a glowing figure materialized before him, taking on the form of a **teenage girl** with bright red hair and a flowing **red gown**. The figure hovered just above the ground, her eyes gleaming mischievously as she grinned at him. It was **the System**, the mysterious entity that had guided him through countless quests and challenges over the years.

Gustav raised an eyebrow, leaning back in his chair. ***Oh, look who decided to show up,*** he said, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "You've been quiet for a long time."

The System crossed her arms and floated closer, her eyes sparkling with amusement. ***Well, I had to give you some space. Besides, you've been taking your sweet time completing those quests. Four years, Gustav? Really?***

Gustav rolled his eyes. ***Four years? You think fighting Death Angels, sealing dark fissures, and traveling through dimensions is a walk in the park? You've got some nerve.***

The System chuckled, her voice filled with a teasing edge. ***Maybe you just need to get better at multitasking. Anyway, I'm not here to scold you. I'm here to give you your reward for reaching Dimension Six on Planet Humbad.***

Before Gustav could respond, a series of **notifications** appeared in his line of sight, glowing brightly in front of him.

[**Rewards For Quest Completion**]

[+5 Grade A Bloodlines Unlocked]

Gustav's eyes flicked over the list of newly unlocked **Grade A bloodlines**. He could feel the surge of power as each one integrated into his being, making him even more formidable.

- **Leviathan's Wrath (Water Mastery)**: Control over vast bodies of water, able to summon tsunamis and manipulate water on a molecular level.

- **Astral Manipulation**: The ability to tap into and control cosmic energy, granting access to powerful celestial attacks.

- **Elemental Fusion**: The capability to merge different elements together, creating devastating combinations like molten lava and storms of ice.

- **Temporal Blade**: Mastery over time manipulation, allowing Gustav to accelerate, freeze, or reverse the time flow within a limited area.

- **Echoform**: The ability to create duplicates of oneself made from pure energy, each copy as strong as the original for a short duration.

"Not bad, right?" the System said, floating lazily around him. **"These should help you deal with whatever nasty things Nocturnis throws your way."**

Gustav smirked, impressed by the new additions. **"I guess you're good for something after all. What else?"**

Another notification flashed before him.

[**Class Boosted: You Are Now A Polar-Interdimensional Being**]

The System grinned as Gustav read the notification. "***Congratulations, you're now capable of shifting between dimensions with even greater ease. Not only that, but your presence will now have a more profound impact on the dimensional fabric. You've leveled up, my friend.**"

Gustav nodded, feeling the shift within him. His awareness of the different planes of existence had heightened. The very air around him felt more malleable, and the boundaries between dimensions seemed thinner in his presence.

More notifications appeared.

[+100,000,000 EXP Earned]

[+3 Unique Skills Unlocked]

- **Cosmic Erasure**: The ability to erase an object or entity from existence across all dimensions. This power takes immense energy and focus but is virtually unstoppable once unleashed.

- **Dimensional Fusion**: The power to merge two or more dimensions temporarily, allowing Gustav to trap enemies in a hybrid plane of reality where he controls the rules.

- **Void Shield**: A defensive ability that creates an impenetrable shield using the void between dimensions, capable of absorbing all forms of energy and matter.

Gustav raised an eyebrow as he read through the new skills. **Cosmic Erasure? Dimensional Fusion? You're really giving me the big guns now.**

The System smirked. **You've earned it. But don't get too cocky—there's still more to come.**

The final notification flashed.

[**All Abilities Shall Undergo Evolutional Upgrade in: 23:59:50**]

[**Skills Will Be Unavailable For Activation When Evolutional Upgrade Begins**]

[**Original Bloodline: Genetic Transformation Shall Undergo Upgrade To S Grade**]

Gustav leaned back, processing everything. His **Genetic Transformation bloodline**, the original power that had defined him for so long, was finally going to evolve into something even greater.

The System floated in front of him, arms crossed and grinning. "***Looks like you've got quite the boost ahead of you. But, you know, with great power comes great—**"

"**Yeah, yeah, I get it,**" Gustav interrupted, waving her off. "I'll be careful. You just make sure you're around when I need you this time."

The System gave him a mock salute. "***Always, boss. Just try not to take another four years for the next quest.**"

Gustav chuckled, shaking his head. "***No promises.**"

As the System faded back into his subconscious, Gustav leaned forward, ready to put his new abilities to the test. There was still a lot to do, and now he had the power to do it.

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

---SS

Empress Dahria, with her authoritative bearing, still managed to engage in light-hearted banter, showing a more relaxed side of herself that was rarely seen.

Nearby, E.E., Falco, Aildris, Endric, and Ria were having the time of their lives at the shore.

E.E.'s melanin skin glistened in the sunlight, his wet, bushy afro hair bouncing as he moved. His infectious laughter filled the air as he cracked jokes and splashed water at his friends.

"E.E., you look like a sea monster with that hair!" Falco teased while ducking to avoid another splash.

"Oh yeah?" E.E. retorted with a grin. "At least I don't look like a rat that got drowned in milk, Falco!"

Aildris had built an impressive sandcastle, much to the admiration of the others. "Check this out," he said proudly, gesturing to his creation. "A castle fit for a king."

Aildris rarely ever showed this childish side of him so it as quite heartwarming to see him playing around like this.

Endric dashed around with youthful energy whole making small crabs float from the middle of the ocean. "Got one!" he exclaimed while holding up a tiny crab for everyone to see before gently releasing it back into the water.

Rialaughed at Endric's antics and joined in the fun.

Meanwhile, Gustav sat a little distance away, looking effortlessly handsome in his summer outfit.

His presence commanded attention, and many of the ladies on the beach couldn't help but steal glances at him. However, Gustav paid them no mind. His focus was elsewhere, his eyes fixated on the holographic system notification panel that only he could see.

The panel displayed two messages that had been occupying his thoughts for days:

\[Five Year Quest Completed (1/2): Become The World's Strongest Mixedblood ✓ \]

\[Issuing Rewards... \]

Gustav furrowed his brow, trying to make sense of the messages. He had completed one of the quests, but the reward had yet to manifest. What was taking so long?

As he pondered this, Angy approached him, her eyes sparkling with happiness. "Hey, Gus," she said, sitting beside him and nudging him playfully. "You're missing out on all the fun."

Gustav smiled, his eyes softening as he looked at her. "I know, Angy. Just got carried a way for a bit."

Angy tilted her head as her gaze flickered with concern. "You know we came here to relax, right?"

Gustav sighed while running a hand through his hair. "Yeah you're right. I should probably put everything away in the meantime."

Angy placed a reassuring hand on his arm. "Come on, a lot has happened. Why don't we enjoy the vacation? You've earned it."

Gustav nodded, appreciating her words. "Thanks, Angy."

She smiled, her eyes filled with warmth. "Now come on, let's join the others."

As they walked toward the shore, the rest of the group noticed them and cheered. "Finally decided to join us, huh?" Falco called out, grinning.

Gustav chuckled. "Couldn't let you have all the fun."

E.E. splashed water at him playfully. "Watch out, ladies and gentlemen, the world's strongest Mixedblood is here!"

Gustav laughed, shaking the water from his hair. "Yeah, yeah. Let's just enjoy the day."

They spent the next few hours swimming, playing beach volleyball, and lounging in the sun.

Playing games like this had to be done with caution because if they weren't careful, they could make it inconvenient for everyone else around them.

For instance if Gustav hit a volleyball with as little as a tiny fraction of his strength, it could burrow straight through a person.

Fortunately, they managed to have fun.

Gustav found himself relaxing and temporarily forgetting about recent events. The sound of his friends' laughter, the warmth of the sun, and the coolness of the water all combined to create a perfect day.

As the sun began to set, painting the sky in hues of orange and pink, the group gathered around a bonfire they had built on the beach. The flames crackled and danced, casting a warm glow over their faces.

Empress Dahria, always dignified, even in a swimsuit, raised a toast. "To friendship, to courage, and to the future," she said, her voice resonant with pride.

"To the future!" everyone echoed, raising their glasses.

As they sat around the fire, sharing stories and reminiscing, Gustav felt a sense of peace he hadn't experienced in a long time. The quest notification still lingered in the back of his mind, but for now, he was content to be surrounded by those he cared about.

--

Later around midnight, the luxurious resort was quiet. The sounds of the ocean waves was a gentle background melody. The group had enjoyed their time on the beach, and now they retired to their rooms, each one designed to provide the utmost relaxation.

Gustav's room was no exception. It was a spacious suite with high ceilings, adorned with elegant furnishings.

Draped in fine linens, the king sized bed sat against a wall adorned with tasteful artwork.

Soft florescent lighting created a serene atmosphere, while a large window offered a breathtaking view of the moonlit ocean.

A small seating area with plush chairs and a coffee table invited relaxation, and the bathroom, visible through an open door, boasted a deep soaking tub and a rainfall shower.

Gustav sat in one of the chairs, his eyes fixated on the holographic system notification that hovered in front of him:

\[Five Year Quest Completed (1/2): Become The World's Strongest Mixedblood ✓ \]

\[Issuing Rewards... \]

He had been staring at it for days, the mystery of the delayed reward gnawing at him.

Gustav sat in one of the chairs, his eyes fixated on the holographic system notification that hovered in front of him:

\[Five Year Quest Completed (1/2): Become The World's Strongest Mixedblood ✓ \]

\[Issuing Rewards... \]

He had been staring at it for days, the mystery of the delayed reward gnawing at him.

His thoughts were interrupted by a soft knock at the door. He before getting up and crossing the room. As expected, he opened the door to find Angy standing there.

"Hey," she greeted softly, stepping inside when he motioned for her to enter.

"Hey, Angy," Gustav replied, closing the door behind her. "What's up?"

"I couldn't sleep," she admitted, her eyes searching his. "I wanted to talk to you."

Gustav nodded, leading her to the seating area. They sat down, the soft cushions sinking under their weight. "What's on your mind?"

Angy took a deep breath. "I've been thinking about what happened during the trial. How did you manage to dominate the darkness and regain consciousness? You're really Gustav, right?"

Gustav's expression grew serious. "It's not something I managed to do easily," he began. "I've been fighting that darkness since the day I saved you. That was the reason I choose to be unconscious in the first place. It provided me a better chance."

Angy listened intently, her eyes never leaving his. "But you managed to control it. How?"

"I didn't really dominate it. I just isolated it using the three-in-one golden body. It allowed me to compartmentalize the darkness, keep it confined to one area."

He lifted his shirt, revealing the left side of his abdomen where a dark, swirling pattern was etched into his skin. The sight of it was both mesmerizing and unsettling.

"This is where I've isolated the darkness," he explained. "It could increase my strength to unprecedented heights, but it would also make me lose my mind. That's why I've decided to keep it isolated forever."

Angy's eyes widened in surprise and curiosity. She reached out, her fingers lightly tracing the dark pattern. "It's... incredible," she whispered as her touch sending a jolt of electricity through Gustav's body.

"I mean... You're incredible..." She added.

Gustav shivered at her touch, feeling the electricity of her fingers on his bare skin. He gently grabbed her hand to stop it from continuously tracing the pattern as their eyes locked in an intense gaze.

"Angy," he murmured, his voice barely above a whisper.

Their faces drew closer, the air between them charged with an electric, romantic tension. The world seemed to shrink until it was just the two of them.

Their breaths mingled briefly as their lips met in a passionate kiss.

The kiss soon deepened and their hands began to explore each other. Gustav's fingers trailed down her back, feeling the smooth fabric of her dress, while Angy's hands moved to his chest, tugging at his shirt. They pulled back for a moment, their eyes filled with desire and need.

"Gustav," Angy breathed, her voice husky with emotion.

"Angy," he replied, his voice equally filled with longing.

They moved with a sense of urgency, their clothes discarded piece by piece. Gustav's shirt fell to the floor, followed by Angy's dress. They stood there for a moment, taking in each other's forms, their hearts racing.

The room seemed to glow with a soft, golden light as they came together again, their bodies pressing close. Gustav lifted Angy, carrying her to the bed where they continued to kiss, their passion intensifying with each passing second.

As they lay down, the softness of the bed enveloping them, Gustav and Angy let their desires take over. Their movements were a dance of love and need, their touches gentle and urgent all at once. They whispered each other's names, their voices filled with emotion, as they became lost in the moment.

Gustav left a trail of kisses down Angy's soft skin causing her to shiver each time in excitement. She could feel something hard and thick poking her belly region... She instinctively reached out to grab it.

Chapter 1594 Fractured Seal

The air around them seemed to tremble with each strike, and the ground beneath crumbled further.

"Not bad, Gustav," Jack grunted, his eyes gleaming with respect. "You've truly gotten way stronger."

Gustav smirked, dodging a particularly fierce punch. "I had to, didn't I?"

With a mutual understanding, they launched themselves into the sky, heading for outer space where they could unleash their full strength without causing undue destruction on Earth.

As they ascended, the city lights below them grew distant, replaced by the vast expanse of stars.

In the weightlessness of space, they continued their battle. Their blows caused ripples in the fabric of the cosmos.

Their physical strength alone was immense, each punch sending shockwaves that traveled across the void. They refrained from using any supernatural abilities, relying solely on their raw power.

"Let's see if you can keep up," Jack said, his voice in challenge as though he hadn't accepted the fact that Gustav was now the world's strongest.

Gustav responded with a powerful right hook, sending Jack hurtling through space. Jack quickly recovered, charging back with equal force. They collided again, the impact causing a nearby star to shatter into fragments. Its light got extinguished in an instant.

For what felt like hours, they battled relentlessly, neither gaining a clear advantage.

Their physical strength seemed evenly matched. Finally, as they hovered amidst the wreckage of the destroyed star, Jack raised a hand.

"Alright, Gustav. I acknowledge your strength. You're the real deal."

Gustav nodded with a steady breathe despite the intensity of their fight. "Thanks, Jack."

They returned to Earth, landing back on the rooftop where their battle had begun. The night was still, the city below unaware of the epic clash that had just taken place above them.

Jack leaned against the railing, looking out over the city. "You've come a long way, Gustav. Although, I'd still like to say I'm stronger because I can sense you're not even an Alpha ranked Mixedblood yet, I know you have abilities that could make anyone unable to move a muscle."

Gustav pulled a small rounded button from his storage space and handed it to Jack. "There's something you need to have."

Jack took the button, examining it curiously. "What's this?"

"It's a data storage button," Gustav explained. "Everything I've discovered so far—about the Dark Plane, the Death Angels, and other things—is stored within. I don't know when I'll return from the Stagnant Siterus Void and I need to bring everyone up to speed on things I know. You all need to be prepared."

Jack's expression grew serious as he kept the button away. "I will make sure we are."

Gustav nodded with a look of relief.

They stood in silence for a moment before Jack finally broke the silence.

"How do you feel about everything that's happened recently? The council, the new responsibilities?"

"It's a lot but I've played my part and left the rest in the hands of trusted allies and subordinates. I leave for Planet Agon tomorrow," Gustav replied with a firm tone.

Jack nodded thoughtfully. "I'll hold things down while you're away."

...

...

...

As the events surrounding Gustav settled, it was finally time for him to head back to Agon.

This time, his closest friends and allies—E.E, Aildris, Falco, Angy, Endric and even Vera—decided to accompany him. Matilda had left already with Empress Dahria so they were unable to come with.

They all gathered at the spaceship port where Gustav's spacecraft was parked.

"You know... You guys really don't have to, right?" Gustav turned to stare at everyone while rolling his eyes.

E.E grinned and patted Gustav on the back. "Last time we let you face this alone, you ended up being unconscious for nearly two months. Let's go."

Aildris nodded, his eyes serious. "We're not backing out."

Falco added, "Besides, we have to keep an eye on you and make sure you don't get into trouble without us."

Angy smiled softly in response. Her horns had regrown to their full length at this point. She was back to full power so she was ready for anything.

Endric, standing off to the side, gave a brief nod. "Let's get this over with."

With everyone aboard, the spaceship powered up, and they left Earth, heading towards Agon.

...

...

...

Upon arrival at Agon, they were greeted by Aetherial, the ethereal guardian who had guided Gustav before. "Welcome back, Gustav," Aetherial said, her voice like a gentle breeze. "And welcome to your companions. Please, follow me."

They were led through the intricate and beautiful pathways of Agon, causing surprised gasps to escape the lips of the others had hadn't been here before .

The skies were a stunning teal, with clouds that looked like they were made of pure light. The landscape was dotted with crystalline structures and lush greenery that twinkled purely.

Finally, they arrived at the grand chamber where Gustav had trained his three in one Golden body. Miss Aimee's projection awaited.

In the center stood the holographic figure of Miss Aimee, her presence as serene and commanding as ever.

"Welcome back, kiddo," Miss Aimee's projection said, "Are you prepared?"

Gustav stepped forward with a resolute expression. "Miss Aimee. I am prepared."

Miss Aimee's projection smiled, a hint of pride in her eyes. "You have grown so much, kid. Very well. Get ready to use the warp demolator."

Gustav nodded while clading himself with his sacred armor. The intricate, shimmering plates formed around his body, providing both protection and enhancing his abilities.

He gave off a thrumming force that caused waves of disturbance across space.

The void stepping boots materialized in his grasp and he proceeded to wear them as well.

Aetherial led Gustav to a containment area that was heavily fortified and surrounded by intricate sigils and runes.

In the center of this area was a pedestal, and on it rested the fragment of the warp demolator. The fragment was contained within a glowing, translucent field that seemed to buzz with immense power.

Miss Aimee's projection appeared beside Gustav. "It is time."

Gustav stepped forward and grabbed the containment before lifting it and heading out.

He soon stood before everyone as the containment field of the warp demolator pulsed with an intense energy.

They had all gathered on a plateau overlooking the vast, crystalline landscape of Agon. Their faces were filled with mixed expressions because they knew this moment marked the beginning of a perilous journey for Gustav.

Gustav turned to his friends, his eyes reflecting both determination and gratitude. "Thank you all for being here. I don't know when I'll be back, but I promise to return. Take care of each other."

E.E stepped forward as his usual grin was replaced with a serious expression. "You'd better come back, Gus. We're counting on you."

Aildris placed a hand on Gustav's shoulder. "Stay strong, and remember, we're always with you."

Falco nodded solemnly. "You just do your thing. I'll keep the others safe."

Angy eyes were filled with sadness "Be safe," she proceeded to hug him.

"Big brother, I've put an extra layer of protection around you. I can't try to see into the fates in order not to risk anything bad happening so you have to be careful," Enric cautioned with a look of concern.

"I'll try. No need to worry about me," Gustav ruffled his hair with a smile.

Gustav proceeded to give them all one last look. "Goodbye, everyone."

With that, Gustav lifted the containment field higher as the immense power made the air around him vibrate.

He ascended into the sky causing the containment to glow brighter as he rose higher, leaving the planet's surface behind. His friends watched in silence, their hearts heavy but hopeful.

As he reached the edge of Agon's atmosphere, Gustav channeled his energy into the containment field. The field began to crack and splinter, beams of light shooting out in every direction.

As he sped further and further, the containment cracked more.

With a final surge of speed, the containment shattered, and the warp demolator was freed.

The warp demolator fragment thrashed around wildly, its form shifting and expanding uncontrollably.

Gustav activated his three-in-one golden body form at this moment, causing his entire being to glow with a divine radiance. The golden energy enveloped him, amplifying his strength and abilities to their peak.

The warp demolator continued to grow. Its mass became humongous as it rushed into the depths of space. Gustav didn't hesitate; he blazed forward causing his golden form leaving a trail of light in the dark void.

"Here goes nothing," Gustav muttered to himself as he pushed his speed to the limit, closing the distance between him and the warp demolator.

The fragment was now an enormous entity, its energy pulsating with an almost sentient fury. Gustav maneuvered through the chaotic energy fields it emitted.

As he drew closer, the warp demolator seemed to grow more haywire. Gustav gritted his teeth and pushed forward, the golden energy around him flaring brightly.

Twwhoosssshh~

With a burst of speed, Gustav flew directly into the heart of the warp demolator.

Chapter 1595 Reincarnated As An Oslov

As Gustav stood in the middle of Dimension Six, the surroundings around him began to shift and swirl. The ambient, ethereal lights dimmed for a moment, and then a new display of glowing energy appeared before him. The air vibrated with a low hum as five ancient artifacts materialized, each one distinct, shimmering with otherworldly power.

****The five sacred items**** that the Outworldly had crafted long ago before turning mortal:

- ****The Armor****: Gleaming with a metallic sheen, interwoven with threads of celestial energy, it exuded an impenetrable aura of protection. Its surface was etched with swirling cosmic patterns that seemed to shift and move, reflecting the countless stars from which it was made.

- ****The Boots****: Sleek and black as the void, yet glowing faintly with a silver hue, the boots pulsed with the power of swift travel. A single step in these boots could carry one across galaxies in an instant.

- **Cohilia**: A strange, multicolored rhombus-shaped being, swirling with shifting hues. It pulsed with life, as though it were sentient. Gustav knew this being was capable of swallowing anything into its endless void—matter, energy, or even concepts of existence.

- **The Ancient Hourglass**: Its sands shimmered with the glow of a thousand stars, flowing in both directions—forward and backward—representing the manipulation of time itself.

- **The Sword**: A blade forged from the very fabric of the universe, its edge gleamed with the light of a million stars, as if each strike would ripple through the very fabric of reality.

Gustav's gaze moved over each item, recognizing the sheer power each one held. As the five sacred items floated before him, the construct began to shift again, revealing a new set of instructions in the form of glowing symbols and ancient runes.

The **ritual** was shown to Gustav: the process that needed to be followed to merge the five sacred items into one. He watched intently as the display revealed that once the ritual was complete, the five items would come together and form a **translucent humanoid being**, its core swirling with galaxies, nebulae, and the vastness of space itself.

"When the merging is complete," the construct's voice resonated around him, "the being will combine with you, and you will regain your full Outworldly power."

But then, the construct shifted again, this time showing Gustav a series of locations scattered across the universe. These places shimmered with a faint glow, indicating where the **vestiges of the Outworldly's power** had been sealed long ago.

"These are the locations," the construct explained, "where the remnants of your original power were hidden. Before the merging can occur, you must first journey to these places and extract the vestiges. Only then will you be able to perform the ritual of merging the sacred items. The process must be done in sequence. If attempted out of order, it will result in failure."

Gustav absorbed the information, his mind racing as he took in the enormity of the task before him. These sacred items represented aspects of his former self—pieces of a puzzle that, once completed, would make him whole again. But first, he had to reclaim what was his.

"I understand," he murmured. "First, I retrieve the vestiges, then I perform the ritual."

The display faded as Gustav stood in silence for a moment, his resolve hardening. He was ready. Nocturnis was growing stronger, and the universe teetered on the brink of chaos. There was no time to waste.---

****Elsewhere, in an unknown part of the universe****, the air was thick with the sounds of battle. Explosions echoed across a desolate, rocky terrain as beams of light and fire clashed in the distance. The sky was a deep, ominous red, with swirling clouds that seemed to pulse with dark energy.

At the center of it all, ****Endric**** stood with his arms raised, his brow furrowed in concentration. His eyes glowed with an ethereal light as the ground around him trembled under the weight of his telekinetic power. Massive boulders floated in the air, suspended by his will alone, before being hurled at breakneck speed toward their enemies—strange, barely clothed beings with translucent skin and shimmering spiritual auras.

To his left, ****Ria**** crouched low, her hands pressed against the earth. In an instant, the ground beneath her began to glow an intense red, turning molten as it shifted into ****lava-like matter****. With a

sharp motion, she thrust her arms forward, sending the liquid fire surging toward their enemies in a deadly wave.

"Push forward!" Endric shouted, his voice strained from the sheer intensity of his powers. "We need to reach that sword!"

In the distance, towering over everything in sight, stood an ****incredibly massive sword****, its blade plunged deep into the ground. The sword was impossibly large, its hilt reaching high into the blood-red clouds above. Dark, swirling energy surrounded it, and the skies churned with storm-like fury. The sword seemed to hum with a menacing energy, its presence foreboding and ancient.

The beings they were fighting—****spiritual guardians**** of the sword—were fierce. Their strange, ethereal forms shimmered as they moved with unnatural speed, each one wielding powers tied to the spiritual realm. Some could phase through physical matter, while others sent out blasts of energy that disrupted the mind and soul.

Next to Endric and Ria, another figure fought with them—an ****unknown warrior**** with the bulk and upper physique of a bull but the frame of a human. His powerful frame rippled with muscle, his movements swift and deadly. In his hands, he wielded a ****lightning axe****, its blade crackling with electric energy as he swung it with precision.

"Hold them off!" the bull-like warrior roared, his voice deep and booming. With a blur of movement, he rushed forward, his axe cleaving through the ethereal bodies of the spiritual beings in a flurry of strikes. Lightning danced off his blade, sending arcs of electricity through the battlefield as he tore through their ranks with relentless speed.

Ria gritted her teeth as more of the spiritual beings descended upon them. "There's too many of them!" she shouted over the chaos, her hands glowing with molten energy. "Endric, can you clear the path?"

Endric's eyes flared with intensity as he raised both hands high above his head. The ground beneath their enemies began to tremble violently, and with a sudden, forceful gesture, he sent out a massive telekinetic shockwave. The spiritual beings were thrown back in every direction, their forms flickering as they struggled to recover from the impact.

"I'll buy us some time!" Endric called out, his voice strained from the effort. "But we need to move, now!"

The bull-like warrior, sweat glistening on his brow, rushed to Ria's side. "That sword... it's radiating too much energy. If we don't destroy it, these creatures will keep coming."

"I know!" Ria shouted back, her eyes fixed on the massive sword in the distance. "But getting close to it is going to be nearly impossible with those things guarding it."

Endric clenched his fists, his telekinetic powers surging as he hurled another wave of debris toward the incoming enemies. "We don't have a choice! If that sword stays in place, this entire region will be overrun!"

The bull-like warrior grunted in agreement, his massive frame tensing as he readied himself for another charge. "Then let's take it down," he growled, gripping his lightning axe tighter.

With renewed determination, the three of them pushed forward, battling through the strange, supernatural beings that continued to swarm them. The ground beneath them cracked and shifted as Ria transmuted more earth into molten lava, creating walls of fiery matter that cut off their enemies' approach.

But the closer they got to the sword, the more intense the energy around them became. The dark, swirling clouds above the sword seemed to pulse with malevolent intent, and the very air felt charged with an overwhelming power.

Endric could feel it—the sword wasn't just an ordinary weapon. It was connected to something far more dangerous, something ancient and powerful. And whatever it was, they had to stop it before it unleashed even greater destruction.

"Stay focused!" Endric shouted, his voice barely audible over the roaring winds. "We're almost there!"

And as they closed in on the massive sword, the full extent of the battle lay before them—a clash between mortals and the spiritual, between raw power and ancient forces. Only time would tell if they could overcome the odds and destroy the sword before it was too late.

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

----SS

Within the laboratory...

Holographic projections filled the space, displaying streams of data, complex energy diagrams, and molecular structures.

Grand Commander Shion stood with an imposing look with his silver hair and the diamond shard embedded in his forehead before Scientist Merkle.

Merkle intense eyes, adjusted the holographic display to show the latest findings. "Grand Commander, based on our current progress, the amplification method should be ready for implementation in a few weeks. We've made significant strides in stabilizing the energy transfer and minimizing the risks."

Shion nodded thoughtfully, his eyes scanning the detailed data before him. "Excellent work, Merkle. This breakthrough could be pivotal in our struggle against the dark plane."

Merkle's expression was resolute. "But still we must tread carefully, Grand Commander. I can only hope the training and psychological preparation for our soldiers yield results."

"Indeed we must balance the need for power with the imperative of safety. I will inform the other four Grand Commanders of our progress. Together, we will decide the next steps for the future of Earth and the universe as a whole," Grand commander Shion stated.

"I will continue to refine the process and ensure that everything is ready for the trials," Scientist Merkle responded.

As Shion turned to leave the laboratory, a sudden gust of wind swept through the room... The winds of ominousity....

As he reached a private area, Grand commander Shion activated the secure link to the other Grand Commanders. Holographic images of four distinguished figures appeared before him, each one representing a pillar of strength and leadership.

"Grand Commanders," Shion began, his voice carrying the weight of their collective responsibility, "I have urgent updates regarding our efforts against the dark plane. Scientist Merkil and his team have made significant progress with the amplification method. It should be ready for implementation in a few weeks."

Grand Commander Alara, a formidable looking woman with green eyes and a calm demeanor, nodded. "This is indeed promising news, Grand Commander Shion. The amplification of our soldiers' strength could turn the tide in our favor."

Another Grand Commander leaned forward with a stern expression. "What about the risks involved, Grand Commander Shion? We cannot afford to proceed without understanding the full implications."

"There is no sugarcoating it. Its dangerous and can lead to their demise. The amplification method draws power from both the dark plane and the future potential of our Mixedblood soldiers. While it offers immense strength, it is also highly taxing. Prolonged use could result in the death of the soldiers involved. Only those willing to make the ultimate sacrifice would be considered for this task."

Grand Commander Zorin, an elderly man with a wise and contemplative air, spoke up. "We must be cautious. The balance of power and safety is delicate. What measures are in place to ensure our soldiers are adequately prepared?"

"Merkle is refining the process and implementing rigorous training and psychological preparation. Volunteers will be the first to give it a try so we may know what step to take next."

"If our soldiers are to make such sacrifices, we need to ensure it is for a decisive victory. We cannot afford to squander their lives," Another Grand Commander stated.

Shion's gaze was steady. "I agree. This is why we must coordinate our efforts and plan our next steps carefully. The decision we make here will shape the future of Earth and the universe."

The holographic images of the Grand Commanders flickered slightly. After a moment of silence, Alara spoke with a resolute tone. "We will convene again once the trials are complete to decide on the deployment."

Shion nodded. "I will keep you all updated."

As the communication ended, Shion stood in the quiet room with an indescribable expression. The winds of foreboding seemed to whisper through the walls.

Returning to the laboratory, Shion found Merkle and his team deep in their work. He approached Merkle, his presence commanding attention.

"Merkle, the other Grand Commanders are informed. We have their support, but we must proceed with caution."

Merkle nodded. "We will not falter. Our efforts will be thorough and precise."

Returning to the laboratory, Shion found Merkle and his team deep in their work. He approached Merkle, his presence commanding attention.

"Merkle, the other Grand Commanders are informed. We have their support, but we must proceed with caution."

Merkle nodded. "We will not falter. Our efforts will be thorough and precise."

They proceeded with their work in the laboratory; conducting simulations and stress tests to ensure stability and safety. The first selected volunteers underwent rigorous training, their resolve unwavering in the face of the immense task ahead.

One evening, as the final preparations were underway, Shion gathered the team for a briefing. The room was filled with anticipation and determination.

Holographic displays flickered with the latest data, casting a soft glow over the faces of those present.

"Everyone," Shion began, his voice resonating with authority, "we stand on the brink of a new era. The work you have done here is nothing short of remarkable. The time has come to take the next step."

He turned to the volunteers. "You are the best of us. Your courage and dedication are an inspiration. As you prepare to engage in these trials, know that you carry the hopes and strength of all of us. We are with you, every step of the way."

The volunteers stood tall, their faces reflecting a mix of pride and determination. One of them, a young woman named Kira, spoke: "We know the risks sir, and we accept them. For our people, for our future, we will do whatever it takes."

Shion nodded while smiling. "Thank you, Kira. Your bravery honors us all."

As the volunteers prepared for the trials, the laboratory buzzed with activity. Final checks were made, systems calibrated, and the amplification process initiated.

The moment arrived, and the volunteers stepped into the controlled environment for the trials. The lab fell silent, every eye fixed on the holographic displays tracking their progress.

Seconds turned into minutes, each one filled with anticipation and anxiety. The data streams fluctuated, reflecting the intense energy transfer and the physical toll on the volunteers.

...

...

...

Back on the desolate Planet Humbad, the journey down the chasm had been arduous for Gustav and Miss Aimee. The days stretched into a week, each one filled with the oppressive heat and the constant vigilance required to navigate the treacherous path.

The walls of the chasm were lined with jagged rocks and strange, glowing symbols that seemed to pulsate with an eerie energy. The scent of sulfur drizzled across the air and the distant rumble of magma pits provided a constant, ominous soundtrack to their descent.

"We've been descending for so long," Gustav remarked with a slightly distraught look. "Are we ever going to reach the bottom?"

Miss Aimee nodded. "We're getting close, but it appears the bottom isn't what we expected. Look."

Gustav followed her gaze and saw the chasm's floor ahead, but it was covered in a bubbling, magma-like liquid. Pillars of rock protruded from the molten surface, creating a dangerous and unpredictable terrain.

The red glow from the magma illuminated the entire area, casting long, flickering shadows on the rocky walls.

"Be careful," Miss Aimee cautioned.

"I'm sure I'll be fine. I just wish we could move faster," Gustav let out a little sigh.

They moved carefully with deliberate and measured steps. The heat from the magma had risen to unprecedented heights but they were still okay. The rocky pillars provided some stability, but they had to be cautious, testing each foothold before putting their weight on it.

As they continued, the sights around them became more intricate. Debris from what looked like ancient structures lay scattered across the chasm, remnants of a civilization long gone.

The pillars of rock protruding from the magma reminded him of a twisted, otherworldly landscape, like something out of a nightmare.

"Do you think this place was once inhabited?" Gustav asked, his voice echoing slightly in the vast chasm.

Miss Aimee nodded. "It's possible. If dimension six was always located here then it makes sense for the surroundings to have been formerly inhabited."

They continued their cautious descent as the heat kept intensifying.

After what felt like an eternity, they finally reached a relatively stable area near the bottom. The magma-like liquid was still everywhere, but there were enough solid footholds to navigate without stepping directly into it.

"I don't see much roads to move on," he said to Miss Aimee

Miss Aimee eyes scanning the area for a safe path. "Just keep following me."

They moved carefully, testing each step before committing to it. The bubbling magma hissed and popped around them, the heat radiating off the surface in waves.

After days of navigating the treacherous chasm, Gustav and Miss Aimee finally reached what appeared to be the real bottom.

The landscape before them was a vast expanse of bubbling, magma-like liquid stretching across thousands of miles, glowing with a malevolent red hue.

The entire scene was both mesmerizing and terrifying. Gustav was almost completely stark naked at this point. In as much as he would have loved to take out another attire from his spatial storage space, using any form of energy could cause problems.

Gustav stopped at the edge, staring out over the molten expanse. "We can't move any further," his voice tinged with frustration. "How are we supposed to find anything down here?"

Chapter 1596 The Betrayal

The woman's gown was made of a silky, almost iridescent fabric that caught the light with every movement, creating a mesmerizing effect. Silver patterns, resembling constellations, were woven into the fabric, giving her an almost celestial appearance.

Around her neck hung a pendant with a deep blue sapphire, its depth matching the intensity of her gaze.

Gustav's eyes narrowed as he regarded them coldly.

"What do you want?" he asked with an icy tone.

The man spoke first. "Gustav, we've come to discuss the offer to join us as a world leader. Your influence and power could help stabilize the current unrest."

Gustav crossed his arms, his gaze unwavering. "I've already made it clear that I'm not interested in a position I can't commit to. I won't be around to serve properly."

The female world leader stepped forward. "The world is on the brink of chaos, Gustav. Your presence could bring the order we desperately need."

Gustav's patience was wearing thin. "I don't care about your politics or your power struggles. If that's all you came to say, you can leave the way you came."

The leaders exchanged glances, clearly not willing to give up so easily. "Please, Gustav," the woman pleaded. "Consider the impact you could have. A lot of people now look up to you. They trust you."

Gustav smirked as a dangerous glint appeared in his eye. "I have a proposition for you. It's the only one you'll be getting from me. If you don't agree to it, we have nothing more to talk about."

The leaders looked intrigued, though wary. "What is this proposition?" the man asked.

"You'll hear about it at the press meeting," Gustav replied, his tone final. "Now, if you'll excuse me, I have other matters to attend to."

Without waiting for a response, Gustav turned and headed toward the entrance of the skyscraper.

The leaders followed at a distance, clearly unsettled by his abrupt dismissal. As he approached the ground floor, the noise from outside grew louder. The press and media were still gathered in droves. Their cameras and microphones were ready to capture any statement he made.

Gustav stepped outside as the cool evening air a sharp breezed by and the surroundings were filled with the clamor of the reporters. The moment he appeared, the crowd erupted with questions.

"Gustav, are you considering the offer to become a world leader?"

"What's your response to the current global unrest?"

"Can you give us any insight into your future plans?"

Gustav raised a hand, signaling for silence. The reporters quieted, their eyes trained on him, eager for his words.

"I understand there's a lot of speculation about my role in the future," Gustav began, his voice steady and commanding. "I have no interest in becoming a world leader. I cannot serve in a position that requires my constant presence when I have other responsibilities."

The crowd murmured, but Gustav continued. "However, I do have a proposition for the current world leaders. One that I believe could address the issues we're facing more effectively than a simple title change."

The cameras zoomed in, capturing every word. The two leaders who had approached him earlier watched from the side, their expressions tense.

"What is this proposition?" a reporter asked, his voice cutting through the murmur.

Gustav's eyes scanned the crowd, his gaze intense. "I propose the creation of an independent council composed of the most capable and trustworthy individuals from various fields—science, medicine, defense, and yes, law enforcement. This council would work together to address global issues, free from political agendas and corruption. They will have the power to sanction the world government and any other authoritative agencies all across the world for any wrong actions."

The reporters were stunned into silence for a moment before the questions began to fly.

"Who would be on this council?"

"How would they be selected?"

"Would you lead this council, Gustav?"

Gustav raised his hand again, quieting them. "The council members would be selected based on their expertise and integrity. They would be individuals who have proven themselves through their actions, not their words. I won't necessarily claim leadership of the council, however, I will work together with the members and the council will directly answer to me. They will carry on with their duties even when I am not present on Earth."

The male world leader from earlier stepped forward, his voice carrying authority. "And how do you propose we go about establishing this council?"

Gustav looked at him with a faint smirk. "That's for the people to decide. I've given you the idea. If you truly care about stabilizing the world, you'll find a way to make it happen. After the world leaders agree to this, the people will decide on their candidates."

'Is this your answer... Gustav Crimson?'

There was a tense silence as the leaders processed his words. The female leader finally spoke with a thoughtful gaze. "It's a bold idea, Gustav. One that could indeed make a difference."

Gustav nodded. "Bold actions are needed in bold times. If you agree to this, I'll lend my support and help where I can. But if you continue to play politics, you'll find no ally in me."

The crowd buzzed with renewed energy as the implications of Gustav's proposition sunk in. The two leaders present conferred quietly for a moment before nodding in agreement.

"We'll consider it, Gustav," the man said finally. "Thank you for your time."

Gustav nodded, turning back to the press. "That's all for now. I have preparations to make."

With that, he stepped back into the skyscraper as the doors slid shut behind him.

Endric was waiting for him in the living room, a curious look on his face. "What happened out there?"

Gustav shrugged, sitting down beside him. "I proposed the creation of an independent council to address global issues. This independent council will be above the world leaders and every authority on earth. Now let's see if they have the guts to follow through."

Endric chuckled, shaking his head. "You really gave them a lot to think about."

Gustav smirked; "I had to do it in front of the press to give them little chances of refusal."

...

The morning after Gustav's public proposal, the world was abuzz with conversation and speculation.

News outlets and social media platforms were flooded with discussions about his proposition. Headlines screamed the news from every corner of the globe:

"Gustav Crimson Proposes Independent Council to Oversee Government Decisions and Address Global Issues!"

"Will World Leaders Accept Gustav's Bold Plan?"

"Public Support Surges for Independent Council!"

In every city, people gathered to talk about Gustav's idea. From cafes to markets, the consensus was clear: if the world government truly cared about the people, they would accept Gustav's proposal.

"The man's got a point," said an elderly gentleman in a popular pub. "Politics as usual isn't working. Maybe it's time we tried something different."

"I agree," responded a young woman, sipping her coffee in a New York City diner. "Gustav's idea of an independent council makes sense. We need leaders who care more about people than power."

The protests, which had already been simmering, gained new momentum. Crowds of demonstrators carried signs that read, "Support the Council!" and "Listen to Gustav!" The pressure on world leaders was mounting, and they knew they had to respond.

In government buildings across the globe, high-ranking officials held frantic meetings. The tension was high as they debated the merits and risks of Gustav's proposal.

"This is unprecedented," said one leader, pounding his fist on the table. "We can't just hand over power to a 21-year-old."

"But look at the state of the world," countered another. "If we don't act, we risk losing everything. The people are with him. They trust him."

Voices rose and fell in heated arguments. Some leaders were adamantly against the idea, unwilling to relinquish their control. Others, seeing the writing on the wall, argued for change.

"Think about it," urged a young diplomat. "If we show that we're willing to listen to the people and take bold steps, we could regain their trust. This could be the fresh start we need."

After three days of intense deliberation, the world government made a historic decision. They would accept Gustav's proposal and establish the independent council. The announcement was met with widespread relief and cautious optimism.

Gustav was just two days away from his planned departure for Agon when he received the news. He knew he had to postpone his trip to help set up the council. He couldn't just leave it in the hands of anyone.

That evening, Gustav addressed the world once more.

"Thank you for your support and trust," he began. "We have a unique opportunity to reshape our world, to create a system that truly serves the people. The people will select individuals of integrity and expertise to form this independent council."

The following days were a whirlwind of activity. Gustav employed the help of E.E and the others to set up an online platform where people could nominate and vote for candidates.

They encouraged everyone to participate, emphasizing the importance of choosing individuals who embodied the values of humanity, compassion, and expertise in their respective fields.

Chapter 1597 Forever Young

The robed figures hesitated, clearly recognizing E.E and the threat he posed.

"He is one of our god close friends," One of them voiced.

"It doesn't matter! Get him!" Another one of them shouted in response, and they launched themselves at him with reckless abandon.

E.E didn't move at first. He simply raised his hand, and with a flick of his wrist, a vortexes appeared like rings around all of the attackers.

In next instant, the rings closed off and body parts were seperated in half.

Elevora, her body trembling from exhaustion, managed a small, relieved smile. "***E.E...**" she whispered, barely able to stand.

E.E turned to her, his expression softening slightly. "***I told Gustav I'd take care of this. And I always keep my word.**"

With a single, graceful motion, E.E scooped Elevora into his arms, shielding her from any further attacks as he unleashed a final, devastating blast of energy that disintegrated the remaining Gustavo Alliance members.

***Let's get you out of here,**" E.E said softly, and before the enemies could regroup, he stepped back into the shimmering portal, disappearing into the void with Elevora.

Back on Earth, Gustav stood with his team, his mind focused on the search for Calden. But somewhere in the back of his mind, he couldn't help but feel a faint sense of relief.

E.E had handled it.

And now, he could focus on the threat at hand.

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

---SSS

-----SS

Gustav heart pounded with desperation as Angy blade approached at a speed quicker than he could activate his dimensional bracelet.

[Lightning Blitz Has Been Activated]

As he triggered the Lightning Blitz, his form dissolved into a streak of lightning, racing away from her. He reappeared over a thousand miles away in an instant, basking in the change of scenery.

Before he could even process his next move, a sharp pain erupted in his chest.

Angy's blade, dark and malevolent, had followed him through space and time, stabbing deep into his heart.

His eyes widened in disbelief as he looked down at the blade protruding from his chest. Dark, corrosive energy spread rapidly from the point of infiltration, coursing through his veins and seeping into his very being.

"No... Angy..." he whispered, feeling the life force draining from him.

He dropped to the ground with his body convulsing as the dark energy continued to spread, snuffing out the light within him.

Angy stood a short distance away, her blade still connected to him through a thin, almost imperceptible thread of darkness. Her eyes were blank, devoid of the warmth and life that had once defined her.

In the depths of her mind, a voice whispered, "Good human... You have destroyed the Outworldly."

Suddenly, Angy's eyes flickered with recognition. The haze clouding her mind began to lift, and she stared in horror at Gustav's lifeless form.

Tears welled up in her eyes, streaming down her cheeks as she fell to her knees beside him.

"Gustav?" Her voice broke with emotion.

The voice in her head persisted, cold and unyielding. "Now, kill yourself as well."

Angy clutched her head, "What have I done?"

"Kill yourself!"

She raised the blade towards her neck in the next instant.

Meanwhile, in the void of darkness that was now Gustav's consciousness, he floated aimlessly. The system's voice echoed around him.

("You have died, Gustav. The darkness from the blade is interfering with your regeneration and reincarnation abilities.")

"Does that mean, I can't come back to life?" Gustav questioned.

("If your reincarnation bloodline doesn't kick in... You won't.")

"No no, this can't be the end. There must be something that can be done."

The system responded, its tone almost apologetic. ("I do not know of any solution. The dark energy is too powerful.")

Images from the system's feedback flashed before Gustav, showing Angy kneeling by his corpse, her form racked with sobs. She held the blade to her neck, her resolve faltering as the voice urged her to end her life.

"No, Angy, don't!" Gustav shouted into the void, but his voice reached no ears.

He thought of E.E., Falco, Endric, and Aildris, who were on their way to the alliance. He thought of all the battles they had fought together, the sacrifices they had made. This couldn't be the end. It couldn't.

Angy's tearful eyes met the blade as she prepared to decapitate herself. "I'm sorry, Gustav... I'm so sorry..."

Desperation clawed at Gustav's soul. "There has to be a way," he thought, his mind frantically searching for any glimmer of hope.

In the midst of his despair, a golden light began to glow in the void. It started as a faint flicker but grew brighter with each passing moment. Gustav reached out, his fingers brushing against the light. To his surprise, it felt warm and familiar.

("The Ancient Hourglass,") the system's voice noted with a hint of surprise.

The hourglass appeared above Gustav's corpse, its sands shimmering with an ethereal glow. As it turned upside down, the golden sand within began to flow in reverse. Time itself started to rewind.

Gustav felt a pull as his consciousness was drawn back to the light. The dark energy receded and the wound in his chest closing as if it had never been there.

The blade poised at Angy's neck, suddenly froze. Her eyes widened as she watched the events around her unfold in reverse.

The golden light enveloped both Gustav and Angy, reversing the damage done by their brutal fight.

The buildings they had destroyed reformed, the earth healed, and the very fabric of reality stitched itself back together. The pain and agony that had consumed them both dissipated.

Gustav found himself suspended in the vast, timeless void as the universe rewound. Watching events unfold in reverse, he saw Jack's body reassemble, Angy's deadly blade retreat from his heart, and everything gradually resetting. His consciousness floated above it all, detached from the temporal currents.

He devised a plan to trap and isolate Angy, ensuring her dark influence would no longer pose a threat.

When the universe's timeline reached the point of Angy's initial appearance, Gustav seized the Ancient Hourglass, stopping the reversal. Time halted, and he re-entered his body.

Gustav bolted toward the icy region where Jack and Angy were about to clash.

Arriving just in time, he stood between them. Jack, sensing the shift in time and retaining his memories from the other timeline, immediately lunged to strike Angy down. Gustav intercepted him, shouting, "Stop, Jack! There's another way!"

Jack's expression twisted in confusion and anger. "Gustav, you can't protect her! She's too dangerous!"

Ignoring Jack's protests, Gustav turned to Angy and embraced her tightly. "I will end your torment," he whispered.

Activating assimilation, he began to absorb her body into his own.

Angy struggled as the process began. Her black-and-white form twisted and writhed, trying to escape the pull.

"Krrruuhhh!" she screamed in a tone filled with both rage and agony.

The assimilation was excruciating, each second stretching into an eternity. Gustav felt every ounce of her pain, the darkness within her fighting against him.

The air around them shimmered with energy, the ground beneath them cracking and heaving under the immense pressure.

Jack watched while clenching his fists in frustration. He wanted to intervene, but something in Gustav's resolve held him back. "Gustav, if this goes wrong, I will have no other choice but to end you alongside with her."

Gustav gritted his teeth, his voice strained. "You won't have to..."

The process continued for nearly an hour, the struggle evident on both their faces. Slowly, Angy's dark form began to meld with Gustav's, her features blending into his own. His skin took on a pale hue, and dark tendrils of energy swirled around him.

Finally, with a final, agonizing surge of power, Gustav completed the assimilation. His body now bore a mixture of his and Angy's features, a stark contrast of light and dark. He gasped for breath, feeling the surging darkness within him.

Without hesitation, Gustav plunged his hand into his chest, gritting his teeth against the searing pain.

His fingers wrapped around something solid, and with a fierce tug, he pulled out an entirely human Angy.

She emerged from his body, collapsing to the ground, unconscious but free from the dark influence that had consumed her.

Gustav, now bearing the full brunt of the darkness, fought to contain it. The black energy roiled within him, threatening to overwhelm his senses. His vision blurred, and he felt himself slipping into unconsciousness.

~ "Kill! Destroy! Kill! Destroy! Retrieve the dark angel! Cause catastrophe! Kill the strongest!" ~

His mind raced with all sorts of thoughts that sought to consume him.

Jack rushed forward, catching Gustav before he hit the ground. "Gustav! Stay with me!" he shouted.

Gustav's eyes fluttered open for a moment, his voice barely a whisper. "Jack... Take care of her... She's free now... I have to put myself to sleep... Or the voices will overwhelm me... Help them..."

With that, Gustav's body went limp, the darkness still churning within him.

Jack carefully laid him down beside Angy, both of them unconscious but alive. .

As the wind howled around them, Jack took a deep breath. His thoughts were a whirlwind of confusion and disbelief. "This kid, you truly are something else," he muttered.

'But what did he mean by help them?' Jack wondered internally.

Inside Gustav's spacecraft, E.E., Aildris, Falco, and Endric were gathered around the central control panel.

The ship AI's voice echoed through the cabin, informing them that their journey would take approximately three days, after passing through designated wormholes.

"Three days," E.E. said, tapping the console thoughtfully. "That gives us enough time to review our plans and ensure we're ready for anything."

Aildris nodded, his eyes shimmering with determination. "We've gone over it countless times, but we need to be absolutely certain. There's no room for error."

Falco leaned back in his seat as dark energy swirled subtly around his fingers. "I just hope there won't be any mishaps. Ria is counting on us."

Endric, sitting slightly apart from the others, felt a gnawing unease that he couldn't shake.

He didn't want to alarm the group, so he kept his concerns to himself. As the conversation continued around him, he excused himself quietly and made his way to one of the private spaces in the ship.

The room was dimly lit, providing a quiet retreat from the bustling activity outside. Endric took a deep breath and communicated with Husarius.

A glowing green dot appeared on his forehead, pulsating gently.

"Husarius," Endric called softly, his voice echoing in the small chamber. "I need your guidance."

The familiar, calming presence of Husarius filled his mind. "Endric, what troubles you?"

"There's something... off," Endric admitted.

Chapter 1598 A Fool Indeed

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 mainly 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.

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.

"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."

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.

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.

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 gave 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 knw 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.

Chapter 1599 You're Joking

Aldris addressed the group. "We have our individual paths to follow, but our ultimate goal is the same. We must stay connected and be ready to support each other when the time comes."

"We've been through a lot together. No matter where we go or what we face, we are family. Stay safe, everyone, we'll meet again," Endric stated.

"Take care, everyone. I'll see you when I see you," Falco added.

"Be careful out there. Do come back safely," Angy said to Endric.

E.E. clapped Endric on the shoulder. "Keep in touch, alright?"

The group told one another goodbye and got ready to part ways.

Ria grinned in excitement. "Let's go, Endric. Adventure awaits."

"You know, it's not all gonna be that simple, right?" Endric had to remind Ria that it was going to be dangerous.

With their farewells said, the group began to disperse. Falco turned to head back to Earth, his mind already on the reunion with his father. Angy prepared to return to the MBO and E.E was ready to head back to the independent council. They could only hope for Gustav's safe return. Aildris set off to take his rightful place as the leader of his family.

Endric and Ria set off together in Gustav's spacecraft.

"This mission is important. The Outworldly needs all of his sacred items."

Ria nodded. "I understand, Endric. I intend to take it seriously."

...

...

...

In a high-tech laboratory on a secluded part of Earth, the air buzzed with the soft whir of advanced machinery and the faint crackle of static from numerous holographic projections.

The room was large and filled with gleaming surfaces as well as an intricate array of scientific instruments. Holograms of molecular structures, energy fields, and biomechanical blueprints floated in the air, casting a soft blue glow over the metallic walls.

Grand Commander Shion, an elderly but authoritative-looking man with a mane of silver hair and a diamond shard embedded in his forehead, stood at the center of this laboratory.

His silvery eyes scanned the room, taking in every detail with an unreadable expression. Beside him was Scientist Merkle, a slim man with sharp features and intense, intelligent eyes that seemed to see beyond the present.

"Merkle," Shion began with a resonant and commanding tone; "you mentioned a breakthrough in your research regarding the dark plane. I'm eager to hear the details."

Scientist Merkle nodded with a spark of excitement in his eyes. "Indeed, Grand Commander Shion. We have made significant progress. Our research team has been working tirelessly, and we've developed two new methods that could change the tide in our struggle against the dark plane."

Grand Commander Shion's expression remained stern, though his interest was piqued. "Go on."

Merkle gestured to a nearby holographic display, which shifted to show a complex energy diagram. "The first method involves stabilizing our soldiers' strength while they're in the dark plane. As you know, the dark plane has a debilitating effect on our forces, weakening them significantly. We've discovered a way to counteract this effect, allowing our soldiers to maintain their regular strength levels despite the plane's influence."

Grand Commander Shion nodded while absorbing the information. "That is indeed promising. But you mentioned a second method as well?"

Scientist Merkle's eyes gleamed with a mixture of excitement and caution. "Yes, the second method is even more revolutionary. We've found a way to harness the dark plane's unique energy fields to amplify our soldiers' strength to unprecedented levels. By tapping into the dark plane's latent power, we can significantly enhance their abilities, potentially giving us a decisive advantage. However, that isn't all. This second method is also more complex because, this technique harnesses energy from both the dark plane and the future potential of the Mixedblood soldiers. The result is a dramatic amplification of their strength, multiplying their capabilities many times over."

Shion raised an eyebrow, intrigued but cautious. "Amplifying their strength sounds like a significant advantage. Why not focus solely on that?"

Merkle sighed, knowing the difficult truth he had to convey. "While the amplification method offers immense power, it comes with severe risks. The dark plane's energy is highly volatile and unpredictable.

By tapping into their future selves, the soldiers effectively accelerate their life force consumption. After the battle, they are likely to perish due to the immense strain on their bodies and minds."

Shion's eyes narrowed, considering the implications. "I see. So, the first method provides stability and safety, while the second offers power but with greater risks."

"Exactly," Merkle affirmed. "We must weigh the benefits against the potential dangers. While the amplification method could give us a critical edge in battle, we must be cautious in its application."

A heavy silence settled over the room as Grand Commander Shion absorbed the gravity of Merkle's words. "So, if we pick the amplification method, we're asking our soldiers to make the ultimate sacrifice," Shion said slowly with a heavy voice. "Yet, if we're not ready to put everything on the line, we risk losing the battle entirely."

Merkle nodded with a resolute expression.

Shion's gaze was intense as he considered the options. "This is a difficult decision, but one we must make with clear eyes. We cannot afford to lose this battle. Focus your efforts on refining the amplification method. We need to ensure it is as effective and safe as possible under the circumstances."

Merkle met Shion's gaze, understanding the gravity of the command. "I will prioritize the amplification method. Our team will work tirelessly to perfect it. With your permission, we will begin advanced trials immediately."

"You have my permission. How soon can we expect results?" Grand Commander Shion inquired.

Merkle considered the timeline, already calculating the necessary steps. "If all goes well, we should have preliminary results within the next few weeks. We'll start with controlled simulations and move to live trials as soon as we are confident in the process."

Shion's expression softened slightly, showing a rare moment of empathy. "Remember, Merkle, these are not just soldiers. They are our people... the live blood of the future generation. Ensure that every precaution is taken to protect them, even as we push forward."

Merkle placed a reassuring hand on Shion's arm. "I understand, Grand Commander. We will do everything in our power to safeguard their lives and honor their sacrifices."

Grand Commander Shion nodded, a rare smile touching his lips. "Good. Keep me informed of your progress. The fate of our forces—and perhaps even the fate of Earth and the entire universe—rests on our ability to navigate these challenges."

With a final nod, Grand Commander Shion turned and left the laboratory. His mind was already shifting to the broader strategic implications of their work and how he would break the news to the other Grand Commanders.

Merkle watched him go, feeling the weight of responsibility settle on his shoulders.

...

The lab buzzed with a renewed sense of urgency as Scientist Merkil briefed his team, outlining the critical steps needed to advance their research.

The following days were a blur of intense activity. Scientists and engineers worked around the clock, their focus on perfecting the amplification method. The air was filled with the vibrations of advanced machinery, the flicker of holographic displays, and the quiet murmur of intense discussions.

Grand Commander Shion visited frequently to observe the simulations, review data, and provided guidance. His authoritative demeanor inspired confidence and determination in the team.

One afternoon, as the sun cast long shadows over the secluded facility, Shion and Merkle stood before a large holographic projection displaying the latest data from the trials. The screen showed a detailed analysis of the energy flow, the physiological impacts on the soldiers, and the projected outcomes of the amplification process.

"Merkle, these preliminary results look promising," Grand Commander Shion remarked as his eyes scanned the data. "But we must be absolutely certain before we move to live trials. The stakes are too high for any margin of error."

Merkle nodded with a serious expression. "I agree, Grand Commander. We've seen significant improvements in the simulations, but we need to ensure the process is as stable as possible. We're conducting rigorous stress tests and refining the energy transfer protocols to minimize the risks."

Shion's gaze was intense. "And the soldiers? Have you identified those willing to undergo the trials?"

"Yes," Merkle replied. "We've carefully selected volunteers who understand the risks and are prepared to make the sacrifice if necessary. They are some of our most dedicated and courageous individuals."

Shion had a slightly sentimental look in his eyes. "Their bravery will not be forgotten. Ensure that they are given every support and preparation needed. They must be ready in mind and body."

"We will do everything we can to honor their commitment and protect their lives," Merkle stated.

The days turned into weeks, and the trials progressed with increasing success. The team fine-tuned the amplification process, addressing each challenge with meticulous attention to detail. The volunteers underwent rigorous training, both physical and psychological, preparing themselves for the immense task ahead.

Chapter 1600 Tracking The Corruption

Gustav and Endric arrived above Earth's atmosphere. The curvature of the planet stretched below them with its clouds swirling in gentle patterns.

The streak of darkness descending toward the surface stood out starkly against the blue and green of Earth. It moved in a thin, unnatural line, slicing through the atmosphere like a spear.

"There it is," Endric stated with his gaze fixed on the shadowy entity. The malevolent aura radiating from it made his skin crawl.

Gustav turned to Endric with a resolute look. "Take Calden. Get him somewhere safe. I'll deal with this."

He handed Calden over to Endric, who nodded solemnly before disappearing in a blink with the former MBO officer. Calden, still disoriented and unaware of the full scale of the danger, looked up just as they vanished, his confusion mixing with fear as they left the immediate battleground.

Gustav didn't waste another second. He shot downward, turning into a streak of light as he cut through the atmosphere.

Heat and friction dispersed harmlessly around him as he broke past the clouds and descended toward the shadowy figure.

The dark entity was descending rapidly, like a poisoned arrow aimed directly at a city below. Gustav's eyes narrowed as he intercepted its path, thrusting his hand forward to grab it.

But the darkness phased through him, slipping like smoke between his fingers.

"So, it's not solid. Fine, we can play that game," Gustav muttered with a cold look as he tracked its trajectory.

The shadow twisted and surged forward while its tendrils lashed out like claws as it zoomed toward the crowded city below. It darted toward a young woman on a crowded street, ready to embed itself within her.

Gustav figure turned into a streak and he appeared next to her, grabbing her around the waist and yanking her out of the way before the darkness could reach her.

"What...?" she gasped, looking up in astonishment but Gustav was already gone.

She was confused as to how she found herself at the edge of the city.

Without stopping, Gustav shot forward again. The streets below him transformed into a chaotic blur as he tracked the shadow.

The darkness was relentless, diving toward one person after another, each time seeking a new host. And each time, Gustav was there, intercepting it with lightning speed, yanking people out of its reach before it could embed itself in their bodies.

Aiming to trap it, Gustav sent a raging punch forward.

The force of his fist was so powerful that the shockwave tore through the air, creating a gust of wind that pushed the darkness back.

The city streets were caught in the blast. Some windows rattled while others burst into pieces as a powerful gust swept across the block, forcing the darkness to halt in its path.

"You're not going anywhere," Gustav growled while stamping his foot into the ground.

The concrete beneath him cracked, and from the shattered ground emerged icicle-like diamond formations, gleaming and translucent. The iro silk formed an enclosure around the entire emptied city block.

The diamond-like icicles stretched up into the sky, interlocking with each other to create a spiky crystalline cage. Between each shard, Gustav projected a soft, yet intense light, filling the gaps to prevent the darkness from slipping out.

Now, only Gustav and the darkness were left within the enclosed cage. The dark entity swirled, momentarily confused, as it ricocheted off the edges of the cage.

"You can't escape now," Gustav declared with a strong tone within the enclosure.

The darkness twisted, almost as if it were responding to his challenge. Its smoky tendrils stretched toward him.

Gustav's eyes narrowed as he stepped forward slowly with his fists clenched. The corruption launched itself at him with its shape morphing into a menacing shadowy figure as it attacked.

Meanwhile, across the galaxy, E.E. and Elevora were in a life-or-death struggle of their own. Their spacecraft hurtled through space at maximum speed, dodging asteroids and debris in a desperate attempt to evade the relentless figure chasing them.

Their pursuer—a powerful member of the Gustavo Alliance—had latched onto their ship. His eyes gleamed with bloodlust as he punched through their shielding with brutal force.

The hull of their ship groaned under the strain, sparks flying as he tore through the layers of protection one by one. Elevora clung to her seat with a look of distress as she watched the outer shields crack.

"E.E., he's going to tear us apart," she called out.

E.E.'s eyes narrowed as he kept his grip steady on the controls. "Not on my watch."

He let go of the console momentarily and made a gesture with his fingers.

A violet vortex opened right behind their attacker. The vortex expanded, swirling with chaotic energy as it began to pull at the man, who struggled to keep his grip on the hull.

"Let's see if you enjoy the void!" E.E. snarled, forcing the ship into a sharp roll as he tilted the vortex to engulf their attacker.

The man's grip loosened, and with a final lunge, he was sucked into the vortex. His figure vanished into the swirling depths. E.E. quickly sealed it off to prevent any mishaps.

Elevora's face didn't look completely relieved. For some reason, she still felt on edge, so she looked around to be sure he was gone.

After a while her shoulders sagged in relief. "Finally... he's gone."

But just as she began to relax, a flash of energy appeared up ahead. Her eyes widened in disbelief as another rip in space formed, and the same Gustavo Alliance member emerged from it. His dark eyes were fixed on their ship with a furious intensity.

"E.E.... he's back," Elevora whispered.

E.E.'s expression darkened as his hands gripped the controls even tighter. "How is this religious cock sucker doing this? The bastard can tear through dimensions?"

Elevora clenched her fists. " He's not going to stop until we're dead. What do we do?"

E.E. glanced at her. "Then we don't stop running. Not until we find a way to put him down for good."

Their spacecraft surged forward, weaving through the stars as they desperately sought to outpace the relentless enemy behind them. But even as they flew, the dark figure continued to close the gap, tearing through any dimensional barriers that E.E. threw up to slow him down.

--

Within the crystalline cage surrounding the city, Gustav faced off with the dark corruption.

The darkness swirled before him, forming tendrils and lashing out with malicious intent. Each attack was a desperate attempt to strike at him, but Gustav swatted them away effortlessly. His movements were as casual as brushing away dust.

One tendril shot forward, aiming for his chest. Gustav merely raised a hand, catching the tendril mid-air and flinging it aside as if it were nothing more than a nuisance. Another attack came from his right—a sweeping arc of shadow—but he spun and slapped it back, dispersing it into a faint mist.

"Is that really all you've got?" Gustav's voice was taunting as his lips curled into a faint smirk while he watched the corruption reform itself.

The corruption let out a guttural hiss. Its dark form seethed with rage as it launched itself at him again. Gustav's response was instantaneous: he pulled back his fist and swung forward, generating a powerful wind that blasted through the darkness, scattering it across the confines of the crystalline cage.

The dark entity reformed slowly, trembling as if weakened, but Gustav showed no mercy.

He punched the air in quick succession.

Fwwhii~ Fwwhii~

Each punch sent waves of wind toward the shadowy figure. The force of each blast caused the darkness to reel, stagger and lose its form more and more with every strike.

As the battle wore on, the darkness seemed to grow weaker. Its tendrils moved slower, and its shape became less defined. Gustav watched with a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes as the corruption began to wilt.

Its form flickered as it struggled to maintain coherence.

"Look at you," Gustav sneered with a mocking tone. "Is this all that's left? A pitiful wisp of shadow, fading like smoke."

The corruption shuddered as its tendrils flailed in a feeble attempt to strike at him, but the attack fizzled out before it even reached him. Gustav crossed his arms, tilting his head as he regarded it with disdain.

"What's the matter? Are you really going to wilt away, just like that?" His voice dripped with provocation as he stepped forward. "There's a host right here, isn't there? Or are you afraid? Afraid that even with me as a host, you'll be nothing."

The darkness hesitated. Its form wavered as if considering his words. Gustav watched it intently with an expression that challenged it to take the bait. He could sense its desperation, its instinct to survive despite the odds stacked against it.

"Come on," he taunted while leaning forward slightly. "You want a chance, don't you? A host with real power. Isn't that what you're looking for? Or are you just going to dissolve into nothing?"