

Bloodline 1651

Chapter 1651 How Do You Intend To Defeat Us Both?

Gustav finally got very serious.

He grabbed Nocturnis by the throat, kneed him in the stomach, shattering the deity's physical form into shadow dust.

He punched the dust, forcing it back into shape.

He slammed Nocturnis into an exploding nebula.

He crashed him through three orbiting planetoids.

He ripped a hole in space and smashed Nocturnis through it, letting him fall out the other side like garbage.

He teleported in front of the falling deity, grabbed him, and—

SLAM!

Drove him into the remains of a dying star.

The star flared wildly, devouring Nocturnis in white-blue plasma.

Gustav pulled him out before he disintegrated completely.

Only to slam him again.

Finally...

Nocturnis lay floating in space, broken, shriveled, barely holding form.

His once endless shadow aura flickered dimly.

"Fifty percent..." Nocturnis whispered. His voice was hoarse, weak and defeated.

"You're only... at fifty percent..."

Gustav hovered above him, eyes leveling calmly.

"You attacked my people," Gustav said softly.

"You hurt those under my protection."

He reached out and placed a finger on Nocturnis' forehead.

"And you tried to kill me while I was unconscious."

Endric, Ria, and Sersi had witnessed only a fraction of the battle.

But even that fraction was enough to make their souls tremble.

"This..." Ria whispered.

"This is what he truly is... this is the power of the Outworldly... and its not even at full strength."

Endric swallowed hard.

"My brother... isn't Mixedblood right now."

Sersi nodded slowly with a look of awe.

"No... he's something far, far beyond."

And far in the void, Gustav turned back toward the ritual.

His unconscious self was still protected and under the bubble.

A cosmic quiet that felt heavier than the crushing force of collapsing stars followed the absolute decimation of Nocturnis.

The deity of shadows floated like a broken smear of dark mist, barely retaining a humanoid shape. The embers of stars glowed faintly behind him, a shattered constellation born from the destruction Gustav's fists had wrought. Dim fragments of nebulae drifted around the two figures, muted like ash after a wildfire.

Gustav hovered before him calmly.

He had not used even a fraction of his full Outworldly authority. Only fifty percent of his restored strength... yet Nocturnis had been overwhelmed so badly he no longer looked divine.

More like a dying shadow clinging desperately to existence.

Gustav raised a hand toward him.

A gesture that meant one thing.

Erase.

True erasure.

Not death.

Not destruction.

Not banishment.

A complete revocation of the concept of Nocturnis.

The deity's very identity, purpose, essence, memory... everything he was would be wiped from the cosmic ledger.

Even the idea of him would vanish but this also meant that shadows would no longer exist in the cosmos. Which meant Gustav had to separate the deity from his cosmic identity to avoid causing irrevocable damage to the universe.

Gustav's fingers glowed with a quiet, uncontested finality.

Nocturnis' trembling form should've been filled with fear and regret.

Yet the deity began to... laugh.

At first a strained, broken rasp.

Then louder.

Then deeper.

A booming cackle that echoed through the vacuum, vibrating entire starfields.

Even Gustav paused with his hand still raised.

Nocturnis' cracked, darkened jaw split open in a manic grin.

"You think I didn't know your capabilities?" he mocked.

"You think I confronted you with nothing prepared?"

His laughter intensified into a mad, delirious and triumphant roar.

"You foolish Outworldly... you think I came here alone?"

Gustav didn't respond but the faint narrowing of his eyes told the truth:

He sensed something.

Something wrong.

Space suddenly tore open like a sheet of thin cloth under sharp claws.

A rift split across the darkness like a spiky scar.

Purple flame spilled from it.

Black lightning danced across its edges.

The void howled, recoiling from whatever colossal force pushed against it.

Endric, Ria, and Sersi who were still in the distance inside Endric's telekinetic bubble, felt the disturbance like a hammer to the soul.

"What... what is that!?" Sersi gasped.

Endric's eyes widened. "Something massive is forcing its way into our universe..."

"Massive?" Ria repeated. "Massive like a building? planet? A star? A—"

He didn't get to finished because the answer revealed itself.

Through the cracks, an eye appeared.

One eye.

Bigger than their solar system.

Followed by a horn of spiky cosmic bone.

Then a limb, shaped vaguely like an arm, made of layered obsidian with swirling galaxies trapped within its structure.

Then a torso... stretching wider than nebula clusters.

With a being of such scale, the concept of "size" felt meaningless.

This was another Ancient Executioner.

And this one was bigger and more terrifying than the previous one.

And unlike Nocturnis, this being carried no emotions.

He was pure function.

Pure destruction.

Pure execution.

Its voice echoed across reality without sound:

"OBEY THE SUMMON."

Nocturnis smiled wider.

"You see, Outworldly... I knew this day would come. I have been preparing for this battle for tens of thousands of years... I knew that by myself, I could not defeat you..."

The Ancient Executioner raised something in his titanic hand.

A crystalline object barely glowed brightly with layers of trapped souls, cosmic rules, and a spectrum of energies Gustav recognized immediately.

It was not merely a crystal.

It was a Core Sacrificial Conduit.

A forbidden relic from the era before Outworldly.

A catalytic artifact capable of transforming divine entities into pure conceptual energy.

"Nocturnis," Gustav said quietly.

"You understand what this means? What he is holding?"

"Oh, I do," the deity replied with a grin still stretching across his cracked face. "As much as I would have loved to defeat you myself... this was all a part of my plan."

Nocturnis' shadow flickered in anticipation.

"Because all of this was necessary."

Gustav frowned.

"Necessary," Nocturnis continued, "to bring HIM back."

The Ancient Executioner lifted the crystal higher.

At that moment, stars detonated prematurely...

Black holes pulsed violently...

Space-time buckled...

And even Gustav felt the change.

A power he recognized....

A power he had thought gone...

A power he had personally ended long ago...

Was returning...

"No—" Gustav murmured.

But the Ancient Executioner squeezed the crystalline conduit and it shattered.

The result was instantaneous.

The Executioner's entire body which was the size of a galaxy, infinite in density and complexity, began to collapse inward.

His essence was ripped from his being, compressed into streams of golden and violet energy.

He shrieked in submission, fulfilling Nocturnis command to be used as a sacrifice.

The collapsing energy formed a column of pure blinding, absolute and overwhelming light.

A supernova of divinity.

The shockwave tore through surrounding galaxies, vaporizing stars. Solar systems disintegrated. Cosmic dust was blasted outward like storm debris.

Gustav shielded himself automatically, erecting an expansion barrier that protected his unconscious body far across the surrounding.

"NO!" Endric screamed, shielding Ria and Sersi telekinetically as the aftershock vaporized space around them.

Fortunately, Gustav's shield had mostly covered them as well so they were fine.

Moments later, the light began to contract...

Spin...

Condense...

Forming a shape.

Until—

A humanoid silhouette appeared within the vortex.

Wreathed in bands of cosmic law and stars glowing in his large body, his eyes burnt coldly.

When the light faded...

The being stepped forward.

Gustav's face hardened.

"I erased you."

The being frowned. "I am difficult to erase."

Nocturnis burst into mad laughter again.

"Yes! YES! You understand now, Outworldly! His essence still lingered. I only needed a sacrifice powerful enough to reform him!"

The being spread his arms and space trembled, stars bowed, dimensional layers quivered.

Before the Outworldly first emergence...

Before celestial order had meaning...

Before deities were forced to obey cosmic neutrality...

There had been one who was above all the other deities.

One who other deities sought when there was a disagreement amongst their ranks.

He who was born from the primal core of the earliest universe.

He never really governed the deities but his word was absolute.

And in raw divine strength?

He surpassed every deity by light-years.

Even the Ancient Executioners bowed to him.

He was the only entity who ever approached Outworldly power—

not equaling it...

but approaching it.

He was... THE OVERSEER.

Gustav had fought and killed him before but that was when he had his full Outworldly power.

Now?

He was at fifty percent and Nocturnis was well aware that this will put Gustav at a disadvantage.

The Overseer's cold and emotionless gaze fixed on Gustav.

"Outworldly..." his voice rippled through the cosmos like a verdict handed down on reality itself.

"You murdered my daughter."

Gustav remained silent.

"You murdered me."

Nocturnis chuckled, despite barely having the strength to move.

"You look nervous, Outworldly," he sang mockingly.

"Does it feel familiar? That moment... when you realized you had no choice but to kill him?"

Gustav's aura thickened.

"You brought him back," Gustav said softly.

"Yes," Nocturnis replied proudly. "I have spent so much time gathering the necessary conduits. My Ancient Executioners are just a means to an end."

The deity pointed a shaking finger at Gustav.

"Imagine my delight when I finally found a way. A method to return the Overseer to this universe."

Cosmic power swirled around him as yhe Overseer stepped forward.

"And now," Nocturnis voice almost trembled with delight, "your strength has not fully returned..."

His grin widened into something feral.

"How do you intend to defeat us both?"

Chapter 1652 This Ends Now

Would fifty percent of his restored strength be enough to face the Overseer and Nocturnis combined?

The Overseer raised his hand slowly while Gustav's unleashed his aura in preparation.

Nocturnis watched with unrestrained glee.

"Remember how you obliterated his daughter's existence because she connived with the other deities and threatened the cosmic balance...?" Nocturnis whispered.

He laughed again.

"Well... even if you forgot, he remembers well."

Gustav's eyes narrowed.

The Overseer's aura began to gather.

And then—

Galaxies flickered as if struggling to stay alight. Stars dimmed into embers, planets cracked along tectonic seams, and entire sectors of reality felt a violent pull like something ancient had just inhaled after a hundred thousand years of suffocating silence.

And then his form began to further morph... turning into a figure of incandescent brilliance, forged from pure creation energy.

Six wings of refracted light arched behind him with their tips brushing nebula gas into stardust trails. His eyes were twin singularities of radiance, and his mere presence made constellations bow.

He let out a cosmic roar that rippled through the material and metaphysical layers of existence. Every civilization with advanced senses felt its echo... not as sound, but as a coded fury embedded in the universe.

"OUTWORLDLY..."

The name cracked a dozen planetary shields.

The Overseer's voice quaked with betrayal and anguish as a hundred thousand year-old wound ripped open.

"You betrayed your own kind by erasing the deities," every syllable shattered asteroids as his voice thundered. "Just so mortals — mortals — could live in peace."

His wings flared, scattering creation particles like newborn stars.

"I supported you. I made you. You only came into existence... because of me."

The grief twisted into venomous rage.

"I am the reason you are you. And yet..."

The light dimmed, replaced by a chilling stillness.

"...despite everything, you still choose them over us."

Gustav exhaled slowly, steadying himself.

"You don't understand—"

"I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY!"

The Overseer swept forward and a pillar of blinding light erupted from his fist as he slammed into Gustav with the force of a hundred collapsing stars.

GBOOOOOOM!!!

Gustav shot through twelve asteroid belts, skipping across space like a stone across a cosmic lake. The shockwave curved spacetime, temporarily bending the orbit of nearby planetary systems.

But Gustav recovered mid-flight.

His eyes glowed red-gold as he awakened a new power.

"Do not let history repeat. You can choose to stand down now. Do not make me fight you," Gustav warned because he recalled that the Overseer was definitely the most peaceful deity in the past. He only had to erase him because his hand was forced.

The deity would never let the person who erased his daughter go Scott free.

"You already ARE," the Overseer snarled while blitzing forward.

Light collided with destruction, producing an explosion so large nearby galaxies flared like lightbulbs receiving a power surge.

Gustav blocked the next strike, coating his forearm in destructive energy. The Overseer's blow still drove him backward.

"You're still strong," Gustav muttered.

"I am creation itself," the Overseer spat.

"And you, Outworldly... you are an inconsiderate child who thinks he knows better than the gods who birthed him."

He raised his hand.

Dozens of divine sigils radiated outward, forming a golden sphere of condensed existence.

"Genesis Implosion."

Gustav crossed his arms just as the sphere detonated.

The implosion crushed everything within a light-year radius. Stars crumbled. Space folded inward. Void energy leaked like blood. But from the swirling ruin burst Gustav, roaring as he unleashed his own counterattack.

A ten kilometer long blade of pure destruction formed in Gustav's hand.

He swung.

The Overseer's wings split apart as he was sent crashing through a collapsing nebula.

Gustav sucked air through his teeth.

"Still think I'm a kid?"

The Overseer rose from the wreckage with a cold expression.

"You've gotten arrogant," he whispered.

"I've always been... but arrogant or not, its not too late to s..."

Before Gustav could complete his sentence, the Overseer vanished.

The world flashed.

Gustav felt a sudden burst of pressure behind him that was too fast to react to.

BAM!

The Overseer struck him with a fist strengthened by pure creation essence. Gustav spun through a cosmic river, smashing into the side of a gas giant.

Its surface exploded outward like a ruptured balloon.

Gustav coughed blood.

Then the Overseer appeared before him again, unrelenting.

"You erased the deities... all for mortals."

His hands trembled.

"You chose them over your own family."

"Someone had to stop the cycle—"

"They were our kin!"

The Overseer's scream sent light-lashes whipping through space.

Gustav raised his arms to guard, but the lashes cut through his defenses. Light seared into his flesh, burning celestial patterns into his skin.

Gustav yelled in pain...

This was the first time in a long while he'd felt something this sharp.

The Overseer's face twisted.

"This pain is nothing compared to what I felt when you erased my daughter."

"I did what I had to!" Gustav shot back.

"It was the only—"

The surrounding galaxies dimmed as darkness draped itself across existence like a living veil, cutting Gustav off.

Nocturnis materialized behind Gustav, "Your words mean nothing."

He sent Gustav flying with a burst of shadowy blast, causing him to raise his arms up in a cross format.

"Nocturnis..." Gustav growled while slowly lowering his arms.

He had managed to stop the attack before they reached him but only barely.

"You didn't think I'd miss your struggle, did you?"

Nocturnis grinned, baring dark fangs.

The Overseer did not look back.

"Stay out of this, Nocturnis."

"No," Nocturnis answered calmly.

"Even with your strength, we still don't know the full extent of his 50% Outworldly strength. Teaming up to destroy him once and for all is the best course of action."

Gustav's eyes narrowed.

"You two teaming up—"

"Is the only natural outcome," Nocturnis finished.

The Overseer spoke without turning:

"Only 50% and yet... this is humiliating... let us get it over with as quickly as possible."

"Then this will be fun," Nocturnis whispered.

They instantly attacked simultaneously.

Light and darkness fused, forming the rarest, most destructive pairing.

Gustav parried the Overseer's next strike,

only for Nocturnis to appear behind him, stabbing a blade of condensed shadow through his ribs.

Gustav gasped.

The Overseer capitalized instantly.

"CELESTIAL DISMANTLING!"

A thousand beams of light lanced into Gustav's body like spears.

Nocturnis followed:

"Umbral Cataclysm."

A tidal wave of dark matter slammed Gustav forward into the Overseer's palms.

The Overseer caught Gustav's head and slammed it into a forming quasar.

GBOOOOOOOOOOM!!!

The quasar detonated prematurely causing a cosmic explosion that erased three neighboring star systems.

Gustav fell out the other side, burned, bleeding glowing blood with many bones shattered and yet he refused to fall.

He steadied himself while panting.

He wiped his mouth, smearing cosmic blood.

"...You two already know how this ends," he muttered.

"You're delaying the inevitable."

Nocturnis laughed softly.

"The inevitable ends with your end."

The Overseer's wings unfolded again.

"He cannot win. He is weakened."

Gustav cracked his knuckles.

"Wanna test that theory?"

"You will die today," the Overseer swore.

"And when you do..." Nocturnis added, "I will feast on the remains of these mortals you guard so precious."

The two cosmic beings charged.

Gustav inhaled deeply and then his aura erupted.

A blast of destructive energy expanded around Gustav, vaporizing cosmic dust, residual nebula, and debris.

He raised his hand, summoning forces forbidden to lower beings.

The universe quaked.

"Destruction Mode..."

Nocturnis chimed.

"He's finally getting serious..."

The Overseer scowled.

"Even with that your strength is limited."

"It doesn't matter," Gustav replied.

He vanished and this time, Gustav hit first.

He appeared behind Nocturnis and drove an elbow into his spine, cracking it.

He spun, kicking the Overseer across a supercluster.

Light exploded like fireworks as the point of impact from Gustav attacks detonated with a blast, further incapacitating them.

He rushed at the overseer and blasted him forward with another burst of reddish energy.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The Overseer raised a shield of light to tank the attack that could vaporize entire solar systems.

But the advantage Gustav had initially from taking the initiative, didn't last long.

Nocturnis had sewed his spine together with shadows and he spread them out again to bind Gustav's wrists, trapping him for a moment.

But that moment was more than enough.

The Overseer reappeared with a glare of pure wrath.

"You think you can still challenge me?"

He unleashed something memories of his daughter...

The moment she died.

The scream she never got to finish.

Gustav froze.

The Overseer advanced with a trembling voice.

"Do you remember... what her last word before you wiped her existence?"

Gustav swallowed.

"She called for her father."

The Overseer's voice cracked.

"And I wasn't there to protect her."

Light erupted violently.

Gustav was struck hard and flung into a collapsing star that detonated on contact.

Before he recovered, Nocturnis chained him with shadows, binding his limbs.

"Struggle," Nocturnis whispered.

"I want to feel it."

The Overseer formed a world-ending spear of light causing the entirety of space to shudder intensely.

"This time... you won't erase me."

Blood ran down Gustav's chin at this point.

With both entities overpowering him, the 50% didn't seem to be enough.

The spear aimed at his heart while Nocturnis tightened the shadows chains.

Gustav struggled with freeing himself while the overseer stepped forward.

"Outworldly... this ends now."

Chapter 1653 COSMIC COLOSSUS

Gustav gritted his teeth as the shadow chains started to slowly come undone due to his immense power. However, he wouldn't be quick enough to free himself before the attack struck and this chains seemed to lock his spatial abilities in place.

The spear glowed brighter as Nocturnis smiled wickedly while the Overseer raised his arm.

All of a sudden, a crack appeared in space behind Gustav.

A burst of unknown energy gathered.

Silence broke across the universe like shattering glass.

The Overseer's spear of light, held in a stance ready to impale Gustav, flickered as both he and Nocturnis felt the ripple.

A strange vibration that felt foreign, trembled through the space as the shadow chains connected to Gustav's figure suddenly snapped.

The moment this happened, he vanished and reappeared a good distance away, right before the cracks.

He recognized the energy signature immediately.

"...Hmm? Is that..." he muttered.

Nocturnis clicked his tongue.

"Something approaches."

The Overseer frowned.

"What is this intrusive presence...?"

Then the fabric of space tore open.

A rip the size of a planetary moon split behind Gustav, spilling cosmic light across the surroundings.

One by one up to fifteen figures stepped out. They were each different in shape, size, origin, but all radiating an unmistakable aura.

Cosmic Superiority

Beings scattered across the universe, possessing a power that made them superior to other living creatures all across the cosmos.

Beings who owed their cosmic superior strength to Gustav the Outworldly, even if they never fully knew why.

Some were humanoid.

Some were serpentine.

Some resembled walking nebulae, beasts clad in stardust, or constructs powered by planetary cores.

One appeared as a towering crystalline woman with fractal wings.

Another as an armored lizard with thousands of eyes.

Another, a living storm of lightning given semi-humanoid shape.

But all bowed their heads slightly upon arrival.

Not in worship but in recognition.

Gustav had a look of pleasant surprise on his face.

"Cosmic Superiors..." he whispered.

"You came."

The largest among them who was a titanic armored being composed of superheated magma and core-iron, boomed:

"WE SENSED YOU ACROSS SILENCE AND DISTANCE. WE KNEW YOU NEEDED US."

The crystalline woman added,

"We know of our origins. And so we know, we owe this power to the Outworldly."

Nocturnis sighed dramatically.

"How sentimental. Disgusting."

The Overseer's wings flared ominously.

"So these insects dare intrude on the battlefield of deities?"

His voice resonated with divine disdain.

"They are nothing. Cosmic Superiority is but a spark compared to foundational divinity."

"Maybe alone," the lightning storm-being replied with crackling voice.

"But there are fifteen of us."

Nocturnis stepped forward with shadows licking his limbs like serpents.

"Then you will die fifteen times."

Gustav finally floated down beside the newcomers.

"You shouldn't have come," he growled.

"It's too dangerous."

The crystalline woman smiled gently.

"You blessed us with Cosmic Superiority. We owe our existence as we are today to you."

The magma giant rumbled.

"And you have saved our worlds countless times in the past from deities. We do not abandon allies."

Gustav exhaled.

He didn't have the strength to protect them and fight deities.

But they knew that.

And they came anyway.

Even though not a single one of them was below the level of Transdimensional Cosmic Superiority, they were still miles away from the level of strength of a deity.

Nonetheless, no other being in the universe besides the deities came close to their level of power except the Xyfect.

Nocturnis stretched his fingers.

"This will be entertaining."

The Overseer lifted his spear again.

"They fall first."

The fifteen beings launched themselves in different directions, forming a shimmering celestial formation. Their cosmic superiority allowed them to adapt instantly to cosmic-scale combat.

Their attacks rained across the battlefield:

Galaxy-slicing beams

Dimensional ripples

Gravity implosion punches

Solar-flare whips

Crystal fracturing blasts

Lightning storms dense enough to rival magnetar fields

Each attack struck Nocturnis and the Overseer with perfect synchronization.

The Overseer's body recoiled under multiple impacts.

Nocturnis's shadows writhed under the pressure.

Gustav jumped into the fray, roaring like a primordial beast as his form grew larger.

"Push them back!" Gustav shouted.

They obeyed as if the order had been carved into their souls.

For the first time since the battle started...

Gustav wasn't fighting alone.

But the deities were never prey.

The Overseer raised a single finger toward a winged alien who had just launched a gravity burst.

Light condensed.

"Entropy Reset."

The being evaporated instantly.

Just like that... one of the fifteen was gone.

The crystalline woman screamed.

"Zarka!"

Nocturnis teleported behind another smaller Cosmic Superior being who was a fox-like creature made of plasma.

"I dislike clutter," he whispered.

A shadow blade slipped through her skull.

She fell lifeless with her body twitching before dispersing into cosmic vapor.

Two dead in mere seconds.

The magma giant roared.

"YOU MONSTERS!"

They attacked even harder and much more desperate.

Gustav's rage spiked.

"STOP TARGETING THEM!" he shouted, slamming a fist into the Overseer so hard it cracked a galactic arc.

"They aren't your enemies!"

"They stand with you," the Overseer replied coldly.

"That makes them obstacles."

Nocturnis tore through a third being's cosmic shield, leaving him bleeding.

Gustav leapt backward, dragging the injured being out of the way with destructive force.

But Nocturnis was already targeting another.

Gustav moved with incredible speed and slammed into Nocturnis before he could reach the cosmic superior beings.

He couldn't keep doing this... he couldn't protect them while fighting.

His movements grew strained and his defense turned sluggish as he had to split his focus between protecting and fighting.

The crystalline woman shouted, "Gustav, stop worrying about us—focus on the Overseer!"

"You'll die!"

"THEN LET US DIE AS WARRIORS!" the magma giant boomed.

The shift in atmosphere was violent.

They were determined and resolved, accepting of their fate.

Many of them had been alive for over a millennia, after all so they didn't mind dying here for something greater than themselves.

And that acceptance triggered something ancient among them.

The crystalline woman's body suddenly emitted a pinkish glow that spread forth and then the magma giant did the same.

Then all remaining thirteen beings.

Energy spread between them, weaving like threads in a cosmic loom.

Gustav recognized it instantly.

"You're merging—"

"We must," the crystalline woman smiled sadly.

"For you."

Before he could protest again...

They fused.

Light...

Darkness...

Gravity...

Heat...

Crystal...

Storm...

Nebula...

Metal...

Matter...

Spirit...

All of it merged into a titanic being that dwarfed planets. A colossal entity, thousands of kilometers tall, shaped vaguely humanoid but made of swirling cosmic layers.

Its voice echoed like a thousand overlapping tones.

"WE ARE THE COSMIC COLOSSUS."

The instant it moved, spacetime trembled like flimsy cloth.

Nocturnis's eyes widened slightly.

"...This is troublesome."

The Colossus swung an arm.

A shockwave tore through reality, slamming Nocturnis into a pitch-black singularity of its own creation.

Nocturnis screeched in irritation.

"You insolent—"

The Colossus stomped.

Its foot shattered several dimensions layered beneath the battlefield.

For the first time, Nocturnis was not the predator.

He was struggling due to the unprecedented rise in power from the merged Cosmic Beings.

The titanic being gated its internal fusion energy into a blast that engulfed Nocturnis completely.

Meanwhile with Nocturnis occupied, Gustav finally focused all his energy on the Overseer.

Destruction aura blazed around him like an apocalyptic storm.

He vanished and reappeared in front of the Overseer, a fist coated in collapsing gravitational layers.

BAM!!!

The Overseer flew backward, slamming into a pulsar that shattered like cheap glass.

Gustav followed with relentless attacks...

Punch.

Kick.

Beam.

Annihilation burst.

Spatial tear.

Thermal collapse.

The Overseer's perfect wings dimmed.

He coughed divine fluid due to the intense barrages.

"You... dare..."

"You have caused death dor the last time.." Gustav voiced with coldness before slamming him again.

"You endanger the universe."

"You endangered your kind!" the Overseer fired back, straining.

"You should have died long ago!"

Gustav didn't stop for even a millisecond.

For the first time, the Overseer was truly pushed back.

Blow after blow.

The universe shook like it was watching gods fall.

And then, Gustav raised his fist, gathering a strange milky colored energy that glowed ominously.

Everything trembled at this moment as a great pressure washed across space.

There was no doubt that unleashing this attack, would wreak immeasurable damage.

"This ends—"

Just as a he was about to deal the overseer this blow...

KRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!!!

A deafening blast split the battlefield.

Everyone froze.

Even the Cosmic Colossus halted mid-strike.

Nocturnis's grin spread while the Overseer's eyes widened.

"It came from..." Gustav who was just about to unleash the final attack suddenly felt a strange weakness.

The moment he turned, he understood why.

The protective golden barrier Gustav had erected around his unconscious original form — the one regaining his full Outworldly strength — was ruptured from the inside.

Cracks spread like spiderwebs.

Inside...

His real body lay crumpled against the barrier wall with two limbs missing and a gaping hole where his chest used to be.

Blood sprayed across the barrier's surface.

"Huh..." Gustav breathing turned heavy.

And standing in the center of the barrier was a silhouette.

Chapter 1654 Watch Them Perish

Standing in the center of the barrier was a silhouette.

A figure of pure shadow with a terrifying smile was responsible for the breach.

Nocturnis's voice echoed from the clone.

"Did you really think..."

He stepped forward.

"...that your true body was safe within this bubble you created? So long as shadows exist, there is no place impossible for me to breach..."

Gustav's face drained of color.

His original body was dying.

The ritual was ruined.

And the shadow clone smiled wider.

"Checkmate, Outworldly."

Space vibrated as the glow of the ritual platform dimmed beneath Gustav's broken body. His torso was ripped open, displaying a gaping hole where cosmic heat still steamed.

His right arm was gone from the shoulder down, the left severed at the elbow. His lower body twitched, mangled and torn.

His blood which was an unnatural mix of crimson, silver, and cosmic particles, floated in globules around him like a dying constellation.

Yet... he was still alive.

Barely.

But alive.

Gustav never died easily. Not even when death was the only reasonable outcome. Not even when entire cosmic beings willed it.

But that didn't mean this wasn't catastrophic especially when the damage came from a deity.

A brutal shudder rippled through Gustav's secondary form, the avatar battling the Overseer.

His duplicate flickered, occasionally as translucent patches broke out across his arms and chest, as if the very idea of him was dissolving.

Endric saw it immediately.

"No!" his voice tore through space with pure telepathic force.

Endric's body vanished from its position in an instant as he blinked and he reappeared directly in front of the Nocturnis clone that had dealt the blow to Gustav's real body.

His eyes blazed with green and gold.

CRRRAAAAACKKKK!!!

Endric released a telekinetic burst so condensed it bent the vacuum, sending forth shockwave dense enough to shove celestial fragments aside. The force slammed into Nocturnis' clone like a divine hammer.

The clone staggered backward, turning into a streak of black distortion that blasted through what was left of the barrier.

Endric followed his path as he tumbled through space.

For an instant, Endric seemed to have bought Gustav another second of life. Because if the ritual should resume, there was no doubt that Gustav's broken body would be fixed.

But that clone was not an ordinary opponent.

Even though it was weakened... despite it being a fragment of the true Nocturnis, he radiated cosmic malice.

Black runes crawled across his skin like writhing shadows. His smile curled faintly, suggesting he had already imagined one thousand ways to kill his opponent.

He recovered mid-spin, exhaled once, then lunged back toward Endric.

Endric gritted his teeth as the greenish mark on his forehead began to glow, brighter, brighter, until the hue spilled across his entire face.

"Husarius lend me your power," Endric commanded inwardly.

"Gladly," Husarius responded with a tone of ancient pride.

Endric's body emitted a new scale of power as his bones creaked and his muscles contracted. His aura burst forth like a supernova, swirling green-tinted waves rolling from his body.

The clash resumed instantly.

Endric met the Nocturnis clone head-on, slamming a telekinetic fist shaped from compressed space into the clone's chest. Nocturnis did not block, letting it strike him full-force.

Black smoke hissed from the impact point, but he did not flinch.

He retaliated with a swipe of darkness that carved through space, tearing off kilometers of celestial debris.

Endric twisted, bending physics to dodge the attack by a hair, then retaliated with a time-folding kick empowered by Husarius—

BOOOOMMMMM!!!

The blow reverberated across the battlefield, sending the clone spiraling backward.

But he came back again.

Again.

Again.

Unrelenting.

Endric kept pushing, kept striking, every motion laced with telekinetic reinforcement amplified tenfold by Husarius.

His attacks became a barrage of relentless wave intended to keep the clone from advancing an inch toward Gustav's body.

And for a while... it worked.

But Nocturnis' clone grew faster.

Hungrier.

More chaotic.

He adapted faster than Endric could shift tactics.

So Endric escalated.

He stretched out his hand toward a distant moon with a cratered surface cracked like eggshell from previous cosmic clashes.

Telekinetic chains wrapped around it.

He crushed the entire moon in seconds.

It imploded into a field of molten fragments, then Endric hurled the pieces at Nocturnis like a thousand meteorites.

The space between them lit up with streaks of fire and molten stone.

The clone raised his hand and black flames erupted.

BWHOOOOOOOOM!!!

Meteor after meteor exploded before reaching him but Endric seized the opportunity. He folded space, appearing above the clone with both palms pressed together.

A beam of compressed kinetic energy erupted like a green star detonating point-blank.

The clone blocked with his forearm.

The force still hurled him backward a full hundred kilometers.

Endric panted heavily as blood streamed down the side of his nose. Husarius whispered caution, but Endric ignored it.

This wasn't about survival.

This was about keeping his brother alive.

Even if he died doing it.

Meanwhile, Gustav's other form, the luminous avatar battling the Overseer, flickered again.

His vision doubled.

His senses blared static.

His limbs trembled with failing connection to his dying core body.

The Overseer saw it and seized the opening instantly.

Pure incandescent creation-light—shot from the Overseer's palms, striking Gustav in the stomach.

BLAAAAAMMM!

Gustav's avatar skidded through space, carving through several collapsing asteroids.

Before he could stabilize—

WHAM!!!

Another blast struck him.

Then another.

Then a beam of cosmic light pierced him and sent him spiraling.

"Pathetic," the Overseer hissed while appearing behind Gustav in a burst of golden glare. "Even now you cling to weakness."

He drove a foot into Gustav's back, blasting him downward into a drifting tectonic slab the size of a continent.

Gustav crashed, carving a crater deep enough to swallow cities.

The Overseer hovered above him with starlight eyes.

"You should never have created bonds. Your mortal connections will be your undoing."

The final word echoed like a sentence across all the realms.

"Watch them perish."

Gustav's breath hitched.

Through his fragmenting sight, he saw Endric surrounded by explosions of dark energy, struggling to fend off Nocturnis clone.

Husarius' boost gave him enough to kept up but his body was tearing apart. His shields flickered like dying lanterns.

Gustav felt a spark of horror.

'No... Endric...'

He tried to move but the Overseer grabbed his throat and pinned him to the shattered earth.

"Struggle," the Overseer whispered, cold and ruthless. "It changes nothing."

The Nocturnis clone finally gathered dark energy into a single fist, causing it to swirl like a compressed singularity.

He slammed it into the transparent ritual platform beneath him.

KA-THOOOOOOM!!!

The blast was cataclysmic, sending out a wave of intense dark energy.

Endric's created ten layers of telekinetic shields but they shattered instantly.

His chest caved in slightly as he was hammered backward by the concussive force with blood exploding from his mouth. His lungs nearly collapsed.

His body spun into space as his bloodline energy flickered like a dying spark.

He tried to breathe but there was no air.

There was only agony.

And then his body descended from the sky and landed back onto the ritual platform with a loud thud.

The clone advanced slowly began to advance but this time, Endric couldn't rise.

Husarius screamed warnings inside his mind, but Endric's limbs wouldn't move.

He was finished.

And beyond him...

The Nocturnis clone gathered a swirling bomb of dark energy which happened to be a massive attack broad enough to wipe out everything in a ten-thousand-kilometer radius.

The ritual stone.

Endric.

Ria and Sersi who hid nearby.

And Gustav's broken, bleeding body.

All would be disintegrated the moment Nocturnis clone launched this attack.

Gustav saw the attack forming.

Saw Endric bleeding, floating helplessly, unable to raise even a finger.

Saw the glowing black sphere expanding.

And something inside Gustav snapped.

The Overseer tightened his grip, holding Gustav in place so he could witness their ruin but Gustav did something unexpected.

He relaxed causing his body to go limp for a half-second and then he twisted.

Using one of the oldest, strangest techniques he possessed, his avatar slipped from the Overseer's grasp like liquid light.

Before the Overseer could comprehend it—

FZZZTTT!!!

Gustav blasted backward toward Endric... toward the ritual site.

The Overseer roared and followed but Gustav already had a headstart.

He thrust one palm forward and a beam of white-gold energy erupted, enveloping Endric's body.

Endric's eyes widened in silent disbelief as light wrapped around him.

"Not today," Gustav whispered.

SHWOOOOOM!!!

Endric vanished just in time.

The dark explosion unleashed by the clone struck the ritual stone and the world ended.

A shockwave ripped through the transparent planet where the ritual was ongoing and the entire platform turned to dust.

The space around it shattered and Gustav's broken body—

BOOOOM!!!

—was blasted apart.

His severed head drifted one way...

His mangled torso drifted in another direction...

Blood scattered like a crimson nebula.

And with that...

The other Gustav began flickering as cracks appeared along his form.

Chapter 1655 New Age Of Deities

The other Gustav began flickering as cracks appeared along his form.

Fractures of light split across his chest as he turned his dissolving head toward the direction he had sent Endric which was directly with Sersi and Ria.

And in the next instant, he snapped his fingers.

POP.

Endric vanished again but this time along with Ria and Sersi.

They were safe.

As safe as Gustav could make them.

Gustav's avatar collapsed to one knee.

The Overseer appeared behind him with a slight look of shock that Gustav had escaped his grasp for even a second.

Gustav didn't look at him. Neither did he utter a word to him as his body was dissolving rapidly.

Light flaked off him like burning petals.

"Live... little brother," Gustav murmured.

In the next instant, his avatar dissolved entirely.

The cosmos fell into a deep silence so absolute it was as if the universe itself had paused out of horror.

Moments ago, Gustav, the Outworldly, the being who once stood above gods, who shaped galaxies with a thought, who altered reality as easily as breathing, had perished.

Gustav's severed head and torn limbs had been flung across space like discarded debris. His other form had dissipated into motes of light that vanished into the void.

It was done.

The unthinkable had happened.

The God-killer... the Deity-Eraser... the Outworldly... was gone.

And with his fall, the universe felt something unfamiliar... fear.

The combined cosmic superior beings who had fused into a singular titan that had pushed Nocturnis to desperation, stumbled.

Their massive gestalt form trembled as cracks of light fissured through its structure. Their unity faltered like flickering flames under a cold, crushing wind.

BOOM!

A shockwave suddenly erupted from where Gustav had died. Darkness poured outward, expanding in a rolling tide like spilled ink across a page. The titan of cosmic superior beings shuddered violently under the impact. Their collective consciousness fractured. The light that bound them flickered... shattered... and the giant collapsed.

In screaming streaks of multi-colored energy, the beings separated.

Thirteen figures with some tall as skyscrapers, others the size of humans, some glowing like stars, others covered in scales or fur... fell apart from the combined entity and scattered across the void like dying sparks.

They tumbled across broken asteroid fields and cracked cosmic fragments, coughing, wheezing, or gasping as their exhaustion caught up to them.

Nocturnis floated before them wounded. He was still bleeding dark ichor from the wounds inflicted during the fusion titan's last stand as well as all the damage Gustav dealt him.

His form was gruesomely injured but far from defeated. His eyes stared down at the scattered cosmic superiors with an emotion that could only be described as glee.

"Look at you..." he rasped with a voice that rippled through the vacuum like tendrils of cold. "Without your precious Outworldly... you are nothing."

The Overseer drifted forward beside him. Wreathed in shimmering light, his presence bent space like gravity made sentient.

His face which was an indescribable construct of radiance, was twisted in grim satisfaction.

"Order has returned," he declared. "The false age of mortals ends here."

The cosmic superior beings, despite their wounds, pushed themselves upright.

A reptilian warrior with crystalline scales forced himself to hover upright. "We are not done—!"

Nocturnis blurred.

One moment he was a hundred kilometers away.

The next—

SHRRRK!

His hand punched through the reptilian being's torso. A cough of shimmering blood spilled into space.

"You are," Nocturnis whispered.

His fingers clenched.

BOOM!

The cosmic superior exploded into fragments of light that dissipated instantly.

Without being merged, he posed no threat to the deity by himself.

A six-armed insectoid woman with radiant wings darted forward with a cry of rage. Her wings vibrated, unleashing slicing ripples capable of cutting moons into smooth circular pieces.

Nocturnis didn't even look at her.

His shadow stretched, curved, snapped upward—

CHOMP

—and devoured her from below, leaving nothing but a fading echo of her scream.

Two down.

Eleven left.

The cosmic superiors panicked.

A giant spectral lion roared and charged with cosmic flames bursting from its mane. A mechanical entity with a thousand shifting plates opened its core and unleashed antimatter beams. A humanoid covered in blue star-fire hurled blazing spheres that detonated like collapsing suns.

It didn't matter.

Nocturnis blurred through them like death incarnate.

One swipe decapitated the star-fire humanoid.

One lash of darkness bisected the lion into raw cosmic particles.

One sphere of condensed shadow imploded the mechanical being, compressing him to a singularity.

Eight down.

Seven trembling.

The Overseer watched the massacre calmly with arms folded behind his back. "I have no interest in pesky rats."

Now that the Outworldly was gone, the overseer was back to being unconcerned about whatever goes on in the universe.

The deity of darkness grinned, dripping black ichor from his talons. "Let them understand despair before they die. It makes their souls taste better."

A plant-like cosmic superior with her body shaped like a twisting tangle of bioluminescent vines tried to flee.

She didn't get far.

A hand of pure radiance formed beside her, conjured by the Overseer.

CRUSH.

Her vines shriveled and she was compressed into nothing.

A massive centipede-like titan, large enough to coil around a mountain, unfurled his spiked limbs desperately. "We were blessed by the Outworldly! Our existence—our power—comes from him!"

The Overseer tilted his head. "And now he is gone. All power granted by him fades."

Nocturnis' shadows descended like a net and ripped the centipede-like titan to shreds.

SHRRRIP

Pieces drifted into space.

The rest formed a defensive circle with bodies trembling as their eyes widened in horror.

A floating jelly-like being with swirling galaxies inside his transparent core whispered, "We... cannot win..."

A horned humanoid with molten veins spat blood. "We fight anyway."

A turtle-like creature with runes across its shell whispered, "For the cosmos..."

Nocturnis licked his lips. "Oh good. Continue resisting. I enjoy the chase."

And chase he did.

He vanished, reappeared behind the molten humanoid, and tore off his arm before impaling him through the spine.

Four.

The galaxy-core jelly tried to engulf Nocturnis. Shadows tore through him from within.

Three.

The rune-turtle cast a shell barrier stretching a hundred kilometers, glowing like a sanctum. Nocturnis tapped it with a single finger.

CRACK.

The shell shattered.

A beam of shadow erased him.

Two.

The last pair which was a winged woman and an armored beast with horns, charged the Overseer instead of Nocturnis, hoping perhaps the deity of light would be easier since he wasn't engaging.

He intended to take him by surprise.

The Overseer raised a hand.

A ring of light expanded.

FLASH.

Both were vaporized instantly.

Fifteen cosmic superiors.

All dead.

The universe trembled as their essences faded. Worlds where they were worshiped felt sudden cold. Planets they once protected shivered in communal dread.

Nocturnis stretched lazily, cracking his neck. "Refreshing."

"Are you satisfied?" the Overseer asked.

"For now." Nocturnis wiped cosmic blood off his claws. "It was quite thoughtful of you to let me handle them."

"Your cruelty serves a purpose," the Overseer replied. "Fear must be cultivated. Order must be restored. And the mortals must remember whom they exist under."

Nocturnis' smile widened.

Behind them, the darkness that had begun spreading after Gustav's death continued to bloom outward.

Vast tendrils blanketed the far reaches of space and entire star systems dimmed as if someone had lowered the brightness of existence itself. On distant planets, civilizations noticed their skies growing darker and trembled.

"See?" Nocturnis whispered. "Already the universe remembers its rightful master."

But the Overseer cut him off coldly.

"No. The universe remembers its rightful masters," he corrected. "For the age of deities begins anew."

A low rumble followed like thunder rolling across the cosmic expanse.

The Overseer lifted his arms and the cosmos reacted.

Light gathered.

Threads of radiant power expanded from his palms, stretching like luminous rivers through the void. They curved, split into countless streams, and dove into the distant reaches of space... seeking, unearthing, unlocking.

A horrifying realization dawned.

He wasn't summoning something new.

He was returning something ancient.

A chilling grin spread across Nocturnis' face. "So it begins..."

Planets shook... stars flickered.

Across the universe, hidden temples and sealed shrines lit up again... places that had been cold for over one hundred thousand years.

The Overseer's voice boomed, echoing into the heart of reality:

"Let those who were dissolved awaken. Let the pantheon rise from extinction.

The deities shall reclaim the cosmos."

Cracks formed in space as rents of divine power forced themselves into existence.

Hands emerged.

Claws.

Horns.

Wings made of gold and flame.

Eyes that glowed like miniature suns.

One after another, silhouettes stepped out of the fractures.

At first they were only in tens but soon they became hundreds.

The sky filled with silhouettes of beings so powerful that mortal minds would go insane just witnessing them.

Gods of oceans.

Gods of storms.

Gods of time.

Gods of beasts.

Gods forged from stars.

Gods older than galaxies.

Gods of destruction, chaos, dreams, war, rebirth, decay...

Chapter 1656 Universal Restructuring

All of the deities, once erased by the Outworldly were now returning with fury, confusion, and ravenous hunger.

Some cried out in ancient languages.

Some roared.

Some wept.

Some simply cracked their necks and smiled.

The Overseer spread his arms wider as his voice rang out like divine command:

"Come, my children.

Your Overseer has revived you."

A united roar shook space itself.

Nocturnis laughed, long and loud as shadows swirled around him like a hurricane. "Ahhh... I have missed this sound."

Then the Overseer finished the declaration that sealed the fate of the cosmos:

"The Outworldly is dead.

Mortals are leaderless.

The age of gods has returned.

And this universe... now belongs to us."

Darkness swelled.

Light trembled.

The cosmos, vast and ancient, held its breath...

...as the new era of divine tyranny began.

...

...

The old universe had always feared the return of the deities until their names were erased, their temples shattered and they became unknown to the generation that came after thanks to the Outworldly erasing them.

Mortals grew bold in their absence, formed alliances, built better civilizations, forged the very idea of freedom beneath starlight.

Which gave birth to what the universe was today.

But the moment the Outworldly fell...

The moment his light flickered out...

The cosmos knew something unspeakable had been released.

And soon enough, the sky tore.

Pillars of blackened radiance, twisted auroras of corrupted divinity, and colossal silhouettes stepped out of the intercosmic cracks.

PLANET VYRALION —

Vyralion was a world of water and floating civilizations. The people lived on massive, drifting citadels made of condensed vaporstone. They were known for their peaceful hearts and unrivaled creative arts.

When the deities returned, they gazed downward at the drifting cities with fascination.

One deity descended who was a being of shimmering blue radiance with eyes like whirlpools.

This was Asterion, God of Endless Tides.

The Vyralions bowed immediately. They had read ancient warnings; they knew what defiance meant.

The High Speaker of Vyralion knelt, forehead touching the ground.

"Great Asterion, we welcome your return. Please spare us."

Asterion gave a warm, comforting and utterly deceptive smile.

He lowered his colossal hand, brushing the tops of their heads with tenderness.

"You bow well," Asterion whispered. "In another era... I might have allowed you to live."

Confusion flickered across their faces.

"In another era," he repeated, "when I still believed mortals mattered."

The ocean convulsed.

Massive whirlpools tore open.

The floating cities cracked and twisted.

Asterion flicked his fingers.

Every single Vyrilion citizen burst into water, dissolving, vanishing, becoming droplets lost in the waves. Their screams were muffled as their forms evaporated into mist.

It took twelve seconds for the entire population to disappear.

The deity lingered only long enough to whisper into the empty sky:

"You were always only a reflection. Nothing more."

And then Vyrilion sank beneath its own sea.

PLANET ZERTHA —

Zertha was not defenseless.

It was a super-fortress of a world, brimming with supernaturals, arcane warriors, and technomancers. It had survived three cosmic wars and defeated threats that once terrified entire galaxies.

When the deities appeared above their planet, Zerthan cannons shot skyward instantly.

Swirling beams of antimatter. Chains of gravitational thunder.

Missiles laced with star cores.

For a moment, hope existed.

Then the deities laughed.

It wasn't mocking.

It wasn't cruel.

It was simply... amused.

One deity named Drokhal stepped forward. He was the Hand of Conflict... a towering armored titan with six arms and a roaring furnace for a heart.

He stretched one hand in Zertha's direction and every weapon ceased functioning.

Cannons froze mid-rotation.

Energy beams turned to dust.

Runic circles cracked and bled sparks.

Even the thoughts of warriors, battle strategies, spells, intentions, were wiped clean.

"The mortal concept of war..." Drokhal's voice boomed, "...belongs to me. You do not get to use my gift against me."

Zerthan generals fell to their knees, clutching their heads as their minds collapsed under the weight of divine coercion.

Drokhal descended to the surface and calmly walked through the strongest military the universe had ever seen.

He didn't kill them immediately.

He simply placed his hand on the ground.

A wave of crushing, bone-shattering force exploded outward. Millions died instantly, reduced to bloodmist. Entire continents fractured open. The planet's core cracked like an egg.

Still, Zertha fought. Their supernaturals charged, roaring and releasing everything they had.

But against a deity?

They were insects.

Drokhal swept his hand again.

This time, Zertha split in half. Lava erupted into space. Cities fell into the void. Millions more died silently as the vacuum swallowed them.

As the planet broke apart, Drokhal whispered:

"You fought bravely.

But bravely is not enough."

And Zertha was no more.

PLANET AURIA —

Auria had always been a religious world. Their priests, monks, and oracles had preserved stories of the deities long after other planets forgot.

When the Overseer revived the divine pantheon, Auria rejoiced.

Temple bells rang.

Processions filled the streets.

Millions knelt, weeping with joy.

"We are your faithful!" they cried.

"We never abandoned you!"

The deity who appeared above Auria was Vashti, the Essence of Radiant Judgment.

Her form was that of a massive woman of pure white flame with wings spreading across the horizon.

The Aurians bowed until their foreheads bled, chanting praises.

Vashti said nothing.

She merely raised her hand.

A blinding column of white pierced through the atmosphere, engulfing every living thing on the surface. It burned cleanly—not leaving ashes, not leaving shadows, not leaving a trace of life.

Even the priests did not have time to scream.

When the light faded, the planet was pristine, empty and silent.

Vashti gazed upon her cleansed creation.

"Worship," she murmured, "means ownership."

Then she turned and searched for her next world.

PLANET HEDROS —

Hedros was a fractured world carved by poverty and ancient wars. Its people were exhausted, starving, and desperate long before the gods returned.

When the first deity descended... Or'Mahal, Devourer of Suffering, Hedros trembled.

The deity's form was made of twisting bones, writhing flesh, and thousands of screaming mouths. He towered across the capital city, blotting out the sky entirely.

The Hedrosian Prime Chancellor crawled out of a shattered palace and collapsed.

"Please... please... show mercy..."

The deity bent low as its many faces contorted into a grotesque smile.

"Oh, little one," Or'Mahal purred, "I am showing mercy."

He paused briefly.

"Your suffering is exquisite. I have missed it greatly."

The skies blackened as the air filled with whispering mouths.

The shadows stretched into claws.

Citizens screamed as their emotions were drained...

Fear, despair, guilt, anguish—all devoured by the deity like fine wine.

He didn't kill them instantly.

That would have been merciful.

He prolonged every moment, savoring it.

Feeding on it.

Letting Hedros bleed emotionally before the physical destruction began.

And when nothing remained... no hope, no sanity, no voices... Or'Mahal swallowed the entire capital in a single, monstrous gulp of distorted gravity.

Only ruins remained.

PLANET TERRAYN —

Terrayn was part of the Universal Alliance.

They knew the deities were returning due to the broadcast the alliance had sent out.

They already knew of the annihilation of Vyrilion, Zertha, and Auria across interplanetary surveillance networks.

Mass evacuations had long began.

But no evacuation was fast enough.

Chapter 1657 Divine Tyranny

Mass evacuations had long begun.

But no evacuation was fast enough.

As some of their leaders gathered in their underground command center, the sky tore open above them.

A deity descended with a deceptively human-like figure.

Cylis, God of Reunion.

His smile was gentle.

His voice soft.

His presence warm.

He stepped into the broadcast center, facing the camera that streamed across the universe.

"Mortals of the cosmos," Cylis said cheerfully, "your era of misguided freedom has come to a close.

We will guide you again."

He lifted his hand. "But before we do... many of you, must perish. It is only through suffering that you can understand..."

Terrayn detonated behind him causing cities to shatter, mountains to vaporize and oceans to boil.

Cylis continued smiling at the camera.

"Do not run.

Do not resist.

We only wish to reclaim what is ours."

The screen flickered becoming static.

And Terrayn became another corpse floating in space.

Each day, more planets vanished.

Twenty-seven lesser worlds were obliterated by minor deities seeking entertainment.

The Universal Alliance was dismantled.

Terraform fleets vaporized.

Refugee ships hunted and shattered like toys.

Deities began fighting over territories—massive god-wars erupting and killing billions incidentally.

The Star Monasteries of the Nebula Belt were consumed by the Goddess of Hunger, Khar'Vuun.

Sixteen solar systems collapsed under divine duels.

Mortals realized submission made no difference.

Some begged.

Some worshipped.

Some resisted.

Most died.

Overseer walked across the galactic rim, resurrecting even more ancient deities the universe had forgotten... some so old they were barely sane.

The cosmic maps changed forever as half the known universe burned.

At this point, the living envied the dead.

There was no safety.

No sanctuary.

No hope.

Just a universe drowning under absolute divine tyranny.

PLANET NEMORA —

Nemora was small.

Insignificant.

Barely charted.

When the gods arrived, the Nemorans didn't resist.

They didn't bow either.

They simply gathered their children, held one another, and faced the sky together.

Their elder whispered:

"If this is our end...

Let us meet it as one."

A deity, Yrel, the Quiet Moon, descended.

She hovered above them silently with her glow illuminating a simple village.

"Why do you not run?" Yrel asked, genuinely curious.

Elder Maron smiled weakly.

"We know we cannot escape you."

Yrel tilted her head.

"And why do you not beg?"

"Because suffering cannot bargain with storms.

And you... are a storm."

For the first time since their return, a deity hesitated.

Yrel looked down at the peaceful faces.

At the quiet acceptance.

At the calm.

It angered her.

Mortals were not allowed serenity.

Not anymore.

She raised her hand, and a wave of lunar energy washed across the land. Nemora vanished like a dream at dawn.

In just two weeks, the universe had become unrecognizable.

Chaos, fear and darkness ruled the cosmos.

With Nocturnis ruling the shadows and the Overseer resurrecting long-buried gods, the universe was reshaped entirely.

Mortals had only questions left:

Will anyone stop them?

Is this the end of existence?

But there were no answers.

There was only the sound of deities laughing across the void...

And worlds trembling beneath their gaze.

...

...

((Two Weeks Ago))

The moment the universe trembled from the collapse of the Outworldly's original form, Earth felt it...

A rupture split the skies open. The blue dome above the world warped with hairline fractures like broken glass as space-time itself trembled. The clouds tore apart. Birds fell mid-flight. Oceans heaved violently, as if trying to rise out of the planet.

As the darkness spread... Nocturnis focused more of on this part of the solar system.

Unfortunately, the earth was unable to bear such intensity because what came next was the shattering.

A deafening CRACK, louder than all thunder Earth had ever produced, echoed across continents as the planet itself split into three titanic segments.

Cities slid off their tectonic plates. Mountains were ripped down the center. Entire nations were swallowed whole as the crust peeled open.

Billions of earthlings died in the first hour alone, triggering a world wide panic.

The Mixedblood Organisation activated every evacuation protocol they had. Launch bays opened. Thousands of emergency spacecraft roared upward, filled with screaming families, injured civilians, and terrified children clutching their parents' clothes.

But the sky wasn't a safe place either.

As evacuation fleets rose beyond the atmosphere, streaks of black light descended like divine spears.

Nocturnis' shadows, pierced the hulls of ships as if they were made of paper.

Explosions dotted the heavens like dying stars.

People who had been seconds from escape burned alive inside their vessels or were scattered into open space to suffocate in silence.

Others tried hiding in deep underground bunkers, camouflaged cities, cloaked facilities, thinking maybe the deities would pass them by.

But the deities were not searching.

They were playing.

They were toying with the remnants of humanity like a child walking through a field of ants... curious at first, amused, then bored, then destructive for fun.

Earth was no longer a world.

It was an amusement and Nocturnis was more than happy to make Gustav's home a walking hell.

The MBO hea no longer stood on ground. It floated on a fractured piece of Earth the size of a small country, suspended between the planet's three drifting halves. The crackling sky above was split between void and molten clouds.

Inside, the alarms never stopped screaming.

Mixedblood officers rushed through corridors as some armored themselves while some held their trembling hands together in desperation, some crying, others cursing.

And at the center of the war room stood Jack, the most powerful Mixedblood of ghe current age more than capable of destroying planets easily.

Despite how powerful he was, he had never witnessed such intense aura. To be capable of splitting an entire planet into three different halves without so much as moving a finger?

This was an opponent on an entirely different level.

Through countless battles he had always remained calm even when he was he was at a disadvantage but in this particular situation...

His aura flickered like a flame caught in a raging storm.

"What's the situation?" Jack inquired even though he could already sense the answer.

A trembling lieutenant replied, "Deities have appeared over nine continents... sir, we've lost contact with the alliance..." He choked, unable to finish.

Chapter 1658 One Pest Down

Jack closed his eyes... help wasn't coming.

"Where is Gustav?" another officer whispered through gritted teeth, biting down panic.

Jack opened his eyes, but his voice was quiet:

"He's not coming."

A shadow loomed over the floating headquarters.

Jack stepped outside onto the shattered platform, and his breath caught in his chest.

A deity hovered above them. They was massive and elegant in the way a hurricane was elegant, adorned in an aura of pitch-black feathers and shimmering cosmic dust. His form was vaguely humanoid but distorted, elongated and shifting, as though it refused to remain bound by physical law.

The deity smiled.

"Earth's insects. I thought I would find more of you alive."

Jack stepped forward with his fists clenched.

Mixedbloods gathered behind him, thousands of them forming ranks. Their combined energies lit the skies in brilliant colors. Flames, plasma, frost, spatial distortions, lightning... every type of supernatural bloodline unleashed a last desperate storm.

"You stand before the last line of Earth's defense," Jack declared. "And I swear—you won't take this world without a fight."

The deity chuckled.

"Youngster... your world is already gone."

And then he descended.

Jack sped upward to meet him, ripping the air apart with sheer force. Space cracked around his arms as he delivered the first blow... an explosive punch woven with gravitational inversion, ripping through layers of space-time.

The hit landed.

The deity's head snapped sideways raising a flicker of hope among the Mixedbloods below.

Jack attacked again and again.

Each strike was world-ending. His punches created miniature suns. His kicks distorted gravitational fields. His roars shook space itself.

He wrapped his hexagonal glowing concepts around different body parts of the massive deity, and then caused them to blast apart from the inside out.

He fought like a godstruck star burning its life away.

And yet—

The deity simply turned his head back slowly as its eye sockets glowed with amusement.

"Impressive... for a mortal."

Then he moved.

His arm moved too quick for anyone to react in time... the slap it delivered to Jack happened instantaneous.

The sound came milliseconds after the strike had been delivered.

Booom!

The slap broke Jack's entire chest cavity.

Jack flew downward like a meteor, crashing into the headquarters and obliterating half of the structure. Mixedbloods screamed as debris rained upon them.

Jack staggered out of the crater, coughing blood that evaporated midair due to the force of the impact.

He raised his arms again.

He charged again.

The deity stabbed a finger forward and a beam of black light pierced Jack's stomach.

A second beam tore through his spine.

A third went through his throat.

All of this happened in such a short period of time that no one even managed to witness the attack.

All they saw was holes appearing all over Jack's body.

And yet, Jack still tried to stand.

"You are... not... gods..." he wheezed as one of his constructs appeared around the moon.

The entire moon was teleported in an instant and crashed into the deity.

As the fragments rained down, thousands of hexagon glowing constructs appeared around them, causing the fragments to get obliterated before they could reach the surface.

"You are **WRONG**."

The deity voice suddenly boomed out as his hand descended out of the moon blast from earlier, completely unaffected.

At this moment, Jack's memories flashed— from his missions to victories to the day he first saw Gustav to Gustav defying what was supposed to be possible—

In the next instant, his skull was crushed like fruit.

The world fell silent as Jack's corpse dropped lifelessly.

The strongest Mixedblood of this age...

Dead in seconds.

The Mixedblood Organisation collective cried out in rage and despair.

The deity yawned.

"One pest down."

What happened next was not a battle.

It was extermination.

Thousands of Mixedbloods launched themselves at the deity in a storm of abilities and powers. Flames reached thousands of degrees. Lightning bolts vaporized mountains. Spatial blades tore apart chunks of the floating earth.

The deity laughed as they attacked.

He let their powers strike him.

He let them believe, for one fleeting moment, that they had a chance.

Then he erased them.

With a wave of his hand, he generated a shockwave of divine darkness that disintegrated a hundred of officers instantly.

With a flick of his finger, he turned forty more into ash.

With a pulse of his aura, the MBO's last warfleet shattered into glowing fragments.

Every attack they used, burned away.

Every life they offered was snuffed out.

Every scream... ignored.

Within minutes, the MBO was gone.

The proudest force on Earth.

The one organization everyone believed would stand no matter what.

Reduced to dust.

Blood floated through the airless cracks between the planet's broken pieces, sparkling like rubies in the void.

((Present Day))

Across the fragmented world:

- A deity walked through the remains of Echelon City stepping on crowds like they were gravel.
- Another dragged fleeing humans with strings of light, puppeteering them until their bodies ripped apart from the strain.
- A deity picked up an entire mountain range and used it as a club to smash what remained of Aribia City.
- Deities on earth turned whole cities into sculptures of ice, capturing people mid-beg for mercy.
- Plankton was set ablaze by divine flames that would never extinguish.
- Wabarion was swallowed by shadows that erased sound, color, shape and memory...

Entire continents fell within hours.

Earth no longer rotated normally. Its core was exposed. Oceans spilled into space as liquid ribbons. Storms raged in impossible shapes.

And above it all...

The deities laughed.

They were gods. This was entertainment to them.

Everywhere, across comms, in collapsing shelters, on drifting pieces of the shattered Earth... there was one cry repeated over and over:

"Gustav... save us..."

"Where are you?"

"Outworldly... please... we beg you..."

"Gustav... help..."

Some clutches their children screamed his name.

Soldiers dying in the rubble whispered it.

Scientists in final broadcasts cried into cameras.

Pilots as their ships fell apart reached out with their last voices.

Since Jack fell, all hopes were now on Gustav. Said to be the most powerful Mixedblood of the young generation. One who was not just known on earth but across galaxies.

One who the people earth knew had saved them more than once.

Chapter 1659 Your Father Sends His Regards

On a half-destroyed rooftop, an old woman looked up at the sky filled with shadows and whispered,

"He has saved earth before... he'll save us again... right...?"

There was no answer.

In a burning forest, a group of children huddled around a shattered hologram device showing Gustav's image.

"Mom... isn't he coming?" a little girl asked, tears streaming.

Her mother bit her trembling lip until it bled.

"He... he always comes..."

"He... always..."

But he did not.

He would not.

The sky remained empty of him.

As the final days unfolded, Earth became a graveyard draped in cosmic darkness.

Humanity fought tooth and nail.

They resisted with technology, with powers, with desperation.

But nothing mattered.

For the first time in the history of all their struggles...

There was no miracle.

No last-second arrival.

No Outworldly sweeping in with transcendent power.

Just death.

Hopeless, quiet, and absolute.

Even the deities themselves acknowledged it.

"His people cry for him," one deity voiced while floating above the broken world.

"They worshipped a being who did not return."

"Foolish mortals," another replied.

"They put their faith in a corpse."

And so Earth fell with a whisper of despair.

By the end of the third week, Earth was unrecognizable.

Its surface cracked into drifting megaplates...

Its seas vaporized...

Its cities, burned into stone...

Its people were either gone or enslaved...

Its skies drowned in deity-born darkness.

The homeworld that once birthed humanity...

...was now a hollow sphere of ruin drifting among its own debris.

But earth wasn't the only planet suffering such cruelty.

Although cities had been reduced to drifting dust, nations erased, Mixedblood legacies shattered in a single week, some places fared even worse.

The alliance which had once a gathering of the universe strongest defenders, had been nothing more than glass before the storm that the deities unleashed upon galaxies.

They didn't stand a chance.

A silence filled with the memories of those who had tried to stand tall against beings far older than the concept of defiance itself.

Even the most powerful Mixedbloods who were Titans in their own right, had fallen like sparks flicked aside by the fingers of uncaring gods.

And in the midst of that suffocating ruin, three figures ran desperately across a shattered valley that no longer obeyed the laws of the natural world.

E.E grit his teeth as he held up Angy, who staggered with every step. Her breathing was heavy and her hair was stained with blood and dust. Aildris stumbled beside them, pale and coughing, every few moments creating small gravitational ripples to help propel them forward. But even he was fading.

Falco was shielding the group with everything he had left. He was the reason they weren't dead.

Shadows flickered like black flames behind his footsteps. His eyes, usually bright with mischief or determination, now had a sunken, haunted look. Every breath was pain. Every step nearly collapsed his legs.

Yet he remained in front, protecting them.

Protecting Angy, E.E, Aildris... his last remaining friends.

The air trembled with the arrival of something unspeakably old.

A voice boomed across the cracked plains, deep enough to rattle the bones of the world:

"RUNNING IS FUTILE."

The head of an ancient Executioner appeared above them like a tear in space opening to reveal a nightmare. His colossal form dripped with silver fire with his armor crafted from the first metals ever forged in the universe. In his hand was an axe shaped from collapsed stars... a swing was capable of erasing continents.

E.E choked on his breath, Aildris stumbled...

Angy whimpered softly... but Falco didn't slow down.

The Executioner's presence alone made the fabric of reality buckle.

They had been running for days, hiding in broken corners of space, slipping into cracks of collapsing dimensions—yet the Executioner always found them.

It was hopeless.

"Falco... you need to rest..." Aildris coughed, blood streaking down his chin.

Falco didn't answer. His voice had long since been shredded by exhaustion.

Every step burned his lungs. Every breath felt like inhaling molten metal.

Still... he kept going.

Angy eyes widened as the Executioner lifted the axe.

"Your father sends his regards... once your friends perish here... you will be forced to return to his side," the ancient Executioner's voice boomed loudly.

"F-Falco..." Angy whispered while breaking into sobs, "We're not going to make it—!"

The Executioner swung and space warped on itself as Falco thrust his hand outward, summoning the last remnant of his dark essence.

A dome of darkness erupted around them, absorbing the cosmic blow, but it shattered instantly. Falco's entire body convulsed as he coughed violently, collapsing to one knee.

The shadow barrier fizzled out like ash in the wind.

He was done... completely out of energy.

Angy's screams echoed through the rubble-filled valley.

E.E held her tighter, shaking.

Aldris trembled, unable to summon even a spark of his energy.

The Executioner descended slowly, like a god delivering a verdict.

His eyes glowed with cold, merciless judgment.

"You were amusing to chase," he rumbled, "but this ends here. Your friends deaths will be... efficient."

Falco lifted his head, but only barely.

He couldn't even raise an arm anymore.

The Executioner lifted the star-axe and cleaved down but before the attack met them...

Twwhoom~

They vanished.

Just like that, they were gone.

As if the universe blinked and forgot they existed.

The Executioner froze mid-swing as his eyes narrowed.

"No..."

Cosmic flames burned off the edges of his armor in irritation.

"My Lord will not be pleased by this..."

Falco's father was an entity even the ancient Executioner feared disappointing.

He looked at the fading sparks of their disappearance, then grunted.

"Clever rat... your son inherited more of your tricks than I thought."

With a frustrated snarl, the ancient Executioner sank back into the folds of space, leaving nothing but lingering dread in his wake.

Falco, Angy, E.E, and Aildris reappeared with a violent lurch, as though spat out of existence. They collapsed onto smooth white stone that was cool to the touch, radiating serenity.

Above them was a sky they didn't recognize.

Chapter 1660 The Hidden Star

Above them was a sky they didn't recognize.

It wasn't blue.

It wasn't black.

It was a swirling gradient of silver and lavender, dotted with shimmering motes of starlight drifting so slowly they felt frozen.

They were inside a star.

But the star wasn't burning.

It wasn't hot.

It was like they were in a hollowed sanctuary within the heart of something celestial.

E.E blinked multiple times with a dizzy expression.

Aildris groaned.

Falco collapsed fully, unconscious.

Angy struggled to rise as her voice trembled:

"Wh—where are we...?"

Before anyone could answer—

A streak of purple slammed into E.E, knocking him back.

"E.E!"

He looked up and his expression melted into relief so overwhelming that he burst into tears.

"Elevora?"

She landed directly on him, embracing him so tightly that he winced from the pain of cracked ribs. Then, without hesitation, she pressed her lips to his. Their kiss was messy, desperate, trembling with fear and disbelief.

"Y-You're alive...?" she whispered.

E.E could barely breathe through his tears.

"I thought I lost you—"

"You idiots!"

Another voice cried out.

Aildris looked up to see Endric rushing over, dragging Angy gently into his arms while scanning Falco with frantic hands.

Behind him stood familiar faces:

Sersi, eyes red and exhausted.

Ria, who looked thinner than he had ever been.

Elevora, still clinging to E.E.

Xanatus with his neat hair disheveled and his uniform torn. He looked as though he had aged rapidly due to the current predicament.

"Hey kids..."

"You're here too?" They were all shocked to see a face that had guided them through their younger days.

They were all beaten, injured, grieving but alive.

Angy's breath hitched as she stared around. "Y-you're all here...?"

"It's... it's a miracle," Ria stuttered. "We thought we were the last ones."

"We lost so many," Xanatus added quietly. "Too many."

For several minutes, they all embraced one another, crying, collapsing, confirming through touch that they weren't hallucinations.

Aldris hugged Ria.

Sersi hugged Angy.

Xanatus helped lift Falco.

It was messy and emotional,.

After everything they had gone through, this moment was the first warmth they had felt in weeks.

Finally, Angy pulled away from Sersi and looked around as her frown deepened.

"Wait... where is Gustav?"

Everything stilled.

A shadow passed over Endric's face.

Angy's voice cracked. "Where's Gustav? Why isn't he here?"

E.E stiffened, suddenly realizing something horribly wrong.

"And the ritual..." he muttered. "I—I thought it would be complete by now... Shouldn't he have regained his full Outworldly power? He should've stopped all this! He should've—"

Everyone turned to Endric.

His silence was heavier than gravity.

Even the hidden star seemed to dim... the swirling sky slowing to a crawl.

Finally... he spoke with a coarse tone.

"Gustav is dead."

Angy's breathing stilled instantly...

E.E's jaw dropped.

Aildris staggered back.

Falco who was half-conscious, twitched as if struck.

Elevora gasped.

But Angy...

It was like the universe ripped her heart out.

She let out painful bursts of breaths. "N—No. No, no, no... Endric, stop. Don't—don't joke like that—"

Her legs gave out, and she collapsed to her knees.

"What happened?" she screamed as tears began streaming uncontrollably from her face. "What— what happened to him?!"

Endric lowered his head further.

Sersi and Ria were already crying... since they had seen it with their own eyes and had never recovered.

"He fought them," Endric whispered with a trembling voice. "He fought the deities... alone."

E.E clenched his fists, shaking.

"Then the ritual—?!"

"It didn't complete," Endric said. "He didn't regain his Outworldly form. He didn't get his full power back... he had to fight them in the process... and he lost."

His voice cracked.

"...he died protecting the rest of us."

Angy sobbed so hard the air itself seemed to bend around her grief.

She clutched at Endric's shirt, hitting his chest weakly.

"You're lying—! You're lying! He can't be gone—! He promised me— He PROMISED—!"

E.E fell back, covering his face with both hands as his shoulders trembled violently.

Falco turned away with tears streaming silently down his face as he gritted his teeth.

Aldris leaned on Ria, barely able to stand, whispering, "H-He was always ahead of us... How could this...?"

The weight of it crushed everyone.

The one who had held their world together...

The one who had stood at the front of every battle...

The one who always found them

saved them

protected them

no matter the cost...

...was gone.

After long, suffocating moments, Endric forced himself to speak again.

"This place..." he gestured to the star around them with a hollow voice, "...was his final act. He created this hidden star at the very last moment. It exists outside normal space and time. Outside the perception of the deities."

E.E wiped his face weakly. "Why...? Why would he—?"

"To protect us," Endric said. "Even in his final moments... he was thinking of us."

No one could speak for a long time.

They were safe.

Saved.

Alive.

But victory felt fake.

Salvation felt cruel.

And safety felt hollow.

Because the one person who should have been standing with them...

...wasn't.

Despite their survival...

Despite the sanctuary...

No one was happy.

In the blink of an eye, three months had passed.

Time inside the hidden star flowed normally, but emotionally, it felt like eons had dragged across their hearts.

The swirling lavender–silver skies of the pocket dimension became a reminder that they were cooped up here because the real universe outside was dying.

Every day was heavy.

Every breath held grief.

Every hour reminded them that Gustav... their friend, their brother, their leader... was gone.

This pocket star had been his last act. A sanctuary carved from his collapsing power. A miracle born in his final moments. And despite how incredible it was... despite the fact that it shielded them from deities... their refuge felt more like a gilded cage.

Because no matter how safe they were, they were helpless.

Reports came back from the few who dared peek outside through concealed dimensional slits that Endric maintained.

Entire galaxies were on fire.

Solar systems bent unnaturally, torn apart under divine whims.

Planets screamed their final death throes before being crushed.