

Bloodline 1661

Chapter 1661 Link The Essences

The deities ruled again just as they had 100,000 years ago... unopposed, unrestrained, and uninterested in the suffering they caused.

They enslaved mortals.

Imprisoned entire civilizations in divine labyrinths.

Wiped out worlds because they "didn't like the color of their skies."

Forced the strong to fight each other for entertainment.

Ripped souls apart just to see how they worked.

There was no Resistance anymore.

No Alliance.

No Mixedblood Organization.

Jack, the strongest Mixedblood in existence had been annihilated so thoroughly that even the energy remnants of his existence had been vaporized. The rest of the MBO followed soon after.

Not even their most powerful warriors reached the level of "inconvenience" to the gods.

The Overseer, the one existence who could have kept them in check, had abandoned his duty. His daughter was restored, and that was all that mattered to him. Once he reunited with her, he went silent. He ignored the cries of the universe and left the gods free.

Nocturnis, Falco's father enjoyed tormenting the remaining humans from Earth. He knew they were Gustav's favorites. And that alone made them his favorite toys.

He crushed cities with his fingers.

Tossed people into alternate realities as playthings.

Hunted survivors for sport.

Earth, or what was left of it, existed as a broken crescent of debris scattered through its orbit. The three massive pieces drifted slowly, occasionally colliding and raining meteoric shards upon what remained of the planet's atmosphere. That shattered cradle of humanity was now a playground for the deities.

And still, Gustav did not return.

Because he couldn't.

Because he was gone.

The gang held on to hope for months... until hope became a burden too heavy to carry.

Meanwhile, their sanctuary was no longer small.

At first, only ten survivors lived within. Then twenty. Then 100. Then 300.

Humans, aliens, children, elders of different species Gustav had once befriended... and species who had only heard the stories. Some found the star accidentally and were let in. Others were rescued by Endric and Xanatus. A few were dragged in barely alive by E.E and Elevora after sneaking out despite the danger.

Now the pocket dimensional star was almost a miniature society. Micro cities had formed from reconstructed materials as a few families lived in clusters.

But no matter how many survivors they gathered, their hearts carried the same despair.

No one believed any being in the universe could fight the deities.

Not anymore.

They were surviving, yes. But they were not living.

And everyone knew that this sanctuary could only stay hidden for so long. If a deity ever sensed it... it would be over.

They gathered again in the central chamber which happened to be an enormous crystalline arena with seats. The chamber resonated with comforting warmth, a side-effect of Gustav's original energy infused within it.

But today, that warmth offered no comfort.

Today, their voices were resigned, tired, hollow.

Endric, wearing shadows under his eyes that made him look far older than he was, stood at the center.

Xanatus leaned on a cane.

Ria's hands shook constantly now.

Sersi looked like she cried every night.

Elevora wore a permanent frown of worry.

E.E was thinner and more serious with no jokes left in him.

Aildris stared numbly ahead, barely participating.

Falco who was still recovering had dark veins visibly shifting beneath his skin which were consequences of pushing his powers too far to protect them.

And Angy was quiet.

Too quiet.

"We can't keep going like this," Endric said finally.

E.E scoffed sharply. "What do you suggest? March out and get slaughtered like everyone else?"

"We've tried strategizing," Elevora added bitterly. "We thought maybe if we attacked their source of cosmic energy, or if we gathered every awakened bloodline, or if we tried dimensional compression weapons—but nothing will work. NOTHING has ever worked."

"What about approaching the Overseer?" Sersi asked weakly.

Ria's laugh was dark. "The Overseer abandoned the universe the moment his daughter returned. He doesn't care. Besides, he gave Nocturnis the opportunity needed to kill Gustav."

A hopeless silence reigned.

"But shouldn't Gustav have come back? Doesn't he have that... bloodline that helps him come back to life?" Xanatus reminded them of IYSOP.

"Yeah but unfortunately, he was killed in the process of the ritual... where every power he already possessed was dissolving and reforming. Nocturnis killed him at the right moment..." Endric shook his head as the pain of recollection ripped through him.

Falco's voice cracked as he spoke, "We're delaying the inevitable. The deities will find this place eventually. It's only a matter of—"

"Stop." Endric's voice shook. "We can't give up."

"Why not?" Aildris whispered. "What else do we have left to fight for?"

Endric's mouth hung open... he tried to find words but couldn't.

His friends who were always so full of life... of hope... always so determined... he could no longer recognize them.

Everyone had changed... and he couldn't blame them.

"I'm... going to step out for a bit," Angy said suddenly.

They all turned to her, but she offered them a small smile.

"I'll be quick."

She walked away quietly, and no one stopped her.

None of them knew they'd been watching her unravel for months, blaming herself, drowning in guilt, holding something in.

She entered one of the sanctuary's private bathroom and the moment she closed the door behind her, the composure drained from her face.

Her breathing grew shallow as her eyes glistened.

Then she collapsed to her knees, gripped the sides of the sink, and violently threw up.

Her entire body trembled with the retching as tears streamed down her cheeks.

When she finally stopped, she stayed hunched over, gasping and shuddering as her hair stuck to her damp face.

A dull ache tore through her abdomen.

She lifted a trembling hand and pressed it gently against her stomach.

The small bump pressed back and a sob tore through her throat.

Her reflection in the mirror looked like a ghost with hollow eyes, cracked lips and trembling hands.

"Why..." she whispered. "Why did you leave us...?"

Her fingers curled tighter around her abdomen.

"Why did you leave me?"

Her knees gave out, and she slid down to the floor, pressing her forehead against the cold tiles as quiet sobs wracked her body.

Chapter 1662 Disagreements

She stayed like that for several minutes, letting months of grief and fear spill out of her.

Eventually, she forced herself up, staggering toward the mirror again.

She washed her face, splashing water repeatedly, as if trying to drown the exhaustion etched into her features. When she finished, she grabbed a clean cloth.

Slowly...

Carefully...

She wrapped it around her lower torso, tightening it until the gentle curve of her belly flattened.

She tied it securely and then tugged her shirt back down.

To the world outside that bathroom door, she looked the same as always.

But she wasn't.

She was hiding something.

Something monumental.

Something terrifying.

Something precious.

Something that should have filled her with joy...

...but now only filled her with dread.

She placed one hand on the hidden bump beneath her clothes as tears filled her eyes again.

"You're all I have left of him..."

Her voice cracked.

"Please... please don't take this from me too."

She rested her forehead on the mirror.

Her terrified and broken reflection stared back.

She inhaled shakily...

...and whispered:

"I'll protect you... even if the universe burns."

She wiped her tears one last time.

Then she walked out of the bathroom...

The argument inside the crystalline chamber of the pocket-star grew louder by the second. Voices overlapped, desperation clung to every word, and exhaustion coated every gesture.

"...are you listening to yourself? Even if we had a hundred Alpha ranked Mixedblood on our side—ONE deity would wipe them out!" E.E slammed his palm on the transparent star-table, causing cracks of light to ripple across its surface.

Aldris rubbed his eyes. "We've gone through this. Over and over. We can't mobilize anyone. They kill everything the moment it moves."

Falco leaned against the wall, breathing heavily.

"We can't keep running," Falco muttered, voice hoarse. "We need something that can match them."

"And Falco is the ONLY one who even comes close!" E.E barked. "And even then—we're doomed! There are HUNDREDS of deities! Some older than recorded history!"

Voices erupted again.

"The alliance is gone—"

"The MBO is dust—"

"Every planet is screaming for help—"

"Humanity is pretty much dead—"

"Gustav would have known what to do—"

"...But Gustav isn't here anymore."

That last sentence hit like a blade through all of them.

Angy arrived back in their midst since her nauseous spell had passed. She only hoped her face wasn't too pale.

She hoped no one noticed.

While the others were arguing, her mind was replaying visions and echoes that she had been seeing in her mind these last few days.

At first she thought she was sick but it was happening again so she was starting to take it seriously.

Stirring inside her mind were not words exactly...

There were more like impressions...

Something calling out to her bloodline. Something calling out... from beyond death.

The group began shouting again...

"No strategy will work!"

"They'll find this place eventually!"

"We're running out of food—"

"Endric, say something—"

Eventually, the meeting fell through since they couldn't come to an agreement and it got adjourned.

The next day, Angy woke before dawn, breathing heavily as her heart beat intensely like it wanted to escape her chest.

Again... the same fragments.

A hand reaching through blinding white. A voice swallowed by static. A shadow falling through a spiral of collapsing universes. Something — someone — calling her name, but distorted as if spoken underwater.

Every time she blinked, she saw Gustav's silhouette fading.

But she didn't understand.

She washed her face, stepped out of her quiet chamber, and the cold air of the Hidden Star greeted her.

The Hidden Star wasn't a city.

It was a massive refuge, carved into the crystal innards of a hollow star Gustav had shaped before disappearing.

It housed, Mixedblood refugees and a variety of alien from different galaxies with a handful of humans

Every morning, things started out with a fragile routine.

Angy walked past the hydro-farms... glowing corridors lined with floating soil pads and photosynthesis arrays. Mixedblood kids harvested giant ganther leaves while an alien elder with three arms scolded them for picking the unripe ones.

"Discipline! If you don't respect nature, nature won't feed you!"

The communal kitchens smelled of spices both human and extraterrestrial. A Xurillian woman was stirring a pot beside a human refugee from Earth, arguing about salt levels.

"We don't eat that much salt—"

"Your people are bland!"

"Well your food melts pots!"

The pot actually did melt once.

They still joked about it.

In another sector, older Mixedbloods added an extra layer of protective barrier to enhance the Hidden Star cloak. Energy crystals were unstable; everyone lived with the fear that the deities would one day sense them.

And beneath that fear brewed bitterness.

Every two or three days, leaders(mostly the gang) gathered in the central hall for meetings.

E.E. was usually first to raise his voice.

"We cannot just hide forever! The universe is dying while we rot here!"

Alero slammed his palm against the crystalline table.

"We attack what, exactly? Deities? You want us to commit suicide as a group activity?"

Inkun interrupted.

"You're thinking emotionally—"

Alero snapped,

"Oh and you're thinking like someone who's already given up!"

Even the old team that consisted of only Gustav's friends couldn't agree on anything.

There were proposals:

Evacuate to another hidden realm

Search for a powerful artifact

Try to awaken the ancient Mixedblood war-forms

Attempt communication with the deities

Or abandon everything and scatter

Not a single vote was unanimous.

Every meeting ended worse than it started.

Angy attended every one.

She listened with her hands folded, lips pressed tight... but her mind was elsewhere.

Because every time someone mentioned Gustav, her vision flashed again:

White light... falling worlds... a heartbeat inside a void... and his voice, too faint to grasp.

She wanted to speak but what could she say?

"Hey, I keep seeing visions I don't understand, and I think Gustav might not be fully gone"?

They'd think she was grieving too hard.

Chapter 1663 The Last Resistance

The next time it happened while Angy was helping the children plant luminous seeds.

Everything froze.

Colors drained.

The Hidden Star dissolved into a swirl of fractured memories.

She saw:

A golden chain breaking

A dark sphere throbbing like a heartbeat

A pair of very familiar eyes looking at her

And a path of light, endlessly looping

Then a whisper:

"It's left to you now..."

She gasped as she snapped back.

"Miss Ancy? You okay?" a kid asked.

"Mm. Just tired," she lied.

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As time went by, the tension in the meetings was ugly.

E.E. and Alero nearly came to blows.

Falco stormed out when someone suggested creating a new Mixedblood supersoldier regiment.

Yonda refused to speak to anyone for hours after an alien representative blamed humans for the universe's downfall.

At some point someone muttered:

"Gustav should have stayed—he shouldn't have left us like this."

And the room descended into bitter, painful silence.

Angy clenched her fists under the table as her mind swam back to the array of visions.

But she said nothing.

...

On another day, she woke up gasping with her hand glowing faintly, like something inside her had responded to a call from beyond.

The vision was clearer:

A cracked humanoid statue...

A chain forged from universes....

Gustav reaching for something behind a veil of light...

Time reversing...

and reversing...

and reversing...

But she still didn't fully understand these visions.

She needed clarity.

...

...

The darkened cosmos trembled.

Where once the universe vibrated with the gentleness of life, now only the echoes of destruction reverberated across dying constellations. Entire sectors of space were nothing more than hollowed shells... planets stripped to skeletal fragments, suns devoured, civilizations erased with divine indifference.

Yet within the ruins, a faint ember still struggled to glow.

The Last Resistance which was a coalition formed from dozens of shattered star systems, drifted silently through the void aboard the gargantuan ark-ship Sanctum Vanguard. It was their final stronghold, forged from the remains of three fallen worlds, armored with desperate ingenuity rather than hope.

Inside its central chamber, hundreds of leaders, mixedbloods, psionics, technomancers, alien tribes, and former intergalactic guardians gathered around a blazing hologram of the universe or what was left of it. Whole regions were darkened, marked as Deity Dominions, territory where survival was impossible.

A collective hush spread as Commander Vespera Rael, the only being to ever come face to face with deity and escape, stepped forward.

Her once-silver hair was streaked with soot, her armor cracked and patched with alien tech. Her right arm was mechanized and her eyes looked haunted.

"We all know why we are here," her voice echoed. "We can no longer run. We have only one option left: strike."

Murmurs erupted.

"That's suicide—"

"They erased the K'thar Dominion in seconds—"

"Our weapons don't even scratch them—"

Vespera slammed a gauntleted fist onto the holotable, sending ripples through the projection.

"It doesn't matter. If we flee, we die. If we hide, we die. If we wait..."

She inhaled with cracked voice.

"...we are the universe last hope."

From the corner, a much younger mixeblood eyes were hardened, but his fists trembled at his sides.

He spoke without looking up.

"We fight."

Other Mixedbloods who had also survived all this time, looked up but they were weakened, tired, and nowhere near the strength they would one day have. They had survived only because they kept moving, endlessly fleeing as world after world fell.

Maro exhaled softly. "Then we die together."

Another lifted his gaze from the floor.

"Better to die fighting than die begging."

The room filled with grim, resigned nods.

Across the table, a tall alien figure with fractured and dim crystallized body stepped closer. Elder Zhor of the Luminaris, last of his kind.

"We must target the source," his voice was like shattered glass. "The Overseer. If the Overseer falls, the rest might destabilize."

"Might," another repeated bitterly. "We don't even know if that's true."

Vespera answered, "We have no choice but to believe it."

With that, the plan solidified.

The Last Resistance would mount a single, all-or-nothing assault on the deities' celestial. Their goal: reach the Overseer, strike with everything they had, and pray something—anything—would matter.

Warships lined up in formation behind the Sanctum Vanguard.

Over two hundred vessels.

The last two hundred vessels left in the universe.

Gravity cannons charged. Photon lances aligned. Etheric blades activated. Psionic amplifiers hummed. This pitiful armada, compared to the deities' cosmic scale, was like ants preparing to bite a mountain.

Yet their hearts pounded as one.

Vespera stood on the command deck, overlooking the fleet.

"Transmit my message," she ordered.

"Broadcasting across remaining channels," replied a pale-skinned comms officer.

Vespera inhaled.

"To anyone who still breathes... know that today, we choose not despair, but defiance. If this is our last stand... let it shake the heavens."

As the fleet approached, they saw it—

A colossal crystalline palace suspended in the void, larger than galaxies, layered with shifting geometries. Veins of light pulsed through it like arteries of a living god.

And standing guard were the deities.

Hundreds of them.

Each giant was radiant and monstrous, exuding power that warped space itself. Their gazes alone bent reality. Their presence crushed mortal sanity.

And at the heart of them, towering above all was the Overseer.

A cosmic colossus, a deity whose authority commanded all existence. His eyes were stars; his breath birthed storms. His aura alone crippled the fleet's shields.

Yet the Vanguard pressed forward while the deities watched their approach in amusement.

"FIRE!" Vespera roared.

The universe ignited.

Every last ship unleashed volleys of unimaginable scale. Planet-shattering cannons, fusion warheads, antimatter bursts, reality disruptors crafted from stolen deity fragments.

The explosion lit up the cosmos like a newborn sun.

The front ranks of deities staggered and one or two had holes burrowed into them.

"WE CAN DO THIS!" someone screamed through the coms.

But the Overseer hadn't even moved despite their assault.

He just kept watching like many other deities who kept taking the hits without countering.

Chapter 1664 Pulverized

The resistance continued to unleash planet destroying attacks upon the deities, causing them to reel backwards.

For the Overseer, they finally released their deity disintegrating canon, powered by hundred supernatural beings who were at the strength level of an Alpha ranked mixedblood.

They released this indigo beam that crashed forward with unstoppable impact towards the Overseer.

Boom!

A loud explosion, followed by a storm of purple wave that consumed everything within a one million miles radius.

Even the fleets were swallowed up by this purple wave but fortunately, they had shield generators that made them intangible for a few seconds, protecting them from the wave of destruction.

In the meantime, visibility was completely butchered. They couldn't see anything for at least a full minute before the wave finally cleared.

And when it did, what was staring them at the face shocked them greatly.

The Overseer was still seated without even as much as a scratch on him.

Even the deities they had attacked earlier on, leaving holes in them, suddenly began laughing hysterically.

Their laughter raged across the galaxies as they held their belly region in intense amusement. The holes on their colossal forms closed up as they pointed at the fleet of the last resistance while continuously laughing.

"They really thought they were winning..." one of them let out another rasp of laughter.

"Oh it is so fun to give mortals hope, only to snatch it away again..." another voiced out in delight.

Everyone within the resistance had grim faces upon hearing this. They had just fired the most powerful weapon in their arsenal and yet, it didn't so much as scratch these beings.

They had underestimated what they were up against. And it wasn't that they were weak... their opponents were just too powerful.

Right now, they were completely out of options.

The deities began toying with the fleet, flying around them and slapping the hull of their ships playfully just to show them that the fate of the resistance was completely in their hands.

"Don't play with your food..." the Overseer had enough so he simply raised one hand.

And the front row of the resistance fleet, over fifty ships imploded into dust.

Screams filled the comlines.

"Shields down!"

"We've lost navigation—!"

"They're in our minds—THEY'RE INSIDE OUR MINDS—"

The deities who obviously revered the Overseer greatly, advanced indifferently.

They moved as one collective will, sending a tidal wave of divine power that swallowed up the last sparks of rebellion.

Some of the powerful beings within the fleets, burst through to battle with the Overseer directly.

They unleashed powerful supernatural attacks upon him and the deities in the vicinity.

The Overseer didn't even look their way.

A mere vibration of the deity's aura shattered hundreds of attacks and sent them flying into an asteroid, cracking its crust.

After thirty minutes of brutal combat, the resistance had been reduced to:

A handful of cracked ships.

A rain of burning debris.

Hundreds of thousands dead.

Dozens left alive.

Finally, the Overseer stepped forward.

In a voice that shook existence itself, he spoke:

"Creation does not resist its creator."

And with a swipe of his cosmic hand—

Space folded.

Time shattered.

Reality tore like wet cloth.

Every remaining ship twisted, crushed, and evaporated in a single instant.

When the brilliance faded, there was nothing left.

No ships.

No army.

No leaders.

Just drifting dust scattered across the cosmic void, slowly swallowed by the expanding dominion of the deities.

The universe was lost.

Hope was dead.

And the Last Resistance had perished without leaving even ashes.

...

...

~ The Hidden Star ~

As days turned into weeks, the visions stopped coming gently.

They no longer arrived only in sleep.

They came when Angy was awake.

While walking. While eating. While listening to others argue. While staring into the artificial sky of the Hidden Star.

At first, she thought it was grief... like her mind breaking under the weight of Gustav's absence. That was what she told herself. That was what she needed to believe.

But grief didn't repeat itself with mathematical precision.

Grief didn't show the same symbols again and again.

Grief didn't evolve.

Every vision was different.

Different places. Different sensations. Different fragments of reality folding in on themselves.

But there was always one constant.

A point.

A singularity.

A place where everything collapsed inward... not destroyed, not erased, but contained.

And Gustav was always there.

Suspended...

She began noticing details she hadn't before.

The way time behaved strangely around him. The way the void refused to consume him. The way reality bent around his absence, like a wound that hadn't healed.

And then there was the other thing.

Something she had tried very hard to ignore.

Every time she reached toward him in the visions...

there was resistance.

She was starting to realize that...

The visions weren't warnings.

They weren't prophecies.

They weren't madness.

They were instructions.

The next cycle, the group gathered again.

Same hall. Same table. Same cracks in unity.

Only Angy was different.

She sat quietly with eyes unfocused and her mind still echoing with the truth she now carried.

E.E stood near the center with arms crossed tightly.

"We lost contact."

The room stilled slightly.

Falco frowned. "Lost contact with who?"

"The last resistance group," E.E said. "The one that went out three cycles ago. The strongest remaining force."

Alero straightened. "They were supposed to send a signal within forty-eight hours."

"They didn't," E.E replied flatly.

Silence followed.

Then, slowly, realization crept in.

Elevora whispered, "...The deities are still active."

"They never stopped," Aildris said grimly.

E.E nodded once. "Which means if the last resistance hasn't checked in by now—"

"They're dead," Falco finished.

The word hung in the air like ash.

No one argued that point.

There was no need.

If the deities were still tearing through systems unchecked, then the resistance had failed.

Completely.

E.E exhaled sharply. "This is exactly why we can't just charge in blindly."

Alero slammed his fist on the table. "So what? We do nothing?"

"We wait for something that actually works!" E.E snapped back.

"And while we wait, more worlds burn?"

"And if we rush, we die — just like they did!"

Chapter 1665 Universal Enlightenment Bloodline

Voices rose.

Accusations flew.

Falco argued for strategic withdrawal. Aildris argued for finding relics. Elevora argued for saving what they could. Others argued for escape.

No agreement. No unity. No direction.

The same cycle, repeating endlessly.

Angy didn't hear most of it.

The room blurred.

The table stretched.

Voices warped.

The vision overtook her again.

This one was different.

No fragments.

No distortion.

Just clarity.

Her heart pounded violently as the vision released her.

She was breathing hard now and her hands were trembling.

The arguments continued around her, oblivious.

And something inside her snapped.

She stood so abruptly that her chair screeched backward across the floor.

The sound cut through the noise like a blade.

"SHUT UP!" she screamed.

Angy's chest rose and fell rapidly as her eyes blazed with something none of them had seen before.

Her voice wasn't loud but in an instant, the place quietened.

Every head turned toward her as the surroundings became utterly silent.

Even E.E looked stunned.

Angy's hands were clenched into fists at her sides.

"All of you!" her voice cracked as she continued. "You keep arguing like this is some tactical exercise, like we haven't already lost everything!"

No one interrupted her.

For the first time since Gustav's death, Angy wasn't quiet.

And everyone felt it.

Angy swallowed, feeling her pulse thrum against the cloth tied over her abdomen.

"I..."

Her voice cracked but she steadied it.

"I think I know how to bring Gustav back."

Silence crashed over the chamber like a tidal wave.

Endric's eyes widened.

Ria stopped mid-breath.

Falco straightened instinctively.

E.E's jaw dropped.

Aildris went pale.

For several seconds, no one moved.

Then—

"How?" multiple voices echoed at once.

Angy exhaled shakily.

Visions of an ancient masculine figure with body made of cosmic light... whispered in her mind again.

She took a step forward.

"It's my bloodline," Angy said softly. "The Universal Enlightenment bloodline... it's not just a speed-based ability. I've known this for a while, but I didn't understand the depth of it until recently."

"You're saying your bloodline can resurrect the dead?" E.E whispered.

"No," Angy answered firmly. "It cannot resurrect the dead. Not normally. Not traditionally."

She held her hand against her chest.

"But it can... reach across the boundaries of existence."

A ripple of confusion passed through the room.

Angy continued with a steadier voice.

"Two years ago, when we visited the Oasis that allowed us to connect with our bloodline predecessors... I saw someone. Only one person. He didn't speak much, but he told me something I ignored at the time."

She swallowed.

"He told me my bloodline wasn't just speed based. That it was connected to the universe. To the cosmic strings. To fate. To... beginnings."

Endric's eyes narrowed.

"You never told us this."

Angy hugged herself. "I didn't understand it. I still don't. But recently..."

She lifted her head.

"I've been getting visions."

Everyone stiffened.

"What kind of visions?" Elevora asked gently.

"In the visions," Angy said slowly, "I see a path. A process. Something that can bring Gustav back from the brink—from the void where the Outworldly essence collapses when its vessel dies."

She hesitated.

"And something... inside me reacts to the visions."

Her fingers brushed her belly for a fraction of a fraction of a second.

Fortunately, no one noticed.

She forced her hands to her sides.

"It's like my bloodline wants to respond. Like... like it remembers something I've never learned."

Sersi leaned forward. "Angy... are you saying your bloodline can trace Gustav's outworldly essence?"

"Yes," she said. "But only partially. I can reach it... but I cannot pull him back alone."

"Then what do we need?" Falco asked.

Angy drew a shaky breath.

"...A bridge."

They looked confused.

"A bridge between life and the void," Angy clarified. "A stabilizer that can guide Gustav's essence back into existence. Something that ties him to the universe... something that calls out to him."

Her heart thumped painfully.

And inside her womb... a faint warmth pulsed.

The others couldn't know.

Not yet.

"This bridge... this anchor..." Angy whispered, "is something I can create. With my bloodline."

"That should be impossible," Xanatus muttered.

Angy lifted her chin.

"I'm connected to Gustav. In ways that transcend biology or bloodline."

She didn't say how deeply connected they were.

She didn't say a new life formed from the both of them was growing inside her.

That secret stayed locked behind her trembling ribs.

E.E paced. "Explain it simply. What do we do?"

Angy closed her eyes.

"The process will be dangerous," she said quietly. "It might put me in harms way."

Everyone froze.

Falco shook his head violently. "Absolutely not. Angy, we are NOT letting anything happen to you!"

"I didn't say anything would," she replied. "I said I might. There's a difference."

"Not a good one!" Sersi snapped.

"Angy, you're one of the few left! Gustav wouldn't want you doing anything dangerous," Aildris added.

"Well, he isn't here now, is he?" Angy responded back with a slightly annoyed look.

Silence~

Endric finally spoke with a low tone.

"What exactly does your bloodline need to do?"

Angy stared into his eyes.

"Link the essences... And then rechannel Gustav's outworldly energy into me in order to restore him."

"How?" Endric pressed.

"Through resonance," she answered.

Angy placed a hand over her chest as her heart beat in triple rhythm—hers... and another's.

"My bloodline can mimic the universal pulse. It can emit a frequency Gustav's essence will respond to..."

Angy smiled faintly.

E.E narrowed his eyes. "Why tell us now?"

"Because the visions are getting clearer," Angy said. "Time is running out. We have to do this quickly or risk universal extinction."

A breathless silence filled the room.

"And you're sure your bloodline is the key?" Falco asked.

"Yes," Angy lied only halfway.

It was the key but not the only one.

Inside her belly, a small, fragile life stirred in a way she didn't understand yet. Her child was connected to Gustav in a way nothing else in existence was.

A spark of Outworldly remnants. A living beacon...

Her bloodline could open the door.

But the child...

The child would be the one calling him home.

She would NEVER tell them that.

E.E finally exhaled. "If there's even a one percent chance... it's better than the zero we've had."

Chapter 1666: The Universe Will Truly End

Aldris nodded slowly. "What do you need us to do?"

Angy looked at all of them.

"I need you to trust me."

They exchanged hesitant and hopeful glances.

After a long moment, Endric stepped forward first.

"I trust you," he said.

Falco followed. "Same."

E.E placed a hand over his chest. "You're family."

Aildris nodded. "We're with you."

Sersi, Ria, Elevora, Xanatus—all stepped closer.

Angy inhaled deeply.

"Then get ready," she whispered. "Because if we succeed... Gustav will return."

And silently, secretly, her hand drifted once more to her stomach.

"But if we fail..."

She closed her eyes.

"...the universe will truly end."

...

...

The preparations took long, grueling and nerve-wracking days. Inside the concealed pocket-star, the air vibrated with restless energy. People whispered in corners, sharpened weapons that would do little against deities, inspected equipment whose usefulness was now reduced to mere hope.

No amount of planning could erase their fear, but no one dared show cowardice openly. The universe was crumbling, and this insane mission was all they had left.

In the largest chamber of the hidden star, a half-circular table floated weightlessly. Around it sat Endric, Aildris, E.E, Falco, Elevora, Ria, Sersi, Gradier Xanatus, and a few other surviving MBO elites and alien refugees who had proven reliable. Their faces were drawn, thin from stress and the months of grief.

And at the center of the room, lying upon a reinforced platform, was a technological bottle.

It was a device forged from alien hyper-matter, shaped into a crystalline cylinder that gleamed with pocket-space layers. It resembled a prism containing a swirling void and its inner chambers were designed to store the intangible essence fragments of the Outworldly.

It was the lifeline they needed to pull the universe back from its doom.

The alien engineers who were three tentacled physicists from the shattered Moonaris System, stood nearby, explaining the bottle's limitations for the hundredth time.

"You must understand," one of them with a glowing skin stated. "essences are not physical. They drift between reality and the Liminal Veil. You will only be able to hold them for a limited time before the bottle reaches instability."

"How long?" Endric asked.

"Seventy-two hours," another replied. "After you collect an essence fragment, the timer starts."

"And if the bottle becomes unstable?" Aildris questioned, although he already knew what the answer was going to be.

"It ruptures," the alien answered. "Everything inside is lost permanently."

A long silence followed.

This was a gamble with no margin of error. One misstep meant losing Gustav forever.

While the group strategized, Angy stood slightly apart from them with fingers loosely gripping the edge of the platform. She wore a thick jacket to hide the faint swell beneath her abdomen.

Every breath she took felt heavier these days. Every heartbeat resonated with a reminder:

You're carrying something precious. Something connected to him.

She had told no one.

Not Endric.

Not Elevora.

Not E.E. Not Falco.

No one.

The others only knew the fragments of the truth... the visions she'd been receiving, the revelation that her Universal Enlightenment Bloodline could guide them to a method of resurrection.

But they did not know that the process whispered to her in dreams was partly tied to her unborn child, a child conceived shortly before Gustav's demise.

The child was not the key, not directly. But he or she, was a bridge, a subtle anchor linking Gustav's scattered essence to reality. Without the presence growing inside her, the bloodline's enlightenment wouldn't be complete.

But Angy intended to use this advantage without exposing her pregnancy. The others already carried enough burdens. She wouldn't add another, especially one that would change their judgment or cause hesitation in risking her life.

She wouldn't let her unborn child become another target for deities.

So she kept her hand clasped protectively around her belly only when alone.

Now, as the group finalized their plan, she drew a quiet breath and stepped closer.

Endric pressed his fingers together, letting out a deep exhale. "We all know the situation. Gustav's essence fragments is dispersed across several sectors—some near dead worlds, some drifting through unstable space, some embedded inside remnants of the ritual site, others deeper... possibly inside places affected by deity energy."

Falco crossed his arms with a look of exhaustion. "We'll have to avoid being sensed. If even one deity detects us..."

"We die," Sersi finished softly.

"No," E.E corrected with hollow laughter. "We die and the bottle destroys itself. And then the universe dies with us."

"Fantastic odds," Elevora muttered under her breath.

Xanatus stepped toward the floating hologram displaying a star chart. "We split into four teams. One essence fragment per team. The tenth fragment is at the ritual site—we retrieve that one last."

"Because the ritual site is crawling with deity remnants," Aildris said. "Even just stepping foot there could trigger a divine echo."

"And we only get 72 hours after the first retrieval," Endric added. "Meaning every second counts."

Angy spoke up. "I will remain at the ritual site. It must be prepared before the essence fragments are returned."

E.E whipped his head around. "What? Angy, that's suicide."

"No deity can detect this star," she replied calmly. "If we move it to the ritual site which is layered in dimensional folds, I'll be safe enough."

"'Safe enough' is not exactly reassuring," Falco muttered.

Angy gave a faint smile. "I'll manage."

They distributed roles, gear, and escape pathways. Every team received a subset of cloaking tech, artificial wormhole openers, and sigil disruptors calibrated to deity perception frequencies.

Everyone carried emergency void-rift stones which was a last resort to tear themselves out of space and teleport somewhere unpredictable.

It wasn't safe.

Nothing was safe.

But their world had burned five months ago. Fear had long become a familiar companion.

Ria finally asked the question everyone avoided: "If a deity finds any of us... do we run? Or... do we draw them away from the others?"

Silence reigned briefly before Endric finally replied, "If a deity finds us... we do whatever increases the chance of completing the mission. If that means one of us must die..." He swallowed thickly. "Then so be it."

Nods followed.

Chapter 1667: Retrieving The Fragments

As the teams prepared to depart, E.E approached Angy with a soft expression. "You sure you're alright? You look... thinner. And tired."

Angy forced a small smile. "I'm fine. Really."

Elevora approached too, gently touching Angy's arm. "If the visions get worse, tell us. This bloodline of yours—it's new territory."

Angy nodded. "I will."

She wouldn't.

Falco stood nearby, leaning against the wall while Aildris strapped multidimensional bands around his wrists and offered Angy a reassuring grin. "We'll bring him back. One way or another."

Angy's eyes glassed over slightly. "I know."

It wasn't just a hope.

It was a promise she felt deep in her bones.

Xanatus activated the dimensional gates one by one. They rotated like concentric wheels of light, shimmering with runes crafted by both alien hands and Gustav's own knowledge from before his death.

As each team stepped toward their gate, Endric paused and looked back at Angy. "Hold the line for us."

"I will," she whispered.

The gates stretched open, becoming windows into distant corners of the universe, unstable and flickering from the chaotic divine storms raging outside.

One by one, they stepped through.

Aldris and Ria vanished through a gate that led to a shattered nebula where one fragment drifted freely.

E.E and Elevora entered a gate leading toward the broken remains of the Universal Alliance headquarters.

Falco and Xanatus stepped through a corridor opening into a dark rift where time itself bent unnaturally.

Endric was the last to go, carrying the bottle. "Angy... don't let anything interfere with the ritual site."

"I won't."

Then he stepped through the final gate, disappearing into reality's violent storm.

The gates closed, leaving Angy alone in the vast chamber with other refugees.

The moment the room dimmed and silence settled, Angy pressed a hand tightly against her abdomen and inhaled sharply.

The child throbbed with warmth inside her.

The visions growing inside her mind had shown her glimpses—shards of a cosmic truth:

The Outworldly cannot simply return.

He must be called.

Guided.

Anchored.

And that anchor was not merely her bloodline.

It was also the life she carried.

But she would never say that aloud.

If they knew...

They might try to protect her.

Shelter her.

Keep her from danger.

They needed her to lead the ritual.

The universe needed her unborn child.

But she would bear that burden alone.

She wiped her eyes, steeling herself.

"There isn't much time," she whispered to her belly. "But your father is coming home. I'll make sure of it."

Her bloodline flickered across her skin in faint golden patterns—like constellations forming and dissolving.

...

...

Far away from the safety of the hidden star, the teams were already knee-deep in danger.

Every realm they entered was scarred by divine destruction.

Cities dissolved into cosmic dust.

Planets hung cracked and hollow.

Space rifts bled energy.

Mortals drifted in broken fleets, praying to gods who only laughed.

And always, a deity's shadow lingered somewhere behind the veil.

At any moment, detection meant death.

But they pressed forward, knowing every second mattered.

Aldris and Ria were the first to locate theirs.

A glowing strand of Gustav's essence drifted inside the remnants of a crushed moon with its light flickering like a lost soul crying out.

Ria reached for it, hesitating. "It feels... like him."

Aldris gritted his teeth. "Don't get sentimental. Angy needs it. Grab it."

He nodded and swept his hands through the luminescent strand, guiding it into the sub-container they carried. The essence reacted instantly, pulsing in recognition.

The 72-hour timer began.

There was no going back now.

As the others fought, hid, and scrambled across multiple star systems, Angy prepared to head to the ritual site where Gustav's final ritual had been interrupted months ago.

However, she still had to wait... nothing could truly begin without the essences.

The pocket-dimensional star was silent at the moment... too silent.

A place torn out of normal space-time, hidden behind a shell of cosmic distortion, layered with Gustav's signature reality-bending essence... yet even here, dread lived with them like a stubborn phantom. Days in this refuge felt like the eye of a storm... calm, but only because destruction screamed just outside its walls.

Fortunately, after the first thirty- six hours of the mission, the teams began to return one after the other.

And although, they had been mostly successful... the work wasn't done yet.

Angy sat in the corner of the planning chamber, back pressed against the cool crystalline surface that made up the interior of the hidden star. Her breaths were shallow, her palms clammy. A wave of nausea surged again, tightening her gut.

Not now... not here...

She inhaled slowly and held her stomach beneath the table. The faintest swell pressed against her palm. She swallowed the panic forming at the back of her throat.

It's getting worse... faster than I expected.

She forced her breathing to even out. She could not draw attention... none of them could know. Not yet.

Her gaze drifted back to the holographic map projected at the center of the chamber. E.E., Aildris, Endric, Ria, Sersi and Xanatus stood around it with their voices rising and falling as they debated routes, strategies, and timelines.

They had already recovered six essence fragments. Four more remained.

These fragments which were glimmers of the Outworldly that lingered across space, were difficult to sense, and even more difficult to retrieve. Angy was the one responsible for pointing them out. Although, there were a lot more than ten essence fragments scattered around the universe, ten was the number needed for the ritual according to Angy.

However, every retrieval mission risked exposure to deities.

And that risk was growing larger with every passing day.

"So the final four essences we need are all in deity-controlled quadrants," Xanatus voiced grimly. "One near the Ruptured Nebula, one at the edge of the Void Axis, and one..." he sighed, "...one at the remains of Earth."

Silence followed....

Earth... The world that no longer existed in a single piece. The birthplace of almost every person standing here. The place Gustav once swore to protect.

Nostalgia mingled bitterly with grief.

Aldris clenched his fists. "We'll split into two battle-capable teams. Falco will lead one. Endric leads the other."

Chapter 1668: Residue

Aldris clenched his fists. "We'll split into two battle-capable teams. Falco will lead one. Endric leads the other."

Falco nodded, though exhaustion weighed sharply on his face. His body still carried the silver cracks of strain left behind by his deity heritage—scars from battles and overexertions the past months.

Angy studied him quietly. He shouldn't be fighting like this... none of them should.

But they had no choice.

Another spike of pain lanced through her abdomen. She gripped the underside of the table so hard her knuckles whitened.

Falco glanced at her. "Angy? You okay?"

She straightened instantly. "I'm fine. Just tired."

Endric's eyes narrowed. He could always sense fluctuations in aura since he had grown too perceptive over time. "Your aura is unstable. You're pushing yourself too hard."

Angy forced a smile. "We all are."

They stared at her a moment longer, but then returned to the map. She let out a breath only after they looked away.

One hour later, they were ready.

Endric, Sersi and Xanatus departed first. Their target was the fragment near the Ruptured Nebula.

Falco, E.E and Aildris boarded the second stealth skiff... a needlelike craft cloaked with residual Outworldly distortion.

Its hull shimmered with dim violet sheen as it prepared for space-warp travel.

Angy followed them to the launch chamber. Falco glanced back at her.

"Stay safe," he said.

"You too," Angy replied, but her voice cracked under a pressure she couldn't hide.

He frowned. "You sure you're okay?"

"Yes."

She defensively corrected. "I'm just worried. For all of you."

E.E grinned weakly. "We'll be fine. You know Falco's deity senses are cheats. Nothing gets past him."

Falco looked away with guilt. He hated relying on power inherited from Nocturnis.

The skiff doors closed slowly. Angy watched as the craft shimmered out of the pocket star's thin airspace.

Then she placed a hand on her stomach again.

"Just a little more... Gustav... just hold on a bit longer..."

...

Space warped violently as Falco's skiff tunneled through a debris-scattered region near the Void Axis... an area patrolled by some of the strongest deities.

They were moments away from the essence's location when Falco froze.

E.E noticed instantly. "What's wrong?"

Falco didn't breathe.

"...We're not alone," he whispered.

Aldris rose slowly from his seat. "Deities?"

Falco slowly nodded. "One. But... it's close. Too close."

E.E's heart sank. "Fuck."

The radar lit up like a cosmic eyelid blinking once.

Then space around them vibrated.

A shockwave of divine presence rolled through the region, making the skiff's hull groan.

A booming voice echoed through the vacuum itself:

"I SENSE... OUTWORLDLY RESIDUE..."

The voice shook E.E's bones. Aildris grabbed the wall for balance.

Falco's pupils dilated fully, his deity bloodline awakened instinctively.

"It's an Arbiter Deity," he muttered. "Rank Four."

"Rank Four!?" E.E hissed. "Fucking hell—we're dead."

Falco raised a hand. "Shut up. Don't move. Don't breathe loud. Don't even think loudly."

"What?"

"I SAID DON'T THINK LOUDLY!"

The deity presence got closer.

A thunderous ripple tore through the skiff's surroundings as the Arbiter materialized, a gargantuan humanoid made of crackling crimson energy, its eye glowing like a dying star. It scanned the region, gaze sweeping back and forth.

Falco trembled as he spread his signature around them and the spacecraft.

Hide... Conceal... Dim the pulse... Collapse your signature.

But not just yours... all of them.

He shut his eyes and activated his inherited ability:

Voidborn Misting.

A shadow-like distortion rippled across the skiff. The craft dimmed, then blurred, as though wrapped in the shadow of a god.

The deity's gaze swept right over them.

The hull creaked violently as E.E clamped a hand on his mouth and Aildris held his breath.

The Arbiter slowly extended a massive finger, touching the space mere meters from the ship—

Falco bled from his nose, ears and eyes instantly.

The pressure... the effort... It was too much.

His body wasn't built for sustained deity-level concealment.

E.E whispered desperately, "Falco—stop! You'll kill yourself!"

Falco didn't open his eyes. "If I stop... we all die."

The Arbiter paused as his finger hovered.

"...STRANGE," it boomed. "THE RESIDUE... VANISHED."

Falco nearly blacked out but held on.

Seconds stretched into eternity.

Finally, the Arbiter turned away.

It drifted backward, dissolving into the void like mist.

When the presence disappeared fully, Falco collapsed onto the floor unconscious.

Back in the pocket-dimension, Angy staggered as a violent wave of dizziness hit her. She grabbed the wall.

Her child's heartbeat pulsed faintly in her senses. It seemed to have developed a strange cosmic awareness, making her capable of faintly communicating with it.

The child was reacting. Disturbances in space rippled faintly through her body.

'Something happened to Falco's team? Oh they're okay? That's a relief...'

The whole time she was getting feedback from her belly about those who had gone out there.

And soon she was informed that Endric's team was returning.

She didn't have time to wonder as Endric's team flickered into the hidden star, dragging an unconscious Xanatus with them.

Angy gasped. "Another attack?"

Endric nodded. "A near miss... a deity patrol. We barely escaped."

Everyone's hearts dropped further.

Two missions.

Two deity encounters.

The noose was tightening.

And Falco's team wasn't back yet.

...

...

Meanwhile, deep within the dark palace forged from fragments of dead galaxies, Nocturnis stood atop a floating dark platform.

An Ancient Executioner who was the size of an entire galaxy, knelt before him.

"My lord... we still haven't located your son."

Nocturnis' eyes glowed like pits of endless night.

"And the others? The boy Endric? The woman, Angy?"

Tension increased as silence reigned for a few seconds.

"...Nothing, my lord."

Nocturnis's smile vanished.

His aura exploded outward, obliterating three moons orbiting the palace.

"How," he whispered with a calm and terrifying voice, "does my child elude me?"

No being related to him by blood should have been able to hide. His senses threaded across the universe like a web of living darkness.

He should have sensed Falco... Endric... Ria... Sersi... Angy and the others...

Yet they were simply gone.

Invisible.

Unreachable.

Untraceable.

"...This is impossible," he muttered. "Unless—"

Chapter 1669: Evading Deities

"...This is impossible," he muttered. "Unless—"

He paused as a faint, barely perceptible ripple spread forth. Like a memory of essence whispering through the void.

Nocturnis narrowed his eyes.

The universe was hiding secrets again.

And he would tear it apart if he had to.

Hours later, after Angy's worry became unbearable, the skiff shimmered back into the pocket-dimensional star.

E.E stumbled out carrying an unconscious Falco.

Aldris followed, pale and shaking.

Endric ran toward them. "What happened!?"

E.E voice cracked with leftover terror as he answered.

"A deity. A fucking Arbiter Deity almost stepped on us."

Angy's heart plummeted.

"Falco—! Is he—?"

Aldris shook his head. "Alive. But he nearly killed himself hiding us. He used a powerful ability to conceal all of us."

Endric's eyes widened. "That... that shouldn't even be possible."

"He made it possible," E.E whispered.

They carried Falco inside. Angy followed silently, her hand trembling over her stomach once more.

...

...

As time passed, Falco recovered and they once more ventured out to acquire more of the Outworldly essences.

As Angy already explained, when Gustav died, he didn't simply vanish.

An Outworldly couldn't.

His existence shattered instead — not into flesh, not into soul, but into essence fragments, each one carrying a fundamental truth of his being.

Time.

Creation.

Authority.

Balance.

Existence itself.

They scattered across the universe like dying stars.

And the universe, wounded and unstable, swallowed them.

They found another fragment by accident.

E.E had been scanning dead-space near a collapsed galaxy when his sensors screamed.

"Guys," he muttered with wide eyes.

"That's... not normal."

The nebula ahead wasn't glowing.

It was decaying.

Color drained from it in slow motion, collapsing inward as if time itself was rotting.

Falco frowned.

"That space is aging. Backwards."

They entered anyway.

The moment they crossed the threshold, alarms died.

No readings.

No sound.

Even their thoughts felt sluggish.

Alero clenched his jaw.

"This place doesn't want us here."

At the center floated a crystal shard, cracked and bleeding white light.

Their hearts skipped.

It felt warm and familiar.

The moment they got stepped closer, the nebula screamed.

A temporal predator emerged, turning into a malformed being born from broken time, attacking anything that tried to disturb the fragment.

Falco went first with shadows flaring, ripping chunks out of reality just to slow it down.

E.E fired off weapons from the ship.

Alero nearly died when time folded around his arm and tried to erase it from history.

It took everything they had.

When Aildris finally reached the shard and sealed it in a containment sigil, the nebula collapsed completely — aging into dust in seconds.

No one spoke on the way back.

...

...

The next essence was worse.

It lay embedded in the corpse of a fallen deity, drifting through voidspace like a monument to arrogance.

The body was massive... way larger than planets, cracked open and leaking corrupted divinity.

Elevora swallowed.

"If the deities sense this—"

"That's why we have to be swift," Aildris replied quietly.

The moment they landed, divine wraiths attacked.

Not servants.

Remnants.

Leftover authority refusing to die.

Falco fought three at once with his dark blood steaming in vacuum.

Ria's shields shattered twice.

E.E screamed as his nervous system overloaded just trying to withstand the pressure.

At the core of the god's chest, they found it.

A beating fragment, pulsing like a heart.

The next essence they went after wasn't guarded.

That made it worse.

They arrived at coordinates that... didn't exist.

No star.

No planet.

No space.

Just absence.

A void that rejected reality.

E.E stared at the ship readings.

"This shouldn't be possible."

The moment they crossed into the non-space, gravity vanished. Direction vanished. Identity blurred.

Alero screamed as his body tried to split into multiple versions of himself.

Falco anchored everyone with shadow chains, roaring through clenched teeth.

At the center was a floating conceptual shard. Another essence...

Taking it nearly erased Aildris.

He felt himself unravel, only held together by something warm inside his chest.

He didn't know what it was yet.

But it saved him.

...

...

The journey back to the place of Gustav's death felt heavier than any of them could bear, but no one said a word during the final stretch.

After another week of evading deities, collecting the last of Gustav's scattered essences, and surviving close encounters that left their nerves frayed, the group finally approached the coordinates Angy had marked.

They began slowing down long before they arrived. Even from millions of kilometers away, the region of space ahead looked wrong.

Dead wrong.

E.E stared through the starship's transparent view panel. "Is that...?"

"Yes," Sersi answered grimly.

"Space shouldn't look like that," one of the surviving alien whispered with a trembling tone.

It shouldn't.

This part of the universe looked like someone had taken an eraser to the cosmos, smearing stars into streaks of ink and draining all color until only black and white remained.

The nebulae had become swirling chalk clouds. Planets were frozen like pencil sketches. Even the vacuum seemed textured... like paper.

A corruption from the clash of powers that were never meant to meet.

The battle of Gustav versus the deities.

Falco inhaled sharply. "We need to be careful. Entering this region might tear us apart if we move too fast."

"We will proceed slowly," Endric said. "I'll reinforce the ship as we pass the boundary."

They pushed forward.

The moment the bow of the ship crossed into the monochrome zone, the hull groaned like something ancient was pressing against it.

Angy felt her chest tighten. Her bloodline reacted immediately... lights danced in the edge of her vision, displaying patterns of silver fractals only she could see.

Her unborn child moved... causing a faint warmth inside her belly.

She gripped the edge of her seat discreetly.

Not now... please not now...

Her nausea was worsening by the day. The secrecy was exhausting. But she had to hold on a little longer. For Gustav. For the universe.

Gradually, they navigated through the distorted space.

Chapter 1670: Ritual Resumption

Gradually, they navigated through the distorted space. Flying was like pushing the ship through thick sheets of fabric. Sometimes, stars blinked out entirely as if erased. Other times, they flickered back with wrong shapes.

After an agonizing hour, Angy stood from her seat.

"Here," she said suddenly. "Stop here. This is the right spot."

"You're sure?" Endric asked.

Angy nodded. She stepped closer to the viewport. "This is where Gustav fell. I can... feel it."

Everyone exchanged uneasy glances, but none doubted her. Angy's connection to Gustav had always been strong. Now, with her bloodline awakening in strange new ways, her senses were sharper, deeper—nearly prophetic.

They prepared to exit the ship.

One by one, they grabbed specially crafted suits reinforced with advanced shielding and MBO modifications. Even then, a few weren't sure these would protect them in a region where reality itself had been scarred.

Aildris stretched his limbs, gathering his energy. "Everyone ready?"

No one was ready.

But they nodded anyway.

The ship released them into the corrosive, monochrome expanse. Their boots touched nothing, yet there was resistance, as though they were walking through sheets of dense fog made of paper.

Angy drifted forward with her long silver and pink hair floating like ink in water.

"This is far enough," she said softly. "Set up here."

E.E exhaled shakily. "So this is it... the beginning of something we can't take back."

Angy kept her eyes fixed ahead. "We don't have a choice. If we don't start soon... there won't be a universe left."

She didn't tell them the rest.

That her child was reacting.

That she could feel the fragments of Gustav's essence drawing to her like gravity.

Endric floated closer to her. "Before we begin... you need to understand. Once you start, they will feel it."

Angy turned to him, unwavering. "I know. That's why we must be ready."

"We've prepared exactly as you said," Endric continued. "But if even one deity arrives too early—"

"Then you will hold them back," Angy interrupted gently but firmly.

Endric swallowed. "We'll try."

The others gathered around them in a loose circle. Over thirty mixedbloods, and alien refugees hovered in the monochrome void—scarred warriors, desperate survivors, people who had lost everything.

This was their final gamble.

Falco drifted beside Angy and handed her the containment cylinders. Each one was glowing faintly with swirling lights. Gustav's essence, collected piece by piece from across galaxies.

Angy held them carefully. They were warm. Too warm.

Almost alive.

Her child responded again causing her to feel another flutter in her womb.

She closed her eyes briefly to steady herself.

Endric floated upward, positioning himself directly at the center of the group.

"Everyone," he announced through the comms, "link your energies. I'll guide the process."

E.E raised a hand. "You sure you're up for this, brother?"

Endric nodded. "This is the only way."

And so it began.

One by one, everyone activated their bloodline energies, channeling their abilities outward. Light, flames, gravitational distortions, psychic threads, elemental flows, alien particles—dozens of power types shimmering into the air like luminous strings.

Endric reached out telekinetically and grabbed hold of each strand. His power swept out violently as his eyes glowing a brilliant purple-blue while the energies converged into him.

His skin cracked with glowing lines. His veins illuminated. His aura exploded outward.

Sersi flinched. "Endric—!"

"I'm fine," he forced out through clenched teeth.

The energy of more than thirty powerful beings was pouring into him. It felt like having suns shoved into his bloodstream.

But he endured.

He gathered them...

Twisted them...

Forged them...

And sculpted them into a massive telekinetic construct.

A barrier.

A fortress.

A sphere of impossible density... brighter than any physical material, woven from raw will, energy, and the combined might of warriors who refused to surrender.

The barrier snapped into place around all of them.

A thousand times sturdier than neutronium.

A thousand times more complex than any shield ever created.

E.E let out a low whistle. "Damn... Endric. You weren't playing."

Endric didn't reply. He couldn't. The strain was already immense causing blood to drip from the corner of his lip despite the suit.

Angy drifted toward the very center of the barrier with the containers of essence in hand.

"Once I begin," she said quietly, "don't come near me. Whatever happens... stay back."

Ria frowned. "We don't know what will happen."

"I do," Angy whispered.

But she didn't explain.

No.

This was her burden to bear.

She touched the first essence container. It vibrated.

Her bloodline flared as silver fractals swirled through her irises.

A warm pulse shot up from her belly, spreading through her torso, to her chest, up her throat—

She gasped.

Falco moved instinctively. "Angy—!"

"Don't!" she snapped as her eyes blazed with light. "Stay back!"

He froze, startled.

Angy floated in place, breathing harshly as the power surged inside her like a second heartbeat. The essences trembled in resonance—responding to her, recognizing something within her.

Her bloodline.

Her unborn child.

She began opening the containers.

One.

A rush of energy swirled around her, pulling into her skin.

Two.

A spiral of light wrapped her entire body.

Three.

Her heartbeat synced with the essences—thump... thump... thump—growing louder, sharper, divine.

The others watched in awe and terror.

E.E whispered, "Is she... glowing?"

Ria swallowed hard. "She's more than glowing. Her aura is distorting space."

Indeed, the monochrome surroundings rippled around her. Black-and-white streaks bent away as though pushed by cosmic pressure.

Inside her, the baby pulsed again as though lending its existence—its connection—to the Outworldly power.

Angy grit her teeth against the pain swelling through her abdomen. 'Not now... please... just hold on...'

She opened more containers.

Five.

Seven.

Nine.

Each time, her body shook, but she kept going.

Endric pressed a hand to his helmet as sweat dripped inside despite the cold. "Her energy is skyrocketing... this is insane..."

Sersi nodded slowly with widening eyes. "She's starting to reach... deity levels."

Angy floated higher with winds of cosmic pressure swirled around her as more and more of Gustav's undying essence merged into her bloodline.