

Bloodline 1671

Chapter 1671 Foolish Child

Silver, gold, purple—three colors of pure cosmic authority danced around her figure, weaving into her bones.

Her bones cracked.

Her muscles tore.

Then regenerated instantly.

Her bloodline was transforming.

Her child pulsed again, pushing a warmth of energy through her, resulting in her stabilisation.

Without the unborn baby, she would have died instantly.

From the moment Angy had begun the ritual, reality trembled.

The airless vacuum of deep space warped around her suspended form as tendrils of silver-white radiance burst from the bottles containing Gustav's scattered essences. The light spiraled in wide arcs, pulling inward like a cosmic whirlpool and sinking into her body in heavy pulses. Her veins glowed like molten starlines as a metallic disk platform was created beneath their feet.

The first wave of energy wasn't quiet.

It wasn't subtle.

It roared through the universe like a cosmic scream.

A ripple dense enough to crack asteroids and sharp enough to slice comets, shot outward in every direction. Universes away, stars flickered. Nebulae contracted. Cosmic storms paused mid-swirl. The vacuum vibrated like a struck drumhead.

And in the Domains of the Deities...

Eyes snapped open.

Dozens... hundreds... of ancient beings froze mid-movement as the sensation tore through their senses. Many lifted their heads at once, peering into the distance beyond mortal vision.

A powerful deity carved from red stone, seated atop a throne of burning space-dust, narrowed his eyes.

"The Outworldly...?" he murmured.

A beast-like goddess wrapped in storm clouds surged to her feet with lightning dripping from her claws.

"That energy... Impossible. That monster died."

Across the divine realms, each deity felt it.

And they began to move.

Screams rose from enslaved galaxies as divine beings tore across the cosmos, streaking through space at speeds beyond time, ripping holes in starfields as they flew.

But among them, one presence shook the ether harder than the rest.

A colossal shadow tore out of a fractured moon over a hundred galaxies away.

Nocturnis true form.

His body was a towering mass of darkness, shaped vaguely like a humanoid silhouette with countless shifting limbs. Eyes that were too many to count, opened one by one across his shifting form, all turning toward the source of the surge.

He felt his heart jolt in his chest. He could finally sense the presence of his son in the cosmos again but it wasn't just that... there was something else.

Something he recognized.

"You insects..." his voice echoed across the broken star systems around him as he growled. "You dare... meddle with the Outworldly's remains?"

He blurred and vanished, rupturing the galaxy he'd been standing in.

The chase was on.

Meanwhile...

Endric knelt at the heart of the barrier with sweat pouring down his face. Around him, more than thirty mixedbloods and alien survivors floated in a circle, each with a palm extended toward him, funneling their energies into his core.

It was like trying to hold back an ocean with bare hands.

The telekinetic barrier around them was a shimmering dome of thick distorted space—denser than neutron-star metal, more rigid than any physical substance ever known.

Angy, hovering at the center of the platform, didn't hear anything outside her own mind.

Her Universal Enlightenment bloodline was stretched to its absolute limit.

Her unborn child emitted a faint warmth inside her, stabilizing her body, enabling her to take in energy that would have incinerated any other living being.

She gritted her teeth, breaths coming shallow and rapid.

She felt Gustav's essence swirling, merging...

She felt him.

But she didn't stop.

She couldn't.

All of a sudden, the stars behind them exploded outward as a dozen multicolored streaks barreled into the corrupted region of space.

Then dozens more.

Then hundreds.

Every mixedblood inside the barrier felt their hearts freeze.

Falco whispered, "...they're here."

Even though he was weakened and injured, he instinctively moved between the barrier's weak point and Angy with shadows curling around his arms like protective serpents.

E.E's channeled his spatial bloodline.

Aildris gathered swirling colors around his limbs.

Sersi and Ria exchanged a terrified look.

Xanatus swore under his breath.

Then—

BOOM.

Like a harbinger of doom, Nocturnis appeared first.

His massive shadow-wreathed figure stopped a few kilometers before the barrier as darkness expanded around him like a tidal wave.

His countless eyes glowed as they narrowed on the figures inside the dome.

His gaze first found Angy.

Then Endric.

Then... Falco.

A deep, reverberating voice rolled across the barrier like a thunderquake.

"How... did you escape my senses this whole time?"

Falco's eyes narrowed but he didn't speak.

Nocturnis drifted closer, inspecting the barrier, studying the thickness, the density and the construction with his gaze. A faint smirk rose on what passed for his mouth.

"So this is what you've built to hide from me," he said softly. "A telekinetic cage? Using that boy as the core?"

His eyes turned colder.

"You think this can protect you?"

Endric didn't move a muscle. His entire consciousness was focused on keeping the barrier intact.

Angy didn't even blink. Her body was now glowing so brightly she looked like a burning star from within.

Falco stepped forward and spat, "We don't need to run forever."

Nocturnis' grin widened.

"Foolish child."

Then he raised a hand.

A blue-black sphere of energy dense enough to collapse a moon, gathered.

And he hurled it.

KRRRRRRAAAAMMMM!!!

The blast hit the barrier like a planetary collision.

The shockwave rocked everyone inside, throwing several mixedbloods off balance.

The rebound flung distortions of space outward like shattered mirrors.

Dust and cosmic debris clouded the area.

And then...

The smoke cleared.

The barrier still stood.

Perfectly intact.

There was a brief silence after this.

Then—

A deep, rumbling laugh echoed behind Nocturnis.

A massive deity shaped like a bronze colossus crossed his arms and smirked.

"Losing your touch, are we, Nocturnis?"

A female deity composed entirely of spiraling galaxies, hovered beside him, amused.

"He expected that to work? How embarrassing."

Murmurs spread across the divine crowd. Several chuckled. A few scoffed. Others looked entertained, like they were watching a comedy performance.

Nocturnis' eyes pulsed dangerously.

He lifted his hand again.

But before he could unleash a second blow, the bronze deity stepped forward.

"Allow me."

Chapter 1672: Fifty Percent

He launched a fist the size of twelve mountains straight into the barrier.

BWHOOOOOMMM!!!

The explosion scattered distortion waves across kilometers of corrupted space.

More dust.

More silence.

Then the dust lifted.

The barrier still stood.

The bronze deity blinked.

"...What?"

Endric remained unmoving at its center with his teeth clenched and veins bulging across his forehead. Every cell in his body burnt as he channeled unimaginable force.

One of the galaxy-woman's swirling arms folded with amusement.

"Impressive little insects," she murmured. "But how long can it last?"

And that was the turning point.

Every deity present began attacking simultaneously.

Not one at a time.

In unison.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The universe shook.

The black-and-white corrupted region warped violently, trembling under hundreds of divine blows.

Inside the barrier, everyone was crumbling.

Mixedbloods screamed as their energy reserves drained.

The alien survivors slumped, sweating, trembling violently, but they didn't stop feeding Endric.

Cracks began splintering across the telekinetic dome like fractures in thick glass.

Endric's face turned ghost-white.

Whenever he fixed one crack, two more appeared in its place.

He repaired four and then ten spider-webbed across the top.

He strained, roared, poured everything he had—

But the cracks spread faster than he could keep up.

E.E yelled hoarsely with his voice cracking from exhaustion:

"You might have to go faster, Angy! We're toast at this rate!"

Angy clenched her palm as sweat streamed down her glowing face.

"Almost—!" she gasped and pushed harder.

But the barrier...

Was dying.

A massive crack tore down the left side.

A full meter wide hole, burst open.

"NO—!!" Endric screamed, trying to seal it.

But a deity had already lunged.

A hand like a forged sun thrust toward the gap—

Falco moved before anyone else.

Black mist exploded from his body, forming a rough wall of living darkness that slammed over the hole.

The deity stopped inches short, scorched by the unexpected force.

Falco staggered back, coughing blood as shadows flickered chaotically around him.

But the entry point held.

Barely.

Everyone was shaking now.

Energy reserves flickered.

The barrier dimmed.

And then—

Nocturnis finally moved again.

While the others attacked in waves, he had simply been watching, studying the dome, calculating pressure points, understanding its flow, measuring Endric's internal rhythm.

Now he lifted a single finger.

"It was amusing," he said softly. "But this ends now."

His finger descended.

A ripple of darkness thicker than universes crashed down from above.

Everyone inside screamed.

The barrier split— and then imploded.

BBBBBB00000000MMMMMM!!!

The shockwave blasted all of them outward into space like ragdolls tossed by an explosion. Their suits caught them, but their bodies spun violently. Some vomited from the force while some lost consciousness from the pressure.

The barrier was gone.

Completely gone.

And dozens of deities flared with killing intent simultaneously.

The bronze colossus turned instantly to Endric, who was still reeling from the backlash.

"You," the deity growled. "You annoyed me the most."

He raised a burning palm—

A blast of divine energy surged toward Endric at lightspeed, powerful enough to reduce him to particles.

Everyone else was still tumbling helplessly through space.

No one was close enough to intervene.

The attack reached Endric—

And at the last moment, a small, slender hand, glowing with pure white cosmic light, appeared out of nowhere, catching the blast like it was nothing more than a breeze.

Then—

SHRRRPP.

With a casual swipe, the attack evaporated.

Like it had never been there at all.

Silence swallowed the battlefield.

Slowly, the glowing figure drifted forward through the debris-filled space.

Her aura radiated like a newborn sun.

Her eyes glowed with calm indifference.

It was none other than Angy.

She hovered before the stunned deities with a cold look.

The ritual was complete.

She now held 50% of the Outworldly's power.

And the universe trembled around her.

Moments after Angy eradicated the deity's attack with a single swipe, an oppressive silence swept across the battlefield. The deities, who only seconds ago were tearing into the telekinetic barrier with destructive ferocity, now hovered motionless, staring at the golden-white figure radiating impossible energy.

Angy floated forward as her eyes glowed with dual-colored brilliance—half the universe’s spectrum braided inside them.

Her presence distorted the area, stretching parts of space and compressing others.

Fifty percent.

Fifty percent of his power.

The Outworldly’s power.

Gustav’s power.

It surged violently through her, threatening to rupture reality with every pulse.

Her hair levitated like smoke under pressure, her limbs crackled with bright seams of cosmic illumination as she tried to contain the power inside the limits of a mixedblood body. She breathed once and that single breath sent spatial shockwaves rippling across hundreds of kilometers.

Falco, Endric, Aildris, E.E, Ria, Sersi, Elevora, and all others remained wide-eyed, still recovering from being flung when the barrier shattered.

The moment Angy moved... she vanished.

A colossal titanic deity barely blinked before her fist buried itself into his torso. Reality caved inward from the impact. A delayed sonic boom screamed outward like a dying star.

The deity didn't fly backward.

He vaporized...

His body, soul, and divine essence flicked out of existence like dust snuffed by a hurricane.

A second deity blinked in horror, summoning a constellation-level shield.

It cracked under her gaze alone.

Before he could retreat, Angy appeared beside him, swiping her fingers once—cleanly bisecting him in a diagonal line. No blood spilled. His form simply... unraveled.

Two deities dead in less than three seconds.

Pandemonium erupted.

"She—she's wielding half of the Outworldly's power!"

"This is impossible!"

"Her mortal form shouldn't be able to contain that!"

Angy didn't speak. She didn't need to. Waves of energy burst from her as she advanced, shielding her friends behind her without even facing them. Every time a deity attempted to flank her, a tendril of cosmic light wrapped around them and hurled them through warped fragments of space.

Endric watched in horror and awe.

"That's Angy...? She's on a completely different level."

E.E gulped. "Forget level... that's no longer mortal. Even the gods look terrified."

Falco stood silently with fists clenched. His father—Nocturnis—hovered in front of Angy and both of them were locked in a silent stand-off.

"Move," Angy said softly.

Chapter 1673: You're Too Late

Nocturnis' eyes narrowed. "You are strong now... but strength does not make you wise. You are a mortal wielding a cosmic will. You are not fit to hold it."

Angy didn't answer. The light around her intensified.

"I said—move."

Nocturnis swung a dark spear forward, forged from impenetrable darkness.

She caught it with two fingers.

The shockwave disintegrated a hundred-mile chunk of corrupted space behind them but Nocturnis was the one flung backward, smashing through fragments of collapsed dimensions like shards of broken glass.

Gasps echoed from every deity present.

The universe itself groaned.

The battle exploded again as Angy dashed upward, appearing behind a deity trying to activate a multiversal-level sealing ability. She tore the power apart with raw force before the deity could even scream.

Three more deities descended from above—launching synchronized beams capable of liquefying stellar clusters.

Angy raised a single palm.

BOOOOOOM!

The beams ricocheted harmlessly off a barrier of pure Outworldly essence—before redirecting back at their casters, vaporizing two and heavily wounding the third.

The last deity managed to utter—

"What—what are you?"

Angy only whispered: "The anchor of his return."

And she crushed him.

A distorted black-and-white ripple exploded across the region of corrupted space—the same corruption caused by Gustav's death.

The boundary of the anomaly shook like a tidal wave was building inside its walls.

Falco braced himself, shielding Sersi and Ria as stray spatial shockwaves passed dangerously close.

"This is getting out of hand," Aildris muttered. "Her body can't handle that kind of power forever."

But despite the growing instability, Angy fought relentlessly. Even as cracks formed along her arms, even as her veins glowed painfully bright, she continued overwhelming deity after deity.

Until space tore open.

A massive black-and-white rift appeared above them like the eye of a cold, ancient god.

From it descended—

The Overseer.

Not just him.

Hundreds of deities.

Not avatars. Not projections.

The real bodies.

The entire region of corrupted space dimmed as they approached. Their combined presence was immensely suffocating. Even the distortion caused by the Outworldly essence bent away from them as if afraid.

Angy floated before them with heavy breaths.

The Overseer's glowing massive form hovered above them all with a slightly disturbed expression.

"So. The little mortal girl inherited his strength."

Angy stared up silently.

The Overseer extended one of his colossal hands.

"You have slain many of my kind. That alone earns you annihilation."

Falco stepped forward instinctively.

"Stop!" he yelled. "She's—"

"Falco." Nocturnis cut in sharply. "Stand back."

Angy raised her head while unleashing the full aura of the fifty percent Outworldly power. "Do all of you even realize what you've done? What you're still doing? The universe is collapsing because of you. Gustav tried to save everything, but you—your pride, your ego—kept pushing."

The Overseer let out a chilling laughter that shook the fabric of space.

"The universe came from nothing," he said simply. "If it returns to nothing... so be it."

Angy's eyes narrowed, glowing brighter.

"This is why the Outworldly existed. To keep you in check. Because you deities are too irresponsible with the power you wield."

"You speak boldly for someone standing on the edge of oblivion," the Overseer replied.

Then he leaned down slightly.

"But the Outworldly is dead. Vaporized. Gone. And even if he somehow returned, hundreds of thousands of years later, this universe—and your precious mortals—would already be dust."

Angy displayed a slow, unnerving smile.

"Do not be so sure."

The Overseer paused. So did every deity.

Angy tilted her head.

"You haven't sensed it yet, have you?"

There was a beat of silence.

And then—

Ba-dum~

Faint. Gentle.

Like a distant echo.

The deities jerked at the sound.

Ba-dum~

It grew louder.

Not from her chest.

From her stomach.

Their eyes widened.

Nocturnis whispered, horrified:

"...a heartbeat."

The Overseer's face twisted in shock.

"You... carry his child..."

A ripple of pure disbelief shot through the pantheon.

Falco's eyes went wide. "Angy... you... were pregnant?"

Endric staggered backward, nearly dropping to his knees from the sudden revelation.

E.E yelled out in shock, "This whole time!?"

Ria covered her mouth, trembling. "Angy..."

Sersi clutched her chest. "How...? When...?"

Angy didn't look at them.

The Overseer's expression shifted into something darker, something ancient.

"I see..." he said slowly. "The essence. The Outworldly essence I sensed minutes ago... it wasn't just you absorbing his remaining power. The child is a beacon. A reincarnation seed."

Nocturnis clenched his fists.

"This is... very, very bad."

But the Overseer began laughing again—even louder than before.

"Then I shall end the problem now. The Outworldly must never return, not even through offspring."

Falco growled while stepping forward. "Touch her and—"

"You will do nothing." The Overseer's voice boomed like a collapsing nebula.

He raised one of his six hands.

A sphere of annihilation formed with an ability capable of erasing galaxies from existence.

Angy didn't flinch.

Instead—

She laughed.

Openly.

Hysterically.

The deities froze.

Even her allies stiffened.

The Overseer lowered his hand slightly in confusion.

"What is amusing?" he demanded.

Angy's eyes locked onto his.

And her body began dissolving into particles of blinding white light.

"You are too late..."

The Overseer's pupils dilated.

"Wha—?"

Angy's form shimmered as her outline broke apart into motes of luminous dust drifting through the corrupted space.

Her voice echoed, layered with Gustav's energy, layered with something old... and new.

"You cannot stop what has already begun."

Her silhouette crumbled further, becoming radiant fragments scattering like glowing snow.

Falco shouted, "ANGY—!!"

But she didn't react.

As Angy's body continued dissolving into shimmering particles of pure cosmic light, even the deities who ruled stars and forged universes were frozen in place.

Her laughter faded.

Her glow intensified.

And in a voice that echoed through every dimension, she whispered the final words of her mortal form:

"I love you, Gustav... we both do."

The last fragment of her physical body broke away, joining the sea of luminous particles around her. But they didn't drift apart like scattering dust.

They hovered.

Suspended.

And began to glow.

Chapter 1674: 100%

A tremor rippled outward from the floating cloud of light. The particles throbbed... once, twice... before erupting with an intensity that forced everyone to shield their eyes.

But they still could not look away.

Because something impossible was happening.

The light particles weren't fading.

They were gathering.

The Overseer's three faces twisted in confusion and dawning horror.

"No..." he muttered. "This should not be possible."

Thin threads of cosmic energy, began to stretch from the surrounding space. They pulled inward from all directions, from star clusters, from dark matter veins, from the corrupted dimensional fractures around them.

Like a whirlpool swallowing creation.

Falco stumbled backward, speechless.

Endric's voice trembled, "S-she's pulling... the universe...?"

Aldris whispered, "That's not a pull... it's... The universe is responding to... something."

The deities watched helplessly as their divine, all-seeing senses, failed to comprehend what the particles were weaving.

A form.

A structure.

A presence.

The light particles swirled faster, merging, molding, reshaping in a controlled dance that defied every law of creation they understood. The Overseer raised a hand to interfere, but his fingers froze in place as a backlash of invisible force slammed into him—forcing him to retract.

Nocturnis whispered sharply, "Overseer... we must intervene—"

"We cannot," the Overseer snapped. "This is beyond even us."

The merging intensified.

A humanoid silhouette began to form in the epicenter of the light.

Smooth and flawless skin slowly materialized with faint cosmic luminescence. Muscles formed in perfect alignment, sculpted with divine symmetry. A lean yet impossibly strong physique replaced the silhouette... strength and elegance woven into one being.

Long, dirty blond hair sprouted. It faintly shimmered as if woven from the remnants of supernovae.

The facial structure appeared next.

And that alone struck cosmic fear into the hearts of the gods.

Not merely handsome.

Not merely divine.

A face carved from the purest blueprint of existence... a beauty greater than any deity, any mortal, any creature that ever existed or ever would. A face the universe itself acknowledged as perfect creation.

The lips formed.

Soft. Symmetrical.

Still closed.

Eyes remained shut.

But the deities trembled.

Falco's jaw fell open as disbelief and hope choked him. "No... no way..."

E.E grabbed Aildris' shoulder. "Is that—? Tell me I'm not hallucinating—"

Aildris' voice quivered. "You're not."

Sersi covered her mouth as tears formed. "Angy... she... she really did it..."

The glowing figure solidified completely.

No longer light.

Flesh.

Form.

Presence.

A body that radiated power enough to crush dimensions.

A presence that bent the rules of existence.

A silence spread across the battlefield as every eye, mortal and divine, locked onto the figure.

The Overseer's voice shook for the first time in eons as he whispered;

"...Outworldly."

The glowing aura settled.

The figure inhaled for the first time since death.

And then—

Gustav opened his eyes.

A shockwave instantly burst outward, spreading across galaxies, pushing through black holes, threading into every dimension, waking sleeping stars and calming raging quasars.

Everything bowed.

Not metaphorically.

Literally.

Every living thing.

Every planet.

Every blade of cosmic energy.

Every deity.

Every mortal.

Every creature in the entire universe.

All fell to their knees.

Not because of worship.

Because their bodies could no longer defy the force that commanded reverence.

Falco, Endric, Aildris, Ria, Sersi, E.E, Glade, Elevora, despite being protected behind the fading remnants of Angy's barrier, felt their bodies snap downward, bowing deeply, foreheads almost touching the metallic platform.

"W-what... the hell...?" E.E gasped, struggling to lift even a finger.

Ria trembled uncontrollably. "His... pressure... it's overwhelming..."

Aildris clenched his teeth, kneeling against his will. "It's not pressure... it's authority...!"

Falco, kneeling with fists trembling at his sides, whispered: "G... Gus..."

Even the deities who commanded entire planes of existence, were forced downward, slamming into their knees.

Nocturnis' face twisted in a mixture of awe and fear. "This is... full Outworldly power... The pressure of creation itself..."

The Overseer head bowed, though rage flickered inside his many eyes.

Not one deity could rise.

Not one dared to.

Because Gustav wasn't just back.

He was whole.

Not 50%.

Not weakened.

Not incomplete.

100% OUTWORLDLY POWER.

Power so vast the universe itself began to repair.

Cracks in space sealed themselves.

Collapsed dimensions reformed.

Fading cosmic structures healed.

Distant galaxies flickered back to life.

The dead stars revived.

The corrupted region, created from the shock of his original death, began to stabilize, purifying itself in his presence.

With each second Gustav stood there, the universe breathed again.

Falco sobbed silently out of relief.

"He's back... he's really back..."

A gust of cosmic wind swept through the region, swirling Gustav's long blond hair like golden wildfire.

His eyes which were now open, glowed like the center of a newborn star, reflecting infinite knowledge and infinite power. Yet they carried a softness. A warmth.

He stepped forward.

Light bent around him in obedience.

His bare feet made no sound as they crossed the cosmic void, yet the universe echoed the movement with a low vibration that felt like an eternal song.

He looked at the deities first.

They trembled harder.

The Overseer forced his head to rise, but even he shook visibly.

Gustav's gaze lingered on each deity, one by one. He said nothing for several seconds.

But every second felt like a judgment.

The air thickened.

Existence trembled.

As though reality itself awaited his verdict.

Finally, he spoke with a calm and soft voice.

Yet it resounded through every galaxy, echoing inside the minds of every living thing as if each syllable was spoken directly to them.

"I am aware of everything you did in my absence..."

The deities froze.

He continued.

"...and there will be serious consequences for it."

His words cracked the universe like thunder yet brought no destruction.

Only certainty.

Judgment had arrived.

Far out in the silent sea of the void, the deities who were absent at the location of the battle, each floating upon their own spheres of divine dominion, felt themselves pulled into a kneeling position.

Their thrones shattered.

Their pride crumbled.

Their authority evaporated.

They bowed.

Because Gustav's return wasn't a resurrection.

It was a correction.

The cosmos remembered its king.

Chapter 1675: I Will Be Merciful

The ritual Angy performed hadn't just revived Gustav... it had brought him back in full.

One hundred percent Outworldly strength.

A level of power so absolute, so oppressive, so ancient that entire civilizations had been erased from history for merely attempting to study it.

Just his presence alone began healing the cosmos. Dimensional fractures began repairing themselves, dying stars stabilized, lost energies realigned into harmony. His existence was a natural state of universal order.

And with calm, unblinking eyes, Gustav turned toward the trembling deities.

His voice echoed not through air, but directly into existence itself:

"I am aware of all you did in my absence...

And there will be consequences."

A silence thicker than any vacuum in space, reigned.

A silence so heavy it felt like the universe forgot how to breathe.

Suddenly—

"ENOUGH!"

The Overseer's roar shattered the oppressive reverence like a hammer smashing brittle glass. His divine aura exploded around him, forming a spherical cocoon of blinding gray energy. The cocoon expanded outward, washing over the kneeling deities like a wave.

As it passed them, the suffocating weight of Gustav's presence lifted. It only lifted slightly, but it was enough for them to gasp for breath and snap out of their enforced bowing.

They staggered upright, panting with shame burning in their immortal eyes.

The Overseer glared at them with fury.

"You fools! Do not let your knees bend so easily! You know what he is! You know what he was designed to be!"

His voice shook with both anger and fear.

The deities exchanged looks, still trembling.

The Overseer continued:

"He was created to supersede us.

To rule over us.

To keep us in check.

His very existence overrides ours!"

He jabbed a finger toward Gustav, who merely stood still, watching silently.

"And now that he has returned in full, he wields abilities that have been sealed—locked away—"

Their faces paled.

Because they knew he was right.

Even at 10% of his strength, Gustav had once wiped out a deity with a casual gesture.

Now he was at 100%.

The gap was beyond astronomical.

It was absolute.

Freed from the reverent paralysis, the deities' fear slowly morphed into resistance—fueled by pride, anger, and the Overseer's words.

When Gustav had spoken of consequences, their bodies had trembled.

But now their eyes narrowed.

Their fists clenched.

Their auras flared in defiance.

The Overseer, sensing their renewed determination, pressed on:

"Have you forgotten his punishments? Should I remind you?"

He pointed at the Deity of Flames.

"You—once a divine inferno unmatched across ten thousand star clusters—he reduced you to ordinary fire, scattered across a barren planet like a campfire waiting to be extinguished by wind."

He pointed next at the Deity of Oceans.

"And you—he stripped your divinity until you became nothing but stagnant water in a forgotten wasteland."

One by one, he reminded them.

Of their humiliations.

Of their demotions.

Of how Gustav had once erased their sentience, dissolved their consciousness, and redistributed their essence across the cosmos as punishment.

The memories were not merely painful—they were degrading on a cosmic scale.

The Overseer's words reignited old hatred.

Deity after deity clenched their teeth, their eyes blazing.

Nocturnis snarled as shadows rippled around him.

"You do not need to remind me, Overseer. Because of him, I was locked in the Dark Dimension for hundred thousand years—stripped of contact, stripped of power, stripped of sight."

A low murmur spread.

Fear, resentment, defiance.

They didn't want to return to that.

They wouldn't.

Not again.

Not ever.

Gustav's patience was enormous, but not infinite.

His eyes which glowed with swirling depths of cosmic law, swept over them.

"My warning is simple," he said calmly. "Those who step forward willingly to accept their consequences will be spared harsh punishment."

A few deities flinched.

"I will be... merciful."

His tone softened, but only slightly.

"But those who resist..."

His eyes hardened.

"...will face the full weight of their past deeds."

A wave of uneasy contemplation passed through the group.

Could he truly be merciful?

Had he changed?

Had Angy's sacrifice softened him?

These were the questions flickering in their immortal minds.

Some looked hopeful.

Some looked doubtful.

All looked afraid.

But then—

"DO NOT BE DECEIVED!"

The Overseer roared again, drowning their hesitations.

"He speaks of mercy, but he has never shown it! The only way out of this is to fight. Fight! And destroy him again!"

The deities' eyes widened.

Destroy him?

Again?

Gustav exhaled slowly.

"My destruction is temporary," he said coldly. "You forget who I am.

No matter what happens, I will always return."

The Overseer snarled.

"Then we simply delay your return for as long as possible. Thousands of years, if we're lucky. And this time, once you fall—"

His eyes gleamed viciously.

"—I will make sure your friends perish as well, so no ritual will bring you back early."

Gustav's eyes narrowed as a brief silence returned.

Then, his voice thundered with primordial authority:

"You forget who you speak to, Overseer.

I am—"

Before he could finish, a desperate deity appeared behind Gustav, launching a sneak attack.

A blade of condensed dark matter, sharp enough to cleave a small universe, slashed toward Gustav's spine.

Everyone gasped.

But Gustav...

...simply breathed out.

A soft, effortless exhalation.

The attack which was capable of annihilating galaxies, was immediately snuffed out, evaporating like smoke meeting a gust of wind.

The deity froze.

Gustav simply clenched his fist.

The deity's body convulsed, collapsing inward on itself, compressing violently—

—atoms crushed together—

—divine essence imploded—

—sentience flickered—

Until he disintegrated entirely, wiped from existence with casual indifference.

Silence.

Shock.

Terror.

Even the Overseer flinched.

Then he pointed at the dissipating particles of the destroyed deity and shouted:

"YOU SEE?! That is the fate that awaits all of us if we do not destroy him now!"

His voice cracked with desperation.

The deities' eyes burned with a terrifying mixture of fear and rage.

And the stage was set.

Because whether they wanted it or not...

A war was about to begin.

A war against the Outworldly.

Chapter 1676: WAR AGAINST THE OUTWORLDLY

The Overseer's words struck the deities like thunder. His voice, sharpened by desperation and millenias of repressed fear, drilled into their minds until all they could think of was survival.

One by one, their divine forms trembled.... not with reverence toward Gustav anymore, but with a reborn fury.

Fear had turned to rage.

Rage became courage.

Courage twisted into reckless defiance.

And then, they attacked.

It began with a single roar from the Deity of Tempests, a being whose true form stretched across an entire spiral arm of a galaxy. But that roar ignited the rest.

Stars dimmed

Nebulae twisted

Celestial forces rushed forward

—because every deity had joined the battle at once.

The universe itself became a battlefield.

The first surge of divine power crashed toward Gustav like an ocean made of suns, a wave of attacks so overwhelming that mortal senses would have disintegrated just from witnessing it. Over a dozen divine energies converged:

- Black lightning from the Abyssal Sky

- Blades forged from crystallized time

- Spears of condensed planetary cores
- Oceans of flame hot enough to burn the concept of heat itself
- Claws of spatial distortion
- Curses cast from forgotten languages older than galaxies

All at once.

All from every direction.

All intending to erase him.

The attacks struck, and for a split second—just a split second—the cosmos vanished behind the explosion. The light swallowed everything. Space-time ruptured. Gravity folded. Reality screamed.

Then the light cleared.

And Gustav was still standing.

His clothes hadn't even rippled.

But the deities whose sizes rivaled constellations, were trembling, realizing the truth:

He was not resisting their attacks.

He was simply too powerful for them to matter.

Before the next cluster of attacks could form, Gustav moved.

He didn't teleport. He didn't vanish. He simply existed where he pleased, ignoring the limitations of space.

He appeared beside the Deity of Tempests who was a creature of cosmic storms with a form that spanned hundreds of light-years—and placed a hand on its swirling core.

Then he casually pushed.

Just a single, uninterested push.

The deity's titanic body collapsed inward, folding like wet paper, spiraling into itself until it compressed into a pinhead-sized sphere—and then Gustav flicked it, sending it crashing through a chain of galaxies, tearing each one apart like they were fragile ornaments.

The deity didn't survive.

And Gustav absorbed the remaining essence as casually as inhaling a breath.

The deities watching recoiled.

But there was no time for shock.

Dozens more attacked in a more coordinated and strategic wave this time.

The Deity of Gravity twisted spacetime into an imploding void to crush Gustav.

The Deities of Life and Decay intertwined their powers to erase him from all evolutionary timelines.

The Deity of Dimensions folded a miniature universe around him.

The Deity of Sound unleashed a scream that ruptured planets across the cosmos.

It was beautiful.

Terrifying.

Magnificent.

And utterly meaningless.

Gustav raised his hand and snapped his fingers.

Reality rebelled against the sound. The shockwave inverted, folding back into the Deity of Sound, shattering his form from the inside.

Then Gustav turned slightly and unleashed a burst of invisible force—so precise and controlled that it struck the Deity of Dimensions with surgical exactness, erasing her from existence before her dimensional spheres could even collapse.

Then he twisted, grabbed a tendril of gravity from the imploded void, and slung it like a rope—binding three more deities together before ripping their bodies apart like stitched cloth.

Every deity that died was instantly absorbed into him.

Their powers.

Their domains.

Their essences.

Their histories.

Gustav consumed them all.

He wasn't merely fighting.

He was ascending.

At this point, thousands of divine servants poured into the field. These were armies from different domains:

- Shadow wraiths from the Dark Dimension
- Lightborn titans from the Radiant Sanctum
- Flame spirits from the Infernal Core
- Crystal guardians from the Frozen Tesseract
- Planet-sized beasts from the Giant's Trial Domain

Every deity had their own realm.

Every realm had its own warriors.

Every warrior knew this was war.

Tens of thousands of cosmic armies swarmed Gustav simultaneously.

Nocturnis entered the fray too, unleashing a darkness so absolute it swallowed entire star systems. His silhouette stretched across the void as he roared, sending torrents of shadow that attempted to devour the Outworldly.

The Overseer joined as well, finally unleashing the extent of his authority. His form swelled until he towered even above Nocturnis with his energy ripping holes through distant galaxies.

Together, they reshaped the battlefield into a chaotic hellstorm.

Beams of transcendent power clashed, neutralizing each other.

Dimensions overlapped violently.

Time stuttered.

Matter liquefied.

Stars turned into motes of dust under the pressure.

Every moment felt like the universe was seconds from total destruction.

And yet Gustav remained unmatched.

Even though he finally began taking hits due to their sheer numbers, the strikes did nothing more than make him glance around, mildly irritated.

He lifted his hand and unleashed a pulse.

A simple pulse.

It exploded outward like a quiet ripple, but everything it touched—mountains of shadow, tides of flame, armies of crystal, titans of light—vanished.

Not killed.

Not destroyed.

Unmade.

Even Nocturnis flinched as his shadows peeled away like wet paint.

The Overseer steadied himself with gritted teeth.

This wasn't a battle anymore.

It was a countdown.

A countdown to the deities' extinction.

Every deity Gustav killed contributed to the impossible expansion of his power. He absorbed them seamlessly, pulling their domains into himself.

His hair flashed with streaks of otherworldly colors.

His skin glowed brighter, more refined.

His aura deepened until existence itself shook whenever he moved.

Even the concept of "strength" seemed insufficient to describe what he was becoming.

The deities were horrified.

Because they could feel it.

What Gustav was now... wasn't what he would be by the end of this battle.

He wasn't simply regaining power.

He was evolving.

And their deaths were fueling it.

When nearly half the deities had fallen, the Overseer realized they wouldn't win... not by bombarding him with attacks.

50% was one thing but he was an entirely different level of being at a 100%.

The overseer had one final trick in mind.

Chapter 1677 Shattering Reality

The overseer had one final trick in mind.

A taboo that only the Outworldly was allowed to touch.

Gustav sensed it instantly.

His eyes narrowed.

The Overseer stopped resisting and suddenly emitted a bright glow as holes appeared all over his divine form.

He spread his arms wide and began absorbing the deities around him.

Unlike Gustav's elegant, natural, perfect absorption...

...this was violent.

Deities screamed as their essences were dragged toward him.

Their domains shattered into fragments.

Their bodies twisted into rivers of divine flesh and light that spun around him like a vortex.

Their faces warped.

Their consciousnesses splintered.

One by one—then ten by ten—then dozens at once...

He consumed them.

Against their will.

Some begged.

Some cursed.

Some attempted to flee.

Some clawed at the void for escape.

None succeeded.

They were ripped from existence and slammed brutally into the Overseer's growing mass.

He grew larger.

And larger.

And larger.

His body mutated.

His limbs elongated.

His aura darkened.

His form became a massive grotesque silhouette stretching across sectors of space.

It was no longer divine.

It was no longer beautiful.

It was an abomination.

A writhing, chaotic mass of stolen divinity.

More than a hundred deities had been forcefully absorbed.

The universe trembled at the presence of this new monstrosity.

Nocturnis, who had barely escaped being consumed, hovered at a safe distance with shock in his eyes.

"This... this is madness," he whispered.

Several surviving deities backed away in horror.

The Overseer was unrecognizable.

He was a towering fusion of limbs, faces, wings, scales, tendrils, flesh, and light—all shifting, all screaming, all alive.

His voice boomed in layers:

"NOW... OUTWORLDLY..."

The many voices overlapped, distorted, furious.

"...FACE THE POWER OF HUNDREDS!"

The Overseer's new form was undeniably powerful... so powerful that even Nocturnis admitted, inwardly, that this thing might be able to rival the Outworldly.

For the first time since the war began...

...Gustav tilted his head.

The Overseer was no longer recognizable.

What once resembled a dignified, ancient cosmic guardian had twisted into an abomination.

Colors that didn't exist in mortal spectrums bled out of his form, staining space like an infection.

His aura crackled like broken cosmic circuitry, flickering in and out of existence as though reality struggled to acknowledge him.

Gustav hovered before him, composed, and infinitely more terrifying in his calmness. His six Origin Lines glowed behind him like halos, each representing something beyond creation. Yet even with all that power, Gustav's expression tightened.

The Overseer moved first.

A limb whipped across a nebula, splitting into nine thinner limbs mid-flight and compressing the nebula into a marble-sized singularity.

That singularity shot toward Gustav.

Gustav shifted slightly and raised a forearm.

BOOOOM—

When the singularity touched him, Gustav's arm shimmered with an unstable, swirling glow — the counterforce of raw existence. He crushed the singularity between his fingers, but the explosion behind it vaporized a star cluster and flattened a spiral galaxy into a thin sheet of paper-like reality, instantly tearing it apart.

Gustav's gaze flickered.

"Impressive," he voiced with a tone that vibrated whole constellations. "But reckless."

The Overseer's voice was layered with thousands of overlapping tones, some masculine, some feminine, some neither, some human, some not.

"I only need to kill you."

He launched forward and they clashed.

The moment their fists met, space shattered like glass, rippling through the cosmos. Whole planets turned into soap bubbles and popped. Others were rewritten into crude sketches of themselves before fading away.

A far civilization that had been spared by deities was erased in an instant as a shockwave tore through their system, flattening their existence entirely.

Gustav slipped aside as another arm stabbed toward him — this time the arm extended into a spiral of blades that cut through dark matter and turned it into sand.

He countered with a thrust of his knee that contained enough force to break a universe in half.

The Overseer blocked with both arms, but the impact still bent the fabric of reality behind him, folding an entire starfield into a two-dimensional plane.

Even Gustav felt the recoil vibrate through his bones.

The Overseer's new abilities were undeniably lethal.

A tendril snapped forward, touching Gustav's shoulder.

The flesh around that spot instantly tried to transform into gas, metal, light, then nothing. Gustav flexed his aura and forced his form stable again, batting the tendril away before it consumed more of him.

Another tendril lashed toward him from above, but Gustav vanished, appearing behind the Overseer in a burst of crackling paradox energy.

He slammed his palm into the Overseer's back.

CRAAAAAACK—

A spherical rupture expanded outward, dissolving an entire star nursery. Infant suns blinked out before they could reach their first breath of fusion.

The Overseer stumbled—

Then twisted his head backward with a grotesque crack.

"Inconsequential."

He expanded.

Massively.

His body swelled until he was the size of a solar system as his chest writhed like a storm of anti-creation energy. Gustav expanded to match and the two of them became giants battling in a sea of dying stars.

The Overseer's new ability revealed itself:

He unleashed a roar—

And countless versions of Gustav from dead timelines peeled out of the void and attacked the real Gustav at once, each wielding the same power he did but tainted with corruption.

Gustav spun as his eyes emitted a white glow.

"Imitations."

He flicked his finger.

BOOM— BOOM— BOOM— BOOM—

Each corrupted Gustav popped like bursting stars with their energies collapsing into holes that devoured the remnants of nearby galaxies.

Reality was folding...

The Overseer charged again with claws tearing open the void and spilling spilled paradox creatures that shouldn't exist — malformed beasts that lived between seconds.

Gustav slammed his fist down.

A shockwave ripped across the universe.

The beasts disintegrated.

But the Overseer didn't stop.

Their battle tore through the cosmos, leaping from galaxy to galaxy instantaneously. Every departure annihilated the place they left.

Stars fell apart into glowing dust.

Entire planetary systems imploded.

Black holes cracked and bled silver fire.

Living civilizations were erased before they could even understand what was happening.

Gustav felt like if this continued, there would be absolutely nothing left.

Chapter 1678 We've Won!

Gustav felt like if this continued, there would be absolutely nothing left.

He had no choice... he had to end it now.

But the cost—

He glanced around at the billions of lights extinguishing every second.

If he unleashed the technique he was preparing...

Everything — absolutely everything — would vanish.

Even the empty frameworks of space.

Even the timelines.

Even the concept of existence itself.

He inhaled.

And made his decision.

His body blurred, moving thousands of times faster than light, faster than time, faster than cause and effect. He flitted between galaxies, dodging the Overseer's pursuit while accumulating energy.

Each flicker of movement triggered supernovas.

Each step crushed a cluster of stars.

Each breath unmade a pocket dimension.

The Overseer thundered after him, giant, grotesque, absorbing more death and destruction to further empower his monstrous form.

Gustav's fingers trembled, glowing with catastrophic power.

The attack, once unleashed, would consume everything.

He whispered to himself:

"One blow."

The Overseer charged, tearing a galaxy in half to reach him.

Gustav stopped running.

He gathered every scrap of power into his limbs, energy dense enough to melt layers of reality around him.

"I'm ending this—"

He raised his hand, preparing to unleash the strike he was accumulating...

However, he noticed he couldn't move.

His arm froze in place.

Then his other arm.

Then his legs.

His entire body locked as if gripped by an invisible cage.

Gustav's eyes widened sharply.

His shadow split beneath him, peeling open like a corpse blooming into rot and tendrils of darkness wrapped around his limbs.

Death-energy surged along the bindings.

"Nocturnis..." Gustav growled.

Of course.

He recognized the technique — Shadow-Death Binding.

A forbidden seal that grew stronger the more death was present.

And right now?

Everything around them had been dying.

Every galaxy crushed.

Every species erased.

Every star torn apart.

Nocturnis was feasting on the carnage.

A cold echo drifted from behind Gustav:

"Did you think you were the only one setting the stage?"

Nocturnis stepped out of Gustav's shadow and his huge form was cloaked in writhing darkness swollen with the strength of all that perished.

Gustav pushed against the bindings as reality cracked around him.

The shadows tightened.

But only for a moment.

Gustav's unleashed his aura which sent out a violent wave that broke all natural law.

The bindings trembled.

They would not hold him long.

Nocturnis knew it.

The Overseer knew it.

But this was the plan.

Nocturnis whispered:

"Your power isn't the only one that grows from chaos."

The shadows snapped again, tightening, but Gustav already felt them weakening.

Then the Overseer spoke.

His voice echoed across collapsing universes:

"If I cannot kill you..."

He extended both arms.

"...then I will imprison you forever."

The moment Gustav shattered the bindings—

FWOOM—

Light burst around him.

Not normal light.

Not energy.

Not aura.

Something else.

Red light.

Red bars.

A cage made of concentrated divine imprisonment, constructed from the Overseer's authority itself.

It wrapped around him like a blooming flower of death.

Gustav snarled, slamming his fist into the bars — and instantly regretted it.

KRRRSHHH—

A beam of condensed destruction energy shot out from the bars, hitting him in the chest and blowing him backward within the cage.

More beams fired.

From above.

From below.

From every corner of the prison space.

BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Each blast forced him back into the center, preventing him from breaking any corner of the cage.

Outside, the Overseer hovered with his body trembling due to the effort it took to maintain the prison. His abominable form flickered violently, but his massive, twisted grin remained.

Nocturnis stood beside him, watching the red cage pulsate.

Gustav roared and tried gripping the bars—

Only for another violent burst of energy to explode in his face.

The cage grew stronger as it continuously transformed into a more complete version.

The Overseer whispered, triumphant:

"Your story ends here."

Unfortunately, the prison was not just a cage.

It was a concept.

A living idea of confinement, sculpted from the Overseer's own authority, infused with the remnants of collapsed timelines and reinforced by the death-fattened might of Nocturnis. The bloody red bars pulsed like living veins, each one radiating with the power to erase galaxies.

Inside it, Gustav was being torn apart from every angle.

Beams of concentrated destruction energy blasted at him relentlessly — one from above, three from the left, five from behind, dozens more from corners that technically didn't exist. Each beam carried enough force to collapse a solar system into raw dust.

And they didn't stop.

They fired in continuous succession, overlapping, weaving, intersecting, cutting across one another to ensure Gustav never had a moment of stillness. Within that confined space, it was like standing in the heart of a cosmic storm engineered to pulverize even Origin-level beings.

Gustav's body jerked from every impact.

His skin burst open and healed within the same millisecond.

His bones cracked and reformed.

His aura flared, shrank, and reignited.

The prison was designed to keep him perpetually destabilized — a chaotic balance of endless pressure meant to break down even his outworldly form.

Outside, the Overseer exhaled shakily, maintaining the structure of the red cage as though holding a collapsing universe together with his bare hands.

Nocturnis watched the beams crash into Gustav with widening eyes.

Other deities — the few still alive after the cataclysmic battle — floated in silent awe.

Then the Overseer let out a hysterical, broken and triumphant laughter.

"We got him...!" he shouted with a mixture of joy and madness. "We finally got him this time!"

One of the remaining deities let out a relieved sob.

Another chuckled breathlessly.

Nocturnis extended his shadow outward and felt the vibration of Gustav's suppressed aura inside the prison.

"Yes," Nocturnis murmured darkly. "He cannot escape this. Not while the prison concept holds."

"If Gustav is trapped forever," another deity added, "then he can no longer reincarnate. And if he cannot die, he cannot return! We've won!"

More laughter rang out and for a few moments, the deities felt the first taste of hope in what seemed like an endless nightmare.

Chapter 1679 Collapsing Taboo

More laughter rang out and for a few moments, the deities felt the first taste of hope in what seemed like an endless nightmare.

However, it lasted only a heartbeat.

Because the prison trembled.

Not from the Overseer.

Not from instability.

But from inside.

Nocturnis' gaze snapped back to the cage.

"What... was that?"

The Overseer frowned. "What do you mean?"

The prison trembled again.

This time harder.

A low, thrumming vibration rippled through the bars. A pressure that didn't belong to the prison.

It belonged to Gustav.

Nocturnis' eyes widened. "Impossible—"

FWOOM.

A burst of power flew outward, expanding from within the cage like a newborn star.

The Overseer staggered backward.

The deities gasped.

Within the red sphere, Gustav's aura exploded like a supernova, evolving, twisting, sharpening into something more refined and infinitely more dangerous.

His Outworldly aura surged.

It swelled.

Each second, it grew denser.

More potent.

More ancient.

Like a primordial force awakening after millennia.

The beams hitting him began to bend and break as his aura thickened, deflecting them like raindrops hitting the shell of a titan.

His fingers curled.

Then his palm flattened against one of the glowing red bars.

The Overseer flinched.

"No... no, no, no!"

Originally, the prison's concept of gravity was nullified.

The concept of movement was stripped away so any living being within it would be incapable of moving.

The concept of active power within the cage was also completely suppressed.

The Overseer had removed every law that allowed motion or resistance within the prison, making Gustav a victim of thousands of beams with no means of managing them.

This was the full power of the prison...

And yet Gustav's hand still moved.

Slowly, he pressed against the bar.

The red bar shook violently, vibrating under the pressure.

"How—?" whispered one deity, trembling.

Another stepped backward in terror. "T-This is... This is not possible!"

The Overseer's voice cracked.

"He cannot move! He shouldn't be able to move!"

Gustav's fingers curled around the bar.

He pulled.

The bar didn't immediately give way — instead, it groaned with cosmic resistance. The bars of the prison were tied to the Overseer's very essence. To strain one was to tear at the Overseer's own soul.

The Overseer screamed as a chunk of his essence burned away just from Gustav's grip.

But Gustav did not stop.

The bars bent.

Slowly.

Agonizingly.

The Overseer retaliated immediately, hurling all his power into reinforcing the prison, pouring dozens of layers of temporal stabilizers and cosmic restraints around Gustav.

But Gustav absorbed every ounce of pressure with his expanding aura.

Even the constant galaxy-destroying beams hitting him did nothing to slow him down.

The Overseer panicked.

"POWER... I... NEED... MORE POWER!!!"

He spread his arms, unleashing a horrifying suction force.

The deities flinched.

"No!" one screamed. "Not that taboo—!"

"Yes!" the Overseer shrieked. "ALL OF YOU WILL FEED ME!"

A swirling vortex opened before his chest.

The nearest deity was sucked in immediately, screaming as their divine body broke apart into particles of pure essence.

Another deity tried to flee—

But the Overseer's gravitational pull caught him mid-flight.

He was yanked into the Overseer's chest, absorbed in an instant.

Nocturnis snapped his head toward him.

"You FOOL!" he roared. "The taboo ability is unstable. You cannot absorb that many deities at once! You will—"

The Overseer grabbed him by the throat like a toy.

Nocturnis struggled as his shadows burst out uncontrollably.

"LET ME GO!"

But he wasn't let go.

He was pulled into the Overseer's chest like water being absorbed by a sponge.

"No—NO—!" Nocturnis screamed as he was devoured.

His voice cut off abruptly as the Overseer convulsed.

His body expanded and twisted, growing more monstrous than before. More energy than one body could ever contain poured through him, causing his form to ripple like boiling chaos.

His chest bulged outward.

All of a sudden, grotesque, moaning heads began poking out of his torso.

These were faces warped in agony and their eyes glowing with unstable divine light.

These were the deities he had absorbed.

The taboo had rendered them unable to properly merge. Their consciousnesses were screaming from inside him and their essence fighting to escape even as their power fed him.

The Overseer screamed in pain, clutching his head, trying to maintain control.

But he kept reinforcing the prison.

Layer after layer.

Concept after concept.

Seal after seal.

A thousand beam emitters formed within the cage, firing at Gustav simultaneously.

Yet—

Gustav continued prying the bars apart.

One inch.

Two inches.

Four inches.

His aura pushed outward like a living entity, swallowing the beams, devouring their destructive force, turning it into fuel for himself.

The Overseer gasped with red eyes.

"WHY... WON'T... YOU... STAY... TRAPPED?!"

He poured more and more of his amassed power into the prison.

And the heads sticking out of him groaned and shrieked — crying, howling, their divine essence bleeding from their eyes.

The Overseer's body spasmed as cracks began forming across his surface.

Still—

The prison began to break.

The red bars bent outward with a final, ear-splitting crack.

Gustav's fingers tore through the conceptual restraints, ripping apart the manifestation of the Overseer's authority like pulling apart wet cloth.

The prison shattered.

The light collapsed.

The beams ceased.

And Gustav stepped out.

He instantly appeared in front of the Overseer with his fist was already drawn back.

The Overseer froze as his monstrous form trembled.

Gustav whispered:

"...your prison failed."

And he struck.

Gustav's fist met the Overseer's chest with the force of a dying universe desperately clawing at existence.

BOOOOOOOOOM!

The Overseer's colossal form was blasted backward like a ragdoll thrown through the remains of reality itself. His massive body tore through nebula remnants and shattered star husks.

His screams echoed through layers of torn spacetime.

Gustav didn't give him a moment.

Before the Overseer could stabilize, Gustav vanished—reappearing right above him, his foot already descending.

KRRRRRRAAACK!!!

His heel smashed the Overseer downwards, sending shockwaves rippling across the nearly-dead cosmos. What was left of stars—faint sparks of once-burning suns—were snuffed out instantly.

Fragments of collapsed galaxies exploded outward in arcs of cosmic dust.

The Overseer choked and tried to regain composure, but Gustav was already there again.

His hand became a blade of raw Outworldly energy.

SWOOOSH—SHIIINK!

Chapter 1680 I Always Come Back

Gustav's hand became a blade of raw Outworldly energy.

SWOOOSH—SHIIINK!

He slashed across the Overseer's torso, carving through fifty layers of divinized flesh, essence, and conceptual shielding. The wound burst, spilling out roiling black miasma that bled like poisoned fog.

The Overseer howled.

His voice tore through what remained of reality, causing surrounding fragments of space to fold inward.

"You insolent—!"

Gustav slammed his elbow downward.

BAAAAAAAAAAAAAM!

The Overseer spiraled away again, crashing into a drifting superstructure of broken dark matter.

Even as the Overseer reeled, he tried to retaliate. His hands extended outward, gathering the chaotic, unstable remnants of the powers he had stolen.

"DIVINITY—"

Before he could finish, Gustav's foot crushed into his jaw, snapping his head sideways and interrupting the attack.

The Overseer's stolen divinities sputtered and imploded around him like bursting sacs of molten essence.

"—ghhk—!"

"You're too unstable to even form a thought," Gustav's voice vibrated with oppressive power as he spoke coldly.

The Overseer roared and swung wildly with fist enlarged by dozens of merged deity traits, laced with concept-fracturing force.

Gustav flickered.

The massive punch struck nothing.

Gustav appeared behind him and drove both fists into the Overseer's spine.

KA-THOOOOOOOOOOM!!

The Overseer's entire back detonated outward causing pieces of deity flesh to scatter into space like debris from a ruptured starship.

He tried again—launching projectiles made of crystallized divine laws.

They dissolved the moment they neared Gustav.

He shot forward.

Gustav's palm slammed into the Overseer's abdomen.

WHOOOOOOOM!

A shockwave expanded causing a ripple of conceptual distortion. The Overseer's essence convulsed violently.

His monstrous form destabilized, shrunked, expanded, flickered and glitched like corrupted data.

"You..." the Overseer gasped, staggering backward, "...cannot... kill me...!"

"Kill you?" Gustav tilted his head. "You're not even whole enough to understand death."

The Overseer's expression twisted into terror.

Gustav's hand glowed pinkish red emitting a radiant domineering burst of power.

He thrust it forward.

The blast that erupted swallowed everything.

It tore through laws, concepts, and metaphysics. It devoured remaining planets, shredded the cosmic background, and made the last intact constellations wink out forever.

The Overseer's body ruptured.

KAAAAAAA-BOOOOOOM!!!

He exploded open like an overfilled vessel of volatile divinity. His entire chest cavity erupted, cracking like porcelain under stress.

And out of him poured hundreds of corrupted deities.

Oozing with dark miasma.

Twisted.

Writhing.

Screaming.

Their forms were malformed, unstable and dripping a sludge of corrupted essence that dissolved space around it. They scattered like terrified insects freed from a collapsing hive.

Some tried to flee.

Others howled in agony.

Others began to tear into existence itself.

Gustav raised a single hand.

They froze.

Every corrupted deity halted mid-air, suspended completely.

Some mid-lunge, some mid-flight, some mid-scream.

Gustav's eyes glowed.

His aura expanded outward in a sweeping wave of overwhelming Outworldly brilliance.

FWOOM—

His body expelled a radiant pulse.

It washed across the void like a cleansing fire.

The corrupted deities disintegrated instantly, turning into streams of pure luminescent energy.

Beams of light.

Hundreds of them.

All converging.

All funneling into him.

Gustav absorbed every single essence.

Every deity.

Every corrupted echo.

Every last shred, including—

Nocturnis.

His shadowy form broke into dark-blue and purple luminescence before unraveling like mist and flowing into Gustav's chest.

Only one deity remained.

The Overseer.

He floated there half-blown apart.

A massive hole gaped in his torso, glowing with leaking divine essence.

Every breath he took came out as a hoarse rasp, like his very existence was coughing itself apart.

He stared at Gustav with a mixture of horror and defiance.

"Even... if you win..." he wheezed, "...look around you."

Gustav did.

Nothingness...

The universe was nearly gone.

Planets destroyed.

Stars erased.

Reality fractured.

Dimensions collapsing.

Existence hanging by threads thinner than spider silk.

"There is nothing left," the Overseer spat weakly. "You cannot rule over ashes... Outworldly."

Gustav floated forward.

And for the first time, a small smirk curved his lips.

"You forget," Gustav said calmly, "I am the Outworldly."

The Overseer's eyes widened.

"No—wait—"

Gustav placed two fingers on his forehead.

The Overseer convulsed as every layer of defense he attempted to conjure crumbled instantly.

Gustav's aura swept out with unmatched intensity.

A spiraling vortex of pinkish-red engulfed the Overseer.

His form screamed as Gustav absorbed him utterly.

Unlike the Overseer's taboo ability, this one was clean.

Absolute.

Final.

The Overseer didn't melt.

He didn't fracture.

He didn't burst.

He simply ceased.

His divinity, essence, and conceptual existence were absorbed and erased in one act of pure Outworldly consumption.

When the light died, nothing remained of him.

Not even a particle.

Not even a memory in the laws of reality.

He was gone.

Forever.

Silence fell after the destruction.

There was no celestial winds.... no cosmic vibrations... no divine echoes.

Just Gustav floating in the void of a dying universe.

Where entire galaxies once shone, now only faint, drifting specks of cosmic dust lingered. The beauty of creation was gone, replaced by endless dark emptiness.

Only nine lights glowed softly within a protective cocoon nearby.

Gustav extended his hand.

With a snap—

PWAH!

A moon formed beneath his feet.

Instantly.

It was perfectly spherical with granular details etched into its surface, craters forming, layers of stone, metal, and cosmic sediment intertwining.

He commanded oxygen into existence.

Gravity.

Atmosphere.

A soft breeze that rippled across its surface.

The cocoon descended onto the moon gently.

Inside it:

E.E

Aildris

Falco

Elevora

Sersi

Ria

Xanatus

Endric

His family.

His people.

Those he refused to let die.

He dissolved the cocoon into harmless particles and sank slowly, touching the moon's cool surface with his feet.

He stood alone for a second.

Then—

"GUSTAV!!!"

E.E's voice cracked with raw relief.

They shot forward as one, colliding into him in a tight, desperate embrace.

Aildris gripped his shoulder.

Sersi clung to his arm.

Falco practically tackled his waist.

Elevora buried her face against his chest.

Ria trembled as he hugged him from behind.

Xanatus wiped his nose aggressively.

Endric gripped his brother like he'd never let go.

The pressure of their embrace could have crushed a mountain.

"You really are back..." E.E voiced with an emotional tone. "And saved all our asses again..."

Gustav finally exhaled, displaying a rare smile.

"I told you," he murmured while holding them all close.

"I always come back."