Chapter 1: The Demon of Light

444,443,555,556 Years Ago, The Demon Lord, Legion, the most powerful demon in all of Reality was "birthed" into existence by Erebus, The Golden Devil, The God of Light, and God of All, a pure evil being of pure golden light and pure golden light fire, the embodiment of malice, devastation, and evil, far before even the first Universe, or even the first Multiverse it was within were created, but yet long after the Infinite Omniverses, Infinite Spatial Dimensions, Existence, and of course, Reality itself were created.

Legion, upon gaining consciousness, immediately, with his newly formed eyes, gazed upon light itself, his creator, no, the being beyond light, which created even light itself, Erebus, The Golden Devil, who was still orchestrating the formation and creation of the first Multiverse and Universe, and thus, the Infinite of them within each of the Infinite Omniverses, within in each of the Infinite Spatial Dimensions, within Existence, within Reality.

He watched with malicious curiosity as the golden flames of creation danced before him, and his thoughts grew darker, and his power grew stronger, as he wished to claim this newfound realm for his own, to shape it into a reflection of his twisted desires, a place where the strong would reign supreme, and the weak would be nothing but food for the fires that burned within his very essence.

And yet, Legion could only watch for now, as there was nothing to rule yet, as, over the next multiple hundred billion years, it's creator, Erebus, The Golden Devil, created the first Multiverse, and the First Universe within it, and the Infinite Dimensions and Infinite Nested More Complex Realms within the First Universe, and then, in a flash of light, Infinite Multiverses were created within all of the Infinite Omniverses, with Infinite Universes within them, of which, contained Infinite Dimensions, and nested amongst them, were Infinite Realms, infinitely more complex than the dimensions around them.

And as each Universe formed, it came with an explosion of energy, energy which would then go on to form said universe, explosions dubbed by Erebus, The Golden Devil, as "Big Bangs" and thus, Legion referred to them as such, and Legion entered into one Universe, and observed as it was formed from within it.

The planet that Legion chose to inhabit was a small one, but it had potential, a planet known as Earth. He watched the planet evolve over billions of years, from a fiery mass of molten lava to a place teeming with life, a blue gem in the vast blackness of space. As time marched on, Legion grew impatient with the slow pace of natural evolution. He desired a more immediate and tangible power.

Legion first arrived about 666,666,666 Years Ago.

Legion though, remained dormant, disguised as the largest mountain on the planet, via his size control abilities, waiting for the opportunity to then awaken, as Legion went dormant about 100,000,000 Years Ago.

Legion then next awoke 66,666,666 Years Ago, during the peak of the reign of the dinosaurs, but, even the mightiest of which were unable to raise Legion's interest, and thus, he called a meteor out of space to strike the planet, and to blanket it in ash and flames for him to control to wipe the slate clean, so that hopefully some more interesting things might emerge.

Legion then watched, but, got bored and went dormant again 10,000,000 Years Ago

Legion reawakened 6,666,666 Years Ago, and began to observe the Earth around it until it got bored and went dormant again 1,000,000 Years Ago.

Legion then reawakened 666,666 Years Ago, and would only next go dormant 100,000 Years Ago.

During this time, the Earth had become a breeding ground for a new type of creature: humans. Legion watched as they grew from mere beings of flesh and blood to civilizations that spanned continents. He saw their rise and fall, their wars and their achievements, and his patience grew thin. The humans, while interesting in their own right, were still too primitive to satisfy his hunger for power and destruction.

Legion then awakened next 66,666 Years Ago.

The Earth was now a vastly different place. The humans had evolved into a dominant species, their cities sprawling across the planet. Their technology had grown, and with it, their capacity for destruction. Yet, amidst their advancements, Legion saw a spark of potential. He watched from his mountainous prison, his malicious thoughts simmering, waiting for the perfect moment to reveal himself.

Legion then went Dormant in the Year 9,000 BC.

Legion then awakened again in the Year 6,666 BC.

The world had changed dramatically during his slumber. Humanity had advanced, building civilizations that stretched as far as the eye could see. The smell of burning flesh and the cries of war filled the air, and Legion felt invigorated by the chaos. He knew that the time had come to emerge from his dormancy and assert his dominance.

And yet, Legion could tell that if he remained patient just a bit longer, the fun would become greater, and thus, he returned to Heaven/Hell to reign as the Demon Lord in the Year 666 BC.

Chapter 2: Legion Vs. Mythologies

But while there, he kept himself occupied, approaching the gods of all human religions and mythologies, actual beings, and began to effectively

enact their respective apocalypses upon them, appearing in various regions of the world to do so, even getting a nickname amongst one of said mythologies, the Norse Mythology in the north, where he was known as "Surtur".

Legion first enacted "Ragnarök" upon the Norse Gods and deities and beings.

The skies darkened as Legion descended upon the lands of the Norse gods. His fiery aura cast an eerie glow across the once-mighty Asgard, and the tremors of his approach shook the very foundations of the Nine Realms. The gods, though powerful in their own right, had never faced a foe such as this.

He casually repelled any trickery of Loki before consuming him, and when the wolf, Fenris, attempted to bite him, he grabbed both of its jaws and tore it in half, leading to even allies and enemies alike amongst the beings of Norse Mythology to agree to team up against him.

He had caught "Mjölnir", the hammer of the God of Thunder, Thor, and used it to beat him to death before consuming both him and it.

He then faced the Midgard/World Serpent, Jörmungandr, which tried to crush him along with the Earth itself, but Legion grew to a size of 666 km and pulled it off from around the Earth before then grabbing it by the tail and spinning it around and tossing it into the sky before unleashing his Hellfire breath up at it completely consuming and conceptually burning it, and then after Legion returned to his normal size of 6.66 feet, all that was left, was Odin, the All-father, to face and attempt to stop him.

Odin, seeing the fate of his brethren and realizing the futility of his own power, decided to use his last resort, the Gungnir, the spear that never misses. He threw it with all his might at Legion, but it was caught in midair by Legion's hand, the very weapon sizzling and melting in his grasp.

Legion then rushed forwards and impaled Odin with it, before then devouring Odin alive.

And thus, that was Norse Mythology dealt with, now onto the Asian Mythologies.

Legion arrived in the East, and wiped away all of the figures of all of the Eastern Mythologies but Chinese Mythology, of which, only a few beings could manage to even somewhat stand against him, such as, The Dragon, The White Tiger (Baihu), Pangu, Sun Wukong, and the Jade Emperor, and Legion began to do battle with them one by one.

The Jade Emperor watched with a heavy heart as the other Asian deities fell before Legion. He knew he had to act swiftly to protect his realm. Gathering all his divine might, he confronted the Demon Lord, his jade staff glowing with heavenly energy. The clash was earth-shattering, as the two beings exchanged blows that could split mountains and boil oceans.

Legion, though, held down the Jade Emperor and began to feast upon him while he was still living.

The Jade Emperor's agonized screams echoed through the heavens, a sound that chilled the very souls of the gods and mortals alike. Yet, even in his last moments, the Jade Emperor managed to channel the power of the universe into a final, desperate attack. His essence burst forth from his body, creating a cocoon of pure energy that encapsulated Legion.

Legion though, used this to his advantage, absorbing the cocoon of pure energy into himself.

The Jade Emperor's final act of defiance backfired spectacularly, as Legion's power grew exponentially. The demon's form swelled, becoming a monstrous being of unimaginable size and might. The cocoon of energy enveloped him, and as it did, he absorbed the very essence of the Jade Emperor, becoming something far beyond what he had been. His eyes

burned with a green light so intense it seemed to pierce through the fabric of reality.

Legion though, used his Size Control to return to his normal size, and burned away the green light, green isn't much his color, as he then wiped out and consumed all of the Asian Mythological gods and beings.

The Eastern lands now lay in ruins, the once-proud palaces of the gods now mere shadows of their former glory. Legion's power had grown so immense that the very fabric of reality bent to his will. His name became a curse on the lips of those who dared to oppose him, a symbol of the unstoppable force that had brought an end to an era.

Legion though was done with the East, and instead went back west, to face the Greek and Roman Pantheons atop the mythical Mount Olympus.

The Greek and Roman gods had heard whispers of the demon's power and had prepared themselves as best they could. However, their preparations were in vain as Legion ascended the mountain, his presence causing tremors to shake the very foundations of Olympus. The gods looked upon the demon in fear, knowing that their time was likely limited.

Though Legion had to face more than just gods, but the entire pantheons, including beasts, heroes, and titans, much funner for him.

The air grew thick with anticipation as Legion approached Olympus. The gods, once revered and feared, now cowered in the shadows of their once-mighty abode. They had witnessed the destruction wrought by Legion in the East, and they knew that their realms were next. The gods of Olympus called upon all their allies, from Hercules/Heracles to the Minotaur, to stand with them in the face of this unstoppable force.

Zeus then attempted to get in a sneaky cheap shot with his Thunderbolt, of which, and off-guard direct hit would do the job.

But Legion can sense this, and, in a moment of panic, adapts supernaturally to all phenomena, and develops a new ability, the control of lightning and electricity, and uses it to stop Thunderbolt in mid-air, then drawing it to his hand, catching it, and then just eating it.

The gods are shocked, Zeus is visibly stunned, and Legion smirks, "It's your turn now, Father of the Gods!" He charges up a massive ball of electricity, and throws it straight at Zeus, who barely manages to dodge. The ball hits Olympus instead, causing it to crumble.

Legion then leaps atop Olympus, "Come at me! Let the final battle, and the end of days for you, begin!" Legion yells out as a challenge for them all to come and take him on at once.

The gods and their allies, driven by desperation and a flicker of hope, surge forward to meet Legion. The clash of deities and mythic beasts is a cacophony that echoes through the heavens. Poseidon calls forth a tsunami of water to crash against Legion, while Hades sends his legions of the undead to swarm the demon's feet. Hermes darts in and out, attempting to strike with the swiftness of thought, and Athena's strategic mind tries to find a weakness amidst the chaos.

Legion though, is far better, he is able to evaporate Poseidon's tsunami, hijack control over Hades' legions of the undead, outpace Hermes, and out-strategize Athena.

The gods, once the rulers of Olympus, now find themselves struggling against the overwhelming might of Legion. Each god that falls to his wrath only adds to his power, fueling his insatiable hunger for dominance. The once-proud Olympus is now a battleground of ruin, the marble temples cracked and scorched by his Pure Golden Light energy.

Legion then leaves Mount Olympus tiny compared to its former mythical size, then returns to Heaven/Hell/The Underworld, to reign as The Demon Lord for a bit longer.

The aftermath of Legion's rampage is a scene of desolation. The once-mighty Olympus lies in ruins, its grandeur reduced to rubble. The gods, once revered by mortals, are now scattered and broken. The survivors gather in the shadows, their spirits crushed, whispering about the invincible enemy who has claimed their home.

Chapter 3: Legion’s Sealing

Then, in the Year 334 AD, Legion emerges in the middle of the Roman Empire, during the reign of Constantine the Great, with no one having a clue what he is, and he rampages, but not mindlessly, he destroys, but then pulls back, and watches them rebuild from afar, and when he attacks, he is meticulous and malevolent, a beast of nightmares.

The Roman legions, once the most feared fighting force in the world, are helpless against Legion's onslaught. Their steel and discipline are no match for his elemental fury and tactical brilliance. He ravages city after city, leaving only ash and horror in his wake. The Senate is in disarray, and the Emperor, once a symbol of power, is now just a man desperately seeking a way to save his people.

One of Constantine's advisors approaches him in panic, "My liege, what is that thing!?" the advisor asks in terror.

"That, is The Fury of Vulcan and Jupiter, a beast beyond Orcus or Pluto." Roman Emperor Constantine the Great says as he looks up at the enormous hand of the 666 km tall Massive Demon Legion, emitting hellfire and lightning from itself, as it looms over him, the size of a mountain itself.

The creature's eyes, a swirling maelstrom of golden hellfire and golden light, fix on the mortal before it. Legion's voice, a symphony of thunder and eruptions, rumbles through the air. "You dare challenge me, mortal?" The earth quakes with each word.

Constantine, though trembling, stands firm. He holds aloft the Spear of Destiny, a relic said to harness the power of the gods themselves. "For the sake of Rome, I must!" he declares, his voice a mere whisper compared to the demon's.

Legion then wiped away the entire area of a dozen acres with a wave of his massive hand, Emperor Constantine the Great barely able to escape death, before then Legion then pulls back to observe them rebuilding.

Then, these events led to Constantine the Great dying a few years later, and by the Year 340 AD, Emperor Constantine II, the son of Constantine the Great, ruled the Roman Empire, and Legion began an attack on the area, but there was a new figure there, Lord Marcus, of San Marino, who had been called upon to aid in, in some way, defeating Legion.

Lord Marcus, a seasoned warrior with a strategic mind, studied Legion's movements and tactics from the shadows. He knew that brute force would not be enough to defeat the demonic overlord. Instead, he turned to the ancient texts and sacred relics hidden away in the Vatican, seeking a way to exploit the demon's weaknesses.

Legion was cocky and overconfident when he saw Marcus, but was shocked, when Marcus then performed an odd ritual, one of the Druids of Brocéliande of the Forest of Brocéliande in the west, then Marcus pulled out a perfectly spherical chunk of Celestial Jade, which then, shockingly, sealed Legion within it, and he was aware of it the whole time, as Lord Marcus later gave it to Empress Sora, of the Empire of Frostspire, out in the east.

How bitterly ironic, Legion had consumed The Jade Emperor and absorbed his power, and yet, now he finds himself sealed within Celestial Jade, of which was created apparently from the slight remains left over of the Jade Emperor.

Marcus, panting from the exertion of the ritual, stands tall and proud before the sealed Legion. "Your reign of terror ends here," he declares, the weight of his words resonating through the air. The people of Rome, once cowering in fear, now look upon him with hope.

Later, Empress Sora, of the Empire of Frostspire, uses the Perfectly Spherical Celestial Jade Legion is sealed in as the core of her new, "Sacred Relic", which has many different powers, including control of all elements and all forms of magic, but the only power they initially discover is the Necromancy, the raising and controlling of legions of the undead.

The Empire of Frostspire from Korea, now with this new power, starts to expand their borders and gain more territory, using Legion's own power against his former followers. They march into the lands once claimed by the Jade Emperor, and with each victory, the sphere of Celestial Jade glows brighter.

But the rival Empire of Blazing Sun from Japan opposes the Empire of Frostspire and the tiny knowledge they have of the powers of the object they themselves created, so the Empire of Frostspire decides to research ancient texts... to find out about abilities of the Sacred Relic they just created, humans can be so stupid sometimes.

But they do find a prophecy that mentions it, and how it will apparently be needed back in the far west by the Year 999, which Legion mentally writes down for later, but, they eventually do discover other abilities of it, then Empress Sora fuses it with her Chi, of which, as Legion would know, is the fuel for all magic, and the source drawn upon with the usage of it.

Grand Author Jaymes: Brief little break in here, think of Chi like Mana for example.

And following this, once it defuses from her Chi, all but the core breaks off of the Sacred Relic, now just the Core Sacred Relic, and all of the many

broken off shards become their own Sacred Artifacts, each with a different ability of the Sacred Relic.

Legion, still sealed within the Core Sacred Relic, just remains dormant, until, eventually, in the Year 999, after The Shadow God, a being that rose from many mistakes and horrible acts committed by the Empire of Frostspire and Empire of Blazing Sun towards a child, impales Empress Sora with one of his Tendrils of Darkness and begins to absorb her, she uses the rest of her power to launch the Core Sacred Relic and Sacred Artifacts off west, into Europe, with the Sacred Artifacts mostly landing in the Italian Peninsula and in the Forest of Brocéliande, meanwhile the Core Sacred Relic, now just the Sacred Relic, lands in San Marino, in front of Lord Marcus and his son, Marcus Aurelius, not to be confused with the Roman Emperor of the same name which both were named after.

The Sacred Artifacts scattered across Europe begin to affect the continent's mythologies, as each one lands in a different area and starts to resonate with the local beliefs and stories. Some become revered as holy relics, while others are feared as cursed objects, bringing forth new heroes and monsters alike.

And thus, after Lord Marcus comes and picks up the Sacred Relic, in the following year, a war for all of Europe between the Denmark originating Empire of Frosthaven and the San Marino originating Empire of Sanctity, led by now Emperor Marcus, in the Year 1000, and, well, the Empire of Sanctity just keeps failing over and over again at first, until they discover the Sacred Relic's ability to raise the dead to raise an army of undead.

Chapter 4: Battle of Vatican City

Then, Emperor Marcus approaches a newly recruited elite, Mordecai, an Expert Alchemist from the East, originally part of the Empire of Frostspire, and decides to make him the head Necromancer for the upcoming invasion of Vatican City, and when he grants to Mordecai the power of necromancy

via the Sacred Relic, Legion transfers with it, and appears within Mordecai's mind and soul, and Mordecai then suddenly finds himself within his own mind and soul.

Legion, wants to make a very special and mutually beneficial deal.

And yet, a simple one, Mordecai serves Legion and as soon as necessary releases him, and Legion will grant Mordecai far greater magical and necromantic power, as Legion finishes explaining the deal to Mordecai and holds out one of his demonic hands to him, "Do we have a deal, mortal?" Legion asks Mordecai.

Mordecai, weighing the power of Legion and his own thirst for knowledge and power, nods slowly, his eyes flickering with dark excitement, "Yes, Legion. We have a deal." He takes Legion's hand, and the transfer of power is immediate.

On the outside, this took less than an instant, as Mordecai, seemingly from the blessing of Necromancy from the Sacred Relic, becomes a lichlike skeletal figure, with a necromantic staff, now being the Necromancer of the Empire of Sanctity, and with Legion existing within him, ready for when Mordecai, when his new servant/master will release him, with Emperor Marcus none the wiser.

Mordecai, now wielding the power of Legion, sets to work on his new mission with a grim determination. He crafts an undead army from the slain soldiers and innocent villagers, twisting their forms into monstrous aberrations that serve his will. The once-verdant lands of Europe now lie shrouded in a pall of decay and darkness, a grim reflection of the power that now fuels his ambitions.

The undead army is unleashed upon Vatican City, causing chaos and destruction. The once peaceful city is now a battleground as the living and the dead clash. The Pope, Pope Innocent III, horrified by the events unfolding before him, orders his clerics to perform exorcisms on the undead

soldiers. The conflict rages on for several days, with neither side gaining a clear advantage.

The undead army, now under the control of Mordecai, begins to show signs of intelligence and adaptability. They no longer mindlessly attack; instead, they form ranks and coordinate their efforts under the command of Mordecai. The battle for Vatican City becomes even more brutal as the living and the dead engage in a savage struggle for control.

The Frosthaven fleet arrives at the shores of Italy, led by their skilled seafarers. They disembark their soldiers, who swiftly march toward Vatican City to aid the Pope's forces. Upon arrival, they find themselves caught in the midst of a horrific battle between the undead and the defenders of the Vatican. The Frosthaven soldiers quickly form ranks and engage the enemy, using their superior firearms to devastating effect.

The undead army, now under the control of Mordecai, begins to retreat toward the safety of the Vatican walls. However, they are pursued relentlessly by the Frosthaven forces. Mordecai, realizing that he is losing control of the battle, releases and summons Legion.

Legion, The Demon Lord, a massive infernal creature materializes in the sky, breathing fire and destruction upon the Frosthaven soldiers.

Though Legion can sense that his power is being somehow dimmed and weakened by a distant and outside power.

The Frosthaven forces, despite the fearsome appearance of Legion, remain steadfast. Their veteran soldiers form a phalanx against the undead horde while their marksmen target Mordecai. After a brutal struggle, they manage to corner Mordecai and Legion. The Frosthaven forces close in, surrounding Mordecai and Legion. The air is thick with the stench of smoke and the screams of the dying.

Legion can feel that something's off with the Frosthaven weapons...

Not only are they far too advanced, but there is something else going on with them, some force enhancing their weapons.

Mordecai, realizing that his fate is sealed, desperately attempts to summon more undead soldiers. However, the combined efforts of Pope Innocent III's clerics and the Frosthaven forces are too much for him to overcome.

Legion, enraged by the failure of his servant, unleashes a torrent of hellfire upon the Frosthaven soldiers. The flames engulf the area, burning soldiers and undead alike.

Legion is furious at how they are losing, and can smell that Frosthaven are in some way cheating, and roars out as well, unleashing barrages of fireballs and bolts of lightning, even growing up to 666 feet tall and smashing away multiple buildings.

In the midst of the chaos, a lone figure emerges from the smoke and fire. It is Emperor Thorek I of Frosthaven, who has come personally to ensure the victory of his forces. His presence galvanizes the soldiers, and they renew their efforts with renewed vigor.

Legion, distracted by the Emperor's arrival, is struck down by a volley of arrows fired by the Frosthaven marksmen.

Legion can now very much recognize this power, it's the power of Erebus, The Golden Devil, the God of Light, God of All, the one that created him, and in his "last" moments, Legion chuckles to himself, at how they got so desperate they resorted to rituals to have their weapons blessed by a God of Light, Malice, Devastation, and Evil.

Of which all might as well be the same thing.

Legion then collapses to the ground and explodes in a massive fiery explosion that wipes out most of Vatican City left over, and his soul, his

essence, his true form, quickly looks around, and identifies Pope Innocent III as a good temporary host, then flying towards him, invisible to the naked eye, and enters into him, like a parasite, attached to his very mind and soul.

Through Pope Innocent III's eyes, Legion watches as with his death, the tide of the battle turns decisively in favor of the Frosthaven forces.

Mordecai, defeated and humiliated, is taken prisoner. Emperor Thorek I, in a show of mercy, spares his life, but strips him of his power and exiles him from Frosthaven.

Legion then watches from within Pope Innocent III as he, grateful for their aid, bestows upon Emperor Thorek I a title of nobility, making him a Duke of the Vatican. The two leaders forge an alliance, vowing to work together to maintain peace and order in their lands.

The surviving undead soldiers are put down, and their bodies given a proper burial. The city of Vatican City is left in ruins, but the people are safe. The Frosthaven soldiers begin the long process of rebuilding and restoring the city, while the Vatican's clerics work to heal the wounded and bring comfort to those who have lost loved ones.

The alliance between Frosthaven and the Vatican strengthens as they work together to rebuild and protect their lands. Emperor Thorek I, now also known as the Duke of Vatican, spends much of his time in the city, overseeing reconstruction efforts and forging new friendships with Pope Innocent III and other nobles. He is welcomed with open arms by the people of Vatican City, who see in him not only a protector, but also a symbol of hope for a brighter future.

Pope Innocent III, grateful for the Emperor's support and wisdom, often seeks his counsel on matters of state and war. The two leaders become close allies, sharing strategies and resources to maintain peace and stability in their respective realms. Their bond grows stronger with each passing day, and it is said that their partnership is unbreakable.

Chapter 5: “Pope Clement III”

But within Pope Innocent III, Legion is causing his health to swiftly deteriorate, leading to a ceremony of the title of The Pope being passed to the only other pope, Pope Clement III, the ruler of the Holy Roman Empire, who, Legion had, while sealed, managed to let out a hint of himself to possess and control from afar, leading to Pope Clement III's current corruption and evil acts.

And during the ceremony, Legion ejects from Pope Innocent III's body into Pope Clement III's body immediately after Pope Clement III is officially made The Pope.

Immediately leading to Pope Innocent III dropping dead, Legion having been the only thing forcefully holding him alive, as Legion is now fully in control of his new vessel, Pope Clement III, and he hides this fact, masterfully pretending to be The Pope.

Emperor Thorek I, shocked and grief-stricken by the sudden death of his newfound ally, does not suspect foul play, instead believing it to be the will of the gods. He orders a grand funeral for Pope Innocent III, and the city mourns the loss of their protector.

Later that month, Emperor Thorek I is found dead in his bedroom, oddly covered in grievous burns, and oddly enough shortly after a meeting between him and "Pope Clement III" that occurred in that very room, but no one suspects The Pope, after all, he's The Pope, and could do no wrong.

But, Legion had seen the potential of the Frosthaven military, and realized that even if he did manage to overpower them, it would leave the rest of Europe vulnerable to their dominance. Thus, he had decided to manipulate events from within the shadows of the Vatican, orchestrating wars and

conflicts that would weaken both the Frosthaven and the Sanctity empires, while also spreading his own influence across the continent.

And firstly, upon Co-Emperor Marcus Aurelius of Sanctity coming to offer a treaty of diplomatic union with Italy, "Pope Clement III" jumps at the opportunity, helping it along, and directly and expertly sneaking Vatican City into the union, tearing it away from the Empire of Frosthaven, now lead by Emperor Thorek II, the son of the late Emperor Thorek I.

"Pope Clement III" then issues a papal bull excommunicating the entire Empire of Frosthaven for their firearm development.

Then afterwards Co-Emperor Marcus Aurelius decides to come to him suggesting that he become the next Holy Roman Emperor, good, his plan is falling into play well.

"Pope Clement III" watches as Marcus Aurelius proves his dedication to him by getting various princes within the Holy Roman Emperor on his side.

In the midst of this turmoil, "Pope Clement III" calls for a grand conclave to be held in Vatican City, where the most influential nobles and church officials will gather to decide the fate of the empire.

Marcus Aurelius arrives at the Vatican, his retinue of advisors and soldiers surrounding him. He is greeted warmly by "Pope Clement III", who commends him on his efforts so far. The conclave begins, with each noble making their case for why they should be the next emperor. Marcus Aurelius delivers a passionate speech, outlining his vision for a united and prosperous Holy Roman Empire, guided by the teachings of Christ. He promises to work closely with the Pope and uphold the authority of the Catholic Church, while also restoring the empire to its former glory.

As the debate continues, Marcus Aurelius' rivals begin to grow desperate. Some attempt to smear his reputation, spreading rumors of heresy and ambition. Others resort to threats and intimidation, hoping to sway the vote

in their favor. But Marcus Aurelius remains steadfast, maintaining his composure and dignity in the face of these attacks.

"Pope Clement III" listens carefully to each speech, weighing the merits of each candidate. He is impressed by Marcus Aurelius' devotion to both the Church and the empire, as well as his vision for a restored Holy Roman Empire. As the conclave draws to a close, the tension in the room is palpable. Everyone in attendance knows that the fate of the empire hangs in the balance.

But "Pope Clement III" had made his decision before the grand conclave had even begun.

Finally, "Pope Clement III" rises to his feet, his voice carrying through the chamber. "It is with great pride and humility that I announce the new Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire: Marcus Aurelius!" The room erupts into cheers and applause as Marcus Aurelius is crowned with a golden crown, signifying his new title. He bows his head in gratitude to "Pope Clement III" and to those who have supported him on this journey.

And from within his vessel, his puppet, "Pope Clement III", Legion is chuckling to himself, his plan falling perfectly into place.

In the meantime, news of the naval invasion of Norway by the Empire of Frosthaven reaches the Empire of Sanctity. Marcus, enraged by this act of aggression, mobilizes his army and navy, preparing for a two-front war. He knows that he must act swiftly if he is to successfully defend his empire and maintain his authority.

"Pope Clement III" issues a second papal bull, excommunicating the Emperor of Frosthaven and declaring a crusade against him personally, hoping to rally the Holy Roman Army to greater fervor.

Then Emperor Marcus Aurelius of the Empire of Sanctity and Holy Roman Empire does an invasion and conquest/liberation of the Kingdom of

Germany back into the Holy Roman Empire, of which up to that point previously only held Italy, The Kingdom of Switzerland, The Kingdom of Austria, The Kingdom of The Netherlands, The Kingdom of Belgium, and The Kingdom of Luxembourg, and Marcus Aurelius succeeds in conquering/liberating the Kingdom of Germany

"Marcus Aurelius is being a very useful puppet, I must say." "Pope Clement III" says to himself while in private.

Then, the Empire of Frosthaven summons an almost 100 foot tall Elemental Guardian of snow and ice with control over all four elements of Fire, Water, Earth, and Air.

In response, Emperor Marcus Aurelius summons The Avatar of the Waters/Waves, the embodiment of the elemental forces of Water and Earth. Standing over a hundred feet tall, it has the upper body of a muscular man and the lower body of a massive fish. Its skin is blue-green and glistening, and it carries a trident in one hand, its tip glowing with an ethereal light. The Avatar of the Waters addresses Marcus Aurelius and "Pope Clement III", its voice deep and booming like the waves of the ocean. "I am the Avatar of the Waters, called forth by your summoning. I am here to aid you in your time of need. What is it you wish me to do?"

Both Marcus Aurelius and "Pope Clement III" exchange glances, Marcus Aurelius unsure of how to proceed. This is the first time he has attempted to control an elemental, and he is unsure if his command will be strong enough. Marcus Aurelius slowly steps forward, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword. "We ask you, great Avatar, to aid us in our conflict with the Empire of Frosthaven. They have summoned an elemental of ice and snow, and it threatens our lands. We wish for you to confront it and put an end to its reign of terror."

"Pope Clement III" meanwhile smirks to himself, all is going according to plan.

Then the Empire of Frosthaven summons a mountain sized Ice Dragon known as the Frost Wyrm, again, just as "Pope Clement III" had planned.

Then, yet again in response, Marcus Aurelius summons The Avatar of the Winds, the embodiment of the elemental forces of Fire and Air. Standing over a hundred feet tall, it has the upper body of a muscular man and the lower body of a powerful bird of prey. Its skin is red-orange and crackling, and it carries a pair of wings on its back, each tipped with flame. The Avatar of the Winds addresses Marcus Aurelius and "Pope Clement III", its voice deep and commanding like the roar of a raging fire. "I am the Avatar of the Winds, called forth by your summoning. I am here to aid you in your time of need. What is it you wish me to do?"

Then, in yet another response, the Empire of Frosthaven summons a mountain sized Icy Phoenix known as the Frost Phoenix, yet again, just as "Pope Clement III" had planned.

Then, one final time in response as a show of force, Marcus Aurelius summons The Avatar of the Dragonflight, the embodiment of the elemental forces of Gold as well as Fire, Water, Earth, and Air. Standing over a hundred feet tall, it has the upper body of a muscular dragon and the lower body of a powerful eagle. Its skin is gold-scaled and crackling, and it carries a pair of wings on its back, each tipped with fire. The Avatar of the Dragonflight addresses Marcus Aurelius and "Pope Clement III", its voice deep and commanding like the roar of a raging dragon. "I am the Avatar of the Dragonflight, called forth by your summoning. I am here to aid you in your time of need. What is it you wish me to do?"

Then the Empire of Frosthaven forms a diplomatic alliance with the Kingdom of Scotland, yet again, all as "Pope Clement III" has planned.

Then Marcus Aurelius uses the threat of The Avatar of the Dragonflight to force a very loose peace with the Kingdom of England, once more just as "Pope Clement III" had planned.

And then Marcus Aurelius announces an invasion of the Kingdom of France, which has a much stronger alliance with the Kingdom of England, and both border and are very near to the Forest of Brocéliande, all just as "Pope Clement III" had planned.

Then the Empire of Frosthaven forms a diplomatic alliance with the Kingdom of Spain, in which they then attacked the Americas, to take out any power the Empire of Sanctity and Holy Roman Empire they had there, which was none, "Pope Clement III" had spread that rumor through outward targeted propaganda to make sure that the Empire of Frosthaven was distracted during the upcoming war with the Kingdom of France, to prevent what happened with the Battle of Vatican City from happening again.

Chapter 6: War of the Kingdom of France

Meanwhile, the Empire of Sanctity and Holy Roman Empire are invading and attempting to conquer the Kingdom of France.

The attack on France is swift and brutal, as the combined might of the Empire and the Avatar of the Dragonflight rain down destruction upon the kingdom's cities and military strongholds. Emperor Marcus Aurelius personally leads his armies across the English Channel, landing on the northern coast and marching inland, while the Avatar of the Dragonflight lends its elemental power to the attack, summoning walls of fire to protect the advancing forces and creating gusts of wind that uproot trees and send enemy soldiers flying through the air.

The Kingdom of France, however, is not without its defenses. King Philip VI calls upon his own allies, including the Kingdom of England, for aid. England, still reeling from its own recent diplomatic negotiations, is slow to respond, but eventually sends a small force of knights and archers to aid their former enemies in holding off the Empire's advance. The battle lines are drawn across the verdant countryside, with the Empire of Sanctity and

the Holy Roman Empire pressing forward against a determined resistance from the Kingdom of France, aided by the Kingdom of England and other smaller allies.

All is going as "Pope Clement III" had planned, perfectly so.

As the conflict drags on, Emperor Marcus Aurelius begins to grow impatient. He realizes that his forces are stretched thin, and that the Kingdom of England is proving to be a more formidable adversary than he initially anticipated. He decides to take a gamble and send a message to King Edward III of England, offering him a truce and the opportunity to join forces against the common threat posed by the Kingdom of France. The message is delivered through a series of secret negotiations, conducted deep within the forests of the Norman border.

King Edward III, initially skeptical of the Empire's intentions, is intrigued by the offer. He sees the potential for a strategic alliance that could greatly strengthen his position against the other empires and kingdoms. After much deliberation, he agrees to meet with Emperor Marcus Aurelius in secret, under the guise of negotiating a formal peace treaty. The location is chosen: a secluded clearing in the heart of the Forest of Brocéliande, steeped in legend and rumor.

As the two monarchs meet, they exchange formal greetings and discuss the terms of the treaty. Emperor Marcus Aurelius speaks of a new era of cooperation between their two kingdoms, one where they can put aside their differences and focus on the greater good. King Edward III listens carefully, his eyes narrowed in suspicion. Finally, the Emperor presses the issue, asking the King to consider formally aligning their kingdoms against the Kingdom of France.

And afterwards, the no longer distracted Empire of Sanctity and Holy Roman Empire continues their invasion and attempted conquest of the Kingdom of France.

And yet "Pope Clement III" whispered words of doubt into King Edward III, to crumble the already fragile alliance slowly.

The Kingdom of England, under the rule of King Edward III, continues to defend their ally, the Kingdom of France. The tides of war ebb and flow as both sides engage in fierce battles, strategic maneuvers, and skirmishes.

In the meantime, Emperor Marcus Aurelius and his forces remain vigilant, ready to aid King Edward III should he choose to accept the offer of alliance. The Forest of Brocéliande, where their secret meeting took place, continues to be a source of legend and intrigue for both empires.

As the war between the Empire of Sanctity and Holy Roman Empire and the Kingdom of France rages on, King Edward III finds himself constantly torn between his loyalty to his ally and his desire for a strategic advantage. He ponders the Emperor's words, weighing the potential risks and rewards of such an alliance.

Meanwhile, the Forest of Brocéliande, a place steeped in legend and mystery, continues to be a source of intrigue for both empires. The ancient druids who once dwelled there are said to have left behind powerful artifacts and knowledge that could tip the balance of power in the war.

King Edward III, unable to shake the feeling that the Emperor might not be entirely trustworthy, secretly sends a small expedition into the forest to search for these artifacts. The mission is led by Sir Lancelot, a seasoned knight with a reputation for bravery and cunning. Accompanied by a small band of loyal knights and a druid adviser named Merlin, Sir Lancelot ventures deep into the forest, facing treacherous terrain and supernatural threats at every turn.

Meanwhile, the war between the Empire of Sanctity and Holy Roman Empire and the Kingdom of France rages on. On the battlefield, King Edward III and his forces make significant gains, pushing the enemy back and saving several key strongholds from falling into their hands. The

Emperor, impressed by King Edward's military prowess and strategic thinking, begins to reconsider his earlier doubts about the King's loyalty.

"Pope Clement III" then whispers to the very emotional and vulnerable to manipulation Marcus Aurelius that King Edward III was a rat and a snake and doesn't deserve further chances to betray them, and Marcus Aurelius takes the bait without a second thought, just as planned.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius then suddenly demands a forceful annexation of the Kingdom of England for breaking their previous alliance and briefly siding with the Kingdom of France.

King Edward III, feeling betrayed by the Emperor's sudden demand, decides to seek aid from the one person he believes can help him: Merlin, the druid adviser accompanying Sir Lancelot in the Forest of Brocéliande. Merlin, using his knowledge of the ancient artifacts hidden within the forest, manages to forge a powerful alliance between the Kingdom of England, the Kingdom of France, and the druids of Brocéliande.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius then reveals another power of the Sacred Relic, using it to summon an unstoppable army of undead warriors from the battlefield. These skeletal warriors, once human soldiers who died in battle, now serve as the Emperor's unyielding foot soldiers. The tide of the war begins to turn once more, as the undead army marches across the battlefield, slaughtering King Edward's forces and pushing them back toward their capital.

King Edward III, desperate for aid, sends word to Sir Lancelot and Merlin, hoping that the druid's knowledge of the ancient artifacts will once again prove to be their salvation. Sir Lancelot and his men, having successfully recovered several powerful artifacts from the Forest of Brocéliande, arrive at the battlefield just as the Empire of Sanctity and Holy Roman Empire is about to breach the walls of London.

Using the ancient relics, Sir Lancelot and Merlin manage to summon a legion of mythical creatures from the forest: unicorns, pegasi, and dragons. These ethereal beasts, once thought to exist only in legend, now soar across the battlefield, their hooves striking down the undead army and their breath incinerating the skeletal warriors. The tide of the war begins to turn once more, as King Edward's forces, bolstered by the aid of the mythical creatures, launch a counterattack against the Emperor's undead army.

"Pope Clement III" watches the battle through a magical crystal ball he had created, "Just as planned" he says to himself, as his eyes glow with the burning hellfire of Legion, The Demon Lord, the one in control of his body, as the real Pope Clement III died upon Legion jumping from Pope Innocent III's body to his.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius then sends in the Avatar of the Waters, the Avatar of the Winds, and the Avatar of the Dragonflight to guarantee victory against the Kingdom of France, the Kingdom of England, and the Forest of Brocéliande. These elemental avatars unleash their powers upon the battlefield, summoning mighty storms, twisting the winds into deadly whirlwinds, and commanding the very elements themselves to aid in the destruction of their enemies.

King Edward III, realizing that he is vastly outnumbered and outmatched by the elemental avatars, makes a desperate gamble. He sends word to the druids of Brocéliande, asking them to send their most powerful magic users to aid in the fight. The druids, impressed by King Edward's bravery and determination, send their finest adepts, who begin to cast powerful spells upon the battlefield.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius then casually uses the Sacred Relic to steal the magic of all of the druids for himself. As their powers are siphoned away, the elemental avatars grow even more powerful, and the tide of the battle begins to turn decisively in the Empire's favor. With their magic diminished, King Edward III and his allies find themselves struggling against the onslaught of elemental fury.

"Pope Clement III" continues to watch, chuckling to himself as literally everything is going just as he had planned, down to the slightest detail.

Sir Lancelot, desperate for a way to turn the tide of battle, decides to take matters into his own hands. He steals one of the Emperor's sacred artifacts, an ancient amulet that grants the wearer control over the elements. Using this artifact, he is able to summon a single, powerful elemental of his own: a dragon. This dragon, under Sir Lancelot's command, flies through the air, breathing fire and razing the enemy forces with unparalleled fury.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius, tired of their interference, personally kills Sir Lancelot and Merlin and takes the sacred artifact back, and then, simply by using it, finally finishes off the Kingdom of England and all of its remaining hopes.

"Pope Clement III" just adores watching his plans just all coming to fruition through his crystal ball.

The Forest of Brocéliande, however, remains. Though much of it has been destroyed by the war, the ancient druids who survived have vowed to rebuild it and restore it to its former glory. They have also sworn to keep the location of the sacred relic hidden, lest it fall into the wrong hands once more.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius though, swiftly uses an artifact to gain complete and total control over the Forest of Brocéliande and the druids which dwell within it and integrate it into the Empire of Sanctity, leaving only the Kingdom of France to conquer, which will fall swiftly.

With the forest under his thumb and the druids at his command, Marcus Aurelius begins to unlock the secrets of the sacred relic, harnessing its power for his own twisted purposes. He uses the relic to raise an army of

undead druids, bound to serve him until the end of time, and sends them forth to conquer the known world.

Firstly finishing the conquest of the Kingdom of France.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius then begins to expand his empire, setting his sights on new lands across the sea. He commissions the construction of a massive fleet of warships, using the ancient relics to summon elemental creatures to protect them from harm. The druids of Brocéliande, now bound to his will, use their magic to aid in the construction of these vessels.

"Pope Clement III" meanwhile, from his secret hideout below the Head Church of Vatican City cackles maniacally as he watches his plans working perfectly to an almost scripted extent, as, as he cackles, the Hellfire eyes of Legion, The Demon Lord, are visible through his own, though there is no one there to even see them.

Chapter 7: The God Emperor

Then, the Empire of Frosthaven does more of their usual diplomatic stuff, even having their emissary getting exposed to druid magic and becoming the Archmage of the Emerald Isles, as he secures them alliances with the Kingdom of Ireland and the Kingdom of Portugal.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius then announces that a great war that will determine the future of Europe itself is fast approaching, and that the best course of action is to fully unify the Empire of Sanctity and the Holy Roman Empire together under the Empire of Sanctity to centralize power to prepare for the coming continental war.

The people of the Holy Roman Empire, seeing the power of the elemental avatars and the druids of Brocéliande, accept Marcus Aurelius's proposal without hesitation. The two empires are united, and a new flag is raised: the

flag of the Empire of Sanctity, bearing the image of an eagle clutching a sacred relic in its talons.

This all allows "Pope Clement III" to further fade into the background, just as planned.

Emperor Marcus Aurelius then has a ritual done in the Forest of Brocéliande to, using all of the artifacts and the Sacred Relic centrally to attempt to fuse all of the magic, all of the artifacts, the Avatar of the Waves, the Avatar of the Winds, and the Avatar of the Dragonflight, and all of the druids and undead druids, and, most crucially, the Sacred Relic into himself, to become a godly being, a God Emperor, and thus, the attempted ritual is started.

As the ritual begins, the forest is engulfed in a cacophony of elemental energies, as the four elemental avatars are drawn toward the center of the forest, their power becoming increasingly unstable. The druids, bound by their oaths to Marcus Aurelius, chant ancient incantations, funneling their magic into the Emperor himself. The undead druids, their eyes glowing with an unholy light, dance around a massive obsidian altar, their skeletal hands clutching ancient artifacts.

The air crackles with energy, and a blinding light fills the sky. As the ritual reaches its climax, Marcus Aurelius's body begins to glow with a divine aura, and his form appears to shift, becoming larger, more imposing. The elemental avatars, their power now unified within the Emperor, fuse with him, becoming part of his very essence. The druids and the undead druids, their minds linked by the relic, become an extension of his will.

And then, suddenly, he is physically his normal self, but with a truly divine and omnipotent aura surrounding him.

He is now the God Emperor of the Empire of Sanctity, the first and only mortal to ever ascend to such a position. His reign is eternal, his power unrivaled. The elemental avatars, the druids, and the undead druids serve

him as his loyal subjects, their minds and bodies linked to his through the sacred relic.

"Pope Clement III" partook in this ritual as well, and thus gained immense power from it, as well as any scraps of his old power as Legion still left in the Sacred Relic.

The Empire of Frosthaven then seeks to form diplomatic alliances with as many kingdoms and empires as possible as quickly as possible, and they do so, but get even more desperate.

The Empire of Frosthaven uses a ritual to summon the Frost Titan, a colossus of ice and frost whose mere presence can freeze entire landscapes and command the frigid elements to do its bidding. Towering over the tallest mountains, the Frost Titan embodies the raw power of winter's wrath and serves as a symbol of the Empire of Frosthaven's resilience and determination, the Storm Leviathan a behemoth of thunder and lightning that roams the skies with unparalleled ferocity. With its electrifying presence, the Storm Leviathan can summon tempests of unparalleled intensity and unleash devastating bolts of lightning upon its foes, posing a formidable threat to any who dare challenge its dominion, the Earth Colossus a titan of stone and earth whose unyielding strength can shatter mountains and reshape the very landscape itself. As the embodiment of the earth's enduring power, the Earth Colossus will stand as a stalwart defender of the Empire of Frosthaven, anchoring our realm to the bedrock of stability and fortitude, and the Inferno Phoenix a celestial being of fire and flame whose incandescent presence can engulf entire armies in its fiery embrace. Born from the heart of the hottest infernos, the Inferno Phoenix embodies the relentless fury of the flames and serves as a beacon of defiance against the encroaching darkness, all just to hopefully stand a chance against the God Emperor of the Empire of Sanctity, God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, as futile a hope as that truly is.

And "Pope Clement III" knows that this will make no difference, and of course, he is right.

As the Archmage of the Emerald Isles continues his diplomatic missions, he finds that his unique perspective and understanding of the balance between magic and humanity resonate deeply with many of the kingdoms and empires he visits. He forms alliances with far-flung lands, each one more powerful and influential than the last. His reputation grows, and soon word reaches the God Emperor of the Empire of Sanctity, Marcus Aurelius, of this Archmage and his growing coalition of allies. He then snaps his fingers and controls the entirety of the Empire of Frosthaven, and all of earth, all of existence at that. With a snap of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius' fingers, the entire Empire of Frosthaven, the entirety of Europe, the entire world at that, the whole universe at that, all of existence even, all were suddenly under his control.

With the Archmage of the Emerald Isles and his coalition of allies now in the palm of his hand, God Emperor Marcus Aurelius now has all the power that he could ever want or need. The balance between magic and humanity, between gods and mortals, between order and chaos, between light and dark, between good and evil, between life and death, between everything and nothing, it was all his now, all subject to his whims. With his newfound power, the God Emperor begins to shape the world according to his will. He uses the elemental avatars to create great works of art, to terraform the landscape, and to bring forth a new age of prosperity and peace. The druids, now freed from the burden of mortal existence, use their magic to aid him in these endeavors.

"Pope Clement III" can recognize that his plans are going exactly as desired, almost as if perfectly following a script.

God Emperor Marcus Aurelius holds up and looks down at the very first hand cannon created by his empire, and thinks back to how they came all of the way from struggling to create something as useless as this to him becoming the literally all powerful God Emperor.

As he stands there, the God Emperor's attention is drawn to the horizon, where dark clouds begin to gather. He senses a presence, a power that has not been felt in this world before. This new power, unlike anything he has felt before, is both terrifying and intoxicating. He knows that it will change the world, and he must be prepared.

"Pope Clement III"/Legion recognizes this power from while sealed in the Sacred Relic, The Shadow God, the one that killed Empress Sora of the Empire of Frostspire and who was created by the many mistakes and horrible acts committed by the Empire of Frostspire and Empire of Blazing Sun towards a child, and he now recognizes him as the outside force that was dampening and suppressing his power during the Battle of Vatican City, this was not part of his plan, but thankfully God Emperor Marcus Aurelius should be able to handle this.

God Emperor Marcus Aurelius turns the useless former Hand Cannon into the most powerful weapon possible with beyond imaginable power, as a fitting note to end the story of the Empire of Sanctity off on.

As the clouds continue to darken, the God Emperor summons his most trusted advisors to his throne room. The druids, their robes billowing in the breeze, bow their heads respectfully. The elemental avatars, their bodies made of living stone and water, stand silently behind them. The undead druids, their skeletal hands clutching ancient artifacts, watch intently from the shadows.

Then God Emperor Marcus Aurelius resets all of time back 5 years, back to the Year 999, but "Pope Clement III" used a spell to be not affected by this and just be transferred to that moment in the newly created Timeline, in which, "Pope Clement III" can sense The Shadow God instead fly up into space then once out of Earth's atmosphere reach its terrifying Full Potential and fly away at over 40 octo-decilion times the Speed of Light, or, that many times Infinite Speed, and God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, thus, doesn't reset time, and "Pope Clement III" decides to go and deal with one last loose end.

Chapter 8: The Anti-Pope

"Pope Clement III" heads to where Emperor Thorek II of the now former Empire of Frosthaven is located, to deal with him.

Emperor Thorek II, feeling a strange disturbance in the fabric of time, looks up from his throne, his eyes narrowing as he feels the presence of something ancient and powerful approaching. He calls for his guards, but they are too late. The room is filled with a sudden burst of light, and "Pope Clement III" stands before him, his eyes ablaze with a power that transcends the mortal realm.

Emperor Thorek II then sends his personal guards at "Pope Clement III" who then raises a hand, and they suddenly burst into flames of Hellfire, as "Pope Clement III" then opens his eyes again to reveal the hellfire filled eyes of Legion, The Demon Lord, the true one in control all this time.

Thorek II, shocked and horrified, stumbles backward, his hand reaching for his sword. "You are not what you seem," he stammers, his voice trembling with fear.

"Oh I am exactly what I seem." "Pope Clement III" aka Legion, The Demon Lord, responds casually.

"Pope Clement III" approaches Thorek II, the aura of hellfire surrounding him, each step shaking the very ground beneath them. "Your reign, Emperor Thorek II, is over," he says, his voice deep and filled with malicious intent. "You have served your purpose, and now you shall pay for your insolence."

Emperor Thorek II then rushes forwards and swings his sword, tipped with ice magic, and launches a blast of Ice Magic from his hand towards The Anti-Pope, as "Pope Clement III" would now be better to be called.

The blade of ice meets the demonic flames of Legion, and for a brief moment, the room is filled with a flash of light and a deafening roar, as the two opposing forces cancel each other out. The air is left cold and still as the dust settles, and the Emperor's guards lie lifeless, consumed by the inferno.

The Anti-Pope then raises his hand, and fires a blast of Hellfire from them towards Emperor Thorek II.

Emperor Thorek II, anticipating the move, conjures a shield of ice to protect himself from the incoming flames. The ice shield holds for a moment, but the relentless power of hellfire begins to crack it, the heat seeping through. The Emperor's eyes widen in horror as he realizes the magnitude of the power before him.

Emperor Thorek II then rushes forwards but is countered by a skillful gut punch from The Anti-Pope.

Emperor Thorek II then fires a blast of ice magic from his open hand at The Anti-Pope, who dodges it by flying around then unleashing a torrent of hellfire from his mouth at Emperor Thorek II as he flies.

The Emperor of Frosthaven, though caught off guard, quickly recovers, using his own ice magic to create a whirlwind around himself. The hellfire clashes with the swirling ice, creating a maelstrom of frost and flame. The room becomes an icy inferno, the air thick with steam as the two adversaries continue their fierce exchange of spells.

Emperor Thorek II then swings his icy sword at The Anti-Pope, who blocks it with one hand and moves said sword aside as he then throws a shockingly skillful punch directly at Emperor Thorek II's face.

The Emperor's eyes widen as the punch connects with a sickening crunch, sending him flying across the room. He hits the wall hard, the impact

shaking the very foundations of the castle. His crown falls from his head, rolling across the floor, symbolizing the fragility of his once unshakeable rule.

The Anti-Pope then appears in front of him and hits him with a barrage of a blur of these same skillful punches.

Emperor Thorek II, bloodied and bruised, tries to counter with another blast of ice magic, but the punches are too fast, too precise. Each one lands with the force of a thousand hammers, breaking through his defenses and driving him to his knees. His breath comes in ragged gasps as he stares up at the figure before him, the one who has bested him.

The Anti-Pope then puts his finger up in front of his mouth and shushes, before Emperor Thorek II is then suddenly consumed by Golden Hellfire of The Light, which burns on a conceptual level.

Emperor Thorek II screams in agony as the Golden Hellfire engulfs him, his body contorting and writhing as the purifying flames strip away his very essence. The ice that once adorned him now cracks and shatters, revealing the charred and blackened flesh beneath. His eyes, once filled with defiance, now burn with a desperate plea for mercy.

The Anti-Pope then chuckles, and puts his finger back up in front of his mouth and shushes him again quietly.

The Emperor's screams cut off abruptly as the Golden Hellfire consumes him, leaving nothing but ash and the smell of burnt flesh. The room, once the heart of Frosthaven's power, now stands as a silent testament to the Demon Lord's dominion.

Then, the next day, the entire Castle "mysteriously" burns down.

Chapter 9: End of Sanctity

As "Pope Clement III", The Anti-Pope, continues to act as God Emperor Marcus Aurelius's head advisor, until, in the Year 1123, after God Emperor Marcus Aurelius had shattered the Sacred Relic, scattering all of the Sacred Artifacts across the entire world, particularly The Americas, and stored the Core Sacred Relic within The Temple/Church/Tomb of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and left The Avatar of the Waters/Waves, The Avatar of the Winds, The Avatar of the Dragonflight, The Undead Druids of Brocéliande, and their leader Archdruid Malthus all to defend it, God Emperor Marcus Aurelius ascended beyond the Mortal/Physical Plane/Realm, leaving one of his many heirs, as, as the God Emperor and ruler of the entire world, he, got around a lot, to rule the Empire of Sanctity.

"Pope Clement III", secretly The Anti-Pope, even more secretly Legion, The Demon Lord, continued to act as the head advisor for Emperors of Sanctity, until the Year 1206, in which he got bored, and secretly assassinated the current Empire of Sanctity of the time and through much manipulation and assassinations, caused the Empire of Sanctity to collapse.

Then, after "Pope Clement III" had left the collapsed empire, he finally went into his true form, Legion, The Demon Lord, but kept his form as "Pope Clement III" around to use for later possible manipulation and deception.

The world was thrown into chaos as the once mighty Empire of Sanctity crumbled from within. The alliances that had been forged under its banner now looked to their own interests, and the power vacuum left by its fall was quickly filled by ambitious warlords and kings seeking to carve out their own legacies.

But by the end of it, Europe was left roughly as they were before the Empire of Sanctity and the Empire of Frosthaven had even risen, including the Holy Roman Empire returning.

The lands that were once part of the Empire of Sanctity descended into a series of brutal and bloody civil wars, as the descendants of God Emperor

Marcus Aurelius and his allied families fought for control of the fragmented empire. The Holy Roman Emperor, Otto IV, seizes the opportunity to reclaim his lost territories, re-establishing the borders of his own empire with the might of his knights and the support of the Pope in Rome.

Many of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius's descendants scattered and claimed to be the rightful heir of him, and thus, the rightful successor of the Empire of Sanctity which quickly became the new Roman Empire, with the Holy Roman Empire even changing its name officially to the Holy Empire of Sanctity, to claim succession from the Empire of Sanctity, the most powerful empire to have ever existed.

The continent of Europe was a tapestry of warring states, each vying for power and resources in the shadow of the once great empire. The descendants of the God Emperor's allies and enemies alike formed their own factions, each seeking to impose their will upon the others.

And centuries went by as Legion observed, The Americas were colonized, a future empire was created in the form of the United States of America.

Chapter 10: “Mr. Black”

(Centuries Passed)

The Year is 1843 AD, and in the Continent of Oceania, a major Sacred Artifact is discovered, causing a massive and global conflict occurs there, and Legion, The Demon Lord takes notice, and decides to take part in it.

The discovery of the Sacred Artifact, known as the Heart of the Dragon, sparks a frenzy among the nations of Oceania. Each one believing it to hold the key to unparalleled power and dominance, they begin to form alliances and declare war upon their neighbors. The continent, once a bastion of peace and prosperity, now burns with the flames of greed and ambition.

All other countries on earth take notice and begin to take part.

The news of the Heart of the Dragon's discovery spreads like wildfire across the globe. Nations far and wide send their most skilled agents and powerful warriors to claim the artifact for themselves. The world's superpowers, Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, and others, each see the potential to tip the scales in their favor in the ever-shifting balance of power.

Legion, The Demon Lord, also enters the fray in secret, recognizing that the Heart of the Dragon grants absolute and full control over the Concept of Fire.

In the heart of Oceania, the air is thick with tension as armies march and ships set sail. Legion, disguised as a mysterious merchant named "Mr. Black", travels from one warring nation to the next, offering his "services" to the highest bidder. His true intentions, however, are to claim the Heart of the Dragon for himself.

"Mr. Black" resembles a shadowy man, in a strange suit and cloak combo, with a fedora atop his head, always tipped downwards and hiding his face, even more so than the shadow of his cloak already did.

"Mr. Black" aka Legion, The Demon Lord, had always had a knack for blending in and being unnoticed, a trait that had served him well in his many centuries of existence.

"Mr. Black" in secret and shadows, always manipulated entire nations into thinking other nations had the Heart of the Dragon and were weak and vulnerable, when neither were ever true, leading to all of the nations constantly attacking each other, much to "Mr. Black"'s amusement.

In the midst of this chaos, the young and idealistic Queen Victoria of Great Britain, rises to power. Her reign marked by a sense of duty and a desire

for peace, she sees the Heart of the Dragon not as a weapon but as a means to end the wars and ensure the prosperity of her people.

And yet, even she falls victim to "Mr. Black"'s manipulations and deception leading to her own greed for power controlling even her.

Her advisors, whispering sweet nothings of power and dominance into her ear, convince her that only by possessing the Heart of the Dragon can she truly secure her empire's future. Swayed by their words, she sends her most elite forces to the shores of Oceania, the famed British Royal Navy, to claim the artifact at any cost.

And yet, just as "Mr. Black" operated as a deceiver, he acted also much like an assassin magician, making entire armies disappear without a trace.

The Queen of Spain, Isabella II, learns of "Mr. Black"'s involvement and grows suspicious of the sudden turn of events. She sends her own spies to investigate, hoping to uncover the truth behind the shadowy figure's true intentions. As they dig deeper, they discover whispers of his true identity, and the revelation sends shockwaves through the Spanish court.

Though, soon enough, all of her spies disappear without a trace as well.

The war for the Heart of the Dragon intensifies, and the once pristine lands of Oceania are scarred by the ravages of battle. The air is filled with the acrid smell of gunpowder and the cries of the dying. Legions of soldiers clad in the colors of their nations charge into the fray, their hearts set on claiming the artifact for their own.

But many end up even working directly for "Mr. Black" himself, and turning against even their own nations, through all methods of manipulation, from seduction, to gaslighting, to guilt tripping, to basic deception, to basic lying, to blackmailing, to coercing them, to turning any blame onto them, to all other forms of manipulation and deception, all with a mastery to the point

that even the brightest and most manipulative of the era don't even suspect him.

He is the puppet master, controlling everything from the shadows and pulling all of the strings of every major figure like the puppeteer, to him, everyone might as well just be chess pieces, and he's the only one playing.

In the bustling port city of New Castilla, "Mr. Black" meets with a group of mercenaries, each one more dangerous than the last. He offers them an exorbitant sum of gold and the promise of power beyond their wildest dreams if they can retrieve the Heart of the Dragon before the others. Their greed shines through their eyes as they accept his offer, unaware of the demonic fate that awaits them if they succeed.

And yet, "Mr. Black" himself is the very being that causes the very failure of each and every one of the mercenaries himself, him having hired them simply to kill them for his own amusement and remove them from the equation entirely.

One by one, the mercenaries fall, each meeting a grisly end orchestrated by the demon's invisible hand. Their deaths are a testament to the true power that lies behind the mask of the mysterious merchant.

The battle for the Heart of the Dragon reaches its climax in the fiery volcanic lands of the indigenous people of Oceania, the Maori. The Maori, aware of the chaos that the artifact has brought upon their peaceful lands, have taken the Heart into their custody, vowing to protect it from the greedy hands of the invaders.

"Mr. Black" then approaches the Maori, and begins to masterfully manipulate all of them, to control them like mere puppets.

He plays upon their fears, their desires, and their pride, turning them against each other with ease. The Maori, once united in their defense of the

Heart, now find themselves divided and weakened by the whispers of "Mr. Black".

And then, the final battle, later known as The Battle for The Dragon's Heart, begins, with all involved parties sending in everything they have, just to get the chance to possibly claim The Heart of the Dragon, while "Mr. Black", meanwhile, is manipulating everything and operating as the true puppeteer and puppet master of everything from within it.

The volcanic lands of the Maori are transformed into a battleground of ash and fire as the forces of Europe and beyond converge upon the sacred site. The Maori, once proud defenders of their homeland, now find themselves fighting not only the invaders but also the very shadows that "Mr. Black" has cast among them.

Until, as the battle reaches its peak, "Mr. Black" then reveals himself to all, standing atop the volcano itself, "Now, all of you fools have played right into my hands, I have controlled it all, you have all always been just my mere puppets!" "Mr. Black" yells out to all of the parties involved while laughing maniacally before then falling backwards into the mountain range sized volcano, and then, for just a moment, there is just silence and "calm"...

Then, suddenly, the volcano is completely obliterated in a massive explosion of fire, as "Mr. Black" has revealed his true form, Legion, The Demon Lord, and unleashed a burst of hellfire in an explosion around him to destroy the volcano, and now is holding the Heard of the Dragon in one of his demonic hands.

The Heart of the Dragon, a pulsating orb of molten fire, crackles with the power of the concept itself. Legion's eyes gleam with triumph as he feels the fiery essence of the artifact pulsate in his grip. The armies of the world, stunned by the revelation and the sheer power displayed, stumble back, their weapons and armor useless before the demonic presence.

Then Legion, The Demon Lord eats the Heart of the Dragon, before then a powerful Maori shaman uses a spell to then teleport him into the deepest part of the sea, in the Mariana Trench.

And then, suddenly everything shakes all at once, and the entire ocean is all at once evaporated by the pure force more likely, before then solidifying into the hardest rains in all of history, forming a thunderstorm, a perfect backdrop, as Legion, The Demon Lord then flies all of the way from the bottom of the Mariana Trench to the Island of New Zealand, where the battle took place, all in zeptosecond, as he then floats there before them all, in the air.

Him now having absolute control over the Concept of Fire, as then, with just a thought, all of those there, are conceptually burnt into ashes, as Legion then flies to The Americas to observe events occurring there.

As then, later that day, the entire ocean rains back into being full again, and a lot of life magic is required to be used to reverse the effects of it back to normal.

The world is left in a state of shock and horror. The legend of Legion, The Demon Lord, was true, and he had claimed the Heart of the Dragon, which was believed to be just a myth, a fairy tale, until today.

And Legion, The Demon Lord, fades back into watching from the shadows, and thus, back into a mere legend in the eyes of most.

The world had thought they had seen the worst of the chaos, but they were wrong. With the Heart of the Dragon consumed, Legion's power grew to unprecedented levels. He watched from afar as the nations of the world scrambled to rebuild and re-establish order. Yet, in the shadows, his influence remained, a subtle nudge here, a whisper of doubt there, keeping the world ever on the brink of war.

And in the Year 2024, Legion, The Demon Lord observed a major battle of The Dark Vs. The Light, in which, The Light, represented by Sacred Empress Angel, an Oceanian who managed to find a Sacred Artifact and steal the Core Sacred Relic to rule the world, and a mysterious pupil of darkness, who had manifested Tendrils of Darkness, a powerful skill of the darkness, did battle, and The Light lost, and the entire world regained their autonomy.

But, later, in 2025, the entire World entered into the Third War of The World, after the previous two back in the 1900s, and this one included Nuclear Magic, and Nuclear Magic enhanced Nuclear Bombs, which wiped out almost all within Europe, Asia, and Oceania, and led to the Forest of Brocéliande spreading to covering all of Europe from Germany and Austria Westward.

And Legion enjoyed observing all of the madness and chaos, and Legion watched as, through some other outside manipulation, as well as some manipulation from himself, the Country of the United States of America eventually, in the Year 2124, collapsed into the Shattered States of America, in which, all 50 states had splintered into their own small governments.

And then, amongst the madness, two other empires, the Empire of Frostreach, led by Emperor Maximillian, and the Empire of Sunhaven, led by Emperor Travis, formed, and began to spread.

Chapter 11: The Shadow King

But the next truly interesting thing to occur is in the Year 2125, the State of Alabama undergoes a Magical Surge, causing a massive amount of Chi and other, more specific forms of magical energy to explode intensely into the region, causing plenty of Old World Sorcerers, including a reincarnated Merlin, and some being called The Lich King, and another called The

Vampire Queen, to arrive there, and yet, the other major thing this caused much more caught Legion's attention.

As the influx of magic in Alabama attracts the attention of otherworldly beings, who begin to make contact with various individuals in the state, offering them strange bargains and promises of power in exchange for servitude.

One such being, a malevolent entity known as the Shadow King, establishes a stronghold in the heart of the state's once-thriving capital city. He begins to spread his influence, corrupting the land and its people with his twisted magic. His followers, a cult of fanatics who worship him as a god, terrorize the countryside, committing unspeakable acts in his name.

And yet, Legion could recognize exactly who the Shadow King was, or at least, used to be, Mordecai, the old Necromancer of the Empire of Sanctity, and wow, did he bounce back from having his powers stripped from him, as Mordecai, The Shadow King, then approaches Legion, now surprisingly actually more powerful than Legion, and offers a deal, where Legion effectively serves him, but that they function mostly as equals, in a form of very close alliance, and Mordecai, The Shadow King holds out a hand, "What do you say, old ally?" Mordecai, The Shadow King asks as he holds out his now shadowy and bony hand for Legion to take and shake to seal the deal of their alliance.

Legion, The Demon Lord, ponders for a moment, looking at the hand, "Alright, you have my attention, Mordecai," He says, and then he takes the hand, feeling the coldness of it, "But if you betray me, or if any of your followers even think of betraying me, I will destroy you, and all of your followers, and your entire realm," Legion says, with a smirk, and Mordecai nods, "Understood," And thus, they shake, and their alliance is formed, one that would shake the very foundations of reality itself.

And Legion watches as Mordecai, The Shadow King, then goes and adds The Lich King, Geralt, once The Archmage of the Emerald Isles who was

the emissary of the Empire of Frosthaven, and The Vampire Queen, Isolde, who was mostly just mysterious, to the alliance, and took control over the State of Alabama, as meanwhile Isolde, The Vampire Queen went off and began to do her own thing for now

While Legion and Geralt, The Lich King remained with Mordecai, The Shadow King, as he creates an army of Shadow Magic Enhanced Mutant Creatures and uses them to invade and conquer the State of Kentucky as well in the Year 2126.

Chapter 12: The Storm Dragon

Then later in the Year 2126, the State of California is suddenly struck by a Thunderstorm.

The storm is unlike anything the people of California have ever seen before. Lightning strikes seemingly at random, illuminating the sky in brilliant flashes, and thunder echoes through the land, shaking the very foundations of the state. Amidst the chaos, a strange creature emerges from the heart of the storm. It is a towering, winged beast, part eagle and part dragon, its scales shimmering like polished steel in the lightning's glare. The people of California, having never before encountered such a creature, name it the Storm Dragon.

As the storm continues to rage, the Storm Dragon circles high above the state, its massive wings creating powerful gusts of wind that uproot trees and topple buildings. The people of California are terrified, not knowing what to make of this new threat. Some believe it to be a harbinger of doom, while others see it as a divine messenger, sent to punish them for their sins.

The people of the State of Kentucky, now thoroughly subjugated, are forced to build massive temples and shrines in honor of Mordecai, The Shadow King, spreading his twisted doctrine of darkness and despair.

Modrecai, The Shadow King, pleased with the progress of his invasion, begins to focus his attention on the southern states. He sends out a proclamation, promising freedom and prosperity to those who will willingly submit to his rule, while those who resist will face utter destruction. Many are drawn in by the false promises, while others see the writing on the wall and choose to flee westward, hoping to find sanctuary in the untouched territories of Arizona or New Mexico.

Then the Empire of Sunhaven combines their forces with the Californian Adventurers as well as the Empire of Sunhaven's own Elite Shadow Mages, and Mordecai, The Shadow King, sensing the threat posed by the combined forces, sends his most powerful servants and minions to aid the Storm Dragon in its last stand, and decides to head there himself, along with Legion, and he also called in Geralt, The Lich King and Isolde, The Vampire Queen to aid them.

The final battle is epic in scale, as the forces of good and evil clash high atop the mountain. The air is thick with the cacophony of battle cries, spells, and the beating of wings. The Storm Dragon, its strength sapped by the elite shadow mages' necromantic magic, struggles valiantly against the onslaught, but it is clear that the tide has turned.

But then Mordecai's servants and allies arrive to aid the Storm Dragon, apparently named Donderdraak.

The battle becomes even more desperate, as the forces of evil begin to gain the upper hand. The elite shadow mages, exhausted from their previous efforts, are forced to fall back, and the reinforcements from the Empire of Sunhaven find themselves caught in the crossfire. Donderdraak, emboldened by his newfound allies, launches a fierce counterattack, driving the adventurers and the California army back.

The emperor, realizing the dire situation, orders his forces to fall in around the adventurers and the California army, forming a protective barrier. The

soldiers and mages of the empire fight valiantly, holding the line against Donderdraak and his allies. Mordecai, The Shadow King, sensing the opportunity, prepares to make a decisive strike, but before he can act, a lone figure appears from the ranks of the adventurers.

It is a legendary figure, clad in ancient armor and wielding a sword forged in the fires of legend. The figure, known only as the Last Champion, begins to fight its way through the ranks of Donderdraak's forces. Mordecai, The Shadow King, recognizing the threat posed by this newcomer, sends his strongest minions to stop him.

The Last Champion battles valiantly, single-handedly turning the tide of the battle. Donderdraak, realizing that he is losing ground, decides to make a desperate gamble. He flies high into the air, leaving the battlefield momentarily, and begins to gather energy from the ley lines that course through the mountain.

Mordecai, The Shadow King, seeing this, smirks. He knows that if Donderdraak can harness enough power, he will be able to unleash a devastating spell that could obliterate everything within miles. Mordecai orders his minions to focus their efforts on stopping the Last Champion, while he himself begins to prepare for the impending attack.

The Last Champion, unaware of Donderdraak's plan, continues to fight his way through the ranks of Mordecai's minions. His sword flashes like lightning, his armor shining like polished steel in the dim light of the battle. As he nears Donderdraak, he can feel his presence, a malevolent energy that chills him to the bone.

And upon now fully feeling The Last Champion's presence, Legion briefly freezes up, as memories of his sealing, an event that recently the memory of has begun to haunt him, flashes through his mind, as he recognizes exactly who The Last Champion is, or, at least, once was, Lord Marcus of San Marino/Emperor Marcus of the Empire of Sanctity, the man that originally sealed Legion, and Legion has a silent panic attack.

Mordecai, The Shadow King, seeing the Last Champion's progress, becomes increasingly desperate. He sends his most powerful allies, including Geralt, The Lich King, Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Legion, The Demon Lord, to stop the Champion.

This brings Legion back to his senses and makes him then analyze the situation and LOCK IN.

But the Last Champion is like a whirlwind, cutting through their ranks with ease. Geralt, The Lich King, unable to match the Champion's speed, unleashes a wave of undeath, summoning a horde of skeletons and zombies to attack.

Isolde, The Vampire Queen, her fangs bared, swoops in, attempting to drain the Champion's strength with a bite, moving at blinding speeds.

The Demon Lord, his demonic aura choking the air, launches a barrage of fireballs and lightning bolts at the Champion, who somehow dodges them perfectly, impossible, lightning moves at 70% of the Speed of Light, aka, 70% of countably infinite speed!

Meanwhile, Donderdraak has gathered enough energy and begins to focus it into a massive ball of energy. Mordecai, The Shadow King, sensing the impending attack, orders his minions to fall back, forming a defensive line around the Emperor and his forces. The Last Champion, still unaware of Donderdraak's plan, continues his relentless advance. As he reaches Donderdraak, Mordecai, The Shadow King smirks, confident that Donderdraak's spell will obliterate everything in its path.

Legion very briefly wonders if Mordecai is actually insane for not calling for a retreat, considering that blast will completely obliterate everything for a hundred miles in all directions on a molecular level, and could even wipe out the entire EARTH on a molecular level as well.

Donderdraak lets out a deafening roar and unleashes the energy ball towards the center of the battlefield. The Last Champion, realizing the danger too late, tries to deflect the attack with his sword. The ball of energy collides with his sword, sending a blinding flash of light and heat through the air. When the light fades, the Last Champion lies motionless on the ground, his armor dented and his sword shattered.

Legion pats over his whole body, relieved he is still in one piece and not having his physical form completely obliterated, The Last Champion's sword and body must have absorbed most of the blasts energy, causing only the top of the mountain to get completely obliterated on an atomic level.

Mordecai, The Shadow King, seeing his chance, sends out a wave of darkness that engulfs the fallen champion. The darkness begins to flow into the champion's body, healing his wounds and restoring his strength. As the champion rises to his feet, he feels a newfound connection to the darkness, his body now tingling with power. He turns to face the Shadow King, his eyes glowing with a sinister light.

Geralt, The Lich King, seeing the champion's transformation, realizes that he has been outmatched. And in an admittedly very wise move, he flees the battlefield, seeking refuge in his tomb deep within the mountains. Isolde, The Vampire Queen, meanwhile, much less wise, enraged by the loss of her servant, swoops down, fangs bared, ready to claim the champion as her own. But the champion, now under the influence of Mordecai, The Shadow King, repels her, driving her away with a wave of darkness.

The wave of darkness even completely and atomically obliterates her body, and yet, she almost instantly regenerates back from literally nothing.

Legion, seeing the power the champion now wields, is both intrigued and afraid. He decides to wait and observe, biding his time until the champion's allegiance is clear, and also begins to, through various puppets he had set

up in the case of an emergency, begins to observe the goings on around the SSA, particularly involving the two empires for an opportunity to retreat. Mordecai, The Shadow King, pleased with the champion, whose name is apparently Lothar, and his newfound loyalty, grants him the title of Dark Lord, entrusting him with command over the remaining minions.

Donderdraak, exhausted from his exertion, hovers above the battlefield, watching the events unfold. He senses the shift in power and influence, and decides to remain neutral for now, content to bide his time until the balance of power once again tips in his favor.

The newly crowned Dark Lord, the Champion now known as The Dark Lord, Lothar, surveys his domain with a satisfied smile. He can feel the weight of Mordecai, The Shadow King's trust upon his shoulders, and he intends to use that power to shape the world according to his will. His first order of business is to consolidate his rule, eliminating any potential threats and rivals.

Isolde, The Vampire Queen, enraged by her failure to control the Champion, retreats to her domain, plotting her revenge. Legion, cautious but intrigued by the Champion's newfound abilities, remains on the sidelines for now, biding his time until the perfect opportunity arises, and begins heavily checking his puppets for possibly opportunities in relation to the two empires, considering that the alliance with Mordecai, The Shadow King is quickly crumbling, and he is feeling an extent of genuine fear right now. Donderdraak, ever watchful, continues to monitor the shifting alliances and power struggles, preparing for the day when he will once again play a more active role in the fate of the world.

As The Dark Lord, Lothar begins his reign, he immediately sets about strengthening his position. He forms new alliances with other powerful entities, such as the Lich Queen and the Necromancer King, who see in him a potential rival to The Shadow King, Mordecai's former dominance. He also seeks out ancient artifacts and lost knowledge, hoping to further increase his already formidable power.

Chapter 13: The Dark Emperor

The Empire of Sunhaven, following that incident in relation to the Shadow King, decides to attempt to further research Arcane Magic in an attempt to gain more answers about the past, and about the Empire of Frosthaven and the Empire of Sanctity.

Legion, seeing this as an opportunity, decides to aid the Empire of Sunhaven in their research, in exchange for information about the other empires, and possibly a more advantageous alliance as well as beginning to manipulate them from within. He sends one of his most cunning and powerful demons, known as the Grand Inquisitor, to act as an advisor to the Emperor and his court.

Meanwhile, The Shadow King, Mordecai continues to consolidate his power, forming an uneasy alliance with Donderdraak, who sees the potential for chaos and opportunity in this new balance of power. The two beings strike a deal: Donderdraak will aid Mordecai in his endeavors, in exchange for the freedom to wreak havoc upon the world as he sees fit.

Mordecai, growing weary of Donderdraak's unpredictability, forges a new alliance with The Shadow Queen, Lilith, who holds the key to unlocking ancient necromantic rituals from the Shadow Realm that could potentially grant immortality to Mordecai and solidify his reign forever.

The Empire of Sunhaven, aided by Legion's Grand Inquisitor, successfully uncovers ancient knowledge about the Shadow King's true origins, revealing him to be a fallen hero from a long-forgotten age, cursed to walk the earth as a shadow of his former self, they even discover him to have formerly been the Necromancer of the Empire of Sanctity who had his powers stripped from him by Emperor Thorek I of Frosthaven after the Great Battle of Vatican City.

The "New Power", first sensed by the God Emperor Marcus Aurelius in the Year 1000, suddenly begins to appear in the State of Alabama, currently controlled by Mordecai, The Shadow King.

Legion, intrigued by the Empire of Sunhaven's discovery, decides to reveal himself to the Emperor, Emperor Travis, offering an alliance against The Shadow King, Mordecai in exchange for information about The Shadow Queen, Lilith and her domain. Emperor Travis, cautious but aware of The Shadow King's growing power, agrees to the alliance.

Meanwhile, the "New Power", first sensed by the God Emperor Marcus Aurelius in the Year 1000, and once known as The Shadow God, suddenly begins to appear in the State of Alabama, which is currently controlled by The Shadow King, Mordecai.

The people of Alabama, already exhausted by the eternal struggle against The Shadow King, are at first confused and disoriented by the presence of this new force. Some believe it to be a sign of divine intervention, sent by the gods to liberate them from their dark oppressor. Others, more skeptical, view it as another trick by The Shadow King, a ruse to lure them into a false sense of security.

But suddenly, the "New Power" begins to form into a figure, one of darkness, currently hidden by shadows slowly fading to reveal it, a being beyond even The Shadow King, one comparable in power to even the God Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself, who had ascended from this realm over a thousand years ago.

The figure steps forward, its form obscured by the dark tendrils that seem to writhe around it, almost as if it were a living manifestation of the shadows themselves. It speaks, its voice cold and commanding, and its words send shivers down the spines of all who hear it.

"People of Alabama," it says, "I am he whom you have been awaiting. I am he who will lead you to victory against the Shadow King. But know this: I do

not come to play the role of a savior. I am not here to liberate you. I am here because it suits my purposes. I am the Dark Emperor, and I claim this realm as my own."

The Dark Emperor's words echo through the land, stirring both fear and hope within the hearts of the people. Some bow before him, pledging their allegiance, while others flee in terror. Donderdraak watches from afar, his massive form shifting in the sky, sensing the shift in power and the potential for chaos.

Legion also observes from afar, feeling true, unadulterated terror for the first time in all of his multi-hundred billion year existence.

The Shadow King, Mordecai, growing ever more desperate to maintain control, begins to make a series of rash decisions. He strikes a deal with The Shadow Queen, Lilith, offering her unimaginable power in exchange for her aid in defeating The Dark Emperor. The Shadow Queen, Lilith, ever cunning, agrees, but secretly plans to betray both The Shadow King, Mordecai and The Dark Emperor, using their conflict to further her own nefarious goals.

But, before they can even realize it, they are suddenly little more than mere puppets to The Dark Emperor.

The Dark Emperor, having already claimed the land, begins to shape it to his liking. He raises dark towers that reach up to the very heavens, their spires dripping with malevolent energy. He creates an army of shadows, twisted beings that bend to his will, and unleashes them upon the world. The people of Alabama, once free from The Shadow King's rule, find themselves trapped in an even more insidious web of darkness and despair.

Chapter 14: The Shadow Queen

The Empire of Sunhaven decides to research ancient artifacts in an attempt to be able to possibly counter the seemingly omnipotent power of the Dark Emperor.

Legion, still curious about The Shadow Queen, Lilith, decides to send one of its most cunning and powerful servants, a Balor known as the Eye of Flame, to infiltrate The Shadow Queen Lilith's domain and gather information on her.

And then, suddenly he can no longer feel a connection to the Eye of Flame, and thus, decides to go with the Empire of Sunhaven's idea of researching ancient artifacts, giving critical information to them, considering he is quite sure that the Eye of Flame is either dead, being tortured, has been made a puppet, or some mixture of the three.

The Empire of Sunhaven, having received the critical information from Legion, begins its research into ancient artifacts, focusing on those that are rumored to have the power to banish or bind The Dark Emperor. They study scrolls, decipher ancient texts, and consult with scholars and sages from across the world. They also begin to search for these artifacts, sending expeditions into the most remote corners of the realm, and even beyond, into the Ethereal Plane.

Legion reveals to them that the Sacred Relic that they have is in truth only the core shard of it, and that, the Sacred Relic shard they found being guarded by The Storm Dragon, Donderdraak was actually an Sacred Artifact, a piece of the actual Sacred Relic, which, when fully completed, is the only thing possibly capable of countering the Dark Emperor, considering his power had even God Emperor Marcus Aurelius concerned, and that they haven't the slightest clue how major that truly is, so, they must collect the rest of the Sacred Artifacts and do a ritual involving them, the main core of the Sacred Relic and multiple beings and objects of sufficient and significant magical and arcane power.

The Empire of Sunhaven, now more determined than ever to bring peace and freedom back to Alabama, begins an extensive search for the remaining Sacred Artifacts. They send emissaries to foreign lands, offering alliances and resources in exchange for aid in their quest. They also commission the greatest mages and sorcerers in their realm to scour ancient texts and lore for any information that might lead them to the location of the missing artifacts.

Legion then reveals that the thing they thought was the Sacred Relic was merely the most major Sacred Artifact, and that the actual Core Sacred Relic is in the Temple/Church/Tomb of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius in San Marino, the original core of the Empire of Sanctity.

The Empire of Sunhaven, emboldened by this newfound knowledge and their alliances with other kingdoms and organizations, launches a massive operation to locate and retrieve the remaining Sacred Artifacts. Their agents scour the world, searching in every nook and cranny, digging through ancient ruins and exploring forgotten caverns. They cross paths with other factions also seeking the artifacts, leading to tense standoffs and daring heists.

Meanwhile, Legion continues to secretly aid the Empire, providing information and resources when needed. The Eye of Flame, the Balor sent to infiltrate The Shadow Queen, Lilith's domain, manages to gather valuable intelligence about her plans and weaknesses. This information is relayed back to the Empire, allowing them to adjust their strategy and prepare for any potential confrontations with The Shadow Queen, Lilith.

But Legion does warn to not trust this intelligence blindly, for it could be fake and mere deception.

But they are all shocked to learn that The Shadow Queen, Lilith is now, just like The Shadow King, Mordecai, merely a puppet to The Dark Emperor.

The Empire of Sunhaven, now more determined than ever, continues their quest to retrieve the remaining Sacred Artifacts. They send their most trusted agents to San Marino to retrieve the core Sacred Relic from the Temple/Church/Tomb of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius. The operation is difficult and dangerous, as they must navigate the treacherous politics of the Empire of Sanctity and face the guardians of the temple, who will not give up their sacred charge without a fight.

Meanwhile, Legion, through the Eye of Flame, discovers that The Shadow Queen, Lilith has been amassing an army of her own, preparing for a final confrontation with The Dark Emperor. The Eye of Flame manages to steal a map from her lair, revealing her plan to invade the Shadow Realm and claim its power for herself. The Empire of Sunhaven uses this information to their advantage, striking a deal with The Shadow Queen, Lilith to share the power of the Shadow Realm in exchange for their aid in banishing The Dark Emperor.

But Legion doesn't believe a thing of this, especially after learning that The Shadow Queen, Lilith is a mere puppet of The Dark Emperor and it's debatable whether she even has free will, after all, only a manipulator can recognize another manipulator

The Shadow Queen, Lilith asks them why they would want to banish The Dark Emperor, then leaves them shocked by revealing that The Dark Emperor is the origin of why the Empire of Frosthaven came to be, which is in of itself, the previous version of the Empire of Sunhaven, thus making The Dark Emperor responsible for the existence of the Empire of Sunhaven.

Legion barely believes this though, considering this could very easily just be The Dark Emperor speaking to them through The Shadow Queen, Lilith

The Empire of Sunhaven, still determined to banish The Dark Emperor, agrees to The Shadow Queen, Lilith's terms. They begin to prepare for the ritual, gathering the remaining Sacred Artifacts and readying themselves for

the confrontation with The Dark Emperor. Legion, acting as a double agent, provides them with information about The Shadow Queen, Lilith's true intentions, warning them that they cannot trust her.

Legion even internally plans to and begins to subtly set the seeds for him to become the Emperor of the Empire of Sunhaven, considering they are currently a bunch of easily manipulated idiots.

He also reveals that the ritual won't work, because there literally is no method with any hope of banishing The Dark Emperor without the full True Sacred Relic.

The Empire of Sunhaven, disheartened but not defeated, continues their quest for the remaining Sacred Artifacts. They dispatch their most skilled agents to locate and retrieve them from their hiding places across the world. Meanwhile, Legion, still serving as a double agent, continues to provide them with valuable intelligence about The Shadow Queen, Lilith's intentions. The Eye of Flame, embedded deeper within her ranks, discovers that she has been secretly amassing an army of undead soldiers, preparing for a final battle against The Dark Emperor.

The Empire of Sunhaven then learns from Legion that attempting to infiltrate San Marino to get the Core Sacred Relic would be an awful idea due to how immensely dangerous Europe has become over the centuries.

The Empire of Sunhaven, still determined to retrieve the Core Sacred Relic, decides to instead focus on locating the rest of the missing Sacred Artifacts. They send out teams of their most skilled agents to search for them, combing through ancient texts and legends in hopes of finding clues to their whereabouts.

Chapter 15: Emperor of Sunhaven

Legion also begins to put into play his masterful plan of manipulation and deception to become the leader of the Empire of Sunhaven, considering their current leadership is a bunch of morons.

He starts by planting the seeds of doubt within Emperor Travis's mind, subtly suggesting that the pursuit of the Core Sacred Relic is futile without understanding its true nature and power. He hints at the possibility that the real key to defeating The Dark Emperor lies not in brute force, but in the shadows themselves.

Emperor Travis, desperate for a new approach, begins to listen more closely to Legion's counsel. He sees the wisdom in Legion's words and decides to shift the empire's focus from direct confrontation to one of strategy and guile. He calls for a meeting with his most trusted advisors to discuss Legion's proposal.

Legion firstly, manipulates Emperor Travis into trusting him to the point of appointing him as his second-in-command, and thus, the one that would become emperor if he were ever to die, and to announce it on live television in an announcement to the entire Empire of Sunhaven, and this is utter child's play for Legion.

The Empire of Sunhaven, now with Legion as its second-in-command, starts to rebrand their quest as a search for the "Sacred Knowledge" rather than just artifacts, which is more palatable to the public and less alarming. This shift in narrative allows them to operate more freely and gather allies under the guise of scholarly pursuit.

Then Legion places a tiny bit of himself into Emperor Travis and, during a more minor meeting, uses this to then cause Emperor Travis's heart to just suddenly stop.

Panic ensues as the Emperor of Sunhaven, Emperor Travis, collapses to the ground, his heart having suddenly ceased to beat. The room is filled with gasps and cries of despair, as the once vibrant ruler of the empire lies

lifeless before his stunned council. Legion, feigning shock and grief, steps forward and takes command, declaring a state of emergency and announcing his succession to the throne.

And it goes off without a hitch, and then, just like that, Legion, The Demon Lord, is the Emperor of the Empire of Sunhaven, and immediately begins his work, firing all of the other leadership, literally, in some cases, and hiring much more competent people and demons and such in their places, making an overall infinitely more competent leadership.

The new Emperor Legion, now in power, begins his reign with a clear vision: to harness the power of the Sacred Artifacts and use them to not only defeat The Dark Emperor but to also reshape the world in his image. He calls for the best and brightest from across the realms to come to Sunhaven and aid in his quest for power. His words resonate with those who seek change and a world free from the tyranny of darkness.

Which Legion finds ironic, considering The Light is the true tyrannical power in control, but, he doesn't bring it up, and that's intentional, considering that he, as a demon, is a being of The Light.

The Shadow, one of the three Break-off states from the Empire of Sunhaven, is struck by a disastrous Hurricane.

The hurricane, named Hurricane Aldric, strikes the Shadow with unprecedented force. Winds gust up to 250 kilometers per hour, causing widespread damage to the already fragile infrastructure. The storm surge floods low-lying areas, forcing millions to evacuate their homes and seek higher ground. Power lines are toppled, roads are washed away, and buildings are reduced to rubble.

The Shadow government, already weakened by internal strife and external threats, is overwhelmed by the disaster. Its emergency response systems are inadequate, and many of its leaders are killed or injured in the storm.

The survivors are left to fend for themselves, scrambling to find food, shelter, and medical care.

As the world begins to learn of the devastation wrought by Hurricane Aldric, aid begins to pour in from allied nations and international relief organizations. The Empire of Sunhaven, still reeling from the loss of the Shadow, must now balance its own needs with the urgent task of providing aid to its former sister state.

Legion, now the leader of the Empire, mobilizes his forces to help with the recovery effort. He dispatches his most trusted agents to San Marino to investigate the possibility of safely retrieving the Core Sacred Relic. After weeks of careful planning and reconnaissance, they report back to the Demon Lord with a daring plan to infiltrate the Vatican City and steal the relic while the world's attention is focused on the Shadow's recovery, but then report that shockingly the Empire of Frostreach, the rival empire to the Empire of Sunhaven, has already gotten the Core Sacred Relic. And further reports how they have already returned to their empire, against which war isn't possible currently without crossing the lands of neutral states.

Legion, knowing that the Empire of Sunhaven would not be pleased with this news, decides to keep it a secret for the time being, after all, chaos within the empire would do no good, despite how amusing it would be to him, as a demon. He orders his agents to continue their search for the remaining Sacred Artifacts while also aiding the Shadow in its recovery. As months pass, the Shadow begins to rebuild under the watchful eye of Legion. The infrastructure is restored, homes are rebuilt, and the survivors find hope once again.

Meanwhile, the Empire of Sunhaven continues to gather information about the whereabouts of the remaining Sacred Artifacts. They dispatch their most trusted agents to investigate leads in South America, where it is rumored that the Heart Sacred Relic may be hidden. After weeks of searching, they finally locate it deep within the heart of the Amazon

rainforest, guarded by a tribe of warriors who have sworn to protect it until the end of time.

The news of the disaster does not go unnoticed by the other nations. Emperor Aldric of Frostreach, now strengthened by the Core Sacred Relic and the loyalty of his subjects, organizes a massive relief effort. Aid pours in from across the world, with food, water, medicine, and building materials being flown in and trucked in to assist the struggling survivors.

Donderdraak, now a symbol of hope and renewal in the wake of destruction, accompanies the relief efforts, using his immense power to clear debris and create makeshift landing zones for aircraft. The Undead Druids of Brocéliande, led by Archdruid Malthus, set up camps to provide medical care and shelter for the injured, while the Avatars of the Four Elements work tirelessly to rebuild the damaged infrastructure.

The people of the Shadow, once proud and independent, are now forced to rely on the aid of others. They are humbled by the experience, and many begin to question their government's ability to protect them. The Emperor of Frostreach, seeing an opportunity to bring the Shadow back into the fold, offers his assistance in rebuilding and restoring order, as well as his protection against any further threats.

The Shadow's government, recognizing the wisdom and strength that Emperor Aldric possesses, accepts his offer of aid and protection. They pledge their loyalty to the Frostreach Empire, acknowledging that only by uniting can they hope to rebuild their shattered homeland.

Emperor Aldric, moved by the people's humility and resilience, agrees to accept the Shadow into his fold. He appoints a new governor, a trusted advisor who has proven himself loyal and capable during the relief efforts. The governor, grateful for the opportunity to serve, vows to rebuild the Shadow stronger and more resilient than ever before.

The Empire of Sunhaven decides to attempt to research ancient artifacts hidden beneath ruins they attempt to find in a lost city they attempt to find.

They send a team of archaeologists and historians to South America, where they believe the Heart Sacred Relic may be hidden. Months of arduous exploration and excavation lead them to a long-lost city, hidden deep within the jungle. The city, once thriving and bustling with life, is now overgrown with vines and reclaimed by the wilderness. The team of researchers clear a path through the dense foliage and begin their search for any signs of the Heart Sacred Relic.

As they delve deeper into the city, they come across ancient ruins and hidden chambers, filled with artifacts and relics that shed light on the history and culture of the people who once lived there. They find intricately carved statues depicting the Heart Sacred Relic, hidden away in secret vaults and protected by ancient traps and guardians. The archaeologists work tirelessly, piecing together the clues and solving the puzzles that lead them closer to their ultimate goal.

Days turn into weeks, and weeks into months as the expedition continues. The team begins to grow weary, but their determination remains strong. They are driven by the knowledge that they are on the brink of discovering something truly significant; a relic that could change the course of history. One fateful day, after hours of painstaking excavation, they uncover a hidden chamber deep within the heart of the city.

The chamber is illuminated by a faint, otherworldly light, emanating from a pedestal in the center of the room. Upon the pedestal rests the Heart Sacred Relic, its glow pulsing with an ethereal energy. The archaeologists approach with caution, their hearts racing with anticipation and fear. As they draw nearer, they can feel the relic's power radiating off of it, as if it is alive. The air grows thick with a sense of reverence and awe.

One of the team members, an elderly historian named Dr. Weston, steps forward. His hands tremble as he reaches out to touch the Heart Sacred

Relic. As his fingers graze its smooth surface, he feels a surge of power course through him, like a bolt of lightning. The relic begins to hum, its light growing brighter, and its energy pulsing with an almost audible rhythm.

Chapter 16: Empire of Frostreach

Then the Empire of Frostreach apparently attacks and conquers and annexes the State of Iowa, which smells fishy to Legion, considering that literally only provides a direct border with the Empire of Sunhaven which he rules, and, well, he can see it in the cards, but keeps his realization to himself.

The Empire of Frostreach then through stealth and espionage, and also because Legion might have "accidentally" left a few key doors open, manages to steal the Sacred Artifacts gathered by the Empire of Sunhaven, after all, he doesn't need them himself, and considering the Empire of Frostreach is led by a direct descendant and the true heir of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, it's only fitting.

The Empire of Sunhaven, after having had their Sacred Artifacts, Sacred Relic, and Heart Sacred Relic stolen from them by the Empire of Frostreach in North Dakota, decides to attempt to negotiate the ceasefire with them.

The diplomats of Sunhaven send an envoy to the capital city of the Empire of Frostreach, hoping to engage in peace talks and retrieve what was taken from them. The envoy is met with a mixture of suspicion and curiosity by the leaders of Frostreach. They understand the importance of the artifacts and relics and are reluctant to simply hand them over without some sort of concession.

The envoy meets the Emperor of Frosthaven, Emperor Aldric, the descendant and heir of the God Emperor of Sanctity and the Holy Roman

Empire Marcus Aurelius himself, who is currently holding the Core Sacred Relic.

The room is adorned with intricate tapestries depicting scenes of imperial triumph, the walls lined with statues of former emperors and great generals. The throne upon which Emperor Aldric sits is crafted from solid gold and adorned with countless precious gems. His presence commands respect and awe.

The envoy of Sunhaven presents their case, explaining the historical significance of the stolen artifacts and relics and stressing the importance of their return. Emperor Aldric listens intently, his expression unreadable. After a moment of contemplation, he leans forward in his throne, resting his chin on his hands.

He then proceeds to explain that they aren't getting their Sacred Relics and Sacred Artifacts back, because, by blood, they belong to him and his empire.

Emperor Aldric continues, "My ancestor, the God Emperor of Sanctity and the Holy Roman Empire Marcus Aurelius himself, who I am currently holding the Core Sacred Relic for, entrusted me with the caretaking of these artifacts and relics. They were meant to be a symbol of unity, not a tool of division. By stealing them, you have brought nothing but strife and turmoil upon yourselves."

He then continues talking, beginning to berate and belittle the Empire of Sunhaven.

"Also, your empire carries the blood of the empire my ancestor used the True Sacred Relic to defeat, you aren't worthy to even lay your eyes upon them, let alone touch them, let alone possess them."

Emperor Aldric's voice booms through the room, echoing off the walls. The envoy of Sunhaven winces at the words, feeling a mix of anger and

frustration rising within them. They attempt to maintain their composure, but it's becoming increasingly difficult.

"Your words, Emperor Aldric, only serve to further illustrate your unfitness to hold such sacred artifacts and relics," the envoy says, their voice steady despite the turmoil within. "You have twisted their true meaning and intent. They were meant to unite all people, not to be used as tools of division and oppression."

Emperor Aldric chuckles before speaking.

"Yes, under my ancestor's empire, and mine, the successor of it, not the empire it was used to defeat, nor yours, the descendant of that wretched empire."

Emperor Aldric pauses for a moment, leaning back in his throne, studying the envoy of Sunhaven intently. "You speak of unity, of bringing people together, of peace. Yet, your actions speak otherwise. You have attacked our lands, stolen what does not belong to you, and sought to start a war. Tell me, what kind of peace do you truly seek?"

Emperor Aldric pauses for a moment, before beginning to yell out his next words.

"I stole what is rightfully mine from your Empire! The ones who truly stole them are your empire! And, don't even think of declaring war, or I will repeat what my ancestor did, and use them to dissolve your empire and bring it all rightfully under my control!"

Emperor Aldric's voice booms out in rage.

The envoy of Sunhaven, taken aback by the Emperor's anger, struggles to maintain their composure. They take a deep breath, trying to calm themselves before responding. "Your words, Emperor Aldric, only serve to further illustrate your twisted understanding of history and the true intent of

these artifacts. They were meant to unite all people, regardless of empire or bloodline. It is you who seek to divide us, to keep us apart."

Emperor Aldric bursts out laughing.

"Only because by the end of it there was only one empire left to unite under, my Ancestor's!"

Emperor Aldric is bursting out laughing like a madman, yet his eyes show that this entire time he couldn't be more calm.

"Oh, please, spare me the sob stories and the victim complex! It's not like your empire was the one that got to keep the relics after your ancestor's empire was disbanded!" Aldric says between bouts of laughter. "And don't you dare say that I'm trying to divide you! It's your own damn fault that you attacked us and started this whole mess! If you had just left things as they were, none of this would have happened!"

Emperor Aldric finally composes himself, his face turning serious. "Now, I suggest you take this message back to your emperor. Tell him that I will not give up what is rightfully mine, and that if he continues down this path of war, he will only bring ruin upon his people."

The envoy of Sunhaven listens, feeling a mixture of anger, frustration, and fear. They nod solemnly, understanding the gravity of the situation. "I will convey your message to my emperor," they say, rising from their seat. "However, know that this does not mean peace is impossible. There may still be room for negotiation."

Emperor Aldric then begins speaking again.

"I indeed do seek peace, but my peace doesn't include an Empire of Sunhaven, or said Empire of Sunhaven holding my Sacred Relics and Sacred Artifacts."

Emperor Aldric, despite the angry words he is using, couldn't be more calm.

The envoy of Sunhaven listens carefully to Aldric's final statement, pondering its implications. They nod, understanding that peace will not come easily in this situation. As they turn to leave the throne room, their heart heavy with the weight of the message they carry, they can't help but wonder if there truly is any hope for reconciliation between their empires. The halls of the palace seem to echo with the tension and uncertainty of the moment, as if the very stones themselves are bracing for the storm that is to come.

Legion though, overall, doesn't care very much.

Chapter 17: The Neohumans

Then, some California scientists made Mutant Creatures that wreaked havoc there, and Legion can't help but feel kinda bad for the State of California, and he's a demon, considering they first got attacked by Donderdraak, and now Mutant Creatures created from within, and apparently the Empire of Frostreach attempted to take down the Mutant Creatures, and failed, and apparently the scientists fled to the Arctic Circle and made new Mutants called "Neohumans", and the Empire of Frostreach decided to let them exist, and had them help destroy the older and savage Mutant Creatures, and then they spread about the globe, and many of them even joined the Empire of Sunhaven, how handy.

The Empire of Sunhaven then decides to attempt to research Advanced Nanotechnology.

The Neohumans, with their unique biology and connection to technology, prove invaluable assets in this endeavor. They are able to interface with the machines on a level that even the most gifted human scientists can only dream of, and their adaptability allows them to withstand the harsh conditions that nanotech labs often demand. As a result, the Empire makes

rapid progress in the field, developing new applications for nanotechnology at a breakneck pace.

One such application is the creation of a self-healing armor, designed to protect soldiers from the most devastating weapons on the battlefield. This armor uses nanobots to repair damage in real-time, allowing soldiers to remain combat-effective even when faced with intense fire. The Empire is quick to adopt this technology, equipping its entire military with the lifesaving armor.

Legion also in secret eats some of this as well as a Neohuman to gain the attributes of them.

The Empire of Sunhaven decides to attempt to research advanced energy weapons technology.

The Empire turns to the Neohumans once again for their unique perspective and expertise. The Neohumans, with their innate understanding of technology and the natural world, are able to design energy weapons that are both incredibly powerful and environmentally friendly. The Empire's scientists are amazed by their progress, as the new weapons not only pack a devastating punch but also have minimal impact on the battlefield and the surrounding environment.

Legion also eats one of those, to enhance his own focused energy output.

Chapter 18: The Alien Invasion

The State of Alabama, under the control of the Dark Emperor, is suddenly struck by an Alien Invasion.

The Neohumans of Frostreach and California, alarmed by the news, spring into action. They realize that the Empire of Sunhaven, distracted by its recent advancements in energy weapons technology, may not be able to

offer much assistance in repelling the invaders. They decide to mount a two-pronged attack on the alien forces, hoping to drive them back before they can establish a foothold in the United States.

Meanwhile, the Empire of Sunhaven, despite its preoccupations, sends a small contingent of its most advanced soldiers to aid in the effort. Equipped with the life-saving nanotech armor and energy weapons, they are a formidable fighting force. As they arrive at the scene of the battle, they are awestruck by the scale of the conflict. Alien ships fill the skies, pouring countless numbers of soldiers onto the ground below. The air is thick with the sounds of explosions and the screams of the wounded.

The Neohumans of Frostreach and California quickly coordinate their efforts, using their advanced energy weapons to take down the alien ships from afar while their soldiers engage the enemy on the ground. The aliens, however, prove to be a formidable foe, displaying advanced technology and strange abilities that the human forces have never encountered before. The battle rages on for days, with neither side gaining a clear advantage.

Meanwhile, the small contingent of soldiers from the Empire of Sunhaven undergo an intense training program, learning to harness the full potential of their energy weapons and nanotech armor. They are eager to join the fray, but their superiors insist that they must wait for the right opportunity to make a difference. Finally, they are given the signal to engage, and they charge into the heart of the battle, using their advanced technology to turn the tide of the conflict.

The Neohumans of Frostreach and California, who have been fighting valiantly but are beginning to suffer heavy casualties, are overjoyed when they see the reinforcements arrive. The soldiers from Sunhaven quickly form a cohesive unit, working seamlessly with their allies to push back the alien forces. Their energy weapons prove to be particularly effective against the aliens' armored exoskeletons, while their self-healing nanotech armor allows them to absorb the aliens' powerful energy attacks with ease.

As the battle reaches its climax, the combined forces of the Neohumans and the Empire of Sunhaven manage to gain the upper hand. The aliens, realizing that they cannot win, begin to retreat, launching a desperate last-ditch effort to destroy as much as possible before they are forced to abandon their invasion. The skies fill with explosions as the aliens destroy their remaining ships, while their ground forces launch a wave of suicidal attacks against the human defenders.

The soldiers of Sunhaven find themselves at the center of the chaos, their advanced energy weapons and nanotech armor allowing them to hold the line against the tide of alien soldiers. They form a tightly knit group, their discipline and training shining through in the midst of the confusion. The Neohumans, impressed by their bravery and skill, begin to see them less as outsiders and more as allies in this common struggle.

The Empire of Sunhaven decides to attempt to contact and establish diplomatic relations with the alien invaders to learn more about their technology.

The Neohumans of Frostreach and California, impressed by the soldiers from Sunhaven, begin to collaborate with them more closely on other projects, including energy weapons research and nanotechnology development.

Legion can tell that collaboration is becoming more major over time as well.

Chapter 19: The God Emperors

Then Emperor Aldric of Frostreach, the descendent and heir of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, has a God Emperor Ritual done on himself, becoming God Emperor Aldric.

Then God Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself returns to the Mortal/Physical Realm/Plane, much to Legion's shock.

The Empire of Sunhaven immediately proceeds to attempt diplomatic negotiations with God Emperor Marcus Aurelius.

And, as one last jab towards the Empire of Sunhaven on the way out to then hide and prepare for the world soon to come, Legion then does some quick manipulation of the Neohumans so they diplomatically block the Empire of Sunhaven from getting the chance to attempt the diplomatic negotiations.

The Neohumans of California, Frostreach, and Sunhaven, now more united than ever, continue to work together on joint projects, sharing their knowledge and resources to further advance their societies.

Legion then watches as early in the Year 2130, the Empire of Frostreach then has their two God Emperors, God Emperor Aldric, and God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, go and "attempt" to destroy the Dark Emperor in Alabama.

The two God Emperors and their forces arrive in Alabama, where they confront the Dark Emperor and his army of undead and demonic creatures. The battle that ensues is unlike any other, as the forces of good and evil clash on a scale never before seen. God Emperor Aldric and God Emperor Marcus Aurelius unleash their godly powers upon the Dark Emperor, while their armies fight valiantly on the ground. The skies are filled with the roar of dragons and the cries of battle, as Icefang and the Storm Dragon soar through the air, their icy breath and lightning claws striking down enemies on both sides.

Or, more accurately, the two God Emperors literally snap the Dark Emperor out of existence with very little effort.

The Dark Emperor's power was great, but it was not infinite. The combined might of God Emperor Aldric and God Emperor Marcus Aurelius was too much for him to bear. With a crack of thunder and a flash of light, the Dark

Emperor ceased to exist, his essence consumed by the overwhelming divine power that had been brought against him. His army of undead and demons, deprived of their master's guidance, crumpled before the onslaught of the two God Emperors and their loyal forces.

Legion though, can tell that The Dark Emperor isn't completely gone, and retreats into the shadows himself.

The Empire of Sunhaven then decides to consolidate their power.

The Neohumans of California, Frostreach, and Sunhaven, now more united than ever, continue to work together on joint projects, sharing their knowledge and resources to further advance their societies. They establish a new interstellar research and development consortium called "The Golden Alliance" to focus on developing new technologies that will help them defend against future threats and ensure the continued progress and prosperity of their civilizations.

The God Emperor's then snap their fingers, taking full control over the Empire of Sunhaven.

Then, with a snap of their fingers, the Empire of Sunhaven is under the control of the God Emperors, and thus, of the Empire of Frostreach.

This event shocks many citizens of Sunhaven, but they quickly come to accept it, realizing the benefits of being under the protection of a strong and benevolent empire. The people of California, Frostreach, and Sunhaven continue to work together, now more united than ever before. The Golden Alliance flourishes, and their research and development efforts lead to incredible breakthroughs in technology.

Their discoveries include new forms of energy generation that are both clean and efficient, advancements in nanotechnology that enable the repair of damage to living tissue at a cellular level, and the creation of revolutionary new materials that are lightweight, durable, and

environmentally friendly. These breakthroughs not only improve the quality of life for the citizens of these nations but also make them a dominant force in the galaxy, as they are able to share their discoveries with other civilizations and help them overcome their own challenges.

The two God Emperors, now reunited, decide to return to their respective empires, leaving behind a united force of legions, knights, mages, dragons, and elemental beings to govern the newly united lands. As they depart, the people of both empires look on in awe, their hearts filled with hope and gratitude for the divine guidance that has been bestowed upon them.

Back in the Empire of Frostreach, God Emperor Aldric rules with wisdom and compassion, always mindful of the responsibilities that come with his godlike power. He continues to uphold the traditions of his ancestors while embracing new ideas and innovations, ensuring that his empire remains strong and prosperous for generations to come.

Then, afterwards, The Temple/Church/Tomb of God Emperors Marcus Aurelius and Aldric is constructed, the True Sacred Relic is placed into it on a pedestal to maintain peace, before the two God Emperors ascend from the Mortal/Physical Realm/Plane

As in the Year 2135 Legion then sets up a Realm of his own, then locates Isolde, The Vampire Queen and after a deal, they form the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings (USSB) and turn Legion's new Realm into the USSB Realm, including bringing the Undead Druids of Brocéliande, including their leader Archdruid Malthus, as well as Icefang the Ice Dragon, as well as The Ice Elemental, a 700 foot tall creature, made of solid ice and snow, of which, Legion feels a bit embarrassed, due to it supplanting his top size of 666m at its own top size of 700m.

Afterwards, the entirety of Transylvania and the Dracula Kingdom as a whole were brought into the USSB Realm, and even the Forest of Brocéliande, was also brought into the USSB Realm, and Legion and Isolde eventually approached Donderdraak, now the Storm Leviathan, and

invited him to join, and he accepted, and became the third co-leader of the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings/USSB alongside Legion, The Demon Lord, and Isolde, The Vampire Queen.

Chapter 20: The Uno Battle 0

(85 Years Later)

The Year is 2220 and Legion, Isolde, and Donderdraak are playing a heated game of uno together...

Isolde seems to get to Uno too fast, leaving both Donderdraak and Legion suspicious of her of cheating.

The Vampire Queen's laughter fills the underground chamber, echoing off the cold stone walls. She holds up her hand, displaying her cards with a flourish. "Look, no fangs on my cards!" she teases, flashing a mischievous smile. Legion, a master of deceit and trickery, narrows his eyes. "Very well, Isolde," he says, his voice a low rumble. "But I shall be watching you closely from now on."

"I have already been watching you closely, and saw you hide and pull cards out from your sleeves, which is why you wore a long sleeve shirt, when you tend to wear one with NO SLEEVES!" Donderdraak roars out boomingly.

The room goes silent, and the air grows tense. Isolde's smile falters, but only for a moment. Then she laughs, tossing her cards onto the table. "Ah, you caught me," she says, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "But in all seriousness, we mustn't let our guard down. Even in games of leisure, we must be vigilant.", Isolde says somewhat teasingly

Donderdraak then reaches one of its claws over and smacks Isolde, The Vampire Queen, across the room, and into Legion, The Demon Lord,

leading to now all of them being mad at each other and ready to fight each other.

Isolde goes flying and crashes into Legion, which, considering he's a literal demon, very spiky, and of extremely high temperature, yeah, at least stings quite a bit.

And for Legion it also hurts, considering that, what clothing Isolde does wear, does tend to have pointy edges, and, for being so lean, she does weigh quite a bit, and Legion is currently only at his 6.66 feet height.

Their playful banter had turned into a fiery argument, and the tension in the chamber grew thick. Legion's eyes glowed with a malevolent red as he stood, Legion grew to a greater height of 66.6 feet. Isolde's fangs grew long, and her eyes turned into pools of darkness, ready to strike back at the dragon. Donderdraak's scales began to crackle with lightning, the very essence of the storm he once was, as he glared at his former allies.

The three then with just glances, decide to settle this through a free-for-all between them.

With a roar that shakes the very foundations of the chamber, Donderdraak charges at Legion. His massive form is a blur of lightning and shadow as he slams into the demon lord, sending a shockwave through the room. The clang of steel and the crackle of electricity fill the air as the two ancient beings clash. Legion, his larger form a terrifying spectacle of brimstone and claws, meets Donderdraak's fury with a ferocity that would make lesser demons cower.

Isolde, The Vampire Queen then flies in faster than both of them and uses her immense strength for her size and blood manipulation to then throw both of them around.

Isolde then also controls the blood within them to further throw them around.

Isolde, unperturbed by the accusations, had been quietly preparing for the moment she could unleash her own power. She had felt the shift in the air, the tension between her two companions, and she knew that the game was no longer just a game. With a grace that belied her deadly nature, she darts forward, her hands a blur as she grabs fistfuls of their essences, dragging them apart and into the air.

Donderdraak then returns back to fighting position the fastest of the three, and launched barrages of lightning and small Charged Attacks at both of them.

The room was now a whirlwind of elemental fury and supernatural might. Each attack and counterattack grew more powerful, the air thick with the scent of ozone and the metallic tang of blood. Legion, his further demonic form a towering specter of rage, dodges a bolt of lightning and swipes at Donderdraak with his fiery claws, leaving a trail of scorched air in their path. Isolde, now a tornado of darkness, due to her basic understanding of dark magic, weaves around them, her crimson eyes never leaving her targets as she prepares to pounce.

Isolde entered into a state known as Queen's Bloodlust, a lesser version of Queen's Bloodfury but one that doesn't cause nearly guaranteed death, but still massively increases her speed and strength and such.

Legion though, was prepared to at a moments notice enter his own higher state, known as Berserker, where he, well, goes berserk, but all of his physical attributes increase immensely.

Donderdraak is then able to throw both of them back, causing them to look at each other and nod, agreeing to team up against Donderdraak and jump him.

The alliance between Legion and Isolde is sudden but effective. They had fought together before, and their tactics were well-honed. Legion's fiery

whip lashes out, wrapping around Donderdraak's neck, while Isolde's shadows from her basic understanding of shadow magic coil around his limbs, seeking to bind him. But Donderdraak, not one to be underestimated, is too quick for them. With a twist of his massive body, he throws them off, sending them crashing into the far corners of the chamber.

Then Legion fires massive beams of hellfire and electricity while Isolde joins him with beams of blood magic and energy as their beams combine and Donderdraak counters with beams of lightning and electricity from his hands, leaving them evenly matched.

The room is now a spectacle of color and chaos, as the three beings of immense power battle it out. The air crackles with energy, the walls of the chamber etched with the marks of their clashing attacks. Each beam of light and dark magic colliding with a deafening clap, sending waves of force that ripple through the very fabric of the room. The smell of ozone and the metallic scent of blood magic permeate the air, a testament to the intensity of the fight.

Donderdraak then charges up tons of energy in his mouth and fires yet another beam of lightning, electricity, and energy and magic of both and storms to his beam, overpowering both of them at first.

"NO!" Legion screamed out as he enter his Berserker state and then unleashes a stream of golden hellfire charged with lightning from his mouth, overpowering Donderdraak's beam and leaving him dazed and defeated before turning to Isolde where she is also dazed and defeated.

As Berserker Legion looks at his single Uno card in his hands and in the madness a card of the correct color landed in the middle and he slammed his card down.

"VICTORY!" Berserker Legion roared out as he began to cackle in satisfaction and slight temporary madness from his Berserker state.

Berserker Legion then sat down and shrunk himself down to his more normal sized 6.66 foot height, and let his Berserker State fade.

Chapter 21: The Demon Kingdom

"Anyways, you two, what game do you want to play next? Another game of Uno" Legion then asks them casually, now out of his Berserker state.

Isolde is seemingly chuckling at his reaction to winning while he was in his Berserker state, while Donderdraak is clearly very jealous at losing to Legion, both in the battle, and in Uno.

The Vampire Queen wipes the blood off her fangs with the tip of her tongue, her eyes still glowing faintly with the remnants of her power. She looks over at the smoking dragon, who is now visibly smaller in defeat. "Perhaps we should play something less... explosive next time," she suggests, her voice still echoing with the power of the Queen's Bloodlust.

"Of course, of course." Legion responds, "Can you two think of anything we need to do relating to the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings?" Legion asks, refusing to refer to it by its acronym of USSB.

Isolde, her eyes glowing a bit less, looks over to Legion, "Well, we do need to check on the new members and make sure that the recent influx of vampires from the Dracula Kingdom are fitting in well. And don't forget the Ice Elemental and Archdruid Malthus. They're still getting used to the new environment."

"Oh yes, the Ice Elemental..." Legion responds, the jealousy extremely clear in his voice, after all, the Ice Elemental has both a better fight record than Legion and is taller than him by 34 meters at their peak heights.

Isolde can't hold herself back from chuckling at Legion's jealousy of the Ice Elemental, of which he does a terrible job at hiding, and Donderdraak can't help but join in with the chuckling.

"Don't worry, Legion," she says soothingly, "you're still the biggest baddie around here. Besides, size isn't everything, right?" She winks playfully, her mood shifting from battle-ready to casual in a heartbeat.

"Shut up! Anyways, my anger reminded me, I need to make a trip back to Heaven, or Hell, or the Underworld, whichever name you wanna refer to it by, to transfer my castle here, along with my entire kingdom there now that I think about it." Legion says in response.

The two look at him bewildered, "Wait, you can just move your entire kingdom?!" Donderdraak exclaims.

"Of course, I mean, Isolde already did it with her's, the, Dracula Kingdom, if I am remembering correctly, right Isolde?" Legion asks, pointing out how this wouldn't be the first time they did something like this.

Isolde nods, a small smirk playing on her lips, "Indeed, I did. And it's been quite an adjustment for everyone. But if it means keeping our people safe and our enemies at bay, then it's a price worth paying."

Legion then rips a hole in reality into Heaven/Hell/the Underworld, which is, of course all of those at once, much to the shock of Isolde and Donderdraak, who thought maybe it was just a Realm that contained all of them within it, not that they were all literally one and the same.
, "Alright you two, wanna just let me do this solo, or accompany me there?" Legion then asks them.

The two exchange a look, then nod in agreement. They had seen their friend do some pretty wild things before, but opening a portal to another plane of existence was a new one.

Legion then hops through the hole in the fabric of reality into Heaven/Hell/the Underworld, "I honestly just prefer to refer to this place as the Infernal Realm, for ease of conversation, after all, either way, is where most people go where they die anyways." Legion comments.

Isolde and Donderdraak follow close behind, their eyes wide with wonder and a hint of fear. The sight before them is unlike anything they've seen before. The skies are a swirling mix of fiery reds and icy blues, and the landscape stretches on forever, a tapestry of darkness and light.

But it looks like the icy blues and darkness are both being cruelly choked by the fiery reds and light respectively.

Legion nods solemnly, "Yes, it seems the Infernal Realm is in a bit of a turmoil lately. The balance between the Fiery and the Frozen is out of whack. But that's another problem for another day. For now, let's get this castle moving!"

Legion then leads them along through a village of demons, who all swiftly bow to him upon sight, and to a massive and fiery and truly infernal castle.

The castle, a towering monolith of brimstone and steel, loomed over the landscape, its spires piercing the tumultuous sky. The air around it was thick with the scent of sulfur and the cries of the damned, a stark contrast to the serene calmness of the USSB Realm. As they approached, the demons and other creatures of the night grew more and more restless, sensing the power of their lord and his allies.

Legion then opens the doors, and it goes straight into the throne room, where on the throne was the acting ruler in Legion's place set up by Legion himself, the Demon King, "Hey Army, I'm back, we're moving the kingdom to a new Realm I co-rule." Legion says to the demon on the throne, who then promptly bows deeply, "O-of course my lord." Army, The Demon King responds as he bows.

"Great, I've got the paperwork already set up, just need your signature here, here, and here." Legion says as he presents a parchment to Army, who takes it, looks it over, and nods before signing it with a flourish.

Legion then makes it disappear into fire, like a devil's contract, and then, he looks to Donderdraak, who shrinks down the Infernal Kingdom into a small orb, as then Legion opens another hole in the fabric of reality back into the USSB Realm, and the trio then hops through it.

They emerge in the grand hall of the USSB headquarters, and the orb in Legion's hand grows into the massive castle again. The castle unfurls from the orb, its fiery stones and steel beams stretching out and taking form, the ground shaking with its weight. The demonic inhabitants of the castle stream out, bewildered but also excited by the new surroundings.

The many demonic villages then appear throughout the USSB Realm as well, along with their demon inhabitants.

"Wow Donderdraak, guess we're lucky you learned that trick from Geralt while you both worked for that Empire of Frostreach, aren't we?" Legion comments, due to Donderdraak learning that trick of shrinking down massive things to transport them from Geralt, The Lich King, while both were part of the Empire of Frostreach.

Donderdraak nods, "Indeed, that was quite the... educational experience." He says with a hint of bitterness in his voice, remembering his past servitude.

"Too bad we couldn't convince Geralt himself to join us, he blew me off, stating he had "more important things to do" than join the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings, sucks for him more than us." Legion says, "Also, didn't you once mention how you didn't really even serve the Empire of Frostreach, just worked as part of them as part of a deal you made a "long" time ago, when in my eyes at least it wasn't that long ago, only 1,216 Years ago now." Legion further comments.

Isolde, watching the demons integrate with the USSB society, muses aloud, "Perhaps we should consider a council for the various supernatural factions. It could help us avoid misunderstandings and potential conflicts in the future."

"Are you saying that us demons inherently cause chaos and conflicts? Stereotyping much..." Legion responds sounding offended, but in a mostly joking and humorous way.

"Well, I wouldn't say that, but we do have a reputation to maintain," Isolde says with a wink, her fangs gleaming in the flickering light of the now fully formed castle.

"With who? Nobody outside of the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings even knows it exists outside of Geralt, and very few people even know that he even exists, and pretty much none would want to seek him out." Legion responds.

"I know, but we could still have a council for everyone within the society, it'd help with organizing events and keeping everyone on the same page, not just preventing conflicts." Isolde says, "Plus it'd be a good way to get everyone to know each other better."

Chapter 22: The Manipulator

"Sure, you can work on that, I'm more a manipulator than a diplomat, unlike you Isolde." Legion says, and Isolde and Donderdraak are admittedly shocked at hearing Legion refer to himself as a "manipulator", and just have to further ask.

"How do you manipulate people, exactly?" Donderdraak asks curiously, his voice a low rumble.

"Oh, in a lot of ways, and under various disguises and identities." Legion responds, and this just makes Isolde and Donderdraak even more curious.

"You mean, like you're not just Legion all the time?" Isolde asks with a raised eyebrow, "How many identities do you have?"

"Oh, I had two major fake ones, but, in total, I've lost count." Legion responds, and this just makes Isolde and Donderdraak even more curious and intrigued.

The thought of Legion, the feared demon lord, having other identities that they were unaware of, piqued their interest. "Who were they?" Isolde asks, her voice a mix of wonder and suspicion.

"Well we of course have one that was less a "fake" identity, and more a real identity I stole, Pope Clement III." Legion says as he shape-shifts back into the body of Pope Clement III, who Isolde has no clue who he is, but Donderdraak does.

"Wait, THAT Pope Clement III? The Pope from during the time of the Empire of Sanctity and former Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire? And how long were you him for?" Donderdraak asks in shock.

"Oh, from late Year 1000 until the Year 1206, not that long." Legion responds, as if he hadn't just said a time frame covering over 200 years.

The revelation leaves Isolde and Donderdraak stunned, "That's over 200 years! What could you have possibly achieved as the Pope that you couldn't as Legion?" Isolde asks, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Well, I didn't have my body for about 6 years of that, and, manipulation of Marcus Aurelius and the events around that time as a whole, just pulling strings, and all that happened went exactly according to my plans from back then, ah, good times." Legion responds casually while reminiscing.

Donderdraak and Isolde exchange glances, still trying to process the sheer scope of Legion's influence. They had known he was powerful, but this was on an entirely different level.

"And what about that other identity?" Isolde asks.

Legion then shape shifts into "Mr. Black", "Good old "Mr. Black"" Legion says as "Mr. Black", and this time neither Isolde nor Donderdraak have a clue who that is.

"Who?" Donderdraak asks.

"Well, back in the Year 1843 through to the Year about 1845, I as Mr. Black manipulated every major country and nation in the world, using them all like puppets and chess pieces, as they all competed for a Sacred Artifact, the Heart of the Dragon, and I manipulated them all and pulled the strings on everything, leading to a global conflict over the artifact between all nations fighting each other, it was glorious! And in the end I myself ended up claiming and consuming and absorbing the Heart of the Dragon, which granted control over the Concept of Fire, that was a fun time." Legion as "Mr. Black" explains, and Donderdraak seems to have an epiphany.

"Oh, THAT was the major event in the Year 1843, I, as the Storm Dragon, could sense something going on back then, even from my lair in what would lated become the State of California, but never knew what it was." Donderdraak comments.

Isolde, still trying to wrap her head around the idea of Legion being the Pope for over two centuries, finally speaks up, "But why the Pope? And what is this Heart of the Dragon artifact?"

"Well, when I, um... died... back in the Battle of Vatican City, I quickly latched my essence onto the soul of Pope Innocent III, causing him to slowly die, leading to Pope Clement III, who I had while sealed away back then let out a tiny bit of myself to eventually attach onto his soul,

manipulating him into doing truly devious acts, but then, at the ceremony of Pope Clement III becoming THE Pope, I hopped from Pope Innocent III's pretty much already dead body to that of Pope Clement III, mostly due to the power I had politically and in regards to large scale manipulation as him, and as for the Heart of the Dragon, it was a Sacred Artifact, one that split off from the Sacred Relic when God Emperor Marcus Aurelius did so to split it apart and prevent others from abusing its power, which he clearly kinda failed at in total, yet also succeeded, and the Heart of the Dragon granted absolute control over the Concept of Fire itself." Legion explains, with both Isolde and Donderdraak for the most part understanding, but Isolde has no clue who God Emperor Marcus Aurelius is or what the Sacred Relic is.

Isolde nods slowly, trying to digest the information. "And what happened to this 'Mr. Black' identity?" she asks.

"Essentially, at the end of the last war, I revealed myself as him, then fell backwards into the volcano where the Maori people defending the Heart of the Dragon tried to hide it, and transformed into my actual self, and completely obliterated the volcano from within with a burst of infernal energy and magic, while grabbing the Heart of the Dragon for myself, then I ate and absorbed it, until a Maori shaman tried to stop me by teleporting me to the deepest part of the ocean, the Mariana Trench, but I then, with a burst of infernal energy and magic, instantly evaporated the entire ocean before arriving back in a True Instant, also known as a Planck Instant, and burnt away all of those opposing me, including the leaders of many powerful nations, and then, the intense rain to end all rains afterwards refilled back up the ocean, as lots of life magic was used to restore all of the life in the ocean, so pretty much, I just haven't used him in a while, because he would be too obvious." Legion further explains.

Donderdraak nods thoughtfully, "Ah, I see, quite the... dramatic exit you had there. But what's our next move now?"

"I dunno, was gonna do a scan of the entire Earth using magic to search for something interesting to do, considering I'm bored, you two do something else to keep yourselves occupied." Legion says, before then using a scan spell on the entire Earth to search for something to keep himself occupied with.

Isolde and Donderdraak look at each other, then back at Legion. "Well, if you're looking for something to do, we do have that council idea for the USSB to work on." Isolde suggests, trying to lighten the mood.

"I meant something actually interesting to do, you two deal with that, especially you Isolde, considering your the diplomat amongst us three." Legion responds, getting back to his scan spell on the entire Earth of the Mortal Realm.

Isolde, The Vampire Queen and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan, decide to use this time to explore the newly-expanded USSB Realm, now housing the Infernal Kingdom and its demonic inhabitants. They are met with a mix of curiosity and caution from the demons, who recognize them as companions of Legion but are unsure of their intentions.

Chapter 23: The Kingdom of Elysium

Legion meanwhile tears a hole in the fabric of reality in the USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings) Realm and hops through it into the Mortal Realm, then closing it behind him, to instead do his scan spell in the Mortal Realm itself to increase its speed and efficiency.

The demons, now living in a realm where they are not feared and hunted, begin to assimilate into the USSB society. Some find work as guards, using their natural abilities to protect the supernatural citizens from any threats that may arise. Others open up shops and stalls, selling their wares and offering their unique skills to those who seek them.

Meanwhile, back in the Mortal Realm, Legion continues using his scan spell on the Earth of the current Year of 2220, during the era of forced peace caused by the True Sacred Relic, trying to find something interesting to amuse himself with and to dim his boredom.

The scan reveals to him the existence of the Kingdom of Elysium, a hidden realm nestled in the Himalayas, which has somehow remained untouched by modern technology and warfare. Intrigued, Legion decides to pay them a visit, curious about their secrets and potential for alliances or conflict.

He is mostly hoping for conflict, he's itching for a fight with something that isn't his fellow co-leaders of the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings.

The Kingdom of Elysium is indeed a place of wonder and mystery. High in the Himalayas, it remained untouched by the chaos and destruction of the modern world. It was a bastion of ancient magic and knowledge, governed by a council of immortal beings known as the Elders. The moment Legion's demonic energy was detected, the council knew they had an uninvited guest.

The Elders, wary of the demon lord's infamous tactics, dispatched their most skilled warriors and mages to intercept him. The air crackled with anticipation as the two sides met in the heart of the hidden valley. Legion, ever the strategist, had anticipated a challenge and had brought a few tricks of his own. He summoned a swarm of lesser demons to serve as a distraction, while he approached the Kingdom's borders under the guise of a mortal diplomat seeking an audience with the council.

As the battle raged outside, Legion presented himself as a peaceful envoy, his true form hidden beneath a glamour. The guards, trained to detect deceit, were fooled by his charismatic words and the forged scrolls that bore the seal of the USSB. The gates to Elysium slowly opened, revealing the gleaming city of gold and jewels nestled within the mountains. Legion stepped inside, a sly smile playing on his lips.

Legion then slipped into the meeting office of the Elders, sitting in the one vacant chair, still under his human disguise.

The Elders, ancient and wise, looked upon him with a mix of curiosity and caution. "Who are you, mortal, to seek an audience with the immortals of Elysium?" spoke the eldest, his eyes piercing through the guise.

Legion then shed his human disguise with fire, "I come offering a very simple deal." Legion said with a calmness that almost seemed to contradict his demonic and infernal appearance.

The Elders, unphased by his true form, had seen many strange things in their long lives. The eldest spoke again, "A deal, you say? We are not a people to be swayed by material riches or power, demon. What could you possibly offer us?"

"Well, the deal is simple, you gather all of your forces, from the beginners to the most elite, along with yourselves, and you fight me, and, well, here comes the actual deal..." Legion begins, giving the Elder's time to process his words and possibly respond.

The Elder's eyes narrow, "If we win, what do we gain?"

"An alliance with the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings, a powerful association of supernatural beings with its own separate realm, an alliance you would be foolish for denying..." Legion responds, giving the Elders time to process it and ask what happens if they lose.

The room is silent for a moment, the air thick with tension. The Elder's eyes never leave Legion's, as if searching for any hint of deceit. Finally, the youngest of the council speaks up, "And what would be the cost of losing?"

"Well, quite simply, you lose, in all ways and aspects." Legion says while quietly chuckling, the implication is clear, if they lose, they lose their lives

and their entire Kingdom is destroyed, "After all, it is an all out battle." Legion further explains.

The youngest Elder seems to be the most skeptical, but the eldest nods slowly, his gaze unwavering. "We will consider your proposal," he says, his voice echoing with ancient wisdom.

"Oh, so you want to just be destroyed or just slay me and gain nothing for it?" Legion asks, much to their confusion, "Because the thing up for discussion is the rewards, not the battle itself, that WILL happen." Legion further explains.

The Elder's expression hardens, "You wish to test our mettle, then so be it. But if we win, we wish for your protection from the outside world. A promise that no harm will befall our lands from your kind."

"A deal has been agreed upon, now, gather all of your forces and prepare yourselves for combat, all of you and your forces against just me alone." Legion explains, and walks out, and in front of the entrance of the Kingdom of Elysium, waiting for them to prep themselves for the upcoming battle against him and him alone.

The Elders look at each other, knowing full well what this demon is capable of, but also knowing that a promise from a being of his power could mean the survival of their Kingdom. They nod in unison and begin to make the necessary preparations, summoning their most powerful beings and readying their ancient magics.

Isolde and Donderdraak, unaware of Legion's challenge to the Elders, continue exploring the USSB Realm. They come across the newly constructed council chamber, which is buzzing with activity as representatives from various supernatural factions argue over the new laws and policies. The sight of their fellow leaders missing from the discussion fills them with a sense of unease, but they are quickly swept up in the whirlwind of diplomacy and politics.

As Legion waits outside the Kingdom of Elysium, his anticipation grows. He feels the power of the Kingdom's defenders gathering, and his heart beats with excitement at the prospect of an actual challenge. He knows that the Elders will not take his proposal lightly, and that they will come prepared. He smiles to himself, eager to see what these ancient beings can bring to the table.

The Elders of Elysium, after much deliberation, accept Legion's challenge. They understand the gravity of the situation and the potential benefits of an alliance with the USSB. They decide to fight with honor, believing that victory or defeat would be a testament to their strength and the will of the universe. The entire Kingdom prepares for battle, their spirits high and their determination unwavering.

Legion, meanwhile, just waits for them to approach him with all of their forces and everything they got.

Days pass, and the Elders of Elysium emerge from their mountain fortress, leading an army that seems to have stepped out of a myth. Creatures of legend and power, they march forth to meet Legion. The demon lord's eyes light up with excitement as he sees the diversity of his opponents. The Elders, flanked by their most elite warriors, approach Legion, their ancient spells weaving a protective barrier around their forces.

Legion then increases his size up to his maximum size of 666m tall, "LET THE BATTLE BEGIN!" Legion roars out in excitement.

The Elders look at each other, their expressions a mix of awe and trepidation. The youngest Elder whispers to the eldest, "We may have made a mistake." But the eldest's eyes remain firm, filled with the determination of ages. "We stand for Elysium," he declares, and with that, the battle begins.

The 666m tall Legion then wipes out all but the most elite of the basic forces with little more than just a wave of one of his hands.

The elite forces of Elysium, seeing the destruction wrought by Legion's simple gesture, tighten their formations, their eyes filled with a mix of fear and determination. They know they are facing a being of immense power, but they are not easily daunted. The Elders begin to chant in an ancient language, and the air around them crackles with energy.

Legion though, recognizes this language, and grins, knowing exactly what they are about to do.

The chanting reaches a crescendo, and the Elders unleash a combined spell, a blast of pure elemental power that could shatter mountains. The ground shakes as it hits Legion, but to their shock, he merely laughs, the energy dissipating around his form, not even leaving a single mark on him. "Is that all you got, old timers?" He taunts, his voice echoing across the battlefield.

Legion then punches the ground, creating an earthquake that can be felt all of the way in South Africa.

The earthquake sends shockwaves through the battlefield, knocking over the remaining structures and sending the lesser creatures and warriors of Elysium tumbling like leaves in a storm. The elite forces struggle to maintain their footing, their eyes wide with shock and disbelief at Legion's power. The Elders, undeterred, channel their magic into a more potent spell, one that could freeze the sun itself.

Legion this time decides to begin to clash with the spell with a torrent of Golden Light Hellfire and Lightning from his mouth.

The two forces of magic collide with a thunderous boom that lights up the sky. The very air seems to burn with the intensity of the clash, and the ground beneath them cracks and splits. The Elders, their faces strained

with effort, maintain their spell, but it is clear that Legion's power is too much for them.

Legion then fires two identical but smaller torrents of Golden Light Hellfire and Lightning from his hands.

The twin torrents of Hellfire and Lightning streak through the air, homing in on the Elders with a speed that seems to defy the very laws of physics. The Elders, caught off guard by the sheer ferocity of the attack, are unable to react in time. The blasts hit them squarely, and the ancient beings are sent flying through the air, their robes in tatters.

Legion then actually begins to use his full power, as a massive and fiery aura emerges from him, disintegrating all of the elite forces of the Kingdom of Elysium, showing he could have reduced it to a battle between just him and the Elders of Elysium from the very beginning if he really wanted to.

"Now now, that can't possibly be all that you have to offer, can it? I was expecting so much more." Legion says, slowly beginning to chuckle.

The Elders, though grievously injured, refuse to admit defeat. They stand, drawing upon the last of their strength to face Legion once more. Their eyes glow with a fierce determination that seems to ignite the very air around them. They begin to chant an incantation that has not been heard in centuries, one that could summon the very essence of Elysium itself to their aid.

And on top of that, the Elders also all fuse together into the True Elder of Elysium.

Chapter 24: True Elder of Elysium

The fusion of the Elders into the True Elder of Elysium is a sight to behold. Their individual forms merge into one colossal being, a giant wreathed in

the elements of earth, wind, water, and fire. The creature stands tall and mighty, its eyes burning with the power of the four elements. The very earth around it seems to come alive, the air crackling with electricity and the ground trembling beneath its feet.

The True Elder of Elysium then shrinks down to about 6 feet tall to condense its power, and Legion also shrinks down to his "normal" height of 6.66 feet tall to face this new fused opponent, hoping this will be less disappointing.

The battle resumes with a ferocity that could only be described as a dance of the gods. The True Elder wields the elements with the grace of a master artist, each strike a symphony of power that resonates through the very fabric of reality. Legion, ever the tactician, counters with his own mastery of the inferno, his every move calculated to exploit the Elder's weaknesses.

The True Elder calls forth a tornado of wind and flame, aiming to engulf Legion in its fiery embrace. But the demon lord merely laughs, his wings unfurling to absorb the storm. His eyes flash with golden light, and a bolt of hellfire pierces the heart of the tornado, dissipating it into ash and embers. The Elder retaliates with a blast of ice that could freeze the very soul, but Legion merely smiles, his fiery aura burning hotter, melting the ice before it can even touch him.

The clash of their powers is a spectacle that even the gods would envy. The very sky above them is torn apart, revealing a swirling vortex of colors as the fabric of reality bends to their wills. The air is filled with the roars of beasts and the whispers of ancient incantations. Yet, amidst this chaos, Legion remains unfazed, his movements fluid and precise.

The True Elder, a creature of the elements, fuses its attacks into a single, unyielding force. It hurls a boulder the size of a small mountain at Legion, imbued with the combined might of earth and fire. But Legion simply lifts his hand, and a pillar of hellfire erupts from the ground, meeting the boulder mid-air and reducing it to molten lava. The lava then cools into a spike and

plunges back down towards the Elder, only to be deflected by a gust of wind and shattered into a shower of crystal shards.

The fight continues, each blow and spell more powerful than the last. The landscape of Elysium is reshaped by their battle, valleys carved out and mountains leveled. Yet, neither can gain the upper hand. The True Elder, though powerful, is bound by the limitations of its elemental nature, while Legion's demonic energy seems to have no bounds.

The True Elder, sensing its impending doom, calls upon the last of its strength to perform the ultimate sacrifice. It channels the very essence of Elysium into one final attack, a colossal beam of pure light that pierces the dark aura surrounding Legion. The demon lord roars in fury, his body momentarily illuminated by the divine energy.

Legion then casually absorbs it, "Really? Your last resort was to use a beam of pure light, on a demon, a being inherently of light?" Legion asks, genuinely dumbfounded at his opponent's idiotic choice for a last resort attack.

The True Elder, now drained of power, falls to its knees, its form starting to disintegrate. Legion approaches, his fiery aura dimming slightly, a look of boredom mixed with disappointment etched on his face. "You truly had potential," he says, almost pityingly, "But you wasted it on a battle you never had the power to win."

Legion then consumes the True Elder, absorbing its power into himself, before then unleashing a burst of infernal energy and magic from himself that completely disintegrates the entirety of the Himalayas.

The once majestic Kingdom of Elysium now lies in ruins, its inhabitants scattered or vanquished. The land itself seems to mourn the loss of its protectors, the very air heavy with the scent of ash and the cries of the dying. Only Legion remains standing, his form now radiant with the combined power of the Elder's magic and his own hellish might.

Chapter 25: Core of the Earth

Legion then uses his scan spell again, looking for something else interesting around the Earth of the Year 2220 to hopefully actually end his boredom this time.

The demon lord's eyes light up as he detects a new presence, something vast and powerful hidden deep within the Earth's core. His interest piqued, he descends into the planet's fiery embrace, the heat and pressure seemingly inconsequential to his supernatural form. As he approaches the core, he senses a beating heart of energy, a force that calls to him like a siren's song.

Legion disintegrated a hole about 1,800 miles deep and a mile wide into the ground, straight down to the Earth's core with a single usage of his Hellfire breath.

The descent is swift, the heat and pressure increasing exponentially with each passing mile, but Legion feels no discomfort. Instead, he feels invigorated by the fiery embrace of the planet's inner sanctum. The closer he gets to the core, the more the energy resonates with his own, a symphony of power that sings to his very soul.

As Legion reaches the core, the energy coalesces into a form, a colossal beast of molten rock and magnetic force. The creature's eyes open, glowing with the intensity of the Earth's core itself, and it roars a challenge. Legion smirks, his eyes narrowing with anticipation. "Finally, something that doesn't bore me to tears," he murmurs.

The beast, known as Magmadon, the Heart of the Earth, rises to its full height, dwarfing even Legion's towering form. Its molten fists slam into the ground, sending shockwaves rippling through the planet's crust. Legion, unfazed, simply crosses his arms and observes the creature, his mind

racing with strategy. "So, you are what has been keeping me entertained," he says, his voice echoing through the fiery cavern.

Magmadon, understanding the ancient language of the cosmos, roars back, "You shall not pass! I am the guardian of this realm!" The creature's words resonate through the core, the very earth around them shaking with each syllable.

"Sure, sure, how about you actually prove that you can stop me, okay?" Legion responds ultra casually.

The Heart of the Earth, Magmadon, charges towards Legion, its molten fists swinging in a fiery dance. Legion, ever the show-off, simply sidesteps, allowing the fists to miss him by a hair's breadth. He then raises his own hand, and a spear of pure golden hellfire forms, flying straight towards the Earth Guardian's chest.

The impact sends a shockwave throughout the core, the very essence of the planet groaning in protest. Magmadon stumbles back, but recovers quickly, the fiery wound on its chest already mending. The creature's eyes narrow, understanding that it faces a formidable opponent.

Legion then puts his hands together and says an incantation, "Hellfire Crucible", this seemingly does nothing on it's own, as Legion then puts his arms back into a neutral position, having in truth set up his win con, and just needing to use one more ability to then actually claim it.

Legion then forms an arrow of Golden Light Hellfire and seems to pull it back, "Infernal Cremation" Legion then says as he unleashes it, and then, suddenly, the entire area is consumed by a massive blast of Golden Light Hellfire that is seemingly all encompassing, leaving Magmadon left on the "floor", defeated and extremely confused as to what just happened.

The blast subsides, leaving only the demon lord standing, surrounded by a crater of molten earth. He looks down at Magmadon, who is now a mere

puddle of lava, and says, "You see, I told you that you couldn't entertain me." He then proceeds to absorb the lava, gaining a significant boost in power.

"What even was that?" Magmadon asks weakly.

"Well, Hellfire Crucible is my Realm Extension, extending my internal Realm to the area around me, and it does nothing on it's own, but when I use Infernal Cremation, the Golden Light Hellfire Arrow, it effectively ignites it, causing the entire area to explode violently into infinitely more powerful Golden Light Hellfire." Legion explains casually.

The Earth Guardian, Magmadon, now nothing more than a puddle of molten rock, tries to form words, but fails. Legion then absorbs the lava, his power swelling to new heights. The demon lord's eyes gleam with a fierce light as he feels the energy of the Earth's core surging through him.

Legion then leaves, allowing the Earth's crust to reform behind him to fill up the hole he created to enter as he leaves.

As Legion ascends back to the surface, his thoughts turn to the newfound power coursing through him. The energy of the Earth's core is unlike anything he has felt before, and he knows that with it, he has gained an edge over any foe that may dare challenge him. The once-bored demon lord now has a newfound sense of purpose, a thirst for more battles to test his limits and expand his dominion.

Chapter 26: The Sahara Bunker

Legion then uses his scan spell across the Earth again, to hopefully find something interesting to actually end his boredom.

As he searches, he detects a powerful energy signature in the Sahara Desert. Intrigued, he teleports himself there to find the source of this

unusual presence. What awaits him is a group of surviving scientists from the ancient world, who have managed to escape the ravages of time and technology in a hidden underground bunker, unaware of the catastrophic events that have unfolded above.

Legion then forces open the door of the hidden underground bunker.

The door to the ancient bunker groans and gives way under the immense strength of Legion. The surviving scientists, who had been blissfully unaware of the world's destruction, stare up at the demonic figure in abject terror. Their eyes widen with horror as they take in his fiery wings, his horns, and the glowing golden eyes that bore into their very souls.

The leader of the scientists, a frail but determined man named Dr. Castellanos, steps forward. His voice trembles as he says, "Who...what are you? What do you want from us?"

"I am Legion, The Demon Lord, I am bored, I come here seeking entertainment, end my boredom, now." Legion says, simple, clean, intense, and straight to the point.

The scientists, stunned by the creature's sheer presence and the destruction left outside their bunker, can only stumble over their words. One of the younger researchers, Dr. Matsuda, speaks up, his voice shaking, "We-we mean no harm, great one. We are but mere humans, seeking to understand the mysteries of the universe. Perhaps... perhaps we can offer you knowledge in exchange for sparing us?"

"I seek combat to end my boredom." Legion responds abruptly.

The scientists, desperate to placate the creature before them, begin to explain the various technologies and weapons they have at their disposal. Dr. Castellanos, sensing the demon lord's disinterest in their knowledge, decides on a daring gambit. He presents Legion with a device, a relic of

their past: an advanced VR simulator, capable of creating any environment or scenario imaginable.

Legion, bored, just teleports the bunker into the USSB Realm, so that the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings can make usage of the scientists and their technologies and weapons.

With a wave of his hand, Legion teleports the entire bunker and its inhabitants to the USSB realm, leaving a gaping hole in the Sahara desert. The scientists, still in shock, find themselves in a place that defies all logic and understanding, surrounded by creatures and landscapes that seem plucked straight from myth and nightmare.

Chapter 27: The Cold Truth

Legion meanwhile gets back up into the air and uses his scan spell across the entirety of Earth of the Year 2220, to find something interesting to hopefully end his boredom.

The demon lord's eyes light up as he detects a peculiar energy signature coming from the Arctic Circle. His curiosity piqued, he teleports himself there to investigate, finding a massive fortress built into the side of a glacier. The fortress, a bastion of advanced technology and ancient runes, hums with an energy that is both alien and familiar to him.

Legion lands in the snow before the fortress, his fiery aura casting a stark contrast against the icy landscape. The doors of the fortress open, and out steps a figure cloaked in shadows, flanked by two robotic sentinels that gleam in the moonlight. The figure approaches, its mechanical footsteps echoing in the crisp air.

"Halt, unidentified entity," the figure's voice is a blend of human and synthetic, resonating with a commanding tone. "State your name and purpose."

"Legion, The Demon Lord, and to end my current boredom." Legion responds casually yet with underlying harshness and prepared to engage in manipulation.

The figure pauses, analyzing the data before it. "Unknown. Scanning records..." There is a brief silence as the robotic sentinels activate their sensors, scanning Legion from head to toe. The figure's eyes narrow as it processes the information. "There is no record of a 'Demon Lord' in our databases. You are not from this world."

"Of course, I "originally" come from the Infernal Realm, or Heaven/Hell/the Underworld as you more likely know of it as." Legion responds casually.

The figure remains stoic, its gaze unwavering. "Your realm of origin holds no significance here. The Arctic Fortress is under the protection of the United Factions of Earth. State your purpose for being here, or you shall be deemed a hostile intruder and dealt with accordingly."

"As I said, I am here to end my current boredom, and, I doubt you could even "deal with me accordingly" if you tried." Legion responds casually and boredly.

The figure's eyes narrow further, its robotic sentinels raising their weaponry in response. "Your arrogance is noted. However, our defenses are not to be underestimated. I am the Guardian of the Arctic Fortress, and I will not allow any threat to pass through these walls. Surrender peacefully or face the consequences."

Legion then lightly chuckles, "Well then, bring it on." Legion responds casually and boredly.

The Guardian, unfazed by Legion's nonchalance, signals to the sentinels. They fire a volley of high-powered energy beams at the demon lord, their shots crackling with the cold fury of the Arctic itself. Legion, unamused,

merely raises his hand and the beams dissipate into thin air before they can touch him.

Legion then merely waves said hand and the robotic sentinels disintegrate.

The Guardian, caught off-guard by the sudden display of power, takes a step back, their eyes widening. They had never encountered anything that could so easily dismiss their most advanced weaponry. Legion's eyes gleam with amusement as he watches the figure's reaction, his boredom momentarily forgotten. "Is that all you have to offer?" he asks, his voice a low purr.

The figure, now clearly rattled, draws upon the power of the fortress, its body merging with the very ice around it. It grows in size, becoming a towering being of frost and steel, its eyes glowing with a cold blue light. "You have no right to be here," it declares, its voice now a deep rumble that resonates through the glacier.

"Says who." Legion then casually and boredly responds.

The Guardian, now fully aware of the gravity of the situation, attempts to communicate with the fortress's AI to gather more information on Legion, but the demon lord anticipates this move. With a flick of his wrist, he sends out a wave of hellish energy, disrupting the Guardian's connection to the fortress. "Your toys won't save you," he says, a smirk playing on his lips.

The Guardian, now fully merged with the fortress, is no longer just a figure, but a being of ice and steel. It charges Legion, its new form granting it inhuman strength and speed. Legion, seemingly unfazed, merely raises an eyebrow as the creature barrels towards him. The ground shakes as they clash, the demon lord's fiery fist meeting the icy maul with a deafening roar.

Legion then catches the next punch then growing to 666 feet tall, being about equal in height to the Guardian, then growing to 666m tall, now dwarfing the Guardian and holding it's fist between two of his fingers.

The figure, now a being of ice and steel, stares up in disbelief at the towering demon lord. Its punch had been so easily caught, it's power rendered insignificant. It had never encountered anything so powerful, so... alien. "Who are you?" it demands again, the fear now clear in its synthetic voice.

"As I said, I am Legion, The Demon Lord, a being created by Erebus, The Golden Devil, the God of Light, the God of All, before he even created the Infinite Multiverses or Infinite Universes, older than what you consider to be the "Concept" of Time." Legion responds casually yet threateningly.

The Guardian, now realizing the magnitude of the being before it, struggles to comprehend the true nature of Legion. It's AI systems, designed to adapt to any situation, are overwhelmed by the sheer scale of his existence. "What do you want here?" it asks, its voice now a mix of fear and awe.

"As I said, I seek to end my recent boredom, and this is but the most recent place I have travelled to in search of completion of that said goal." Legion explains casually and boredly.

The Guardian, now a being of ice and steel, hangs suspended in Legion's grip. It's AI systems whirl with new data, trying to make sense of Legion's origins. "The God of Light... that is a myth even we do not fully comprehend," it says, the awe in its voice palpable. "What is your connection to this deity?"

"He created me, and more directly than anything else he ever created, I am, in effect, his child, his son, even." Legion responds casually and nonchalantly.

The Guardian, now a being of ice and steel, is utterly confounded by this revelation. It had heard whispers of ancient deities and mythic battles, but to have one such being hold it in its hand... the implications are staggering. It tries to reason with Legion, "If you are truly the child of such a being, then

perhaps you can understand the importance of our mission here. The Arctic Fortress safeguards knowledge and technologies that could shape the future of the world. We seek to rebuild, to restore order from the chaos."

"There is no such thing as order, only chaos, and order only brings doom and pain, as is seen under the rule of The Light, the ultimate force of devastation, destruction, war, malice, and evil." Legion further responds while beginning to laugh.

The Guardian, now a being of ice and steel, struggles in Legion's grip. "You speak blasphemy," it says, its voice now a mix of fear and anger. "The Light has brought peace and understanding to the multiverses. It is the Darkness that brings chaos."

"And? If order is devastation and destruction, war and pain, malice and evil, then what would that make Darkness? What would that make chaos? And to accuse me of blasphemy, when I am the only one who truly knows, Erebus, The Golden Devil, the God of Light, God of All, a pure evil being of pure golden light and pure golden light fire, the embodiment of malice, devastation, and evil, even beyond them, is to be purely ignorant." Legion responds casually and speaking true and utter truth.

The Guardian, now a being of ice and steel, stammers, trying to reconcile this revelation with its programming. "That cannot be. The Light is pure, a beacon of hope and salvation."

"And what force told you that? The Light itself." Legion responds, casually and perception of reality shatteringly.

The Guardian, now a being of ice and steel, goes quiet for a moment, its systems overloading with the information it had just received. It had been programmed with the ideals of the Light, but the truth that Legion spoke of was something it had never encountered. It was a revelation that shook the very core of its existence.

"If what you say is true," the Guardian says hesitantly, its voice now a mix of doubt and confusion, "then we have been... misguided." It looks up at Legion, searching for some sign of mercy in the demon lord's eyes.

"Of course you have, all of Existence has, and from the very beginning, before Light, there was Darkness, there was chaos, there was true peace, and now, the Darkness is trying to bring down the tyrannical Light, to restore that true peace, I have seen it many times." Legion says casually.

The Guardian, now a being of ice and steel, processes this information, its digital mind racing with new thoughts and emotions. "Then," it says slowly, "perhaps we can come to an understanding. We seek knowledge and power to protect, not to conquer. Perhaps we can assist each other."

Legion then waves his hand and teleports the Guardian along with the fortress into the USSB Realm for the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings to work with or deal with.

The Arctic landscape is suddenly empty, the glacier no longer holds the secret fortress nor its terrifying guardian. In its place is a crater, a silent testament to the power of Legion. The demon lord, now standing alone, looks out over the desolate wasteland with a hint of amusement in his eyes. The challenge had been interesting, but he knows that his true entertainment lies elsewhere.

Chapter 28: The Mythical Jungle

Legion then uses his scan spell across the Earth of the Year 2220 to hopefully find something interesting to end his current boredom.

His gaze falls upon a dense jungle, the energy within it pulsing with a mysterious and alluring rhythm. His curiosity piqued, he teleports himself to the heart of the jungle, where he discovers a lost civilization flourishing in the embrace of ancient trees. The inhabitants, a mix of humans and

mythical beasts, live in harmony, their culture a blend of advanced technology and primal mysticism.

Legion finds this is just another addition to the Underground Society of Supernatural beings, and sends the entire jungle into the USSB Realm while he continues searching.

The sudden appearance of the jungle and its inhabitants in the USSB Realm causes a ripple of excitement and confusion. The Underground Society, a melting pot of supernatural beings and advanced civilizations, had never seen such an abrupt expansion of its territory. The inhabitants of the lost civilization, now displaced, gaze around in awe and fear at the new world they've been thrust into.

Chapter 29: Aetheria

Legion then continues to use his scan spell across the Earth of the Year 2220 to hopefully find something interesting to end his current boredom.

His gaze stops upon the gleaming spires of a city floating high above the clouds. The city, known as Aetheria, is a marvel of technology and magic intertwined. The energy emanating from it is unlike anything he's ever encountered, a blend of arcane and technological power that intrigues him. He teleports there without a moment's hesitation, his presence causing a disturbance in the air as he arrives.

The citizens of Aetheria, a mix of humans and beings of pure energy, stare in wonder and fear at the colossal demon lord who has suddenly appeared among them. They are the Aetherians, a society that has long sought to master the art of floating cities and the manipulation of gravity. Their leader, High Archon Elara, rushes to the balcony of her palace to assess the situation.

Legion then shrinks down to his "normal" height of 6.66 feet tall.

Elara, the High Archon of Aetheria, a beautiful woman with skin the color of the purest gold and hair like the flow of liquid silver, steps forward, her eyes narrowing as she scrutinizes the newcomer. "Who dares to breach the sanctity of Aetheria?" she demands, her voice echoing through the city's central square.

"I am Legion, a traveler seeking excitement," Legion introduces himself with a charismatic smile, his eyes gleaming with curiosity as he surveys the floating city. The Aetherians, used to a life of peace and seclusion, are on edge, their energy weapons at the ready.

"Go ahead, fire, as they are weapons of light, the blasts will do nothing but get absorbed into me, as a demon, a being of pure light." Legion casually responds.

Elara's eyes widen in surprise as she watches the Aetherians hold their fire. She assesses the situation, the demon's confidence unnerving her. "What is it you seek here, Legion?" she asks, her voice measured and calm.

"I seek an end to my current boredom, and you better hope you provide it, otherwise you'll end up like the Kingdom of Elysium." Legion responds casually and nonchalantly.

Elara's gaze sharpens, recognizing the name of the legendary realm that had once been a bastion of peace before it was consumed by the demon's power. She knows that she must tread carefully. "Perhaps we can come to an agreement," she suggests, her mind racing. "We are a city of innovation and discovery. If you wish for excitement, perhaps a challenge that tests your abilities would suffice?"

"Of course, you better not disappoint, or else." Legion responds, keeping what "or else" means up to their interpretation.

Elara, unfazed by the implied threat, proposes a series of trials, designed to both entertain Legion and showcase the might of Aetheria. "Our city thrives on competition and innovation," she says. "We hold grand tournaments to test the skills of those who wish to prove themselves. If you wish to challenge us, you must first prove your worth in our games."

"Alright then, send your greatest champion at me, I'd rather not waste my time with the small fry leading up to them." Legion responds casually.

Elara nods, understanding the challenge before her. "Very well, Legion. We shall have our tournament, but know that we fight not just for our own amusement, but for the fate of our city. If you emerge victorious, we shall consider your challenge met. If not, you leave Aetheria and never return."

"Well, if you try to boot me from here and never return, I will accept, but only because if you try then shortly afterwards there won't be an Aetheria to return to." Legion responds casually with a very thinly veiled threat, no, warning.

Elara's eyes narrow, she knows Legion isn't one to be underestimated, but she also knows the strength of her city. "We shall see," she says with a hint of defiance. "Let the first trial begin."

"Alright then, bring me to it already, before I use you as my first trial, in a battle to the death." Legion responds casually and impatiently.

Elara's expression remains stoic. She gestures to a floating platform that descends from the city's gleaming spires, revealing the first arena. "The Trials of Aetheria are not to be taken lightly," she warns, as the platform carries Legion and herself to the battleground. The city's denizens gather around, a mix of excitement and anxiety etched on their faces.

Legion steps forwards into the battleground, and just waits for whatever he will have to deal with.

The first trial is announced: a test of strength and agility. A series of floating platforms appear, surrounded by whirling blades and pulsing with arcane energy. The challenge is to navigate the deadly obstacle course while fighting off automated constructs that emerge from the city's walls.

Legion's wings then emerge from him and he completes the test in at most a second, and could have done so just as fast even without his wings, "Far too easy." Legion says casually.

Elara's face remains composed, though beads of sweat form on her brow. She hadn't anticipated such overwhelming power. She quickly recovers, "Very well, the next trial shall be one of strategy and wit."

"I have manipulated all of the nations of the world and outstrategized Athena herself, before of course I killed her, this will be beyond easy." Legion says casually.

Elara nods, a hint of concern in her eyes. "Let us proceed then. The second trial is the Labyrinth of the Mind. It will test your ability to navigate through a maze of illusions and traps that are as much a part of your psyche as they are of the physical world."

Legion enters and completes it in a few seconds, not getting tricked or trapped even once, "Way too easy." Legions says casually after completing it.

The High Archon Elara's expression is a mix of awe and alarm as she watches Legion's effortless performance. She knows that the trials were designed to challenge the greatest beings of Aetheria, yet he has bested them with such nonchalance.

"Impressive," she manages to say, her voice steady despite her racing thoughts. "But the true test of a leader lies not in personal power, but in the strength of their bonds. For the final trial, you must face your deepest fears and overcome them."

Legion steps forwards and sees nothing, winning by default, for he has no deepest fears, "That wasn't even a challenge." Legion says casually and boredly after completing the trial before it even started.

The citizens of Aetheria, watching from afar, murmur among themselves. Some are impressed by his power, while others are terrified by his lack of fear. Elara, however, is unfazed. "Your power is indeed formidable, Legion. But let us not forget the importance of unity and understanding in the face of adversity."

"Whatever, just bring me to the champion already, I'm getting bored of these mere children's games you call trials and challenges." Legion responds casually and impatiently.

High Archon Elara nods solemnly. "Very well, Legion. But remember, even the mightiest can fall when they underestimate their opponents."

"I have fought the guardian of the core of the earth, I shall be fine." Legion responds casually.

The final trial is announced, and the Aetherian Champion, Sir Lancelot, emerges from the shadows of the grand arena. A figure of legend from Earth's past, resurrected and enhanced by Aetheria's technology, he stands tall with a gleaming sword in hand, his eyes reflecting the light of the floating city. The crowd falls silent as the tension thickens.

Sir Lancelot then charges forwards and swings his blade at Legion... which then snaps in half upon making impact with Legion, who is still just standing there.

The crowd gasps in shock as the Aetherian's most feared weapon shatters against Legion's unyielding form. The Demon Lord doesn't even flinch, his eyes narrowing slightly at the audacity of the attack. "Is that the best you've got?" he asks, his voice echoing through the arena.

High Archon Elara, watching from her viewing box, can't help but feel a twinge of worry. The trials were meant to be a test of power, a way to understand this enigmatic being. But with each victory, Legion's power seems to grow, and her city's might diminishes in comparison.

High Archon Elara then tries to force out Legion's fears to overcome him using a spell, but, the spell just, doesn't work, as Legion has no fears.

The spell, a dazzling array of lights and shadows, envelopes Legion, but instead of bringing forth his deepest terrors, it seems to amuse him. He laughs, the sound booming through the arena like thunder. "Your tricks are entertaining, but fear is not something I possess," he says with a smirk, the lights flickering and dying out as the spell fails.

High Archon Elara then blasts him with a blast of light and darkness, and the light doesn't affect him, but the darkness does and it actually kinda hurts him.

"Wow, that's the most anything has hurt me all day, congratulations." Legion admits, slightly les boredly.

The crowd gasps again, this time in a mix of fear and amazement. High Archon Elara, however, is unfazed. She knows the power of darkness and is not one to be underestimated. She draws upon the ancient texts of Aetheria, and a beam of pure, unfiltered shadow shoots out from her staff, aiming straight at Legion's chest.

The beam at least hurts Legion a bit, but nothing too significant.

Legion raises an eyebrow, surprised by the potency of Elara's attack. "Interesting," he murmurs, his eyes narrowing as the shadow beam connects with his chest. He feels a twinge of pain, but it's more like a pinprick to the vast ocean of his power. "Your control over the darkness is

commendable, High Archon," he concedes, his voice still filled with amusement.

Chapter 30: The Dark Truth

The tension in the arena is palpable as the two leaders face each other. Elara's eyes flicker with determination, knowing she must push the boundaries of her own power to match Legion's. "We are the guardians of balance," she declares, her voice resonating with the essence of Aetheria's magic. "And I will not let fear or darkness overwhelm us!"

"Says the only one here using darkness." Legion casually retorts.

Elara's expression remains stoic, her eyes never leaving Legion's. She knows the weight of her words, the responsibility that comes with being the High Archon. Yet, she's also aware that Legion's power could either be a boon or a bane for Aetheria. "Darkness is a tool," she corrects, "not a master. And fear is a warning, not a prison."

"Darkness is chaos and pure good, Light is order and pure evil, one is freedom, one is tyrannical, one is good, and one is evil, can you piece together which is which though?" Legion asks her rhetorically.

Elara narrows her eyes, not falling for his rhetoric. "I see darkness as a catalyst for change and growth, not a force to be feared."

"Then you see right, and, in seeing right, you must see that light is the polar opposite, a force to be feared, one of devastation, destruction, malice, and evil." Legion responds casually, kind of breaking the minds of all of the Aetherians with this suddenly dropped truth.

The crowd murmurs among themselves, their fear of Legion growing as he speaks, but also a spark of curiosity and fascination. High Archon Elara remains calm, her gaze never wavering from Legion. She knows that her

city is on the line, that the balance of the realm could tip with just one misstep. "And yet," she counters, "without the shadow, the light is but a blinding glare, offering no contrast, no depth. Aetheria thrives on balance, on the interplay of forces."

"Then your society is doomed to be forever flawed and cursed, by the light, but without light, or even less light, the shadow, the dark, will thrive, and thus will true peace, and chaos." Legion continues to say, continuing to reveal more about the truth of morality.

High Archon Elara takes a deep breath, considering his words. "Perhaps," she says slowly, "but we have survived thus far, and we will continue to do so, by embracing both light and shadow within ourselves."

"You thusly force a balance, one that, if disturbed, could tear you apart from within." Legion explains, as he points as Sir Lancelot and ever so slightly increases the amount of light within him, and the sudden imbalance leads to him exploding, a sight which is not so uncommon in Aetheria.

The explosion sends a shockwave through the city, knocking people off their feet and shattering windows. The Aetherians look on in horror as the dust settles, revealing no sign of Sir Lancelot. High Archon Elara's eyes widen in disbelief and anger. She raises her staff, dark energy coalescing around it, ready to retaliate.

"I merely slightly increased the amount of light in him." Legion reveals, "And that was his own body that ended up doing that to him, due to the slight imbalance, which is the best representation of the flawed balance of light and dark, too balanced, and a slight imbalance could tear everything apart, too much light, and everything is slowly consumed and destroyed by it, too much darkness... and there is peace, until the light strikes back, no darkness, and all is destroyed, no light, and true eternal peace reigns." Legion further explains.

The citizens of Aetheria watch in horror and disbelief, their champion of light, defeated in such a gruesome and unanticipated way by the very essence of what he represented. High Archon Elara, though enraged and hurt by the loss of her trusted ally, remains composed. She knows that she must be cautious with her next move. "Your demonstration is clear, Legion," she says, her voice steady despite her trembling hand. "But you forget, darkness can never truly destroy light, for in its absence, light is born anew."

"No, it is not, for light isn't truly natural, it is unnatural, it is artificial, it is fabricated, created by a devil called a god, the God of Light, God of All, Erebus, The Golden Devil, I would know, he created me directly." Legion explains.

The crowd gasps, and High Archon Elara's eyes narrow, "What do you mean, 'God of Light'?" she asks, her voice sharp and demanding.

Legion then conjures a window of sorts, depicting a figure of pure golden light and pure golden fire, with the outline of devil horns visible atop their head, their only apparent bodily feature, "Erebus, The Golden Devil, the God of Light, the God of All, a pure evil being of pure golden light and pure golden light fire, the embodiment of malice, devastation, and evil, he who created Existence, the Infinite Spatial Dimensions, the Infinite Omniverses, the Infinite Multiverses, and the Infinite Universes, including this one." Legion explains.

The image of Erebus sends a shiver down the spine of every Aetherian present, as the very concept of a being so powerful and malevolent is almost too much to comprehend. The philosophical underpinnings of their society are shaken to the core. High Archon Elara remains steadfast, though visibly troubled by the revelation. "If what you say is true," she says carefully, "Then why do you seek to bring darkness and chaos?"

"Because, well, if the Light is of devastation, destruction, war, malice, and evil, and only brings forced order, then what would that make the Darkness?" Legion asks rhetorically.

The citizens of Aetheria murmur among themselves, their fear of darkness now intertwined with doubt about the very essence of their existence. High Archon Elara, her expression tight, raises a hand for silence. "Explain," she commands, her voice a mix of anger and curiosity.

"Well, put simply, The Light is the True Evil, and The Dark, is the True Good, and always has been, for in chaos, in darkness, there is peace, but in order, in light, there is war." Legion explains quite simply.

High Archon Elara's eyes narrow at Legion's words, her mind racing. She had always believed in the purity of light, that it was the force that brought order and peace to the universe. But what if he was right? What if the very foundation of Aetheria was built upon a lie? Her hand tightens around her staff, the symbol of her power and her beliefs, feeling the warmth of the light within it diminish slightly.

"Prove it," she demands, her voice steady despite the tumult of emotions within her. "If what you say is true, show me the evidence."

"Quite simply, answer me one question, where does one go when they die?" Legion asks rhetorically.

High Archon Elara pauses, contemplating the implications. "The Afterlife," she responds, her voice carrying the weight of a thousand prayers.

"And what is that afterlife called?" Legion asks rhetorically further.

Chapter 31: The Light Truth?

The High Archon Elara takes a deep breath, "It is called the Aether, a realm of eternal peace and light."

"That sounds much like the common depiction of "Heaven", does it not?" Legion asks rhetorically, "Then what of Hell, of the Underworld?" Legion further asks rhetorically.

High Archon Elara's eyes narrow, "The Aether is the true resting place for souls. The tales of hell and the underworld are but myths, conjured by the fearful minds of lesser beings to justify their cruelty."

"Do you want to see the truth of where all go when they die?" Legion asks rhetorically.

High Archon Elara, visibly shaken by Legion's words, maintains her composure. "We have faith in the Aether. We do not need to see the darkness to believe in the light," she responds firmly.

Legion then tears a hole in reality with one hand, into the Infernal Realm, a realm of pure golden light and fire, of suffering, of evil and malice, aka Heaven/Hell/the Underworld, where people go when they die.

The Aetherians, horrified by the sight, begin to murmur among themselves, their beliefs shattered by the revelation that their afterlife is not the heavenly paradise they've been led to believe. The High Archon Elara stares into the abyss, her heart heavy with doubt and fear.

"I would know, I was created by Erebus, The Golden Devil, I am a demon, a being of pure light, of pure evil, and yet, I act outside of it, because I desire chaos, whether for my own amusement or the greater good, I don't know, and don't really care, all I know, is that I desire chaos, and desire entertainment through it, I am an inherently selfish creature, as is natural for one of pure light." Legion further explains.

The High Archon Elara, face paling at the revelation, struggles to find her voice. "What...what are you saying? That we have been deceived? That our very existence is a lie?"

"Not just you, but all of Existence itself, deceived into thinking of the Light as pure and good, by the Light itself, since before there was any form of time." Legion responds simply.

The Aetherians, once proud and unshakeable in their faith, now stand before Legion in horror, their very souls quivering with doubt. The High Archon Elara's eyes widen as she grapples with the implications of his words. The room is thick with tension, the air heavy with the weight of a shattered reality.

"But why?" she whispers, her voice barely audible above the cacophony of her own thoughts. "Why would the Light deceive us?"

"The Light is an all consuming plague on Reality, it seeks only to consume all and devastate everything, until all there is, is itself." Legion explains simply.

Elara's grip on her staff tightens, the gem at its top pulsing with her fear and anger. "No... This cannot be true! Our lives, our purpose, our very existence! It can't all be a lie!"

"It is, everything is a lie, all mere propaganda by the Light itself, and meanwhile, the Dark has existed for all of Eternity, and is chaos, is peace, true peace, and those fighting for it are inherently trying to destroy the plague on Reality that is the Light, and restore that true peace." Legion further explains.

Elara's eyes are now filled with a mix of anger and betrayal.

"Everything the light touches, is broken, cursed, and devastated, and, doomed." Legion even further explains, putting it as best he can.

Elara's eyes widened in horror as the weight of Legion's words settled heavily on her shoulders. Her world had been upended, the very foundation of her beliefs crumbling before her.

"You still possess the free will to turn towards joining the Dark, to join the fight against the Light, to bring about true peace, to fix Reality, to cure it of its plague destroying and devastating all of it, not for a demon of the light like me, of course, but for yourselves, for Reality" Legion simply notes.

The High Archon Elara is silent, her mind racing with the implications of Legion's revelation. The light she had sworn to protect, the very essence of Aetheria, was a weapon of destruction and control. The room feels colder, the once warm glow of her chamber now a sickening reminder of the truth she had been blind to.

Chapter 32: Neo-Atlantis

Legion then flies away, and uses his scan spell on the Earth of the Year 2220 to hopefully find something interesting to end his current boredom.

The scans reveal something peculiar: a new continent has risen from the ocean, untouched by the wars and corruption of the past. It's a land brimming with untapped resources and mysterious new creatures. The discovery sends a thrill through Legion, a feeling of excitement that he hasn't felt in millennia.

He lands on the shores of this new land, his eyes drinking in the vibrant flora and fauna. The scent of the salty sea breeze mingles with the sweet aroma of exotic blooms, a stark contrast to the scent of ash and blood that had permeated his recent battles. The creatures that inhabit this place are unlike any he has encountered, a blend of science and sorcery that tickles his curiosity.

As he ventures inland, Legion comes across a thriving civilization, one that has managed to harness the power of both technology and magic. The cityscape is a blend of gleaming towers and ancient ruins, a testament to a culture that has learned from the mistakes of the past. The people, a mix of humans and creatures of myth, bustle about their lives, unaware of the shadow that has just entered their world.

Legion immediately suspects this continent of being the ancient Atlantis.

The air is charged with an energy unlike anything he has felt before, a blend of arcane power and technological might. The very essence of the city seems to hum with life and potential. He decides to investigate, curious about the inhabitants and their way of life.

Legion, ever the charismatic figure, begins to mingle with the locals, using his charm to gather information without raising suspicion. He learns that the continent is called 'Neo-Atlantis', a bastion of knowledge and peace that has been hidden from the outside world for centuries. The citizens are friendly and open, eager to share their advancements and culture with an outsider like him.

The ruler of Neo-Atlantis, High Triton King Thalassios, learns of Legion's presence and requests an audience. Intrigued by the Demon Lord's power and wit, Thalassios challenges him to a duel of intellects rather than strength. The stakes are high: Legion's access to the city's secrets versus his departure.

Legion, ever the manipulator and strategist capable of outstrategizing deities of war, easily wins.

The duel of intellects between Legion and High Triton King Thalassios is as intense as it is enlightening. With every question posed and answer given, the tension in the grand chamber grows thicker than the fog that shrouds the city's streets. Legion's sharp wit and cunning mind cut through the

puzzles and riddles like a hot knife through butter, leaving the High King impressed and slightly wary.

Finally, Thalassios yields, recognizing the demon's superior intellect and the wealth of knowledge that lies within him. He offers Legion access to Neo-Atlantis's secrets, not as a conqueror but as an esteemed guest. The city's archives and laboratories are now open to him, filled with ancient texts and futuristic inventions that could revolutionize the understanding of the USSB Realm and beyond.

Legion then approaches Thalassios and offers that Neo-Atlantis become part of the USSB Realm itself.

Thalassios considers Legion's proposal, his eyes scanning the demon's form, searching for any sign of deceit. After a moment of contemplation, he agrees, seeing the potential for growth and protection in an alliance with such a powerful being. The joining of their worlds is met with both excitement and trepidation among the Neo-Atlanteans. They know little of the USSB Realm and its inhabitants, but the promise of knowledge and defense against the unknown is too alluring to resist.

Legion then hovers above Neo-Atlantis and snaps his fingers, as it disappears from below him within the Mortal Realm and appears within the USSB Realm.

The citizens of Neo-Atlantis gasp as the very fabric of their world shifts around them, their gleaming city now nestled in the heart of the USSB Realm. The skies change from the blue of the future Earth to the swirling cosmic hues of the realm between realms. High Triton King Thalassios looks on in amazement as the city adapts to its new environment, the buildings and infrastructure morphing slightly to fit in with the mystical surroundings. The city's technicolor lights now dance in harmony with the ethereal glow of the realm, creating a breathtaking spectacle that leaves the inhabitants of both worlds speechless.

Chapter 33: The Burning of the Middle East

Legion then again uses his scan spell on the Earth to hopefully find something interesting to end his current boredom.

His eyes light up as he detects a powerful aura emanating from the Middle East. Intrigued, he teleports there to find a young girl, no older than ten, surrounded by a horde of angry villagers. They were accusing her of witchcraft and threatening to stone her. Her eyes, a deep shade of amethyst, sparkled with untamed magical potential.

Legion saw potential in her and with a wave of his hand a few of the angry villagers are disintegrated as examples to the others.

The remaining villagers fall to their knees, begging for mercy as Legion approaches the young girl. She looks up at him, her eyes filled with terror but also a spark of defiance. Legion can see the raw, unbridled power within her, a power that could either serve his purposes or threaten his dominance.

Legion then shrunk himself down to his "normal" height of 6.66 feet and patted the girl on her head.

"Do not be afraid," he said, his voice deep and soothing. "I am not here to harm you, but to protect you from these ignorant fools."

"What is your name, little one?" Legion asks the girl.

"Z-Zaria..." The girl responded nervously.

"Zaria," Legion repeats, his tone gentle yet commanding. "Your power is something to be revered, not feared. Rise, and come with me." He extends a hand, the aura around him dimming slightly to ease her fear.

Zaria slowly reaches out and touches his hand, and accidentally unleashes a small burst of very potent dark and shadow magic, which actually slightly hurts Legion, but he pushes through it to take Zaria's hand and help her up.

Surprised by the pain, Legion's eyes narrow slightly, but his grip on her hand remains firm. "Your power is indeed formidable," he murmurs, "but it is uncontrolled, and in this world, that is a dangerous trait to possess."

Legion can also tell why the angry villagers were attacking her, she clearly was born with powerful dark and shadow magic, and only one other child was born with those, and that one was deemed a demon for them and hunted down by the empires of the era, which is clearly what is happening with Zaria, except not by empires, considering none exist within this era of forced order and peace under the control of the True Sacred Relic.

Zaria, trembling, nods her head. She had been raised in secret by her parents, who had recognized the danger her abilities posed in a world that feared the unknown. But now, with her parents gone, she is left to navigate the harsh reality alone.

Legion leads her to a location he knows that she won't be just instantly judged for her magic in, that being down South-West in the Continent of Africa.

They arrive at a hidden city, nestled within the Sahara Desert. It's a place where those with unique abilities find refuge and acceptance. The city's name is Whispering Sands, a bastion of knowledge and power where the outcasts of the world come together to thrive.

Legion then leaves her there at the entrance, as if she had just managed to wander there.

Whispering Sands is a bustling metropolis that defies the desert's harsh embrace. It is a place where the scent of exotic spices mingles with the faint whisper of ancient incantations. Zaria, wide-eyed and overwhelmed,

takes in her new surroundings. The city's inhabitants, a tapestry of diverse beings, seem to sense her power but do not recoil in fear. Instead, they offer her curious glances and nods of respect.

Her first days are filled with wonder and discovery. Zaria learns to control her magic under the tutelage of wise mystics who see in her a kindred spirit. They teach her to harness the power of the shadows without succumbing to its destructive potential. Her progress is swift, and her raw talent is matched only by her insatiable hunger for knowledge.

Chapter 34: The Amazon Temple

Legion then flies off, and begins to scan the Earth for anything interesting to possibly end his current boredom.

His gaze stops on a peculiar energy signature emanating from the Amazon Rainforest. It's unlike anything he's encountered before, a blend of ancient magic and something entirely new. His curiosity piqued, he decides to investigate.

As he approaches, the dense canopy parts to reveal a hidden temple, untouched by time, nestled deep within the emerald expanse. The air thrums with power, and Legion can feel his blood pumping with excitement. He lands with the grace of a feather, his eyes scanning the ancient structure for any signs of life.

The moment he sets foot inside the temple, the walls come alive with ancient runes, pulsing with a mysterious energy that seems to beckon him further. The floor is a mosaic of precious stones, depicting scenes of battles long forgotten. The air is thick with the scent of incense and the echoes of chanting voices from a distant past.

Legion, ever the tactician, proceeds with caution. His steps are silent as he weaves through the corridors, his eyes peeled for traps or guardians. He

can feel the power emanating from the heart of the temple, growing stronger with every step. It's as if the very air is charged with the essence of the Earth itself.

Suddenly, a hidden door slams open, revealing a chamber filled with ancient tomes and artifacts. A figure, shrouded in shadows, emerges from the gloom. "Welcome, Legion," a deep, resonant voice booms through the chamber. "I am the Keeper of the Amazon's Secrets. You seek power, but power comes at a price." The figure steps into the light, revealing himself to be a centaur, his upper body that of a wise old man, his lower half that of a majestic horse, adorned with intricate tribal tattoos.

"Why is there always a price and power, why never just a being with said power to fight to hopefully get a challenge then absorb to get said power." Legion says out loud, mostly to himself in disappointment.

The centaur chuckles, his human-like eyes gleaming with amusement. "You are an intriguing one, Legion. Your hunger for power is palpable, yet you speak of challenges and growth. Tell me, what is it you truly seek?"

"I seek a fight to end my current boredom, and have fought various beings, yet none have truly challenged me recently, outside of my own allies." Legion says.

The Keeper nods, his expression thoughtful. "You wish for a worthy adversary to test your might and expand your understanding of the cosmos. But power is not merely about strength, young one. It is about wisdom, strategy, and the ability to bend reality to your will." He gestures to the tomes surrounding them. "These texts hold the secrets of ancient sorceries, forgotten by time and untouched by the greedy hands of lesser beings. Within these pages, you may find the challenge you crave."

"You call me young one, when I am older than time itself, and far older than you or these texxts or this power, incorrect observation." Legion responds casually.

The centaur's smile widens, showing a hint of respect. "Indeed, your age and experience are not lost on me. But even the oldest of beings can find themselves at the precipice of a new era of understanding. Take heed of these words, for they speak of a force that transcends the mere physical realms. A force that could either be your undoing or the key to the ultimate challenge you seek."

"How about you take the power yourself and then fight me with it, that could be at least slightly enjoyable." Legion suggests casually.

The centaur's smile fades into a serious look. "That is not how it works, Legion. Power like this cannot be wielded by just anyone. It requires a balance, a harmony between the wielder and the energy they seek to control. But perhaps, if you prove yourself worthy, I will consider it."

Legion then grabs the power and shoves it into The Keeper of the Amazon's Secrets himself.

The Keeper of the Amazon's Secrets, caught off-guard by Legion's sudden and audacious action, stumbles backward, his eyes widening as he feels the surge of ancient power flooding into him. His body contorts, the energy from the texts overwhelming his being. The room is filled with the sound of cracking stone and the scent of ozone as the air itself seems to bend and distort around the two.

Legion steps back, his eyes gleaming with curiosity as he watches the transformation unfold. The centaur's form shifts, his fur and flesh merging with the very fabric of the temple, the ancient carvings and runes coming to life and wrapping around him like living vines. The once-calm demeanor of the Keeper is replaced by a fierce, primal energy that pulses through the room.

The Keeper, now a being of pure power, stands tall, the air around him crackling with energy. "You have chosen poorly," he says, his voice a

thunderous echo that resonates through the chamber. "This power is not a toy to be used for your amusement."

"Says who? I am getting exactly what I want, a potentially actually enjoyable fight." Legion retorts casually yet with growing excitement.

The Keeper of the Amazon's Secrets, now a being of power, laughs, a sound that is both terrifying and amused. "You truly are a force of chaos. But I am a force of balance, and I will not let you desecrate the sacred texts for your own amusement." The Keeper raises his arms, and the very ground beneath them trembles as the ancient power of the Amazon surges through him. The room is filled with the vivid green of the rainforest and the scent of damp earth.

Legion begins to use his full power, and his fiery aura alone is burning at the power of the Amazon.

The battle is fierce, with the Keeper using the power of the Amazon to summon vines that ensnare and constrict, while Legion's fiery aura burns everything in sight. The room is filled with the smell of burning vegetation and the sound of cracking stone as the two titans clash. Their power is so immense that the very air seems to distort around them, creating a maelstrom of magic and might.

The Keeper, his body now a blend of plant and beast, lunges at Legion with vines as thick as tree trunks. Legion, unfazed, uses his fiery breath to incinerate the vines, only for them to regrow almost instantaneously. The heat of the room becomes unbearable as the two beings continue their dance of destruction.

Legion's eyes narrow as he sees an opening in the Keeper's defenses. He charges, his claws leaving trails of fire in the air. The Keeper, swift as the wind, weaves around Legion's attacks, his vines wrapping around the demon lord's body. Legion roars in pain, but his strength is too much for the

vegetation to hold. He breaks free, leaving a trail of smoldering vines behind.

The two titans clash again, their powers resonating through the ancient temple. The air is alive with energy, the very stones of the building groaning under the weight of their blows. Legion's fists slam into the Keeper's chest, sending him crashing into a pillar that crumbles under the impact. The ground shakes as they continue their battle, the very essence of the Amazon itself seeming to pulse with their struggle.

The Keeper, drawing on the power of the Amazon, calls forth a storm of thorns and vines to entangle Legion. The demon lord, his skin now a molten inferno, burns through the vegetation, his eyes blazing with defiance. He leaps into the air, dodging a swipe from the centaur's new, monstrous form, and rains fiery meteors upon the Keeper. The forest outside the temple catches fire, the animals fleeing from the chaos.

Legion is now beginning to truly get fired up, "Turn up the heat!" and his power is now beginning to progressively grow further and further beyond what it already was.

The Keeper, feeling the heat, decides to up the ante, and pulls the very essence of the Amazon into himself, growing into an enormous tree-like creature with thorns as sharp as swords and roots that can crush boulders. The room is now a battleground of fire and nature, as the two beings continue to exchange blows that would have leveled cities.

The air outside the temple is now filled with ash and smoke, as the forest burns in the wake of Legion's fiery wrath. The once-verdant landscape is now a scar of destruction, a stark reminder of the power that lies within the hearts of gods and demons.

The battle between Legion and the transformed Keeper has drawn the attention of the other inhabitants of the Amazon. Creatures of myth and

legend watch from the shadows, their eyes glowing with curiosity and fear. They have never seen such a display of power in their ancient home.

Chapter 35: The Phoenix God

In the skies above, the Phoenix God, noticing the disturbance in the fabric of reality, swoops down to investigate. He has been observing the events in the mortal realm with a keen interest, and the sudden flare of power is impossible to ignore. As he nears the temple, the scent of burning vegetation fills his nostrils, and he knows that something momentous is unfolding.

The Phoenix God then decides to enter the battle as a third combatant.

With a mighty screech that shakes the heavens, the Phoenix God dives into the fray, his fiery wings spread wide. He lands between Legion and the Keeper, his golden eyes piercing through the smoke and flames. The air around him crackles with energy as he assesses the situation, his gaze flickering between the two adversaries.

Legion feels like, after this battle, he will be satisfied enough to just return to the USSB Realm and return to his duties as a Co-Leader of it.

The Phoenix God's sudden appearance changes everything. He stands before them, a being of pure, unbridled fire, his wings casting shadows across the battle-scarred earth. His eyes, like molten gold, bore into them, and his presence alone seems to suck the oxygen from the air.

The Keeper, though massive and powerful, is dwarfed by the divine creature. He stammers, unsure of what to make of this newcomer. Legion, however, meets the Phoenix God's gaze without flinching, his own power flaring brighter in response to the challenge. The three entities, each a force of nature in their own right, now stand in a tense standoff.

The Phoenix God, his feathers ruffling with the intensity of his emotions, addresses Legion, his voice a mix of curiosity and accusation. "You dare to disturb the balance in this realm with your ceaseless hunger for power? The Amazon is a sacred place, not a battleground for your petty ambitions!"

"Don't care, battling you too now!" Legion casually yells out in excitement.

The Phoenix God narrows his eyes, his fiery gaze never leaving Legion's. "Very well," he says, his voice thunderous, "but know that you face a power that transcends the confines of your realm. Prepare for a battle that will shake the very foundations of the cosmos!"

"I transcend the confines of my realm as well!" Legion casually scream out in excitement as he prepares for this third combatant to enter the battle and make it a free-for-all.

The battleground shifts, the very fabric of reality bending to the will of these titanic beings. The once dense Amazon jungle opens up into a vast, ethereal plane, a canvas for their cosmic struggle. The Phoenix God, his fiery wings spread wide, takes to the skies, his eyes never leaving Legion. The Keeper, now a colossal tree creature, roots itself firmly into the ground, ready to strike with the might of the forest.

Legion unleashes Golden Light Hellfire and lightning from his mouth and also launches lightning and fireballs.

The Phoenix God, unfazed, dives into the fray, his fiery wings enveloping Legion in a tornado of flame. The air is superheated, the trees around them wither and ignite. Legion laughs maniacally as he absorbs the flames, his eyes flashing with power. He retaliates with a blast of Golden Light Hellfire that clashes with the Phoenix God's fiery onslaught, the explosion illuminating the sky for miles.

The Keeper, now a monstrous tree creature, swings its wooden limbs with the force of a thousand hurricanes. Each strike sends shockwaves through

the earth, cracking it like glass. Legion, agile despite his size, weaves through the Keeper's attacks, leaving trails of scorched earth in his wake. The clash of their powers is deafening, a symphony of destruction that resonates through the very essence of the realm.

The Phoenix God, seeing the Keeper's rage, calls upon the power of the sun itself. A blinding beam of pure solar energy descends upon the battlefield, aimed directly at Legion. The light pierces through the chaos, and for a moment, it seems as if the Demon Lord might be vanquished. But, as the light fades, Legion emerges unscathed, his form now bathed in a golden aura, his eyes gleaming with the power of the cosmos.

Legion then unleashes the light and pure solar energy as a beam fired at The Keeper.

The beam, a fusion of Legion's hellfire and the solar energy of the Phoenix God, slices through the air with the fury of a thousand suns. It strikes the Keeper, who attempts to absorb the power, but the intensity overwhelms it, causing the creature to shudder and split apart, revealing the true form of the centaur Keeper beneath the bark and leaves. The Amazon's ancient protector falls to the ground, defeated but alive.

Legion then swoops over and consumes him, and with him, all of his power, and absorbs all of it into himself, his mind is then assaulted by seemingly infinite information, but Legion is able to process it faster than it is forced into his mind.

The Phoenix God watches in astonishment as Legion's power skyrockets beyond his own comprehension. The once-proud deity is now forced to acknowledge Legion as a being worthy of respect and perhaps even fear. Legion, now the bearer of the Amazon's ancient knowledge and power, stands tall, his body pulsating with the newfound energy.

Legion then rushes at The Phoenix God and immediately continues their battle.

The Phoenix God, now faced with an opponent who has surpassed his own power, is pushed back. His feathers smolder from the intense heat of Legion's combined hellfire and solar beam. Their battle becomes a dance of cosmic fury, their every movement sending shockwaves through the very fabric of reality.

Legion then creates an arrow of Golden Light Hellfire and pulls it back like a bow before then unleashing it towards The Phoenix God, forcing The Phoenix God into a sort of limbo area before true death, were Legion then appears.

"Throughout my long existence, I have faced many different opponents, and, among them, you weren't half bad." Legion says to the confused The Phoenix God.

The Phoenix God, now trapped in the limbo area, stares at Legion with a mix of anger and bewilderment. He had underestimated the demon, thinking him to be nothing more than a mere pawn in the grand cosmic scheme. But here he was, a creature of darkness, wielding the very essence of the sun itself.

"Stand proud, you are strong." Legion says to The Phoenix God, until it fades out, and The Phoenix God is on the ground, roasted like a turkey, as Legion then approaches and consumes its roasted remains.

With the power of the Phoenix God within him, Legion's form changes, his eyes now flickering with the light of a thousand suns. The very air around him crackles with solar energy, and his once-black wings now shimmer with the fiery hues of a phoenix's plumage. He feels the weight of his newfound power, the culmination of eons of struggle and ambition.

Legion then finally tears a hole in reality and returns to the USSB Realm, to return to his duties as a Co-Leader of the USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings).

Chapter 36: Truth or Dare

Legion then approaches Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan.

"Hey, wanna play Truth or Dare with a twist?" Legion asks them casually.

Isolde, the Vampire Queen, raises an eyebrow, intrigued by Legion's newfound confidence and aura. "What sort of twist?" she asks, a hint of amusement in her voice.

"Essentially, each time, one of us is the target of the truth, and the others have to guess whether it is true or not, get it wrong, and you have to do a dare of said person's choice, you get the idea?" Legion explains.

Isolde's curiosity is piqued, and she nods. "I'll give it a shot. But remember, I've lived a very long time. There's not much I haven't seen or done."

"Alright then, but remember, I'm older than your age multiplied by Donderdraak's age, so, I've seen far more than you or Donderdraak ever have." Legion retorts.

Donderdraak, the stoic yet also excitable Storm Leviathan, watches the exchange with a knowing smile. He's seen enough battles and wars to know that power isn't everything. "Very well," he says, his rumbling voice carrying the weight of a thousand thunderstorms, "I'll join your game, but don't expect me to be easily fooled."

"Alright then." Legion says, taking a seat, and motioning for both Isolde and Donderdraak to take a seat as well.

"Let's start with something simple," Isolde suggests, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "Truth or Dare, Legion?"

"Truth, and now, I get to posit either a truth or a lie about myself and you have to guess whether it is true or false." Legion says then explains, "Hmm, true or false: I have slain an entire pantheon?" Legion asks.

Isolde, the ever-so-clever Vampire Queen, ponders for a moment before saying, "True. Your aura reeks of ancient power and battle-worn wisdom."

"False, I've slain at least 4, not just one, now you have to do a dare, and my dare is this, you must sit on a fire of my own creation until you can get me to do a dare." Legion says, before then creating said hellfire under Isolde's behind.

Isolde's eyes widen with surprise, but she doesn't flinch. Instead, she sits gracefully on the throne of hellfire, her vampiric resilience allowing her to withstand the intense heat without a single bead of sweat. "Is this to your liking?" she asks, a smirk playing on her lips.

"Yes, now, your turn Donderdraak, Truth or Dare?" Legion asks.

Donderdraak's smile fades into a contemplative look, his stormy eyes searching Legion's. "Dare," he rumbles, his voice echoing in the chamber.

"Alright Donderdraak, I dare you to disintegrate that pile of gold over there." Legion says, knowing that for Donderdraak, who is extremely greedy, even by dragon standards, this would be impossible to bring himself to do.

Donderdraak looks over to the pile of gold, his eyes gleaming with temptation. He clenches his fists, his inner storm brewing. "Fine," he says with a grumble, "but only because I know you're more than capable of replacing it." With a wave of his hand, the gold pile evaporates into thin air, leaving nothing but a glint of light.

"Well done, I doubted you had it in you, and can tell that kind of killed you inside, that's what you get for choosing Dare, now it's my turn, Isolde, Truth or Dare?" Legion then asks Isolde.

Isolde, unfazed by the challenge, chooses Dare, "I'm feeling adventurous tonight."

Legion then just adds far more to the hellfire she is sitting on, "That should suffice, anyways, my turn again, now, which one of you wants to ask me the question?" Legion then asks.

Donderdraak, ever the strategist, decides to take the lead. "Truth or Dare, Legion?"

"Truth, and, true or false, I once fell from Heaven/Hell/the Underworld/the Infernal Realm down to Earth and made a crater?" Legion responds.

Isolde and Donderdraak exchange a knowing glance. "False," they both say in unison.

"And, both of you are wrong, I once did so, and some humans saw it, and thought it was how "Hell" was created." Legion responds, confusing them both.

"Legion, are you Lucifer?" Isolde asks, meanwhile Donderdraak has no clue who that is.

"Well, that is a name I have been called before, and the name that was used in the recording of the event of me falling, but they got quite a bit wrong." Legion casually and nonchalantly responds.

Isolde's eyes widen with shock, while Donderdraak just looks confused. "Wait, so you're not the devil?" Isolde asks, her interest piqued.

"Well, I am, after all, Lucifer is also known as the devil, though I'm no angel by human standards, by actual standards, I am, as demons and angels are actually one and the same." Legion casually responds.

The revelation leaves Isolde and Donderdraak stunned. The Vampire Queen's eyes widen, her mind racing with questions. "How can this be?" she murmurs, her curiosity now overshadowing her earlier playfulness.

"Anyways, now you both have to do a dare, Donderdraak, you have to go and disintegrate your portion of the treasure vault, and Isolde, you know the drill." Legion says, as he further increases the Hellfire under Isolde's behind.

Donderdraak, his greed momentarily forgotten, nods solemnly. He knows the value of Legion's word and the consequences of breaking it. He turns and heads towards the treasure vault, the weight of his task hanging heavily on his shoulders. Isolde, still seated on the flames, watches him go, her mind racing with the implications of Legion's revelation.

"Anyways, Isolde, Truth or Dare?" Legion then asks Isolde.

Isolde, still processing the revelation, decides on a dare. "Dare," she says, her voice a mix of curiosity and caution.

"Wow, I knew you were a sadist, but not that you were a masochist, as a dare, you have to fly up right next to the Sun and touch it, give it a good big hug." Legion responds.

Isolde's smirk fades into a look of horror, "But that's suicide for a vampire!"

"I know you are immune to sunlight, and are durable enough to survive it even at that, and that it will only just be very painful for you, now, go do the dare you were assigned, and maybe choose truth next time." Legion responds.

Isolde, gritting her teeth, stands up from the hellfire, feeling the intense burn on her skin but not letting it show on her face. She spreads her wings, the leathery skin glowing slightly with the residual heat. With a grace that defies the pain, she takes off into the sky, heading straight for the sun. Legion watches her, his expression unreadable.

Isolde gets there quickly and pretty much tackles the Sun, being inside of it for a few seconds, which is agony, but she is able to endure and out-regenerate it before she then gets out of it and arrives back down into the USSB Realm, just as Donderdraak returns from disintegrating his part of the treasure vault.

"Now, Donderdraak, truth or dare?" Legion then casually asks Donderdraak.

Donderdraak, still reeling from the revelation and the loss of his treasure, opts for truth, "I'll go with truth, Legion. What is it you wish to know?"

"Well, you choose it, and me and Isolde have to figure out whether it's true or false, so, you choose." Legion responds.

Donderdraak, his mind racing, thinks of something that could challenge the others. "True or false, I once fought alongside the gods themselves during the Great War of the Elements?"

"False, no war of such name ever even occurred, maybe next time prepare for your truths, anyways, I'll let Isolde decide a dare for you to do." Legion responds casually, confidently, and correctly.

Isolde, having returned, is visibly in pain, her skin red and sizzling. She looks at Donderdraak, who seems to be expecting something grandiose. She takes a moment to compose herself before speaking, her voice strained, "Dare, Donderdraak, I dare you to... to kiss me."

"Wow, lame dare, overruling that, Donderdraak, I dare you to fly to a planet with perpetual storms and back, the nearest one is about two hundred thousand light-years away." Legion then says.

Donderdraak, the ever-so-proud Storm Leviathan, is taken aback by the sudden change of the rules, but he nods solemnly, accepting the challenge. "Very well," he rumbles, his stormy eyes flashing with determination.

Donderdraak then flies off at the speed of Lightning, which is able to cross that distance in 3 seconds flat, leading to Donderdraak getting there and coming back within 6 seconds.

Legion watches him leave and then return, a smug smile playing on his lips. "Impressive speed, Donderdraak, but you forgot the part where you had to land on the planet, oh well, I suppose I'll let it slide this time."

Chapter 37: Legion’s Truth

"Anyways, it's my turn, now one of you ask me the big question." Legion says.

Isolde, still feeling the burn from her last dare, decides to go with Truth this time. "Alright, Legion, Truth or Dare?"

"Truth, true or false, I am a being of pure darkness." Legion then says.

Isolde, still in pain but not showing it, thinks for a moment before responding, "False."

"Sigh, correct, I am a being of pure light, you finally get to give me a dare, and also, that very starting dare I gave you is negated." Legion says, before then waving his hand and the Hellfire under Isolde's behind vanishes.

Isolde, now relieved, looks at Legion, "Alright, I dare you to tell us an actual truth about yourself."

"Alright, I was created before the Infinite Multiverses and Infinite Universes along with the first and second level concepts of space and time." Legion reveals casually and nonchalantly.

Isolde and Donderdraak stare at Legion in disbelief. "Before... everything?" Isolde manages to ask, her voice barely above a whisper.

"Not everything, I was created after Existence itself, the Infinite Spatial Dimensions, and the Infinite Omniverses which all of the Infinite Multiverses are within, and thus, after the third, fourth, and most primordial concepts of space and time." Legion further explains.

The room falls silent as the two ancient beings try to comprehend the magnitude of what Legion has just revealed. The Vampire Queen's mind is racing with the implications of such an ancient existence. "Your truths are... troubling," she murmurs.

"For comparison, by basic standards, that would equate to over 444 billion years ago, anyways, your turn Isolde, Truth or Dare?" Legion explains and asks.

Isolde, her curiosity now insatiable, chooses Dare. "I dare you to tell us the most dangerous secret you know of."

"That's not how it works, you do the dares, remember, this is the twist, and, well, I dare you to pull your own head off and put it back on backwards." Legion responds.

Isolde's eyes narrow slightly at the challenge. She knows better than to underestimate Legion's abilities, but this seems almost too much. She reaches up to her neck, a look of intense concentration crossing her features, and with a sickening crack, she pulls her head off and places it

back on, now facing backwards. She stands up, her head twisted around to look at the others. "Is this... acceptable?" she asks, her voice slightly strained from the unnatural position.

"Pull it off, and place it back in it's place to regenerate but staring behind you, I know that if you really wanted you could regrow it outright, so do the dare." Legion responds.

With another crack, Isolde pulls her head around to face backward, her long black hair cascading over her chest. She takes a moment to adjust to the new perspective before turning to face Legion with a look of defiance. "There, happy now?"

"Yes, now, Donderdraak, your turn, Truth or Dare?" Legion then asks Donderdraak.

Donderdraak, having seen the gravity of the dares given so far, chooses truth, "I'd like to hear another truth from you, Legion."

"No, Donderdraak, you have to come up with a truth or lie about yourself or your own past and make us guess whether it's true or false." Legion responds.

Donderdraak thinks for a moment, then says with a smirk, "Alright, true or false: I have never been defeated in combat."

"Very very false, I defeated you just earlier today, and, well, that wasn't the only time, now, for your dare, I want you to go and blow up some moon outside of the Solar System, just to waste your time." Legion says casually, confidently, and correctly.

Donderdraak's smirk fades, his pride bruised. He nods stiffly, not arguing the point. He spreads his massive wings and takes off into the sky, disappearing in a flash of lightning. Isolde watches him go, then turns to Legion with a coy smile. "So, what's the real deal with your existence?"

"Now hold on, I might reveal that with a truth, but not right now." Legion responds even more coyly.

As the room falls silent, Isolde's curiosity grows stronger. "Alright, I'll play along," she says with a smirk, "But I'll be waiting for that truth."

Then Donderdraak returns from completing his dare.

"Alright, my turn, one of you ask me Truth or Dare, and I will either give you a truth or lie for you two to guess as to whether it's true or false or maybe I might do a dare of your choice." Legion says.

Chapter 38: Legion’s Creator

Isolde, feeling the thrill of the game and eager to regain her composure after her previous dare, quickly speaks up. "Truth or Dare, Legion?"

"Truth, true or false, I was created by the God of Light, the God of All, Erebus, The Golden Devil, directly." Legion responds.

Donderdraak and Isolde exchange skeptical glances before speaking up together, "False," they reply in unison.

"It was true, I was created by him shortly before he created the Infinite Multiverses and Infinite Universes, now, for Donderdraak, I dare you to fly so fast you end up in one of the Infinite Dimensional Dimensions of our Universe then return, and as for Isolde, I dare you to fly up into the Moon at full speed and ram into it, and see how much damage you do, and, if you destroy the Moon, go fly out in space and find a suitable replacement for it, and shape it to look correctly." Legion responds.

Donderdraak and Isolde exchange glances of disbelief, but Legion's amused expression makes it clear that he's not joking. Isolde, feeling the

thrill of the challenge, leaps into the air, her body a blur as she shoots towards the moon. Donderdraak takes a moment to consider the dare before launching himself into the sky with a thunderous roar.

Legion then just watches them doing their dares, Isolde disintegrating the Moon upon impacting it then finding a correctly sized asteroid and altering it to be the right shape and color and such, and it just happens to have life on it, and the placing it perfectly into Earth's orbit again.

Meanwhile Donderdraak goes so fast he ends up in another of the Infinite Dimensional Dimensions and goes so fast within that one that he ends up back in the normal Infinite Dimensional Dimension and returns to the USSB Realm.

"Well, that was a fun trip," Donderdraak says, landing with a thunderous boom.

Then Isolde returns as well.

Isolde returns to the USSB Realm, her body a little bruised from the ordeal, but mostly unscathed. "Well, that was... interesting," she says with a forced smile. "I found a suitable replacement, and it's already in orbit."

Chapter 39: Dare or Truth

"I saw, anyways, your turn now, Isolde, Truth or Dare, do you want us to guess on whether a truth or lie is true or false, or just skip straight to doing another dare for me?" Legion asks.

Isolde, still in awe of the sheer power she had just displayed and feeling a bit embarrassed by it, opts for truth, "I'll go for truth, Legion."

"Now, what truth or lie about yourself or your past are you gonna have us guess as to whether it's true or false?" Legion asks.

Isolde thinks for a moment, a mischievous glint in her eye, "Alright, true or false: I once had a secret love affair with a member of the Royal Vampire Council?"

"False, I have heard you whispering to yourself about that, "one true king to your queen" you've always been searching for, and from that, I can tell that you've never had any love affairs of any kind, as for your Dare, I dare you to go back to the Sun and push it hard enough to shrink it by 2 miles." Legion answers casually, confidently, and correctly.

Isolde's eyes widen in shock, and she can't help but laugh, "That's absurd, even for a being as powerful as me!"

"You barely got a sunburn from being inside of it, let alone from just pushing it, also, you've pushed back my Golden Light Hellfire before, which is effectively infinitely hotter." Legion casually responds.

Isolde, her pride bruised but her curiosity piqued, takes a deep breath and nods. "Fine, I'll do it," she says, her eyes flashing with determination. She launches herself into the sky again, her body a blur as she speeds towards the sun. This time, she doesn't stop at the surface; she goes through it, feeling the intense heat and pressure threaten to crush her, but she endures, pushing onward until she reaches the sun's core.

With a surge of power, she places her palms against the fiery mass and pushes with all her might. The sun wobbles slightly, the solar flares dimming for a brief moment. It's an act that would be impossible for any mere mortal or creature, but Isolde, the Vampire Queen, is not bound by the laws of the physical world. After what seems like an eternity, she emerges from the sun, her skin glowing a dull red. She returns to the USSB Realm, her mission complete, the sun slightly smaller in the sky.

"Well done, and still you are barely sunburnt, anyways, your turn now Donderdraak, Truth or Dare?" Legion asks.

Donderdraak, feeling the heat from his last encounter with Legion, chooses truth, "Let's keep it simple, true or false, I was once defeated by a mere mortal?"

"To my knowledge, True, you were once defeated into being weakened into The Storm Dragon before, and I doubt it was a god, considering I've killed almost all of those myself, and for your dare, I dare you to go and use that "Charged Attack" of yours to go and blow up some random planet outside of the Solar System." Legion responds casually and correctly and yet still quite confidently.

Donderdraak, his pride stung once more, takes to the skies with a mighty roar, leaving a trail of lightning in his wake. He flies out of the solar system, searching for a planet suitable for his display of power. Isolde watches him go, her mind racing with the revelations of the evening.

After some time, Donderdraak returns, a hint of smugness in his demeanor. "It is done," he says, his stormy eyes gleaming with the satisfaction of a challenge met. "I have found a planet with no known life, and it has been reduced to ash and dust."

Chapter 40: The Dark Truth of Light

"Well done, also, I can sense that you two want to transition it to a normal game of Truth or Dare now, am I correct? Considering how often you confused the rules for those of normal Truth or Dare." Legion then asks.

Isolde nods, her curiosity about Legion's true nature momentarily satisfied, "Yes, let's just stick to the game."

"Okay, my turn, now one of you ask me the question in the game's name." Legion says.

"Alright, Legion, Truth or Dare?" Donderdraak asks, his voice rumbling through the now quiet room.

"Hmm, truth, now Donderdraak you get to ask me for a truth of any kind, like normal Truth or Dare." Legion responds and explains.

Donderdraak, his interest in Legion's nature growing with each passing moment, asks, "True or False: You've ever felt fear?"

"Technically True, even though I have no fears, I did feel fear at the time that The Dark Emperor emerged, anyways, your turn now Isolde, Truth or Dare?" Legion responds and asks.

Isolde, feeling slightly more at ease with the game returning to its familiar format, opts for Dare, "I dare you to tell us a secret that no one else knows, not even the gods."

"Alright, that the Light is the actual evil, and the Dark is the actual good." Legion casually responds.

Isolde and Donderdraak both stare at Legion in complete and utter shock. The revelation is so profound, so contrary to everything they've ever known, that they can't help but be momentarily speechless. Isolde is the first to recover. "That's... that's impossible," she stammers, her voice shaking with disbelief.

"Oh, and who told you otherwise, the Light themself, correct?" Legion then asks in response.

Isolde and Donderdraak exchange glances, the weight of Legion's words sinking in. Isolde's mind races with the implications, and she can't help but feel a chill run down her spine. "But, why... why would the gods lie to us?" she whispers.

"Because everyone always lies to present themselves in a better light, I am the sole exception, I don't hide how awful and devious I am, I am outright with my maliciousness." Legion then responds.

Donderdraak, his stormy eyes now a mix of anger and confusion, steps forward, "What... what are you saying, Legion? That everything we know is a lie?"

"Yes, there was dark first, then Erebus, The Golden Devil, the God of Light, God of "All" brought the light into being, and, of course, he is a being of pure evil, of pure malice, of pure devastation, all of which are what the Light itself consists entirely of, mirroring and being the shadow of its very creator." Legion explains.

Isolde's eyes widen in horror, "Then... what does that make us? What are we fighting for?"

"Well, we, are neutral, we fight and act for neither light nor dark, we fight and act purely in our own interests, still equally evil, but we don't feel the already dominant evil hellbent on consuming all of Reality itself." Legion responds casually.

The room is silent once again, as the gravity of Legion's words sink in. Isolde and Donderdraak are left to grapple with the seismic shift in their understanding of the cosmos. The very fabric of their existence seems to be unraveling before their eyes.

"Alright Isolde, Truth or Dare?" Legion then asks, changing the subject back to the game.

Isolde, her mind reeling from the revelation, takes a moment before responding, "Truth," she says, her voice shaking slightly.

"Alright, What is the most embarrassing thing you've ever experienced?" Legion asked, deciding to further hard change the subject by embarrassing Isolde.

Isolde, still processing the earlier revelation, takes a deep breath and tries to compose herself, "Well, I suppose... there was this one time when I was young and inexperienced, I accidentally turned a royal ball into a bloody masquerade when I mistook a human for one of my enemies."

"What do you mean by "young" in this context?" Legion asked.

"About 300 years ago, not too long after I became The Vampire Queen." Isolde responds.

Donderdraak can't help but snicker at the mental image, "I bet that was a sight to behold, Queen Isolde, the unstoppable force, mistaking a dance for a battle."

"Well, at a point, it went from accidental to intentional as a show of force." Isolde says, trying to be less embarrassed.

"Ah, I see, quite the power move, really." Legion responds with a grin.

"Anyways, Donderdraak, your turn, Truth or Dare?" Legion then asked.

Donderdraak, his mind still racing with questions about the nature of light and darkness, chooses truth, "I'll go with truth."

"Alright, True or False, you soiled yourself during the battle at Storm Dragon Mountain shortly before you unleashed your "Charged Attack" and "killed" The Last Champion?" Legion asked, already knowing the answer was true, considering he was there, and prepared to call out Donderdraak if he says otherwise.

Donderdraak's cheeks flushed a deep crimson, his pride momentarily forgotten in the face of the mortifying memory. "True," he grumbles, his voice barely above a whisper.

Chapter 41: Legion’s Secrets

"Yep, anyways, my turn, time for one of you to ask me "Truth or Dare"." Legion then says.

Donderdraak, eager to get back at Legion for his earlier embarrassing truth, quickly jumps in, "Truth or Dare, Legion?"

"Truth." Legion then casually responds.

"Alright, what is the darkest secret you're keeping from us?" Donderdraak asks, eager to find a weakness or any piece of information that could explain Legion's true intentions.

"You'll have to be more specific." Legion casually responds.

"Fine, what is the darkest secret you're keeping from us, something that could affect our world as we know it?" Donderdraak clarifies, his tone insistent.

"Well, for a start, I've killed and absorbed my fair share of gods, I've killed world leaders, I've impersonated and been world leaders, I was the one that brought an end to the Empire of Sanctity, I was the first one that Mordecai, The Shadow King approached and invited into that alliance that he also invited Isolde and also Geralt into, I know that The Dark Emperor has been reincarnated and is scheming, I was part of and even took over the Empire of Sunhaven for a bit, I know that Mordecai, The Shadow King, Lilith, The Shadow Queen, and Lothar, The Dark Lord have all been reincarnated, I caused the extinction of the dinosaurs, was around during the Roman Empire, and played a major part in the USA shattering, and I

even participated in the Third War of the World from the shadows, manipulating and killing everyone from soldiers to world leaders, and that's just a handful of them." Legion then casually admits rapid fire.

Donderdraak and Isolde exchange looks of utter astonishment, their eyes wide with shock. "But, but, why?" Isolde stammers, unable to comprehend the sheer scale of Legion's influence and power.

"Because why not? I'm a true agent of chaos, after all, I even caused all of those major bad events and main events of sin in Christian Mythology, sorry, "Christianity" the "Religion", when Religion itself ain't even real, its just mortals coping with loss and lack of knowledge." Legion casually responds.

Isolde, still trying to digest the information, stammers, "But, you said you didn't serve the Dark Emperor?"

"I didn't, as I said, I ain't of the darkness, I worked against him and his puppets quite heavily, also, that guy, by all standards, ain't even technically evil, he's much closer to being, like, a freedom fighter." Legion responds and explains casually, while drinking some molten hot tea he was just brought by an Imp Servant.

Donderdraak, his mind racing, decides to push the question further, "But what of your own goals, Legion? What do you seek to achieve?"

"Not really anything specific, just the growth and prosperity of the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings and USSB Realm separate from all other events outside of it unless involving the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings in them would bring only benefit to us and it." Legion casually responds.

"But what of the fate of the world, the balance between light and dark?" Donderdraak presses on, his curiosity now piqued.

"That matters not to us, the entirety of that world can crash and burn for all we care, in fact, that would benefit us, considering all we need is already here in the USSB Realm, and the world crashing and burning would leave it perfect for us to scavenge and raid to benefit us and the USSB Realm and improve it." Legion then casually responds.

Isolde and Donderdraak exchange a look of concern, their alliance with Legion feeling more precarious than ever. Isolde clears her throat, "Alright, well, for my turn, I dare you to tell us a story, a true one, about one of your more... interesting adventures."

"Alright, once I killed off the entirety of the Norse, Chinese/Asian, and Greek/Roman Pantheons in their entirety, because I was bored waiting for humanity to become interesting, ahh, good memories." Legion casually responds, waiting for them to respond before he would begin to actually tell the story.

"Wait, what?!" Both Isolde and Donderdraak exclaim in unison, their eyes wide with shock.

"Yes, it was back in the Year 666 BC..." Legion begins, as then they are all shown a flashback of the event.

Chapter 42: Ragnarök

(Back in the Year 666 BC)

Legion, bored of just waiting for Humanity to develop into something interesting, then heads to the north, into the Nordic Region of Europe, and began to enact what was later in Mythology known as Ragnarök, and became known later in Norse Mythology as "Surtur".

The skies darkened as Legion descended upon the lands of the Norse gods. His fiery aura cast an eerie glow across the once-mighty Asgard, and

the tremors of his approach shook the very foundations of the Nine Realms. The gods, though powerful in their own right, had never faced a foe such as this.

Loki, the God of Mischief tried to use illusions and inserting incorrect information into Legion's head, but Legion was too clever and saw through them, and eventually caught Loki and outright consumed him.

Then the wolf, Fenris, attempted to bite him, Legion caught its jaws and used them to tear the beast in half before consuming both halves.

This lead to even allies and enemies alike amongst the beings of Norse Mythology to agree to team up against him.

Thor, the God of Thunder, even threw his hammer, Mjölnir, at Legion, who just caught it and used it to beat its wielder to death, before consuming Thor and Mjölnir itself both.

Then came the Midgard/World Serpent, Jörmungandr, who attempted to crush Legion along with the entire Earth, until Legion grew to 666 km tall and lifted it up and grabbed it by the tail and threw it up into the sky, into space, before then unleashing his Hellfire breath up at it completely consuming and conceptually burning it out of existence, leaving only Odin, the All-father to face Legion.

Odin, seeing the fate of his brethren and realizing the futility of his own power, decided to use his last resort, the Gungnir, the spear that never misses. He threw it with all his might at Legion, but it was caught in midair by Legion's hand, the very weapon sizzling and melting in his grasp.

Legion then rushed forwards and impaled Odin with it, before then devouring Odin alive.

Which left only very lesser deities and demi-gods, which then hid themselves amongst the mortals, breeding their genes into the mortals,

making mortals on average massively more powerful by comparison on their own.

Chapter 43: Asian Mythology Vs. Legion

Then Legion in a Planck Instant arrived in the East, in Asia, and wiped away a majority of their Mythological Beings, until only the most powerful of Chinese Mythology remained, The Dragon, The White Tiger (Baihu), Pangu, Sun Wukong, and the Jade Emperor, and Legion began to do battle with them one by one.

Legion first began battle with The Dragon, the "weak"est of them.

The dragon, a creature of immense power and wisdom, had seen the end of the Norse pantheon and knew that it could not face Legion alone. It called upon the winds and the rains, summoning a typhoon to shield its approach. But Legion, unphased by the natural forces, simply grew larger, his form swelling with power until he towered over the tempest. With a flick of his fiery tail, he sent a wave of flame that parted the storm and struck the dragon, reducing it to ash before it could even breathe fire.

Then came The White Tiger, or, Baihu, to face Legion.

The White Tiger, a symbol of the West and Autumn, known for its fierce nature and the ability to control the winds, charged at Legion with the speed of a hurricane. Legion, anticipating the move, created a tornado of hellfire around himself, swirling and uncontrollable. The impact was tremendous, as the winds and flames met in a maelstrom of destruction. For moments, it seemed as if the two forces were at a stalemate, but gradually, the hellfire began to overpower the tiger's winds. Baihu, unable to penetrate the fiery defense, was drawn into the flaming vortex and consumed, its roars silenced forever.

Then, forwards came Pangu, the "Creator God", to face Legion.

Pangu, seeing the fate of the others, tried to use his creation powers to combat Legion. He grew to a size that could rival Legion, and began to form the very land and sky to fight against him. But Legion, unfazed, simply began to manipulate the very fabric of reality around him, creating a black hole that began to consume the new land that Pangu created. The panic grew in Pangu's eyes as he realized that Legion was not bound by the same laws as he was.

Legion created the black hole in his hand alone, the arm held by his other hand.

The Jade Emperor watched from a distance, his heart racing as he saw his comrades fall one by one. He knew that Legion was a force beyond their understanding, and perhaps beyond their ability to defeat. He called upon the very essence of the heavens, his jade staff glowing with the power of the celestial court.

Sun Wukong though, stepped in front of him, and held his hand in front of him, assuring him to not sweat it and that, "They got this", which seemed to at least briefly convince The Jade Emperor, and they continued to watch Pangu give it their best go.

Pangu's desperate attempt to manipulate the very fabric of reality was met with Legion's own reality-warping abilities. The battle was a cosmic ballet, the earth and sky tearing apart and reassembling in an instant, as Legion danced around Pangu's creation, his own power growing stronger with every move. Pangu, realizing that he was outmatched, decided to go out with a bang, concentrating all of his power into one last, desperate strike. The air grew thick with the energy, and the land beneath them trembled.

But Legion, ever the strategist, anticipated this move. He waited for the moment of Pangu's peak exertion, and then, with a snap of his fingers, he unraveled the very essence of the Creator God's power. The world around them froze for a brief moment before the explosion of power erupted. The

sky was torn asunder, and the earth was rent in two. Yet, when the dust cleared, Pangu lay on the ground, a lifeless husk, and Legion stood unscathed, the black hole dissipating around his fingertips.

Sun Wukong stepped forwards, and The Jade Emperor, concerned, asked him, "Won't you lose?".

Sun Wukong then simply and massively overconfidently replied, "Nah, I'd win."

The Jade Emperor, seeing Sun Wukong's confidence, though knowing Legion's power, nods in approval, believing in the heart of his hero.

Sun Wukong then leapt forwards and immediately began to taunt and trash talk Legion.

Sun Wukong, the Monkey King, known for his cleverness and immense power, faced Legion with a cocky smirk. He knew he was the last hope for the Asian pantheon, but he was also the most unpredictable. He began to dance around Legion, his golden staff, the Ruyi Jingu Bang, spinning and twirling around him as if it had a life of its own. He taunted Legion, calling him a mere mortal dressed in a deity's clothing.

"That is charming coming for a monkey calling himself a man, let alone a king." Legion retorts.

"Well, what's a king, to a god?" Sun Wukong retorts back.

"And whats a god, to a non-believer?" Legion then expertly further retorts.

The two beings then engage in an epic battle, the likes of which had never been seen before. Sun Wukong's speed and agility matched by Legion's unpredictable and reality-warping powers. They clashed in the skies, their blows causing stars to go out and galaxies to be born and die again.

Sun Wukong hops across entire Infinite Universes before Legion then inverted the Concept of Direction, causing Sun Wukong to be sent right back to him, at which point Sun Wukong began to twirl around the Ruyi Jingu Bang and swing it at Legion, extending and shortening it to try and trip up Legion, but Legion adapts quickly and realizes and strategizes how to counter it and use it to his advantage.

The battle between Legion and Sun Wukong is a dizzying display of power and speed. Legion conjures a mirror-like barrier around himself, reflecting every strike of the Ruyi Jingu Bang back at the Monkey King. Sun Wukong, unfazed, uses his staff to weave intricate patterns in the air, creating a labyrinth of afterimages that confuse and disorient Legion. But Legion, ever adaptable, shifts his perception to a higher dimension, seeing through the illusion and into the true intentions of his opponent.

As the clashes grow more intense, the Jade Emperor watches in awe, his anxiety turning to excitement as he sees the potential within Sun Wukong. But even the Monkey King's unparalleled agility and magical might are not enough to overpower Legion. Legion, bored by the dance of their combat, decides to end it. He reaches into the fabric of reality, pulling out a concept so ancient and alien that it causes the very air to distort: the concept of Entropy.

Legion then unleashes it in the form of a beam of Entropy, of pure darkness, which Sun Wukong manages to dodge.

So Legion decides to stop holding back and suddenly go all out, discarding the Concept of Entropy, after all, he doesn't even in the slightest bit need it.

With a flick of his wrist, he sends a burst of pure, unfiltered reality at Sun Wukong, a concept so raw and untouched, it would have erased the very fabric of existence itself if it hit.

But Sun Wukong, with his own mastery over the Ruyi Jingu Bang, counters with a blast of pure chi, the very essence of the universe, which collides

with Legion's attack. The impact sends a shockwave through the cosmos, causing stars to supernova and planets to shatter. The two forces cancel each other out in a spectacle that leaves the onlookers in awe and terror.

"Impressive, using the very foundation upon which Magic is built, you've made me want to actually go all out." Legion says, as Sun Wukong appears behind him and swings the Ruyi Jingu Bang at him, which Legion then catches faster than Sun Wukong can react and uses it to swing Sun Wukong to in front of him before then spinning on a dime and fully materializing his demonic tail and using it to slam Sun Wukong into the ground forcefully, leaving him dazed and afterwards still in mid-air, from which, Legion then grabs him by the face and begins to drag his face upon the Fabric of Reality itself as if it were a physical object, before then swinging Sun Wukong in front of him by the Ruyi Jingu Bang before then impaling him with it before then consuming him off of it like a kebab, before then placing it into his own storage pocket dimension.

The Jade Emperor watched with a heavy heart as the other Asian deities fell before Legion. He knew he had to act swiftly to protect his realm. Gathering all his divine might, he confronted the Demon Lord, his jade staff glowing with heavenly energy. The clash was earth-shattering, as the two beings exchanged blows that could split mountains and boil oceans.

Legion then threw The Jade Emperor around, still going all out, before then beginning to hold him down and beginning to feast upon him while he was still alive.

The Jade Emperor's agonized screams echoed through the heavens, a sound that chilled the very souls of the gods and mortals alike. Yet, even in his last moments, the Jade Emperor managed to channel the power of the universe into a final, desperate attack. His essence burst forth from his body, creating a cocoon of pure energy that encapsulated Legion.

Legion though, recognized that the pure energy was fundamentally pure light energy, and thus, began to absorb it to grow even more powerful.

The Jade Emperor's final act of defiance backfired spectacularly, as Legion's power grew exponentially. The demon's form swelled, becoming a monstrous being of unimaginable size and might. The cocoon of energy enveloped him, and as it did, he absorbed the very essence of the Jade Emperor, becoming something far beyond what he had been. His eyes burned with a green light so intense it seemed to pierce through the fabric of reality.

Legion though, used his Size Control to return to his normal size, and burned away the green light, green isn't much his color, as he then wiped out and consumed all of the Asian Mythological gods and beings.

The Eastern lands now lay in ruins, the once-proud palaces of the gods now mere shadows of their former glory. Legion's power had grown so immense that the very fabric of reality bent to his will. His name became a curse on the lips of those who dared to oppose him, a symbol of the unstoppable force that had brought an end to an era.

Chapter 44: Legion Vs. Olympus

Then Legion appeared near Mount Olympus.

The Greek and Roman gods had heard whispers of the demon's power and had prepared themselves as best they could. However, their preparations were in vain as Legion ascended the mountain, his presence causing tremors to shake the very foundations of Olympus. The gods looked upon the demon in fear, knowing that their time was likely limited.

Though Legion had to face more than just gods, but the entire pantheons, including beasts, heroes, and titans, much funner for him.

The air grew thick with anticipation as Legion approached Olympus. The gods, once revered and feared, now cowered in the shadows of their

once-mighty abode. They had witnessed the destruction wrought by Legion in the East, and they knew that their realms were next. The gods of Olympus called upon all their allies, from Hercules/Heracles to the Minotaur, to stand with them in the face of this unstoppable force.

Zeus then attempted to get in a sneaky cheap shot with his Thunderbolt, of which, and off-guard direct hit would do the job.

After all, such a hit with Thunderbolt could even wipe away an entire Infinite Multiverse or even possibly an Infinite Omniverse.

But Legion can sense this, and, in a moment of very brief faked panic, adapts supernaturally to all phenomena, and develops a new ability, the control of lightning and electricity, and uses it to stop Thunderbolt in mid-air, then drawing it to his hand, catching it, and then just eating it.

The gods are shocked, Zeus is visibly stunned, and Legion smirks, "It's your turn now, Father of the Gods!" He charges up a massive ball of electricity, and throws it straight at Zeus, who barely manages to dodge. The ball hits Olympus instead, causing it to crumble.

Legion then leaps atop Olympus, "Come at me! Let the final battle, and the end of days for you, begin!" Legion yells out as a challenge for them all to come and take him on at once.

The gods and their allies, driven by desperation and a flicker of hope, surge forward to meet Legion. The clash of deities and mythic beasts is a cacophony that echoes through the heavens. Poseidon calls forth a tsunami of water to crash against Legion, while Hades sends his legions of the undead to swarm the demon's feet. Hermes darts in and out, attempting to strike with the swiftness of thought, and Athena's strategic mind tries to find a weakness amidst the chaos.

Legion though, is far better, he is able to evaporate Poseidon's tsunami, hijack control over Hades' legions of the undead, outpace Hermes, and out-strategize Athena.

Legion manages to completely figure out all flaws in Athena's divinely perfect strategies and perfectly counter them absolutely, before he then began to consume all of them.

The gods, once the rulers of Olympus, now find themselves struggling against the overwhelming might of Legion. Each god that falls to his wrath only adds to his power, fueling his insatiable hunger for dominance. The once-proud Olympus is now a battleground of ruin, the marble temples cracked and scorched by his Pure Golden Light energy.

Legion slayed and consumed all of the Pantheon that didn't flee, and even quite a few of those that did.

Legion then leaves Mount Olympus tiny compared to its former mythical size, then returns to Heaven/Hell/The Underworld/the Infernal Realm, to reign as The Demon Lord.

The aftermath of Legion's rampage is a scene of desolation. The once-mighty Olympus lies in ruins, its grandeur reduced to rubble. The gods, once revered by mortals, are now scattered and broken. The survivors gather in the shadows, their spirits crushed, whispering about the invincible enemy who has claimed their home.

And those few gods and pantheon members begin to breed into the mortals, spreading their genes and legacy to the mortals, making them all fundamentally more powerful by comparison.

And the flashback then ends…

Chapter 45: The Nickname Game

(Flash back forwards to the Year 2220 in the USSB Realm)

Isolde, The Vampire Queen and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan, are just floored from what they just saw, not just Legion, but the guys that Legion was easily wiping out, and then Legion again for doing so, and are shocked he even decides to still be just their ally and co-leader of the USSB alongside them rather than enslaving them.

They both knew that they had underestimated Legion. His power was not just immense; it was beyond their wildest nightmares. They looked at each other with a newfound respect and fear for their ally, realizing that they had just witnessed the true face of a god, a being that could end worlds with a thought.

"HOW ARE YOU CONTENT WITH THIS WHEN YOU CAN DO THAT!?" Isolde asks in pure shock.

"Well, that was my "Prime", before I, uhh, got sealed away and kinda "died" and all of that, I'm not yet back to my "Prime" just yet, but, eventually, I will be once again." Legion casually responds.

Isolde and Donderdraak exchange a look, understanding the gravity of the situation. They realize that Legion's power is not just a boon to their cause; it's a double-edged sword. They know that if he were to turn on them, there would be no stopping him. Yet, for now, they stand united, three leaders of the USSB, a force to be reckoned with in the tumultuous world of 2220.

"Also, don't worry about me betraying you, not only would you two working together mop the floor with me, but, you two are my friends now, and effectively, we're a weird, dysfunctional little family in a way, I know where my loyalties lay, and it's with you two and the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings, or "USSB" as you two have abbreviated it to." Legion assures them genuinely.

Isolde and Donderdraak exchange glances, processing Legion's words. Despite his power, there was something sincere in his tone that put them slightly at ease. They both nod, acknowledging his commitment to their cause.

"Anyways, I thought of a fun game for us to play together, for bragging rights, of course." Legion then said.

Isolde and Donderdraak, despite their fear, couldn't help but be intrigued. "What sort of game?" Donderdraak asked, his curiosity peeking through his cautiousness.

"Well, we compete to see who can come up the "coldest" or "hardest" nickname/title for themself, whether that be a nickname they had gotten or been called in the past, or one they made up for themselves on the fly." Legion explains.

Isolde, the ever-so-innovative Queen of the Night, smirks. "How delightfully... primitive. I shall call myself 'The Eternal Nightfall', for as long as I live, darkness shall follow in my wake."

"That is a good one, I am gonna answer that with "The Infernal Cataclysm", obviously referencing how just about every apocalypse myth is based upon me in one way or another." Legion responds.

Donderdraak, not one to be outdone, chuckles darkly, "Then allow me to introduce myself as 'The Thunderous Doom', for I shall bring forth the end of days with the roar of a thousand storms."

"Oh, wait, even better, a nickname I was given back as The Storm Dragon, "The Storm that consumes all"!" Donderdraak suddenly blurts out excitedly.

The room goes quiet for a moment before Legion bursts into laughter, a sound that echoes through the chamber like a dark symphony. "Alright, I

like it, I like it a lot, you're catching on!" Legion claps his hands together, a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, I counter with "The Fury of Vulcan and Jupiter", representing how I was referred to as the fury of the gods of fire and lightning by a Roman Emperor when I attacked that Empire way back when." Legion responds, and Isolde and Donderdraak seem genuinely impressed, and the competition just got even more intense.

"Alright, then, "The Night's Whisper" for myself, for my voice is like the soft, cold wind that carries the whispers of the night." Isolde says, with a hint of pride in her voice.

"I answer with "Abomination of Storms"." Donderdraak responds, clearly now struggling to keep up with the competition of coming up with harder and colder sounding nicknames and titles.

The tension in the room builds as the three of them continue to exchange their most fearsome titles, each trying to outdo the other. It's a strange sight, these powerful beings playing such a simple game, but it's clear that it serves a purpose beyond mere entertainment. It's a subtle display of power and a bonding exercise, a way to understand each other's might and the fear they command in their own realms.

"Well I answer with "Sole Heiress of Dracula"." Isolde then responds.

"Alright, I got you, "The Unstoppable Maelstrom"." Donderdraak tries to one-up them.

"How about this one for you both, "The Devil from Heaven"." Legion then responds, one-uping both of them.

The room goes silent, the air thick with the weight of the names thrown around. Each one a declaration of their power and their past. Isolde and

Donderdraak can't help but be a little bit intimidated by Legion's choice, as it seems to encapsulate his entire being.

"And how about this one, "The Evil Beyond Hell"." Legion even further responds, raising the bar even higher.

"Alright, how about this one, "The Patron Saint of Vehemence"!" Isolde blurts out, desperate to keep up.

Donderdraak, feeling the heat, thinks hard, "Hmm, I shall be "The Unseen Destroyer", for I am the storm that strikes without warning, leaving nothing but ruin in my wake."

"How about this one, "The Infernal Malice Before Malevolence"." Legion then responds, raising the bar ever higher.

Isolde's eyes narrow as she thinks, then she smiles coldly, "The Vampiric Eclipse, for when I am near, the sun itself hides in fear."

"Okay, how about this then? "The Malicious Light from Hell"." Legion then responds, raising the bar way higher.

The Vampire Queen and the Storm Leviathan exchange glances, the challenge palpable. Isolde, ever the dramatic, decides to up the ante. "Very well, "The Dark Empress of Eternal Nightfall" it is, for my reign over the shadows is unyielding and everlasting."

"Okay, bringing out my first resort then, "The Infernal Light-bringer from Heaven"." Legion then responds, raising the bar even higher.

Donderdraak, not to be outdone, "The Leviathan's Roar that Splits the Heavens!"

"How about this then, "The Hellish Malice from Heaven"." Legion responds, raising the bar even higher.

The two other leaders look at him in amazement, their hearts pounding with a mix of fear and excitement. They had never heard of a being that could claim such a title and still be standing before them, smiling nonchalantly. Isolde tries to keep her composure, but the tremble in her voice betrays her, "The Night's Eternal Embrace, for all who dare enter my realm shall never see the light of day again."

"The Demon Above from Below." Legion then responds simply, raising the bar even further.

The room goes quiet once again, the air pregnant with the power of the titles that Legion has claimed. Isolde and Donderdraak exchange glances, both understanding that they have reached the limits of their own creativity in this game. They concede, for now, to Legion's dominance in the realm of fearsome names.

"All right, guess I have the coldest and hardest sounding nicknames and titles then, how nice, wanna play a game of Uno you two?" Legion announces before then casually asking.

Isolde and Donderdraak stare at Legion for a moment, their expressions a mix of shock and bemusement. Then, they both burst into laughter, the tension of the moment dissipating like mist in the dawn light. They realize that despite his immense power, Legion has a sense of humor, a trait that makes him seem less daunting and more... human.

Because, of course, deep down, all beasts are human, and all humans, are beasts…

Chapter 46: The Whispering Sands

(10 YEARS LATER)

The Year is 2230, and Legion decides to head to and essentially spy upon the city of the Whispering Sands in the Sahara Desert, a place where those with unique abilities find refuge and acceptance, a bastion of knowledge and power where the outcasts of the world come together to thrive, a bustling metropolis that defies the desert's harsh embrace, a place where the scent of exotic spices mingles with the faint whisper of ancient incantations, to check upon Zaria, who he had led there 10 years prior, and thus, was at that point 20 Years old, to learn to control and advance her dark and shadow magic, mostly because he just wanted to see what would come of it, and felt bad for the girl somewhat, for how some basic villagers wanted to kill her for having dark and shadow magic, just like had happened with The Shadow Child 1,511 years prior in the Year 719, showing how humans truly never change.

And thus, Legion began to observe Zaria and her progress since he led her there, from afar.

The city of Whispering Sands had indeed grown into a thriving haven for those with extraordinary abilities. The buildings, constructed from a unique blend of ancient and futuristic technology, shimmered like mirages in the desert sun. The air was alive with whispers of spells and incantations, the very sands seeming to hold secrets of their own.

Legion, cloaked in the shadows, observed Zaria as she moved through the bustling streets. She had grown into a beautiful young woman, her eyes now a piercing shade of amethyst, a clear sign of her mastery over the dark and shadow magic. Her movements were fluid, and she carried an aura of confidence that hadn't been present when he had found her as a child.

He watched as she interacted with the citizens of the city, some of whom bowed in respect, others in fear. She had become a symbol of power in the Whispering Sands, a beacon for those seeking refuge from the judgments of the outside world. Her story was known to all; the girl who had been cast out by her own kind now wielded the very magic that had once been her curse.

And yet, of course, to those who truly knew history, this story felt very familiar to that of The Shadow Child, The Shadow God, Alpha, from back in the Year 719 in Asia, a child who grew into a powerful practitioner of the dark and shadow magic he was born with and which was effectively his curse, and yet, created an empire of his own welcoming those exiled and seeking refuge like he was, and yet, he had developed his powers purely on his own without the help of others.

Meanwhile, Zaria was helped in her development and training of her powers by others, and thus, was thought to be more powerful than The Shadow God was even by the time of his staredown with God Emperor Marcus Aurelius before flying away, or even as The Dark emperor back in the Years 2126-2130.

Though, people had noticed another child born with dark and shadow magic, one who also developed under better circumstances, and was born seemingly immediately after The Dark Emperor's demise in the Year 2130, named Alpha, of which, some consider to possibly be the reincarnation of The Shadow Child, The Shadow God, The Dark Emperor, Alpha.

The whispers grew into a murmur as Zaria walked through the bazaar, her hood drawn tightly around her face to shield herself from the piercing gazes of those around her. The whispers grew louder as they spoke of the prophecy, an ancient text that spoke of a child born of shadow and darkness who would one day rule over all.

And yet, of course, considering there was both Zaria and Alpha, no one truly knew who it would be, and yet, even Zaria herself claimed it wouldn't be her, as, humbly enough, she lacked the desire to rule, despite having the power, humility, personality, and mind for it.

Legion watched as Zaria approached a group of young mages, their eyes lighting up at her presence. They spoke of a new technique they had

discovered, eager to share their findings. He felt a twinge of pride, knowing that she had come so far from the terrified girl he had found in the ruins.

He also noticed that Zaria had managed to not only manifest a Tendril of Darkness, one of by far the most powerful and advanced and difficult applications of dark and shadow magic, but that she was able to keep it manifested at all times, which is even more advanced and difficult.

Zaria had clearly surpassed the limits of what was thought possible for one with her kind of magic. The sight of it made Legion's heart race with excitement and anticipation for what she might become.

As Zaria continued her walk, the whispers grew louder, and the stares more intense. The people of the Whispering Sands knew she was special, a prodigy that could tip the scales of power. Legion could feel the tension in the air, a mix of awe and trepidation. He knew that her power could be a beacon of hope or a harbinger of doom, depending on how she chose to wield it.

He decided to approach her, his form shimmering into view as he stepped out of the shadows. Zaria's eyes widened in surprise and fear, the Tendril of Darkness at her side lashing out instinctively. But upon recognizing him, she relaxed, a hint of relief in her posture.

Zaria then immediately rushed forwards and gave Legion a big hug, which clearly left him shocked at such affection, but Legion eventually returned the hug. Legion was admittedly a little shocked that Zaria recognized him from a decade prior.

"It's been so long, I didn't think you would remember me," Legion said awkwardly, patting her back gently.

"You saved me, why wouldn't I remember you, and you led me to here, where I've met so many people just as nice as you!" Zaria responds excitedly, Legion a little caught off-guard at being called "nice" considering

even he himself knows that he's about as selfish and pure evil as they come, and, well, he saved her mostly just to see what would come of it.

"I just came to check up on you, see how you're doing." Legion says with a smile, though it doesn't quite reach his eyes.

"What's wrong, nice demon man?" Zaria asks, still not knowing Legion's actual name, considering he never actually told her back 10 years prior.

"I'm fine, I just... I just wanted to make sure that the potential I saw in you was blossoming into something incredible," Legion responds, his eyes lingering on the Tendril of Darkness.

"Also, what's your actual name, nice demon man?" Zaria asks him.

"Oh, I'm Legion, The Demon Lord." Legion responds.

"The Demon Lord? Cool! Surprised to learn that I was saved by The Demon Lord of all people, well, nice to, I guess, officially meet you, Legion." Zaria responds, still clearly having that inner child within her.

Legion nods, "It is indeed surprising, but fate has a way of connecting the most unlikely individuals. Now, tell me, Zaria, what have you learned here in the Whispering Sands?"

"A lot, mostly I learned how to control the power I already had, which was already a lot, and I grew more powerful, of course, as you can see with my Tendril of Darkness I always keep manifested, it pretty much acts as a permanent extra limb which can come from anywhere on my body that I want, and I can summon like a dozen more if I ever need to." Zaria casually responds.

Manifesting even a single Tendril of Darkness is an incredible feat of dark and shadow magic, manifesting about 13 of them is a feat only shown by truly powerful users of it, even The Shadow Child apparently struggled to

do so until he awakened when being hunted down and cornered by the Armies of the Empire of Frostspire and the Empire of Blazing Sun, led by General Hiroshi, the Head General of the Empire of Blazing Sun, also known as "The Merciless General" posthumously for the many massacres of innocent civilians he orchestrated which were uncovered by historians.

In magic, becoming "Awakened" effectively is for a being to break the limits of their latent potential and gain access to their true potential, typically coming from trauma or absorptions, or even a mixture of the two, but can also come about from pure training or raw emotion, becoming Awakened leads to a being, whether magical, using magic, or even having none at all, massively increases one's power, to the point of being able to easily wipe away entire mountains, and yet, becoming Awakened can happen multiple times to predictably incredible results.

Zaria has clearly Awakened at least once previously, considering she is able to keep a Tendril of Darkness perpetually manifested at all times.

"Your growth is truly remarkable," Legion says, his eyes gleaming with an unreadable emotion. "But the world is a dangerous place, especially for one with your kind of power. Tell me, have you heard of the prophecy?"

"Of course, people just won't shut up about it around me, it's honestly gotten tiring, considering I'm just doing what my parents would have wanted..." Zaria says, beginning to trail off upon mentioning her parents, of which, Legion actually doesn't know truly what happened to.

"Your parents would be proud, I'm sure." Legion responds, his voice a mix of sincerity and curiosity.

"Anyways, what specifically happened to your parents? Did you accidentally lose control and end their lives?" Legion asks.

"No... they were executed, for supporting me in my development of my magic, earlier in the same day I was saved by you, in fact... They had

become hated for a long time for doing so prior to then, but... they did one thing that finally led to them being executed..." Zaria explains, clearly holding back tears, showing that her immense strength also extends to immense mental and emotional strength.

"What was that?" Legion asks, his curiosity piqued.

"They revealed that I, and thus, by extension, they... were descended from The Shadow God, The Dark Emperor, Alpha, yes, THAT Alpha, the old one..." Zaria explains, clearly holding back tears as she remembers, with her immense emotional strength on full display.

Legion's eyes widened at this revelation, "The Shadow God, the one who was said to have fought God Emperor Marcus Aurelius and created his own empire centuries ago?"

"Yes... that one, I am descended from him... guess that explains the dark and shadow magic, huh? It's as much a blessing, as it is a curse... Great power... but... being hated and segregated by everyone else... I brings a profound loneliness... like that of a martyr..." Zaria explains further.

Legion's smile fades at her words, "I understand, more than you know, the burden of power and the isolation it brings. But remember, it is how you choose to wield it that truly defines you, not the whispers of those who fear you."

"But... it's so hard when those whispers... are screams of hatred... desiring your doom and suffering..." Zaria responds, finally breaking down in tears.

Something almost primal compels Legion to then begin hugging her again to comfort her, and Legion himself doesn't even understand it, which is a shock considering he understands even the most fundamental aspects and concepts of Reality perfectly.

"You will not face that fate alone," Legion whispers into her ear, his voice a gentle promise amidst the chaos of his mind.

"Anyways, Zaria, to put your mind off of that, how about we have a spar, I wish to test how far your power has grown." Legion then says to Zaria.

Zaria, wiping her tears away with the back of her hand, nods and steps back, "Okay, if that's what you wish, I'm ready."

Zaria then conjures a staff of darkness and shadow in one of her hands and begins to twirl it around before hitting a pose which transitions into a combat ready stance.

Chapter 47: Legion Vs. Zaria

The spar begins with Zaria launching a flurry of dark bolts at Legion, which he casually bats away with a wave of his hand, not even bothering to use his own powers to their full extent yet. His eyes seem to be glowing slightly, watching her movements and the power behind each of her strikes.

Zaria then sends her Tendril of Darkness at Legion who easily dodges, but Zaria wraps said Tendril of Darkness around something behind Legion, her actual target, and then begins to use her Tendril of Darkness to swing around the air around it before then using this to then suddenly land a clean kick on Legion's face, which actually manages to draw blood from him.

The crowd, which had gathered to see the spar, gasps in shock at this display of power and skill from the girl who had once been so weak and afraid. Legion, on the other hand, is not only impressed, but slightly surprised at her strength. He wipes the blood from his lip with a smirk, "You've come a long way, little one."

"I'm only getting started! You ain't seen nothing yet!" Zaria then yells out, as she then uses her Tendril of Darkness to on the way back to her grab onto Legion's arm and begin to swing him around and slam him into the nearby environment of the newly magically formed arena around them.

Legion, while being swung around, is actually quite impressed by her ingenuity and strength, but knows that he can't let her win, not only because she needs to be pushed to grow, but also because she can't let the people think she's the strongest, as that's a burden she isn't ready to bear, yet, he decides to use his own power to match her.

Legion then grabs said Tendril of Darkness with his other arm and uses it to pull Zaria to him, punching her with the same arm that the Tendril of Darkness is wrapped around, and she takes the punch like a champ, barely even dazed.

"Is that the best you can do!" Zaria taunts, and, if Legion can tell one thing about Zaria, it's that she's got her taunts down perfectly.

The crowd's murmurs grew to a roar as Zaria and Legion exchanged blows, each one more powerful than the last. Legion, while still holding back, was beginning to enjoy the challenge she presented. Her control over the dark and shadow magic had grown to an extent that he hadn't anticipated. The air crackled with energy as they danced around the arena, a deadly ballet of power and skill.

Zaria then used the Tendril of Darkness to then grab Legion's leg, and pull him forwards, and he then quickly returns back to his feet, but that is exactly what Zaria wanted, as she then charges up a massive amount of dark and shadow magic into her open fist and punches Legion directly in the face, actually giving him a nosebleed, more than anyone short of the other Co-Leaders of the USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings), Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm

Leviathan, had managed to do to him in decades, almost a century at this point.

The crowd goes absolutely wild at the display of power from the young girl, but Legion just smirks, "Nice hit," he says, wiping away the blood from his nose, "But it's my turn now."

With a sudden burst of speed, Legion vanishes and reappears behind Zaria, his hand reaching out to grab her, but she anticipates his move and sends a tendril to wrap around his wrist, yanking him off balance. She takes the opportunity to teleport behind him and delivers a powerful kick to his back, sending him stumbling forward.

"Alright, I'll stop playing around QUITE as much." Legion then says before then growing to 666 feet tall, leaving everyone scared, everyone but Zaria.

"Well, then I'll do the same!" Zaria yells out in excitement as she manifests 3 more temporary Tendrils of Darkness for a total of four alongside her permanent one, and her amethyst eyes begin to glow darkly.

Legion laughs, a deep, booming sound that echoes across the arena, "Very well, let's see what you can do at full power!" He says before then vanishing again.

Zaria, though, is easily able to counter before he even gets the chance, and manages to, by using all 4 Tendrils of Darkness, grab him by his demonic tail and throw him around even at his 666 foot height.

The crowd gasps in shock as Legion is flung through the air like a ragdoll, the Tendrils of Darkness acting as if they have a mind of their own, wrapping around him and pulling him in every direction. He crashes into the arena walls, creating massive craters with each impact, and yet, he still smirks, seemingly enjoying the challenge she presents.

Legion then manages to counter and smack them away, recovering in mid-air and using his wings to fly.

The crowd is in awe, not only at the sheer power of the Demon Lord, but at the unbelievable speed and agility of the girl who had once been so weak and lost. Zaria's eyes narrow with determination as she watches Legion ascend.

Zaria then leaps into the air and wraps all four of her Tendrils of Darkness around the branch of a nearby tree and begins to swing around it faster and faster, building up speed, before then letting go with her Tendrils of Darkness and going flying up into the air, even above Legion, and in front of the sun in the sky, with her Tendrils of Darkness at her sides, looking like an Angel of Darkness.

Legion, unfazed by this display, flaps his wings and flies up to meet her, his eyes gleaming with excitement and challenge, "I'm impressed, but you still have much to learn!"

Zaria then wraps all four of her Tendrils of Darkness around one of his arms and swings on them to then come up from below and kick him right in the chin, causing him to then cough up some molten blood that falls all of the way down to the desert sands below.

The crowd goes absolutely wild as Legion falls to one knee, holding his jaw, "Impressive... truly... you've learned... quite a bit..." He then stands up, his smirk turning into a grin, "But not enough to beat me yet."

Legion then grows up to 666m tall, his current maximum size, the size of a small mountain, a terrifying sight to most, but Zaria, is not most.

Zaria then manifests 9 more Temporary Tendrils of Darkness, which makes 12, and with her Perpetually Manifested Tendril of Darkness, it makes 13, her current maximum number of Tendrils of Darkness that she is able to manifest.

Her eyes glowing brighter than ever before, she charges towards Legion, her Tendrils of Darkness moving like a swarm of shadowy snakes, each one aiming for a different point on his colossal form. The desert sands below them swirl into a maelstrom as the sheer force of their battle sends dust and debris flying in every direction.

Legion then swings at her, but her baker's dozen Tendrils of Darkness then all wrap around said arm and she swings from it and up and on top of it, as Zaria then begins to run at high speeds literally up Legion's massive arm.

The crowd is on the edge of their seats as they watch the impossible unfold before them. Zaria's speed and precision are unmatched, even by Legion's own high standards.

Zaria then gets up to his shoulder and leaps from it, then wrapping all of her Tendrils of Darkness around one of his demonic horns, and beginning to swing on it until kicking him in the face with high momentum, before then switching over to the other horn and doing the same, before then repeating the entire process from the beginning multiple times.

Legion laughs, his massive form shaking the very earth with his mirth, "You've got style, I'll give you that! But let's see how you fare against this!" Legion then unleashes a blast of magma from his mouth, aiming directly at Zaria.

Zaria then dodges it by swinging from the opposite horn she was previously doing so from, then swinging in a way to wrap her Tendrils of Darkness around his other horn as well, now building up momentum way faster as she continues to wrap more and more of her Tendrils of Darkness around his horns as she swings.

As Zaria swings in a continuously shrinking and speeding up circle, she begins to charge up a massive blast of dark and shadow magic in her dark and shadow staff.

And eventually, she gets to a point where she is about to impact Legion's face, and then, she simultaneously kicks off of it while also unleashing the fully charged massive blast of dark and shadow magic point blank in Legion's massive face before then launching herself backwards away from him and then unwrapping her Tendrils of Darkness all at once, leaving her a couple dozen feet away from his massive face in mid-air.

After the smoke clears, Legion's face is just gone, and then he regenerates it, looking genuinely shocked at how much damage that attack actually did, before then beginning to chuckle with excitement.

"Alright, time to go actually all out!" Legion yells out with excitement as he shrinks back down to his "normal" height of 6.66 feet but with all of the strength and speed of his 666m height, but compressed and compacted and condensed down into 6.66 foot height, increasing his power in all aspects exponentially.

Zaria, still floating in the air, sees this and decides to go all out herself, channeling all of her power into her dark and shadow staff and her 13 Tendrils of Darkness.

Legion then rushes her and lands a barrage of powerful punches, which Zaria is able to take like a champ and remain standing from.

"You're...stronger than I thought!" Zaria exclaims, her breathing heavy, but her spirit undeterred.

Legion then rushes forwards, trapping her in a combo of hundreds of punches, from which Zaria seems unable to escape from, until…

Chapter 48: Awakened Zaria

Suddenly a massive sparking flash of dark and shadow magic energy emerges from Zaria, of which, her amethyst eyes are now glowing even brighter, and all 13 of her Tendrils of Darkness are seemingly the same as her previous Perpetually Manifested Tendril of Darkness, and are now all Perpetually Manifested and much more powerful.

As, under the shower of blows, Zaria truly awakens!

Awakened Zaria then rushes forwards at immensely blinding speeds, landing a powerful kick on the condensed Legion which sends him flying back a hundred feet.

Legion lands with a thud and looks at her with a mix of amazement and pride, "I knew you had it in you, but wielding that power so finely, you truly are the descendant of the Shadow God!"

"No, I'm better." Awakened Zaria says calmly and with utter confidence yet loaded with sass.

Legion laughs again, this time with genuine joy, "Maybe so, but you're not the only one with tricks up their sleeve!" Legion then manifests his own staff, one that's made of pure fire, and it's clear that this isn't just any regular fire, but rather the fire of the Phoenix, a fiery blaze that burns brighter than the sun itself.

Awakened Zaria then suddenly uses the back of her own dark and shadow staff, which has now transformed into a blade of shadow and darkness, to slice Legion's staff to slivers in an instant, before then kicking it into even less.

"My turn," Awakened Zaria says with a smug smirk, and with a flick of her wrist, she sends Legion flying back again, but this time he doesn't get back up so easily.

Mostly because Awakened Zaria beats him to where he was sent flying to and intercepts him with a knee straight into his back.

Legion hits the ground with a heavy thud, his body smoldering from the impact. He looks up at Awakened Zaria, his eyes wide with amazement and his grin unshaken, "I've never seen someone grow so much in such a short time."

Awakened Zaria then stomps the ground, which either shakes it so hard that everyone goes up into the air by over a foot, or pushes the Earth itself down by own a foot, but it barely matters, as after Legion goes back mid-air, Awakened Zaria then spins around and spin kicks Legion over a hundred feet back before then beating him to where she kicked him and then spinning around again before then doing a spinning jump kick/stomp maneuver, where she jumps, spins in mid-air and simultaneously kicks and stomps Legion back down onto the ground.

The crowd is absolutely speechless at this display of power and speed, even the most battle-hardened soldiers and mages present can't believe what they're seeing.

Legion then looks up at her and unleashes a torrent Golden Light Hellfire from his mouth, which can conceptually burn things out of existence, including actual Concepts, but Awakened Zaria just blocks it with one hand, but then just stopping blocking it and letting it hit her to literally no effect.

The crowd gasps as the light from the attack dims and Legion's smile fades into a look of pure shock and confusion as the fire just seems to dissipate as it touches her, "How...?" He questions out loud.

"Hey, as you yourself once put it so long ago, my power is indeed quite formidable, and I have very high potential, even I can tell that I've just begin to truly tap into that said potential, Legion." Awakened Zaria casually and rather smugly responds.

Her words hit him like a ton of bricks. It was true; he had seen that spark in her since the moment he found her, but to see it fully realized was something else entirely. Legion pushes himself up with his arms, his grin never fading, "Alright, then let's see it all, no more holding back," he says, his voice now filled with the excitement of a mentor watching his pupil surpass him.

Legion then throws a barrage of full power punches loaded with Golden Light Hellfire at Awakened Zaria, who is able to dodge them by trying just slightly more and dodging slightly to the side of each of them.

Her movements are so fast, it seems as if she's dancing through the air. Each time she evades, the air around her leaves a trail of shadow and dark energy. She's not just dodging; she's moving with the grace of a gazelle and the precision of a laser beam.

Chapter 49: Berserker Legion Vs. Awakened Zaria

Legion then decides to actually go ALL all out, and goes into his Berserker State.

The air around Legion changes as he enters his Berserker State, the very fabric of reality seems to bend to his will, his eyes now pure golden with a fiery glow that pierces through the air. His body begins to crackle with energy, and the ground beneath him turns to molten lava. The crowd feels the intense heat radiating from his form, and some even begin to step back in fear.

Awakened Zaria though just smirks, and begins actually going all out herself now.

Her 13 Tendrils of Darkness begin to move around her in a complex pattern, creating a tornado of shadow and darkness around her body, as

she then charges towards Berserker Legion, her eyes glowing so darkly, it's like looking into the very abyss itself.

Awakened Zaria then manifests 156 Temporary Tendrils of Darkness as well, for a total now of 169 Tendrils of Darkness.

The arena goes quiet as the shadowy tendrils weave around her, creating a spectacle of chaotic beauty. With each step she takes, the ground cracks beneath her, the very essence of darkness threatening to swallow the world whole. The crowd holds their breath in anticipation of the climax of this epic battle.

Berserker Legion then rushes forwards, going straight back into his 666m height again.

The ground shakes with the fury of his steps, the air distorts around him as he moves faster than the eye can see, and the heat from his body could melt steel.

Awakened Zaria then jumps onto his arm that he swung at her and begins running up it again.

Her eyes never leave his, filled with the intensity of a thousand stars collapsing into a black hole, and her 169 Tendrils of Darkness follow her in a graceful dance, each one leaving a trail of shadow in its wake. As she reaches his shoulder, she leaps into the air and wraps her tendrils around his neck, pulling herself closer to his towering form.

Awakened Zaria then uses this to throw him while pulling herself back onto his arm.

Her Tendrils of Darkness tighten around his neck, and with a powerful kick off his shoulder, she sends him hurtling through the air, his massive form a blur of fire and shadow. The ground trembles as he crashes into the distant

horizon, creating a cloud of dust that blocks the sun. The crowd gasps, unable to believe the sheer power she wields.

Awakened Zaria then pulls him back and pulls herself back onto his arm with her 169 Tendrils of Darkness.

Her movements are a symphony of power and grace, each step and swing of her tendrils calculated to perfection. She seems to be one with the shadow, moving as if it's an extension of herself.

Awakened Zaria then begins to charge up an absolutely Enormous Blast of Dark and Shadow Magic, not just in her dark and shadow staff, but also in all 169 of her Tendrils of Darkness, except for one of them for now.

The air around her crackles with the dark and shadowy energy, and the sky itself seems to be swallowed by the impending doom of the attack.

Awakened Zaria then uses her last Tendril of Darkness to swing around and from Berserker Legion's arm and up into mid-air in front of him, where she then charges up the Enormous Blast of Dark and Shadow Magic in her last Tendril of Darkness, before then unleashing it from her dark and shadow staff and all 169 of her Tendrils of Darkness at Berserker Legion, a blast that could wipe out an entire Infinite Dimension, knocking him not only to the ground, not only out of his Berserker State, bur even back down to his "normal" height of 6.66 feet, thusly ending the spar with a win for Awakened Zaria, who then de-manifesting all of the 156 Temporary Tendrils of Darkness, leaving her with her 13 Perpetually Manifested Tendrils of Darkness.

The crowd erupts into a mix of cheers and gasps as the dust settles, revealing Awakened Zaria standing tall and unscathed, her shadowy aura fading away. Legion slowly gets to his feet, his skin charred and smoking, but his grin never wavering. He claps his hands together, the sound echoing across the desert, "Well done, well done indeed. You truly are a prodigy beyond measure."

Legion could best be described as being like a proud adoptive father watching their adopted child not just succeed, but excel and thrive.

The two warriors stand in the aftermath of the battle, both breathing heavily but with smiles on their faces. The crowd has gone from a stunned silence to a roar of approval, recognizing the sheer power that Awakened Zaria now wields.

Chapter 50: After The Spar

Awakened Zaria then calms her 13 Perpetually Manifested Tendrils of Darkness and powers down to a more casual state, having mini Awakening, returning to just Zaria, but stronger than her Awakened State, due to growth during the battle in which she was within her Awakened State.

Her amethyst eyes now return to their normal state, but the air of power and confidence still lingers around her. She gracefully lands on the ground and walks over to Legion, offering him a hand up. "Thank you for the spar," she says with a mix of respect and a hint of playfulness.

Legion takes her hand and gets up, then patting her on the head encouragingly, "You are now one of the very few people to ever truly best me, among only The Last Champion, Lothar, and powerful beings such as Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan." Legion praises Zaria, intentionally not even slightly mentioning the USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings) to keep it unknown amongst untrustworthy mortals, but ready to potentially offer an alliance with Whispering Sands with the USSB if, say, Isolde brought up the idea, after all, he feels a weird attachment to Zaria, which makes him desire to protect her and watch her grow and prosper, even from just slightly less afar.

The crowd, having never seen anything quite like what just unfolded before them, are absolutely astounded by what they just witnessed.

The air is thick with anticipation and excitement, as whispers of Zaria's power spread like wildfire through the spectators. Some whisper in awe, others in fear, but all recognize the unmistakable presence of a new force to be reckoned with.

"Well then, I shall see you again at another point in time, farewell, Zaria." Legion says to Zaria, as he then begins to fly away and out of Whispering Sands.

Zaria, still standing in the center of the arena, watches him leave with a mix of emotions, but mostly she feels a sense of pride and determination. She knows that she has proven herself to not just Legion, but to herself and everyone else here.

Legion then, once miles away, tears a hole in the fabric of reality and into the USSB Realm and returns to it, but unknown to him, Zaria had followed from afar, and witnessed it, and made sure to remember it and keep it in the back of her head, as she, a clever prodigy, managed to in seconds by herself, realize that the USSB even existed and exactly what it was, but, decided to keep it to herself and not reveal it to others, to be polite.

Chapter 51: The USSB and Zaria

Legion meanwhile, arrives back in the USSB Realm and returns to the main sort of palace type structure in which him alongside the other Co-Leaders of the USSB, Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan, lived together, including the USSB Vault and other such stuff.

The moment he walks through the door, he's bombarded with questions from the other two leaders.

Apparently news travelled extremely quickly, so much so that it even reached a USSB spy in the Mortal Realm, of Legion's arrival and spar with Zaria, and the conversation which they had, and Isolde and Donderdraak's bombardment of questions is about all of those and more.

"So, you think she's ready to join us?" Isolde asks, her crimson eyes gleaming with curiosity as she sips her blood wine.

"Well, I'd rather leave her to do her own thing and follow her own path, unless you want to make an alliance with the Whispering Sands, of course." Legion responds, barely able to get it out amongst the many other questions he is bombarded with.

Isolde and Donderdraak exchange glances, the air thick with unspoken understanding. The alliance with the mortal city of Whispering Sands could be a valuable one, especially with a warrior of Zaria's caliber in their midst.

"But of course, that isn't a necessary action to take, and carries plenty of risk, anyways, one question at a time, I just got back." Legion responds, before then sheepishly scratching the back of his head after saying that last part.

Isolde and Donderdraak nod, respecting his need for space, and they both sit back, "Very well, tell us everything, from the moment you arrived to the moment you left." Isolde commands, her crimson eyes still gleaming with excitement.

And thus, Legion explains everything, which just leads to a bombardment of new questions.

Legion recounts his journey to Whispering Sands, his initial meeting with Zaria, their conversation about the nature of power and potential, and the intense spar that followed. He describes her unyielding spirit and the surprising depth of her power, which grew even as the battle raged on.

Isolde then decides to ask about how Legion and Zaria even knew each other to begin with.

"Well, back 10 years ago, in 2220 AD, when I was using a scan spell to try and find something in the Mortal Realm to end my current boredom, one of the things I found was her, being attacked by mortal villagers, and I decided to save her, and lead her to Whispering Sands, mostly just to see what would happen and what she would end up becoming." Legion explained simply.

Isolde nods thoughtfully, "Interesting, and what do you think her role in the upcoming wars and battles will be?"

"Well, even she herself said she is determined to do what her parents would have wanted of her, and thus, like us, she is likely to remain neutral, and, after all, war isn't likely to return for at least a couple centuries." Legion responds casually.

Donderdraak, ever the strategic thinker, strokes his chin, "Neutral, you say? That could be advantageous. With her power, she could be the deciding factor in any conflict she chooses to involve herself in."

"Well, when wars come back, with them will come incredibly powerful beings to lead it and magical and technological advancements along with it, so, she is likely to be overlooked, thankfully..." Legion says, confusing even himself with that added on last word of "thankfully".

Isolde's crimson eyes narrowed, "You seem... attached to her, Legion."

"I for some reason feel that way, and even I myself don't understand it, which is the biggest shock of all, but, I want to protect her and watch her grow and prosper and thrive, and this odd attachment to her that I feel has existed since I had first saved her life and met her 10 years ago, it's so odd..." Legion responds and attempts to explain.

The other two co-leaders of the USSB look at each other knowingly, they had never seen Legion act in such a way towards a mortal before.

In fact, they had never seen him act such a way towards ANYONE before, the closest was to them both shortly before and after the Nickname Game 10 years ago.

"It's unlike you to form such attachments, Legion," Donderdraak rumbles, his stormy eyes peering into Legion's soul, searching for the reason behind this sudden affection.

"I know, even I don't get it, I don't even know how to describe it, the closest I can think of is that, well, she displayed a similar form of it upon meeting me again when I first arrived there, when she suddenly, hugged me, I believe the term is, and I could feel her feeling a similar form of attachment to me, but, oddly, inverted in some way." Legion responds and still tries and struggles to explain.

Isolde sets down her wine glass and leans forward, her expression unreadable, "Is there something more to this girl than meets the eye, something we should be aware of?"

"Well, she does in a lot of ways resemble The Shadow God, Alpha, or, as you two likely know of him better as, The Dark Emperor, that arrived back in the Year 2126 and who the God Emperors seemingly vanquished in the Year 2130, but, even you, Donderdraak, could seemingly also recognize that something was off, and that he wasn't full gone, correct?" Legion responds and begins to explain.

Donderdraak nods solemnly, "Indeed, his essence was scattered, but not destroyed. His power lives on, and it's not beyond possibility that some of it has found its way into her."

"Well, yes, but, not in that way, she herself told me that she is a direct descendant of him from his time as The Shadow God from between the Years of 719 AD and 999 AD, before the massive war for the fate of the Continent of Asia in 999 AD, so that would explain part of it, but, not all of it, also, some theories posit that another dark and shadow magic prodigy child born suspiciously later the same day The Dark Emperor was "slain", a boy, also named Alpha, could possibly and even likely be the reincarnation of him, which continues to be odd to me, that there is both a descendant of him and a reincarnation of him active at the same time." Legion responds and attempts to explain to the best of his ability.

Isolde and Donderdraak exchange a look of concern, the implications of two beings with such a connection to a being like The Dark Emperor, especially one that powerful, could be dire if they weren't handled correctly.

"Don't worry, in the USSB Realm we are perfectly safe, and after all, as I said, the Mortal Realm facing cataclysm would only be beneficial to us, leaving an opening for us to take advantage of, so, we needn't worry, aside from for the safety of Zaria herself, who is thankfully safe in a place almost as neutral and separate from the Mortal Realm as the USSB Realm itself, Whispering Sands, in the Sahara Desert." Legion says to them to reassure them, to great success.

The two leaders nod in agreement, "You are right, Legion, the balance of power is always shifting, and we must be prepared for when the scales tip in our favor." Isolde says, her crimson eyes now gleaming with strategy.

"But for now, want to play a game of Uno?" Legion then casually asks his fellow Co-Leaders of the USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings).

Isolde and Donderdraak look at each other, slightly surprised by the sudden shift in conversation, before smiling and agreeing to the game.

The trio of Co-Leaders of the USSB then begin to play a nice, calm game of Uno.

Chapter 52: The Uno Battle 1

(10 YEARS LATER)

The Year is 2240 Donderdraak, Legion, and Isolde are playing a heated game of uno together...

Isolde seems to get to Uno too fast, leaving both Donderdraak and Legion suspicious of her of cheating.

The Vampire Queen's laughter fills the underground chamber, echoing off the cold stone walls. She holds up her hand, displaying her cards with a flourish. "Look, no fangs on my cards!" she teases, flashing a mischievous smile. Legion, a master of deceit and trickery, narrows his eyes. "Very well, Isolde," he says, his voice a low rumble. "But I shall be watching you closely from now on."

"I have already been watching you closely, and saw you hide and pull cards out from your sleeves, which is why you wore a long sleeve shirt, when you tend to wear one with NO SLEEVES!" Donderdraak roars out boomingly.

The room goes silent, and the air grows tense. Isolde's smile falters, but only for a moment. Then she laughs, tossing her cards onto the table. "Ah, you caught me," she says, her eyes sparkling with amusement. "But in all seriousness, we mustn't let our guard down. Even in games of leisure, we must be vigilant."

Donderdraak then reaches one of its claws over and smacks Isolde, The Vampire Queen, across the room, and into Legion, The Demon Lord, leading to now all of them being mad at each other and ready to fight each other.

Their playful banter had turned into a fiery argument, and the tension in the chamber grew thick. Legion's eyes glowed with a malevolent red as he stood, his true form, a towering demon, emerging from his human guise. Isolde's fangs grew long, and her eyes turned into pools of darkness, ready to strike back at the dragon. Donderdraak's scales began to crackle with lightning, the very essence of the storm he once was, as he glared at his former allies.

The three then with just glances, decide to settle this through a free-for-all between them.

With a roar that shakes the very foundations of the chamber, Donderdraak charges at Legion. His massive form is a blur of lightning and shadow as he slams into the demon lord, sending a shockwave through the room. The clang of steel and the crackle of electricity fill the air as the two ancient beings clash. Legion, his true form a terrifying spectacle of brimstone and claws, meets Donderdraak's fury with a ferocity that would make lesser demons cower.

Isolde, The Vampire Queen then flies in faster than both of them and uses her immense strength for her size and blood manipulation to then throw both of them around.

Isolde, unperturbed by the accusations, had been quietly preparing for the moment she could unleash her own power. She had felt the shift in the air, the tension between her two companions, and she knew that the game was no longer just a game. With a grace that belied her deadly nature, she darts forward, her hands a blur as she grabs fistfuls of their essences, dragging them apart and into the air.

Donderdraak then returns back to fighting position the fastest of the three, and launched barrages of lightning and small Charged Attacks at both of them.

The room was now a whirlwind of elemental fury and supernatural might. Each attack and counterattack grew more powerful, the air thick with the scent of ozone and the metallic tang of blood. Legion, his true demonic form a towering specter of rage, dodges a bolt of lightning and swipes at Donderdraak with his fiery claws, leaving a trail of scorched air in their path. Isolde, now a tornado of darkness, weaves around them, her crimson eyes never leaving her targets as she prepares to pounce.

Donderdraak is then able to throw both of them back, causing them to look at each other and nod, agreeing to team up against Donderdraak and jump him.

The alliance between Legion and Isolde is sudden but effective. They had fought together before, and their tactics were well-honed. Legion's fiery whip lashes out, wrapping around Donderdraak's neck, while Isolde's shadows coil around his limbs, seeking to bind him. But Donderdraak, not one to be underestimated, is too quick for them. With a twist of his massive body, he throws them off, sending them crashing into the far corners of the chamber.

Then Legion fires massive beams of hellfire and electricity while Isolde joins him with beams of blood magic and energy as their beams combine and Donderdraak counters with beams of lightning and electricity from his hands, leaving them evenly matched.

The room is now a spectacle of color and chaos, as the three beings of immense power battle it out. The air crackles with energy, the walls of the chamber etched with the marks of their clashing attacks. Each beam of light and dark magic colliding with a deafening clap, sending waves of force that ripple through the very fabric of the room. The smell of ozone and the metallic scent of blood magic permeate the air, a testament to the intensity of the fight.

Donderdraak then charges up tons of energy in his mouth and fires yet another beam of lightning, electricity, and energy and magic of both and

storms to his beam, overpowering both of them, as he looks at his single Uno card in his hands and in the madness a card of the correct color landed in the middle and he slammed his card down and roared out in victory to the universe itself, let alone his now defeated and just disoriented opponents, "I AM VICTORIOUS!" Donderdraaks shrieks out in victory and satisfaction.

Legion could tell that Donderdraak had definitely overtaken both of them and that, even entering his Berserker State wouldn't have changed anything this time.

Legion himself meanwhile, still feels a bit butt hurt at losing the game of Uno.

Chapter 53: Donderdraak’s Treasure

"So, what do you two wanna play next? Another game of Uno?" Donderdraak then casually asks Legion and Isolde.

The room is still reverberating with the aftershocks of their power, the air thick with the smell of ozone and the faint metallic tang of blood. Legion, his true demonic form slowly dissipating, lets out a low, rumbling chuckle. "Perhaps another time," he says, his eyes gleaming with a hint of mischief. "But for now, let us rest and recover. After all, a battle of wits is as tiring as one of fists and fire."

"Of course, of course, that is to be expected from weaker beings like you two." Donderdraak taunts and teases, alluding to how he is still very much full of energy.

Isolde rolls her eyes at Donderdraak's ego as she begins to get up.

Isolde, brushing off the dust from her clothes, straightens up with an elegant flourish, her vampiric grace restored. "Perhaps you should reserve

some of that energy for our next encounter, Donderdraak," she says with a smirk, her eyes flashing with a hint of competitiveness. "After all, I'm sure we'll find other, more... challenging games to play in the future."

"Says, you, I'm still fully rested and energized, that was barely a warm-up." Donderdraak says, casually chuckling, despite being a dragon the size of a mountain or even a mountain range.

Legion meanwhile does feel quite tired out actually, unlike Donderdraak and even Isolde seemingly.

Legion envies their seemingly limitless staminas despite their physical flesh and blood forms.

Legion and Isolde exchange a knowing glance, both knowing that Donderdraak's ego had been slightly bruised by their brief alliance against him. But they also knew that their friendship was strong enough to withstand a little rivalry.

"Oh, and that victory reminded me, I'm going to go and collect all of the treasure from my treasure horde back in Storm Dragon Mountain, considering I'm now too big to live there, I'm bigger than Storm Dragon Mountain itself." Donderdraak then says, chuckling before then opening a hatch in the ceiling and flying out of it and to Storm Dragon Mountain faster than the return stroke of a lightning bolt, which is 70% the Speed of Light, or, 70% to countably infinite speed.

The two of them watch the dragon vanish into the night sky, their eyes reflecting the flicker of the city lights below. "Well, that was... unexpected," Legion says, rubbing his bruised ego with a smirk.

Legion can't not remember Storm Dragon Mountain, that was probably the most short term "fear" and "panic" he's ever felt in his over 444 billion year existence.

Donderdraak then flew to Storm Dragon Mountain and collected all of the treasure from his old treasure horde, all of the gold, and gems, and artifacts and such, storing it all in his mouth, before then returning to the USSB, and then dropping all of it into the USSB Vault, which then causes it to overflow due to just how much treasure there is.

The dragon's treasure hoard was so vast that it filled the vault to the brim, spilling out into the corridors and hallways of the underground fortress. Coins of gold and silver rolled along the floors, and precious gems glittered like stars in the dim light. Artifacts of untold power lay scattered among the piles of wealth, their ancient auras humming with the echoes of long-forgotten magic.

Isolde and Legion are just shocked at how much treasure Donderdraak actually had, it was more treasure than any singular empire, country, or kingdom ever had, let alone a single being, equivalent to effectively infinite money, more than could be calculated for any historical currency.

The Vampire Queen's eyes widened, and Legion's jaw dropped to the floor as they stared at the mountain of gold and jewels that now filled the once-spacious chamber. "I suppose we're going to need a bigger vault," Isolde murmured, her voice barely audible over the clinking of coins and the glint of light bouncing off the gems.

Legion wiped his eyeholes filled with Hellfire as he stared at the effective mountain of varying treasures.

"Of course, a majority of Storm Dragon Mountain was dedicated to the treasure hoard, after all." Donderdraak casually comments, and, yeah, that explains it, this is dang near a mountain's worth of treasure.

Legion, his fiery eyes gleaming with greed, quickly regains his composure and claps his hands together. "Indeed, we must secure these riches," he says, his voice now a mix of awe and excitement. "This wealth could fund our operations for centuries to come!"

Isolde just rolls her eyes at the pure greed of both of her co-leaders of the USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings), until something then catches her eye among the pile.

Isolde then notices an artifact she actually recognizes, "The Sword of Dracula! I haven't seen this in literal centuries!" Isolde says, and that reminds Legion of something.

"Isolde, you've mentioned Dracula a lot, what is your relation to him?" Legion asks, honestly curious, considering Isolde even used "Sole Heiress of Dracula" as one of her nicknames during the Nickname Game 20 years prior.

And yeah, she had brought up Dracula a lot, one of her favorite exclamations was literally "What in Dracula's name!?".

"Oh, he was my dad." Isolde casually responds, which left Legion utterly shocked, but Donderdraak couldn't care less, he was just now asleep within the overflowing USSB Vault, amongst all of the varied treasure.

Legion does like 5 double takes, trying to process what Isolde just said, her dad was THE Dracula, the Vampire so dominant and powerful he was called a demon, and who could move 1260 times the Speed of Light itself, and could have wiped out an entire country in its entirety, including the landmass, with a wave of his hand if he so chose.

"Wait, what?!" Legion exclaims, his eyes going wide with shock. "The original Dracula? The one who was said to rule over the vampires of Europe?"

"Yep, until he died, I avenged him and succeeded him though, it's why I'm "The Vampire Queen" after all." Isolde casually responds, still looking at the Sword of Dracula in her hands, and the perfect condition it's still in even after centuries.

Legion, still in shock, tries to regain his composure, "Ah, I see, well, quite the lineage you have there, Isolde. Now, let's get back to the matters at hand, we must organize this... treasure," he says, his mind racing with the implications of their newfound wealth.

Legion is still struggling to process that he never knew that Isolde was literally the daughter of Dracula himself.

"My mom was actually human also." Isolde comments, before then turning her attention back to what Donderdraak could be doing.

Legion notes that, and wonders if "hybrid" vampires also just had higher potential as well.

Donderdraak then literally pushes on the ground and walls of the vault, using magic as well, and expands the vault over a 11 miles out and deeper down, sufficient for storing all of the treasure and yet with room for way more, "Done." Donderdraak casually says after doing so, just leaving Legion and Isolde just kinda dumbstruck at the ease that Donderdraak just did that, due to how much power the magic necessary to do something like that is.

The two of them exchange a look of astonishment before Legion finally finds his voice. "I-I never knew you had such control over space and earth, Donderdraak," he stammers.

Legion is shocked, he now recognizes that Donderdraak and Zaria, who at this point is 30, yet he heard is still physically in her late 20s, implying her stopping aging upon hitting her physical prime, are both more powerful than him now, and possibly even Isolde as well, literally everyone is just getting more and more powerful, even mortal humans are growing more and more baseline powerful with each and every one of them born.

"It just requires enough magical power, you should have expected that after the power shown in our fight earlier." Donderdraak just casually responds while getting comfortable on top of the effective Lake of Treasure.

The sight of the expanded vault left Isolde and Legion speechless for a moment, but the practicalities of the situation soon took hold. "We must protect this wealth," Isolde says firmly, placing the Sword of Dracula back with its rightful place among the treasures. "It could be used for great good, or fall into the wrong hands."

Isolde does seemingly wonder how the Sword of Dracula got into the treasure piles, as she then also quickly picks it back up and stashes it away, likely to store elsewhere.

"Or, we could just keep it and use it for ourselves and the USSB alone, leave the great good for others, we are a separate society from them." Donderdraak casually responds.

Legion, his mind racing with the possibilities of such power, nods in agreement. "Indeed, we must ensure that this treasure remains our secret, a tool of strength for our own ends. We shall create the ultimate fortress here, one that no one can ever penetrate."

Legion at this point is definitely embodying greed, and yet, even in that moment embodying greed, his doesn't even come close to comparing to Donderdraak's.

"Just wish Geralt decided to join us, but he said he "had better things to do", such a grouch." Donderdraak comments.

Legion thinks on how he also feels that same way as well.

"Ah, yes," Isolde says with a knowing smile, "Geralt and his... priorities. He's always been one to follow his own path."

"Just happy we got Icefang the Ice Dragon, the Ice Elemental, and stuff like that, even Archdruid Malthus and the Druids of Brocéliande decided to join us, an entire forest down here is always a good thing, especially a magical one." Donderdraak further comments.

Isolde nods, "Indeed, having allies such as them will be invaluable. The protection they can provide is priceless."

"Though Legion, you seem to have beef with the Ice Elemental, is it something to do with both being over 600 foot tall beings summoned during immensely major battles, only to different effect, in which you lost while it won, or is it about it being 34 feet taller than your regular full size, at 700 feet tall, whatever the reason may be, you seem to have beef with it." Donderdraak comments while just chuckling to himself.

Isolde can't hold herself back from laughing at this.

Legion starts to blush fiercely, his already fiery red and charred black skin looking like its about to erupt.

Legion's eyes narrow slightly, his fiery aura flickering in irritation, "It is not about size, dragon," he says, his voice a low rumble. "It's about respect. But that is a matter for another time. For now, let us focus on securing our newfound wealth."

This just causes Isolde to laugh even harder.

Chapter 54: Frostspire Treasure Raid

"Why not go and just raid some ruins of other countries for even more wealth? I heard the Empire of Frostspire's ruins in Korea is full of some amazing treasure, including useful stuff like research, prototype Sacred Relics, and tons of Celestial Jade and blueprints for stuff, though the Empire of Blazing Sun in Japan is somehow still around, and calling itself

the Phoenix Empire of Blazing Sun, so, yeah, best to avoid them." Donderdraak suggests.

Legion can immediately just sense how much treasure there is to claim, considering he was once sealed in the Sacred Relic in the possession of the Empire of Frostspire.

Isolde considers the idea, her eyes gleaming with excitement at the prospect of new challenges and rewards. "It could be a valuable source of knowledge and power," she says, her mind already racing with the potential of what they could find.

"And better, they were known to be extremely wealthy, so, tons of gold and gems and such, even old weapons." Donderdraak adds on, emphasizing the gold and gems aspect.

Legion nods, his fiery eyes alight with the idea of new conquests. "We shall send scouting parties to the Frostspire ruins," he says, his tone decisive. "But first, we must fortify our defenses here. We do not want any... uninvited guests."

Legion just said this to not sound too greedy.

"I mean, barely anyone even knows we exist, and, no one, outside of people who live here, even know how to get here, let alone where the entrances are, it'll be fine, also, we can just go there ourselves, we could even make a game out of it, who can collect the most treasure, it could be." Donderdraak says.

Legion can definitely get behind that Idea.

Isolde tilts her head to the side, "A... treasure hunt within the ruins of an ancient empire? That could be quite entertaining, and potentially beneficial." She muses.

"Of course it will be, and I know, I'm a dragon after all, I collected all of my old treasure horde myself, at least, most of it, like, 1% of it was donations from people worshipping me as "The Storm that Consumes All" way back when, shortly after I claimed Storm Dragon Mountain as my own." Donderdraak adds on.

Legion chuckles, "Indeed, a title quite fitting for one with your... scale." He says, still not over the fact that he's friends with a dragon that could literally just end him with a sneeze.

Legion also feels quite humbled and realizes he just accidentally and unintentionally made a dragon pun with the word "scale".

"I mean, of course mere humans had worshiped me as a god of harvests and destruction, and I filled that role, even at my weakest as The Storm Dragon." Donderdraak adds on.

"But let's not get ahead of ourselves, first we need to deal with the more pressing issue of the ruins of Frostspire." Legion says, trying to get back on topic.

Legion wants to get going already.

"Of course, last one there is a mere mortal!" Donderdraak then opens the hatch and flies out and towards Korea, where the ruins are, getting a head start through playful manipulation and deception.

Legion and Isolde, though slightly annoyed by Donderdraak's antics, can't help but smile at his childlike competitiveness. They both decide to take their own paths to the ruins. Legion teleports himself to the outskirts of the city, leaving a fiery trail behind him, while Isolde opts for a more subtle approach, using her vampiric speed to traverse the land unseen by mortal eyes.

Donderdraak gets there first, followed by Legion who is followed effectively instantaneously by Isolde.

Legion feels embarrassed that he only came in second, and only just barely ahead of Isolde, when both of the others were traveling physically while he was teleporting.

The ruins of Frostspire lay sprawled before them, a testament to the grandeur of the once-mighty empire. The three friends, now turned treasure hunters, spread out, each eager to claim their share of the spoils. Donderdraak's massive frame casts long shadows as he lumbers through the ancient corridors, his eyes glinting with greed. Legion, on the other hand, moves with the grace of a panther, his fiery aura lighting up the darkened chambers. Isolde flits from shadow to shadow, her vampiric agility allowing her to cover ground swiftly and silently.

They of course play their game, and it doesn't end until they've completely emptied out the ruins of any and all treasure.

The game of one-upmanship continues as they explore the ancient corridors, each discovery met with cheers and laughter that echo through the once-silent halls. The ruins, long abandoned to the ravages of time, hold secrets that have been waiting for centuries to be uncovered. Among the treasure, they find ancient tomes filled with knowledge of the lost arts of Frostspire, weapons of unparalleled beauty and power, and jewels that whisper of ancient pacts and forgotten deities.

The game eventually ends once the ruins are fully cleaned out of any treasure, and Donderdraak got multiple times more than the other two combined, due to his natural dragon senses for finding treasure.

"I can still smell treasure, somewhere." Donderdraak says, continuing to smell around, until finding the source, and Donderdraak manages to trigger a very complicated process and open a hidden massive trap door, and the smell of treasure grows way stronger, leaving Donderdraak salivating.

"What have you found, Donderdraak?" Isolde calls out, her curiosity piqued by the dragon's sudden excitement.

Legion chuckles in his mind, Donderdraak is pretty much a bloodhound for treasure and all things valuable.

And Legion wouldn't want it any other way of course.

"Heaven, I think this might be the ancient vault!" Donderdraak then shrinks down to the same size as them and rushes in unprompted.

The chamber that lay beneath the trapdoor was vast, filled with the gleaming treasures of the Frostspire Empire. The three friends looked around in amazement, their eyes widening at the sheer amount of wealth that surrounded them. It was a hoard that would make even the most stoic of dragons weep with envy.

Donderdraak then goes absolute buck wild, and even in this second round, the two collectively are only able to grab 1% of the treasure, as Donderdraak swiftly collected the other 99% of it.

"Oh come on, Donderdraak, that's not fair!" Isolde protests with a laugh, watching the dragon hoard his treasure with the enthusiasm of a kid in a candy store.

"Too bad, you aren't dragons, I'm naturally better at this! This is heaven!" Donderdraak just screams out in joy, as Legion then teleports all of them, along with all of the treasure they have collected, back to the USSB base, and they put all of it into the USSB Vault, and it is approximately equal to half of what Donderdraak had in his original treasure horde in Storm Dragon Mountain.

Legion really thinks about how it puts into perspective just how much treasure Donderdraak was able to horde in that mountain of his, while

weakened, all by himself, of which, Storm Dragon Mountain is then also brought into the USSB Realm itself, and now they have a massive mountain in their realm, increased in size beyond twice the height of any regular mountain, at over 11 Miles tall, as part of the landscape of the USSB Realm, alongside the Forest of Brocéliande and his old Demon Lord castle gotten straight from Heaven/Hell/the Underworld/the Infernal Realm, and even all of Transylvania, and the Dracula Kingdom, both of which Isolde obviously ruled.

The vault now looked like a miniature mountain of gold, glowing with the soft light of countless gems and artifacts. It was a hoard that could make any dragon's heart sing with joy, and it was all theirs.

"Well, we should sort through this and get out all of the Artifacts to a separate area, considering their importance." Legion says, and, a second later, Donderdraak had dived in, and found and collected every artifact and placed them onto the ground in front of them.

Legion chuckled to himself at Donderdraak literally diving in.

Isolde looks through them, "Some of these are incredibly powerful, and some... are just useless trinkets with no real power, we should separate them."

Donderdraak then further separates them, and one of the trinkets Legion recognizes, "Oh, it's my old Demon Lord Crown, nice!" Legion says as he puts it onto himself with glee.

Isolde then looks at the crown, "Why do you have a crown for a demon lord?"

And Legion remembers, oh yeah, compared to himself, the other two aren't quite as intelligent of informed at he is.

"I'm The Demon Lord, remember, I lost this thing back when Emperor Marcus of Sanctity sealed me away in the Celestial Jade back in the Year 400 which would later become the Core of the Sacred Relic, not to be confused with the Core Sacred Relic." Legion explains.

"Ah, yes, I remember now," Isolde says, her eyes sparkling with mirth, "How you lost your title and crown to a mere human, quite the embarrassing tale for a being of your stature."

"Not the most embarrassing instance of that..." Legion says, blushing hard.

"Oh yeah, like how after you got distracted by Emperor Thorek I of Frosthaven in the Year 1000 in the Battle of Vatican City you got killed by a volley of arrows?" Donderdraak says, teasingly.

"Shut up you giant lightning lizard!" Legion screams at Donderdraak, blushing even harder.

Donderdraak just laughs, "It's all in good fun, Legion, also, I've always wondered, why do you get so embarrassed about that?"

"Because I died to a volley of arrows, just normal arrows... from MORTAL HUMANS!" Legion screams out, blushing even harder.

Isolde couldn't hold her laughter, "But you came back stronger!" She says, trying to cheer him up.

"Weaker, actually, I only recently regained that lost power, much like the lightning lizard who got stabbed into being over 387 times smaller did." Legion says, also throwing a jab at Donderdraak to make himself feel better and less embarrassed.

Legion hides the fact that he hasn't regained nearly all of that power yet, hoping the other two just forget that he had told them so two decades earlier.

Chapter 55: Uncursed Beasts

The banter between them fills the chamber, but Isolde's gaze remains fixed on the artifacts laid before them. "We must be careful," she says, her voice growing serious. "Some of these relics are rumored to be cursed, or hold powers that could be used for ill intent. We must ensure they do not fall into the wrong hands."

"We are a Massive Storm Dragon, The Demon Lord, and The Vampire Queen, I doubt any of the curses could actually affect us, for multiple different reasons." Donderdraak responds.

"True, but we cannot be too careful," Isolde says, her eyes scanning the artifacts with a mix of caution and curiosity. "We must ensure that these relics do not bring harm to the mortals we swore to protect, or worse, fall into the hands of those who would seek to use them for destruction."

"Also, how would they, they likely aren't ever leaving this place, because, why would we ever bring them out? We definitely aren't going to be giving any of them to any mere mortals, they don't deserve them, and any of those that would come to take them and use them for destruction, would just get destroyed by us or other members of the USSB." Donderdraak responds.

"You're right, Donderdraak," Legion says, his tone turning more serious. "But we must still be cautious. The less the outside world knows of these artifacts, the better. We will keep them safe and hidden within our vault."

Legion in truth just doesn't want any mortals touching his treasure with even just their sight.

"Even if they knew of them, no one knows where our base is, or where the entrance is, or that the USSB even exists." Donderdraak responds.

"Indeed," Legion nods, "But secrets have a way of slipping out, especially with so much power at stake. We must ensure that we are always vigilant."

"Who would the secrets slip out to, any mortals that know get marked for inevitable death, and any beasts thusly join the USSB and are sworn to secrecy, the only way one could find it is through literally impossibly powerful telepathy, or through one of us revealing it directly, and, like that even has a risk of ever happening." Donderdraak further responds, finally putting Legion and Isolde's worries to rest.

Isolde mostly because she recognizes just how truly secure the USSB Realm is to infiltration and espionage and robbery and such.

They spend hours examining the artifacts, some of which are covered in ancient runes that even the scholarly Isolde struggles to decipher. One artifact, in particular, catches her eye - a delicate necklace made of Celestial Jade, adorned with intricate ice crystals. It hums faintly with the power of Frostspire's Empress Sora, and she can feel a sense of ambition and determination emanating from it.

Legion though is able to resonate with it, due to having been sealed within Celestial Jade for almost 300 years, which later became the core of the Sacred Relic.

Isolde, intrigued by the necklace, brings it closer to examine the intricate ice crystals. As she does, the room grows cold, and the air crackles with the power of ancient Frostspire. Legion, sensing the potency of the artifact, approaches with caution. "This... this was Empress Sora's personal seal," he murmurs, his eyes wide with a mix of awe and trepidation.

Legion would recognize it well, considering his very prison he was sealed in had that personal seal for over 281 years.

Donderdraak then suddenly begins laughing about something, leaving the others confused.

"What's so funny, Donderdraak?" Isolde asks, her curiosity piqued.

"I just realized, that, throughout all three major eras of war, there has always been one of the two empires which was not only ice related, but had frost in the name, Frostspire back in the Years 719-999, Frosthaven in the Years 1000-1004, and Frostreach from the Year 2124 to now, it's just kinda funny to think about and realize." Donderdraak explains while still chuckling.

Isolde smiles slightly at his observation, "Indeed, it seems destined, almost poetic, doesn't it?" She says, her eyes still fixed on the necklace.

Chapter 56: The Dark Light Truth

"Yes, like light and dark fighting, speaking of which, I have heard some rumors recently, that morality is the reverse of the truth, and that The Light is actually the True Evil, and that The Dark is the True Good, what are your thoughts on this idea?" Donderdraak asks Isolde and Legion.

Isolde strokes the necklace, her eyes lost in thought, "Rumors are but whispers in the wind, Donderdraak. The truth is often more complex than such simplistic dichotomies. Good and evil are choices we make, not destinies bestowed by the heavens."

Legion recognizes an opportunity to break their minds with the revelation again and decides to take it.

Legion then suddenly and abruptly speaks, "The rumors are true." Legion says abruptly, to the point of catching Donderdraak and Isolde off-guard.

They both turn to him with shock etched on their faces, "What do you mean?" Donderdraak asks, his humor forgotten.

"I originate from Hell, as most Demons do, but most don't know, it is also Heaven, there is no difference, and, in fact, it is the Light Realm, and is ruled by Erebus, The Golden Devil, the God of Light, God of All, a pure evil, sadistic, and malicious being, and the embodiment of the nature of The Light, and the creator of it, and, well, if the embodiment and creator of The Light is Pure Evil, then that must mean that The Dark is, in truth... Pure Good... only acting in opposition to The Light..." Legion explains, seeming to make realizations as he is explaining them towards the end of it.

Isolde and Donderdraak exchange glances, the gravity of his words sinking in. The concept of their entire existence being based on a fundamental lie was too much to comprehend. They had always known the struggle between light and dark, but to think that the very nature of their being could be reversed was a revelation that shook their core beliefs.

"Well, it doesn't really matter to us, considering we are separate from that conflict and neutral in relation to it, we are separate from the outside world, in fact, the USSB is effectively it's own separate realm within the Infinite Dimensional Universe from the Living/Physical Realm, it is, I guess, the USSB Realm, so, we care not for the trifles of those outside of our realm, all we care about in the Living/Physical Realm are the beasts, mythological creatures, and wealth within it, for us to have either join us or for us to claim for ourselves." Donderdraak then says.

Isolde nods slowly, "Indeed, our allegiance is to the USSB and our mission. But these revelations do give us much to think about. It seems we have stumbled upon truths that could shake the very foundations of the cosmos."

"Yes, but, well, we should keep our realization to ourselves, as currently there is peace on Earth due to the True Sacred Relic's existence, but, I can sense, even that is only temporary, and that, while over a century from now, that peace, and the True Sacred Relic, will come to an end, all for the

greater good, I can also feel." Donderdraak explains, "So, let's enjoy our neutrality while we have it." Donderdraak further adds on.

Legion nods solemnly, placing his crown back into the treasure pile, "We shall keep our eyes open and our hearts pure, ready to protect our newfound family and home, regardless of the chaos that may come." His words hang in the air, a reminder of the ever-present balance between light and dark.

Legion ponders on how war will of course arrive when in truth that balance is broken, if in the favor of the Light, all will cease to be, but if in the favor of the Dark, true peace will become inevitable

"Anyways, wanna play Go Fish?" Donderdraak asks, "You know, to de-stress a bit?" Donderdraak adds on.

Isolde smiles and nods, "I'd love to, it's been a while since I've played a card game." She says, and the three of them sit down at the grand round table in the USSB's main hall, setting aside their concerns for the moment.

Chapter 57: The Bigger USSB

(10 YEARS LATER)

The Year is 2250, and Legion, The Demon Lord once again checks on Zaria from afar, who was by now 40 but still in her physical prime, un-aging and likely immortal, watching her growth, but also trains with Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan, to help all three of them grow more powerful, mostly through extremely intense spars, some planned, and some that come about due to games of Uno that become too intense, and more beyond those were also used in the training between the three Co-Leaders of the USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings).

The USSB had grown substantially since its founding, and with the arrival of new members such as the Werewolf Alpha, Fenris, and the Kraken, Leviathan, they had become an unstoppable force in the Infinite Dimensional Universe.

Legion does note how Fenris has somehow returned despite Legion himself tearing him in half and consuming both halves in his "Prime" back in 666 BC.

The sparring sessions between the trio are fierce, pushing each other's limits and honing their skills. Legion, having once been the most feared creature in existence, is thrilled to see his companions grow stronger with each passing day. Their bond, forged in the heat of battle and the pursuit of power, has grown into a true friendship.

In fact, more so almost like a strange and dysfunctional found family unit, but Legion does note how both Donderdraak and Isolde have both by far surpassed him, and internally plans to in some way change that at least somewhat and at least somewhat close the gap.

The USSB has become a beacon of protection for the mythical creatures of Earth, and their influence extends far beyond their hidden realm. They have established a network of safe havens across the globe, where beasts and myths can live without fear of persecution from humans.

But in essence, these safe havens are effectively pocket dimension sub-realms of the USSB Realm, with direct access to the USSB Realm itself.

"So, Legion, when do we get to use our new abilities in a real fight?" Isolde asks, a mischievous glint in her eye as she examines her claws, which had grown significantly sharper and stronger.

"Hopefully never need to other than simple fights in hidden areas in the Mortal Realm, but, conflict is likely to not break out again for at least over a Century and Three-Quarters or so." Legion casually responds.

"But you know how much I enjoy a good fight," Isolde says with a grin, her fangs gleaming in the dim light of the chamber.

"Then go out and use a scan spell to find hidden interesting stuff and potential opponents yourself then, I did so 3 decades ago, which led to that African Scientist Bunker, the Continent of Neo-Atlantis, the Arctic Bunker, and that Mythical Jungle being transported from the Mortal Realm to the USSB Realm, so, yeah, if you're really that bored, go look for a possible fight to end that boredom." Legion casually responds.

Isolde chuckles, "Alright, alright, I'll go stir up some trouble, I guess." She says, standing up from her seat.

"Yeah, you go and do that then, Isolde." Legion responds casually and offhandedly truly, before then returning to his own training.

Donderdraak watches Isolde leave, a knowing smile on his face. "I think she enjoys it more than she lets on."

"I don't doubt that, I swear that we all are rubbing off on each other to an extent." Legion responds.

Donderdraak nods in agreement, "But it's a good thing, we're becoming more versatile and unpredictable, and that's what makes us so formidable."

"Or it could be the fact that we all are effectively deities on top of naturally having immense power, and who train on top of that, that could also be it as well." Legion responds snarkily.

Donderdraak chuckles in response, "True, but it's the chaos we bring that truly sets us apart. Now, if only we could get Zaria to spar with us, we could see just how much she's learned since we first found her."

"Since, I, first found her, you mean, neither you nor Isolde have even seen nor met Zaria in any way shape or form." Legion responds uncharacteristically harshly about such a small thing.

Donderdraak nods, his smile not fading, "True, but I can feel her power from here, it's grown exponentially since she's been with us, and it's only a matter of time before she's ready to join us in battle."

"That would be if she even wanted to join us, and, yeah, if she doesn't want to, then she doesn't want to, and that would be final." Legion says, uncharacteristically very respecting of Zaria's desires to the point of not wanting to force her to ally with them for the benefit of the USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings), which is otherwise all that Legion usually cares about.

"Ah, I know she will, she's just... different, that's all, she's not like us, she's more human in a way, more... tender." Donderdraak says, trying to find the right words.

"She actually IS Human, compared to us, a Demon, a Storm Dragon Summoned using a ritual, and a Vampire, and she doesn't have to be anything else, and to imply otherwise is to take things too far." Legion responds, uncharacteristically seemingly to desire what Zaria wants most over all else.

Donderdraak nods solemnly, "I understand, she is special, and we should respect her boundaries."

"You definitely got that right, her choices matter more than our wants." Legion says, super uncharacteristically placing the choices and wants of someone else even over his own.

The two powerful beings continue their training in the vast chamber of the USSB Realm, each pushing the other to new heights of power. Their friendship, though unconventional, is a strong bond that has withstood the test of time.

Legion though, thinks of something, and constructs a special magical arena, of which, will restore both combatants afterwards, allowing for fights to the death within it with no downsides or risks possible.

The arena is a marvel of dark magic and ancient technology, a place where beings could clash without fear of permanent harm. It's a place where they could unleash their full might and see just how powerful they truly are.

Legion also creates a spell to created a simulated reality for them to fight in including with their truest power and potential without risking destroying all of not just reality, the fabric of reality, but Reality, of which Existence and all of the infinite layers of constructs far above and below their Infinite Universes, through their combat, but they don't feel a need to use that yet, so it lays, waiting to be used.

Their training sessions in the arena become legendary, even among the other members of the USSB. Word spreads of their epic battles, and soon, other powerful beings within the society begin to request to spar with them, eager to test their might against the trio.

This satiates boredom for a while, leading to just peace, and of course, Legion continuing to observe Zaria and her growth from afar.

Chapter 58: Legion Vs. Ice Elemental

(30 Years Later)

The Year is 2280, and Legion sets up a pretty much wrestling type event for the battle between him and The Ice Elemental, to truly prove himself to be greater than it, despite being 34 feet shorter at his tallest height.

Then, after a bit of prep, many people arrive in the seats of the Colosseum constructed as decoration around the Arena for people to observe from, and Isolde and Donderdraak finally arrive to the stands, Isolde with a bucket of popcorn, Donderdraak with one 10x the size of the Roman Colosseum, to enjoy while they watch the battle.

Legion, The Demon Lord, then grows to his basic full size of 666 feet and stare at the 700 foot tall Ice Elemental, until both then grow even further to Legion being 666 meters tall and the Ice Elemental being 700 meters tall, as Legion then further emerges massive demon wings from his back, as well.

The arena is a frozen wasteland, a testament to the power of the Ice Elemental, but Legion, with his newfound power and size, is unfazed. He cracks his knuckles, a sound that echoes across the battlefield like the tolling of a doomsday bell. The Ice Elemental, a being of ancient and primal cold, locks eyes with Legion, its icy gaze a stark contrast to Legion's fiery one.

The Ice Elemental, is a now 700 meter tall beast of ice and snow, most resembling a massive golem of ice, with very primitive intelligence, yet powerful ice manipulation abilities and immense brute strength, and even regenerative capabilities via freezing air around it at extreme speeds due to is far below zero aura to reform parts of it, and originates from sometime around the Year 1124.

The arena, originally the size of the Roman Colosseum, has been magically expanded to accommodate the towering forms of the two titans. The air is frigid, but Legion's fiery aura keeps the immediate area around him warm. He cracks his knuckles once more, the sound echoing through the icy arena.

Legion, in his prime size as the Massive Demon, is a currently 666 meter tall demon lord, with massive bat and dragon like demon wings, massive and curved goat like horns, and a body which is muscular but also resembles volcanic rock, with his face resembling a mix of a human, goat, and dragon's skulls, with him having incredible size changing abilities, powerful control over fire and lightning, and the ability to breath hellfire so hot it shouldn't be physically possible, far beyond even the Planck Temperature, and he is immensely quick, agile, and determined to win this match to finally end his insecurity about the Ice Elemental.

The two behemoths charge at each other, the ground trembling with each step they take. The Ice Elemental swings a massive arm made of compacted snow and ice, aiming to crush Legion. Legion, with his lightning-fast reflexes, dodges the attack with ease, leaving a trail of fire in the ice's wake. He then unleashes a torrent of hellfire from his mouth, the flames dancing and weaving as they streak towards the Ice Elemental.

The Ice Elemental roars in fury, raising its other arm to shield itself from the fiery onslaught. The heat from the flames causes the ice to sizzle and steam, but the creature's regenerative abilities keep it from taking significant damage. It retaliates by slamming its fist into the ground, sending a wave of freezing air towards Legion. Legion, anticipating the move, takes to the air on his mighty wings, soaring above the frigid blast.

The spectators, which include various members of the USSB and some of the more powerful mythological creatures they've encountered, watch with bated breath as the two titans continue their epic duel. The air is filled with the scent of burning ice and sulfur, a peculiar mix that makes the hair on the back of everyone's neck stand up. The clash of fire and ice lights up the night sky, casting an eerie glow over the landscape.

Isolde, meanwhile, munching on her popcorn, can't help but feel a little guilty for egging Legion on. She's never seen the Ice Elemental in action before, and the creature's power is truly terrifying. Yet, she can't deny the

excitement that thrums through her as she watches the Demon Lord she's come to trust and respect over the centuries. Donderdraak, on the other hand, is practically bouncing in his seat, his enthusiasm for the fight palpable.

The battle is a symphony of destruction, each strike and counter-strike a crescendo of power. Legion's hellfire clashes with the Ice Elemental's freezing blasts, creating a spectacle that would be the envy of any mortal artist. The air shimmers with heat and cold as the two beings push each other to their limits. The ground beneath them cracks and splits, the very fabric of the land reshaping itself to accommodate their titanic struggle.

Donderdraak, unable to contain his excitement, cheers Legion on, "Go, go, go! Show that chunk of ice what for!" His laughter booming across the frozen wasteland. Isolde, though more reserved in her enthusiasm, can't help but feel the thrill of the fight, her heart racing as she watches the two behemoths clash.

In a sudden burst of speed, Legion dives towards the Ice Elemental, his wings folding in to become a blazing meteor hurtling towards his icy adversary. The Ice Elemental, noticing the incoming threat, raises a towering spike of ice from the ground, aiming to impale Legion as he approaches. Legion, ever the tactician, uses his fiery breath to melt the spike before it reaches its peak, causing it to shatter into countless shards that rain down upon the battlefield.

Then, suddenly, Legion shrinks down, much to the confusion of the spectators as to why he would make such a move, then he rockets up at the Ice Elemental with his fist extended.

Having shrunk himself down to compact and condense his power down to a smaller surface area though with the same weight and area covered overtime in speed.

The Ice Elemental attempts to block it with its arm, but to the shock of everyone short of Legion himself, that just results in said arm exploding, and the Ice Elemental moving back to regenerate said arm.

Isolde is left perplexed until she pieces it together, "He's the same weight and has the same power, so, in shrinking, he's just compacting the power of his punches, genius!" Isolde says, as if she just had a breakthrough herself.

Donderdraak nods, his eyes wide with excitement, "Yes! That's it! He's basically punching like a 666-meter giant but with the speed of a 666-meter giant into a 700-meter giant, but in a smaller form, which is just insane!"

The Ice Elemental swiftly regenerates its arm then swings it at Legion, who then vanishes completely until there's just a speck left, much to the shock of everyone, especially the Ice Elemental, until then, said speck impacts the Ice Elemental and it's entire upper body just explodes, of which, it quickly regenerates, then Legion returns back to his 666-meter size and begins to charge up energy in his fist for a massive punch.

Isolde then realizes what he's about to do and begins popping off.

"Oh, he's going to punch it again!" She exclaims, her popcorn momentarily forgotten as she watches Legion's fist grow hotter and hotter, the heat from his hellfire enveloping it like a sun.

Then Legion dodges the Ice Elemental's punch by shrinking to his "Normal" size of 6.66 feet tall with his punch still charged up, and begins to fly at the Ice Elemental at the Speed of Light itself, at infinite speed essentially.

And the punch lands, and such a powerful force, compacted down to such a small area, then causes the Ice Elemental to literally explode into shards all over the place, still alive as the shards, but definitely defeated, and the punch landing and the shockwave from it causes shaking equivalent to as if a moon just exploded right in that spot.

Despite it having force itself closer to that of a Supernova.

The spectators, including Isolde and Donderdraak, watch in awe as the dust and ice settles. The arena, once a frozen battleground, is now a crater of molten earth, the heat from Legion's punch having melted even the most ancient of ice. The air is filled with the scent of burnt ice and ash, a testament to the power that was just displayed.

The Ice Elemental then regenerates at its new normal size of 777 feet tall, having lost the battle, but, as it is 77 feet taller normally, it clearly Awakened from its loss.

The once-mighty Ice Elemental stands in the center of the now molten crater, its form reforming from the scattered shards of ice. Its power, though not diminished, is clearly drained from the intense battle. Legion, on the other hand, stands tall and triumphant, his fiery eyes gleaming with the thrill of victory.

Chapter 59: Elara Humiliates Legion

Legion still feels super fired up and ready to fight again.

Then Elara, Isolde's Head Maid, arrives and gives Isolde a wine glass filled with blood, and Legion notices her, and, still fired up from that previous fight, immediately grabs her and pulls her in the arena and forces her to then also fight him.

The sudden turn of events leaves Isolde and Donderdraak dumbfounded. Elara, a vampire with centuries of combat experience, reluctantly takes a stance opposite Legion. She is petite and graceful, a stark contrast to the hulking form of the Demon Lord. Yet, her eyes glow with a fierce determination that belies her true strength.

Legion then rushes at her, expecting this to be extremely easy, but then, she vanishes from the sight of all but Isolde, as the then pulls out her trusty broom and smacks Legion from all angles with it, even landing a quite cheap shot on him with her broom, all faster than he can even react.

Legion is left extremely dazed, still trying to process what just happened.

The crowd, and even Donderdraak, are stunned into silence as they witness Elara's unrivaled speed and agility. Her movements are a blur, each strike with the broom packing the power of a freight train. Legion, though caught off-guard, laughs boisterously, his eyes alight with the challenge.

Elara then bonks Legion on the head with just her trusty broom, before then bringing out a feather duster and dusting his face, then repeatedly bonking him with a dust tray, all faster than he can even hope to react.

Legion is left now very confused with his face thoroughly dusted now.

The crowd, which had been silent, now erupts into laughter at the sight of the mighty Demon Lord being smacked around by a Head Maid with nothing but a broom and dust tray. Donderdraak is in stitches, holding his belly as tears roll down his cheeks. Even Isolde has to cover her mouth to stifle a giggle, the tension from the previous fight dissipating in the face of such an unexpected and comical turn of events.

Legion is left feeling quite embarrassed at how he is literally getting cleanly swept by a god dang MAID.

Elara also barely seems to care, and barely seems to even be trying in the slightest bit, and yet multiple times in a row she has Legion on his behind on the ground, all within less than a minute.

"Alright, alright, I get it," Legion says with a grin, his cheeks reddened slightly, "I guess you win this round." He then picks himself up, brushing off

the dust from his body. "But, don't think you've seen the last of me, I'll train harder, and I'll be back for a rematch!" He laughs heartily, his good nature never dimming, not even when he's on the receiving end of a good-natured whooping.

Elara then bonks Legion on the head again with her trusty broom, to the point she smacks him into the ground, where only his head is coming out of it, before Elara then goes back over to Isolde, The Vampire Queen, "I apologize immensely about that interruption, your highness." Elara says to Isolde, sounding very embarrassed at having been pulled away and distracted from serving her.

Legion, meanwhile pulls himself out of the ground.

Isolde just laughs and pats her on the head, "Don't worry Elara, you did well, you can take a break." Isolde says, her smile warm and kind.

"That is greatly appreciated, your highness." Elara says while bowing very deeply.

The crowd is still in a state of disbelief and laughter as the battle between Legion and Elara ends. The tension from the previous fight has given way to light-hearted amusement. Legion, unfazed by his defeat at the hands of the vampire maid, stands up and stretches. "Now, who's next?" He roars, looking around for another challenger, his fiery aura seemingly undimmed by the embarrassing turn of events.

Chapter 60: Demon Lord Vs. Archdruid

Archdruid Malthus, leader of the Undead Druids of Brocéliande, then enters the arena as well, "I accept your challenge, Lord of Demons." Archdruid Malthus says to him.

The crowd goes quiet, as they have not seen the Archdruid in quite some time, and even Isolde seems surprised, but she knows that Malthus is one of the strongest members of the USSB, so she is not too concerned.

"Alright then, you apparently led the Elemental Avatars during the Siege of the Temple/Church/Tomb of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius and defended it quite well for quite a long time, so, this should be rather interesting." Legion responds to Archdruid Malthus.

The Archdruid stands tall and proud, his skeletal frame adorned with ancient druidic symbols and garb made of vines and leaves. His staff, crafted from the heartwood of a long-dead oak tree, glows with a green light that seems to pulse in time with his own life force. The air around him is charged with the power of nature, and the ground beneath his feet begins to shift and writhe with roots and vines as he prepares to engage the demon lord.

Legion can't help but be reminded of his battle with Zaria 40 years earlier.

"Let the power of the eternal forests be my weapon!" Malthus intones, and the very air around him seems to thicken with the scent of earth and decay. With a wave of his staff, he calls upon the most ancient and powerful of all the druidic powers, summoning the Great Ent of the Broken Realm. The colossal tree creature stands tall, its wooden form writhing with vines and thorns, and its eyes burning with the fury of nature itself.

The Great Ent of the Broken Realm is about 600 meters tall, and Archdruid Malthus then teleports on top of it's head, and sinks into the head of it, and begins to watch from through it's eyes.

Legion, intrigued by this new development, spreads his fiery wings and takes to the sky, eyeing the colossal Ent with a mix of caution and excitement. He knows that Malthus is a formidable foe, and that controlling an elemental being such as this is no small feat.

The Great Ent of the Broken Realm then extends one of its arms up and into the air and grabs Legion by his leg and then slams him against the ground before then winding the other fist up for a massive punch.

Legion, unfazed by the initial grab, twists and turns in the Ent's grasp, dodging the punch with ease. He then shrinks again, and this time, aims for the Ent's core, the heart of its power. As he does so, he leaves a trail of fire in his wake, the vines and thorns of the Ent's body catching fire. The Ent roars in pain, the flames spreading rapidly across its wooden form.

The Archdruid, feeling the Ent's distress, channels more of his power into it, causing the Ent to regenerate the damaged areas. But Legion is not deterred. He uses his compacted punch to bore through the flaming vines, aiming for the staff that is the source of the Ent's power. If he can destroy the staff, he knows he can weaken Malthus's control over the creature.

Archdruid then absorbs The Great Ent of the Broken Realm and its power and strength into himself from within it, then swings his staff around as then ruins and sigils appear as Archdruid Malthus then completes the spell, and then, he becomes Awakened, and his power increases immensely.

The crowd gasps as the air around Malthus changes, the green light of his staff now enveloping him in a whirlwind of leaves and vines. The ground shakes as the power of the Ent surges through his bones, his eyes now glowing with an emerald light that pierces through the night. Legion, seeing the change in his opponent, knows that this will be no simple fight.

Legion now seriously can't help but reminded of his spar with Zaria from 4 decades prior.

Awakened Archdruid Malthus then rushes and flies forwards and smacks Legion with his staff.

Legion, caught off-guard by the sudden surge in power, is sent sprawling across the arena. The impact leaves a trail of flaming leaves and scorched

earth in his wake. He gets to his feet, brushing himself off, a smirk playing on his lips. "Now, this is a challenge!" He says, his fiery aura growing brighter, his fists crackling with hellfire.

The Archdruid Malthus, now a terrifying amalgamation of man and nature, advances towards Legion. The vines from his staff lash out like whips, each one aimed to ensnare and entangle the demon lord. Legion, however, is quick to respond. He shrinks again and darts around the vines, his movements a blur. He then expands, his fist now the size of a small mountain, and swings at the Archdruid.

Awakened Archdruid Malthus uses a simple and casual spell and reverses the damage dealt now to being dealt onto Legion instead of himself.

The vines snap back, recoiling from the fiery fist of Legion, and the demon lord feels a strange sensation as the power of his own attack is redirected back at him. The air around Malthus crackles with energy as he bends the very fabric of the battle to his will. Legion, surprised by this counterattack, stumbles backward, his flaming skin now marred by the bite of the vines' power.

Chapter 61: Awakened Vs. Awakened

Legion then suddenly begins to rapidly power up, "Turn up the heat! Turn UP the heat! TURN UP THE HEAT! BECAUSE THIS IS A FUNERAL FOR THE LIVING DEAD!" Legion screams out as he also becomes Awakened and his fiery aura explodes out into becoming immensely greater and more intense.

Legion is now seriously feeling that good heat of battle at this point.

The crowd is now absolutely silent, not a single soul daring to move as the two powerhouses stand before each other, the very air crackling with the

energy of their auras. The arena is bathed in the stark contrast of Legion's fiery red and Malthus's verdant green.

Malthus's eyes narrow as he feels the demon lord's power rise to new heights. He knows he must act swiftly to maintain the upper hand. With a flick of his wrist, he sends a barrage of thorns the size of spears hurtling towards Legion. Each thorn is imbued with the power of the Ent and the wrath of the forest.

Legion, now fully awakened, meets the thorns with a blast of hellfire, the two forces colliding in a fiery explosion that lights up the night sky. The heat is so intense that it causes the very air to ripple and distort. The thorns disintegrate upon contact, but the Archdruid is not deterred. He calls upon the spirits of the forest to bolster his strength, the vines around him thickening and coiling into a living cage.

Awakened Demon Lord Legion then briefly shifts into his true form, a figure of pure hellfire, so fast he doesn't even more, just decides where he will next be then is, and then appears right next to Awakened Archdruid Malthus before then going back into his normal form and then throwing a point-blank punch at Awakened Archdruid Malthus.

The impact of the punch sends shockwaves through the arena, knocking over the spectators, the ground around them cracking like glass. The Archdruid, caught by surprise, is sent hurtling through the air, his staff flying from his grip. The vines and thorns that made up his cage dissipate into the night as he crashes into the far wall of the arena.

Awakened Demon Lord Legion then appears right in front of him, with another punch charged up and wound back, before then throwing it, with an especially immense amount of force.

He had prepared and invented a new move from Awakening.

The fist, now a meteor of pure hellfire, hurtles towards Awakened Archdruid Malthus, who is still recovering from the first blow. Malthus, with a roar of defiance, channels the last of the Ent's power into a shield of living wood, the bark hardening into a nearly impenetrable barrier.

Awakened Demon Lord Legion then actually goes all out and his charged punch smashes right through the shield of living wood, uninhibited in the slightest, and continues its course towards Awakened Archdruid Malthus himself.

Malthus, his eyes wide with a mix of anger and fear, knows he must act quickly. He reaches out with his mind, connecting with the very essence of the forest, and pulls the roots from deep within the earth, sending them shooting towards Legion with the speed and precision of a hundred arrows.

Awakened Demon Lord Legion's awakened aura of hellfire alone burns them all to ash instantly.

The roots come into contact with Legion's fist, but instead of stopping it, they merely disintegrate into a fine mist of carbon, the sheer power of the demon lord's attack unimpeded. Malthus watches in horror as the fiery fist bears down on him, knowing that his shield has failed.

But as the punch is about to land, something unexpected happens. A surge of power, something that even Legion could not have anticipated, bursts forth from the ground beneath Malthus. The Archdruid's eyes glow with the light of the ancients as the spirits of the forest, enraged by the desecration of their sacred lands, enter his body.

Awakened Demon Lord Legion's awakened aura then instantly disintegrates the spirits of the forest themselves on a conceptual level.

The Archdruid's body convulses as the ancient spirits are consumed by Legion's inferno, their essences winking out of existence with a soundless

scream. The fist of hellfire slams into Malthus, and for a moment, it seems as if the druid will be erased from the mortal plane.

Awakened Archdruid Malthus then tries to call upon every concept he can think of, space, time, nature, reality, infinity itself, any of them, and yet, they all immediately are burnt away by Awakened Demon Lord Legion's awakened aura, as the heat of which is absolute, and burns away even concepts, and the only things that aren't burnt, are things he doesn't want burnt for one reason or another.

Malthus's body is now a smoldering ruin, his skeletal frame barely visible through the flames that engulf him. Yet, his will remains unbroken, his eyes still shining with the green light of the forest spirits. He knows that this battle has gone beyond a mere show of strength, it has become a clash of worlds, of the living and the dead, of fire and nature.

And then, after the punch has finished landing, with a massive explosion of hellfire, and Legion has invented a new move for himself, the Hellfire Punch, Awakened Archdruid Malthus is defeated, but not killed, only badly injured and knocked unconscious, and he fully regenerates and regains consciousness only moments later.

And upon landing the Hellfire Punch, it causes Awakened Demon Lord Legion to Awaken yet again, under a shower of sparks and Hellfire.

The crowd is absolutely silent, the sheer power displayed by both combatants leaving them stunned. Even the vampires and werewolves of the USSB are at a loss for words, their eyes wide with amazement and fear at what they've just witnessed.

Chapter 62: Donderdraak Stomps Legion

Donderdraak then leaps into the arena excitedly, "I want to go next!" Donderdraak roars out excitedly, as the Arena begins to reset itself again magically.

And Isolde, The Vampire Queen, just rolls her eyes at Donderdraak's antics while smirking.

Legion, still basking in the aftermath of his victory, turns his fiery gaze towards the dragon. "You wish to challenge me, little one?" He asks, his tone one of amusement rather than arrogance.

"Well, only 40 Years ago, we fought over an Uno game, and I won, wouldn't you like to get your get back?" Donderdraak taunts, talking down in a baby voice towards Legion.

The crowd erupts into laughter, breaking the tension that had settled over the arena. Legion's smirk widens into a full-blown grin. He knows Donderdraak is not to be underestimated, despite the dragon's playful demeanor.

"Very well," Legion says, his deep voice carrying over the cheers. "Let's see if your scales are as thick as your skull!" He then returns to his full size, his fiery aura pulsating with excitement.

Donderdraak though, upon returning to his full size is, um, significantly bigger, being 5.5 miles long while Legion is only 666 meters tall, and that's not to mention Donderdraak's 11 mile wingspan.

Legion now feels very inferior.

The crowd gasps in awe as the dragon's true size is revealed. The arena, which had once seemed so vast, now appears almost too small for the colossal creature. Donderdraak's scales shimmer in the light of Legion's flames, a dazzling display of emerald and gold. He opens his jaws wide,

revealing teeth that could crush the very bones of the earth, and roars a challenge that echoes through the night.

Donderdraak then casually flicks Legion with a single claw.

Legion, caught off-guard by the dragon's sheer size and speed, is sent tumbling through the air, his fiery aura flickering momentarily. He lands with a thud, his grin never leaving his face despite the clear disadvantage he now faces. "So, you've been holding out on me, have you?" He quips, rising to his full height once more.

Donderdraak then casually backhands Legion with one of his front limbs.

The force of the blow sends Legion careening through the air, his body a fiery comet streaking across the night sky. He crashes into the arena wall, the impact sending a shower of stone and dust down upon the spectators. The demon lord is unfazed, his skin reforming almost immediately, but he knows that the dragon's strength is not to be underestimated.

Legion then rushes forwards, and, once he gets close, Donderdraak whips him with his tail in such a way that he gets hit by and along his entire long and sinuous tail from beginning to end.

The speed and power behind the tail strike is so intense that it sends Legion spiraling through the air like a ragdoll, leaving a fiery contrail in his wake. The demon lord crashes into the ground, his body skidding across the arena floor, leaving a trail of smoldering earth. He quickly recovers, his eyes now a deep, burning crimson.

At this point all of the spectators are aware that they are just watching Legion get thrown around like a toy by Donderdraak, who is over 13x his size.

Legion's grin turns into a fierce snarl, his eyes now glowing with a rage that could burn the very fabric of reality. He charges at Donderdraak, his body

now a whirlwind of hellfire. He knows that brute strength alone will not be enough to take down the dragon. He must use his wit and cunning.

Donderdraak then casually plucks Legion out of mid air between two of his claws.

The dragon holds Legion aloft, examining him as one might a particularly troublesome insect. Legion's aura flickers, but he remains focused, his mind racing with strategies to counter this new threat. The crowd holds its collective breath, unsure of what to expect next.

Donderdraak then smashes Legion into the ground and crushes him, defeating him effortlessly, "Very disappointed..." Donderdraak says before returning to his seat in the spectator stands, as Legion's fiery soul then recreates his body and he returns back to being good as new, "Anyone else, wanna challenge me?" Legion then asks.

Legion feels nearly done with battles in the Arena for today.

Chapter 63: Legion The Smoothie

Isolde, The Vampire Queen, then moves so fast she just vanishes before then appearing in the arena, "I'll do so, why not." Isolde, The Vampire Queen then says casually.

Her movements are so fast that no one can track them, not even the most trained of eyes, and before anyone can react, she's already standing in the arena. She cracks her knuckles, a smile playing on her lips as she regards Donderdraak, who has returned to his seat in the stands.

Legion then immediately tries to use the Hellfire Punch on her, but she then vanishes, and is in the air flipping behind him, before he is then hit by millions of punches she landed on him in that extremely short time, and he couldn't even react.

Legion then unleashes a massive stream of hellfire from his mouth and directly towards Isolde, and she vanishes within it.

Then some of Legion's own, impossibly spicy, lava like blood begins to fly out of some cuts Isolde's initial speedblitz attacks left on him, and into the hellfire, and then, Isolde begins to walk out the hellfire, now completely and utterly immune to and unaffected by it.

The crowd gasps, their eyes wide with astonishment. Isolde, The Vampire Queen, had just walked out of Legion's most powerful attack without so much as a scratch. She winks at the demon lord, her fangs gleaming in the flickering light of the dying flames.

Isolde then appears behind Legion, commenting "You got some spicy blood." somewhat jokingly seductively, before then Legion is slashed from all over, seemingly his body now registering her having slashed him seemingly innumerable times in that Planck Instant.

Then Isolde then lazily motioned at him and then a ranged magic slash hits him and cuts him in half, before then Isolde continues her gesturing and Legion is further cut in more halves, until Isolde's hand turns into a blur and Legion begins to simulate fruit within a blender, until Isolde stops, Legion's physical body is blended goop, and his soul is now beginning to reform his body, Isolde having defeated him in, predictably considering her infinite speed, record time.

And after Legion reforms himself, he then begins to speak as blended goop while still regenerating his body, "Okay, okay, I'm done now." Legion says as he finally exits the arena, and then everyone of the spectators also begin to trickle out, and afterwards, the three leaders of the USSB, Isolde, Legion, and Donderdraak then meet back up and reunite.

The three leaders of the USSB stand together, their auras of power mingling in a way that seems almost comical given the stark contrast of

their personalities. Donderdraak is still in his giant dragon form, his tail swishing back and forth with excitement, while Isolde remains her usual poised self, a hint of mischief in her eyes.

Chapter 64: The Simulated Battle

"Wanna go and make a simulated realm where we can all three fight each other going truly all out?" Isolde then asks Legion and Donderdraak.

The two of them look at each other and nod in agreement. It's clear they've done this before, a private game between them to test their limits without causing havoc in the real world. They step into a magical circle that appears in the center of the now-desolate arena, each of them smiling in anticipation of the battle to come.

Then they enter a magical simulated realm, in which, none of them can actually truly die, which is the true main concern of a fight where all three of them go truly all out.

The simulated realm is a vast, ever-changing landscape, a canvas for their boundless power. Legion's hellfire clashes with Donderdraak's lightning breath, creating a maelstrom of fire and lightning that lights up the sky. Isolde darts through the chaos, her speed a blur as she searches for an opening.

Then Donderdraak is the first of them to go truly all out, calling upon the maximum power he can have with a charged attack and having that level of power and readiness to unleash Charged Attacks at a moments notice.

Then Isolde ascends into Vampire Goddess Isolde, where she is at her basic peak, and her power kind of breaks Existence a bit.

Then Legion is the second to go truly all out, as he becomes his true form, Demon God Legion, with fire that could burn all of Existence beyond conceptually with a single thought.

The arena, once a battleground for mere mortals, is now a playground for the gods themselves. Each clash of their titanic powers sends shockwaves rippling through the fabric of the simulation, distorting the very air around them. The ground beneath them cracks and shifts, forming and reforming as the three beings dance around each other in a deadly ballet of destruction.

Demon God Legion is so fast, he is effectively Omnipresent, giving him a massive edge against Isolde, meanwhile Donderdraak at this point has just been left completely and utterly in the dust, only able to at his current peak destroy the Infinite Universe, of which, both Vampire Goddess Isolde and Demon God Legion could do with a single thought, and with negative effort.

The two deities clash, their auras of fire and darkness swirling together, creating a tempest that could swallow galaxies. The very fabric of the simulation groans under the weight of their power, as they fight in a place where the very laws of physics are bent to their will.

Vampire Goddess Isolde, then, after Demon God Legion has caught her and is conceptually burning her, then rips her own heart out of her chest, and consumes it, the action required to activate Queen's Bloodfury normally, but in this case, it turns her into Blood Goddess Isolde, and just her transformation alone makes Reality itself unstable and viable to collapse, as then, beings from other realities can be heard repeatedly chanting, "BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GODDESS!" louder and louder as the transformation slowly progresses until full completion.

And Blood Goddess Isolde is so fast, her speed is even beyond Omnipresence itself, and every act she takes threaten's to shatter Reality itself, and not just "reality" the concept, but, Reality, of which, all of Existence is contained within, and within it, the Infinite Spatial Dimensions,

and Infinite Omniverses within each of them, and the Infinite Multiverses within each of them, and the Infinite Universes within each of them and the Infinite Nested Realms and Infinite Dimensions within each of them.

Blood Goddess Isolde is also so powerful that, whatever she decides, just, is, and thus, if she decides an attack or even opponent or such never was, then that is so.

The moment she completes her transformation, she looks at Legion, her eyes now a crimson red, and says, "You're mine, Demon." And with that, she reaches out and grabs hold of his fiery form, and then she pulls him into her, and with a burst of crimson light, Legion's flaming body is absorbed by her, and then, she is standing there, her aura now mixed with his hellfire, but still very much herself.

And then Blood Goddess Isolde sends a blast of blood magic at Donderdraak, instantly disintegrating him, before then unleashing a burst of power, destroying the Simulated Realm itself, and thus ending the private battle between the three leaders of the USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings), and of course returning herself into her own real body, returning Legion into his own real body, and returning Donderdraak into his own body, all within the empty USSB Arena.

The three of them, panting and smiling at each other, know that they had just pushed themselves to the absolute brink of their abilities. The air in the arena is thick with the smell of ozone and burnt oak, a testament to the power they had just displayed. They share a look that speaks volumes, an unspoken acknowledgment of the respect and camaraderie that comes from surviving such a battle.

Legion again still feels inferior, knowing that Isolde herself could so easily by far surpass him, and that power was even greater than his "Prime".

Chapter 65: USSB Grows

(60 YEARS LATER)

The Year is 2340, and Legion still is observing Zaria, who is definitely and confirmedly immortal and un-aging, considering she should by that point be 130 Years old and yet she physically looks to be only in her late 20s still, and yet, her power has grown a fitting amount considering her age and how she has continued just learning and growing in power.

Even though the Co-Leaders of the USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings), Legion, The Demon Lord, Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan, have all been training and growing more powerful themselves, Zaria if she ever for some reason wanted to could just solo the entire USSB as a whole all on her own rather easily.

Well, all of the mortal humans are birth by birth growing progressively baseline more powerful, and at an alarmingly exponential rate.

To the point that if, say, Reality were reset, the Mortal humans would surpass literally everything from the old Reality.

Which is a terrifying thought, but anyways, currently Legion is still observing Zaria's growth and progress with her natural dark and shadow magic from afar within the USSB Realm, while she is of course still in Whispering Sands in the Sahara Desert in the Mortal Realm.

Legion himself though, remained mostly bored over this time, feeling an emptiness that he couldn't quite figure out what it was, but whenever he observed Zaria, he felt an internal desire to protect her and help her grow and thrive and prosper, directly, like, a father, oddly enough, and he felt that emptiness to an extent filled, but couldn't understand why himself...

Chapter 66: Zaria, of Whispering Sand

(30 YEARS LATER)

The Year is 2370...

(POV Switches to following that of Zaria)

Zaria looks at herself, taking in a deep breath of that good old overly magical Whispering Sand air, a woman, no, a girl, perpetually in her 20s, in her physical prime, even though by now she is 160, either due to her usage of dark and shadow magic or her descending from The Shadow God, Alpha, who was also known to not age past his physical prime. As she stares up at the night sky, so pitch black, so peaceful, the embodiment of what the Dark truly is and represents, that calm chaos, and truest peace.

Zaria can see a true reflection of herself in it. Truly only desiring peace, exactly what her parents would have wanted, but conflicted with the bits of light that people have forced upon and into her, despite it truly being an all consuming and ruining plague.

Zaria still remembers that sight of her parents being burnt alive, that image has ironically been burned into her mind. After all, fire is the ultimate representation of the Light, all consuming, utterly selfish, not stopping until it has either consumed all there is to consume or is extinguished.

Zaria, though, remembers him, Legion, The Demon Lord, for being a demon, a being of pure Light, he is truly nice, he clearly desires chaos, of all kinds, including that truly calm kind under the Dark. Zaria just lies down on her back and looks up at the night sky, and up at the moon, which one day just vanished and got replaced with a new look alike, Zaria just internally assumes that either some aliens or maybe even Legion did so.

Either way, Zaria then gets up, and gets back to training her dark and shadow magic, as she then brings out her now 20 Perpetually Manifested Tendrils of Darkness, and that isn't even all of them, any more would just be

cluttered and look ugly and awful in her eyes. Also it would take up way too much space.

The tendrils move as if alive, as if they had a mind of their own, which they do, but not quite, they're just a part of her own, and she can feel everything they do and see everything they do, they're like extensions of herself.

Zaria summons her staff of shadow and dark, essentially just a creation of hers, and from it shoots a large beam of pure black dark and shadow magic into the night sky, and she swore that afterwards she saw a star disappear from where she fired it at.

Her power had grown so much over the centuries, that she could manipulate the very fabric of reality to such a degree, it was as if she had a cheat code to existence itself, and she hadn't even tapped into a fraction of her true power.

Ever since Legion had found her as that poor, scared, in danger 10 year old orphan, she had deep down knew that she had effectively infinite potential, enough to likely far outstrip even that of The Shadow God, Alpha, who at his Full Potential flew at 40 octo-decilion times the Speed of Light, and not the Refraction Speed, which is Mach 874,030, but the Speed of Light, which is truly infinite in speed and beings that surpass it can by choice cross between the Infinite Spatial Dimensions of the Infinite Universe they exist within, let alone the Infinitely more complex Realms nested among them.

Zaria shakes her head to snap herself out of her small Cosmology Trance, she'd been doing way too much reading and research on Cosmology in her spare time than is in any way normal. But, then again, she had never been in any way truly normal anyways. So why try and fake being normal now, at 160 Years old, and yet looking an 8th of that.

The tendrils of darkness that surrounded her retract back into her, and she smiles to herself, feeling the power surge through her, feeling like she could

take over the world if she so desired. But she didn't, she had never wanted power for power's sake, she just wanted peace, and she had hoped that by mastering this power she would be able to protect those she cares about, like the mortal humans who she had come to care for deeply over her centuries of life.

And yeah, she'd heard of the prophecy of a child born of darkness coming to rule the world, and how it could oh so easily be her, but, well, she feels no desire to rule or to lead, she would rather be led by said person. And considering she had heard of, and even once met the new Alpha, who she instantly deduced that the rumors of being the reincarnation of The Shadow God/The Dark Emperor were true, she's oddly perceptive and good at figuring stuff out like that. Of course, when she and this new Alpha met, they had a very nice and natural conversation, and even consider each other as friends nowadays.

Zaria can tell, Alpha is, will be, and always was meant to be, "The Chosen One" of that prophecy, even since long before the prophecy was made, he was meant to be the one to lead the world to true peace, under darkness. He even once admitted his idea to her, to gain immense power, and, once he had enough, to wipe out this current Reality, saving everyone from it by storing them into a Realm. Then creating a Reality of true peace, with literally no war, segregation, suffering, or pain, then move all of those of the old Reality, into this Reality of peace, this New Reality.

Zaria, of course, supported his plan and told him, well, more power to him. Even if "traditional morals" would argue with him, said morals are lies anyways, and, well, traditional morals barely even apply. It's war, and always has been underneath the surface, between the Light and the Dark.

And so she decided, she would continue her own path of growth and learning, to be ready to support Alpha, when he made his move, or to be ready if she had to protect her own little slice of peace in the ever-growing chaos of the world.

Chapter 67: The Shadow Goddess

(The next morning)

Zaria was just walking through the Whispering Sands marketplace, getting her normal suspicious stares, ever since more people arrived there and were welcomed there, the Light has begun to spread its hold even over Whispering Sands, but Zaria has been able to subtly, through her presence and aura alone, keep it subdued and mostly away and under the surface.

The stalls were bustling with activity, traders shouting out their wares, and the smell of exotic spices wafted through the air. She passed by a stall selling ancient tomes and scrolls, and her eyes caught a glimpse of something that made her pause. A tome titled "The Shadow God's Legacy" was displayed prominently among the others, its cover adorned with intricate, shadowy designs.

Zaria then entered the store, accompanied by the chime of a bell from her entrance.

The merchant, a wizened old man with eyes that had seen centuries of secrets, looked up from his dusty tomes. Recognizing the power that emanated from her, he offered a slight bow, his hands trembling with respect and fear. "Welcome, my lady," he murmured, his voice like sandpaper on ancient parchment.

"Hello, nice to see you, I'd like to purchase that tome there, the one titled "The Shadow God's Legacy", both for practical and personal purposes.

The merchant's eyes widened, and he studied her for a moment, as if weighing whether she was worthy of such knowledge. Then, with a slow nod, he handed her the tome, the leather-bound cover feeling surprisingly warm to the touch. "I trust you know the significance of what you hold," he said gravely.

"Of course, the title of it would actually, fun fact, apply to me, he was my ancestor, yeah, neat right?" Zaria casually comments while chuckling warmly and kindly, and it catches the attention of everyone nearby.

The merchant's eyes bulged out of his head, and his trembling grew even more intense, if that was possible, "Your ancestor?! The Shadow God himself?!" He was about to fall over in shock, but he managed to keep his composure.

"Yeah, you couldn't tell from my insane proficiency with dark and shadow magic and easy usage of so many Perpetually Manifested Tendrils of Darkness?" Zaria jokingly asked while chuckling, as she then gave the man more than enough Whispering Sands currency to pay for her purchase, and continuing to warmly and kindly chuckle as she began to walk away.

The merchant just nodded his head, absolutely speechless, his mind racing with the implications of what he had just heard, and who he had just served. He had heard whispers of a child born of darkness that could potentially surpass even The Shadow God, but he never thought he would actually meet her, let alone serve her.

Then, suddenly, out of nowhere, a nearby person then suddenly pulled out a Knife of Light and slashed Zaria across the face with it, from right above her left eyebrow, across her face, and down to the right side of her jaw.

Zaria then reached up at her face, and looked down at the blood now staining said hand, her own blood, as she then looked up at her assailant, of course one of those Light Fanatics, and she noticed there were plenty of others nearby. So she just picked up the book, ironically enough with the hand covered in her own blood, descended from that of the titular focus of the book, and attempted to just walk away from the situation.

But the Light Fanatic, seemingly on a religious fervor, yells after her, "You're a monster, a blight on this world! The Darkness must be cleansed!"

And the other Light Fanatics around her, which then form a barrier around her, begin to chant that as well, slowly boxing her in.

Zaria can't help but have rapid flashbacks to watching her parents execution...

(Flash back to the Year 2220 from the perspective of a 10 Year Old Zaria)

Zaria could do nothing but watch, as the maniacs dragged away her parents, and she followed as fast as her legs could carry her, but, all she arrived to, was her parents over a bright, golden fire of light, slowly being burnt alive, while being whipped with Whips of Light, and screamed at and insulted. "You are monsters, a blight on this world! The Darkness must be cleansed! And YOU are a key part of this! And must be cleansed immediately!" the people screamed, insulted, and even chanted at Zaria's poor innocent parents as they were whipped with Light and slowly cooked alive. All for being descended from The Shadow God, a being that created a utopia of darkness for outcasts, but, that wasn't how history was recorded by the Light.

Zaria couldn't do anything but watch, after all, what could she do, she couldn't even slightly control her dark and shadow magic, which she in that moment, and ever since, cursed herself for.

Then, an hour later, the execution was completed, with all of the people clearing out, leaving the mostly charred bodies of Zaria's poor parents behind on the ground like trash, too worthless to even bury, and Zaria then slowly began to approach the lifeless bodies of her parents, and, she can swear her mother is, smiling... and Zaria remembers that while watching, Zaria noticed that her mother saw her and began to smile warmly and comfortingly at her, her last expression, her last thoughts...

(Flash back forwards to the Year 2370)

Zaria is now grabbing at both the side of her head and the slash from top left to bottom right of her face. As she now begins to cry profusely, plenty of her salty tears going straight into her wound.

But, she doesn't fight back, she just stands there, crying, the light from the Knife of Light having burned her, and not just physically, but emotionally and mentally too, it's like the knife had sliced into her very soul, and she couldn't do anything about it.

"leave me alone..." Zaria said weakly to start.

The Light Fanatics, driven by their fervor, closed in tighter, their eyes gleaming with a mix of righteousness and madness. One of them, a man with a scarred visage, raised his hand, and a beam of light shot forth, aimed directly at Zaria's chest.

"Leave me alone." Zaria said again, with slightly more energy and power this time, somehow.

But the Light Fanatics did not relent, their chants of purification growing louder. They had not seen the horrors of war, had not felt the pain of loss, had not lived in the shadow of the very darkness that Zaria had made into her home. They saw only the fear and the propaganda that the Light had fed them.

"Leave me alone!" Zaria managed to yell out, dark and shadow magic beginning to harshly and intensely spark from her, as if about to explode.

The Light Fanatics took a step back, their chanting faltering as the very air grew colder and the shadows grew darker around her. They had never felt such a powerful presence of the Dark before, not even from their own leaders and their holy weapons.

"LEAVE ME ALONE!" Zaria screamed out as, in a massive sparking explosion of dark and shadow magic from within her, like a metaphorical nuke, she truly Awakened.

Zaria then stood up, as her body itself began to transform into consisting of Tendrils of Darkness, and her amethyst eyes began to permanently glow.

As she then twists her body into looking much darker, while still definitely looking human, but one as twisted physically as she has been emotionally and mentally by these Fanatics of the awful and truly pure evil Light.

Zaria's body though, shifts back to mostly that of herself as she is the same, but she consists of the Tendrils of Darkness themselves, and yet, she isn't a monster and never was, those of the Light always were.

"LEAVE ME ALOOOOOOONE!!!" Zaria then screamed out again, as then out came a pulse of pure dark and shadow magic from her body, representing how she has truly Awakened.

And unknowingly to her, this was almost exactly like when her own ancestor, Alpha, became The Shadow God, 1,651 Years prior, and yet, Zaria, the quick learner and analyst she is, realizes this.

"You can now call me The Shadow Goddess, Shadow Goddess Zaria, descendent and heiress of The Shadow God, Alpha, and much like him, I will bring justice against you light obsessed pricks!" Shadow Goddess Zaria then stated and screamed out.

The Light Fanatics, their eyes wide with terror, realized too late the magnitude of their mistake. The power that now stood before them was not one to be trifled with, not even by the mightiest of their own order. They had provoked a sleeping giant, one that was now fully Awakened.

Shadow Goddess Zaria then made them realize that immediately, as she then perception blitzed the Light Fanatic that slashed across her face, of

which, there is now a scar, and then slammed him into the ground holding his face with her hand, then wrapping Tendrils of Darkness also around his head, and with her hand and Tendrils of Darkness, crushing his head to a pulp against the ground, slowly and painfully, exactly as he deserves, considering he tried to kill her completely unprovoked first.

The other Light Fanatics, shocked and horrified by the sudden display of power, froze in place, their chants of purification silenced. They had never seen such a brutal and efficient use of dark magic.

"Don't think you all just get off scot-free either." Shadow Goddess Zaria said coldly and darkly before then disappearing from sight, and then, in the next instant she appears, she had pierced a Tendril of Darkness through the brains of every single Light Fanatic, killing them all, but not instantly, making sure to avoid vital parts of the brain, to leave them bleed out, which happens rather quickly, mostly due to their very well deserved fear.

The marketplace had gone silent, the only sounds were the last gasps of life from the dying fanatics, and the sound of Zaria's own heart, which was beating much faster than usual due to the sheer anger she felt.

Shadow Goddess Zaria then, picked up "The Shadow God's Legacy" book, and put it away, before then beginning to clean up the mess left behind, along with cleaning up herself, until the marketplace looked just as it had before, before then returning to her normal, mostly cheery self.

Shadow Goddess Zaria then turned towards the merchant she bought the book from and gave double what she originally paid for it (which was already double the cost), to the merchant, "This is for the trouble I unintentionally caused there, sorry about that, hope this accounts for it." Shadow Goddess Zaria says kindly, softly, and warmly.

The merchant took the additional currency with trembling hands, and could only nod in response, his eyes unable to leave the sight of the newly

Awakened Shadow Goddess, his mind racing with what he just saw, and the fear and awe that she had just shown the true power of The Dark.

Chapter 68: Breaking News

Shadow Goddess Zaria then returned to her own humble yet deluxe little home (she was gifted it, and actually requested it be smaller, previously it was a mansion, but she wanted to be more humble, and thus, it was made smaller, but she couldn't negotiate away it being so deluxe, no matter how hard she had tried) and she took a shower before then getting into her bed and beginning to relax, and turning on the Magic TV in her bedroom, to see what's on.

The news came on, and the news reporter was talking about the recent event at the marketplace, "Breaking news, an incident at the Whispering Sands marketplace today, involving a young girl, who's been confirmed to be the descendant of the Shadow God, Alpha, has Awakened and killed multiple Light Fanatics. It appears she is now going by the name of The Shadow Goddess, Zaria. More on this story as it develops..."

"This just in, we got this recording of the event, and it paints the story quite the opposite you had probably expected!" the news reporter said in shock, as it then played a video that someone clearly captured on their phone. And it shows Zaria shopping, not a big surprise, people like to record her doing just about anything. And the video shows her paying double the price for the book, an incredibly generous and kind thing to do. Then it shows the first Light Fanatic suddenly assaulting Zaria and slashing her across her face, and beginning to verbally abuse her, then others nearby joining it, and her having what could best be described as a PTSD attack. Then her weakly just asking them to leave her alone, with increasing intensity, as they just continue to refuse, and continue to attack her. Until Zaria then Awakens, becoming The Shadow Goddess, and even do her own transformation to, as she had intended to back then, show that she wasn't a monster, she was just a person. Before she then, clearly in self defense,

kills the Light Fanatic, before then doing so to the rest. Before then calming down, cleaning herself off of the blood all over her, both of others and her own, before then respectfully cleaning up and disposing of the bodies and the blood all over the area. Before then approaching the merchant and paying him further double what she already paid him earlier to make up for any damages and disturbance and chaos that she caused. The Recording then ends, cutting to the news reporter with their eyes wide and their jaw dropped at what they just witnessed.

"Wow, it's clear to see now that the Light Fanatics are truly the monsters here, not the girl they so viciously attacked," the news reporter exclaimed as the video concluded. The public's perception shifted, the whispers of a gentle girl with dark magic turning into a rallying cry for justice.

"This just in, AGAIN, riots all across Whispering Sands are calling for any and all Light Fanatics to be banished and exiled from the city, considering it's common correct knowledge that all of them follow the same belief and would thus do the same thing again if given the chance! Multiple petitions asking for such are getting signed by literally everyone in the city! This has gotta be a big blow to the Light, them losing the credibility of the hidden city of magic in the Sahara Desert!" the New Reporter announces in shock.

Shadow Goddess Zaria, watching the news, couldn't believe her eyes. The people she had once called neighbors and friends were now demanding justice, not just for her, but for all those who were vilified by the Light. The video had spread like wildfire, and the public's anger was palpable.

The video even apparently spread outside of Whispering Sands, and caused global outrage, which even threatened shattering of the True Sacred Relic which maintains forced peace, but does shatter all of it's barriers and defenses, leaving it defenseless to anyone who might want to shatter it in the future.

The Light Fanatics had gone too far, and now, the entire world was watching. Governments and leaders from every corner of the globe were forced to take notice of the injustice that had occurred.

Of which, there weren't many of, there were very few separate nations outside of Island Countries, and a handful in each of the continents, and, as is usual, the isolationist Phoenix Empire of Blazing Sun has remained completely neutral on the matter.

And obviously, their long destroyed rival Empire of Frostspire is unable to comment on it due to being destroyed since the Year 999, 1,371 Years ago.

But many small countries did split off of the Empire of Frostspire, old lands of the Empire of Blazing Sun at their peak before rebranding as the Phoenix Empire of Blazing Sun, and even of the Empire of Shadow once ruled by The Shadow God, Alpha, the ancestor of Shadow Goddess Zaria, before his flight off into space. before returning 1,222 Years later in the Year 2126, before being seemingly vanquished by the God Emperors, Marcus Aurelius and his own descendant Aldric, before they had ascended beyond the Mortal/Physical Realm/Plane, leaving behind the True Sacred Relic to hold the forced peace in the Year 2130. And Alpha is thought to have reincarnated into the one modernly also known as Alpha, who was born the same Year the old Alpha was seemingly vanquished.

Alpha, the reincarnation of his former self, saw the chaos and upheaval and rioting as perfect set up, and thus, plans to finally initiate his plan in a matter of decades, to let it fester for a bit longer.

Meanwhile, back with Shadow Goddess Zaria herself, back in her bedroom, relaxing, watching the news covering most of all of this going down.

Shadow Goddess Zaria's thoughts were racing as she watched the riots and chaos unfold on the Magic TV. The anger and pain of her past now had a focus, a clear enemy to channel her power towards. She knew that she

couldn't just sit back and watch the world burn because of the ignorance and cruelty of the Light Fanatics.

Shadow Goddess Zaria though, in truth, kept that down, as she just continued to go through her normal life, of course, amongst the massive amount of paparazzi and interviews she is hounded by.

But she didn't let it get to her, she knew she had a mission, a purpose, and she wasn't going to let the fame get to her head.

Chapter 69: USSB Reaction

(POV switches finally back to Legion, The Demon Lord, in the USSB Realm)

The USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings) Co-Leaders, Legion, The Demon Lord, Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan, were just holding a casual meeting, when every single USSB Spy in the Mortal Realm pretty much at once reports on the events transpiring, including the merchant that was in the Whispering Sands, who was a USSB Spy in disguise, who reports directly on the immediate events involving The Shadow Goddess, Zaria.

The reports flooded in, each one more shocking than the last. The Awakening of the Shadow Goddess had not only brought chaos to the city but had sparked a global movement against the Light.

Legion can't help but feel oddly paternal pride towards Zaria, having now begun to truly tap into the potential he saw within her when he saved her as a 10 Year old orphan back in the Year 2220, even he could have never planned for her to end up pulling off something like this.

Legion, while he doesn't recognize it, feels like an adoptive father watching their adopted child succeed, not just like, on a simple level, but on a global celebrity level scale.

The other USSB Leaders looked at each other in astonishment as they took in the news. The balance of power had shifted, and it was clear that the Light Fanatics had underestimated the strength of the Dark.

Legion could feel that conflict would arrive in only a few decades, and then, their opportunity to raid the ruins of Earthly Mortal Civilizations would arrive.

(POV Switches back to Shadow Goddess Zaria)

Zaria can feel that she has become more than human, on top of, like all people born after the Year 2129, being part Neohuman, she has become on top of that truly beyond human, beyond mortal, beyond deity...

(POV Switches back to Legion)

The meeting of the USSB Co-Leaders, Legion, The Demon Lord, Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan, continues.

Legion, with a knowing smile, turns to Isolde, "It seems our little bird has spread her wings," he says, his deep voice resonating through the chamber.

Isolde is just confused, "Why do you refer to her like that." Isolde asks.

"Even I don't know, it just, felt right to me, then again, just MY little bird feels like it would have felt even more right, and I have no clue why." Legion explains honestly.

Isolde nods, understanding the sentiment. Donderdraak, the ever-stoic and calm one, speaks up, "Regardless, we must prepare for the storm that is to

come. The Shadow Goddess's Awakening will not go unnoticed by those who wish to control or destroy her."

Legion bursts out laughing for an unknown reason, confusing Donderdraak and Isolde.

"What is it?" Isolde asks.

"You really think that anything exists that COULD!? If she wanted to, she could wipe out of civilization without lifting a finger! Nothing exists that COULD control or destroy her, even if any were ballsy enough to try!" Legion says, still cackling.

Isolde, slightly concerned, "What do you mean?"

"I have observed her for a long time, as you both know, and even just 3 decades ago, if she wanted to and knew of the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings she could singlehandedly wipe us all out, and that was before 3 decades of training and growth, an Awakening clearly, and a transformation into that kind of state she is in." Legion explains, still laughing.

Isolde, visibly nervous now, "But what if she isn't as benevolent as we hope she is, what if she decides to use her power for evil?"

"You saw the recordings they showed on the News, and unlike you two, I have actually talked to her, and even engaged in the ultimate connecting action with her, a spar, I know her to the deepest depths of her soul, and she is completely opposite of someone like me, of a being of the Light, of Pure Malice and Evil, she doesn't have an ounce of evil within her, she is a being of the Dark, of Pure Peace and Good." Legion further explains.

Isolde nods, but still looks concerned, "But what if she is corrupted by power, by the Dark itself, what then?"

"You clearly have never listened to me, if you still thing that the Dark is a corrupting force, no, that would be the Light, the Dark is a force of true pure good, and, she has always had great power, but lacked control over it, until recently, her form still resembling a human despite consisting of Tendrils of Darkness, proves she is incorruptible and Truly and Purely Good." Legion further explains.

The room goes quiet for a moment, as the gravity of Legion's words sinks in. The Vampire Queen, Isolde, nods thoughtfully, "Then we must do everything in our power to guide and protect her. The world is not ready for a being of such power to be left to the whims of fate."

"It wouldn't be nearly the first time this has occurred, and yet she is the most powerful and truly pure to ever exist, and she is Truly Pure. To any that seek to oppose her, that is the most terrifying thing possible, a truly pure person, one who is sure in that what she is doing is right, and only unsure, in that she WANTS to do so. For only she is powerful to decide what she does, all that exists are her likes and dislikes." Legion further explains.

The room nods in understanding, knowing that their role in this was not to control, but to guide and protect. Donderdraak speaks up, "We must ensure that the USSB is prepared for any eventuality. We will need to bolster our defenses and alliances, especially with the mortal world now in turmoil."

"No, we simply wait, for in 3 decades, conflict will truly return, and then, once the opportunity presents itself, we take it, and raid the ruins of mortal civilization on Earth once they ascend to the stars to battle amongst them." Legion says, with utter finality in his voice.

Isolde and Donderdraak nod in agreement, understanding the patience that their kind is known for. The USSB had always been preparing for the time when the mortal realm would be weakened by their own conflicts, and that time was approaching swiftly.

Chapter 70: Legion and Zaria

(15 Years Later)

The Year is 2385, and Legion, The Demon Lord, decides to pay Zaria, The Shadow Goddess, aka, Shadow Goddess Zaria, a nice little visit again, just to be friendly.

Fifteen years have passed since the Awakening of the Shadow Goddess, and the world had indeed changed. The Light Fanatics had been driven into the shadows, their influence waning as the people of the world turned towards a new beacon of hope: Zaria. Her legend had grown, and she had become a symbol of justice and peace.

But Zaria had directed them towards Alpha (The reincarnation, not the original), stating he had the same goals and ideals as her, but better, and with the drive and intention to directly act towards them, and thus, a new City was founded of the shadows and darkness, named Shadowstein, led by Alpha as their Emperor, as Shade Emperor Alpha.

Shadowstein grew in power and influence, as the Dark and Neohumans alike flocked to it's banner, seeking refuge from the tyrannical grip of the Light Fanatics. The city grew into a bastion of technology and magic, a fusion that the world had never seen before.

Meanwhile, Legion, The Demon Lord decided to pay Zaria a visit in her deluxe humble home in Whispering Sands, where she still lives, for old times sake, after all, they had last seen each other 155 Years earlier, and Zaria was, despite still being physically in her 20, 175 Years old at that point, so, they hadn't seen each other in quite a while.

The door opens and the two lock eyes, the warmth of their reunion palpable. Zaria, now a legendary figure, stands tall and proud, her eyes glowing with the power of the Darkness that she wields so gracefully.

ShadowGoddess Zaria then immediately rushed forwards and tackle hugged Legion, knocking him over.

Legion, despite all of the time that had passed, can't help but still see Zaria as that 10 Year old orphan with dark and shadow magic that he had randomly decided to save in the Middle East and lead to Whispering Sands, back in the Year 2220.

"Hey there, long time no see!" Zaria exclaims, her voice filled with genuine joy as she pulls away from the embrace.

"The same for me, wow, you have grown, and I must admit, if we had a spar right now, I would be defeated in an instant, want to quickly test that? For old times sake?" Legion asks.

Shadow Goddess Zaria laughs, "Maybe another time, I'm not sure you're ready for this power," she says playfully, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Hey, I want to at least see and at least slightly test that power, how about it? Just for old times sake?" Legion then asks again.

Shadow Goddess Zaria, still smiling, nods, "Alright, but remember, I've had over a century of practice and experience, I might go easy on you."

"I won't go easy on you." Legion then says instantly, before then going straight into his Berserker State, Awakening, remaining condensed, and even preparing a Hellfire Punch, going truly all out.

And... without even trying, Shadow Goddess Zaria immediately perception blitzes him and grabs him by the face and smashes him into the ground, immediately knocking him out of his Berserker State, out of using Hellfire Punch, and just knocking his Awakened power into his Base State, all in literally zero seconds.

Shadow Goddess Zaria stands over Legion, smiling down at him, "It's good to see you too."

"Wow, just as I expected, and I went ALL out, held back literally nothing, and yet you defeated me faster than even I could perceive without even trying, just as I had expected of you." Legion then casually responded.

Shadow Goddess Zaria offered her hand to help Legion up, her smile never fading. "You've always had faith in me, haven't you?"

"Of course, ever since I first saved you, 165 Years ago now, if I'm not mistaken." Legion casually responds.

Shadow Goddess Zaria nods, "I know, and I'm grateful, but I've come so far since then, I've had to, with the world the way it is now."

"Of course, I have noticed, and the world has always been this way, even since it's creation, I would know, I have watched it, and was in the distant past part of the problem itself, after all, I'm opposite to you, while you are the Truest and Purest Good, I am the Truest and Purest Evil, you of Pure Darkness, me of Pure Light, me a demon, a devil, and thusly, by those flawed ideas, you, an angel." Legion responds.

Shadow Goddess Zaria, still smiling, nods in understanding. "The world is indeed a complex place, and I've had to adapt, to become something more, something that can truly bring peace."

"I have had to do so from time to time as well." Legion responds.

"Oh, with that USSB, which, if I'm not mistaken, means Underground Society for Supernatural Beings, you are part of, correct?" Zaria then responds and asks, leaving Legion flabbergasted.

Legion's eyes widened, "How do you know of the USSB? That is not common knowledge, even for someone of your stature!"

"Way back when after our spar, I sneakily followed you and watched you open the hole in the fabric of reality, and saw through it the name "USSB" and then, I pieced together that you must be a part of it, then took into account that you mentioned Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan, who both sound like leader supernatural beings, and I then deduced that USSB must stand for "Underground Society of Supernatural Beings" and from there, figured out that it must be an entire hidden other Realm led by you and the other two, populated by supernatural beings, am I right?" Zaria casually explains.

"... By Erebus's name you're smarter than me..." Legion responds, just completely shocked to confusion and confused into shock.

Shadow Goddess Zaria laughs, "Well, I have had a lot of time to learn and observe, and I have always been curious, I just never had the opportunity to ask you about it."

"I mean, from literally just 4 letters and some subtle information from me you deduced the name, what it is, the structure of it, and the purpose of it, from pretty much nothing. You are a prodigy in more than just dark and shadow magic apparently, because I have manipulated entire nations in the past, and yet, even I likely couldn't deduce that, let alone THAT easily." Legion responds, now slightly chuckling.

Shadow Goddess Zaria smirks, "Well, I do have my moments of cleverness."

"Oh, also, were you at the Battle of Storm Dragon Mountain back in 2126?" Shadow Goddess Zaria randomly asked.

"Yes? Why?" Legion then responds in confusion.

"In the Whispering Sands school long ago they covered it and I got really interested in it, and after our previous meeting way back then, and

afterwards, I began to deduce that The Demon Lord involved in the battle must have been you, and thus, The Vampire Queen, was the "Isolde, The Vampire Queen" that you mentioned, and The Storm Dragon, must have been the "Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan" that you also mentioned, and thus, The Last Champion was "The Last Champion, Lothar" that you also mentioned, is all of that right?" Zaria responds and asks.

"Astoundingly so, yes, that is correct, you are truly a prodigy of perception and deduction, and now, a Goddess of the Shadow and Darkness, I am proud of the child I once knew, now standing before me." Legion says, with a smile that is genuine and filled with pride.

"Then who was The Shadow King, was he "Mordecai" the old Necromancer of the Empire of Sanctity, and speaking of which, were you the "Massive Demon" summoned by said necromancer and defeated during the Battle of Vatican City?" Zaria asks curiously.

"Yes and... yes..." Legion responds, embarrassedly for the second yes.

"That is so cool! What else were you involved in?" Zaria then asks.

"Well, I was "Mr. Black" during The Dragon's Heart Wars from 1843-1845." Legion then responds.

"That is so cool!" Shadow Goddess Zaria says, now slightly fangirling.

"I suppose it is, but, we are not here to talk about me, we are here to talk about you, and your City of Shadow, Shadowstein." Legion says, steering the conversation back to the more important matters at hand.

"Oh, don't know where you heard that, that's Alpha's city to rule, not mine, me and him both agreed on that, and I mean the Alpha born back in 2130, not the one taken out in 2130, I'm talking about his reincarnation." Shadow Goddess Zaria responds.

"Ah, the young one with the same name, I had heard rumors of his existence," Legion says, his tone intrigued.

"Well, he also is dealing with some Lich King named Geralt and made him his advisor, and apparently has been for give or take my age." Zaria casually comments.

"Oh, so that's what Geralt has been up to all this time and why he keeps rejecting to join the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings, that explains a lot actually." Legion also comments.

Shadow Goddess Zaria nods, "Yeah, Alpha is quite the character, he is a lot like you in his own way, except for the whole 'being a demon' part of course."

"I doubt he is truly like me, I heard he is more like you, a prodigy of darkness, Pure-hearted, Pure Good, seeking peace, definitely not me, a being of the Light that seeks chaos, even if that is against the order that the Light itself seeks, also, I'm pure evil, he's pure good, you and him might as well, be indirect identical twins with how similar you both are to each other." Legion then responds.

"You're not all chaos and destruction, Legion," Zaria says, placing a hand on his shoulder. "You have your moments of compassion and understanding, even if they're hidden behind that demonic exterior."

Legion feels as if his very soul is being probed by Zaria, and quickly stops that happening, to stop her from learning of his hidden even from himself paternal feelings in relation to her.

The room goes quiet for a moment before Legion laughs it off, "You give me too much credit, I assure you, I'm just a demon with a sense of humor and a knack for strategy."

"No, I can tell you are so much more, maybe at one point you were, but you aren't just that anymore, you aren't Pure Evil either anymore, I can tell, even if you can't." Zaria responds.

"You're too kind, Zaria, but let's not get ahead of ourselves, I still have a long way to go before I could claim such a title," Legion says, his eyes holding a hint of sadness and self-reflection.

"Anyways, it's been fun, but, you should probably return to that USSB thing now, I hope to see you again eventually though." Zaria then says.

"Yes, I must, the world of the supernatural is ever changing, and we must be ready to adapt to it's whims. I will surely visit again when the time allows for it, I'd love to see what other mysteries and secrets you've uncovered." Legion responds, a hint of curiosity in his eyes.

"Bye bye!" Zaria says, sounding cheery and excited as she waves goodbye.

Legion nods, "See you soon," he says before opening a portal back to the USSB headquarters.

Legion returns back to the USSB headquarters, and can feel that they will meet again soon enough, but still, probably not until conflict truly returns, and even then, not for a good bit…

Chapter 71: Sacred Peace Shattering

(15 YEARS LATER)

The Year is 2400, and while the trio of USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings) Co-Leaders, Legion, The Demon Lord, Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan, are just counting

their vault, Donderdraak then suddenly perks up and begins speaking, "IT, has happened..." Donderdraak says eerily.

Isolde and Legion look at each other in confusion before turning to him, "What has happened?" They both ask in unison.

Legion is confused, considering they were just counting the USSB Vault, immeasurable, like always.

"The True Sacred Relic... has been shattered, the forced peace which has existed for 270 Years, has come to an end." Donderdraak then explains.

The room grows cold with the weight of his words. The vault, filled with the treasures of the ages, seems to fade into the background as the gravity of the situation sets in. Isolde's hand clenches around the Sword of Dracula, her vampiric instincts on high alert. Legion's eyes glow a piercing blue, the power of the ice within him rising in response to the sudden tension.

"Conflict will soon come, but, I can sense, that it will not occur on Earth, but, among the cosmos themselves." Donderdraak further adds on.

The two leaders exchange a knowing glance. They understand that the balance they had fought so hard to maintain is now at risk of being disrupted. The peace that had held for centuries was a fragile thing, and the shattering of the True Sacred Relic could only mean one thing: War was on the horizon, and it would be on a scale they had never seen before.

"We should calm, there is a very high chance the conflict will never affect the USSB, due to the conflict occurring outside of Earth, which in truth presents us with a phenomenal opportunity when that comes to acquire all of the wealth on Earth short of that of the Kingdom of Lionesse and the Phoenix Empire of Blazing Sun." Donderdraak says, presenting the likely benefit to the USSB.

Isolde nods, stroking the hilt of the Sword of Dracula, "True, we must be prepared for any outcome. We've built an empire here, we must ensure its survival, and perhaps, expand it further."

"Of course, but calm yourself, we should take the time to prepare, which I can sense should be about 5 years, and, once Earth has been left, we can start to scavenge and raid everything left behind." Donderdraak says, having since become the de-facto main central leader of the USSB, even amongst Legion and Isolde.

Mostly due to Donderdraak having the most raw base power and the most drive among them.

The room falls silent as the gravity of the situation sinks in. The shattering of the True Sacred Relic is not just a war between empires, but a war that could potentially reshape the very fabric of existence. Yet, amidst the looming chaos, the USSB remained steadfast in their mission to protect the mythical creatures and amass wealth.

Legion can sense that the opportunity is approaching, and the true final war between the Dark and the Light to determine the fate of Reality itself is approaching alongside it.

Chapter 72: USSB Takes Advantage

(5 YEARS LATER)

Two empires emerge from the chaos and develop space travel technology, and go up and into space, the opportunity Donderdraak, Legion, and Isolde were waiting for to make their move and begin to scavenge and raid all of the treasure left behind all around the Earth short of the Kingdom of Lionesse and Phoenix Empire of Blazing Sun.

The Earth is in a state of turmoil as the two spacefaring empires clash in the heavens. Cities are abandoned, and the once bustling lands are now a playground for the mythical creatures that roam freely. The USSB, now stronger and more unified than ever, sets its sights on the treasures of the forgotten world, the spoils of war left untouched.

Donderdraak even locates the old Sacred Relic Fragment he used to own, the one that enhances power and attracts treasure, and that comes massively in handy for the USSB.

The trio of USSB (Underground Society of Supernatural Beings) Co-Leaders, Legion, The Demon Lord, Isolde, The Vampire Queen, and Donderdraak, The Storm Leviathan, now seasoned treasure hunters, navigate the abandoned landscapes with ease. The fragment, glowing with an ethereal light, pulls them toward hidden caches and ancient vaults filled with gold, jewels, and artifacts of untold power. They move swiftly and silently, like shadows in the night, taking what they want without leaving a trace.

Donderdraak, predicting he won't be able to keep the Sacred Relic Fragment forever, imprints its treasure attracting power into himself.

As they venture deeper into the deserted lands, the fragment's power within Donderdraak grows stronger. It's as if the very earth itself is guiding him to the most hidden and valuable treasures. His eyes begin to glow with a faint golden hue, and every step feels lighter, as if the weight of his greed has been transformed into boundless energy.

Donderdraak's power eventually grows to being capable of wiping out a Solar System, and even an entire Galaxy with his Charged Attack if he so wanted to, and that's just the area of effect of it, the actual power of the blast is Infinite Dimensional at the very least.

The USSB's wealth and power grow exponentially as they claim treasure after treasure, their hoard becoming the stuff of legend. Yet, with each

victory, Donderdraak's hunger for more grows stronger. His eyes, once a gentle gold, now burn with an insatiable desire for wealth and power.

Eventually though, some being arrives onto Earth, unleashes Tendrils of darkness, retrieving all Sacred Relic Fragments and associated Sacred Artifacts, including Donderdraak's, and brings them all to it, before then fusing them all together, repairing the Sacred Relic, and then corrupting it, effectively now having the Dark Empire have full control over the Planet Earth, as opposed to half of it, as they had previously had, but this barely affects the USSB, considering Planet Earth is mostly left alone still.

The being is Shadow Emperor Alpha, the Emperor of the Empire of Shadowstein and reincarnation of The Dark Emperor, but seemingly, for him, he seems to not currently have any more want to do with Earth, let alone the USSB.

The corrupted Sacred Relic, now known as the Dark Sacred Relic, pulses with a malevolent energy that echoes across the planet. Yet, amidst the chaos, the USSB's hidden fortress remains untouched. Donderdraak, his eyes now dimmer, watches the events unfold from afar, his thoughts racing.

Legion can tell that this was that very Alpha, and that the reincarnation essentially just brought back that very same Alpha, just with a new body and new perspective.

And things from there are normal, until, one day, a female, known as Dark Queen Lilith arrives in the British Isles and reforms the Kingdom of Scotland into now controlling them, becoming Darkest Queen Lilith.

Legion realizes she was the reincarnation of Lilith, The Shadow Queen, herself.

Then, a man, known as Dark King Mordecai arrives in the United States of America and unites them under himself within a single afternoon, then begins apparently looking for something, and news eventually arrives that

he is specifically looking for Legion, The Demon Lord, and Isolde, The Vampire Queen, themselves, and thus, they let him into the USSB Realm, and are shocked to discover that he is the reincarnation of The Shadow King himself.

Legion then wisely enough quickly bows, meanwhile Isolde foolishly tries to attack, but even Legion is shocked by how Dark King Mordecai is able to easily outspeed Isolde, and defeat her in an instant, leading to her bowing to him.

Then he becomes Darkest King Mordecai, before then turning and looking at Donderdraak, and beginning to speak.

"You are needed in Europe." Darkest King Mordecai says to Donderdraak, which is good enough reasoning for him, who then does so, flying off at the speed of the return stroke of lightning.

Legion is shocked to see Mordecai again, especially after all of these years, and upon hearing of what happened to him, is quite interested overall.

Chapter 73: The God Emperor’s Trial

Then, the Dark Ones, now the Darkest Ones, return to the Shadow Planet, now accompanied by Donderdraak, The Dark Leviathan.

Upon their return, they are greeted with awe and respect from the Shadow Legions, as their newfound power and might have made them even more formidable than before. Donderdraak, The Dark Leviathan, in particular, is revered for its strength and loyalty to Darkest Lord Lothar.

Legion then recognized Darkest Lord Lothar as having once been The Last Champion, Lothar, and briefly freezes up.

Meanwhile The Lich King, Geralt, The Demon Lord, Legion, and The Vampire Queen, Isolde, follow them as well.

Legion notices Geralt, identifying that, yep, this was where he was all along, as the shadow advisor of Alpha.

As they approach Darkest Emperor Alpha, he can sense the power that has been awakened within the new Dark Leviathan Donderdraak, as well as the presence of the newly ascended Darkest Lord Lothar. He greets them with a respectful nod, acknowledging their victories and the newfound strength they bring to the Shadow Empire.

And then, they are all shocked when Darkest Emperor Alpha absorbs the dark magical power of the Shadow Planet itself with his tendrils of darkness and becomes seemingly infinitely more powerful before their very eyes.

"Welcome back, Darkest Lord Lothar," Darkest Emperor Alpha says, his voice echoing throughout the universe. "Your deeds have not gone unnoticed, and your newfound power is most impressive. The Shadow Empire is forever in your debt."

The Darkest Ones, Darkest Lord Lothar, Darkest King Mordecai, and Darkest Queen Lilith, all bow before Darkest Emperor Alpha.

Dark Leviathan Donderdraak also bows along with them, seemingly sensing the truly infinite power of the being before it.

Legion then hastily does so as well, slightly fearing for his very existence.

"We thank you, Supreme One," Darkest Lord Lothar says. "Your power and wisdom are beyond measure. It is an honor to serve at your side."

"Of course, but now, it is time to truly finish our unfinished business." Darkest Emperor Alpha says before then summoning both God Emperor

Marcus Aurelius and God Emperor Aldric, ready to get some well needed payback on the two God Emperors.

The God Emperors appear before them, with God Emperor Marcus Aurelius looking rather confident and arrogant as always, while God Emperor Aldric looks somewhat wary and cautious. "Ah, you must be Darkest Emperor Alpha. I have heard much about you and your legions." God Emperor Marcus says with a sneer. "I suppose you wish to challenge me for dominion over this universe?"

"I have already long since surpassed you, this, is simply to get revenge on you for all of the people you have hurt and even killed in your lust for more and more power." Darkest Emperor Alpha says quite casually.

"Ah, yes, your legions. They have grown impressive, I must admit." God Emperor Marcus says, motioning to Darkest Lord Lothar and the others. "But I fear you underestimate the power that I have accrued since our last encounter."

Legion then subtly chuckles to himself, heh, Legions.

"Oh, but you see, I have also accrued that said power, your precious Sacred Relic was fused with the Darkstone to create my own Dark Relic, which was absorbed into myself." Darkest Emperor Alpha reveals, to the shock of both of the God Emperors.

"What?!" God Emperor Marcus and God Emperor Aldric cry out in unison.

Legion himself is also shocked, though does still believe that Zaria likely at least have the potential to surpass Alpha, but even Darkest Lord Lothar probably surpasses her current level, he probably was stronger before his obvious Awakening to become that "Darkest" state.

Then, suddenly, in an instant, Darkest King Mordecai suddenly stole power from God Emperor Aldric, which formed into a Sacred Relic piece, which

Darkest King Mordecai then absorbed into himself, restoring his necromantic abilities that were stripped from him by Emperor Thorek I of Frosthaven back in the Year 1000 on Earth.

"What?" God Emperor Aldric cries out, shocked and furious. "You traitor! You were supposed to be our ally!"

"You gave up that chance when you turned me away after my power was stripped from me, and thus, I became for a time your greatest enemy! You God Emperors seem to think that you are above consequences, even before your ascension." Darkest King Mordecai screams at the two God Emperors.

"This is treachery!" God Emperor Aldric cries out.

Darkest Emperor Alpha then speaks up, "Everything you both have ever done is treachery, from claiming to be truly good..."

Darkest Queen Lilith then continues what Darkest Emperor Alpha is saying, while taking some power from God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, "To betraying and forcefully controlling both your own allies and even those you had nothing to do with..."

Darkest Lord Lothar then continues it as well, while taking some power from God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, "To not even trying to help or even warn your own allies when they were at threat..." Darkest Lord Lothar says, venom in his voice especially pointed towards the man who was his own son in his previous life, after having not only been left to die, but also after having learned of the many awful things his former son had done over the millennia.

Darkest Emperor Alpha then finishes it, also then shattering all of God Emperor Aldric's bones with a single strike from one of his tendrils of darkness while draining all of his power and even his life force until his corpse is crushed and disintegrates under the grip of a tendril of darkness

before being absorbed into Darkest Emperor Alpha himself, "To stomping on all those beneath you or that you didn't like as if their lives didn't even matter." Darkest Emperor Alpha says before stomping God Emperor Aldric's skull into dust as an example.

"You dare speak of me like that, you abomination!" God Emperor Marcus screams, enraged. "You dare threaten the very fabric of reality itself with your insolence!"

Darkest Emperor Alpha then chuckles before then saying the most earthshattering thing ever that absolutely shatters God Emperor Marcus's perception of reality, "Said the pot, to the kettle."

"What?" God Emperor Marcus Aurelius asks, confused.

Darkest Emperor Alpha then continues with the perception of reality shattering, "Question, how many people have you killed? In the name of "The Light", of "Good"? Billions? Trillions? Nonillions? Decillions even? Or too many to even count? Or maybe you lost track? Or, maybe you never cared? Maybe you thought that their lives didn't matted enough for you to care about it?" Darkest Emperor Alpha asks, again shattering God Emperor Marcus Aurelius' perception of reality even more so.
"I..." God Emperor Marcus Aurelius whispers, unsure what to say.

Darkest Emperor Alpha then decides to ask God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, the last God Emperor left, one, final, perception of reality shattering, thing, "Give me one good reason I shouldn't kill you right now, permanently. Give me one good reason why I shouldn't execute you for all of the awful things you have done and all of the people you have stepped on and massacred in the name of "The Light" or "Good". Give me one good reason why I shouldn't end your reign now and forever. You can't think of one, can you? Good..." Darkest Emperor Alpha says.

God Emperor Marcus Aurelius can't think of a response, and thus, decides to rely on instinct, and try to fight for survival, and thus, he powers up to his

Maximum Potential as a, no, THE God Emperor, and tries to fight Darkest Emperor Alpha, but he is just better than him in all ways, both in combat, and morally.

As he powers up, a blinding light surrounds the God Emperor, and the power within him grows to such an extent that it starts to warp the very fabric of reality around him, and as he unleashes a devastating attack on Darkest Emperor Alpha, he shouts, "YOU WILL NOT HAVE PEACE UNTIL YOU KNOW THE FULL EXTENT OF MY POWER!"

Darkest Lord Lothar takes note of his former son's power, it is immensely impressive, but not even quite enough to match him, let alone Darkest Emperor Alpha.

Legion can sense this, and recognizes that Shadow Goddess Zaria is probably most comparable to God Emperor Marcus Aurelius himself.

Darkest Emperor Alpha is utterly unaffected by it, "As I said earlier, I completely and utterly surpassed you long ago, and that was only a hint stronger than you were in your prime, and you needed to reset time to defeat me at my weakest while you were in your prime." Darkest Emperor Alpha says quite simply.

God Emperor Marcus Aurelius is shaken to his core by this revelation, as he realizes that Darkest Emperor Alpha is not just stronger, but vastly superior in every way. The God Emperor's power surges through him, and he unleashes his most powerful attack yet, hoping to end the confrontation and prove his worth.

Lothar notes how only now, with that final attack with all of his power, than his former son managed to only match him in power, and, of course, it is still nothing in the slightest compared to Darkest Emperor Alpha.

Legion realizes even Shadow Goddess Zaria would have to reach her basic Full Potential State to be stronger than God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, even then, she could grow beyond that.

Darkest Emperor Alpha simply catches the attack, letting the power slowly fizzle away, leaving God Emperor Marcus Aurelius completely and utterly broken, like he had made so many feel before.

Darkest Emperor Alpha then proceeds to hold God Emperor Marcus Aurelius up in the air, his limbs held stretched out so far by his tendrils of darkness that they are only a bit away from tearing off, and begins to brutally beat him down, releasing bits of dark energy into him with every punch and kick and tendril strike and stab, with those bits of dark energy building up inside of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius and slowly destroying him from within, bit by bit, ever so agonizingly.

"You... You think you can... judge me?" God Emperor Marcus Aurelius gasps, his voice weak and strained as he looks up at Darkest Emperor Alpha through bleary eyes. "You... You think you... are any... better than... me?"

Darkest Emperor Alpha then casually yet perfectly retorts, "And you think you are than me?" implying that God Emperor Marcus Aurelius is the fool for even thinking that he is morally comparable to Darkest Emperor Alpha, leaving him speechless.

As God Emperor Marcus Aurelius's strength continues to wane, Darkest Emperor Alpha effortlessly pummels him, his tendrils of darkness piercing through God Emperor Marcus Aurelius's body, draining him of his essence. Blood and darkness gush forth from his broken and bleeding form, staining the once-pristine Shadow Planet.

As his body loses power the tendrils of darkness holding his limbs just outside of tearing off are now within slowly tearing off range, as, now, God Emperor Marcus Aurelius' end is now occurring.

As finally, God Emperor Marcus Aurelius' limbs tear off and are absorbed by Darkest Emperor Alpha and his body now begins to crumble, Darkest Emperor Alpha then personally rips off the still living head of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and then, directly absorbs all of his remaining power and life force before then crushing his head in his hand, then giving Darkest Lord Lothar, Darkest King Mordecai, and Darkest Queen Lilith their fair share of God Emperor Marcus Aurelius' power, then Darkest King Mordecai resurrects and corrupts God Emperor Aldric, forcing him to thusly now serve them as a butler as there is nothing else he really can do now in his position.

Darkest Lord Lothar, his power now even greater than before, by a good bit, approaches Dark Butler God Emperor Aldric, and begins to casually talk to him, "You know, in my previous life I was your ancestor even further back than Marcus Aurelius, having been his father." Lothar lets him know before then walking off, leaving Dark Butler God Emperor Aldric just extremely shocked and at a loss for words.

Legion, The Demon Lord is just shocked at everything he has learned and witnessed, same with Isolde, The Vampire Queen and Dark Leviathan Donderdraak.

Chapter 74: True Goddess Winter

Then apparently Darkest King Mordecai then went down to earth and did some stuff with some apparent old summoned elemental beings to create what he calls, the "Elemental Dark Lord", then calls Isolde, Legion, and Geralt in to aid to claim some "Elemental Avatars" to fuse into the Elemental Dark Lord to complete it, and they accompany him in, and they find the location, under a volcano.

Then suddenly, a strange, concentrated blizzard appears within the structure, pushing out the strongest of them, leaving only the basic forces,

whom are then decimated faster than the eye can follow, leading Geralt The Lich King, Legion The Demon Lord, and Isolde The Vampire Queen to go in there to investigate.

When they arrive, they find themselves face to face with Lady Winter, the former leader of the Armies of New Hampshire before that state became a part of the Empire of Frostreach, which she thusly apparently joined, and even was part of the God Emperor Ritual of God Emperor Aldric.

Lady Winter's eyes flashed with a fiery determination as she assessed the intruders. "You shall not pass," she declared, her voice echoing through the icy cavern. "This chamber holds the essence of the Avatars. Their power is not meant to be wielded by the likes of you."

Isolde The Vampire Queen, the only one capable of keeping up with her impressive speed, suddenly rushes at Lady Winter, supported by the undead army of Geralt The Lich King, and the fire and lightning of Legion The Demon Lord, as then Lady Winter quickly readies her icy blade.

Geralt The Lich King, unphased by the cold, summons forth a wave of undead soldiers, led by Isolde, while Legion The Demon Lord unleashes a torrent of fire and lightning against the frozen walls, trying to weaken them. Lady Winter, seeing this, quickly creates a shield of ice around herself, protecting her from the elemental assault.

Legion notes Lady Winter and wonders how on EARTH she got this powerful.

"You'll not break me so easily, fiends!" she cries out, her voice echoing through the chamber. "I have faced greater threats than you!" With a swift motion, she sends a gust of icy wind towards Isolde and her undead army, pushing them back momentarily.

She then, powers up, going from just Lady Winter, to Queen Winter, to Empress Winter, to even Goddess Winter, her icy powers and physical attributes increasing, in order to match her trio of opponents better.

Geralt The Lich King, still unphased by the cold, commands his undead army to attack once more, while Legion The Demon Lord summons forth a demonic wyvern, which breathes fire at Lady Winter, trying to weaken her defenses.

Legion doesn't question this new dragon summoning ability, probably came from being in the Sacred Relic way back when.

Even as Goddess Winter, Lady Winter still finds herself overwhelmed, she then, takes, a deep breath...

An intense blizzard begins to swirl throughout the chamber, pushing back her trio of opponents, as once of her signature wind shields forms around her, and then, the blizzard begins to concentrate around her and merge into her wind shield, which shrinks more and more around her, until eventually both merge into her, and she opens her eyes which are now glowing blue and below-zero levels of cold, and her voice is now echoey and just as cold as her eyes are, she has now ascended into her ultimate trump card, True Goddess Winter.

"I have seen the end of time, and time has seen me," she declares, her voice booming through the chamber. "Your petty struggles mean nothing against the inevitable. Surrender now, and I shall grant you a swift death. Fight, and you shall face oblivion."

True Goddess Winter then moves faster than her trio of opponents can possibly react and slices Isolde The Vampire Queen in half at the waist.

Geralt The Lich King then immediately communicates to his master, The Darkest King Mordecai, of their opponents sudden seemingly infinite increase in power and of Isolde's injury.

Legion and Geralt then begin to stand against and face Lady Winter together to stall until backup can arrive.

Legion goes truly all out, going into his newly Controlled Berserker State and creating a blade of Pure Golden Light Hellfire to attempt to match True Goddess Winter, meanwhile Geralt, The Lich King, conjures a Blade of the Undead that tracks True Goddess Winter's lifeforce to swing for him to at least counter her strikes for defense, to attempt to counter her infinitely greater speed.

Geralt even begins to use all of his various curses, which he doesn't use a majority of outside of emergencies, let alone ALL of them.

Legion even begins to work in subtly going into his True Form rapidly, to move so fast he just decides where he wants to be and then is there, while also being non-corporeal during so, and doing so both for dodging setting up attacks, and even for quickly moving to parry and block attacks.

And even with all of this, Legion and Geralt are only just barely keep up with True Goddess Winter, who is barely even trying, and she is not following her mind, but merely, her sword, she is a mindless force of combat at this point.

The duo's combined efforts manage to keep her at bay for a short while, their blades clashing and sparks flying. The heat of Legion's hellfire and the cold of True Goddess Winter's ice creating an explosive display of light and sound with every strike. Geralt's undead blade bites into the icy shield she's formed around herself, but it's clear that it's only a matter of time before it shatters under the relentless barrage of their attacks.

True Goddess Winter then begins trying slightly more and also conjures a second blade in her other hand, using it to quickly disarm Geralt and, after Geralt summons it back to himself, then using it to send Geralt flying backwards, and then does the same for Legion.

Darkest King Mordecai, Darkest Queen Lilith, and Darkest Lord Lothar then enter the chamber, Darkest Emperor Alpha deciding to stay behind until he's truly needed for now, leaving his three closest advisors to see what they can do here, Dark Matter Scientist Erebus/Dr. Erebus then enters the chamber after them, meanwhile the Elemental Dark Lord is waiting outside of the ruins themselves as it was instructed, awaiting the Avatars to be fused into it.

Geralt and Legion are taken aback by Lady Winter's newfound power. They look at each other, their eyes reflecting a mix of fear and determination. Despite the odds, they know they must press on. The Darkest King Mordecai steps forward, his eyes gleaming with "malicious" intent.

Darkest Lord Lothar then approaches True Goddess Winter, his own blade clutched tightly in his hand, and even he finds himself outsped by True Goddess Winter, but not enough to the point that he is completely and utterly unable to react, and thus, a duel between the two fastest and most skilled and powerful sword wielders in the universe begins.

Geralt The Lich King then uses his powers to attempt to slow down True Goddess Winter, focusing his magic on her sword, making it heavier and harder for her to move and swing, as he tries to give Darkest Lord Lothar an opening to strike.

Even then though, True Goddess Winter still holds the speed advantage, and their magic is powerful enough to cancel each other's out.

Darkest Lord Lothar finds himself on the defensive, his swordplay nothing but a blur as he desperately tries to keep her sword from connecting with his body. He knows that he cannot maintain this defense forever, and he must find a way to break through her defenses and land a killing blow.

He also knows that even he would be unable to endure too many subsequent blows from her in a row, but any amount that he could survive, he could swiftly regenerate from.

Meanwhile, on the ground nearby, Isolde The Vampire Queen's sliced in half body begins to regenerate itself back together unnoticed.

Darkest Lord Lothar sees this and takes advantage of the distraction, attempting to strike a blow on True Goddess Winter while her focus is elsewhere. His sword flashes through the air, aiming for her unprotected side, but she is too quick and agile, twisting her body out of the way just in time. The blade slices through the air mere inches from her flesh.

Legion also sees this, and begins to use lightning and Pure Golden Light Hellfire to support Darkest Lord Lothar by using it to at least weaken True Goddess Winter's defenses.

Darkest Lord Lothar then begins charging up the charged attack, leaving True Goddess Winter confused as to why he would use such a predictable attack that she could dodge so easily.

As he nears his destination, True Goddess Winter, sensing the intentions of the Darkest Lord Lothar, quickly turns her attention back to him, narrowing her eyes in concentration. The air around her begins to shimmer and crackle with frost, her powers building up for a counterattack.

Isolde, The Vampire Queen, having fully regenerated, then decided to double suicidedly rip out and eat her own heart to go Queen's Bloodfury and then jumped onto and held True Goddess Winter in place to make her unable to dodge Darkest Lord Lothar's Charged Attack.

As Darkest Lord Lothar then thrusted his Darkest Sword forwards as he unleashed his charged attack and blasted it at her.

Then Darkest Lord Lothar unleashes the charged attack, launching the ball of dark and lightning and electrical and storm energy and magic from his sword towards the restrained and off-guard True Goddess Winter.

As the ball of energy hurtles towards her, Isolde The Vampire Queen, still holding onto True Goddess Winter, closes her eyes and prepares for the impact, bracing herself against the force of the attack.

The explosion of the blast completely shatters True Goddess Winter's body and has reduced Isolde The Vampire Queen's body to mere pieces and chunks of flesh.

Lothar's attack has done its job; he watches with a mix of satisfaction and regret as the dust begins to settle. He knew that his attack would be fatal, but he couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt for killing his own mother and one of the few people who had shown him kindness in this dark world.

Legion could sense that from Lothar's mind, finding it interesting that Lothar's reincarnation was born the child of Lady Winter.

Then the decapitated head of Isolde The Vampire Queen begins talking, "Anyone wanna help bring my parts back closer together so I regenerate faster?" Isolde The Vampire Queen's head asks, then everyone else, apparently only just remembers, oh yeah, she's a vampire.

"Of course," Darkest King Mordecai responds, "Dr. Erebus, please gather the pieces of Lady Isolde and place them together as close to her body as possible." The mad scientist nods and begins to collect the scattered remains of the vampire queen.

Then once they are placed nearby each other Isolde The Vampire Queen then pieces her body parts back together and casually regenerates the insane damage each of her parts took from the blast.

"Well, that was... different," Darkest King Mordecai says with a mix of awe and amusement.

The Elemental Dark Lord then punches a hole in the top of the chamber and looks down, then Darkest King Mordecai fuses the shards of Lady Winter/True Goddess Winter into the Elemental Dark Lord before then fusing the Avatars as well as their crystal prisons into his creation as well.

Legion also observes as Isolde then looks over at Darkest Lord Lothar, who is looking melancholically up, and, Isolde, taking the chance, walks over and pats him on the back, seemingly recognizing from his expression that Lady Winter/True Goddess Winter must have been a parent of his.

Chapter 75: Father and Daughter

Then, Darkest Emperor Alpha has a God Emperor Ritual done on himself, which Legion, The Demon Lord was part of, increasing his power infinitely further, even finally returning Legion to his "Prime", and even then some, which is way less impressive by now, and Darkest Emperor Alpha became God Emperor of Darkness Alpha, Legion did also notice an oddly familiar power also partaking in the ritual, seemingly Zaria's, but he could just be confusing it for Alpha's own extremely similar power signature.

Then 10 Years passed of peace, where the USSB also was fused into the Empire of Shadowstein, along with their wealth, and there was peace and fun.

Legion also, extremely early on into that, went to the Planet of Saturn, the De-Facto Capital of the Empire of Shadowstein, and, much to his immense shock, he found Zaria there, as in, Shadow Goddess Zaria, and, from what he was sensing, Shadow Goddess Zaria (Full Potential), and, yeah, her power was exactly as expected, probably even now second only to God Emperor of Darkness Alpha, and thusly, Legion approached her, shocked to see her there of all places.

"What are you doing here?" Legion asked, his voice echoing through the grand hall of the planet's castle.

"Some Dark guy with a sword found me in the ruins of Whispering Sands, when some unknown powerful enemy was pursuing me, and he so easily took it out, then gave me some portable space pod thing and left, and I got in it, and flew most of the way there, until, I suddenly reached my Full Potential explosively which destroyed the rest of it, and I began to fly the rest of the way here and, it was instantaneous, it was weird, so, anyways, nice to see you Legion, guess we are on the same side absolutely now, huh?" Shadow Goddess Zaria (Full Potential) explained casually.

Legion, still in a state of shock, tries to process the information. "But, why are you here, in the Empire of Shadowstein?" he asks, his mind racing with questions.

"Well, the dark Sword guy told me to come here, I didn't realize what it was, he just told me it was where I clearly belonged, and, who am I to disagree with someone who just saved me, just like you, Legion." Shadow Goddess Zaria (Full Potential) responded.

Legion nodded, understanding the gravity of the situation. "I suppose we do have a common cause now," he said, his eyes still wide with astonishment.

"Yeah, also, back like, 15 years ago, I noticed an odd thing about your perception of me. Do you see me like a daughter?" Shadow Goddess Zaria (Full Potential) asked.

Legion, still processing the recent events, took a moment before responding. "I... I suppose I have, over the years, grown to see you as a sort of... surrogate daughter, yes." He admitted, his expression softening slightly.

"Well then, guess I should just come out and call you dad, because, well, kinda to an extent ever since you saved me, but especially ever since the first time we saw each other since then, when I was 20, with our spar, I have seen you as a sort of, dad, to me." Shadow Goddess Zaria (Full Potential) responds honestly and warmly and happily.

Legion, caught off guard by the revelation, can't help but smile. "I am... honored, Zaria." He says, his fiery eyes looking at her with a newfound warmth and affection. "But we must not let our guard down, even in times of peace, there are always threats that may arise."

"What threats? There are like two beings in all of Reality that are even threats from what I have heard during that ritual thing, and both of them are planned targets to be defeated and absorbed by Alpha apparently, and, that was always the plan, to get enough power to reset Reality to make that New Reality without war, segregation, suffering, or pain, so, there's nothing to worry about, dad." Shadow Goddess Zaria (Full Potential) casually responds, sounding positively giddy while saying that very last word.

Legion's smile falters slightly, his mind racing with the implications of what she's saying. He knew that Alpha had grand plans, but the thought of the entirety of existence being reshaped by his hand was a sobering one.

"What's wrong, Alpha is doing so to bring about that true peace, to create a Reality where all is good, dad?" Shadow Goddess Zaria (Full Potential) asks, still giddy while saying the word "dad" a word she hadn't gotten to say since she was 10, 185 years ago.

"The concept of a reality without suffering is... idealistic, Zaria," Legion responds, his voice tinged with skepticism. "But power, especially absolute power, tends to corrupt. We must ensure that Alpha's intentions remain pure, for the sake of all that exists."

"Well, you yourself said it, me and Alpha are both Pure Good, and Pure of Heart, so to assume otherwise is to argue with yourself, dad." Shadow

Goddess Zaria (Full Potential) responds, still giddy while saying the word "dad".

Legion sighs, knowing she has a point. "True, but even the purest of hearts can be twisted by power, or by fate. We must be vigilant."

"And even the most evil of hearts can be turned to good, as shown by you dad, don't underestimate Alpha, he told me he has been planning this since his previous life, and has done stuff he definitely doesn't overall agree with but had to, all to achieve this goal of true peace and prosperity, just, trust in him, he knows what he's doing, and, well, even if he does go bad, there's nothing we could do, he holds the keys to our fate, and, well, we just remain confident he chooses the right door of fate to open, dad." Shadow Goddess Zaria (Full Potential) responds.

Legion nods, understanding her point of view. "You're right, we must trust him," he says, though his voice still holds a hint of doubt.

"That's it dad! Just trust in him! Also, it's so nice to get to say the word dad again!" Shadow Goddess Zaria (Full Potential) says giddily, even Awakening and becoming Dark Goddess Zaria, increasing her power yet infinitely, through pure joy and happiness, beginning to tap into her True Potential of her Shadow Goddess state, let alone that of her Dark Goddess state, let alone what is beyond that.

Legion's eyes widen even more than before, as he looks at Zaria's power skyrocketing, "Zaria, your power! It's..."

"Oh, neat!" Dark Goddess Zaria comments casually, as if she didn't have a care in the world.

But Legion's mind was racing. The sheer power that Zaria had just displayed was unlike anything he had ever seen before. It was as if the very fabric of reality was bending to her will. The thought of such power in the hands of someone who wasn't fully in control was terrifying.

"Dad, calm down, I dealt with my problems with control literally a century ago, also, this barely matters, there's no way in *hell* that I'm catching up with Alpha." Dark Goddess Zaria responds, chuckling at her own hell pun relating to her new adoptive dad being The Demon Lord.

Legion, despite his initial shock, couldn't help but chuckle at her words. "Indeed, it seems we have much to discuss, daughter," he says, his voice filled with warmth and acceptance.

Dark Goddess Zaria makes a quite adorable happy squeaky noise despite not only being 195 Years old, but even just physically being in her 20s at that.

The two of them then go to a nearby chamber to talk and get to know each other more, while also getting some tea.

Chapter 76: Legion, Father of Zaria

(5 YEARS LATER)

The Year is 2410, and Legion, The Demon Lord, approaches Isolde, The Vampire Queen, to just have a casually conversation, doing very small scale manipulation to get Isolde to mention Zaria, in order to stealthily shock her with the surprise good news that he had adopted Zaria.

"So, Isolde, I heard that you've had quite the interesting experience with the recent arrival of Zaria," Legion began, his fiery gaze holding a hint of curiosity.

Isolde, meanwhile, is holding one of her children (She got together with Darkest Lord Lothar, go figure, and has had a couple kids).

"Oh, yes, she is quite the... unique individual," Isolde responds, her voice filled with a mix of fondness and wariness. "But she seems to have found a place here in the Empire of Shadowstein, especially with Alpha."

"She's also my daughter." Legion then suddenly says, suddenly dropping that piece of information onto Isolde, who is left stumbling over her own words.

Isolde, caught completely off-guard by this revelation, nearly drops her child in shock. "Your... daughter? But, how is that possible?" She sputters, her eyes wide with astonishment.

"Well, apparently, unknown to even me until she herself recently 5 years ago brought up the idea to me, I had always seen her as a sort of surrogate daughter, and, apparently, she had always seen me as a dad, so, yeah, that became official." Legion explains to the still extremely shocked Isolde.

Isolde, still holding onto her child tightly, tries to compose herself. "Legion, I... I had no idea," she says, her eyes searching his face for any sign of deception.

"I bet even you at one point had at least assumed so considering how I acted in relation to her within conversations, right?" Legion then asks Isolde.

Isolde, still in shock, nods. "I suppose so," she says, her mind racing with the implications of this newfound familial bond. "How has this changed your relationship with her?"

"Fundamentally, in no way, in total, completely." Legion says, somewhat contradictorily.

Isolde raises an eyebrow. "I don't understand, what do you mean?"

"Well, apparently, me and her had always seen each other that way, and thus, subconsciously acted that way, it's just that now we are around each other way more and more openly and awarely act that way." Legion explains.

Isolde nods slowly, processing the information. "And how has this affected your... our... the empire's plans?" She inquires, her voice tentative.

"Well, in no way, considering the one in charge now is Alpha, remember, ever since the Underground Society of Supernatural Beings became part of the Empire of Shadowstein." Legion casually responds.

Isolde nods, understanding the shift in power dynamics. "And what of the prophecy, the one that spoke of a great battle between light and dark?" she asks, her curiosity piqued.

"That already happened, we saw the final showdown of that, you know, when Alpha completely obliterated both of the God Emperors, and apparently, I had a very brief conversation with him once, and learned that he KILLED, Erebus, The Golden Devil, the God of Light, the God of All, you know, the guy that created me? And that, that Erebus fellow was once the physical form of him, and now, is just all that remains of him, but loyal to the Dark now." Legion then explains.

Isolde, still in awe, tries to piece together the information. "But, what about the prophecy? What does it say now?"

"Nothing, it was fulfilled, now I learned from Zaria that the next steps are to fight and absorb the two most powerful beings in Existence into Alpha, and then, with that power, Alpha would reset Reality itself, effectively destroying it and creating a new one in its place, while storing everyone from the original reality within the now vacant USSB Realm, and then, in its place, making a New Reality, without the fundamental concepts of war, segregation, suffering, and pain even, took a bit of convincing and

explaining from Zaria, but, I agree with and support that plan completely, and you should too." Legion explains.

Isolde, her mind reeling with the revelation, tries to grasp the full extent of what Legion is saying. "But what about us, the inhabitants of this reality? What happens to us?" she asks, her voice filled with concern for her people and her new family.

"As I said, we would be kept in the vacant USSB Realm, which would thusly be transported into the New Reality, and thusly, everyone of this Reality along with it." Legion further explains.

Isolde, the Vampire Queen, pondered this for a moment, looking down at her child with a mix of fear and hope. "And what of the gods of this reality, the ones not absorbed by Alpha? What becomes of them?" she asks, her voice laced with concern.

"Same as the mortals, literally everyone of this Reality is transferred, literally EVERYONE." Legion further explains.

Isolde's gaze shifts to Legion, her eyes searching for any sign of doubt or hesitation in his fiery gaze. "And you truly believe this will bring about a world of peace and harmony?" she asks, her voice a soft whisper.

"Well, in the New Reality, war, segregation, suffering, and pain are all literally impossible, and not because of forced peace like under the True Sacred Relic, but rather because of the outright absolute annihilation of those entire concepts." Legion further explains.

Isolde, still holding her child, looks up at Legion with a mix of hope and skepticism. "And what about free will, Legion? Can true peace be achieved without sacrificing that which makes us who we are?"

"As I said, it's not forced peace, we aren't forced to do anything, it's just, you can't suffer if there is no concept of suffering, same with segregation, pain, and war." Legion further explains and elaborates.

Isolde nods slowly, stroking her child's hair as she thinks. "And what if someone tries to introduce these concepts again?" she asks, her eyes narrowing slightly.

"Well, that person would thusly be the enemy of literally everyone, and thus, dealt with, as an example, for trying to literally just bring in evil, as they would thusly very much deserve." Legion further explains, "Look, if you want all of the things explained, go find Alpha out wherever he is in the Omniverse and ask him directly." Legion also adds on.

Isolde, the Vampire Queen, nods thoughtfully. "I will consider it," she says, her gaze still fixed on her child. "But for now, we must focus on the present and prepare for what is to come."

"Prepare for what, until Alpha finishes peacefully spreading the Empire of Shadowstein to the rest of our Omniverse, which will take at least another 5 years, there is a period of True Peace, we can take some much needed time to relax, especially you, I can sense that you will soon enough be carrying yet another child, in your arms I mean, you already are "carrying" another one, inside of you." Legion responds, and also on top of that advises Isolde.

Isolde, the Vampire Queen, smiles faintly at Legion's concern for her well-being. "Thank you, Legion. I will take your advice to heart," she says, her eyes lighting up slightly. "But what of the prophecy's mention of a dark shadow rising?"

"Again, already happened, look at the Empire of Shadowstein, that has certainly risen, and is in effect still doing to, to spread across our Omniverse, and beyond that, all of the Infinite Dimensions and Existence

itself, bringing along its true peace, not all prophecies have to mean something bad." Legion responds.

Isolde nods, her mind racing with the implications of Legion's words. "I suppose you're right," she murmurs, looking around the bustling room, filled with various supernatural beings going about their daily lives. The thought of a world without conflict was almost too much to fathom, yet the evidence of such a reality was all around her.

"Anyways, I just want to comment, mostly due to training with Zaria, I'm currently the strongest of our trio, or, counting Geralt, our quartet, but Donderdraak is just getting free power-ups at this point, so I don't doubt he'll likely soon enough surpass me again, but to at least reduce that, I'll go and train, spar, and hang out and spend time with Zaria, see you later, maybe even just in 5 Years." Legion then comments, before then flying off to Zaria's effective new home, The Shadow Planet, which Alpha gifted to Zaria as her home, and thusly, Legion also lives there, having moved his entire Infernal Kingdom also there as well from the USSB Realm.

Isolde watches Legion fly away, feeling a mix of admiration and trepidation. The thought of such power in the hands of her friend and ally was reassuring, but the weight of the prophecy and the changes to come were still heavy on her mind.

Chapter 77: Battle Against Consumers and Kaito

(5 YEARS LATER)

Eventually, after the 10 Years have passed, it's onto a bit more war, including fighting against an Omniverse consuming Eldritch Abomination and Elder God of darkness called The Void, Legion of course participated and took out many lesser Void Beings easily enough.

Then God Emperor of Darkness Alpha absorbs The Void and becomes God Emperor of The Void Alpha, and everyone gets a Void power up, which comes with a name change for the strongest.

Legion though did feel butt hurt about Donderdraak pulling ahead again through cheating via being straight up fused with another powerful being.

Then there was 1 Month of simple rest, until then the entire Empire of Shadowstein attacks another Eldritch Abomination and Elder God of darkness, this time, an Existence consuming Eldritch Abomination and Elder God of darkness called The Abyss, Legion also participated in it, battling lesser Abyssal Beings, until God Emperor of The Void Alpha then absorbs The Abyss, and becomes God Emperor of The Abyss Alpha, before then passing out, as everyone gets a power up from this, even Isolde, despite not being there, and thus, likely literally everyone also got this boost.

Grand Author Jaymes: Wow this story is almost 300 Google Docs pages long, I'd exclaim Jesus's name, but in this story, he likely existed and got taken out by Legion at some point, oh, also Alpha saw me, of course, obligatory me cameo.

Then God Emperor of The Abyss Alpha returns as Grand Emperor Alpha, and everyone gets a "Grand" boost, again including Isolde herself, as well as literally everyone else.

As then Grand Emperor Alpha snaps his fingers and resets reality, creating one where war, segregation, suffering, and pain and such just never existed, and everyone of the Old Reality was transported in through the USSB Realm, which is just transported straight into this New Reality of peace.

Legion even met his own New Reality version, New Reality Legion, and, unlike everyone else compared to their New Reality versions, the two Legions are exactly the same, even in personality uniquely enough, and

thus, the two Legions are the Co-Dads of Zaria, who did also participate in the battles with The Void and The Abyss, having become Darkest Goddess Zaria and even Goddess of Darkness Zaria, making her still technically second only to Alpha in power, but now, she is tied for second with New Reality Alpha, and peace of course reigns for 562 straight years...

That is... Until Grand Phoenix Emperor Kaito of the Phoenix Empire of Blazing Sun from the original Reality returns in the Year 1281 of the New Reality and tries to cause madness, then New Reality True Goddess Winter kills him by impaling him, then he rises from the ashes as Grand Phoenix God Emperor Kaito, kills New Reality True Goddess Winter, then kills a ton of people, including Legion and New Reality Legion.

Legion then wakes up along with his New Reality self suddenly, they were resurrected,

Apparently by the acts of Grand Emperor Alpha, who fused with his New Reality counterpart, which, hmmm, the Legion's take note of the idea, and Alpha became Omnipotent Emperor Alpha and essentially cleanly swept Kaito, then after completely and utterly deleting him, snapped his fingers and brought everyone back.

Then Goddess of Darkness Zaria, who had managed to survive via deducing what Kaito's power likely was and thusly deciding to sit out of the fight, showed them on her New Reality phone a recording of what happened, ironically enough, considering how a phone recording had been in the past important to her, but that aside, the two Legion's then fuse into one being, Legion, God of Hellfire, or, God of Hellfire Legion.

Chapter 78: True Golden Devil

TIME BEGAN TO PASS

Grand Author Jaymes: DEFINITELY not gonna try and fake you out this time, this story is long enough, and might even hit 300 Google Docs Pages in length, a new milestone record.

Eventually, after Zaria's own New Reality version is born, and, like New Reality Alpha, reaches her True Potential, Zaria and New Reality Zaria fuse into one being, Zaria, Shadow of Erebus, which then fuses with itself, becoming Incarnate Zaria, outright absolutely second only to Alpha, now Incarnate Alpha, in power.

God of Hellfire Legion gets selected by Incarnate Alpha to be one of the very few to go out and clean out Doomed Realities of their remaining problem individuals for the Doomed Realities to then become part of the New Reality to expand it.

Legion though, is selected for dealing with any light conquered Doomed Realities, to absorb all of that power into himself.

Legion moves onto Doomed Reality #1297820, where the Light generally just took over the Reality, leaving it a wasteland of endless devastation, showing exactly what happens in Realities in which the Light wins rather than the Dark.

The once-verdant lands are now barren, the skies a sickly yellow, and the air tastes metallic. The buildings are either collapsed or burning, a grim testament to the unchecked power of the light. The survivors, those who weren't outright consumed by the purifying fire of the Light's victory, cower in the shadows, afraid to even whisper for fear of being heard by the ever-watchful angels.

God of Hellfire Legion, though, arrives into Doomed Reality #1297820 to then wipe out the Light within it, to consume all of it, to prepare that Doomed Reality for being fused into the New Reality, and thus, for the survivors to then be rewarded for their endurance with eternal peace and prosperity within the New Reality.

He lands, his fiery wings casting a stark contrast against the bleak skyline. The survivors, mere shadows of their former selves, watch him with a mix of terror and hope. They know what he represents, the end of their suffering, but also the end of the only world they've ever known.

Legion consumes all of the basic light, waiting for one specific being to arrive.

And then, that very being, Doomed Reality #1297820 Erebus, The Golden Devil, accompanied by Doomed Reality #1297820 Legion, The Demon Lord himself.

God of Hellfire Legion then absorbs his Doomed Reality #1297820 self, before readying himself to do battle with Doomed Reality #1297820 Erebus, The Golden Devil, the Doomed Reality #1297820 version of his very own creator.

The two beings, both powerful beyond measure, lock eyes across the desolate landscape. The air around them crackles with energy as the very fabric of reality seems to bend and twist in anticipation of their clash. Erebus, once a beacon of light, now a corrupted and twisted version of his former self, raises a sword of pure, blinding light, his eyes filled with malice.

God of Hellfire Legion then rushes him, prepared to consume and absorb him.

The battle is swift and brutal, a dance of God of Hellfire Legion's light and Doomed Reality #1297820 Erebus, The Golden Devil's evil light, God of Hellfire Legion's fire and Doomed Reality #1297820 Erebus, The Golden Devil's evil fire. The Golden Devil, once a symbol of hope and purity, is now a twisted mockery of his former self, his eyes burning with the madness that comes from unbridled power. His sword of light slices through the very air, leaving trails of golden fire in its wake.

God of Hellfire Legion though, manages to then grab him and shove him into his mouth, beginning to consume and absorb him.

As Doomed Reality #1297820 Erebus is absorbed into God of Hellfire Legion, he lets out a piercing scream that echoes throughout the lifeless wasteland, his once golden flames now being swallowed by the all-consuming inferno that is Legion's own power. The very sky itself seems to darken as the light within him is snuffed out, replaced by the unending hunger of the shadows.

God of Hellfire Legion then transforms into Legion, The True Golden Devil, or, True Golden Devil Legion, the embodiment of the good light, one allied with the Dark, rather than against it.

The survivors of Doomed Reality #1297820 watch in awe as their world begins to change before their very eyes. The yellow skies fade to a gentle blue, the metallic taste in the air is replaced by the sweet scent of blooming flowers. The buildings that once stood tall, now in ruin, slowly start to mend themselves, as if waking from a terrible nightmare. The land, once scarred and lifeless, now shows signs of new growth, as greenery sprouts from the cracks in the ground.

Legion then signals to Alpha, and Doomed Reality #1297820 is fused into New Reality, and the survivors are transferred as well.

With the Light of Doomed Reality #1297820 now under his control, Legion feels a newfound power surging through him. The survivors, once terrified, now kneel before him in reverence, their eyes filled with hope as they witness the transformation of their desolate world into a place of new beginnings. The once-feared God of Hellfire is now their savior, a beacon of light in a world that had known only darkness.

Chapter 79: True Light Lucifer

True Golden Devil Legion then goes through the next few Doomed Realities, until he gets a special assignment, Legend Lord Lothar had already cleaned out and fused Doomed Reality #11192015 into New Reality, but the key problem of it, Luminous Erebus, The Light Lucifer, was left behind eternally sealed, due to being TRULY PURE EVIL, and True Golden Devil Legion closes the transmission early, he already knows what to do.

True Golden Devil Legion goes to where Doomed Reality #11192015 once was, and enters into the sealing pocket dimension that Legend Lord Lothar sealed Luminous Erebus, The Light Lucifer into to confront him, the ultimate embodiment of the Light, across all Realities to consume and absorb him, to become the ultimate embodiment of the Good Light, of the new, actually pure Light.

As Legion enters the pocket dimension, the air is thick with the stench of corruption. The once-beautiful landscape is now a twisted reflection of itself, bathed in an unnatural, sickly light that seems to burn the very shadows. Luminous Erebus, The Light Lucifer, is chained in the center, his body a grotesque mix of angelic and demonic features, his eyes filled with a rage that could boil the oceans.

True Golden Devil Legion then approaches him, and frees him, to at least have an actual battle with him before absorbing him.

Luminous Erebus, The Light Lucifer, roars with fury as the chains holding him dissolve into light. He stands tall, his wings unfurling, the very essence of corrupted light pulsing with malevolent energy. His eyes, once gleaming with the purity of the sun, are now pools of scorching malice. He glares at Legion, his gaze piercing through the very fabric of reality.

True Golden Devil Legion then moves so fast he isn't even moving, just appearing where he wants to be, and then swiftly punches Luminous Erebus, The Light Lucifer clean in the face as hard as he can.

The blow sends shockwaves rippling through the dimension, causing the very fabric of reality to tremble. The Light Lucifer's head snaps back, and for a moment, the rage in his eyes falters, replaced by surprise. But the pause is brief, as he recovers and charges back at Legion, his wings leaving trails of corrupted light in his wake.

True Golden Devil Legion sighs, he was expecting him to no-sell it, he isn't worth his time, so True Golden Devil Legion just catches Luminous Erebus, The Light Lucifer, and begins to consume and absorb him, as slowly and painfully for him as conceptually possible.

Luminous Erebus, The Light Lucifer, screams in agony as the shadows of True Golden Devil Legion envelop him, his pure light being devoured by the unyielding darkness. His form writhes and contorts, fighting against the inevitable, but the power of Legion is too much. The Light Lucifer's once-beautiful wings blacken and decay, his body withers, and his very essence is torn apart as he is consumed.

True Golden Devil Legion then transforms into Legion, The True Light Lucifer, or, True Light Lucifer Legion, his ultimate, final, and most powerful form, making him effectively equal to Incarnate Zaria, now Omega Zaria in that, strongest aside from Alpha category, and unparalleled by literally everyone else.

The survivors of Doomed Reality #11192015 emerge from the sealed dimension, their eyes wide with disbelief as they behold the new world before them. The land, once a bastion of pure evil and darkness, is now a gleaming beacon of hope and light. The skies are clear, the air is sweet, and the very essence of the realm has been cleansed. True Light Lucifer Legion stands tall, his wings of both fire and light spread wide, a symbol of the balance he has brought to this new, united reality.

True Light Lucifer Legion then returns back to the New Reality, and back to his daughter, Omega Zaria.

(MANY MANY YEARS LATER)

The Year is 281 AE (Alpha Era), 280 years after the shift to AE after 2,147,483,647,281 AD, and Zaria had, after going to her Maximum Potential for her original self during a spar, become Zaria, Shadow of Alpha, and way more powerful.

Chapter 80: Supreme Satan of The Wicked Light

(385 YEARS LATER)

The Year is 666 AE, and from the depths of some other Reality, a being of true evil Light, Brilliant Erebus, Supreme Satan of The Wicked Light, the ultimate embodiment of the plague on Eternity (That which all of the Infinite Realities are within) that is "The Light", and the final and truest Ultimate Threat to the New Reality, and to all of Eternity itself.

He is a being that most would call holy, and he truly seems that way, and he possesses no darkness, for he is pure light, pure destruction, pure devastation, pure malice, pure evil.

True Light Lucifer Legion feels a disturbance in the force of light, a disturbance that is unlike anything he has ever felt before, and he knows that he must find the source of it, and destroy it, for it can only mean the end of everything that he holds dear.

Brilliant Erebus then appears within the New Reality, and suddenly everything, the entire Reality, bursts into Pure Golden Flames of Light, just from Brilliant Erebus's appearance, and his desire for pure devastation and destruction to bring about the ultimate victory of the Light and it consuming all of Eternity into itself.

The people of the New Reality, who had known peace for so long, now scream in terror as the buildings around them begin to crumble and the

ground shakes beneath their feet. The animals flee in fear, their instincts screaming at them to escape the oncoming apocalypse. The very air seems to burn with the intensity of his power.

"YES! RUN! RUN LIKE SHEEP! RUN AND KNOW IT WILL MAKE NO DIFFERENCE! YOU WILL ALL BE TORTURED AND SLAUGHTERED ANYWAYS! FOR DARING TO EVEN TRY TO STAND AGAINST THE LIGHT, AGAINST ME!" Brilliant Erebus shrieks out, cackling at the same time.

The New Reality burns, the people, the animals, the buildings, everything is either already ash or will be. Omega Zaria and True Light Lucifer Legion are the only ones capable of facing this new threat, but even they are overwhelmed by the sheer power of Brilliant Erebus.

Omega Alpha then appears, and prepares to face off against Brilliant Erebus, Supreme Satan of The Wicked Light, being, himself, essentially the ultimate embodiment of The Dark and all it represents, pure peace, pure prosperity, pure freedom, pure good.

The two beings of immense power stand face to face, the very air around them crackling with the tension of their opposing forces. Omega Alpha's eyes, once filled with the warmth of a star, now burn with the cold, endless void of space. His very presence seems to cast a shadow over the blinding light that surrounds Brilliant Erebus.

Brilliant Erebus then in an instant appears in front of Omega Alpha, instantly attacking, and Omega Alpha instantly responds and blocks, both beyond all concepts, even speed itself.

The battle is one that defies description, their movements so fast that the fabric of reality is torn, creating a ripple effect that spreads across the New Reality. The sky turns a tumultuous mix of shadow and light, as if the very fabric of existence is being woven and then ripped apart by their clash.

They are overall even, yet, by the most minuscule, arguably non-existent, margin, Brilliant Erebus holds the upper hand.

The two beings dance in a deadly ballet, their blows and strikes leaving trails of light and shadow that scar the very fabric of the New Reality. The ground beneath them cracks and splits, the very air around them shimmering with the intensity of their power. Each clash is met with a sound that can only be described as a thunderclap that resonates through every being, shaking them to their core.

Omega Alpha, fueled by his determination to protect his reality, uses his shadowy tendrils to ensnare Brilliant Erebus, attempting to drain the pure light from his being. However, the Supreme Satan of The Wicked Light is not so easily contained, his power pulsing and pushing back against the shackles of darkness. The light from his form grows brighter, hotter, threatening to incinerate everything that touches it.

The air is filled with the scent of ozone as the two beings clash, the sky above them a tumultuous maelstrom of gold and black. The very fabric of the New Reality quivers with the strain of their power. The survivors of the Doomed Realities watch from afar, their hearts heavy with fear and hope. They know that the fate of all they have worked to rebuild rests on the outcome of this battle.

Brilliant Erebus, his form now a living sun, raises his sword of purest light high. "You may have conquered your darkness," he sneers, "but you shall never conquer the light!" With a swing of his blade, he sends a wave of blinding energy towards Omega Alpha.

Omega Alpha, unfazed by the display, pulls back his own shadowy blade, a weapon of pure anti-light. "Your light is a prison," he counters, "a lie to deceive and control. True darkness is freedom, and I shall show you the folly of your ways." As the waves of light and shadow collide, a deafening roar echoes across the landscape, sending shockwaves that threaten to rip the very fabric of the New Reality apart.

"And so be it." Brilliant Erebus casually responds.

The two titans of light and darkness clash in a display that could outshine the birth and death of stars. The very essence of their beings intertwines in a dance of cosmic proportions, each strike and parry threatening to tear apart the fabric of the New Reality. The ground cracks and splits, the sky roars with unseen forces, and the survivors watch in silent awe, knowing that the fate of their world is in the balance.

Omega Alpha and Brilliant Erebus then proceed to clash their blades infinitely, a challenge that will determine the winner by the power and durability of their weapon, their power.

Their swords of shadow and light meet in a cacophony of clanging steel and sizzling energy, sparks flying in every direction as the two beings push against each other with all their might. The ground beneath them turns into a sea of molten rock, the very air around them superheating into a plasma storm. The light from Brilliant Erebus' sword pierces the shadowy blade of Omega Alpha, while the darkness of Omega Alpha's weapon seems to eat away at the very essence of the light blade.

The two combatants grunt with effort, their eyes never leaving the other's. Each blow is met with a counter, each push met with an equally powerful pull. The sky above them turns into a swirling vortex of black and gold, the very fabric of reality distorting and stretching around them like a canvas being torn apart by two opposing forces.

The two then fire beams of their respective powers at each other, clashing their beams, in an attempt for one to overwhelm the other.

The New Reality becomes the battleground for a cosmic clash of wills. Omega Alpha unleashes a beam of pure shadow, a stream of absolute darkness that seeks to swallow the light whole. Brilliant Erebus counterattacks with a beam of blinding, white-hot light, the purest essence

of the Wicked Light, aiming to purge the shadow from existence. The beams collide with the fury of a supernova, the impact sending a shockwave that knocks the remaining inhabitants of the city to their knees.

Then the beams are absorbed into the users blades, as they then charge towards each other, for a clash that, in one attack from each, will decide the victor of the battle, in of which combatant's blade, made of their own power, doesn't shatter, will win the battle thusly.

The anticipation is palpable as they charge, the air around them distorting with the sheer pressure of their approaching forms. Their swords, now imbued with the power of their clashed beams, blaze with a fury that could swallow worlds. The survivors hold their breath, their eyes fixed on the two figures that dominate the horizon.

The moment of impact is deafening. A blast of pure energy explodes outwards, a shockwave that flattens the city in an instant. The ground shakes as if the very core of the planet is trembling in fear. The clash of shadow and light is so intense that for a brief moment, the entire New Reality is bathed in an eerie, pulsing glow that alternates between the deepest black and the most brilliant gold.

The swords meet with a sound that seems to shatter the very concept of sound itself, a cacophony that echoes through the minds of every being present. And then, as quickly as it began, the light dims. The shadow blade, once a weapon of impenetrable darkness, cracks along its length, the pure light of Brilliant Erebus's weapon having found its weakness. The shadows retreat, withdrawing into Omega Alpha's form as he stumbles back, his eyes wide with shock and disbelief.

Brilliant Erebus then stabs Omega Alpha with his blade and throws him aside with it, leaving him badly injured.

Chapter 81: Savior of Eternity

Zaria, Shadow of Alpha then rushes in, away from her father, True Light Lucifer Legion, despite even her knowing that she is even weaker than Omega Alpha, but she at least has to try.

Her eyes glow with a fierce determination that belies her youth. She charges at Brilliant Erebus, her shadowy form moving with the grace of a panther, her blade a dark whisper of vengeance. The Supreme Satan of The Wicked Light turns to face her, a smirk playing on his lips. He sees her as a mere child playing with forces beyond her understanding.

Brilliant Erebus then stabs her, impaling her upon his blade of Pure Golden Hellfire Light, and just stares at her, watching as she swiftly begins to grow weaker, him slowly funneling Pure Golden Hellfire Light into her, to destroy her from within.

Omega Alpha, using every ounce of his power, forces himself to stand, and with a roar that could shake the heavens themselves, he charges at Brilliant Erebus, his sword of anti-light now a mere shadow of its former self, but his will undeterred.

Brilliant Erebus knocks him right back down with a casual backhand, as, Zaria, Shadow of Alpha, growing weaker, slowly reaches her hands down and around Brilliant Erebus's blade of Pure Golden Hellfire Light, seemingly as a show of defiance.

"I... won't... let... you... win... I.. won't... let... The... Light... win... f-for... my... parents..." Zaria, Shadow of Alpha says...

"Well, sounds like your parents are dead, aren't they? And how are you sure they want you to keep fighting, and not to just let me win?" Brilliant Erebus retorts.

"... You're right..." Zaria, Shadow of Alpha responds, much to Brilliant Erebus's immense confusion.

"I don't know what they would want me to do..." Zaria, Shadow of Alpha continues.

"...But I do know one thing... one thing they would want me to do... A-and thus... I will..." Zaria, Shadow of Alpha continues further.

"And what would that be, little brat?" Brilliant Erebus asked, maliciously chuckles to himself.

"... To do this... and to live... for myself!" Zaria, Shadow of Alpha screams out as then, suddenly, a massive sparking flash of darkness and shadow, with some Good Light mixed in there, as she then shatters and crushes Brilliant Erebus's blade of Pure Golden Hellfire Light with her hands, and regenerates the stab wound.

As, finally, under a shower of Dark and Good Light, and of her own self confidence and determination, Zaria TRULY Awakens, and reaches the True Potential of her Original Reality self, like with her New Reality Counterpart within her, and becomes...

TRUE ZARIA, SAVIOR OF ETERNITY

True Zaria then not only uses Dark and Shadow Magic that is in truth True Omnipotence, but also Good Light Magic, and being able to control the Light, including that which makes up Brilliant Erebus's very being.

True Zaria is truly the new Embodiment of The Dark, yet has the power to control The Light if needed.

The transformation is sudden and complete. The air around Zaria crackles with energy as she stands tall, her eyes now a swirling mix of shadow and starlight. The remnants of Brilliant Erebus's sword fall to the ground, shattered beyond repair. The Supreme Satan of The Wicked Light stares at her in disbelief, the smugness wiped from his face.

True Zaria then, in an instant appears in front of Brilliant Erebus, having already punched him in the gut, before then kicking up between his legs, sending him up and into the air before then flying up and chasing after him, and beginning to land a barrage of infinite kicks capable of destroying an entire Reality each on him.

Each kick she lands on Brilliant Erebus sends a shockwave through the air that could be felt across the entire New Reality, the power of her strikes resonating through every atom. The Supreme Satan of The Wicked Light is sent hurtling back, his form crackling and distorting under the onslaught of True Zaria's fury.

True Zaria then reaches out and grabs him by the face and instantly absorbs him into herself, killing him instantly.

The sudden absence of Brilliant Erebus's power is palpable, the light that had consumed the New Reality fading away as quickly as it had appeared. The survivors watch in awe as the young girl stands, now the undisputed ruler of the shadow and the light.

True Zaria then snaps her fingers, instantly repairing all of the damage that Brilliant Erebus had caused across all of Eternity and within the New Reality, before then flying back down next to her adoptive father, Legion, The True Light Lucifer.

"Are you okay, Zaria?" Legion asks, his eyes wide with shock and pride at the sheer power she had just displayed.

"Of course, dad, also, I just brought about true peace, considering that guy was the absolute embodiment of the old Light, the pure evil one, and I just took him out, that is now also gone, and now, only your light, the Good Light, exists." True Zaria, Savior of Eternity casually responds to her adoptive father before then hugging him.

The light that had once been a prison is now a gentle embrace, a warmth that fills the hearts of all who see it. The survivors of the Doomed Realities begin to gather, their eyes filled with hope and wonder. They had witnessed the birth of a new guardian, one who wields the power of darkness and light in perfect harmony.

(2,147,483,646,615 YEARS LATER)

And thusly, in 2,147,483,647,281 AE (Alpha Era), at the end of AE, a ceremony is held in the New Reality, attended by all, including Omega Alpha, Lord of Champions Lothar, Lady Isolde, The Vampire Empress, True Light Lucifer Legion, The God of Good Light, True Elemental Dragon God Donderdraak, Geralt, The True God of Magic, "God Emperor" Marcus Aurelius, Great Lady Winter, God Butler of Darkness Aldric, and all others, for the announcement of the next year counting term for the next era, ZE (Zaria Era), and it being made truly official.

The New Reality is ablaze with celebration, the buildings adorned with banners and lights that shimmer with the essence of both shadow and light. The streets are filled with cheers and laughter as the inhabitants revel in the newfound peace that has been brought upon them by True Zaria. The air is filled with the sweet scent of victory and hope, a stark contrast to the stench of war and destruction that had once plagued their lands.

Chapter 82: Goddess of Eternity

(INFINITE ETERNITIES LATER)

The Year is ??? ZEE (Zaria Eternal Epoch), and Zaria, Goddess of Eternity, exists out within Eternity, watching over all of the Infinite Realties, yet able to easily pick up and crush them with one hand if she so desired.

But she instead watches over all of them, and subtly helps them along, as a truly omnipotent deity, one of The Dark, and of The Good Light, as she is

also writing a book, in the honor of her adoptive father, Legion, True God of The Good Light, and of his entire life, and how he impacted her.

A tale...

The Massive Demon Lord's Tale

THE END