



The God of the Void

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Elias sat alone in the dim, dusty basement of the old school library, his shoulders hunched as he tried to disappear into the shadows. Outside, the world was loud and cruel, but here, among the forgotten books, he felt a fleeting sense of safety from his tormentors.



The peace shattered when Jun and his gang burst in, their laughter echoing off the damp walls as they kicked the support beams. With a terrifying groan, the ceiling gave way, burying Elias under a mountain of stone and ancient wood.



In the suffocating darkness beneath the rubble, a cold, ancient pulse beat within Elias's chest for the first time. The Void Heart flickered to life, and instead of pain, he felt an icy clarity that turned the heavy debris into harmless dust.



Elias stepped out from the wreckage, his skin shimmering with a faint, dark aura and his eyes reflecting an endless, empty sky. He was no longer the boy who trembled; he was something much older and far more dangerous.



When he walked back into the school hallway, the air grew heavy and the lights flickered as if afraid of his presence. Jun stepped forward to mock him again, but Elias simply raised a single finger, his expression as cold as a winter moon.



With a sharp snap of energy, Jun's physical form began to unravel into shimmering particles, erased from existence by a power that knew no mercy. The hallway erupted in screams, but Elias felt nothing, watching the disintegration with a detached, divine curiosity.



Teachers and students pleaded for him to stop, their voices filled with the very emotions Elias now viewed as a poison. He turned his back on their pity and their fear, realizing that human connections were merely anchors holding back his true potential.



As he walked toward the school gates, the building behind him began to dissolve into a swirling vortex of shadow and ash. He left behind the ruins of his former life, his footsteps leaving cracks in the pavement that glowed with violet energy.



Standing on a high ridge overlooking the city, Elias watched as the horizon began to bend and warp under the weight of his growing power. He saw a world built on suffering and decided it was time to tear it all down to start anew.



Now the God of Destruction, Elias stood amidst a landscape of floating monoliths and starlit voids, a king of a silent universe. The boy who once had no shadow had become the shadow that would eventually consume everything.