2248 Throne of Light  
High in the godless sky of Godgrave, Nephis was being reforged.  
The brilliant white abyss was her anvil, and her will was the hammer with which she forged her soul into shape.  
The pain was the pristine flame that kept her soul pure.  
Burning, restoring herself, and burning again.  
Being destroyed, being created, and then destroyed again.  
Destruction, creation… it was one and the same. For Nephis, they were two sides of the same coin. Her flames could both heal and burn, after all, so she was not foreign to the concept.  
Her soul was being reshaped, but it was her will — her spirit — that ended up being tempered with each excruciating rebirth.  
Until her soul and her will permeated each other and became too interwoven to be separated, let alone discerned.  
At that moment, Nephis felt a profound change happen to her.  
It was as if a incandescent spark of a beautiful golden hue had ignited in the blinding radiance of her fiery soul, making the immolating white flames seem dim in comparison.  
That spark was a catalyst.  
But it was not a catalyst for her soul becoming Supreme — instead, it was a catalyst that ignited her nascent Domain, making it swell with heat, with light… with life.  
The fragile, ethereal cоnnections she had established to numerous people who had been inspired by her suddenly shone with a beautiful radiance, and the radiance spread through the vast web of them, chasing away the encroaching darkness.  
Her source element underwent a change, as well… no, not quite. It remained the same — however, it was as if the floodgates that prevented Nephis from experiencing it fully had been opened, and the shallow trickle of essence she had been receiving before turned full and powerful like a freely flowing river.  
The dam had been broken.  
Each of thе countless people whose souls had been ignited by the flames of longing was a source of this radiant spirit essence, and as the spirit essence flowed into Nephis, her own essence was galvanized by it,undergoing a qualitative transformation.  
Making her Supreme.  
Nephis felt her essence changing, becoming brighter, richer, vastly more potent… brimming with ferocious, unimaginable power. Her soul cores rebuilt themselves, becoming deeper and stronger in order to contain that startling power.  
Her Soul Seа changed, as well.  
The copy of the Ivory Island there had been lifeless and still before, like a frozen replica, but now, it suddenly seemed much more real. The blades of emerald grass swayed in the wind, glistening with dew. The leaves of the ancient trees rustled peacefully.  
The waters of the clear lake rippled as they shone beautifully, reflecting the sunlight.  
And that was not all…  
The Tower of Hope was not the only landmark in her Soul Sea anymore.  
Some distance away, a great castle of white stone towered above the resplendent water. A magnificent black palace was there, as well. A gargantuan ship drifted on the calm waves, its numerous sails full of wind. There were other Citadels, as well…  
All of them rose from the water like islands, and the vast expanse of her radiant soul was not empty anymore. Instead, it resembled a small world.  
…Nephis survived.  
She had survived the incandescent heaven of the Sun God's fallen realm, and therefore, defied both the absolute law of death and the laws governing this broken world.  
She became a Supreme.  
Her Domain was now truly manifested, as well… and it was both vast and splendid.  
Four Great Citadels were empowering it. Dozens of other Citadels belonged to her Domain now, too — that was because the Saints who ruled them had lost their faith in the Sovereigns, but had faith in Nephis instead.  
Even those like Seishan had been swayed, choosing her over the Supremes that had failed them.  
Dozens of Saints, thousands of Masters, hundreds of thousands of Awakened, and numerous mundane humans believed in her, too. Their souls were a part of her Domain, shining like a myriad of stars in the radiant sky.  
After all,Nephis had spent a decadе building upon the legend of her clan with Cassie's help, to create a myth of her own. Now, across the two worlds, countless people were inspired by Changing Star of the Immortal Flame clan, their souls burning with yearning. Countless people believed in the famous propaganda slogan invented by the government….  
As long as Immortal Flame burned, humanity would not be extinguished.  
So, it was as if the Immortal Flame clan — and its last daughter — had become synonymous with humanity.  
And therefore, most of humanity was a part of her Domain.  
Nephis could feel all of them, too…  
The connection she shared with those who had been inspired by her was much deeper now, and more universal. It did not depend on distance or proximity anymore, and so, there was a boundless ocean of hopes and desires that washed over her mind, threatening to overwhelm her.  
Nephis silenced it, for now — or at least tried to. There would be time to explore this connection later.  
For now, she had to finish the battle.  
…Boundless power, endless essence.  
Full of furious light, Nephis cast her flaming gaze to the ground.  
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Far below, on the ground, the great armies were melting in the flood of Nightmare Creatures.  
The sudden snowstorm summoned by the Lord of Shadows had stemmed the tide of abominations, somewhat, and the terrifying eхplosion caused by Changing Star diminished their swelling number even further.  
But people were still dying, and the remnants of the incinerated jungle still threatened to consume them all.  
The humans were losing.  
…Untill, suddenly, a soft radiance flooded the battlefield.  
The soldiers of the united army faltered for a moment, looking at their own skin in amazement.  
They themselves were the source of the radiance.  
It was as if white flames ignited within all of them, washing away their wounds… and making them much stronger, much faster, much more resilient. Augmenting them with fearsome power.Those who were on the verge of dying were saved, and those who were beaten and exhausted suddenly found themselves full of renewed might.  
The radiant army stirred, meeting the dark tide of abominable monsters... and pushing it back.