

Hey lads!

I'm back, and with another chapter!

Got to warn you all, this chapter is going to be super awesome, but also pretty intense.

So make sure to grab all the snacks because it's going to be quite a ride

Because I am not joking, this chapter is the most chapter I've ever written to date.

Start:

The grand hall of Agreas, resplendent with glowing sigils and the faint hum of magic in the air, fell into a profound silence as Sirzech Lucifer stood up.

Every eye was upon him—gods, kings, warriors, and emissaries from pantheons and factions across the world. The gravity of the moment weighed on everyone present, for this was a convergence the likes of which had never been seen before.

Each pantheon representative sat at a large circular table, one of the largest there was considering the number of figures here. Each supernatural group represented by two or three figures.

All except for the three biblical factions that were currently only represented by Sirzech, Azazel, and Michael.

Standing tall, Sirzech's crimson hair shimmered under the magical orbs illuminating the hall. His regal robes added to the majesty of his presence, but it was his calm and commanding aura that truly captured the attention of the room. He took a deep breath, his crimson eyes scanning the gathered beings. The time for pleasantries had passed; now was the moment to inspire.

"Leaders of the world," Sirzech began, his voice firm yet warm, echoing through the vast chamber. "Friends, allies, and those who, like us, seek a brighter future—I welcome you all to Agreas. It is an honor to stand before you on this historic day."

A ripple of energy coursed through the room as the significance of his words settled upon the assembly. Sirzech's gaze swept over to Ra and Osiris, Zeus and Athena, Sun Wukong and Guanyin, Amaterasu and Susanoo, and countless others.

"For millennia, we have walked a path stained by conflict," Sirzech continued, his voice tinged with sorrow. "Our histories are marred by wars fought for dominance, by hatred nurtured through misunderstandings, and by blood spilled over the stubborn refusal to listen. We have all paid a price too steep to recount."

He paused, letting the weight of his words sink in. The silence in the hall was deafening, yet charged with anticipation.

"But today, we have gathered here to change that," Sirzech declared, his voice rising with conviction. "Today, we take the first step toward breaking the cycle of pain and loss. This is not just an alliance of angels, fallen angels, and devils—it is a beacon of hope for the entire world. A testament that even the deepest wounds can heal when we dare to dream of peace."

Azazel, ever the charismatic orator, stepped forward, his golden eyes gleaming with mischief and sincerity. He smirked, the corner of his lips curling upward, before he spoke.

"Let's be honest here," Azazel began, his tone lighter but no less impactful. "We've all had our share of... disagreements. Some of us more than others. But what's the result of all that fighting? Countless lives lost, resources wasted, and legacies tarnished. We've bled each other dry for too long."

Azazel gestured to the assembled leaders. "Look around you. This—this right here—is the most powerful room in existence. Gods, kings, queens, warriors... If we can't set aside our differences and work together, then who will?"

Michael, serene and radiant, stepped up next from his seat. His calm presence seemed to soothe the tension in the room. His white robes glowed faintly, and his tranquil voice resonated like a hymn.

"Unity is not merely the absence of conflict," Michael said, his hands clasped in front of him. "It is the presence of understanding. It requires effort, sacrifice, and trust. And though trust may not come easily to all of us, it is a foundation we must strive to build."

He turned his gaze to the smaller delegations—the emissaries of minor factions and lesser pantheons who had suffered most in the crossfire of great wars. "To you who have borne the brunt of our mistakes, we owe a debt. And we vow that this alliance will be your shield, your sanctuary, and your voice."

Sirzech took center stage again, his voice strong and unwavering. "This is not the end of our struggles. Far from it. There will be opposition, both within and beyond these walls. There will be those who doubt, who scheme, who seek to undo what we build here today. But I ask you: what greater cause is there than to rise above and prove them wrong? To show the world that unity is not a weakness, but our greatest strength?"

The room was silent, but the energy was palpable. The leaders exchanged glances, their expressions shifting from skepticism to contemplation, and in some cases, to resolve. The future they were shaping was uncertain, but the foundation was being laid.

"And so," Sirzech concluded, "I ask you, not as a devil, not as a ruler of the Underworld, but as one who dreams of a world where our children can live without fear: Will you stand with us? Will you fight, not against one another, but for a future of peace and prosperity?"

The hall erupted into murmurs as leaders began to nod, some offering words of agreement. A new chapter in history was being written.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXXXX

With Sirzech's rousing speech concluded, the gathering shifted into the pragmatic realm of negotiations. For all the lofty ideals of peace and unity, centuries of mistrust and rivalry were not so easily dispelled.

Michael began, his serene tone an attempt to guide the conversation toward common ground. "As Sirzech stated, this alliance is not merely symbolic. It must be built on tangible cooperation. Trade and mutual economic support will be one of the cornerstones of this unity."

Danu, the Celtic goddess, crossed her arms, her calm expression tinged with disdain. "Trade and cooperation? With those who have caused untold suffering to our people?" Her sharp green eyes fixed on Zeus, her tone polite but biting. "The Greek pantheon has long prospered, often at the expense of others. Should we be so quick to extend a hand without reparations for past transgressions?"

Zeus bristled, his booming voice filling the hall. "Do not presume, Danu, that the prosperity of Olympus came at the cost of your people. We have endured our own share of wars and strife, as has everyone here."

Lugh, the masterful warrior of the Celtic pantheon, leaned forward, his spear resting beside him. "Spoken like a king who has never had to rebuild his lands after they were razed by invaders. Perhaps if you had seen your sacred sites defiled, you would understand our grievances."

The tension in the room thickened, murmurs rippling among the other delegations. The Greek and Celtic delegations had always harbored historical animosity, and it seemed this gathering would not be immune to old wounds resurfacing.

Before the argument could escalate further, Odin rose from his seat. The All-Father's presence commanded respect, his single eye piercing as he raised a hand to quiet the murmurs. "Enough," he said, his voice calm yet resonant. "We did not come here to reopen old wounds. We came here to ensure there are no new ones."

Turning to Danu and Lugh, he inclined his head respectfully. "Your grievances are valid. The scars of the past do not fade easily. But consider this: what is the cost of clinging to old grudges when the future demands unity?"

His gaze shifted to Zeus, his tone firm but not accusatory. "And you, Zeus, must understand that strength is not measured by what you have built, but by what you are willing to share. If this alliance is to succeed, there must be acknowledgment of past harms—followed by actions to heal them."

Odin's words seemed to calm the room, though tension still lingered. He continued, his voice steady and wise. "Compensation can be achieved through trade agreements. Gradually, over time, those who have prospered more can aid those who have suffered. This is not about punishment or reparation in the traditional sense—it is about ensuring that no faction is left behind as we move forward."

Danu nodded slowly, her expression softening. "Spoken like a true mediator, Odin. Perhaps this can be a path forward."

Zeus inclined his head slightly, though his pride clearly remained intact. "For the sake of this alliance, I am willing to consider such arrangements."

Michael seized the opportunity to steer the conversation further. "Let us discuss trade agreements in more detail. Each faction has unique resources, crafts, and knowledge. Through fair exchange, we can all benefit."

Ra, the Egyptian Sun God, spoke next, his golden aura shimmering faintly. "Egypt will provide knowledge from our archives, as well as materials from the Nile's bounty. In return, we seek technology and innovation from others—particularly the Norse and the Greeks, whose crafts are renowned."

Sun Wukong, the Monkey King, leaned back with a mischievous grin. "As long as I'm not stuck writing trade reports, I'm happy."

Laughter rippled lightly through the room, easing some of the lingering tension.

With the room much more at ease, conversation and negotiation flowed for the better part of an hour, disagreements and conflict arising only to be solved thankfully with compromise through understanding.

Being the diligent maid that she was, Grayfia had tended to every figure in the room, serving drinks, snacks, accommodating any need she could with utmost efficiency.

Eventually, with trade taken care of, the next issue needed to be addressed.

And the leader of the devils unfortunately had to take the brunt of shattering the somewhat peaceful atmosphere.

Sirzech stepped up, his expression sobering. "While we have spoken of alliances, cooperation, and the path to peace, we cannot ignore the shadows that loom over our efforts," Sirzech began, his calm voice now edged with an undertone of gravity. "There are those who oppose what we are building here today—a coalition of chaos that thrives in discord."

The room was silent as Sirzech continued, his crimson eyes locking with those of the gathered leaders.

“The Khaos Brigade,” he said, his voice sharp as a blade. The name alone sent ripples through the room. Leaders stiffened in their seats; others exchanged knowing and worried glances. Even the most stoic among them could not conceal their unease.

“They are not bound by loyalty to any single faction or pantheon,” Sirzech continued. “The Khaos Brigade is an amalgamation of rogues, radicals, and dissidents from every corner of the supernatural world—individuals who reject peace and stability, preferring anarchy to cooperation.”

A pause. Then he added, “But their true danger lies through the one that commands them—Ophis.”

The tension in the hall sharpened, palpable as the name left his lips. Ophis. The Infinite Dragon. The very idea of her presence was enough to unnerve even the most powerful figures in the room.

Ra, his golden aura dimming slightly with the weight of the discussion, spoke first.

“If I am not mistaken,” Ra began, his deep voice echoing through the chamber, “the peace treaty signed in Kuoh was disrupted by the very same Khaos Brigade, was it not?” His sharp gaze turned to Michael, who nodded solemnly in acknowledgment.

“It was,” Michael confirmed, his serene tone now touched with a hint of sadness. “The event was meant to be a celebration of the first step toward peace between Heaven, the Underworld, and the Grigori. Instead, it was used as a stage for terror.”

Seated next to him, Azazel frowned at the reminder. “It was an insult to our efforts.” The Grigory leader spoke up before continuing. “Though me, Michael, and Sirzech had successfully signed the peace agreement. The fact that we were attacked less than an hour after was nothing short of a spat at our efforts to put war and conflict behind us.”

"I can understand what you're feeling."

Shiva rose from his seat, drawing every eye to him. The Destroyer's presence, though calm, radiated undeniable power. His dark skin seemed to shimmer faintly under the magical lights. "Considering their sheer audacity..."

His gaze flashed with fury, and he took a moment to steady his anger before remarking. "The Khaos Brigade.. they are not merely a nuisance, but a great threat, one that demands us to take them with the utmost seriousness."

The room stilled further, as though even the air itself dared not move while Shiva spoke.

"A few months ago," Shiva began, his gaze sweeping across the assembly, "a group of Khaos Brigade insurgents infiltrated one of my sacred temples. The temple, an ancient monument dedicated to Brahma, Vishnu, and myself, was defiled. Artifacts that had remained untouched for millennia were stolen. Sacred relics were destroyed."

Shiva paused, his jaw tightening slightly, though his tone remained controlled.

"This was not merely an act of theft. It was a declaration—an open insult to the Hindu pantheon. The insurgents responsible managed to evade capture, but their message was clear. That they could enter our realm uninvited, slap us in the face, and get away with it."

Though calm, there was a fire in Shiva's words that made it clear the incident had outraged even him. The Destroyer was not known to speak often in such settings, but when he did, his words carried the weight of mountains.

Vishnu took over as Shiva sat down, a similarly irked scowl plastered on his visage. “From my understanding, this is twice now that they’ve so boldly attacked, or humiliated factions. One instance with us. The second at the day of the Kuoh peace accords.”

“Make that three times.” Akasha spoke up, stunning everyone with the reveal.

Minus Sirzech who had been kept informed thanks to Grayfia reporting to him every few days.

Akasha Bloodriver, the vampire queen, rose gracefully from her seat. Her emerald eyes glowed faintly, the light catching the intricate patterns on her dark gown. The calm authority she exuded was only rivaled by her words, which carried an edge of frustration.

“The Khaos Brigade has also made its presence known to the vampires,” Akasha began, her voice cool but pointed.

“We recently dealt with what seemed to be a small rebellion among some of our race. Initially, we dismissed it as internal unrest—a matter of politics, after all, the rebellion compromised of only some dozen vampires led by my former husband due to his view of vampire supremacy.”

The shinso vampire queen was known far and wide for her kind and accepting nature, the leader who had transformed the vampire race from bloodthirsty savages to civilised supernatural beings.

To learn that she too had faced problems and divisions was both unexpected yet also expected in a small way. Unexpected considering how peaceful the vampire faction had become in her rule, but also expected considering that no faction or pantheon in the world didn’t have it’s own range of problems.

This simply served as a reminder that for all the good and change that one could bring, there would always be someone who wished for war.

Her gaze sharpened. “However, when the rebellion was quelled in that same day, we captured a handful of the insurgents. Under interrogation, they revealed that they were affiliated with the Khaos Brigade. Unfortunately, that was all they managed to say.”

The curiosity of many leaders was piqued. Lugh of the Celts leaned forward. “And why was that all they revealed? Were they uncooperative?”

Akasha shook her head, her emerald green eyes narrowing. “No. They were silenced by a *seal*. A simultaneous connection seal. The moment they revealed their affiliation, the magic activated, killing not only the one who spoke but others in their immediate vicinity.”

There was a beat of stunned silence as the weight of her words sunk in.

“And with Ophis, one of the three great beasts leading them, it goes without saying but Lord Shiva is wholeheartedly correct, this is the one group that we absolutely cannot afford to take lightly,” the vampire queen explained, frustration clear despite her composed facade.

The silence after Akasha’s revelation was oppressive. Each leader processed the weight of her words—proof of the Khaos Brigade’s ruthlessness, their sheer readiness to defy any attempt at discovery.

Athena broke the stillness. Rising from her seat, she stepped forward, her gleaming silver armor faintly clinking with her movement. Her piercing gray eyes surveyed the assembly, her expression grim. “If Ophis, one of the Three Great Beasts, truly stands at the helm of the Khaos Brigade, then the implications are dire. Our chances for survival, for victory...” She paused, inhaling sharply before continuing. “They are slim at best.”

Her words, measured and pragmatic, struck a nerve. Gods and warriors alike exchanged uncertain glances, some muttering quietly amongst themselves.

"We cannot delude ourselves into thinking we can overcome this threat through ordinary means," Athena continued, looking over each being in the room one by one.

"The power that Ophis wields is so vast that she had been labeled as the infinite dragon God. With such an outrageously powerful enemy, we cannot falter. If we allow our fractured histories to sow division once again, it will mean our end." A ripple of unease swept through the hall, but Athena's words rang with undeniable truth.

"Athena's right." Amaterasu spoke up, nodding at the Greek Goddess of Wisdom before she shifted her attention to everyone else. "If we are to survive against a being of Ophis's caliber, then we cannot let our past conflicts dictate what we do now."

Her golden eyes scanned the gathered pantheons, unwavering. "We must let go of our grudges. The hatred we hold—whether it be between the Greeks and Celts, or between angels and devils—will be our undoing if we do not set it aside. Only together can we stand a chance."

"It's not just that though..." Brahma spoke up, bringing everyone's attention. "Even if we supposedly didn't face this current, disastrous predicament, we still need to set our differences aside, how else would we allow our children to live in peace? We must unite, not just because we have a common enemy, but also because we want a better life for our family and our people."

Nods and approval swiftly registered with everyone fully agreeing with the Hindu God of creation.

This was the point in time, where everyone faction and pantheon were united.

A moment of unity.

Suddenly, the room grew unnaturally still.

A chill crept across the hall, so subtle at first that many thought it to be nothing more than a trick of the air. Then, as though the temperature had dropped a degree, a deep, dark chuckle echoed through the vast chamber.

It reverberated across the walls, a sound that sent shivers down spines. It was neither loud nor overbearing, yet it held a weight that froze the blood of every being present.

Sirzech tensed, his crimson eyes narrowing as he scanned the room, his senses on high alert. Michael's expression darkened as his wings instinctively twitched, and even Azazel, usually so relaxed and irreverent, stood straighter.

Gods and warriors looked to one another, weapons within reach, but no one could pinpoint the source of the sound.

And then—silence.

[illegible]

Naruto stood with Rias at the edge of the large windowed balcony overlooking the proceedings. The two had remained silent for a while, absorbing the intensity of the discussion, but that sudden dark shift in the atmosphere had caught Naruto's attention.

“What’s going on...?” Rias murmured, her tone uneasy as she stared below, the sight of gods and rulers on edge unsettling her.

Naruto frowned, his cerulean eyes narrowing slightly as he watched the table of leaders. "I don't know," he replied quietly. "But something feels... off."

Before Rias could respond, the Kyuubi's voice suddenly erupted in Naruto's mind—a voice Naruto had never heard so panicked in all his life.

“Naruto! Listen to me! Get out of there! Now!” The Kyuubi roared.

The shinobi blinked in shock, his heart pounding. *“What? What are you talking about?”*

Kyuubi snarled loudly, his agitation never made more clearly than now. **“You're in danger! He's here!”**

Naruto's entire body went still. *“He?”*

“Madara! Madara Uchiha is here!”

Naruto froze, his breath catching in his throat. His mind raced. *Uchiha?* That last name struck him like a thunderclap, sending an icy jolt through his veins.

“Naruto?” Rias's concerned voice broke through his frozen state as she grabbed his arm. “What's wrong?”

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XXXX

The Great Hall

The tension was suffocating. The silence had returned, but the sense of unease was now far heavier. Gods, devils, and emissaries all turned sharply as an unfamiliar voice—smooth and cool—broke the stillness.

“You needn’t concern yourselves with Ophis.”

The calm declaration reverberated through the chamber, and every head turned toward the center of the room. A figure emerged as though stepping out of the very air itself, his movements fluid and composed.

He stood tall, his features sharp and angular, framed by spiky raven-black hair that fell down to his waist. A strange presence surrounded him, suffocating yet coldly dignified. His dark robes flowed like shadows, but what caught the attention of every being in the room were his eyes—those crimson red eyes, spinning lazily with three tomoe.

The Sharingan.

The room was deadly silent as gods and leaders took in the man who had seemingly appeared from nowhere.

Zeus was the first to break the silence, his booming voice demanding, “Who are you, and what do you mean by that?”

The figure turned his gaze to Zeus, unbothered by the thunderous authority in his voice. “You need not fear Ophis,” he repeated coolly. “She is no longer relevant.”

Danu, her expression hardened and wary, took a step forward. “Explain yourself. What do you mean by ‘no longer relevant’?”

The man’s lips curled into a faint, almost condescending smile. His crimson eyes flickered to Danu before he spoke with quiet finality.

“Ophis is dead.”

The hall erupted. Disbelieving murmurs, shocked whispers, and low growls filled the space. The very idea seemed inconceivable. Ophis—the Infinite Dragon, one of the Three Great Beasts—dead?

Sirzech’s expression darkened, his voice sharp and commanding. “You are making a dangerous claim.

The air grew colder as Madara Uchiha remained motionless, his crimson Sharingan eyes scanning the room, calculating and unyielding.

Seeing as they weren’t so believing with his words, the ghost of the Uchiha opted for visual proof.

He raised a hand, and a faint pulse of chakra filled the space, subtle but unnervingly precise. From a small scroll at his side, a tendril of smoke swirled outward. The leaders watched, their eyes narrowing in suspicion and unease as the shape within the smoke grew more distinct.

With a flourish, the smoke dissipated, revealing the severed head of Ophis, the Infinite Dragon, one of the Three Great Beasts. Her expression, frozen in lifeless serenity, seemed an eerie mockery of the destruction she had once embodied.

(In this story, Ophis is not a shapeshifter, she just has the form of a black haired woman when she’s not in her dragon form.)

A collective gasp escaped the gathered leaders. the sheer gravity of what they were witnessing stole the breath of even the most composed among them. Ophis, a being whose power was second only to Great Red and Trihexa, was dead.

Shiva, the Destroyer, tightened his grip on his trident, his usually stoic visage hardening with shock. Odin's one eye widened slightly, the ancient All-Father momentarily stunned before his expression returned to one of calculated caution. Danu, the Celtic goddess of life and wisdom, instinctively placed a hand on her chest, her emerald eyes filled with disbelief.

Even Sun Wukong, the usually laid-back Monkey King, leaned forward, his playful grin absent as his sharp gaze fixated on the impossible sight before him. Amaterasu, her golden radiance dimming, whispered harshly, "Impossible..."

They all stood up from their seats, immediately tense as they shifted their entire focus on the individual before them, no longer laid back or stoic.

Madara stood tall as the chaos in the room stilled once more, his crimson Sharingan eyes calmly watching the reactions of the world's most powerful beings. A faint smile played at his lips.

"Now that I have your attention," he said smoothly, "allow me to introduce myself." He let the words linger, heavy with arrogance and authority. "My name is Madara Uchiha."

The name struck the hall like a hammer.

Grayfia, standing at Sirzech's right, visibly flinched. Her composure faltered for the briefest moment as her eyes widened, remembering acutely where she had heard that last name.

From Naruto, of what he had told her of the clan with the sharingan.

The Uchiha.

Grayfia's sharp intake of breath didn't go unnoticed. Sirzech cast her a sidelong glance, concern flickering in his expression. Yet his attention, like everyone else's, returned to Madara.

Madara's crimson eyes swept the hall, meeting the gaze of each leader in turn. His calm demeanor was like a sharpened blade—quiet, but deadly. "Though it's quite obvious, I see no harm in saying it. I am the leader of the Khaos Brigade," he declared, his voice even, yet heard by all

Weapons began to manifest across the hall—swords, spears, tridents, and staffs. Magic surged to life, filling the air with a thrumming pressure as the leaders of the supernatural world prepared for combat.

Were any of them confident about their chances?

No.

Against someone who defeated Ophis, *The Ophis*, they could not see no easy victory, even united as they were.

And yet Madara remained still, unbothered.

A soft chuckle escaped his lips, smooth and mocking. "You would fight me now? I assure you, that would be... unwise." His Sharingan spun lazily as he surveyed their hostility. "I did not come here to spill blood. At least, not today."

The tension did not ease, but the words gave the gathered pantheons pause. Madara's smile widened, ever so slightly.

“You expect us to believe that? that you’re not here to fight?” Sirzech spoke, his calm demeanor betraying only the faintest flicker of unease. “You’ve entered my territory, disrupted this summit, and claim responsibility for the death of Ophis—one of the Three Great Beasts. So you can understand our reluctance to believe you.”

Madara’s Sharingan gleamed faintly as he met Sirzech’s crimson gaze. “I am not here to convince you of anything, Lucifer. I am here to offer you a choice.”

“A choice?” Odin’s voice rumbled, deep and measured. The All-Father’s single eye remained locked onto Madara, unflinching even in the face of such an adversary. “And what choice do you believe we would entertain from you?”

“Nothing good I can imagine.” Azazel spoke as he tentatively eyed the Uchiha

The room tensed further as Madara’s gaze swept across every leader present. For the first time, his voice hardened—an edge of dominance slipping through his otherwise calm facade.

“Submit,” Madara said simply, the word hanging in the air like a curse. “Submit to me, and I will spare your lives. I will spare your people, your pantheons, and the fragile peace you cling to so desperately.”

The silence that followed was deafening. Each leader processed the audacity of his demand.

“Spare us?” **Zeus** finally said, his voice a low growl, thunder rumbling faintly in the distance. “You speak as if we are already at your mercy.”

“I speak as I see fit,” Madara replied coolly, unaffected by Zeus’s anger. “You saw what became of Ophis. If one of the Three Great Beasts can fall by my hands, what chance do you think any of you have against me?”

Despite his words, the reaction of the room was not reckless outrage but something far sharper: **controlled fury**. Every leader, every god in the hall held themselves back—some out of fear, some out of caution, but all out of a deep and shared understanding.

An understanding that this man, whatever and whoever he was, was dangerous beyond comprehension.

But despite that...

Lugh slammed his spear into the floor, his voice filled with righteous anger. "We would sooner die than kneel to you!"

"You'll have to forgive me for refusing," Zeus growled, lightning crackling in his clenched fists.

Similar declarations followed from different leaders.

Madara simply chuckled again, the sound carrying an air of amusement. "How predictable. I expected as much."

"You think this is a game?" Athena cut in, her voice sharp as steel. "You seek dominion over gods and beings you do not understand. Arrogance will be your downfall."

The ghost of the Uchiha turned his gaze to her, his Sharingan glinting ominously. "On the contrary, I understand you better than you think. But you... you understand nothing of me." He paused, letting the room quiet once more. "Allow me to enlighten you."

"I am not of this world," Madara said, his words measured, deliberate. "I come from a different reality entirely—one unlike anything you could imagine."

The revelation struck the room like a thunderclap. Whispers spread like wildfire, disbelief and shock rippling through the gathered pantheons.

“Furthermore, I did not come here to introduce myself to you,” Madara continued, his voice soft yet carrying weight. “No, you are but an afterthought. My purpose here is far more personal. I came to introduce myself to a young child—one who, like me, comes from the same reality.”

He paused, his gaze narrowing ever so slightly, his voice dropping to a low, dangerous tone. “His name... is Naruto Uzumaki.”

The name hung heavy in the air.

Silence stretched across the room as the leaders processed what he had just said. The implications of his words settling heavily upon them. A being from another reality—one powerful enough to defeat Ophis—stood before them, and now he spoke of a child with a similar origin.

Naruto Uzumaki—a human. The name meant little to most, yet to those who knew him, it carried weight.

Thor’s eyes narrowed dangerously, his grip on Mjolnir tightening, Odin’s gaze shifted thoughtfully to Sirzech, whose expression remained neutral, though his fingers tightened against the armrest of his chair.

Azazel, Michael, Odin, Akasha, Moka, Sirzech, Thor, and Grayfia.

Eight individuals in the room who knew of him. some much more intimately than others.

“What do you want with him?” Thor spoke for the first time, his blue eyes flashing dangerously and protectively for his blonde whiskered friend.

Madara, seemingly savoring the moment, locked eyes with the God of Thunder.. “Why would I not be curious about him Thor? A mere seventeen year old teenager who fought you, one of the world’s top ten strongest—to a draw. Quite the achievement for someone so young.” He revealed to everyone.

Amaterasu turned sharply to Thor. “Is this true?” she asked, her voice quieter now, yet laced with incredulity and curiosity.

“It is.” Thor admitted without shame.

A shockwave of disbelief washed over the room. The mere notion of someone holding their own against Thor—a warrior whose strength was acknowledged universally—was staggering.

Only Grayfia, Odin, and Thor himself knew this.

But for everyone else... it was a shock.

“Though when I first learnt of him...” Madara’s gaze shifted over until it landed on the vampire queen and her daughter. “It was after my minion, your former husband, told me his name.”

Akasha gritted her teeth, standing protectively over Moka who was equally angry as she was nervous.

“But more importantly...” Madara continued, unperturbed. “Why would I not want to meet him? I feel a kinship with him. Someone born from the same world as I.”

Sort of true.

The ghost of the Uchiha did feel a sort of kinship with the Uzumaki.

Thor tightened his grip on Mjolnir, his expression unreadable as his mind raced. "If you think for a moment that we would allow harm to come to him—"

Madara cut him off with a chuckle, raising a hand as if to placate him. "Harm? No, no, you misunderstand me, Thunder God. I have no intention of harming him. Quite the opposite. I see potential in him—a potential few of you can comprehend. He is more than what he appears to be, and I intend to ensure he realizes that."

"You speak as though he is yours to claim," Yasaka said coldly, her golden tails flickering behind her as her sharp gaze met his.

Madara's smirk but ultimately said nothing.

He took a single step back, his presence still suffocating despite the slight retreat. "As for all of you," he began, his tone shifting into something more formal, more commanding. "You have two months. Two months to decide whether you will submit to me and live or whether you will wage war against me."

The Sharingan spun slowly, its crimson glow a stark reminder of his power. "Choose wisely," he said, his voice dropping to a low, foreboding murmur. "Because I assure you, the consequences of defiance will be absolute."

With that, he vanished, his body dissipating into a swirl of black smoke. The oppressive weight of his presence lifted, but the room remained heavy with the gravity of his words.

The leaders exchanged tense glances, their minds already racing with the implications of the decision that lay before them.

End.

OH MY GOODNESS.

What a chapter, right!?

I do hope you all enjoyed it. I myself enjoyed this!

And trust me, we'll see more of Madara in the chapters after!

Anyway, take care lads.

Peace.