

Chaos Devourer System

#Chapter 151 An Invitation From The Shadow Cult - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 151 An Invitation From The Shadow Cult

Chapter 151 An Invitation From The Shadow Cult

A thick murderous wave of aura emanated from Zeras, his white hair blowing around his head, even in the absence of wind while a singular black dot appeared in his left eye.

If there was a single thing he hated the most, it would be somebody sneaking in on him. He had placed very much trust in his dorm room.

Why?

Not only was it impossible for anyone to enter the place due to the security protocol, but it would also lead to very severe punishment which could even sometimes lead to being sent away from the EIA if caught no matter one's position or reason.

Yet, he could feel it deep within his soul. There was something together with him in this room.

"Hey, I don't know if anyone ever told you before but don't you know there's something called privacy?"

The air immediately exploded as a hand tore through the air, causing slight red sparks of flame due to the friction.

Zera's hand immediately grabbed towards a particular corner of the room, yet at the last second, the presence he felt faded away with a speed just slightly quicker than his.

Zera looked behind him with an annoyed expression as he felt the presence suddenly appearing right there.

"Just as expected. It seems your sensory ability is not even a bit less than your combat strength..." The Monone voice of the presence rang out as Zeras turned his body towards him.

And just from the wall, where nothing but the the shadow of the windows were present, it suddenly twisted and turned, and exiting the shadow was a figure covered from top to down in a dark robe.

Looking beneath those robes, a stream of dark gas was present which blocked the vision and stopped anyone from seeing anything.

But he didn't mind...

"Activate Absolute Morph..."

Zeras hardened every inch of his bones to the highest level possible and slowly got into a fighting stance.

"My presence has been misunderstood. I'm not here to cause you harm but to actually give you an invitation from my master, the fifth envoy of shadow..." The figure said, the voice indistinguishable between that of a male or a female.

Zeras remained in his fighting stance, his focus never for once leaving the figure's body.

"My master had sent me to you to deliver you good news. Your exceptional combat ability has been taken note of by the cult and therefore we will like you among our ranks..."

"Firstly, how did you get into my room?" Zeras immediately cut the figure off as he asked the question that had been numbing him in his mind.

The security protocol at his door was incredibly hard to hack. Zeras could even say none of the Instructors should be able to access his dorm room without his permission, yet in some strange way, the figure before him could.

"That was due to the aid of this artifact that I'm wearing. It can infiltrate completely into any place so far there are shadows present.

It is called the Shadow robe, a Techno-Gamma stage piece, and a signature artifact of our cult..." The figure said as Zeras slowly unclenched his feet and stood upright.

"So you said you want me to join your cult?" Zeras asked curiously.

"You heard right. Have you wondered why Zumba Mumba was so powerful or perhaps where he got his ancient Joker art from?

Well, Zumba Mumba was one of our own and the Ancient Joker Art was bestowed upon him by us as a welcoming gift...

Note that joining the cult will not in any way affect you being a cadet in the EIA or anything else.

Besides, the EIA are also aware so you have nothing to worry about and the benefits you will obtain on joining will be far beyond your imagination..." The figure said and Zeras could feel the honesty underneath those words.

He was well aware of just how powerful The Ancient Art Of The Joker race that was used by Zumba was and if it truly was bestowed by the cult to him, perhaps it would be so bad to at least give it a thought of consideration.

"You know, I really might have wanted to know more about your group and even consider joining. Unfortunately, the way you appeared to me..."

Zeras said with a slightly regretful tone that didn't escape the ears of the figure.

"Hey, no one discovered you entering into this place right?" Zeras suddenly asked as he looked at the figure with a suspicious gaze.

"Of course no one discovered. With the Shadow robe on, only if I want you to be aware of my presence will you be..." The figure said, its voice changing to that tint with the slightest pride.

"Good, really good. At least, no one would know if I..." Zeras remained silent right there, his eyes hidden by his hair as the figure looked strangely at him when suddenly its eyes widened in shock as it saw the shadow floating from beneath Zeras feet.

"KILL YOU HERE..."

'Activate Hollow Domain'

The figure immediately slithered into the shadows of objects on the ground trying to quickly exit the place but it was still a tad bit slow as the shadows emanating from Zera's feet rapidly extended and covered the entire place in a circular dome.

The figure was unbothered by the circular space of shadows as it instantly arrived at the edge but was immediately shocked senseless when he was bounced back by the congregation of shadows which formed some type of wall.

'I...I Can't Exit? He's able to still see through the Shadow robe concealing feature and even block its main ability to travel through anything. Just who is this Zeras Celestria...'

"Hey, I'm really glad about the invitation but perhaps in your next life you should ask for permission before breaking into my room..." A voice rang out from behind as the figure turned to look behind him and was giving the next bolt of his life.

The robed figure turned but came to a face with an existence that made every cell in its body quake in fear.

Snow white hair, abyssal long claws covered completely in dark scales that brimmed with a chaotic gas. A handsome face with some part of it covered in dark scales.

The figure was completely sure it was still Zeras but the form looked different and even slightly demonic.

Zeras appeared instantly in front of him as he lazily reached out his right hand to which the figure tried to immediately retreat but was shocked and speechless it discovered it couldn't move a single muscle.

Zera's hand came to rest on his head as he began channeling not only the energy present in his body but even the one present in the abyssal shadow that formed his domain, pouring everything into that ghostly claw of his that pierced into the dark-robed figure's head.

"Any Last words..."

"You...you really are going to kill me?" The figure asked the shock in his eyes completely plain to see as Zeras smiled sinisterly at him.

"Tch, as if with this weakling of a strength, you can even dream of killing me..." The figure said activating a technique as fast as he could as Zeras also released all the energy he had been gathering into the body causing a horrifying shockwave that would have no doubt reaped out the entire room into pieces but thankfully his domain restricted everything.

The circular ball of Abyssal dark shadows slowly dispersed and once again revealed was Zeras who had a black robe in his hands.

"Interesting... This is really interesting...."

Chapter 152 A Mark Of The Shadowwalkers

Zeras looked at the dark robe in his hands, his eyes still shocked from the scene of what happened just a few seconds ago.

"He managed to escape..." Zeras said, slightly surprised.

He could feel at the last minute when he released all the energy into the figure's body, although gravely injured, a technique was activated at the last second which directly caused a spatial crack that immediately dragged the figure into it, leaving only his robes in Zera's hand.

But that wasn't the only thing he left, Zera's eyes looked at the back of his palms where a strange tattoo could be seen.

It was a circular symbol with a strange half-moon drawn within, but what was strange was the color of this moon which was pitch black like Shadow.

Normally, no one would even notice the sign but with his Eyes Of Chaos, he could still see through the marking.

"System, do you know what this is?" Zeras asked.

[Host has been marked with a tracking genetic ability infused with the symbol on his hands.

Most probably, this marking is like a group marking and anyone in the group close to the Host would be able to immediately sense it.]

"Oh, he even put a tracker on me. Tch, probably for revenge..." Zeras muttered under his breath. Judging by the circumstances, he could tell the figure left a mark on him which would enable him to get revenge, but it wasn't so simple as being a group mark.

Then he might have just been an enemy of an entire dark group.

"Nice. It has been a long time since I've ever felt this feeling of slowly crouching danger. If they want revenge, then I'll welcome it in every way possible..."

While his decision to attack the figure might have looked brash, Zeras didn't regret it as he already knew who the figure was with him using his system scan.

[Name: Riama Shadowwalk]

[Race: Shadowwalkers]

[Cultivation: Restricted. Early Meteor rank stage.]

With this, Zeras knew this wasn't a student of the EIA base nor an instructor, but could only be an infiltrator who restricted his cultivation base to escape the eyes of the EIA officials.

With this figure encroaching on his privacy and lying to him the EIA was well aware of their presence, he knew it was also lying so Zeras instantly went for the kill.

But it seemed he was still too slow in the end. Rather, the enemy was one with the uncountable number of Infiltrating Artifacts.

Zeras pushed the event right behind his mind, Instead focusing on getting his luggage.

He knew since they appeared before him and he refused, they would surely come after him, and doing that would be easy due to the mark they placed on him.

So he didn't need to worry. Since they would be coming, he could at least prepare for their moves.

Packing completely all his necessary items of clothing and pieces of equipment, Zeras grabbed hold of the bag as he headed towards the exit.

Taking one last look at the neatly arranged living room, he took a deep breath in as he slowly closed the door.

"Goodbye room, for now..."

He immediately locked his room door tightly before heading towards the Interdimensional Combat Department Hall.

Since he was already done, then there was no need to wait for the next day.

-- -- --

In the dark area of the second years...

The entire hall was deadly silent, except for the sound of tapping fingers on a throne's armrest.

The doer of the action was a robed figure, with an inhumane height of three meters tall, even though he was sitting while ghostly claws like that of a demon peeked from beneath those robes.

"Hmmm?" The robed figure suddenly felt an intense calling which could only be from one of its minions.

Its claws snaked into the void and with a violent tug, the figure reaped apart the space present and tore out a being from within that space which soon closed up.

The being dropped the figure to the ground and rolled down the steps, leaving splatters of dark blood on the ground.

"How was it?" The malevolent voice which sounded more like a beastly growl echoed out through the hall.

The being on the ground slowly rose to his knees. Its body was covered from up to toe with white bandages but some spots could be seen where the bandages were already torn apart with the majority of the bandages torn apart at the head area and beneath those bandaged spots were shadows steaming out of it with black blood staining the white bandages.

"I've failed you, master..." The figure said causing a growl of anger to reverberate from the figure's throat.

"Explain to me, just how you failed. Where you discovered by one of the instructors..." The voice growled out.

"No master. I was discovered by him even though I was hidden by the Shadow robe. It seems his perception of our shadow is much greater. Greater than I've ever known.

But that wasn't all, he immediately tried to kill me for breaking into his dorm room but while my escape should be completely guaranteed, he was able to block that by laying out a very weird shadow-like domain that completely paralyzed my movements.

"A restriction-type domain, for a young chap at the star rank stage?" The growl of the figure echoed out, but it didn't doubt the word as the minions can't lie to it.

"Yes. I had no choice but to activate the Shadow portal but before that, I made sure to place a Shadow Mark on him. At least, we would never lose sight of him again..." The kneeling figure voiced out.

"His combat ability is greatly outstanding, able to even best those at the Early Meteor rank stage.

His sensory ability is so great he could even sense the activated Techno-gama pieces of our concealing artifact.

And now you tell me he already developed a restriction-type domain, all of this only being at the Peak Star rank stage?" The being asked with a voice that reverberated through the entire hall.

"The word "lie" exists not before you, my master..." The figure replied bowing.

"HMMMMMM...." The being slowly stood up from his seat revealing his actual size to be at five meters, and he slowly descended ten stairs, every step shaking the entire area from the power as the entire structure they were in seemed to sway a little all just from the pressure of his steps.

Finally arrived before the figure, his right hand stretched out grabbing his neck before raising him upward.

"Remind me, what is the 1st rule of the Shadow Walkers..." The being said with a malevolent smirk on his face covered by dark steams of gases.

"The...the word... Failure...exist only for the weak..." The figure struggled to voice out as the ginormous hand strangled his neck.

"And what is the second rule of the shadow Walkers..."

"The weak... deserve... not the right to life.... Master pleas..."

The sickening sound of bones being crushed echoed out as the gigantic being squeezed the head of the figure which exploded, sending splashes of dark blood around the area.

The being slowly brought the figure to his face as he slowly dipped the figure in his mouth, amidst the sickening sound of bone-crushing.

"AHHHHH..." A voice echoed out from his voice looking like that of a person reliving on the most toastiest dishes ever.

"It seems we might have underestimated the kid as this level of talent might even be able to challenge the lowest-ranking genius of the nine families, but this time, we're well aware of it..."

"Thirdrules of the Shadowwalker, either you choose to become a shadow or you forever get devoured by it..."

Chapter 152 A Mark Of The Shadowwalkers

Zeras looked at the dark robe in his hands, his eyes still shocked from the scene of what happened just a few seconds ago.

"He managed to escape..." Zeras said, slightly surprised.

He could feel at the last minute when he released all the energy into the figure's body, although gravely injured, a technique was activated at the last second which directly caused a spatial crack that immediately dragged the figure into it, leaving only his robes in Zera's hand.

But that wasn't the only thing he left, Zera's eyes looked at the back of his palms where a strange tattoo could be seen.

It was a circular symbol with a strange half-moon drawn within, but what was strange was the color of this moon which was pitch black like Shadow.

Normally, no one would even notice the sign but with his Eyes Of Chaos, he could still see through the marking.

"System, do you know what this is?" Zeras asked.

[Host has been marked with a tracking genetic ability infused with the symbol on his hands.

Most probably, this marking is like a group marking and anyone in the group close to the Host would be able to immediately sense it.]

"Oh, he even put a tracker on me. Tch, probably for revenge..." Zeras muttered under his breath. Judging by the circumstances, he could tell the figure left a mark on him which would enable him to get revenge, but it wasn't so simple as being a group mark.

Then he might have just been an enemy of an entire dark group.

"Nice. It has been a long time since I've ever felt this feeling of slowly crouching danger. If they want revenge, then I'll welcome it in every way possible..."

While his decision to attack the figure might have looked brash, Zeras didn't regret it as he already knew who the figure was with him using his system scan.

[Name: Riama Shadowwalk]

[Race: Shadowwalkers]

[Cultivation: Restricted. Early Meteor rank stage.]

With this, Zeras knew this wasn't a student of the EIA base nor an instructor, but could only be an infiltrator who restricted his cultivation base to escape the eyes of the EIA officials.

With this figure encroaching on his privacy and lying to him the EIA was well aware of their presence, he knew it was also lying so Zeras instantly went for the kill.

But it seemed he was still too slow in the end. Rather, the enemy was one with the uncountable number of Infiltrating Artifacts.

Zeras pushed the event right behind his mind, Instead focusing on getting his luggage.

He knew since they appeared before him and he refused, they would surely come after him, and doing that would be easy due to the mark they placed on him.

So he didn't need to worry. Since they would be coming, he could at least prepare for their moves.

Packing completely all his necessary items of clothing and pieces of equipment, Zeras grabbed hold of the bag as he headed towards the exit.

Taking one last look at the neatly arranged living room, he took a deep breath in as he slowly closed the door.

"Goodbye room, for now..."

He immediately locked his room door tightly before heading towards the Interdimensional Combat Department Hall.

Since he was already done, then there was no need to wait for the next day.

-- -- --

In the dark area of the second years...

The entire hall was deadly silent, except for the sound of tapping fingers on a throne's armrest.

The doer of the action was a robed figure, with an inhumane height of three meters tall, even though he was sitting while ghostly claws like that of a demon peeked from beneath those robes.

"Hmmm?" The robed figure suddenly felt an intense calling which could only be from one of its minions.

Its claws snaked into the void and with a violent tug, the figure reaped apart the space present and tore out a being from within that space which soon closed up.

The being dropped the figure to the ground and rolled down the steps, leaving splatters of dark blood on the ground.

"How was it?" The malevolent voice which sounded more like a beastly growl echoed out through the hall.

The being on the ground slowly rose to his knees. Its body was covered from up to toe with white bandages but some spots could be seen where the bandages were already torn apart with the majority of the bandages torn apart at the head area and beneath those bandaged spots were shadows steaming out of it with black blood staining the white bandages.

"I've failed you, master..." The figure said causing a growl of anger to reverberate from the figure's throat.

"Explain to me, just how you failed. Where you discovered by one of the instructors..." The voice growled out.

"No master. I was discovered by him even though I was hidden by the Shadow robe. It seems his perception of our shadow is much greater. Greater than I've ever known.

But that wasn't all, he immediately tried to kill me for breaking into his dorm room but while my escape should be completely guaranteed, he was able to block that by laying out a very weird shadow-like domain that completely paralyzed my movements.

"A restriction-type domain, for a young chap at the star rank stage? " The growl of the figure echoed out, but it didn't doubt the word as the minions can't lie to it.

"Yes. I had no choice but to activate the Shadow portal but before that, I made sure to place a Shadow Mark on him. At least, we would never lose sight of him again..." The kneeling figure voiced out.

"His combat ability is greatly outstanding, able to even best those at the Early Meteor rank stage.

His sensory ability is so great he could even sense the activated Techno-gama pieces of our concealing artifact.

And now you tell me he already developed a restriction-type domain, all of this only being at the Peak Star rank stage?" The being asked with a voice that reverberated through the entire hall.

"The word "lie" exists not before you, my master..." The figure replied bowing.

"HMMMMMM...." The being slowly stood up from his seat revealing his actual size to be at five meters, and he slowly descended ten stairs, every step shaking the entire area from the power as the entire structure they were in seemed to sway a little all just from the pressure of his steps.

Finally arrived before the figure, his right hand stretched out grabbing his neck before raising him upward.

"Remind me, what is the 1st rule of the Shadow Walkers..." The being said with a malevolent smirk on his face covered by dark steams of gases.

"The...the word... Failure...exist only for the weak..." The figure struggled to voice out as the ginormous hand strangled his neck.

"And what is the second rule of the shadow Walkers..."

"The weak... deserve... not the right to life.... Master pleas..."

The sickening sound of bones being crushed echoed out as the gigantic being squeezed the head of the figure which exploded, sending splashes of dark blood around the area.

The being slowly brought the figure to his face as he slowly dipped the figure in his mouth, amidst the sickening sound of bone-crushing.

"AHHHHH..." A voice echoed out from his voice looking like that of a person reliving on the most toastiest dishes ever.

"It seems we might have underestimated the kid as this level of talent might even be able to challenge the lowest-ranking genius of the nine families, but this time, we're well aware of it..."

"Thirdrules of the Shadowwalker, either you choose to become a shadow or you forever get devoured by it..."

Chapter 153 Dinner With Nerds

The night in the EIA base was cold and silent, with only a few students moving through the long streets, in twos or threes.

"Cold. Is it nearing winter..." Zeras muttered feeling the abrupt decrease in temperature that could only signify it was slowly closing in on winter.

But the cold wasn't a problem, at least to the Awakeners. All sorts of harrowing degrees of temperature can withstand as their Cultivation increases.

Those at the Cosmic Rank stage are even able to ignore the effect of gravity while Galaxy Rank experts are even able to stay in space without wearing a spacesuit.

This was just how quickly awakeners can become immune to anything and are vastly greater than regular humans.

Dragging the travel bag on the ground, its tires making a rolling noise that echoed in the silence, Zeras moved towards the Interdimensional combat hall, and in just five minutes, he arrived before the large structure, his hands pushing it open as he entered into the place before heading towards the door at the corner that led to the teleporter.

-- -- --

A small table had been placed in the ExcelSpace Lab, which seated a group of four including Instructor Moneca, Egon, Annalise, and the gooish-skinned Evan.

On the table were different dishes, strange fishes, fruits, edible leaves, and bottles of drinks.

The four slowly raised their spoon as they dug into the food but here and now, they would turn to stare at the empty fifth seat on the table that was unoccupied but the space was left.

The atmosphere was melancholic and filled with silence but that was broken by the noise of the door violently blown open and jumping into it was a Zeras who flung the travel bag in his hands on the floor as he took in breaths as fast as he could.

"Tch, Damn it, they couldn't make the lab any simpler to find..." Zeras murmured angrily.

He had walked around the entire structure, entering into different labs where he almost got roasted alive, only now did he know just how good it was to increase his speed.

Finally after waking around the structures, climbing hundreds of steps. He finally arrived in this place and he noticed the ExcelSpace Lab at the top of the door, something he didn't understand how he formerly failed to notice.

"Mph, Mph..." Zeras suddenly sniffed as he took notice of a strange smell in the air that made his stomach give an angry roar of a lion.

Zeras slowly turned and looking at him with a raised eyebrow were the four psychopathic nerds.

Zeras looked dumbly as he couldn't believe they'd been sitting down there since he entered the place yet he still didn't sense them.

"Hello, Seniors..." Zeras said jumping up as he quickly raised the travel bag, flashing a smile at the four.

"Hey kid, how long have you last eating anything..." Evan, the gooish alien asked his eyes staring at Zera's stomach which was still giving an angry lion roar.

"Well, um, three weeks ago?" Zeras replied as he tried to silence the roar made by his Intestines but to no avail. His stomach kept growling loudly.

"Why don't you join us, and you'll be packing in later..." Aurelia, the pink-haired lady, said as Zeras dropped his bag and moved toward the table.

"Well, since I can't say no. Might as well oblige..." Zeras said not giving in as he sat down at the last seat present before digging into the food, like a hungry beast.

Zeras repeatedly picked up hundreds of food plates, sending them into the bottomless abyss he called a stomach as all the other four people looked at him dumbfounded.

After taking in around 70% of what was present on the table. Zeras gave an uncontrollable loud belch as he released his belt a little, finding it suddenly uncomfortably tightening.

Finally turning to look at the other people, Zeras raised an eyebrow as he saw them looking at him with their jaws on the ground.

"What?" Zeras asked looking at them strangely, especially Instructor Moneca who seemed to want to find a place to dig into in the moment.

"It seems you've truly not eaten for the last three weeks..." Annalise said, but Zera wasn't the least offended as he stood up and gave a bow.

"Thank you, seniors. This act of kindness, this young one will never forget and pay back tenfold," Zeras said heroically before grabbing his travel bag and scurrying away.

Why did he run?

Because Zeras could tell, that Instructor Moneca was just a second away from pouncing on him and giving him the beating of his life.

So to avoid such an embarrassing scenario, he immediately ran away.

"He truly understood you a lot, Moneca, don't you think?" Aurelia asked giggling to herself as she looked at Moneca whose popping-out veins slowly entered back into her skin.

"Tch, he's an idiot..."

"Well, don't you guys think he looked just like Daeva..." Evan suddenly asked as all of them suddenly directed their gaze at him.

"Um, I mean the former Daeva..." Evan said correcting himself as the group nodded before continuing their meal which had been vastly reduced, but who were they kidding, their current level of cultivation could make them go years without food at all. They do this due to their love and remembrance of one of their own.

-- -- --

Zeras slowly entered the room taking in the fresh breath of books smelling in the room.

Zeras dropped his travel bag at the side of his shelves before landing on the bed tiredly.

Activating his Chaotic Existence Skill, Hollow Domain caused a great amount of pain to him and also swallowed away his energy like a whale.

His walking here was already quite the effort as he relied mainly on his Mana to stop himself from fainting on his way. Thankfully, the small meal gave him quite the energy to continue.

Zeras felt the softness of the sofa and to be honest. It wasn't as bad as he thought. He could at least say it was around 60% just as soft as the bed in his dorm room.

Zeras stretched out his hands, mistakenly knocking them on the shelf beside the sofa.

His hands simply entered into the shelf as he picked a simple uninteresting book among the millions present.

Looking at the cover were the words:

INTRODUCTION TO SPACE ENGINEERING.

"Hmm, let's see just what this is all about..." Zeras immediately opened to the first page and began reading the textbook with a lackadaisical attitude but after 3 minutes, he slowly sat upright as he began reading seriously, the sound of page shuffling resounding throughout the entire room, with a speed that would have made the fastest human reader collapse in shock.

-- -- --

30 minutes later...

"Interesting, really interesting..." Zeras slowly closed the book having read its 1054 pages in less than 35 minutes.

The content of the book was something he had never heard of before and he was like a sponge absorbing an endless amount of knowledge into his head.

Due to his increased intelligence, Zeras was able to completely digest the entire content of ten books and could say everything from head to toe from the heart if asked.

Dropping the book on the table, he immediately began the next one, and then the next one, and the next one.

Instructor Moneca arrived at the door and pushed it open but raised an eyebrow when she saw a total of 100 books lying on the table while Zeras sat there completely absorbed, not even noticing her entrance.

'He can't have read all those books on the table finish right?'

"Hm, Hm..." Instructor Moneca coughed a little as Zera's immediately jumped to his feet in shock, but soon calmed down on sighting Instructor Moneca

"I thought I locked the door..." Zeras said raising an eyebrow at her.

"You've forgotten this is my room..." Instructor Moneca replied uncaringly.

"Yes, until 10 hours ago..."

"Well my room or not, you're still under my care..."

'Not like I even agreed to that...' Zeras thought to himself.

"Or are you afraid I'm intruding on your privacy..." Instructor Moneca asked thoughtfully.

"Yes!!" Zeras almost screamed out.

"Well, what could you a 16-year-old boy be hiding..." Instructor Moneca said as Zeras raised his head only to catch her winking at him causing him to almost cough of blood.

"You... Forget it..." He knew he couldn't win an argument with her, so any more quarreling was a waste of time.

Instructor Moneca locked the door shut before she moved towards him.

"Well, looks like someone is searching for their favorite among a million books..." Instructor Moneca said, her gaze staring at the hundred books he placed on the table.

"I'm not searching for a favorite book. As if someone like me would have a favorite book among the type of books listed in this place..." Zeras said with a downtrodden tone.

Honestly, there was nothing called favorite to him. He had only ever read four books in his life and that was only because he needed them.

"So you've read everything here?" Instructor Moneca asked sitting on the sofa before her hand reached out towards one of the books on the table.

"Tell me, what is aerodynamics..." Instructor Moneca began looking at Zeras who continued reading the book in his hands.

"Aerodynamics, study of the movement of a body in the presence of air..."

"And what is its vitality?"

"Creation of spacecraft, antimissile, and rockets."

Instructor Monica's eyebrow furrowed together looking at Zeras who still paid no attention before she scoffed in disdain as she opened to the book's last pages

"How do you distinguish between external and internal aerodynamics?" Instructor Moneca asked, this time smiling sinisterly.

A crazy banter suddenly occurred for the next three hours as Instructor Moneca suddenly began throwing questions crazily at Zeras who relied uninterestingly, throwing down the book in his hands after finishing them and picking up another one, while still accurately answering all Instructor Moneca's question.

"You!!!!!!..." Instructor Moneca almost coughed up blood looking at Zeras as she looked at the book pile in front of her.

While Zeras was answering her questions, he had read another 100 books and still moving on.

Even when she picked up the book he just finished reading, he was still able to accurately answer showing even her asking questions didn't affect his ability to comprehend all the contents of the book.

'Just what are you, Zeras.' Instructor Moneca asked confused.

Normally, gene awakeners are classified into three. One of those is physical awakeners, known for their incredibly brute strength. Their genetic ability no matter how strange usually leans to the physical aspect.

Another group was the Energy group. These are gene awakeners who possess energy that they use. Some coat them around a weapon, some release it like a blast of energy. They're a group that doesn't focus really on their strength and instead on controlling energy in some way.

The third group is the intelligence group, which some people refer to as the Soul group. This group is not known for their combat ability but for their intelligence. They could read and comprehend faster than anyone and some of them might even possess a photographic memory, able to correctly recite from the heart what they have read without missing a single word.

But to Instructor Moneca, Zeras was an abnormal who just seemed to defy her knowledge.

Due to the rankings battle, it was pretty clear to all that Zeras was a physical awakener, due to his horrifying strength that can even rival that of a diamond race expert. With his strange ability to morph his hand into a blade covered in white energy, he possessed the basic attributes of energy awakeners.

But this wasn't surprising as some people have genetic abilities that seemed more like both sides.

But now that she watched him devouring countless books and comprehending them with a godly speed not failing even a single question.

She couldn't help but ask, just what type of a monster she accepted as a disciple.

"Ahhh," Zeras yawned loudly, throwing the book in his hand on the table before robbing his eyes, he could already tell he was nearing his limits as he felt a pounding headache.

"Well, that's all for now, I'll continue tomorrow..." Zeras said only to turn back to Instructor Moneca who was looking at him with horror on her face.

"What?" Zeras asked raising an eyebrow.

Did he look strange in any way?

Really Zeras is not strange, right? He's just an harmless 16 year old boy, or I'm I wrong.

Don't forget to keep those Golden Tickets and Powerstones coming to keep Zeras moving forward.

Supreme_IQ

155 The Soul Empress Arrives

A pink-coloured spaceship moved with speed appearing at the entrance of the EIA base before slowly descending towards the port.

The rumbling engine slowly quieted down and the door of the spaceship opened, sending out pure white gas into the air.

Emerging from the spaceship was a young lady, around twenty-three years old, standing at a height of 1.85 meters tall.

The most catching thing about her was the color, the color of her long pink hair that reached down to her waist and her pink pupil, letting out an illusion of pink stars shining within.

"Welcome back to the EIA training base, Soul Empress..." A voice rang out, as the space before her suddenly shifted and turned, and from within a figure emerged, clad in an EIA uniform, showing him to be an official.

"I was told there was an emergency," Antarra said, the haste in her voice clear for all to see.

"Yes, soul Empress, if I may show you the way..." The EIA official said as the space behind him morphed, causing a blue-colored door to appear behind him.

Antarra slowly walked towards the door as her hand clenched open the knob, her figure quickly disappearing within followed by the EIA official who respectfully followed behind her.

But why was an EIA official so respectful towards another person just like him?

It was because of her reputation. The Soul Empress was an unbelievable genius in the EIA, having quickly been promoted through the entire EIA rankings and now even at the Major Ranking at an age below 25, making her the youngest person to ever arrive at such a position since the beginning of the EIA.

-- -- --

The room was completely quiet, the only sound being that of the beeping monitor, gently echoing throughout the small room.

A large tank was present in the middle of his room, made completely of white glass, with huge pipes linked from below it to another glass tank filled with strange blue liquid at its side.

In this tank, the figure of a person could be seen, humanoid in shape, with strange tattoos covering their entire figure.

If Zeras had been here, he would have immediately recognized it to be Mumba Zumba.

In front of the large tank, two scientists could be seen, clad in a very strange suit that encompassed their entire figure.

"Thankfully, the last remnant of his soul has been successfully stopped from blowing outside to the world..." One of the scientists said, the happiness and tiredness could be felt.

"That's true. It's already a miracle, that small wisp of his left can still fully power his entire body. But if he doesn't get attention immediately, I'm afraid even that last wisp will fade away, causing him eventual death..." The other scientist replied.

"I heard the higher-ups already summoned the soul empress, she'll be here in any minute. Then she would be able to fix him back to normal..."

The air around the place suddenly shifted course Fri a minute as both scientists quickly turned behind them where a door was slowly materializing.

The door fully formed, and a figure soon emerged completely from it...

"We pay respect to the Soul Empress..." The two scientists said, with their heads bowed down to her.

Antarra paid no attention to the two scientists, instead her pink eyes were staring directly at the large tank where Zumba's figure could be seen.

"Get him out immediately, his soul has been greatly damaged. A minute more and it will completely fade away..."

The two scientists were numbed by the information as according to the Machine, it said his last wisp had been completely secured.

Nonetheless, they immediately obliged. After all, the figure before them was called the Soul Empress.

The machine was deactivated, and Zumba's body was brought out of the tank and placed on a bed.

"Guard us and prevent any distraction, no matter how important, at all cost..." Antara said to the EIA official who brought her here as she focused on Zumba Mumba, her eyes knit in confusion.

'No one should be able to cause such a great amount of damage to a soul. Especially not in a school competition...' Antarra thought before she took a deep breath and prepared to check what happened by herself.

She moved behind Zumba, arriving at the back of his head before her hand clasped his head together at the sides.

Pink energy flared from her hands into the head of Zumba as her eyes closed in concentration before suddenly she remained completely still as if no longer present in the room.

"Soul Reversal Art, Time Of Antarra..."

The world seemed to go completely still once those words were said and Antarra felt herself being pulled towards a place, a normal pull she had experienced too many times.

The pool stopped, and she looked at where she was, a completely dark space, the entrance of a Soul Space.

But she wasn't alone, in front of her was Zumba who had a nefarious smile on his face as he looked at the golden door in the distance before slowly walking towards it, the sinister smile on his face.

"Tch, idiot, with one look I can tell this Soul space is strange. There are strange cosmic particles in the air and the space is darker than usual..." Antarra muttered to herself but she also quickly followed after Zumba's figure and entered with him into the golden door.

As she watched Zumba focus all his attention locking the door, she watched as he finished and turned to the place before suddenly he stood rooted in place.

"GASP..."

A shocking gasp escaped Antara's lips as she looked in front of her, the dark and blood-red steps, the abyssal-looking throne at the top, but most shocking of all was the figure seated on the throne.

An inhumane devil with extra-long abyssal claws. Strange dark scales covered his hands and some part of his space while his left eyes were an endlessly rotating black hole of nothingness.

"You raise your head a little too high don't you think..."

Antarra witnessed the entire exchange between Zeras and Mumba and was shocked and speechless looking at the gigantic palm that was formed mid-air and slowly crushing Zumba and even witnessed Zeras purposeful only leaving the remaining wisp of Zumba's soul for the sake of not Killing a student.

The entire place stopped after Zumba got reduced to a wisp the only thing left moving was now her.

"This is serious. Just what is this boy, to possess so much power and absolute control of his Soul space at such a young age? Most important was the amount of demonic intent he was oozing and his incredibly pure demonic bloodline. This is among the top ten purest demonic bloodlines I have ever witnessed..." Antarra said looking at Zera's demonic form.

"Well, I'll ask all my questions once I'm done with this shit. Perhaps, get him to owe her a favor..."

"Soul Reversal Art, Wiping Cloth of Antarra..." Antarra used her second genetic ability wanting to completely wipe out the memory of this place from Zumba's Soul but was shocked by what happened in the next second as her face turned pale.

Golden Tickets and Powerstones are greatly appreciated. I'm hoping we can reach 500 Golden Tickets mark by the end of the month. Don't break this poor author-san's heart, and support in every way you can.

A pink aura flared powerfully from Antarra's body flooding into the entire dark place and illuminating it in a pink light but something happened that shocked Antarra to her core.

The Antarra family was powerful just below the Nine families when it came to the power they held. But when it comes to the power of the soul, then not even the powerful Nine Families could say they rivaled them.

The Power of the Soul, this was what the Antarra family was known for.

Their first Soul art, Time Of Antarra, enabled them to delve into Soul space and allowed them to witness the exchange that might have formerly happened before.

It was through this ability that Antarra was able to witness the exchange between Zeras and Zumba even though their Soul battle already occurred in the far past.

Their second soul art, Wiping Cloth of Antarra, enabled them to wipe clean the memories of a soul that occurred in the Soul space.

Normally damage to the soul is a particularly recurring memory that repeatedly affects the memories of a person, forever haunting them and putting them in slumber or even making them mad but the Antarra family can cure this by entering into the Soul space and forcefully wiping away this part of the memory, immediately taking care of the problem.

But as Antarra used her ability to wipe away the memories, she felt the dark particles present in the place suddenly clinging to her pink energy and they gathered on it staining it in a dark color and forcefully changing its structure to become dark too, just like them.

Once her pink energy became dark and got assimilated, it would then move to the second Pink energy and also stain it, making that also dark and then moving on.

Her pink aura meant to wipe away the entire place was getting corrupted by the dark aura that made this space.

This was enough to deeply shock Antarra, as she had never witnessed this before. An aura strong enough to wipe away her soul aura!

"How?" Antarra almost screamed out. This wasn't even the real place and just the residual memories of the full place left in Zumba's memory and yet the dark aura was still able to corrupt her aura.

If so what would happen if she was in the real space in Zera's Soul space, then just how fast would her aura get completely corrupted by it?

If this information got out, it would be enough to turn the entire world on its head as nothing in this world can resist Antarra's family's soul wipe.

Even the exalted nine families can only resist being wiped off quickly due to their slightly stronger Soul aura and perhaps might be able to stop getting wiped off with a strong enough soul aura. It wasn't that the Nine families' souls were weak. It's just that the quality of the Antarra's family soul aura was stronger than ever witnessed.

But this was different. The dark aura wasn't just resisting, it was actively corrupting her aura and turning it into its own.

Antarra snorted coldly as the pink aura from her body flared out even more powerfully and slowly they began wiping out. She had chosen to use the great abundance of her aura to forcefully wipe out the dark aura.

Less than five minutes later...

The entire place had been wiped clean and nothing was present except for a dark space, at its center was a small wisp gently burning.

The memory of the event was so wide it covered the entirety of Zumba's soul space and hid himself.

But with the memories getting completely wiped off. His Soul wisp was finally revealed once again.

Antarra floated towards that Soul wisp and she extended her middle finger, gently touching it before releasing her Soul aura into it.

If Zumba's soul could be compared to a cup, then Antarra's soul could be compared to water that was slowly filling the cup, except that it looked more like a dam pouring into a cup.

The pink aura flared brightly enveloping the blue wisp and slowly it began getting larger and larger.

3 minutes later...

Antarra could be seen floating before a blue aura but this time it wasn't just a baseless wisp but a full humanoid being, with a shape indistinguishable from Zumba's.

Antarra took away her finger, feeling slight exhaustion. Something that has never happened to her before except around three years ago. She almost couldn't believe she was exhausted from wiping out a single memory from a normal student's soul space.

-- -- --

The two scientists and the EIA official watched curiously and in silence at the two motionless figures of the soul empress and Zumba.

"It's already an hour, are we sure everything is going as normal..." One of the scientists asked curiously and with slight concern in his voice.

It was a pretty common adage that the EIA wasn't afraid of their soul getting damaged in a mission as they have a Soul Empress capable of bringing them back in shape in seconds, but the so-called Soul Empress took an hour trying to get an ordinary New Cadets back to shape.

"You both have nothing to worry about. If you don't trust the Soul Empress's ability, you can at least trust the EIA higher-ups, they wouldn't call her here if they weren't confident she could resolve this," The EIA Official said and in pure coincidence, a pair of eyes snapped open causing a pink light to flare from them illuminating the entire room.

The light slowly dwindled and standing in front of them was Antarra who gave one last look at Zumba Mumba before turning to stare at them.

"Let him rest. He should be back on his feet again in three days at most..." The two scientists immediately bowed their heads on hearing that as they carried Zumba's body away from the place leaving only Antarra and the EIA official left.

"Let me be the one to thank you first for your help. I'll notify the higher-ups of the mission finally completed..." The EIA official said.

"There's no need for thanks, it's the least I can do as someone raised by the EIA itself. Having said that, can you tell me more about the boy who injured his soul to such an extent?" Antarra asked with a plain face making it impossible to know just what she was thinking.

"If it's your wish Soul Empress. The boy's name is Zeras Celestria. He was able to keep his first ranking position after defeating Zumba but..."

"Call him for me..." Antarra said immediately cutting off the EIA official.

"I wish I could do that, but his master has refused any contact with him saying he is in deep training..."

"His master?" Antarra asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yes. After the event, Instructor Moneca chose to accept him as a disciple..."

"WHAT!!!" Antarra screamed out in pure shock on hearing that.

'Moneca chose to accept a disciple?'

"Then no need. I'll request for him by Instructor Moneca herself..." The soul empress said opening the door to the room as she headed to the Interdimensional combat hall immediately.

"It's strange for the prideful Soul Empress to suddenly care about some random New Cadets..." The officer mumbled but he soon threw that at the back of his mind and soon left the room.

Unknown to him, a single thing was running in the Soul Empress's mind.

"Could perhaps be the one in the prophecy..."

Don't forget to keep those Votes coming in.

Here's the deal...

300 Powerstones = 2 extra chapters

100 Golden Tickets= 1 Extra chapters

500 Golden Tickets= 5 extra chapters

157 The Soul of Daeva

"ANTARRA, It's a word meaning the soul..." The voice of an elder rang out, white beard reaching the navel with a stick in right hand and a light torch in the other.

Behind him were a total of five kids around the age of 12.

Every of their steps made a clanking sound that echoed throughout the entire cave structure that they were in, as the elder walked forward, the kids following behind with reverence in their eyes as not only was this elder their Supreme Patriarch, but this cave they were in was said to be their ancestral ground.

"Have you ever wondered about the miracle of a Soul of Antarra like ours? The ability to delve into the spiritual space of others and wipe them clean of a memory they perhaps never wanted.

It has always been what Humanity has always wanted. A wish that they can wipe out a particular memory from their collection of memories and we Antarra are the only ones who could make that wish come true since the beginning of humanity..."

"Is that all that the Soul of Antarra does, Elder..." One of the children suddenly asked with puppy eyes, wanting to know more of the rumors about the Supreme Patriarch.

"The world has always thought that's all we do. But wiping off memories, that's not even the basic part of the Soul Of Antarra..." The elder answered as a gasp suddenly escaped the mouth of all the children.

After walking in the long narrow cave for almost an hour, they finally arrived at a large space, seemingly the ending of the place.

In this space was a gigantic statue in the shape of a humanoid female, clasping her hands together in a kneeling position.

But what shocked them was the floating pink ball of energy that formed at her front gathering from the different murals on the wall around it.

"This here children is the Ultimate source of the Soul of Antarra..." The elder said as he laid down his walking stick and torch before getting on his knees and clasping his palms together.

The children were completely blown away, having never seen the Patriarch devote such ultimate reverence towards anyone before and they didn't need to be told before they all got to their knees.

A minute quickly passed before the elder slowly stood upright.

"You can rise..." They all immediately scurried up in by one.

"You asked if the Soul Of Antarra can only wipe out memories, as you can see, the Soul of Antarra is much more..." The elder said, his flame stick illuminating the murals that were present around the place.

Murals of strange races and beings that they had never seen before, all radiating a powerful pressure and also a palpitating feeling as if they were about to jump out of the wall and attack them.

They noticed green lights emanating from these figures and gathering at the large pink orb in front of the kneeling figure.

"It's absorbing the green motes of light from the others, changing it to its pink light..." A female voice rang out clearly to which the elder nodded.

"Yes, it is from the soul of others that the Antarra gets its own. And once you have come to a stage of Cultivation as I've done, you'll come to realize of true meaning of an undying soul, the secret to Immortality..." The Elder said with heaviness in his voice before stamping the cane in his hand on the ground three times and in a weird rhythm.

The floating pink ball of energy immediately began growing powerfully as it released a shocking absorbing force that dragged all five kids into it, their figure obscured by the pink light.

The elder watched the occurrence in silence. It has been almost half a thousand years, yet it's ever blessing, and not once had it disappointed them.

The large pink ball slowly began getting smaller and soon the figure of the five kids was revealed except this time they were different.

Seemingly surrounded by a pink halo around their body while their pupils have all been turned to a shade of pink.

They radiated a mysterious and soul-steering aura, revealing a great amount of pureness and yet filed with the slightest indifference and disdain as if that of a higher being.

"You five have received the blessings of the Soul of Antarra. Therefore, its burden has also become one of yours..." The Elder said with a heavy voice.

"Its burden?" One of the children asked slightly confused.

The elder walked forward arriving at their level in front of the kneeling figure, but he made a slight turn and moved towards the back of the kneeling statue before stretching his flaming stick out.

"AHHHHHHH..." The children immediately scream out in shock looking at the statue in front of them and behind the statue of Antarra.

It was the gigantic statue of a being sitting down on a throne of bones.

Its gigantic body towered almost twice the size of the female statue of the Soul of Antarra with huge four arms on its shoulder.

"This is the enemy of the soul of Antarra. The Soul Of Daeva. The only opposing power to the Soul of Antarra..." The Elder said, a murderous expression emanating from his usually calm and benevolent eyes.

10:36

All other parts of its body were covered in dark gas blocking their vision of its face and real body but the claws of the figure could be seen and one of them was piercing into the neck of the kneeling female figure, something that wasn't previously seen as they were looking at the image from the front.

"This is the enemy of the soul of Antarra. The Soul Of Daeva. The only opposing power to the Soul of Antarra..." The Elder said, a murderous expression emanating from his usually calm and benevolent eyes.

"Is it..." One of the children suddenly asked, shock laced in his voice.

"Yes, it is..." The Elder said.

It was a green mote of energy that suddenly appeared from the pierced neck of the kneeling Antarra and moved into the claws of the devil sitting on the throne.

But the children noticed the pink color of the Antarra suddenly changing to be that of a black, before getting absorbed into the figure of the abomination.

"While the Soul of Antarra got its energy by absorbing the soul motes of others, there's a single rule to that exception, and it's the Soul of Daeva.

It not only absorbs, it completely corrupts the Soul of Antarra as they come in contact and change it to its own, the only one able to outright devour our Soul of Antarra. It might be better to say, it feeds off our Soul of Antarra.

This Is The Burden Of Antarra. And only one thing Antarra has asked in exchange for her blessings. For us to help her stop the Soul of Daeva in this world. But it's been five hundred years and we've not noticed the Soul of Daeva yet.

Regardless, the family heirloom must continue. We must continue searching for the Soul of Daeva as it will appear one day.

We are only birthed by the Soul of Antarra for one thing, our sole purpose of existence...

To Eliminate The Soul Of Daeva..." The Elder spat out.

"But how do we know the soul of Daeva if we ever met with it..." One of the children asked curiously.

"You need not worry young one as you'll immediately feel an intense disgust at such a being. An extremely heavy disgust at first sight that you have never felt or even heard before.

The Soul of Daeva feeds off the Soul of Antarra... This has planted the seed of hatred in your bones.

Never Forget, No Matter who it is Who Holds The Soul of Daeva, They Must Be Immediately Eliminated, Or Else, Our Antarra Family Would Be Wiped Off The Face Of This World...."

-- -- --

Antarra burst through the door of the Interdimensional combat hall, slight sweat droplets on her face as her heart pounded in her chest...

Looking around the hall, she immediately slighted the figure sitting at the top of the Dais.

"Hey Antarra. Do you never know of the meaning of to knock before barging in?"

158 Intense Face-off

Instructor Moneca lazily sat at the top of the Dais, swiping the booklet in her hands with an unbothered and somewhat lazy expression.

Why?

She already read the whole thing and this would be the fiftieth time she was doing so. A book on principle that she hadn't understood yet and stopping her from progressing her Cultivation.

Suddenly, her purple eyes narrowed looking at the entrance of the hall, at the closed door, when suddenly she snorted coldly ignoring it before focusing on her book.

BANG!!

A hand burst through the door almost knocking it off its hinges as Antarra entered into it.

"Hey Antarra, don't you the meaning of knock before entering..." Instructor Moneca asked shifting to the next booklets.

"Tch, that word is for mortals. You already sensed me coming from 3 miles away..." Antarra replied with disdain, closing the door before gently wiping off her sweat and taking a deep breath in.

Instructor Moneca diverted her attention away from the book as she gave the pink-haired girl a good look.

"You seem to be in haste. Have you finally come to suck up your loss?" Instructor Moneca asked with a smirk on her face.

"Sorry to burst your bubbles. I'm here for the boy, Zeras. Zeras Celestria. I heard you've decided to choose him as your disciple.

Now that I remember correctly, you Moneca have never been caught smiling or chatting with anyone for almost three years now, after that mission where you killed an entire Top B family, not sparing a single soul, earning the name the Slaughterer Empress.

The EIA has shackled you in this hall ever since and you've grown colder and colder. Now you suddenly accepted a disciple, isn't that the strangest thing in the EIA right now?" Antarra said slowly walking towards Instructor Moneca whose eyes flashed an intense purple light before residing as her calm and unbothered aura changed slightly. Clearly affected by those words.

"What do you want, Antarra" Instructor Moneca asked putting down her book.

"Your 'disciple' has gravely harmed another cadet grievously. I want to have a word with him, perhaps teach him a thing or two before he becomes a stone-cold killer like you and gets confined for the rest of his life..." Antarra spat out disdainfully looking at the devil before her.

The inhumane devil slaughtered an entire family just below the Nine families, not sparing even the children or women.

"I'm sorry, Antarra. He's in deep training, he cannot be seen..." Instructor Moneca replied slowly standing up from her seat, her voice leaving no room for confrontation.

"I'm not requesting. As my position as a Major, I order you to bring out Zeras Celestria from whatever hole you might be hiding him..." Antarra commanded as Instructor Moneca's watch beeped and an AI voice rang out.

|You have received an order from a higher official.|

|Accept| |Reject|

"Reject..." Instructor Moneca replied immediately.

|You have choosen to reject, how do you wish to make up from your crimes|

|1. A drop in ranking|

|2.-10,000 points|

|3.Visit to the Punishment room|

"I'll go for 2." Instructor Moneca replied as her watch beeped.

|10,000 Points have been deducted from your account.|

|Account balance: 500|

<|You have been pardoned for disobeying the order and would no longer be punished for disobedience related to such an order in the future|

"Tch, idiot. You just lost points enough for almost 5 years of completing mission non-stop."

Antarra replied mockingly.

"I'm sorry Antarra. He can't be seen, now do me a favor and scram out of this place..."

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

The entire space shook madly as the Interdimensional combat structure swayed as if unable to contain that power.

A pink light flared from Antarra, with so much intensity it was like a true star was being born. Her aura when wiping off Zumba's memories were like a gentle moping stick, but now they became as extremely sharp and piercing like a blade creating white lines in the air.

Instructor Moneca was slightly surprised seeing Antarra released her aura and suddenly she felt her knee bone quiver, causing an unbelievable expression to appear on her face.

'Someone Was Trying To Force Her To Her Knees!!!!'

KABOOOOOOOOOOOM

It was like a dam of energy was opened as intense purple energy broke out of Instructor Moneca shaking the entire air and destabilizing space around her.

Her eyes were the like the brightest of touches flaring completely with purple as a long purple katana appeared in her hands. A katana brimming with so much murderous intent they created a mirage of a sea of blood.

"Be Gone!!!..." A roar of anger boomed out of Instructor Moneca's mouth as she slashed her katana forwards with so much speed, space was immediately ripped apart as it instantly appeared at Antarra's neck cleaving forward with a single intent.

To Kill her with a single Slash...

But Antarra herself wasn't slow as she clenched her fist together, her hand seemingly nit made of flesh but intense purple and she clashed with the blade light head-on.

KABOOOOOOOOOOOM

A shockwave rippled out from the point of collision, enough to immediately rip apart, cell by cell an expert at the Peak of Meteor rank stage.

The dust and spatial crack slowly closed and the result of the battles were soon revealed.

DROP DROP

The sound of liquid falling!

Antarra's fist were extended forward in a punching motion but between the space of her knuckles, a small cut could be seen with red blood mixed in with pink particles could be clearly seen, although it soon closed in the next second and Antarra flared up with even more Pink light...

"You Will Die Antarra..." Instructor Moneca said looking dead straight at her with a confident expression.

"And You Will Also Be Crippled For Life..." Antarra said confidently too to which Instructor Moneca couldn't say no.

"So will you give me the kid or will you choose to be crippled instead..." Antarra asked threateningly.

"I'll repeat. He Cannot Be Seen!"

Instructor Moneca stood her ground her katana raised above her head as she prepared herself for another heaven shaking slash.

Antarra eyes flashed an intense pink but soon her aura faded away as she regained her calmness once again while Instructor Moneca's katana also disappeared from her hands.

"I don't know why you're trying to defend him so much or how suddenly he gained your favor. But know that it still doesn't change the fact of the abominable devil you are..." Antarra replied as she slowly headed towards her seat.

"And you will be incredibly stupid to think I've forgotten why I came here. I'll advise you to stay here and you two devils enjoy each other company as much as you can because the Celestial Titans Cultivation Ruins he's going will be his grave!!!" Antarra dropped the big bomb before slamming the door shut with a bang.

Instructor Moneca picked up her book back as she continued reading, as if she didn't hear of Antarra's threats, but her shaky fingers as she swerved the book pages betrayed her emotion.

"Well, at least I bought 40 more days of life for him..." Instructor Moneca said to herself as she knew deeply well. If Antarra had really met with Zeras, then there was a possibility she would have killed him on sight. Never for the almost 5 years of two of them being rivals has she ever seen Antarra so suddenly riled up but this time she could sense her nervousness, an emotion Antarra has never shown before.

Through that, she knew she could definitely not allow Antarra to see Zeras. But she also knew she couldn't hide him forever.

Thanks For The Golden Tickets and Powerstones guys. They mean a lot to me.

Let's keep going:

300 Powerstones=2 extra chapters

100 Golden Tickets=1 extra chapters

500 Golden Tickets=5 extra chapters Supreme_IQ

Creator's Thought

159 The Unlucky And Lazy Blonk

EIA Dorm Room Area...

The golden rays of light pierced through the window illuminating brightly the white-face of a young man.

His legs down to his waist were on the bed while the upper part of it was dangling to the ground, his gigantic mouth wide opened with spittle dripping from the side as the thunderous sound of snore rang out through the entire room.

"DRIIIIIIING..."

The watch on the young man's arm suddenly vibrated intensely as reflexively jumped in shock all just to immediately pummel on the ground, falling from the bed and landing head-first.

"Arrrgghhhh..." Quinn screamed out in pain as he felt an extremely ringing pain in his head, even more intense than the vibration on his arm.

"Tch, whoever you're disturbing me in this rare moment of my meditation, may the Nine Infinity Lightning crash down on you wherever you may be...Zeras!!!". Quinn looked intently at the notification on his watch even though to an outsider it might look a bit strange as his eyes were closed.

"It's really him..."

Clicking on the Notification tab.

|Zeras Celestria|

|Hey, Quinn. Just to let you know. I won't be available for the next few weeks.

Suddenly got a master and that's the fiery Instructor Moneca, the instructor of the Interdimensional combat class. So going on this incredibly strange training with her. Just in case you don't find me around for a while. You have nothing to worry about as I'm in good hands, um, well, I hope so.

See you later, buddy|

"Hmm, Instructor Moneca? That name is so familiar...", Quinn mumbled as he tapped on his watch and kept scrolling.

Arriving at the Female instructor tabs and seeing the picture of the so-called Instructor Moneca, his eyebrows furrowed when suddenly all his hairs raised to their end.

"Instructor Moneca? Isn't that the secretive Slaughterer Empress..." Quinn asked in shock.

"She..she accepted a disciple?"

Quinn immediately typed back in his watch sending a notification as quickly as possible.

|Hey, Zeras. Always keep an eye out for your master. She accepting you as a disciple right now is as strange as a snake suddenly adopting a chick. I'm saying don't be completely lax and still keep your sharp eyes.

Although, now that I think of it, It wouldn't be bad if you, um, ahh, managed to make her become the second Gaia. Pretty sure Gaia herself wouldn't mind.

Anyway good luck with the training and see you soon|

"AH, that idiot, he always has his luck with them, ladies..." Quinn said jealously as he slowly stood wiping away the spittle from his lips before heading towards the bathroom.

-- -- --

20 minutes later...

A young man with a handsome face, dressed in an EIA New Cadets uniform could be seen in the mirror.

He stands at a height of 1.8 meters with beautiful silver hair scattered around his head and a blindfold on his eyes. He looked like some popular model.

"Such a simply perfect creation. Handsomely chiseled face, and hair with the gracefulness of A Celestial-horned Unicorn's tail. Just why? Why are all the girls in the world not fighting to death to gain my love yet..." Quinn asked with a heart-broken expression.

"DRIIIIIING"

The vibration of his watch suddenly rang out at that moment as Quinn raised an eyebrow.

|Instructor Draco|

| You have been given a free leave from today's Combat Operation Class. |

"Hmmm, a free leave? This has never happened before." Quinn mumbled under his breath staring at the notification but another notification soon appeared.

|Your presence is needed EIA Visitors Hall in 10 minutes

"EIA visitors hall?" Quinn mumbled as his blindfold suddenly shone a flash of blue light Quinn headed towards his room's exit and the direction stated on his watch|

-- -- --

8 minutes later...

Quinn arrived in front of the gigantic structure, as he walked to the counter where the receptionist could be seen.

"Hello esteemed officer, I'm Quinn, Quinn Voidspace, here on the order of EIA higher-ups and arriving as early as I can because I'm a very good and time-conscious individual, very unlike the other Cadets around this age and time, which shows just how exceptional of a human being I am..." Quinn said appearing as courteous as possible but all he got was the Receptionist slowly dropping off her glass as she looked him up and down.

"Here's the card, at room 1240..." The waitress said giving him a card as she resumed fiddling with paperwork.

"Thank you, mam..." Quinn replied heading towards the elevator at the side while mumbling to himself...

"Tch, I'm an unlucky guy. Wait no, it must be due to her getting smacked by my charm so much she couldn't give a reply. Yeah, that should be it..." Quinn reaffirmed himself as he raised his shoulder even higher and waltzed to the elevator.

"Careful there mam..."

"Watch out for that stepping machine, experts say it is responsible for 3% of unlucky deaths worldwide..."

"Hey, bro. Got an anemia? If not then walk properly with your chest raised and heads held high. You're competing with exceptional men like me you know..."

The Crowd of people gave him strange looks hearing all the comments he was given which really looked good but at the same time strange.

"Awwww, such a good boy," An old grandma said as Zeras dragged his hair to the back.

"You praise me too much mam, I'm only being Quinn Voidspace by the way..."

The elevator opened with a ding as Quinn plopped into it with style he clicked the button inputting 1240, before flashing a smile at the men looking strangely at him while winking at the young ladies.

-- -- --

DING

The elevator opened up and Quinn found himself standing before an iron door.

Straightening his clothes and raising his chest higher. He dragged his silver hair in the back before clenching open the knob and entering.

A simple white room with only two chairs and a table.

And one of the chairs was an old man with long silver hair...

"O...O... Old Man Mang?"

"How have you been doing, young master..."

We finally reached the Powerstones target. You guys got yourself three bonus chapters coming.

160 Agreeing To The Request

"O...O..Old Man Mang?" Quinn said extremely shocked looking at the figure before him. In a white colored suit, with a pair of glasses on, and a round hat, a pretty handsome face, long silver hair falling on his shoulder, and a walking stick in his hands.

His aura was like that of a true gentleman no matter what angle one looked at him from.

"How have you been doing young master..." The man asked, a smile on his lips.

"I'm fine and don't call me young master..." Quinn said slowly walking towards the table as he took his seat opposite the man.

"You know ever since you had, um, 'left' home. The family has been gravely worried about you..." Old Man Mang said looking at Quinn who had a blank expression on his face.

"Your father and brothers searched around for you but we soon heard you've chosen to join the EIA. A choice they're not proud of or agree to. But nothing can be done, you're an EIA Member now and under their care too. Though it's pretty hard you leaving home without a note and all..." Old Man Mang said coolly while tapping his index finger on his knees.

"Ah, firstly Old Man Mang. I don't have a father. Secondly, I don't have brothers. Thirdly, I don't have a family, I'm a lone wolf. They don't need to worry about how I choose to live my life since anyway I'm the bastard of the family. Why worry so much about the insignificant bastard? You all should just focus on raising the so-called prodigies..." Quinn said as a vein popped on his head, and blue light flared brightly through the blindfold he was putting on.

"But you do have a mother..." Old Man Mang replied as he watched Quinn's reaction, the vein on his head disappearing while the light from his blindfold slowly dimmed.

"We both know she's a lost cause, Old Mang..." Quinn replied with heaviness in his voice though he acted as visibly calm as he could.

"That's what we both thought..." Old Mang said laying down a piece of paper before him.

Quinn looked at Old Mang, the familiar face he could remember from young that would never age, before diverting his gaze as he picked up the paper.

"An invitation? The Celestial Titans Cultivation Ruins?" Zeras asked raising an eyebrow.

"Yes, I was given the invitation to invite a single genius that I had in mind to join the expedition, and you're the only one that comes to mind..." Old Man Mang replied.

"I believe that single genius should be one belonging to the family. And I'm no longer part of the family. Thank you Old Man Mang," Quinn said pushing the invitation back to him.

"Quinn" Old Man Mang suddenly called out, to which Quinn slowed down his ascent.

"You know, I've watched you and been there since the first second of your life. I watched as you grew from an infant to a young man. I can confidently say no one understands you more than I do.

I've watched you go through three states of emotion. The first was when your mother was present, you really loved her Quinn, even when the whole family called you a bastard when your father rejected you. You still had a happy smile and never hated or blamed anyone. You were satisfied, then your mother was your only pillar and that was everything you needed.

But then your mother was taken away and since then you have grown cold. You became unfeeling and your hatred for the family began and was ever growing. You hated but you were weak. You wanted to forget those peaceful times and embrace the chaotic emotions. Time became hard as the hatred in you grew, and then you ran away from home and came to join the EIA. That was your second state of emotion..." Old Man Mang said taking off his eyeglass as he gently ropped it.

"I've seen Al the reports about you know in the EIA. You've once again changed. The coldness has disappeared and it said you even made some friends..." Old Man Mang said, flashing a smile at him.

"Well, good change right?" Quinn asked rubbing his head.

"You might fool everyone but you can't fool me, Quinn. You're trying to forget your past. Perhaps new company, new friends, new people, new groups, perhaps they'll make you forget that past you left behind but I can see they do nothing..." Old Man Mang said.

"Tch, how are you so sure of that, Old man," Zeras asked with a raised eyebrow.

"You're still cultivating so hard, you've not truly given up on saving your mother, have you? Even though it is pretty hopeless, you still welcome that possibility, don't you?" Old Man Mang asked with confidence to which Quinn remained quiet.

"So here's your only chance. This Celestial Titans Cultivation Ruins. With it, all your answers to entering the ancestral ground of the Voidspace family will be obtained.

With it, you'll have that one thing you've ever wanted..."

Quinn sat there stupidly numbed as he picked up the paper in his shaky hands.

" This is something only a few people in the Voidspace family know but actually the Ancestral ground of the Voidspace family was taken off from the Celestial Titans Cultivation Ruins in the first place. So if you can enter into the place, then you definitely will be able to find a way to enter into the one in the family and bring back your mother.

Besides it hides the secret to why the Nine families are so strong today and that does not exclude the Voidspace family. In all ways, if there's a person who can't afford to miss this Event, then it's you..."

"So Quinn, will you accept this invite, for the sake of that which you hold dear but slowly slipping away?" Old Man Mang's gentle whispers were like thunders ringing into his ears.

"I... But..." Quinn struggled to come to terms with the condition as he was faced with the dream of his life.

"Hey, this is not for you. It's for your mother who is sitting down there. You know well she's waiting for you, waiting for you to come wake her up. And she never gave up on that you'll come one day, so don't give up on yourself too Quinn..." Old Man Mang said his palms firmly holding his shoulders.

"I... Thank you Old Man Mang..." Quinn said as he rolled the invitation and bowed his head to him.

"You don't need to thank me, I'm just doing what any father would for his son..." Old Man Mang said with a smile.

"But I'm part of the EIA now, would they agree to this?" Quinn asked, he was well aware there was a probability the EIA wouldn't agree to that, and leaving the EIA due to that would be next to impossible.

"Don't worry about that. They won't want to tear off the face of the first Voidspace butler like that. You have nothing to worry about when it comes to your participation.

But let me warn you of just how heavy the weight of this event truly is..." Old Man Mang said ready to unleash a secret that will turn the world upside down if heard...

Don't forget to keep those powerstones and Golden Tickets coming. And be expecting the bonus chapters too soon