

Chaos Devourer System

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Chapter 21: A Gigantic Monolith

Zeras stood there numb, his mind reeling in confusion.

To protect Gaia?. Why? Is she in trouble? Besides with how weak he is right now, compared to Commander Shiron who was an EIA commander, there really wasn't much help he could provide.

"Help me protect Gaia..." He said once again as if afraid Zeras never got the information the first time.

"If that is your wish. I'll do everything to protect her, if it's within my power." Zeras said. He would agree to the man due to the help he provided him, but not at the cost of his discomfort.

"Good. That's all I need..." Commander Shiron said his expression becoming even more relaxed once again.

Zeras stood there quietly for some time before asking with curiosity.

"Why do you ask for Gaia's protection, is she in danger?"

"I'm afraid telling you that would only bring more harm than good. Just know she's very important for the coming. She's very important for the upcoming..." Commander Shiron said staring into the vast expanse of space, with a green glow in his eyes as if he was staring into the far future.

"What is upcoming..." Zeras tried asking him but his attention was diverted when he saw something at the corner of his eyes.

The spaceship they were in suddenly slowed down as it came to a stop about a thousand meters before an object.

Zeras's jaw dropped to the floor in shock as he stared in front of him. The top of a gigantic Monolith piercing outside of space.

The Monolith was just so big it could be seen from outer space and the tip even pierced through the planet's atmosphere into space itself.

"What...What is that?"

"That is the Dimensional Tower. One of Earth's greatest treasures. It is said to be the size of a whole continent on Earth." Commander Shiron said with pride.

The spaceship slowly descended into the planet, as he saw other spaceships entering into the planet's atmosphere.

A blue wave of light scanned each ship before allowing them to move closer to the tower.

The spaceship slowly came to a halt as it descended and eventually came to rest on the ground.

Zeras moved out of the spaceship, beside him, a white-haired girl with pink top and skirt.

Gaia stood there also surprised by the new environment but she kept a neutral and uncaring face, one which will automatically repel anyone away from her.

Zeras waved at the spaceship, which slowly ascended into the air once again.

Within the blue screen of light, Zeras could still see Commander Shiron's figure as he stared at him with an approving smile and said something to him although Zeras only saw his mouth moving but it looked like:

"I'll be waiting for you at the EIA Base, Soldier.".

Zeras smiled as he slowly walked forward towards the Gigantic gate before the Monolith.

Arriving before the gate, it was automatically opened for them after they have been scanned by a strange red light.

There were more than a thousand people all around the age of 16 inside the gate, each seated around a prominent dais.

It was built in the form of an open hall, with black obsidian colour rocks covering the ground and a gigantic dais at the far end of the place.

The top of the Monolith couldn't be seen again from here as it was hidden among the sea of clouds and barely visible. But it was really huge.

Zeras looked at Gaia as he discovered she was already gone before he could even notice. Mixing among the thousand other people.

He also moved towards one of the chairs as he sat down on it, when he suddenly felt a person call out to him:

"Hello." Zeras slowly turned as looked at the young man beside him, a little dazed.

The boy was the same height as him, with pale white skin and hair that reached down to his shoulders. His eyes contained no pupils at all, but what surprised Zeras the most were those ears. They were long and pointed at the tip. One thing was sure, This was an alien race.

"Hi..." Zeras replied back politely, a little nervous.

"I'm Triton from the Elvian race. Is this your first time with an alien race." Triton asked staring at the blue haired human in front of him.

"Yeah, you can say so." Zeras replied honestly curious about this alien boy.

"Me too. Although I've read a lot about Humans back in my home. This is the first time I've ever seen them real life..." Triton replied and Zeras could feel the boy's honesty in his tone and expression.

"So you want to join the EIA too?" Zeras asked curiously.

The EIA was mainly an Earth group but it was in association with different other planets and races making them have even non-humans among them.

"Yes. I want to. Partly because of my obsession with studying other alien species." Triton replied looking at Zeras.

"Then I hope you successfully pass the trial."

"Yeah I definitely will." Triton answered as he directed his attention away and kept communicating with the others.

"A really strange Elvian with a strange dream." Zeras muttered to himself.

He also looked around the place as he saw although the majority of the people are humans, about 40% are alien groups with humanoid forms.

"So many life-forms..." Zeras was shocked by what he saw and wondered just what future in the EIA had in store for him.

Chapter 22: The Trail Begins

Zeras sat down in the cacophony, a new emotion streaking in him as he watched both alien races and human group relate to each other.

The mummering and noise was really loud but it all stopped when three men dressed in an EIA uniform mysteriously appeared on the dais.

The crowd went silent as they all stood up immediately. It was more of an un-official rule to stand up when one sees an EIA official.

One of the men, extremely muscular with dark hair and eyes walked out of the trio as he arrived in front of the dais.

His eyes contained a shade of black that looked o horrifying and a scar ran through his face crossing his left eye and stoping at his cheek.

One thing was sure, he was a very fierce warrior.

"I believe we are all gathered here today for the entrance examination." The man began, his voice booming loudly so much they reverberated continuously in the ear of the about a thousand people.

"The entrance examination or should I say the trial to joining the EIA for this year will take place in this tower just behind me, the Dimension Tower.

Why is it called the Dimension Tower. Because this tower is an interconnection of different Dimensions, recording their past history.

Entering into the Tower, you will be given a trial in one of it's dimensions. Passing the trial means you're qualified to join the EIA and besides you get a reward for passing the trial giving by the tower itself.

Failing the trial means you failed the EIA test and you'll obtain nothing." The man said, giving them time to digest his words.

"If you're in doubt whether the Tower will be partial and some missions might be harder than others. Then you're wrong. The Tower is a good identifier of one's talent and will give you an equivalent trial of your talent.

That means an E-grade gene awakener will be given a trial at the peak of his talent. A C-grade will also be given an equivalent trial at the peak of his talent also.

That means, even if you're only an E-grade, you can still pass the trial as it's just to the peak of your talent.

If you have greater talent, then you just might be given a more difficult trial due to your peak of talent being more higher, but that also means your reward will be higher..."

Zeras listened carefully to him, digesting his word. Fom what he could gather, one thing was sure, he was fucked. He had an SSS-grade Gene. That is probably the greatest

talent that could be found here which meant he would be given the hardest trial among them but that also meant his reward will be greater than others.

"You'll be awarded points based on how good you performed and we even have the top three best rank. The higher you're ranked, the more point you can obtain which will help you immensely in the EIA. As for those with tie top three best rank, they'll be given an extra reward by EIA itself.

So people, do your best in the trial. And when I say your best...I mean your peak best." The man said, a sinister smirk on the side of his lips.

"With that said, you might wonder about the trial time. That is determined by the trial itself, but everyone will be evicted at the same time and it will only be within the span of three days though years can go by in the trial itself."

The timeline is also different. Zeras mused. Years in the tower might just be a day in reality, but all will be evicted in the next three days.

"Lastly, death is not an option in the trial. If you failed, you'll only be evicted but everything in the trial is very real so be extremely careful within and don't think you can't die and act stupidly.

With all that said. Welcome future soldiers to the Dimension Tower." The man said as a wave of light emanated from the tower. It shone on all the participants making them all immediately disappear at once, no doubt transported into it.

"How do you think the trial will go this year, Vardorf. One of the EIA official said to the man.

"I'm sure about 800 of them failing brutally." Vardorf said uninterested.

"The EIA might have gone too far in it's Trial this time. This is probably the hardest trial in it's history. But it's also the most rewarding. Besides, we get to obtain only the best among the participants due to the tower conditions.

Hopefully we're shocked by the results." The last one among them, a man with blue-coloured skin said as they sat down looking at the huge monolith.

And so the EIA trial successfully began.

Chapter 23: Trial Mission: Become The True King of Atlantis

Zeras felt himself getting shoved through space with speed. His eyes were forcefully closed as he couldn't even move a muscle under the force but he immediately felt the surroundings around him become stable in the next second.

Slowly opening his eyes, the walls were jagged and rough, lit up in different runes which pulsed every now and then like a heartbeat illuminating the area.

It was a long narrow cave which extended deep into the distance.

He marvelled at the beauty of the place but there was also a solemn aura present. An aura of mystery and foreboding.

Zeras immediately began walking forward, moving deeper into the cave, the runes around it lighting up, illuminating his way as he delved deeper into the unknown.

After about an hour of walking and being alert, he finally arrived at the end of the cave, which was a block-hole.

But there was something different about the end.

On it, the picture of a golden coloured trident was drawn, just about two metres in height. Different runes covered its body radiating a gentle golden light, with the three prongs gleaming coldly like the sharpest of blades.

Just behind the trident, the figure of a man covered in golden coloured fish scales could be seen, in a motion as if trying to grab the trident, but his hands were still a few inches from completely taking hold of it.

Zeras moved towards the drawing, as his hands inched closer towards the diagram hesitantly, but eventually touched and gently trailed the golden coloured trident drawn.

While it was just an ordinary painting, he felt himself stifled as if under horrifying pressure, while the might he could feel emanating from it was like that of a mountain.

A voice suddenly echoed in the cave bringing him out of his thoughts

"Welcome, young Collins to the Crimson Dimension.

You have chosen to walk a path never before explored. Then step up towards the trial with no fear in your heart for the truth which you might seek lies just within your grasp."

The voice reverberated within the narrow space as the painting of the trident suddenly flared with a blinding golden light.

A gigantic whirlpool of golden energy was formed, continuously revolving.

"You have chosen the fate of the trident. You have been giving a trial of great danger but also with a great reward if completed.

Your mission is to defeat the false king and become the True King Of Atlantis."

Zeras stared at the whirlpool as he took a deep breath in.

This was a trial said to give him great rewards but besides that, it was his ticket towards entering the EIA.

He was well aware of it being the trial that will be hardest among the entire group of participants but he was prepared.

With mind steeled and a burning focus, he moved towards the golden whirlpool unflinchingly as his figure passed through it disappearing within.

The whirlpool also closed after that leaving only the painting of a golden coloured trident with the hands of a man which inched more closer to it than ever.

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"Devyn! Devyn! Devyn! Devyn! Devyn! Devyn! Devyn! Devyn! Devyn! Devyn!"
The name was repeatedly chanted by the voice of billions as the gigantic colloseum shook from the mighty vibration.

Zeras eyes widened as he stared around him, he felt something different about the air as if it was moving like?. Wait???

"This... This is water!!!" He's underwater, he immediately tried to stop his breathing and cover his nose when he suddenly felt strange.

Did he just heard his own voice right now?

Releasing his hold on his breathing, he felt the same way, the water didn't seem to affect him at all. It was just like breathing in air.

"Where...where am I..." Zeras was brought out of his thoughts by the deafening voice as he found out that he was seated, staring at the people, he was momentarily shocked as he saw they were a little different.

Their teeth were jagged like that of a fish while silver scales covered part of their faces and extended under their clothings.

Their hair were longer than usual while some even possessed fish tails instead of legs. It reminded him of the Mermaid race he once heard about from Grandma Mia in the orphanage.

Apart from those differences, they seemed human in every other way, but they weren't human.

NO! They are the citizens of Atlantis.

He stood up as he wondered what was the cause of the noise, causing him to also take a look at the bottom of the colloseum and there it was.

Two men dressed in silver armour. Both held gigantic tridents in their hand as they clashed powerfully within the stage shaking the area around them with their power.

"This..He was in a battle Colloseum!"

Chapter 24: Brutality of the Atlanteans

Two men fought bravely in the colloseum, every clash of their trident causing violent explosions to rock the stage.

Dyvan slammed his legs on the battle stage shooting forward towards his opponent as he pierced his trident towards his neck.

The man tried to dodge by countering with his own trident but his face changed as his trident broke from the force while he himself was directly sent flying.

Slamming his back in the hard walls, green blood sipped out of his mouth, but his face changed In the next second.

Dyvan seeing his opponent sent flying, didn't follow up but gathered all his strength before flinging his trident towards him.

"RIIIIIIIIIIIIP"

The water was ripped apart as circular waves erupted around the trident due its speed. It sharp throngs slammed the man on the wall digging him into it.

The man stood there wide-eyed as the trident's throngs nailed his forehead, mouth and heart. Life immediately left him, as his hand dropped to the side.

Dyvan walked towards his opponents as he dug his trident out of his head, his face filed with disdain and arrogance.

He didn't feel remorseful, no not at all, this was an easy death for rebels like them.

"Dyvan! Dyvan! Dyvan! Dyvan! Dyvan!Dyvan! Dyvan! Dyvan! Dyvan!"

He felt the entire world chanting his name as he raised up his three thronged spear to the sky and roared.

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Zeras looked at the man, called Dyvan before taking his eyes away and looking at the dead man instead.

He confirmed the man was truly dead, as he wondered just what type of extremely brutal fight this is.

And the entire crowd seemed to want this as they chanted his name like he was an hero of sort.

Dyvan left the battle stage, the crowd also leaving soon. Zeras moved on with the crowd exiting the gigantic colloseum as he arrived outside the place.

In the streets, gugantuan sea beasts moved around in the waters, on their back, Atlanteans who rode them.

Beautiful multi-coloured light from pearls were stacked up and put around the entire place, acting as light source.

The place bustled with Atlanteans who swimed around the place, going to and fro for their daily needs.

Zeras was impressed by what he saw. It really was a different civilization all together as even though there was no sign of technology, it was still a beautiful place nonetheless.

Zeras wondered if there was night and day as everything was just lit so brightly. The Atlanteans home were triangular with a long tip, and the smallest was about 10 metres in height.

They walls were painted in colours of white and blue, and the doors were emerald green made of some type of jade-like rock.

He checked his body as he found out that scales also covered his arms and face.

No wonder, as if he was a human here, then he would have easily stuck out like a sore thumb.

He tried to move up, but he found it a little strange. The Atlanteans are not exactly walking, they are like levitating and strangely moving forward. That was why their movement is extremely fast, twice faster than a grown man running.

He also moved up, but it was difficult moving forward making Zeras spend some time observing how they're moving. He watched a carriage dragged by a dolphin shaped fish pass by him, making him clung to the it's end as he used that to slowly learn to swim.

It was like trying to learn to skate with those tire shoes.

After about five minutes, he finally got the hang of it as he left the carriage and moved on his own.

The Atlanteans around him looked at him strangely due to that. But Zeras ignored them, it wasn't like they could understand.

"System?..." Zeras muttered as he walked around with no particular sense of direction.

[Yes, Host.]

"Oh, you're still there." He was a little shocked by that. It seems the system was able to even follow him through the trial.

As if being able to listen to thoughts:

[The system is bonded directly to the host's soul so it's impossible for the system to leave Host unless host's soul gets separated out, an assumption only meaning host's death.]

"So I'm like stuck with you till I die, huh?"

[It is more of the system being stuck with host.]

"Tch, damn system..." Zeras muttered as he ignored the AI smart cursing.

"So system, where are we?"

[Host is present in an extremely advanced holographic dimension. Whatever lies in this dimension is unreal.

That means even though, Host can kill a character in this hologram, Using Chaos Devourer on them won't work because they are essentially just holographs.

Host need not bother about the complexity of the surroundings and should instead work on quickly completing the trial which means automatic exit from this holographic dimension.

It would only hurt Host due to his low intelligence.]

"Tch, damn you system. Who have a low intelligence. If you were so smart, then become me." Zeras hissed as he ignored the system.

"Get out of the way, fool!" An angry voice said to Zeras as he rapidly moved out of the way.

A colossal octopus moved past him, no doubt crushing him if he had been there for even a second late.

"Tch, are the Atlanteans all so violent..." Zeras wondered but continued on when he suddenly saw a poster on the other side of the structure just across.

And written on top of it were four words which drew Zeras's interest.

The Atlantis King Battle Competition.

Chapter 25: Atlantis King Battle Competition

Zeras quickly crossed the street as he moved towards the poster.

It was written as such:

Atlantis King Battle Competition.

#The former king of Atlantis, Atlas Zean, has died and possess no successor, except for his adopted son, Sammodra Zean, who cannot become the automatic king due to the second Atla rule which states that only the most purest in bloodline among the Atlanteans can become King.

The next king would have to be the one with the purest bloodline and that is only determined by the most Powerful Atlantean.

Therefore, Sammodra has organized a competition where the major warriors of Atlantis gather together to look for the best fighter among them, which can only be the one with the purest bloodline.

And that best fighter will be crowned the new King of Atlantis.#

Zeras looked at the information, his brows furrowed, as he thought of it well.

The mission given to him by the Monolith was to defeat the false king and become the true King of Atlantis.

It seemed the false king was Sammodra. Now he just couldn't waltz into the palace and asked to challenge the king, unless he wants to be crucified.

So how would he challenge the king without being perceived as being disrespectful. That is where the competition comes in.

With Sammodra himself declaring a competition to determine who will be king. Then he could fairly pass the trial by defeating Sammodra which will make him the automatic King of Atlantis and therefore pass the trial.

The Competition was a Golden opportunity and his only way to passing the trial.

But Zeras had some doubts, is this Sammodra so powerful, he asked to challenge all the best fighters in the whole of Atlantis to a fight and still think he could win.

What kind of crazy thinking is that?

One thing is sure about Sammodra. Either he truly is very confident in his power or he's just arrogant.

Zeras wished for the latter.

Looking below the poster:

#You can sign up for the competition at the Colloseum.#

A smile appeared on Zeras face as he tore of the sign up part and carefully put it in his pockets.

He immediately moved towards the direction of the colloseum with the fastest speed he could muster but he could see even the young Atlanteans passing him by, as they looked at him with strange expressions:

"Why is he so slow!"

Zeras's face scruched up a little in displeasure, he really has to learn this swimmy thingy or there's no way he would live long in this place with such slow speed.

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In the Atlantean Palace...

A young man of about 20 stood in an empty white space as he closed his eyes while a crimson coloured trident was held in his hand.

His golden hair fluttered behind him, his upper body revealed, showing his perfect built muscles which could rival that of a greek god.

An incredible beam of destructive light suddenly emanated from this part of the place, piercing towards him with ruinous power.

The young man's eyes remained closed but the hand holding his trident was slowly raised up as he revolved the trident in his hand with speed, causing circular wave to appear around him.

Horrifying red veins appeared in his arm as they bulged crazily to twice their normal size. He opened his eyes, a crimson glow flashing out of them as he looked at the destructive beam piercing towards him.

"HYAAAAAAAAAH..."

Suddenly bending his back, he slammed the trident on the beam of light causing an apocalyptic explosion to rock this part of space.

"BOOOOOOOM!!!"

The water around them was blown away by the explosion as rubbles filled the air, causing dust to rise up.

The dust slowly settled, revealing a man who stood there with a trident in his hand.

The young man's hair wasn't even ruffled from that exchange, while the gigantic machine which blew out that crimson beam of light has been shattered into pieces.

Not only did he clash with the beam. He slammed his trident on it with so much force the beam was repulsed back to the machine and destroyed it.

This was the power of Sammodra Zean. The false king of Atlantis.

"Your majesty." A voice called out behind him, as the man turned back to look at the merman behind him.

"Speak!!!"

"Four of the five trial tester you placed in the major cities have all been defeated. A total of five warriors has gathered to challenge you for the throne." The merman said bowing his head respectfully.

"What city is the trial tester still standing."

"It's the Ligeris City, my Lord."

"Send a notification, that the entry for the competition will be closed three days from now. As for the battle for the throne. Let it begin next week." Sammodra said his voice carrying so much authority, they dare not be defied.

"Yes, my lord..." The merman said as he turned back and left, but a sweat droplets could be seen rolling on his face, with all his hair standing straight from fear.

"They want to challenge me for the throne."

A challenge? This is nothing but a facade for me to finally fulfill the trident's requirements to be the strongest warrior. I'll finally be able to obtain it's full power, and become the ultimate ruler of Atlantis.

Like it or not Atlas!, your Golden Trident will become mine soon." Sammodra said a sinister smile lining the corner of his lips.

Chapter 26: Proving Strength

Zeras arrived outside the gigantic colloseum, out of breath.

He clasped his knees as he took in continuous deep breath in from exhaustion.

After about five minutes of panting like an injured raccoon. He finally got ahold of himself as he dusted his clothes and entered into the colloseum.

A door was at the left with the word

"Sign up to become an Atlantean Soldier, right here!" written at its top.

Zeras moved towards the corner as he knocked. No reply.

He knocked thrice, once again, but after waiting another minute, there still was no reply.

The 'opened' planck on the door seemed to be mocking him, as Zeras face glowed with displeasure.

Clenching his hand into a fist, he slammed them on the door five times, causing bang sound that shook the door crazily.

"Come in!"

A husky voice finally echoed out, as Zeras stepped into the place.

The room was not that big, just of medium size and in it were a single large rotating chair and a table which covered 70% of the entire space.

Piles and piles of different books were disorderly arranged on the table with ink smeared all around it.

Behind the desk, a burly man with dirty brown scales sat as he raised up his head at Zeras with a smile, but they immediately faded away from his face on sighting Zeras as the man buried himself under the books before shooing him off:

"Go away, kiddo..."

Zeras felt like slamming his palm on the Atlantean face and watching those huge cheeks of his jingle uncontrollably.

But he restrained himself.

"Um...Kind sir... I'm here to sign up for the competi...."

"Go away kid, I don't like your face. So go away." The Atlantean quickly cut him off without looking at Zeras.

But Plank had his reasons. Normally, the real warriors don't knock on his door, he was used to the door being flung open with a kick.

But this time, they person actually knocked, making him guess it was probably some amateur who wanted to come quickly die.

And his guess was right, it was just a kid. A kid so lean, even he could crush him by simply laying on him.

But unfortunately, he underestimated Zeras.

'It seems the nice approach, won't work.' Zeras mused as he stared at the fatty before a sinister smile lined his face.

What nice approach, he never even knew that in the first place.

[Bio-morph has been activated.]

"Hey, how do you want to die!!!" An incredibly deep voice which screamed of murder boomed throughout the room causing destructive reverberations.

Planck immediately jumped up in shock as he looked at who was responsible for the voice.

Right in front of his was an eye, was a completely dark-eyes containing absolutely no-pupils. Crimson red veins moved like snake on the eyes which were filled with pure killing intent and extremely cold to behold.

"I...I... How can I help you Sir..." Plank soad his voice quivering, as he felt his bladder suddenly become full and needed to be empty.

Zeras changed his voice to become more husky and the color of his eyes to a deep red and crimson.

Using Bio-morph in this way won't cause his energy to become depleted quickly compared to changing his entire body structure, but even then, his energy was still being rapidly sucked making him deactivate the ability.

Planck saw the boy's eyes reverting back to their normal blue colour but his mind still shook from fear because of what he felt before. The killing intent in those eyes were no joke.

Zeras looked at the man as he gave a nod to himself. Trash people always like to act tough, but they'll immediately quiver when they meet the strong, and this fatty was no exception.

Dipping his hands into his pockets, he brought out the part of the poster he tore off as he showed it to the man who took it off the table.

"Oh, you want to participate in the competition!!!" Plank asked completely shocked.

The competition was incredibly brutal and the rate of death was higher than 90%. Yet this kid wanted to join.

"Yes, I want to join. And the real question is, how do I join."

"Um...Sir, to join the competition. You have to earn the Atlantean Soldier card which can only be obtained by defeating one of our warriors who is a true Atlantic soldier.

Only after that can you fight with the trial tester placed in this city by the king himself, to finally join the trial.

"Then let's get going to whoever I have to fight to earn the Atlantic soldier card." Zeras asked immediately shocking Plank speechlessly.

"Ok... Let's get going then." Plank said moving out with Zeras following behind him.

"You can move this way which lead to the Colloseum stage. I'll inform one of the Atlantean Soldier who will take you through your test" Plank said as he moved towards the second corridor nudging Zeras to the right corridor which supposedly led to the Colloseum.

Even though he'll be fighting in a colloseum in the next minute. Zeras wasn't a bit scared at the thought and instead a little excited about the prospect.

Within here, he can completely go all out without giving a care.

Chapter 27: [Bonus chapter]

Zeras stood there at the edges of the battle stages as he continuously yawned.

He could see some old burly Atlanteans appearing on the colloseum wanting to watch his first fight, it seems those were the so-called Atlantean soldiers.

They were kinda disappointed in seeing him probably due to his size, and it struck them curious what scared Plank so much he called the most bloody fighter, Roder, to come teach the boy a lesson.

The door to the battle stage eventually opened as the figure of a man moved away from the darkness.

The man was clad in a blue coloured pant, with his upper body revealed. His large tummy swinging around everytime he moved.

A Trident was flung towards Zeras with speed, but he was unfazed as he caught the trident in his hand without moving a single inch back, dispersing the force to his body.

"Defend yourself...kid" Roder yelled as he closed in on Zeras, his burly figure not affecting his speed in the least.

A Trident's throngs pierced towards his face as Zeras took a step to the side easily dodging the trident.

Roder immediately slashed the trident horizontally, causing Zeras to lie horizontally on the floor too, easily dodging all of Roder's trident strike.

It seems increasing his perception was finally showing its edges.

"It's the only thing you can do is dodge...kiddo." Roder yelled as he was starting to pant, the continuous swerving is draining away some of his energy.

"It's the only thing you can do is swerve your belly around old man." Zeras chortled back unforgivenly causing the tempo of the trident's attack to increase.

But while one might think he's taking the old man unseriously, Zeras was actually trying to watch how the man is able to move so fast, and how he was able to swing his trident with so much force.

Zeras never had any training with the trident. The only weapon he can use is the dagger and maybe the gun, but even using that he didn't have any type of accuracy.

His main weapon in battle was his speed. But here, that was very limited due to him not knowing how to swim like the Atlanteans.

The best place to learn was during a battle so learning how to increase his speed was very important and that was what he was doing.

The fighter noticed Zeras being able to continuously move more easily around as time went by, causing him to dodge Roder's attack a lot easier.

A strange expression appeared on their face as it seemed to them Zeras was able to predict where the attack was coming from before it even move closer to him.

They didn't for a second doubt Roder's strength, but they were surprised seeing him failing to land a single hit this entire time.

"HYAAAAAAH"

Roder yelled as he slammed the trident forward horizontally, but he was shocked when he felt it connecting this time.

Looking at his trident, he saw Zeras blocking the trident with his as he stood there staring at him with a smile.

"Don't you want me to fight back old man, then you got your wish." Zeras pushed back Roder's trident with his as he immediately slammed to the side with speed.

A clang resonated as Roder blocked the trident. Slipping it to the side, he once again slashed towards Zeras from an unpredictable angle.

Every collision sent forward a powerful force that resonated deeply in the area.

With every collision, Zeras felt something strange about the Atlanteans and that was their strange strength.

Anytime Roder swung his trident, the force accompanying it was double what should normally be possible. It was as if there was a strange force accompanying every strike, increasing it's might.

Both fighters went all out,. putting their all into this fight as Roder fought hard to deal with the boy as he was told while Zeras tried to increase his comprehension of the trident.

Roder's trident pierced forward once again but this time, Zeras flunged his trident upwards instead.

Wrapping around his arm on Roder's trident, he used the soft force to suddenly drag Roder towards him.

Quickly moving behind the man, he wrapped his arm tightly around the man as he kicked the back of his knee causing roder to fall in a kneeling position.

The trident he flung up dropped down back, as Roder looked up only to see the trident's throngs moving towards his eyes.

He immediately tried closing them, but he knew it was useless, the trident could pierce through his brain from his eyes.

But after five seconds, he didn't feel anything making him open his eyes once again.

His eyelashes brushed lightly against the trident's throngs, showing just how dangerously closed they were to impaling him as the trident was held by Zeras preventing it from truly killing the man.

"I...I.. Surrender..." The man said as Zeras slowly released his hold, and went in the direction of the exit.

All the Atlantean soldiers stood there mouth agape as they couldn't believe what was happening.

Roder was defeated and by a kid no less.

An incredible news which seemed untrue rang out through the whole of Ligeris City of the new Atlantic soldier who defeated Rider. A boy lesser than 18.

Chapter 28: Perks Of An Atlantean Soldier

Among the ranks of Atlantean soldiers who stood there shocked speechless.

There was a particular individual that was even more shocked by the results.

That man is Plank.

Plank looked like someone who had his soul taken away from him as he clenched his teeth furiously.

He was angry when Zeras threatened him and therefore planned to get back at the kid by paying Roder to help him teach the boy a lesson, but not only was the boy safe and sound, he even managed to increase his fame by defeating the Roder he sent.

Most painfully was the money he lost to hire Roder which he knew will never be paid back.

Zeras ignored the group as he moved out of the colloseum and towards Plank.

Arriving before him, he asked with a playful smirk.

"So, what next..."

"Um..." Plank felt his heart sinking to the bottom but he quickly got an hold of himself as he replied

"You have successfully passed the Atlantean soldier Trial. Next is this..."

Planck brought out a blue card as he passed it to Zeras.

"So this is the so-called Atlantean soldier card."

"Yes Sir, the card gives you special access to the colloseum, allowing you all the benefits of being an Athlantean soldier such as a free living room and access to the colloseum soldier training room.

Access to 100 Athlantean coins.

Choosing one trident for free from the Colloseum's Store.

And most importantly, you can now challenge the trial taker, to join the competition.

"And Who's the trial taker...?" Zeras trying to get to the point and get this done with.

"The trial taker is Devyn..." Zeras eyes gleamed with seriousness on hearing that name, he was well aware of who Devyn was.

It was the powerful soldier he first saw fighting and he knew the man was not only powerful but also extremely ruthless killing his opponent without blinking an eye.

Devyn would definitely not be a walk in the park.

"I have to warn you sir about the competition rules to fight Devin. It's a life and death battle.

So either you or Devyn must die or both, there can't be any two winner.

Besides, about 10 Athlantean soldiers have already fought with Devyn now and all have been brutally killed by him.

I know you're strong but is there a need for you to partake in this competition. You can just easily live your life comfortably as an Athlantean soldier here."

Plank asked with worry on his face. It's not that he love Zeras, heck no!, It's just that the felt he was still too young to go quickly meet his death.

He didn't want to see their new Colloseum genius dying quickly.

To him Zeras was a gold that need to be carefully mined. It'll be a waste if he died too quickly.

"Can you take me to the room." Zeras asked as if he never heard all what Plank said before.

"Oh..Ok.. Right this way, Sir..." He was led deeper into a part of the colloseum.

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Ten minutes later...

Zeras stood before a golden coloured door as he clenched the knob and entered into it.

The living room was pretty massive, with strange sofas built in the form of a fish.

The flooring were covered in strange blue-coloured rocks.

Instead of bulbs, there were stacks of pearls which glowed with an array of colourful lights illuminating the area.

"This is the place sir, here, you can access the other areas using this." Plank said as he gave a map to Zeras which showed all the area in the colloseum.

"Thank you for your help..." Zeras said shocking Plank senseless as he thought a talented person like him would definitely look down on a lazy waiter like him

"Oh... I.." Plank said trying to butt-lick a little but he was immediately cut off.

"Now you can leave..."

"Tch..." Plank immediately moved out of the room with a grumpy expression on his face.

"They're all the same..." He muttered to himself before quickly scurrying off.

"Hey, tell Devyn I'll be challenging him in two days from now..." Zeras said causing Plank to immediately stop as he stared at Zeras as if he was looking at a monster.

"Yes, sir..."

Zeras slammed the door shut as he sat down on the sofa breathing out his lungs.

An holographic panel appeared in front of him:

[Quest Completed: Defeat Roder.]

[+20 EXP]

[Total EXP: 20/400]

Zeras looked at the holographic panel before him, surprised quests can still be completed even though this all was just an unreal dimension.

A fact even him find very hard to accept.

If one had told him all he witnessed was a lie, he wouldn't have given them a sharp slap, but that was really the truth.

"He reclined on the chair and strangely it was comfortably soft."

Zeras immediately got a grip on himself as he quickly organized his thoughts. With the Atlantean soldier card obtained. It was time to move on to the next step.

Chapter 29: A Grave Injury

With him having obtained the Atlantean soldier card.

His next step is fighting with Dyvan and defeating him.

Fighting with Dyvan is already guaranteed to happen two days from now.

The next thing is defeating Dyvan.

Analysing the man and his own weakness. Zeras drew conclusions of the battle in his head.

When it comes to the power of an opponent to Zeras. There are majorly three things that greatly matters. In fact, not having majority of them means certain defeat to him.

They are strength, speed, motivation and battle experience.

And with that as a basis, he tried predicting the outcome of the fight with Dyvan.

First: Strength. When it comes to strength, Dyvan definitely very powerful as he watched him break his opponent's trident and sending him flying with a single slash.

So no doubt, Dyvan was strong. But Zeras was confident in his brute force also, although he really didn't focus on pure strength much.

With his ability of Bio-morph, he could at least go toe-to-toe with Dyvan when it comes to strength.

Secondly: Speed. Here there was no doubt a winner and that was Dyvan. Zeras knew he was very slow. He wasn't an Atlantean so he didn't really understand how they swim around like fishes.

Compared to a man who is a true Atlantean and have been in the water his whole life, then he was pretty sure he'll be the one beaten to a pulp if he dared compete with Dyvan in pure speed.

Thirdly was motivation. Zeras had his own reasons for believing this aspect.

When he fought with Chris, this was what enabled him to win. Chris looked down on him, or to say, he looked down on Zeras's will to live, making him not take him seriously. And he died due to that.

If Chris had taken the fight seriously from the beginning, then he would have no doubt won. That was why Zeras prioritized motivation.

Only with motivation can he keep going and while he wasn't aware of how strong Dyvan's motivation to win is. He knew it was a life and death battle and no one wants to die.

The winner here would be left to the one who had a greater urge to live.

Lastly was battle experience and there was a sure winner, Dyvan.

He was a warrior, who had trained in the way of the trident long before Zeras and will no doubt have more experience with using the trident.

With that gathered, if he wants to beat Dyvan, then he at least needs to be twice as strong and fast as he is and that is only through training.

Even if he only had two days, he could still get something done with that.

Zeras stood up immediately as he checked the map looking for where the training area was.

Finding it, he immediately exited the room as he moved towards the training ground.

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Atlantean soldiers training ground...

The door was opened slowly as the soldiers directed their attention towards who it was.

On sighting Zeras, they immediately withdrew their eyes as they continued what they were doing.

They didn't try to cause him trouble, they all watched his fight with Roder and knew he was a tough customer.

Zeras looked at the place, seeing the large ring at the far end of the grounds.

There were rows and rows of weapon racks in the place, majorly consisting of different types of tridents.

Strange equipments for training speed and testing strength, etc.

An haggard looking old man with long hair who had a broom in his hands cleaning the floor.

He moved towards the battle stage as he stood among other soldiers watching the battle that was currently taking place on the stage.

He was majorly trying to observe how the opponents were moving and manoeuvring in the fight and little by little he was getting the hang of their movement.

The two fighters suddenly collided with each other one more time, as one of them had one of his trident blown away from his hand.

Zeras had a disappointed expression seeing the fight end so quickly but his eyes narrowed as he watched the direction where the trident was moving.

It was towards the old man who was sweeping the grounds.

Zeras eyes widened as he had no doubt the trident will immediately pierce into the old man's head no doubt killing the poor soul.

The other soldiers weren't a bit interested in the results at all as if whether the old man died was none of their business, instead they look even amused.

The trident moved with speed towards the cleaner, who quickly tried turning back but stood there dumbly probably shocked senseless by the suddenness.

The trident was less than five centimeters away, and it seems the result was final until a figure flashed by and sent flying into the wall in that split second.

Blood slipped out of Zeras's mouth as he fell on his knees, looking at his stomach.

There the trident could be seen, its three sharp prongs nailed to his stomach and emerging from behind him as blood oozed out, painting his clothes in a colour of red.

Zeras grabbed the trident as he pulled it out of his stomach, clenching his teeth tightly due to the pain.

His eyesights were starting to turn dark as he caught a glimpse of the other soldiers who were looking at him in a strange expression.

It wasn't one of pity but of mockery.

Zeras ignored them as he looked at the old man who held a broom in his hands looking at him in shock.

The world slowly went dark as his body fell to the ground with a thud blood oozing out from his wounds painting the floor in blood red.

Chapter 30: A Teacher?

The white light from the pearls hung above were piercing to the eye as he slowly opened them and they quickly regulated to the intensity.

Zeras laid there for a while looking at the chandeliers made of pearls when a voice echoed out to him:

"You're Awake..."

He slowly sat up as he looked around the room, it was a simple room, with the bed he was lying on, some book racks at the far ends of the wall, a shabby wardrobe.

But what caught Zeras attention was the rusty trident that was hung at the top. It was strange to him, because the trident was almost twice longer than the normal tridents with rust covering some part of it.

He looked at himself and at bandage that wrapped around his stomach although he was sure he was fully healed. He could hear footsteps closing towards him from behind as he sat up and stared behind him in alert but soon relaxed. It was the Old Man he tried saving in the training hall.

"Drink this, it should help you get back your energy..." The old man said offering him a small bowl which holds a black sticky mixture.

Zeras took the bowl, drowning it in a single gulp. His face morphed to disgust due to the sourness.

"Thank you..."

"I should be the one taking you child. You saved my life." The old man said as he walked to his broom resting on the opposite wall.

Zeras looked at the man's retreating figure as he noticed something that shocked him speechless. The way the the old man was moving.

He wasn't swimming at all. He was walking like a human would on land.

The man's leg were placed on the water and almost unnoticeable ripples were being formed acting like a floor for him to move on.

A normal Atlantean would have thought this type of movement was due to the man's old age. But Zeras knew that only a human can walk like this.

"How?" Zeras asked surprised.

"Hmm..." The old man turned back looking at him strangely.

"How can you... Can you teach me how to walk like that. I'm really slow when swimming normally due to my slightly injured legs." Zeras asked trying to diffuse any confusion the old man might be having.

"I'm old, that's why I walk like this. You want to learn how the old walks?" The old man asked chuckling to himself in mockery.

"Yes. I do!"

The old man was surprised seeing the determination in the boy's voice. It was a strange request as none ever asked him how to walk like this.

His mind couldn't help but drift to the last generation.

The generation of true warriors. This is how the True Atlanteans of that time walk. They don't swim like fishes. But generation changes and this generation...

He looked at the boy as he opened his mouth to say something...

"I saved your life so you owe me one. Teach me how you managed to walk like that and we'll be even..." Zeras immediately cut him off pushing him to a point where he couldn't say no!

"Ok, I'll teach you boy but..." A loud knock on the door cut the old man off as they both looked at the door which was rudely opened.

A figure waltzed into the room with a prideful expression on his face.

It was Plank.

"Hey, old foggy, the soldiers have complained of some of the rooms not being cleaned. Do you think I'm paying to goof off aroun..."

Plank's word got stuck in his throat as he looked at the figure on the bed and discovered it was that demon.

"Haha, I don't know you're..."

"How much do you pay the man to clean the colloseum for a week." Zeras asked cutting him off.

"It's 10 Atlantean coins..."

"You said I have 100 Atlantean coins for a reward as being an Atlantean Soldier right.

Then take twenty Atlantean coins. The old man wouldn't be available for this week." Zeras said shocking Plank speechless.

"Oh..Ok?"

"Good, you can leave..."

"Ok, here's the left over of your coins..."

Plank passed him 80 coins which was the coins he had left as he quickly scurried away.

"Here... Take this 20 coins too. It seems you'll have enough for the next two weeks." Zeras said passing them to old man who slowly let go of the broom in his hands.

"Ok. You forced me. I heard you're joining the competition." The old man asked.

"Yes I am."

"Then you're lucky you have me, or the results won't be certain." The old man moved towards the wall and touched some random part causing a part of the wall to sink in and therein were steps which extended into the abyss below.

"Come with me..."

Zeras immediately stood up from the bed as he chased after the man's figure with curiosity.

Just what secret could this ordinary cleaner be keeping?