

Chaos Devourer System

#Chapter 31: Ancient Secrets of Atlanteans - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 31: Ancient Secrets of Atlanteans

Chapter 31: Ancient Secrets of Atlanteans

The steps were long and unending with the abyss being littered with the light from pearls hung around.

They have been traveling for almost 30 minutes now, descending deeper underground. Zeras looked behind him, it was dark and looking into the distance was even more darker as he couldn't help but feel his heart rate slowly spiking but he kept quiet and just followed after the old man's figure.

Zeras's ears suddenly perked up, as he felt he could hear the sound of rushing water.

'Rushing water underground?'

They slowly came to the ending of the steps and right in front of him was a wall, which placed on it was a staff.

The Old Man slowly walked forward as he picked up the staff and slammed it on the wall twice at different points.

With a deep rumbling, the wall slowly opened up revealing extremely bright light that made Zeras squint his eyes a bit.

"We're here..." The old man said as he moved forward with the staff in hand.

Right in front of them was a wooden canoe, tied beside the stump of a tree.

The area was an extremely large cave, which had huge statues extending deeper into the cave.

The ground contained no land but water making Zeras finally realize why there was a canoe here in this place.

Wherever the man was taking him, it was definitely to the end of this water.

The old man walked forward as he untied the rope holding the boat while nudging Zeras forward as they both sat on the boat.

As there was four paddling, Zeras took two as he sat behind the man cross-legged.

The old man also took the remaining two and gently inserting it into the water, the boat moved forward slowly.

Zeras also wanted to dip his paddle in the water but was cut-off as a voice echoed out to him:

"Watch and learn, young one..."

A strange expression appeared on Zeras's face as he looked at the way the man was paddling. There wasn't much difference to him.

"Tch... You're underestimating me too much, old foggy..."

Zeras ignored the man as he dipped his paddle into the water, but his face changed when he wanted to move his arm back.

He couldn't!

It was like deeping a paddle into the raw earth and expecting it to move back.

"WHAT!!!??"

Zeras stood there dazed a little as he slowly slowly stretched out his neck to check if it was really water they were on and heaved a sign of relief. Maybe it was an illusion.

He removed the paddle from the water as he dipped it into the water once again but he was once again shocked.

The paddle wouldn't bulge an inch, it was as if the water weighed a thousand pounds.

Yet the man was slowly paddling forward making Zeras look at him with a stupified expression.

Wait this doesn't make sense, is the water only heavy for him. Or is...

"This is the Ancient path..." The man began, as he looked up at the statues beside them.

Zeras noticed the statues were in the form of Atlanteans who all had a trident in hand and covering their head was an element.

Their figure were muscular and huge, reaching up to the ceiling above.

Their backs were straight while they looked forward with a serious expression on their face. Zeras couldn't help but shudder in respect, just from their aura alone, this were true warriors.

"The ancient path to what..." Zeras asked confused.

"The ancient path to the Atlantean soldiers ground." The man said as he looked at the statues breathing out a sad sign.

"There was a war that happened in the past in Atlantis. A war that forever changed its essence.

It was a war with another powerful races who were known as Skulls." The man said as he look like he was looking at the past, as for how far, Zeras couldn't determine.

"The Skulls fought for something that belonged to us Atlanteans, they are a race with a deep hunger for powerful things. Therefore they had the largest collections of powerful artifacts.

And as for us Atlanteans, the most powerful thing we had was our Golden Trident. The Skulls wanted it.

But how could we give up the most precious artifacts passed on for more than a thousand generations.

We couldn't give it up, so we fought back. The results were disastrous."The old man said as he looked at the statues.

Realization dawned on Zeras as he finally knew who the statues represent. It must be the Atlantean soldiers of the past.

"Even though we Atlanteans won and we killed every single Skulls except one, the war was still disastrous, so much only three people survived among those who fought in the war.

It was King Atlas, ruler of Atlantis, possessor of the Golden Trident, His most trusted Advisory, and a young child.

That child is Sammodra Zean.

Chapter 32: Sammodra's History [Bonus Chapter]

Zeras stood there wide mouth as he sat there dazed a little.

"Sammodra Zean. Do you mean..."

"Yes. Sammodra Zean. While many knew him as the king's adopted child and think it worthy of him to take the throne, none of them knew of the true past of Sammodra." The old man said shaking his head with regret.

It was like looking at a young group of generation who have forgotten their past and diving head-first into the Abyss.

"Do you know young man, that Sammodra Zean isn't an Athlantean." The old man asked once again shocking Zeras.

"If he's not an Athlantean, then that that means he's an..." Zeras gasped as he discovered the truth, a truth he never wanted to believe.

"Yes, Sammodra Zean is not an Athlantean, he is in fact a Skull." The old man said as a matter of factly.

Zeras looked at the old man blankly, his face morphing into other expressions continuously.

"But, I don't understand, why will the king spare an enemy and even adopt him as his own son. It looks kinda..." Zeras said not finishing his sentence. It looks stupid to him, who adopts the child of an enemy.

"Even though King Atlas, was a great man and a powerful King. He did have a single blemish in him and that was his pure kindness towards the young.

Sammodra was found after the end of the battle, with a dead mother and father. He was just born as at that time.

Atlas couldn't bring himself to kill a boy who lost his mother and father. So he decided to raise him believing he could wipe away the urge of the Skulls want for powerful artifacts from him.

A good decision, but unfortunately, fate." The old man said shaking his head.

"The King loved Sammodra as he later accepted him as one of his own, training him to become his successor but as Sammodra grew, so did his urge for powerful things. The Skull's want for powerful treasures is not at all something slowly built in them, it's a deep greedy urge forever etched in their bloodline." The Old Man spat out coldly.

"The things Sammodra saw couldn't longer satisfy his urge and he finally found something that did. And that was Atlas's Golden Trident. It was the same thing that caused the battle with the Skulls in the first place.

How could the king not know of this. But could he bring himself to get rid of the son he raised since young.

Besides, the King sustained injuries during the war and was well aware he wouldn't live long. Something Sammodra also knew, and therefore was waiting patiently for Atlas death so he'll automatically obtain the trident as the next king.

That's why King Atlas created a second rule, which is that only the most powerful Athlanthean can become the next king of Atlantis.

It was a rule with a bleak efforts. Atlas was leaving the owner of the trident to fate. If Sammodra obtained the trident, he'll soon later know of his past and can you guess what he'll do once he learned of his past..." The old man said asking Zeras.

"He'll destroy Atlantis and go out searching for his own race." Zeras answered absent-mindedly.

"Correct."

"But there should be someone who can win him right. Is Sammodra that powerful..."

"Sammodra Zean is probably the most powerful in Atlantis. And should I tell you why?"

Atlas raised him as his own son, teaching him the secrets art of the Athlantheans that were mostly unknown. Besides, Sammodra also had the blood of the powerful Skulls running through him.

He's the most perfect combination of two powerful races.

He's very powerful. So powerful I can't think of a match to him.

All the ancient warriors of Atlantis are all dead, the Athlanthean soldiers of this generation are just heedless flies who tried grappling around for anything they might find in the dark.

In short, they're lost..."

Zeras swallowwd as he finally realized just how tough his mission was.

"But I believe there's one that can defeat Sammodra."

"Really?" Zeras asked curiously.

"Did I tell you after King Atlas and Sammodra, one more person survived." The Old Man asked with a smile.

"Yes. The King's Advisor?." Zeras answered.

"The King's Advisor is not an ordinary advisor. In fact, he's the one who grew up with the king, teaching the king the secrets art of Athlantheans and protecting him since young.

In other words, you can say the king's advisor is the king's teacher since birth.

If the king's advisor were to teach another person. Then that person would just be as powerful as King Atlas himself."

Zeras nodded, realization dawning upon him. What the man said was really true. But there was still a flaw.

"Since the king is dead, I believe his Advisor should have also died, right?"

"No his Advisor is not dead, he's very much alive." The old man said with a smile.

"He is? where is he right now?" Zeras asked curiously.

"He is..." The old man said as he turned back to look in Zeras blue eyes, before saying a word that made Zeras almost faint, before suddenly bursting into laughter.

Chapter 33: The Way of Soft Strength.

"He is...me," the old man said as he looked into Zera's eyes.

Zeras stood there shocked at first when he suddenly burst into laughter.

King Atlas's great advisor was the Old cleaner of the Colosseum. Just how funny is that? Isn't he supposed to be in the palace?

Zera's laughter continued for almost three minutes non-stop, but even though he was laughing, all he could see was the old man looking at him with a blank expression.

Zera's laughter finally calmed down as he spoke to the old man.

"I'm sorry old man. But it's good to follow our dreams sometimes. Dreaming to be the King's Advisor isn't a bad thing I'll say." Zeras said but all he got from the old man was a smile.

"Whether you believe it or not. I don't want Sammodra to become the next king of Atlantis. So I want to train you to stop him." The old man said looking at Zeras with a serious expression.

"Hmm..."

Zeras thought about what he said. His mission was to defeat the false king of Atlantis which was Sammodra and it kinda fits in with the old man's objective.

So they were pretty much on the same lane. All he needed from the old man was to teach him how to walk. Whether the old man was the king's advisor was none of his business, so far he obtained what he wanted.

If the old man turned out to be speaking the truth, then he would learn an extra three or two things from him. If the man was also lying, then he wouldn't be losing anything too.

Either, he wins.

"I agree old man."

"Good." The old man said with a smile.

"What is the strongest point you noticed when you fought with Roder." The old man said as he continued paddling.

Zeras's eyes narrowed, if he was to recall a troublesome thing about Roder, then that was the strange force that accompanied every swing of his trident.

"I feel he can swing harder than he should normally be able to do. Like there's a strange force powering every one of his attacks." Zeras said to the man. It was a strange topic that always bothered him.

"That force runs through all of us. It's the belief power obtained from King Atlas's golden trident. It enforces the strike of an Athlanthean by double when he strikes with the trident." The old man answered causing a smile to appear on his face.

What the man just told him was like a racial ability of the Atlanteans. Their strength is increased by double when they fight with the tridents. It's like his own ability of Dash, which increases his speed by double when it's activated.

"But the Atlanteans have treaded down the wrong path. The way of an Athlanthean is not that of strong strength but it's quite the opposite. It's soft strength force"

"What..." Zeras looked at the old man as if he was insane. Strong strength and soft strength. Is there such a concept?

"Hold your paddle..." The old man commanded.

Zeras grabbed hold of his paddle in both hands as their tip lay resting on the water.

"Now follow my wave..." The old man said as Zeras felt him sharply inhaling before swinging the paddle backward, extremely gently, and the boat also moved forward.

He watched the man repeat the motion every three times, with each time drawing in a deep breath as he rowed.

He also dipped his paddle into the water as he tried swinging back but felt it heavy even with his increased strength from leveling up. It was almost impossible.

"Breath in before swinging. Don't apply force, try to sense the water current and flow with it.

Remember this boy, our objective is not to completely change, instead, it's to adapt..."

Zeras looked at the back of the old man who was easily paddling as his words echoed out to himself.

"It's not to change but to adapt."

Zeras dipped his paddle in the hard water as he closed his eyes and concentrated.

He could feel the water which was formerly deadly stagnant having some small areas where there were currents.

Zeras slowly dipped his paddle in, as he focused his paddle on sensing the special waves and moved in the direction of those waves instead, applying as little force as possible while ensuring the waves themselves did the work.

Slowly but surely, he could feel the paddle moving backward, as they traveled to the special wave but he would sometimes lose track of the waves and come before an obstruction.

"Don't force it to move. Don't try to brute-force your way in. Instead, follow the waves as they move. Listen to it and follow its path instead..."

That word seemed to echo out to him from an area far from the darkness as Zeras slowly concentrated on moving his paddle only in the direction of the wave.

Sometimes, he would come across block-holds as he lost track of the wave, but instead of fighting back, he would remove his paddle and try to follow another current instead.

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6hrs later...

A young man and an old man could be seen as they both sat down on a boat, eyes closed, with a paddle in hand while driving forward.

Zeras felt the world around him disappearing with only one thing remaining and that was the waves he could feel his paddle passing by.

His muscles moved in sync with the waves, following the current, as he found strength from deep within him to follow through the waves.

Slowly, he was successfully paddling without needing to constantly remove his paddle from the water due to block-holes.

"Our objective is not to change but to adapt..." Zetas felt the word echoing out to him as realization dawned upon him.

"Struggling against the wave and he'll be expending too much energy, but instead of doing that, he could simply follow the wave, and use its current to direct himself in his direction.

He wouldn't need to struggle and waste energy, he'll simply provide a small burst and let the waves do his job.

Zeras snapped his eyes open as he took a deep breath in disbelief. There was a feeling growing in him as if he had grabbed on something, but he still didn't understand what it meant.

It was the same as the feeling of grabbing onto air. He could feel it in his palms, but he didn't understand what happened after that. He only knows it's gone.

Zeras looked at the back of the old man strangely. Now, to him, he wasn't just an old useless colosseum cleaner. Perhaps there was a possibility, a possibility of him being something more.

Chapter 34: Ancient Athlanteans Training Ground

"Good, young man. You have learned the basic steps of the Wave in very little time. It is a good result." The old man said as he looked behind him flashing Zeras an approving smile before focusing back on rowing.

Zeras let go of the trident and instead stood upright. Staring at the water which reflected his face, he took a deep breath in as his body relaxed before his leg stretched forward gently onto the water surface.

While one might be expecting his leg to sink in, they stood there for about 5 seconds until they began sinking but Zeras already drawn his leg back before then.

Slamming his butt on the boat's floor, he breathed out loudly as he muttered.

"Is that it... Is that how you walk instead of swimming." Zeras asked absent-mindedly but what he got was a smile from the old Man.

Zeras finally understood why the Old man could walk in water Instead of swimming.

While trying to sense the waves of water, some currents flowed, and some were stagnant and blocking his paddle from moving backward. Those stagnant waves were like blocks.

If one could properly sense them, then they could use the blocks as a platform. But the blocks aren't stable and will soon sink in.

"You have learned the basics of the Wave and can even apply it a little, but your concentration should not be on standing on the stagnant currents. It is to use the flowing current to support your movement.

That will enable you to make the slightest of burst, but with the flowing current moving, it will take you forward with even more speed, expending even less energy to move faster." The man said as he closed his eyes while padding, seeing all that Zeras was doing even though his eyes were closed.

Zeras took a deep breath in as he suddenly jumped from the boat and onto the water. He sensed one of the stagnant waves and used that to rest on the water but he could sense the stagnant wave breaking making him jump on another one and another.

"Try using the moving waves to aid your movement." The old man commanded.

"I can't. The stagnant waves are thwarting quickly. How would I balance on the ones that are not even stagnant." Zeras asked as he jumped from one place to the other.

"Just do it."

"I'm not ready..."

"You'll never be ready. Do it."

Zeras's figure moved from one stagnant current to another as tried following a moving current but his face changed as the moving current shifted his right leg forward, making him lose his center of balance. He skidded forward but before he could fall in the water, he quickly stepped on another stagnant wave and then another and another causing his body to eventually balance.

"Now, you know the worst that could happen if you stepped on the moving waves right?

So is there still anything to be afraid of." The man asked Zeras with a smile.

Zera's eyebrows knitted as he realized the old foggy was right. Now even if he knew he would fail on the moving waves, he could always find his footing using the stagnant waves.

A smile appeared on his face as he began moving around the boat, walking on the water with speed, he would use the moving waves occasionally even though he skidded a little, he was slowly learning to stand longer on the moving waves.

'His comprehension is fast, and his body is healthy. His mind is clear and clean. He's suited to the old ways.' The old man thought as he watched Zera's figure flickering around the water slowly grasping the power of waves.

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10 hours later.

A young man with blue hair flickered across the water surface, as his feet seemed to skid across the water surface, yet they never dipped into it all.

Zeras felt himself moving around the water, easily using the moving Waves to propel himself and the stagnant ones to act as a platform to rest on.

Right now, his speed could at least match an average Athlanthean, and if he activated his skill- Dash. Then there was no doubt he would surpass the Athlantheans soldiers in pure speed.

He slowly breathed out the air lowing in the place, with a relaxed expression on his face.

Skidding across the river surface and breathing in the deep air, was an exercise he was slowly growing to love as he felt his head clearing while his attunement with the waves grew even more.

Zeras eventually opened his eyes as it rested on the man before slowly moving towards him.

"Thank you," Zeras said bowing to the man. With his speed right now, he could confidently say he would match Dyvan in speed and that was all thanks to the old man.

"If you want to thank me. Then defeat Sammodra Zean." The old man said while paddling.

Zeras sat down back as he looked around him seeing the different statues.

They have been paddling for almost 16 hours now and they have yet to see the end of this long cave.

Who even knew there was a cave like this underground that wasn't filled with water and Instead air? He was also surprised the old man could even breathe in air. But he guessed it made sense. The Atlanteans weren't fishes, so they should be able to breathe on land as well.

A possible notion but wrong.

"Where are we even going, old man."

"If you want to know, then act." The old man said as he pointed to the two paddles.

Zeras grabbed hold of the paddles as he also joined in rowing it forward, using it as an opportunity to learn rowing.

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30 minutes later...

"We're here..."

The old man's voice broke the silence as Zeras opened his eyes and before him was a large golden-coloured door.

In front of the door, two large Athlanthean were drawn on it in a clashing motion as their trident locked together in a deadly battle.

"Welcome, young man, to the Ancient Athlantheans training grounds." The old man said with pride filling every ounce of his voice while a loud rumbling sound echoed out in the place as the golden door slowly opened.

Chapter 35: Trident Lessons

"RUUUUUUUUUUUUMBLE"

The door made a loud rumbling sound that shook the boat as both Zeras and the old man got out of it.

Zeras watched as the door slowly opened. It was huge, so huge he was like a small stone in front of it.

The door finally opened fully, but Zera's face dropped in the next second.

The place was dark and radiated a gloomy aura. There was no light illuminating the place making Zeras look at the old man with a questioning gaze.

"Did you know in the past, thousands of people fought madly just to be given a chance to train in the Athlanthean Soldiers ground? But as time passed, it slowly grew deserted. Come with me" the Old Man said as Zeras followed behind him.

Stepping into the gate, a blinding white light suddenly flared powerfully in the place as his eyes shut tightly. The lights were incredibly piercing to the eye.

Slowly regulating the intensity, he could see the area clearly and it was just a gigantic space. The entire space was a white color that extended deep into the distance with not a single thing inside.

"Is this...Is this a training ground?"

Immediately he said that the man suddenly clapped his hands twice as a voice rang out in the hall:

"A warrior has entered into the space and has decided to challenge its levels."

"Level 1 begins."

Zeras watched as the area in front of him suddenly began changing.

The floor in the far distance sank into the ground and in its place, a battle stage slowly emerged.

A weapon rack appeared in front of Zeras lined with different tridents.

"Pick your weapon, soldier..." The voice ordered as Zeras picked up a silver-colored trident of about 2 meters in height. The weapon was incredibly light and even though taller than he was, he felt it was very suitable for him.

He walked towards the battle stage unhurriedly as he climbed on top of it.

Immediately he climbed it, a space on the battle stage suddenly sank in and a figure came out of it.

It was a dark humanoid figure, cloaked from head to toe in a red-colored armor. A red-colored trident was held in its hands as the piercing red light of its eyes shone through the armor.

The figure was nothing of a living being and looked more like a robot.

"Defeat the Level 1 puppet and you'll have passed the stage." The voice ordered.

"Oh, a puppet? Interesting."

A system notification panel appeared in front of Zeras.

[A Level 1 battle puppet has been identified]

[Quest Activated: Defeat the puppet.]

[Reward: +100 EXP]

A smile appeared on Zera's face as he just might be able to increase his strength from this, but his face changed as he felt the air violently pierced from his side.

Instinctively, he automatically slammed his trident to that area.

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG"

Zeras felt as if he rammed into a wall as he was sent skidding away before coming to rest about three meters away.

Before he could even gather himself, the puppet already threw himself into him as they both clashed on the battle stage with Zeras being placed on the back foot with every clash.

Zeras was shocked and speechless by the puppet, he could every strike of its trident reverberating through his entire body, as his hand slowly turned numb. Even though it was a puppet, its movements were incredibly fluid and every slash of the trident brought about devastating power.

The trident pierced toward his face, but Zeras didn't clash this time and instead dodged the attack by horizontally kicking off the ground in the next second, giving him a 10-meter space between the puppet.

"You got distracted at the beginning of the fight, boy. That's not a wise decision." The old man said as Zeras saw him sitting on a chair and folded his hands together while looking at their battle.

"The puppet is strong, stronger than you think."

"Strong? Tch." Zeras snorted coldly as the ground beneath him seemed to rumble for a second.

"BOOM"

The battle stage shook as a figure pierced through the air with speed appearing above the battle stage.

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG"

The puppet had one of its knees on the ground with its trident raised as Zeras stood above it, his trident slamming from the top. Zeras was a little surprised as he expected the puppet to be sent flying from that blow but it was only put on its knees.

Seeing the robot's position, a mocking smile lined his lips, as he slammed one of his legs on the robot's chest sending it flying.

Before the puppet could gather itself, a trident's throngs were pierced into its chest as Zeras violently plunged the trident in before forcefully removing it, metallic objects raining down from the puppet before it landed on the ground, face flat.

"Congratulations warrior, you have successfully defeated the puppet."

"Level 2 will now begin."

The ground opened up swallowing the puppets, while another one came out of it.

This one was even bigger than the former puppet with a trident two times bigger than his own.

[Congratulations, Host has completed the quest.]

[+100 EXP gained]

[Total Exp:100/400]

[New quest Activated: Defeat the Level 2 puppet.]

[Reward: +100 EXP]

A smile appeared on Zera's face as he watched the system notifications, it was time to grind EXP points.

Chapter 36: Tough Puppets.

A trident slammed from above intent on crushing Zeras as he immediately jumped back, at the last second, dodging the blow.

The battle stage shook powerfully on the verge of breaking but it held strong in the end.

Zera's jaw dropped to the ground as he looked at the damage from a single strike.

The puppet was more than twice stronger than the level 1 puppet.

"The first puppet is just a water tester boy, it's to take note of your strongest aspect. The second puppet will have your strongest aspect replicated in it.

And through your first battle, your strongest aspect seemed to be strength. That's why this second puppet is modeled to have much greater strength than you.

It's a special training program, that makes you not only improve your strongest aspect but also others as you'll have no choice but to use your other aspects which will cause massive growth. Make good use of this moment boy."

The old man said to him from below but Zeras couldn't afford to be distracted unless he wanted to be flattened.

He finally understood why this one was so strong, compared to the first one.

"You tried replicating my strongest aspect, huh? But unfortunately, strength is not my fort."

The trident moved with speed towards Zeras, but he was already gone in the next second as he appeared behind the puppet's back.

"HYAH"

Slamming the trident on the puppet's back, the puppet took three steps forward but there was not a single scratch on it, as it quickly turned and slammed its trident on Zeras who was already gone in the next second.

Zeras rapidly looked for answers in his mind as he discovered his attack was useless. The puppet was physically stronger too.

"The trident is not a staff, boy. What are you thinking slamming the trident on it, it's for piercing not slamming." The old man said as Zera's eyes narrowed before shooting off the ground and moving towards the puppets.

The huge trident moved past his face, and inch from kissing it, but Zeras dodged in the last moment as he arrived before the puppet piercing forward, as the trident dug into its stomach.

Zeras pulled his trident out, but he noticed the puppet wasn't down yet, only having its movement slightly stopped before it slammed its second hand on Zeras's face, sending him flying into the distance.

[-5HP]

[HP:95/100]

"When you pierce forward boy, remember, you only have a single opportunity, so pierce forward with all your power and don't hold back."

A figure moved around the stage like a ghost, while the sound of a large trident colliding on the battle stage echoed repeatedly.

[Energy:50/65]

The puppet slammed its trident on Zeras but he jumped back dodging it as it landed in the ground before him. Instead, Zeras immediately climbed up on the trident as he ran across it soon getting on top of the puppet's hand.

A gigantic palm moved towards Zeras from the side intent on crushing him but he jumped up with all his strength appearing above the gigantic puppet.

Clenching the trident in both hands, Zeras took a deep breath in before piercing the trident in the robot's head from above he dug the entire trident into its head before he landed on the ground with a thud.

The puppet raised its trident wanting to flatten its fallen opponent, but the gigantic trident in its hand suddenly fell from it, as its gigantic body came crashing on the ground.

"Congratulations, you have passed the second stage."

Zeras looked at the tip of his trident on the puppet's head as he dug it out.

The system notification panel appeared in front of him but he ignored as he called out

"Begin level 3."

"Level 3 begins."

The battle stage opened up swallowing the huge trident and in its place was another puppet.

This one wasn't as gigantic as the former, and instead lean with longer legs.

Zera's eyes gleamed with focus as he knew this one would be a combination of his strength and speed.

"Begin."

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG. BAAAAANG. BOOOOOM."

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Zeras knelt on one knee as he coughed out continuously, blood trailing down his lips.

In front of him was a puppet, who had a trident stuck in its forehead amidst the mechanical parts beside it.

Zeras got a hold of himself, as he pulled out his trident.

With every fight, he could feel himself growing stronger. It wasn't physical, but it was his battle experience that was growing with every fight.

Each robot is a combination of his best attributes and therefore pushed him to his absolute limits before he could overcome them. This was an opportunity that he had to make good use of.

"Congratulations warrior, you have defeated the level 3 puppets."

"You've done good boy, you should give yourself time to re.." the old man said but he was shocked and speechless in the next second.

"Begin Level 4." A cold voice rang out on the stage.

The battle stage opened swallowing up the fallen puppet as another one emerged.

This one was even different as it didn't have a red-coloured armor. Instead, its entire body was a blue color.

Zeras's hair stood on end, seeing the puppet but he wasn't afraid and instead held his silver trident tightly in his hands.

"Begin"

"ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR"

"BOOOOOOOOM."

An extremely brutal fight occurred between a man and a puppet as the battle stage continuously shook from their power.

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3 hours later

Two figures stood in the battle stage their body held tightly together in a hug position.

The throngs of a trident could be seen piercing out of both their backs but a slight difference could be observed.

Zeras silver tridents were piercing out of the puppet's heart back but the puppet's trident was piercing out of his stomach.

Zeras moved backward as the puppet collapsed on the ground.

"Congratulations warrior, you have completed the level 4 stage."

The system notification panel kept appearing in his sight but his eyesight was already growing blurry due to his injury, the blood oozing out from his left eye made it even worse.

Zeras fell on the ground, but before he could lie face-flat, a hand grabbed him and he swiftly felt himself descending into the darkness. The last thing he heard was:

"You're a strange one, kid."

Chapter 37: Shocking The Crowd

Zeras slowly sat up from the bed he was resting on and looked around the place seeing h,e was strangely back in his room, at the colosseum.

It seems the man brought him back to his room after his injury.

He cracked his neck as he looked at the area on his stomach. Only a small scar was left in the space where a gigantic hole was present a couple of hours ago.

He was slightly shocked by the crazy recovery speed of his body. All thanks to him being part of Chaos Devourer.

"System..." Zeras called as the notification panel immediately appeared in front of him

[Quest: Defeat the Level 2 puppet has been completed.]

[+100 EXP gained.]

[Total EXP:200/400]

[Quest: Defeat the Level 3 puppet has been completed.]

[+100 EXP gained.]

[Total EXP:300/400]

[Quest: Defeat the Level 4 puppet has been completed.]

[+120 EXP gained.]

[Total EXP:420/400]

[Does Host wish to Level up.]

"Yes..."

[Congratulations, Host has now leveled up to Level 4.]

[+10 Attributes points obtained.]

"System Interface..." Zeras immediately called out intent on quickly improving his stats.

Name: Zeras Celestria

- Level:4

-Class:??

-Cultivation Rank: Early Star rank stage

-Exp:20/800

-HP:100/100

-Energy:65/65

-Mana core energy:40/40.

[Attributes]

-Strength:15

-Perception:12

-Agility:17

-Intelligence:5

-Charm:null

{Attributes points:10}

"Add 5 attributes to strength, 3 attributes to agility, and 2 attributes to perception," Zeras ordered looking at his stats.

[Points successfully added.]

Zeras suddenly felt all his bones itching crazily within him, but he clenched his teeth and withstood the pain which slowly settled within ten seconds.

Looking at his new stats:

[Attributes]

-Strength:20

-Perception:14

-Agility:20

-Intelligence:5

-Charm:null

{Attributes points:0}

Zeras nodded satisfactorily to himself. Now his speed and strength were balanced completely. His perception was also not far off.

Although he didn't get any ability upgrade, he was still satisfied with the increase in strength.

"KNOCK, KNOCK."

The sound of a knock could suddenly be heard on the door and followed behind the knock was a voice Zeras understood well.

It was Plank.

Zeras stood up from the seat as he moved towards the door before opening it.

"Haha. My good life-long brother...."

"What is it?" Zeras immediately called out quickly stopping Plank's booth licking.

"Umm. Your battle with Dyvan will take place in the next 20 minutes. Everyone is already here." Plank said shocking Zeras.

"Two days already passed so quickly. Just for how long did he pass out?"

"OK, I'll be present there soon," Zeras said as he directed his attention away from that but all he got was Plank looking at him strangely.

"Umm. Won't you dress up in armor for the battle? It's a life-and-death battle, remember. An armor might just be the dividing line sometimes, you know?" Plank said looking at Zeras with an almost pleading gaze.

'Tch, Does he think I'll be going to my death?' Zeras thought looking at the fatty, but he ignored him.

"I'll be fine. Just give me some minutes."

"BAAAAAAAAANG." Zeras slammed the door shut tightly on his nose as Plank stood there shocked and senseless.

Going to the stage without putting on armor, was probably the first time this was happening.

Besides, the way Zeras was acting surprised him, he wasn't a single bit afraid at all. Almost as if he wasn't going to a life-or-death battle in the next minutes.

Was he the one worrying too much?

Plank quickly scurried away but his mind was now conflicted as he debated.

"Who should I bet on, Zeras or Dyvan."

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Zeras looked around the room when he suddenly noticed something beside the bed, and there it was, a long silver trident. It was the one he used during his battle with the puppets.

Swinging the trident around with familiarity, a smile appeared on Zera's face as he discovered something. He was starting to like the trident as a weapon.

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In the Colosseum...

The roar of more than six thousand Athlantheans shook the water with force.

The entire Colosseum was filled to the brim with Athlantheas.

Most use this opportunity to make bets and earn some cash if lady luck favors them, but the majority are here more for the fight itself.

Not only are they curious about the new Athlanthean Soldier who defeated Roder, but they are even more surprised when they hear he'll be challenging the trial tester for the Atlantis King Battle Competition.

Although more than 12 Athlanthean Soldiers already fought with Dyvan and lost. There was still a small flame of hope which refused to be quenched in them.

If the new soldier managed to defeat Dyvan, then it would do great in improving the image of Ligeris City in Atlantis if they had one from their city participating in the competition.

The cheers from the crowd grew extremely loud as a figure clad in dark armor appeared on the battle stage with a gigantic dark-colored trident held in his hand.

His entire body was covered in the armor even with his head which was covered by the helmet.

He raised his head as he stretched up his trident in a demonstration of strength.

The crowd roared even louder as they chanted his name feverishly.

"DYVAN! DYVAN! DYVAN! DYVAN! DYVAN! DYVAN! DYVAN! DYVAN! DYVAN! DYVAN!"

Dyvan looked at the battle stage he was surprised his so-called opponent wasn't even here yet.

He also heard the news of the Atlantic soldier although almost nothing was known about him except that he defeated an outstanding soldier in the Colosseum and he was young. This also made him slightly curious, but his curiosity was dashed away when he heard the Soldier challenging him to a fight.

He was no longer curious, instead, he wanted to brutally mutilate him before putting him to death as people who dared challenge him were nothing but rebels and failures to Atlantis.

20 minutes quickly passed, yet there was no sign of the so-called soldier. The crowd was starting to get restless as they thought of something that should be quite impossible.

"Could he have chickened away?." Dyvan said to himself chuckling a bit.

Immediately after saying that, the doorknob to the battle stage suddenly made a clanking sound as the entire colosseum immediately went grave silent. When the door opened, the crowd was stupified.

A single thought recurring in their mind

"Is this young chap lost?"

Chapter 38: Zeras Vs Dyvan 1

Right in the middle of a battle stage containing more than six thousand Atlanteans, a young blue-haired boy waltzed out with a silver trident resting on his shoulder.

Only dressed in a white shirt and trousers, he had an unbothered and non-chalant look on his face making people doubt if he was the one that offered the challenge, but the silver trident in his hand said it all.

"Is this a joke??" One of the crowd said which erupted into a murmur.

Sweat poured down Plank's face, as he looked at the situation that was quickly getting out of hand and knew the crowd would be coming for him soon.

Zeras looked at the armored man in front of him as he sized him up well before directing his attention away, he looked at the audience, some of them looking at him in pity as if he was another chicken to be slaughtered while some just stood there dazed.

'It seems I have to show off a little, or I'll just keep getting underestimated wherever I go.' Zeras mused.

"So are you going to fight or just stand there?" Zeras asked looking at Dyvan.

"Do you know where you're, kid? Do you think this is a joke?" Dyvan asked angrily but there was this sinister smile on his face.

"A joke?"

"BOOOOOOOM"

It was as if a bomb was dropped in the middle of the battle stage as Zeras disappeared from where he was standing.

"BAAAAAAAAANG"

Before the crowd could understand what was going on, a body was sent flying in the next second as its body slammed into the other side of the battle stage before coming to a stop.

Dyvan's eyes dilated in shock as he stared at the boy who was standing where he was about two seconds ago.

"Fast, he's crazily fast," Dyvan said in shock as he grabbed his trident tightly in his hands, his gaze immediately changing to one of seriousness.

Zeras slowly rested the trident on his shoulder as he said a word that reverberated through the entire Colosseum.

"Do you still think this is a joke?" The audience stood there there numb as they just witnessed something unbelievable happen, almost.

Dyvan was sent flying!

That was almost unbelievable.

A loud cheer rang out among the crowd as hope was rekindled in them once again. First move and Dyvan lost, maybe there was hope.

"Do you love as the crowd cheers your name? A little bit of fame then faded away so soon, is that why participated in the competition? Or do you think you can become the king of Atlantis?"

I hate people like you. Who fight just for a small bit of shine. You're all nothing but rebels to Atlantis. Sammodra Zean is the rightful King of Atlantis. Yet you rise to challenge him for the throne. You're Atlantis' greatest enemy!" Dyvan said but all he got was the boy looking at him as if he was deaf.

He was seemingly unbothered by what he said and he could even tell the boy was bored.

"Even now, you still don't understand what I'm saying. Perhaps, death is truly the only way for you to understand." Dyvan said as he suddenly swam with speed towards Zeras.

Appearing in front of him, his trident pierced towards his face wanting to get rid of that cocky smile of his so badly.

"CLAAAAAAAAAAAAANG"

A smirk appeared on Zera's face as he slammed out with his trident blocking the blow.

Dyvan's trident moved around like a snake as it slipped past Zera's trident and sliced toward his neck but the expected blood splash didn't occur, instead, Zera's body seemed to disperse into particles.

'An afterimage...' Dyvan suddenly turned with speed placing his trident horizontally before him. A force reverberated in his hand through his entire body in the next second as he took ten steps backward before negating the force.

"You have pretty decent reaction speed, but if this is all you can do. Then this fight no longer has any meaning." Zeras said resting his trident on his shoulder and looking at Dyvan with a bored look.

"HYAAAAAAAAAAH" Dyvan swammed towards him with speed as both figures exchanged hundreds of moves, but a figure was soon sent flying once again as he slammed his back on the battle stage wall creating a dent.

Dyvan took in continuous deep breaths in exhaustion as he looked at his opponent unbelievably. He couldn't believe he was sent flying once again. And judging by the boy's attitude, he could tell he truly wasn't serious with this fight at all as there was not a single sign of exhaustion on his face.

Then does he have to resort to that? He couldn't afford to be defeated so he could only use that.

Dyvan clenched his teeth tightly but he stood upright as he calmed his beating heart.

"You should be proud you have pushed me to this level boy. You can happily die after forcing me to resort to my secret move." Dyvan said, closing his eyes and standing upright, before suddenly muttering.

"O, DARK LORD OF THE ABYSSAL GYZAR. WITH MY LIFE AS A CATALYST, THEN BLESS THIS DESCENDANT OF YOURS WITH YOUR DIVINE POWER SO I MAY SHOW THE WORLD OF YOUR MIGHT ONCE AGAIN."

The dark armor and trident Dyvan held in his hands suddenly flared with a dark aura as dark gas-like flame moved out of the armor.

Zera's bored expression faded away as he felt Dyvan's strength suddenly spiking at an unbelievable level. It was as if there was some strange dark energy being given to him by some mysterious force and all that energy seemed to be from the dark armor and trident he was wearing.

The dark gas that erupted in the colosseum suddenly surged towards Dyvan once again as his trident and armor were covered by dark gently burning flames.

"Now this is more like it." Zeras smiled as a crazed expression appeared on his face.

In his previous fight, he wasn't even using up to 50% of his strength. But now maybe he can be forced to use his full strength.

"Then Come!!!"

"KABOOOOOOOOOOOM!"

Chapter 39: Zeras Vs Dyvan 2

"KABOOM"

A powerful shockwave rippled through the water as a droning sound rang throughout the battle stage. Zeras slammed his feet on the ground, creating deep lines as he came to a stop around ten meters away.

Looking back at Dyvan, he could see the man retreated about seven metres away instead revealing him to have won in that exchange.

"You can withstand 30% of my strength. Nice, then what about 50%."

A maniac smile appeared on Zera's face, as he pressed off the ground with horrifying speed, appearing in front of Dyvan in the next second, he slammed forward with apocalyptic power as after-images of his trident appeared in the water.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM."

Another powerful shockwave rippled through the battle stages, as both figures retreated backwards with speed.

Zeras retreated by five meters as he saw Dyvan also retreating by five meters.

A smile appeared on his face as he looked at the result of the second exchange. They were equally matched.

Dark gas suddenly flared powerfully from Dyvan's armor and trident as he exploded forward toward Zeras, his trident piercing forward with speed.

"BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG BANG! BANG! BANG!."

Dyvan was like a raging tornado as he brutalized Zeras with his trident his eyes gaining an abyssal dark color while Zeras responded extremely fast, blocking most of his attacks while also sending out his own.

Both figures suddenly separated, as a small bloody line could be seen across Zera's face which soon closed up in the next second.

But the crowd gasped looking at Dyvan as black blood oozed out from his mouth, nose, and ears.

Zera's eyes narrowed wondering what was the cause of Dyvan's anomaly when the system's voice suddenly rang out in his ears.

[Host Opponent is being aided by an external power engraved in his weapon but his physical body is too weak to contain the power and is therefore slowly breaking down, with his life force being sucked away too.]

Zeras looked at Dyvan strangely as he saw his eyes being completely overtaken by that dark color. He even wondered just how Dyvan laid his hand on an artifact that could lend him such power, but the cost of that power is too great and it's the user's life force.

"I'll...Devo...ur...you..." A hoarse voice as if five old men were speaking at the same time rang out of Dyvan's mouth as he suddenly saw him disappear from his line of sight.

"RUUUUUUUSSSSSSTLE"

The sound echoed behind him as his head suddenly moved sideways, a trident's throngs passed by his ears in the next split second as Dyvan once again appeared.

Dyvan seemed to have lost his mind as he repeatedly attacked him like a mad beast but he didn't fight back, instead going on the defensive.

He could see although Dyvan's strength was spiking, he also noticed his life-essence getting weaker and weaker, showing he would soon collapse.

Placing his trident vertically in front of him, power surged through his arms from a collision as Zeras disappeared from where he stood and was sent flying into the battle stage wall like a rag doll.

Dyvan immediately followed after his opponent, but his body suddenly paused in the air as his dark trident dropped down from his hands.

His knees slammed on his ground, as dark blood oozed out from his eyes, nose, and ears quickly forming a small pool within.

With a plop sound, his body fell to the ground face-flat as he went motionless, dark blood dripping out of his body.

Zeras went towards the fallen figure as he grabbed hold of his helmet raising his head but what he saw made his heart turn cold.

Dyvan's face was sunken with absolutely no skin at all on his face. His eyes were reduced to holes while only a dark skeleton was what was left of his formerly handsome face.

He was like an emaciated corpse completely drained of every ounce of energy.

Zeras laid down his trident as he knelt before the figure of Dyvan clasping his palms together and closing his eyes.

The crowd gasped seeing his action as they just couldn't believe what was happening.

After 10 seconds of kneeling, he stood up from his position and raised his trident.

The cheers of more than six thousand Athlantheans rang out in the Colosseum as he didn't even know who the first person to scream his name out was.

"ZERAS! ZERAS! ZERAS! ZERAS! ZERAS! ZERAS! ZERAS! ZERAS! ZERAS!."

He looked at the thousands of people chanting out his name, and a smile appeared on his face. This colosseum had taught him an important lesson.

The Athlantheans cared not of who was who. They only cared about the winner. If the winner turns into a loser, then they'll simply abandon him and cheer for the new winner instead.

In Atlantis, there was no place for the weak and only the strong are worth cheering for.

He moved out for the battle stage amidst the roar of the thousand Athlantheans.

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Right at the back of the audience cheering for Zeras, an old man stood there with a broom in hand as he looked at the battle stage and at the back of Zeras who was walking away as he muttered to himself

"He won. Perhaps he might just be the one I've been looking for "

Chapter 40: More About The Atlantis King Battle Competition

Zeras moved out of the Colosseum amidst the cheers of more than thousands of Athlantheans.

Today, Ligeris City gave birth to a new hero among them who will also be participating in the Atlantis King Battle Competition. It was a very joyous occasion as all semblance of hope had been lost in them before, but who would believe they would meet the requirements on the last day of the trial testing?

If it had just been one more day, the challenge would have been closed and their city would be the only one unable to participate in the Atlantis King Battle Competition.

Zeras on moving out of the colosseum headed towards Plank's office. Without even knocking at all, he could already hear the permission to enter from within.

Entering the place, he could see a Plank who had a beaming smile on his face as if he just won a jackpot. A fawning look was on the fatty's face as he hurriedly stood up to

direct him to the seat exactly opposite him, something Zeras noticed he never did the first day he arrived here.

But why was Plank happy?

When he left Zeras earlier, he debated on who to bet on between him and Dyvan. Even though he was sure Zeras would lose, he still bet on him to act like some way of saying goodbye to him and that he at least trusted him even in death, but who would believe?

The whole of Ligeris City betted on Dyvan being able to win while he was the only one to bet on Zeras and through that, he won 4 million Athlanthean coins.

Why won't he be happy?

"So Dyvan is gone. What next?" Zeras asked with a mocking smirk on his face.

"Ah yes. After you managed to defeat Dyvan with your raw strength and impeccable glorious aura. You know it was a magnificent display of..."

"Can you get to the point already, damn fatty" Zeras screamed at him already tired of his dog face.

"Ok. Ok. After defeating Dyvan, it can be said you have finally met the requirements to participate in the Atlantis King Battle Competition.

That means you have entered the competition to have a chance at becoming the king of Atlantis.

Throughout the whole of Atlantis, there are five cities with each one able to have a contestant who was able to defeat the trial tester, all except for Midas City, the number one most powerful city in Atlantis managed to defeat their trial tester twice producing two contestants instead.

Ligeris City also managed to produce its contestants which is you so six participants will be participating in the Atlantis King Battle Competition.

If we add Sammodra Zean, then there are seven participants." Plank said eliciting a nod from Zeras.

"Now, the Atlantis King Battle Competition will be taking place just four days from now, and that is at the Atlantis Palace. So judging by my time, the distance from Ligeris City to the palace is about a four-day journey, which means you should arrive just when the competition is about to start.

I'll be waiting for you at the Colosseum door with the carriage. You still have three hours before we will be deemed late for the competition, so quickly pack your things and we'll

be off." Plank said with a fantasizing smile, probably due to the notion of entering the Atlantis Palace.

Zeras stood up from his seat as he immediately headed towards the door but he was stopped by Plank.

"Um, I have this few Athlanteans coins with me, in case you..."

"Keep it," Zeras said before exiting the place as Plank sat there shocked speechless. He refused the coins, a smile appeared on his face as he discovered something, he was starting to like this young devil bit by bit.

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Zeras arrived in his room, but he saw a note telling him to come to the old man's place. Packing his silver trident, he moved out of the place and took one last look at the room.

"Goodbye." This was probably the last time he'll be seeing this place from now on, as he'll soon be sent back to reality whether he passed the trial or not, and that'll be determined just four days from now.

Arriving in the old man's room, he saw him standing as he folded his hands behind him with a serious expression on his face.

"You sent for me," Zeras said getting to the point.

"Yes, I do." The man slowly moved towards the wall on the side of the room, moving his head upwards, his hands reached for the huge rusty silver trident hung on the wall, and he unplugged it and held it in his hands.

Immediately holding the trident in his hands, Zera's eyes constricted as he noticed something change.

The room was replaced by an extremely heavy feeling, while the old man's hair rose upwards as if unaffected by gravity. Even though his back was to him, he could feel his entire demeanor changing from that of an old cleaner to a very powerful warrior with a bloodthirsty aura.

The transformation was very fleeting, quickly dispersing as if it was only a mirage as the old man turned back to him once again.

"Here, I'll be entrusting my trident to you." The man said as his dark eyes looked into Zeras's blue eyes.

"Thank you, old man, but I already have my..." Zeras's face changed when he suddenly saw the man's silver trident closing in on his face, but he was quick to react as he slammed out with his trident he was shocked and speechless by the result.

"CRIIIIIIIIINK." The sound of a trident breaking echoed out in the room while Zeras himself took three steps backwards, as he held a stick in his hands.

His eyes dilated as he tried to come to terms with what just happened. It wasn't the man's power that pushed him back and broke his trident.

Instead, it was from the raw weight of his trident, It was incredibly heavy.

"Ok, Old Man I'll accept," Zeras said as he collected the trident from the man's hand and strangely it was light immediately he received it contrary to his expectations.

"It's yours from now on. At least a little time for now. Your goal is to defeat Sammodra and become the king of Atlantis. Then, you'll inherit the greatest trident of all time." The old man said, with hope in his voice.

"Ok, old man. That aside. Can you tell me what happened back then with Dyvan?" Zeras asked as that was the most alarming thing to him right now. To be honest, he was still scared of that armor and trident that caused Dyvan's power to spike up.

"I believe we have an important journey to be on, don't we? Let's talk in the carriage." The man said passing by Zeras who also nodded his head when reality suddenly dawned on him.

"Wait, you're coming too?" Zeras asked shocked.

"Yeah, why not?" The old man asked mockingly.

"Well, I don't remember inviting you..." Zeras replied snorting coldly.

"Tch, Damn kid, do I look like I need an invitation..." The man said as he quickly disappeared out of sight.

"Tch, damn old foggy" Zeras quickly ran, immediately following behind the old man's slowly fading figure.

Now, he noticed, the old foggy walks pretty fast.