

Chaos Devourer System

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Chapter 371: Exorcising Horora 2

The pressure emanating from Horora's body was enough to send anyone beneath the galaxy rank stage to his knees, but Atherston was able to calm down and not panic at all.

That was because he knew well this was just Horora's body. It had no soul present within it. Cultivators in such ranks as the creatures before it could easily separate their souls from their bodies which could be easily manipulated.

So instead of walking around the world with the gigantic body of an abyssal cat. Horora chose to walk around in its soul form instead.

In such a state, though weaker than his true body, he can manipulate it to become any creature he decides to morph into.

As for Horora's Soul, they were currently in two places. One was in the bloodline of every Void space family. It had been sealed in their bloodline, to be diffused all around and not able to concentrate in a single place which might eventually cause his awakening.

As for the other fragments of its soul. Immediately silvery light bloomed out of Atherston's body as he slowly levitated off the ground and slowly rose to Horora's height.

Levitating around him, his eyebrows furrowed as he tried searching for something and soon he found it. A small stone monument just right in front of Horora's nose.

"Tch, there's no way I have to go near that lightning nose right..." Atherston mused to himself as he looked at the wave of red lightning that spewed out Atherston's snort.

But he immediately steeled his mind as his entire body became coated in silvery light.

Standing upright In the air, he slowly removed both hands from his pockets and he suddenly clasped them together.

"Voidspace Art: Fourth Form, Space Flow..." Atherston muttered and instantly he disappeared from where he stood, appearing instantly in front of the stone monument.

Instantly, his hands reached out as he grabbed the object.

BOOM

Instantly, the entire area before the stone monument shook wildly as Horora's body released a powerful wave of lighting right when Atherston's hands touched the small stone monument, Atherston's was immediately covered by the lightning.

The entire place was reduced back to a grave silence before the sound of coughing suddenly rang out.

COUGH

COUGH

COUGH

From one of the destroyed rubble of a corner of the place, a scorched young man could be seen on all fours coughing out all his lungs, droplets of blood raining from his teeth.

"I almost died just from its simple breathing..." Atherston muttered mockingly to himself but that immediately cleared away when he looked at the stone monument, his eyes shining brilliantly.

"Horora's Second Soul Monument..." He muttered, his hands shaking from disbelief but quickly regained himself.

"Lost Art Of The Infinite Sealer. Life Unlock..." Atherston mused to himself as he moved his hands to his forehead and swiped.

Instantly two drops of blood floated out of his forehead and Atherston took one of them, while the second immediately entered back into the hole on his forehead.

The remaining drop of blood was placed on the monument and instantly cracks spread all across its surface before...

SHAAATER...

The stone monument shattered into pieces and a few objects dropped from within.

Two Ancient books with ragged cover, and a seal image placed on a dirty cloth.

Swiping his hands over the books, he was able to see their name:

The first book was titled. The Infinite Space Devouring Manual.

“A mana cultivation technique?” Atherston mused to himself, his eyes shining with light.

But he placed the book down as he looked at the other book

The Infinity Point Techniques...He couldn't glean much from the name of the technique but opening the pages, his eyes stared dumbly at empty space and instantly the two books disappeared from his hands, stored in his storage space.

Lastly was the small cloth and Atherston's eyes narrowed dangerously looking at the piece of clothing, to the runes inscribed on it to be more specific.

“This is a soul storage space.” Atherston mused to himself and instantly he slashed once against the space on his forehead and two drops of blood flowed out.

From it, Atherston took 2 and the remaining one flew back in. With both droplets on his finger, he began drawing another set of runes in the runic lines present on the piece of clothing.

“Lost Art Of The Infinite Sealer: Life Destroy...” He mused and instantly, the red runic line that he drew using his blood immediately flared brightly before dimming.

And when it completely dimmed, the rune on the cloth slowly faded away with the cloth also fading away.

Less than a minute later, the piece of clothing has been thoroughly destroyed.

“Even though I have fallen by two stages of cultivation and lost 70 years of my remaining lifespan. Horora's second Soul has also been destroyed! It's an equivalent exchange...” Atherston said out loud and with that, he gave one last look at the gigantic beastly creature before.

He gave one last look at the gigantic beastly creature before immediately moving out of the cave, leaving the place in absolute silence.

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“Tch, you bastard!!!” Horora roared out in fury as he slammed his abyssal claws on the iron gate.

Its entire body flared brightly with a color of red as its gigantic fangs opened wide, just in front of Atherston but blocked by the chains surrounding them both.

“Hahahah...” Atherston grinned evilly looking at the angered expression of Horora in front of him.

“Tch, you sound like I was the only one who suffered. You also were deprived of your manhood. Till you die, you’ll never be able to give birth again!!!” Horora roared out mockingly as he looked at the Atherstone. But the disappointed expression he was waiting for never happened.

“I was able to pass all the restrictions using the object contained in your totem. I regained back my cultivation and even reached the galaxy rank stage thanks to your Infinite Space Devouring Manual and even possess powerful techniques with the Infinite Space Flow Technique.

As for my manhood, I was able to regain it using the vial I saw in your storage totem...” Atherston said with a nonchalant expression.

“Tch, that was for me to give birth to another me, so I can replace its body and start my cultivation anew when I reach my peak. Who would have guessed your bastard self would have used it?

But the vial only gives you a single chance to raise another life. You would only be able to give birth once and then you never will again...” Horora mocked mercilessly.

“Of course, I knew that. And I have given birth to that one. The only one that would carry the remainder of my bloodline and would rise beyond my peak. Unlike you who would die out, eventually...” Atherston said and slowly he began moving backwards as an ancient book appeared in his hands.

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Lost Art Of The Infinite Sealer...

“I went through a cultivation ground with a 1% chance of survival to get this book. A sealing and unsealing book that can seal existence. But it’s vastly complete and this is only the basic.

Even though I have properly studied it for a century and modified it to become my own. And I have created this technique that I have never used before. You will be the first tester of that technique...” Atherston said as he regained a deadly seriousness.

“HUUUUUUU...” A deep breathing escaped his lips as Atherston’s chest began beating fast within him, a feeling of sadness welling up in his heart, but he pressed it down as he closed his hands and clasped his hands together.

“Lost Art Of The Mad One: Beseeching Of The Mad Ancients...” He whispered gently into the void and instantly the entire world went to an absolute complete stop!

Even Horora himself simply stood where he was in a daze.

RIIIIPPPPPP

From the completely still time, a beam of light tore through the entire stillness as the void itself crumbled to pieces from the light beam.

Atherston's eyes were wide-opened as thousands and thousands of runic lines appeared in his eyes rapidly turning and turning like a gear piece.

"Let me revert back to the Ancient Power Of The Ancient Origins. Let Me Since Countless Eons Be The First To Feel The True Power Of The Galaxy Rank Stage.

Let Me Be The First To Become A True Galaxy Rank.

." Atherston whispered out and instantly the entire runic lines in and out of his body flared out with so much brightness that a second sun was suddenly born in the Infinite Galaxy that everyone on different parts of the galaxy could see.

Silver hair spreads out into the distance like an unending river of time. A body reaching up to three meters in height and tightly coated with silvery runes brimming with the most ancient of all auras...

Atherston stood in the void of space as he spread both arms apart and reveled in the feeling of power. The feeling of absolute power that has been completely cut off from those In the lower plane of existence by that mad war that happened in the past.

And slowly he opened his eyes as he looked at Horora. And Horora went quiet as he looked at the kid before him in total and absolute blankness.

"You...you were able to link to those mad ones?" He asked his voice visibly shaking from pure disbelief.

"Let your soul be separated..." Atherston said and instantly Horora's face changed as he felt a force that dragged out his existence from Quinn's body and slowly his soul made of crimson energy rose out of Quinn's body and he floated to Atherston.

"Can you feel it? Till the remainder of all existence, you will forever be eliminated from our bloodline. You will truly die off with no hope of reincarnation at all..." Atherston muttered to him as Horora's face widened in disbelief.

"It was all a ploy Horora. Your rebirth into the body of my only son. It was all a ploy to absolutely eliminate you completely from all of existence. And you fell for it big time!" Atherston said with a smirk as Horora's face widened in shock and his brain worked at full speed.

And that was when it clicked in his head...

“How come he was able to awaken In the first place and co-incidentally he appeared in front of the strongest one of the Voidspace family to ever exist.”

“Just whose body did he take over and why he was allowed to survive when the Voidspace family would usually immediately kill off those who showed signs of his bloodline receding to the original.”

“And most importantly. How did the kid before him finally connect to the Ancient Power Of The Mad Gods...”

And slowly the realization dawned on him. It is truly a well-planned ploy. And he truly fell for it big time.

“Be glad Horora. Ever since that ruinous war. You’re the first survivor to truly die! And in the hands of a lower one no less...” Atherston said with a smile as veins appeared all over Horora’s eyes before suddenly disappearing before he began laughing out loud.

“You truly surprise me, Atherston. Your craziness can be compared to that of your father. Is that your son?” Horora suddenly asked as he looked behind him where the body of Quinn could be seen floating in the air.

“Considering that only those who have an intense hate for the Voidspace bloodline will be able to revert their bloodline to the Space Demon Bloodline. You must have put him through hell and back to be able to hate you so much and finally awaken me.

You really are willing to go so far as to bring an end to me. I’m honored.” Horora said chuckling to himself before turning to look at Atherston with a serious look on his face.

“Atherston...” He called out.

“What?”

“Your son. Tell me, does he have the same madness that you do?” He said as he looked at Atherston who turned behind him to look at Quinn before a helpless smile appeared on his face.

“Hahaha, it must be flowing throughout all of your bloodlines...” Horora said with a smile before suddenly he stretched out his paws as he began drawing a runic line in the air and immediately it solidified, becoming a runic card that floated to Atherston’s grasp.

“I’m sure you haven’t destroyed my true body. His blood had been greatly contaminated with my bloodline. With that rune In your hand, he would be able to fuse with my true body...” Horora said as Atherston’s eyes widened in shock.

“Me, an Ancient existence of the Past War, truly died. And one from the lower universe was able to attain the true capacity of the Galaxy Rank Of Ancient Past...”

“This is a sign of another war, Atherston. Hopefully when that war comes. The Space Demon Bloodline will once again shine through the entire Takamahagara...” He said with a smile as he closed his eyes.

And slowly Atherston's stretched his hands forward and he pointed to Horara...

“Soul Dispersion...” He said and instantly Horora dispersed into the void of space forever lost to time.

Chapter 373: Atherston, A Bad Father?

The entire void was absolutely calm and standing on it was none other than Atherston who was still lighting up like a star and Quinn who was still floating in the cage.

“Huuuu...” An exhale of relief escaped Atherston’s lips and instantly he moved, his hand landing on the cage where Quinn was, causing it to immediately disperse. And immediately he threw the unconscious body on his shoulder before he instantly shot into the void of space in a particular direction.

His eyes brimming with a might that could rival that of the moon had hundreds of flashes glinting in them but he continued forward with speed, his body size reducing as the silvery runes on his body slowly dispersed.

He knew well he had arrived at a completely new level of cultivation and even managed to finally do the one thing he wanted to do his entire life, exorcizing Horora. But that strangely didn't give him much confidence of mind. If it was possible, quite the opposite.

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The Atherston City...

The entire Honora Atherston family was an incredibly large population that could rival an entire earth city simply due to the population and that was due to people who perceived it to be a safe place to live. In a world where the battle of two genetic cultivators might lead to the total annihilation of an entire city.

Ordinary humans needed a safe place to stay. A place where they are not in fear of sudden annihilation. So, they chose to live under the territory of an extremely powerful genetic cultivator whose preserve would make all the remaining genetic cultivators very mindful of their sudden annihilation too, and would therefore consider the safety of the people.

Atherston City was one of those places that was regarded as a haven by many mortals, and that was due to none other than the Voidspace family who lived there, especially their patriarch, Atherston Voidspace, a Galaxy Rank cultivator.

It was divided into three sections. The Lower section. This is for the group with no presence of the Voidspace bloodline. It consists of cultivators, and ordinary mortals alike and the rules were absolutely no use of genetic abilities whatsoever! That has enabled both groups to live in peace together.

The second section was termed the Origin Section, and it belongs to those who possess the voidspace family bloodline. But the majority are cultivators with very weak strength due to their 'Lower concentration' of the bloodline.

The third and last place is known as the Royals area. This is for the true strong of the Voidspace family and contains the purest concentration of the bloodline. They were commonly referred to as the Pure Bloods and that was home to the Voidspace Palace where the Patriarch of the Voidspace himself lived with his queen.

A gigantic silver building that seemed to want to pierce through the clouds and completely dwarfed the remaining structures remaining in the entire region.

And in one of the lower rooms of this gigantic palace was a gigantic luxurious room...

The white ceilings infused with blue-coloured crystals were the first thing Quinn noticed as he opened his eyes and the events of his last memory slowly appeared in his head. And instantly he shot forward from his sitting position on the bouncy bed as he looked around the bedroom in shock.

KNOCK

KNOCK

CLINK

CLINK

The sound of the door knob being twisted echoed throughout the entire place as the room was slowly unlocked, followed by...

BAAAAANG

A powerful shockwave undulated forward with horrifying speed blowing apart the entire room opposite the room as Quinn slowly stood up from his position and turned behind him where that same hateful man was.

"Tch, you idiot. You almost blew apart the coffee..." Atherston roared out in fury as he clicked his tongue and continued on his way with the tray in his hands.

'He's now faster than before...' Quinn thought to himself in shock as he watched Atherston slowly sit down on the bed and pour the mug of coffee into the two glass cups before grabbing both and pointing one to Quinn.

"A Coffee?"

SHATTTTTER

Immediately, the coffee cup blew up with a bang as the entire content splashed on Atherston's face.

"I'll take that as a no..." Atherston replied as the content that poured on his body slowly dispersed and Atherston slowly reclined on the bed and gently sipped the tea.

"Ahhhhh, how beautiful is life? How come I have never known a coffee taste so good? I feel like my sense of taste has finally returned to me..." Atherston exclaimed in shock as he gulped in three more before releasing a loud belch.

Finally, he turned to look at Quinn who was staring daggers at him before chuckling and immediately a red ball of silver appeared in his hands and slowly floated to Quinn who didn't stretch out his hands to revive it and simply cautiously at it.

"I'm sure you don't remember a thing after you passed out. That's the memory of what happened when you were unconscious..."

"Hmph, why should I care..." Quinn asked as he clenched his fist and prepared to destroy the silver ball.

"Because it holds everything about your past Quinn. Because it is that missing piece of your life that you never knew..." Atherston replied and this time seriously as Quinn's eyebrows furrowed Dangerously and grabbed hold of the silver ball before gently placing it on his forehead, at least he tried before immediately slowing down his hands...

"You really are impossible..." Atherston said out loud in disbelief as Quinn finally placed the crystal on his head.

Finally, the silver ball touched Quinn's forehead and immediately it disappeared into his forehead Quinn's eyes suddenly snapped close and he stood dazedly where he was for a total of a minute before his eyes widened again and he fell on all fours and breathed his lungs...

"Impossible..." Quinn used out loudly as his hands quivered repeatedly.

Chapter 374: Mother!!!?

“Impossible...” Quinn said as his palms quivered repeatedly.

“It is the truth, Quinn. All the things I have been chasing. The more power, the more brutality. All was a necessary factor to wipe out Horora. I knew well Horora can’t be left alone and killing our clansmen because of the fear of their bloodline regressing is not a solution and sooner or later, Hororra will rise once again, probably when the calm is at its weakest. Something has to be done and as the patriarch of the Voidspace family. It was my responsibility...” Atherston said loudly in a heavy tone.

“But...But why me?” Quinn said as he rose to his feet, a vein popping on his head.

“I had to bring Hororra out, And the only person I could use for that was my son. I made you suffer. I made you believe that you had two other brothers which I loved and I hated you. It was all to plant the seed of hatred in your heart and make your bloodline regress. But you didn’t care for that, because of your mother. Your seed of hatred began to stop growing.

So, I purposefully took her away, under the guise of her covering up your punishment to make that seed of hatred in you keep growing. And that truly clinched it. Your seed of hatred grew powerfully and your hate and vow to destroy the Voidspace family bloomed.

When you left for the EIA, I watched you all the way. And purposefully didn’t say anything and simply left you to be. You wanted to get rid of the past but I know it is impossible. The past would have to be faced head-on or it will be growing even more powerfully as time goes on. And that was what was exactly needed. To make your seed of hatred keep growing stronger.” Atherston replied as he took another sip of the coffee.

“You also knew about Old Man Mang?” Quinn asked as a smile appeared on Atherston’s face and he suddenly clapped his hands together causing the void of space beside him to shale crazily and Old Man Mang stepped out.

“Old Man Mang?” Quinn asked in shock.

“I hope you can forgive me, Young master Quinn...” The man replied as he gave a bow to Quinn whose jaw opened to form a wide ‘O’

“I am the one that sent Old Man Mang to help grow your strength. Hororra can only be awake ed if you reach a certain level of strength and if we simply wait for you to reach it naturally, that will take too much time. So, I sent Old Mang to help you grow faster and quickly awaken Horora...” Atherston said as Quinn clenched his teeth, a gigantic vein appearing all over his face.

"It is like I'm some type of chess piece on your damn board..." Quinn roared out in fury as Atherston dropped his coffee.

"You were a very necessary chess piece, Quinn. How many more of our people can we kill due to far of Horora's awakening? How long can we keep living in fear? Sooner or later, Horora will appear and you know well more than anyone, its fury. It would raze the Voidspace family to the ground..."

"And why should I care? If the Voidspace family gets razed down to ashes tomorrow, I'll toast it." Quinn replied as Atherston's eyes quivered repeatedly.

"Because you might truly be made up of 99% of the Space Demon bloodline but you have 1% of the Voidspace family left. And you're my only son. The blood runs through the generation and the responsibility runs too. I can't forego the responsibility, nor can you. You're not the only one who felt the loss, Quinn. I did too, and in ways you can never understand..." Atherston said as he looked into the distance, an angry aura flaring through the entire place but the man exhaled as the aura disappeared.

"Quinn, I know well I have been a bad father. I know I'm not worthy of being called a father at all. Pushing you to the edge of life and death is incredibly hard. But know well, it has been harder on me too." Atherston replied as they both long into their piercing blue eyes.

"I know you'll never accept me as your father. And I know well that I deserve that. But can you at least, forgive her?" Atherston asked as the door slowly clinked open and Quinn's eyes widened as a drop of tear slid down his left eye.

'That perfume! It was the one that he had not smelled for almost 10 years now. It was a perfume he had tried his best to remember every endless night. It was his only source of motivation to continue living and staying rigged in place anytime he faced those obstacles. Whenever he got sore and inflated with Mana. Every time his brain wanted to explode from forcefully trying to understand principles that were well beyond his level. That smell was his everything...']

Slowly Quinn turned backward and he finally sighted that figure. The figure who he had almost forgotten the face of."

"M... Mother," Quin asked his voice quivering repeatedly, and instantly she disappeared as a pair of arms wrapped around his back and he was dragged to a soft bosom.

"Quinn..." The voice that he couldn't forget rang in his ears as Quinn felt the drops of tears that rained down his shoulder.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry I had to pretend to be lost when I was so close by. I'm sorry I wasn't by your side Quinn." The voice rang out in his ears and instantly, the hate he held, the anger and frustration in his heart all immediately dispersed.

And the tears flowed out uncontrollably.

"I'm sorry too...."

"I'm sorry"

"I'm sorry" Quinn cried out loudly as the entire room was bloated by all sound by the sound of a painful cry and also that of joy...

Chapter 375: A Sweet Family...

Chapter 375: A Sweet Family...

The long table present in the dining room was filled with hundreds of hundreds of different dishes and right at the table were none other than tree figures: Quinn, Atherston, and Savita, Quinn's mother.

The silence at the table was nerve-wracking as the small family of three looked at each other, with Quinn's gaze widening with disgust on sighting Atherston who tried his best to look at the food he was eating while softening on the sight of Savita who had a big smile on her face.

"Okay, okay. I knew I did wrong, ok. But look on the bright side, the entire family till the end of eternity won't ever have to worry about Horora. There will from now on be unnecessary deaths happening in the family. I'm sure our ancestors are looking up from their place and smiling at my good deeds..." Atherston said before he was interrupted by an incredibly loud snort brimming with apocalyptic disdain.

"Yeah. They really are proud that you turned your entire family into a piece on a chess board. A thousand things might have gone wrong that will make sure that you're the only one on this table and eating alone..." Quinn shot back at him.

He had not accepted the bastard before him as a father at all. The only thing stopping him from digging a spear through his head was his mom who was sitting beside him.

"So, Mom, you never went to the ancestral ground in the first place, and working as a maid was all a ploy," Quinn asked as Savita shook her head.

"It wasn't a ploy. Your father really sent me away from the palace after hearing that I was pregnant with you..." Savita replied as Atherston's head grew red like a tomato and he dragged his silver hair trying to cover his face.

"Tch, damn him..." Quinn said clicking his tongue in distaste as Atherston smiled wryly. There really was no way to refute that act.

"I truly thought they were going to kill you too. But when you were released I was sent to the ancestral ground. I wasn't taken to the ancestral ground and the palace instead. It was where I met your father again and he explained everything to him.

It was very hard to take in. But he promised it won't lead to your demise, although you really might go through some hardships sometimes. And it wasn't like I could say no, too..." Savita said with a pitiful expression.

KABOOM

Immediately the entire air around the dining was immediately blown apart as Quinn looked at Atherston his eyes almost bursting out with blue flames.

"But the risk came with a very big reward too. And that is fewer people will die in the future or the best case, the entire Voidspace won't be wiped out. So, it was a sacrifice I was willing to make. Thankfully, it went well and the problem has been solved..." Savita said as she played around with Quinn's hair, whose hard expression softened a little.

"Well, I guess all my sins have been forgiven?" Atherston asked with puppy eyes as Quinn snorted coldly before grabbing his fork and begin stuffing his mouth full of food.

"In your dreams..." He roared out when he was done as Atherston's face dropped helplessly.

"Ahn, forget it, Quinn. You know, your father is just like you. Once he has a goal, he would only focus his attention on it and ignore everything else. Now that he had his goal resolved, I'm pretty sure he's completely free now. And would return to the Atherston I once knew when I was young..." Savita replied as she looked at Atherston and her eyes softened.

It was what Quinn wasn't aware of, but she Savita, was a slave at the palace ever since she had been little, just around Atherston's age too. Both of them were love birds, who were able to ignore their status but she had seen how Atherston slowly changed as he was put through hellish training by Alexander.

Every time he left the palace, he would usually come back with his clothes reduced to rags and his entire body spewing with massive amounts of blood. Being his personal slave, she was the one who helped him with his injuries and that happened every day for more than twenty years.

She had watched as his vibrant smile slowly disappeared and he came to become so determined it became very toxic. A type of determination where he was basically ready to tear through the world. It wasn't a decision formed from simply deciding. It was a decision that arose from years and years of brutal training and forceful brainwashing by an emotionless monster.

If she was to be honest, compared to the pain that Atherston had been through at the hands of his own emotionless father, Alexander. Quinn's experience wasn't worth mentioning.

But she knew well, that he had also been through a lot too...

"I'm sure you'll come to forgive your father soon...."

"Hmmm, soooooon...." Quinn replied with a smile to Savita before turning to stare dagger at Atherston.

"So, the EIA was truly going to give me up just as you offered?" Quinn suddenly asked.

To say he wasn't disappointed with what the EIA did would be a lie. He was of course proud when they weren't sacred because of his father being at the Galaxy Rank stage. But when they had to give him and so easily too just because of a certain rule, he couldn't say he was particularly prod.

"Yes. They would have to give you up due to the universal rule. No organization can disobey the universal rule as no organization can face head-on the wrath of all the world forces of the infinite galaxy combined. That is, the punishment of disobedient."

"Although, I truly met with an interesting person among the EIA Commanders who wanted to stop me from taking you away..."

"An EIA Grand Commander!" Quinn roared out in shock.

"Yeah. And a good old friend of mine..."

Chapter 376: Quinn Hears The News...

Chapter 376: Quinn Hears The News...

A few hours earlier.

A shooting star soared through the air with horrifying speed and the figure was none other than Atherston and with the unconscious Quinn on his shoulder....

Moving with a horrifying Mach 12 speed, completely ripped apart the space surrounding him and that was when suddenly his eyes furrowed dangerously before immediately changing, and instantly, he immediately paused on his feet.

KAAAAABOOOOM

A devastating ripple tore throughout the entire place as a massive shockwave rippled throughout the entire space due to the sudden stop.

Standing in the void, his eyes looked directly at his front, his heart violently beating in his rib cage.

“And who the hell are you?” Atherston asked as he reigned in the fear that suddenly bloomed in his heart.

“It’s been a long time, Atherston...” The voice rang out which seemed more like a thousand tortured souls screaming out to him from the dark void of space. Dirt which looked like flowing ink surrounded the place and a figure coated in dark robes slowly exited the void of space spreading through the places.

Instantly, Atherston moved three steps backward gaining a distance of 100 meters from the figure, his eyebrows still furrowed dangerously.

“From the robed figure. His brain was ringing out loudly of danger. It was as if he was finally standing before the so-called death and its mere presence made his blood slowly begin revolving with speed within his body.

What made him even more conscious was his Void eyes not being able to pierce through the figure. All he saw was a dark entity seemingly made of gas.

“That boy on your shoulder...” The multitude of Voice rang out in his ears as Atherston’s eyes furrowed dangerously.

“He will be coming with me...” the voice rang out once again in his ears as Atherston’s face furrowed dangerously before immediately they returned to their normal calm.

“I’m very sorry, I can’t just give my son out to a stranger...” Atherston replied, his voice leaving no room for discussion.

“Then guess I’ll have to forcefully take him from you.” The voice replied and instantly a gigantic scythe brimming with dark lightning and with a ruinous aura.

Immediately, Atherstone’s eyes furrowed before a glint of determination flashed in them.

Stretching his hands to the side, Quinn’s body moved backward before it was immediately wrapped in the same cage that wrapped around Horora.

With Quinn successfully secured, he turned back to look at the figure standing in his way before cracking the bones in his body.

“Are you really sure you want to fight me?” Atherston asked once more and instantly the figure moved, an ocean of dark ink rushing from behind him as he raised his gigantic scythe into the air, the size reaching a min-numbing size of 5 meters and brimming with dark lightning.

"I'll take your answer as a yes."

Atherston said and sinisterly he flared out with unbelievable power as his body rapidly expanded and he reached a good three meters in height.

"One move!" The voice gently whispered from Atherston's mouth, the same time that the scythe slashed down on his head brimming with apocalyptic power.

Raising both hands up, hundreds of sales were performed by Atherston as he turned his head to look at the figure running towards him and stretched out his hand.

"Void-Space Art Ultimatum, Space-Time Stop..." Atherston said out loud and instantly the scythe which was slamming down towards his head, the robed figure who was running towards him, all stood were they rooted.

But that only lasted for less than a split second before the figure took a step and a step and then another step, their motion increasing as time passed by.

"You can even slow down my Time stop art? Just who are you..." Atherston mused out loudly as he immediately disappeared from where he stood, and in the next second, he arrived being the robed figure.

"It's all useless..." He whispered to the air before he immediately pulled off the head covering surrounding the figure.

And Instantly long purple hair poured down like a waterfall as Atherston's changed and instantly he severed his left hand and shot backward with horrifying speed.

Arriving a good distance from the figure, Atherston turned to look at his own hands which were floating in the empty void of space and slowly dispersing into nothing.

He could immediately tell if he had not severed his own hands, he would have immediately dispersed into gas just like his severed arm.

And slowly the scythe in her hand disappeared and she slowly turned to Atherston.

Immediately Atherston's eyes widened in shock as he looked at the figure.

A world-shattering beauty with purple hairs and eyes that had a dark gas revolving sat its middle.

"Sa....Safrya?" Atherston asked in shock as she looked at the lady whose red lips curbed to the side in a smug grin.

"It's been a long time, punk..." The lady replied, creating a comical scene of someone much younger calling an older one punk.

"I can't believe you're still alive and you now work for the EIA?" Atherston asked in shock as she watched the lady float over to the cage where Quinn's body lay.

"So, this is your son, he looks like you. Stubborn, concealed under an innocent expression..." Safrya said with a grin before turning to look at Atherston.

"Wait, wait, you're the Death Goddess of the EIA!!?" Atherston asked in shock as Safrya snorted.

"Tch, what a ridiculous name. One of the kids told me you barged into my house and forcefully capture one of my sons. I thought you had lost your mind or you're finally ready to die? I never knew it finally turned out well for you..." Safrya said giving Atherston a narrowed look as Atherston scratched the back of his head and smiled foolishly.

"I have watched your fight with Horora. I'll have to say that cat truly is a strong one and I now understand where you get your stubbornness from. I won't interfere with your Family issues and let him be with you, for now." Safrya said as an incredibly sweet smile appeared on Atherston's face.

"You know well what would happen if even a hair on his body is injured, right" She asked as Atherston's eyes immediately focused.

"Um, you'll take him back?" He guessed.

"No, I'll be coming for your head." She answered before pushing the cage to Atherston and walking off.

"Safrya, maybe it's time you also try to mend things too," Atherston said but she didn't turn back and soon disappeared into the empty void of space.

Even as Atherston rapidly continued moving downward with speed, the thought of the lady he just met couldn't help but flow through his head as he thought of both of them backstory.

They had met with each other when they were very young, talented and free. But life doesn't always turn out as one wants.

Life made him, the joyful and playful one become incomparably cold and villainous, even risking the life of his entire family for a goal. That was simply how life works.

But Thankfully he had been able to reign over the risk and prevail. But the same couldn't be said for his childhood friend who had been forced onto a path of death. He had thought she would have died but it seemed she was stronger than he thought and even managed to survive.

Still, it couldn't be helped. She has now become a creature of death that could only wander in the shadows and the emptiness of void.

Otherworldly strong, but incomparably lonely. She simply had too many lives in her hands to ever think of living a normal life once again. It could be said that she had simply got too far on the path of no return...

"Life...Life. Just what are you, really. The weak pray and struggle to be strong all the time, but the strong are helpless and completely lost too. It's a unending circle that can never be broken, no matter how weak or strong an individual is..." Atherston mused and unconsciously he held the body in his grasp tightly and rapidly approached the blue planet.

— — —

"Guess the EIA don't really abandon their disciples then..." Quinn said after listening to Atherston's story as they all laughed and continued their meal.

And that was when Quinn finally directed his attention to his watch. It had already been almost four months now that he had last touched his watch.

He should have gotten quite the amount of notifications already...

And truly there were hundreds and hundreds of notifications, mainly from the various 'chicks' in the EIA.

But through them, there was a single message at the top of it all which unlike the other was inscribed in red colour.

"Hmmm, the EIA from Zeras?" Quinn thought as he looked at the contact information before clicking on the message.

And slowly reading the news, his hands which were heading for his mouth automatically hung in space as his jaws dropped to the ground his expression rapidly changing before he suddenly jumped off from the dining chair as his parent looked at him worriedly.

"Crippled and Resigned From The EIA! Impossible..." Quinn roared out loud in disbelief and instantly, he directed his attention to both his father and mother before giving a respectful bow.

"An important situation came up. I'm sorry I won't be able to complete the dinner with you. Although I definitely won't miss my mom's delicious cooking..." Quinn said as he packed some of the food on the table and hurriedly ran out of the room.

"Don't be late, ok?" The void rang out as Quinn gave a genuine nod with an incredibly beautiful smile before closing the door.

But immediately exiting his face changed massively as he hurried down the staircase while muttering continuously

“Impossible, it is impossible...”

Chapter 377: Home Of The Dragons 1

Atherston's Palace, Second Floor...

BOOOOOOOM

The door to the bedroom was roughly kicked open as a young man with silver hair stormed in angrily, a vein popping on his forehead as he crashed on the bed, his head landing on the pillow. But the pillow failed at its job as the young man grabbed it and flung it into the ceiling, and immediately

BOOOOOM

The pillow exploded into a flurry of foams that splashed all around the room and slowly rained down on the silver-haired young man.

“SHIT...” Quinn said through the cracks of his teeth as his neck turned and he looked at the window, the silvery light of the moon illuminating his face and slowly his expression calmed before turning melancholy.

“Life, it truly is one hell of a game player...” Quinn mused to himself helplessly. Since he had left home after hearing the news of Zeras getting crippled and therefore retiring from the EIA. He had immediately run back to the EIA, to inquire well about what truly happened as well as also meet with Zeras wherever he might be.

But the damn EIA refused to give him any information. They said the mission that led to his Zeras getting crippled was a highly secretive one that couldn't be divulged.

When he asked to meet with Zeras and to hear the truth directly from him they said Zeras's position also couldn't be divulged because he had chosen to live his remaining three years of life in peace and he couldn't be disturbed by past events...”

“Three years!” Quinn said through clenched teeth as he held the fabric of the bed almost ripping it apart.

It was a sad news. He never expected it at all. He never even considered such a possibility of Zeras dying at all. Dying from getting crippled and having his life essence sucked out and only three more years to live.

He just met with his family once again. Quinn could say this was the best time and the best thing that happened to him in his life. All his nightmares have been wiped out

instantly and he was now the future patriarch of the Voidspace family. But as the good thing was happening to him, the exact opposite was happening to his dear friend.

“I wish I could have help, Zeras. I’m sorry...” Quinn whispered as he closed his eyes and dozed off from exhaustion, a tear drops sliding down his eyes and onto the shit.

—

The gigantic spaceship with the emblem of a golden dragon drawn on it rapidly moved through the void of space, its mere speed creating wormholes in the empty void and the spaceship immediately entered into it. And it would instantly appear around 50 kilometres away from where it formerly was.

Inside the spaceship, apart from the driver’s seat, a small hall was present consisting of a rectangular sofa and a glass table and on the seat were two figures sitting opposite each other.

One was a muscular young man with long golden hair and a brilliant golden pair of eyes. Though clad in an ordinary pair of shirts and trousers, his mere aura would make ordinary mortals freeze in their steps and feel a chill run down their spine.

The other was an old man lad in a dark-coloured suit and official well-ironed trousers with a dark hat and a spectacle on his face as he sat down silently, reclining both arms on the staff in his hands.

Both of his eyes were closed, his hat covering the upper part of his face and he simply sat quietly in his seat not uttering a single word. On his chest, one could see the emblem of the EIA, depicting him to be an EIA official.

YAWN

The sound of a loud yawn which could only be due to the boredom tore out from the mouth of the Vornek as he looked boringly at the man clothed in dark dark-coloured shirt.

It had been more than 48 hours since Vornek has been on this damn seat. He had slept about 12 times already only to wake up and look at the man’s face which though above average was incomparably ugly to him.

“Tch, they just have to stick me with a boring man...” Vornek mused out loudly as he landed back on the sofa breathing out in exhaustion as if he just ran an entire kilometre...

Suddenly, Vornek felt the spaceship slow down massively before coming to a complete stop.

“Fmph, fmph, fmph...” Vornek took in a breath of the air in the spaceship and instantly his eyes widened as he rose from his feet and immediately moved towards the pilot room, the man also opened his eyes, causing a dark light to flare out brightly as he also stood up and rose from his seating position.

“I’m finally home...” Quinn muttered to himself as he looked at the gigantic golden planet in front of them.

The planet’s size was more than 4 times that of Earth and from within one could see a various mountain range, and astral light flaring around the entire place.

“HUUUUUU...”

Vornek exhaled loudly as he slowly walked towards the door of the spaceship, a golden pulse of aura slowly began pulsing through his entire body and instantly he moved.

SHHAAATER...

The glass immediately shattered to pieces as he tore through the glass and appeared at the nose of the spaceship, the golden aura around his body preventing him from getting crushed by the void of space.

“Thanks for the accompaniment. You can return now...” Vornek replied but this time, his demeanour had completely changed from the lazy and boring Vornek to an incredibly proud Vornek, whose eyes were filled with unconcealed disdain.

“Slowly the spaceship rumbled back to life as it turned and immediately disappeared into the distance.

Watching the spaceship quickly disappearing into the distance, BVornek slowly took his eyes away from it as he looked at the gigantic golden planet just a few kilometres away...

“Finally, back home...” Vornek mused and in the next second, golden light exploded as if a new star had been born...

Chapter 378: Home Of The Dragons 2

ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR

A powerful beastly roar surged throughout the entire void of space with so much power it rippled downwards towards the gigantic planet present below.

Now in the space was no longer Vornek but a gigantic golden dragon whose scales brimmed with powerful golden lights.

Smokes of white hair puff out of Vornek's nose as his four wings flapped wildly behind him sending shards of space glasses into the surrounding spaces and instantly he soared downwards with speed, rapidly approaching the golden Planet.

RIIIIIIIIP

Space itself parted ways before the full might of the golden dragon and soon it rapidly tore through the gravitational energy surrounding the Planet and entered into its stratosphere.

Looking down below him, Vornek could already see the hundreds of ginormous dragons that perched on the high mountain tops.

They were in different shapes and sizes and some had colossal bodies that spanned for more than 100 meters while some were much smaller reaching just a little more than three meters.

Their colour varies a lot, with green taking up the majority of the population followed by white coloured and then other strange colours.

The dragons at birth were a normal green and they could remain in that colour for the next 12 years, based on how much they managed to eat, a very necessary component of their growth factor.

The green dragon was the lowest in the hierarchy and is usually like a regular human ten years old. In that stage, they have the intelligence of an ordinary 7-year-old at most. They are pretty dumb in that stage.

After the ten years had passed, they would evolve and their colour would change to white. White dragons were not only at least five times stronger than ordinary white but were also much smarter and it was then that they began to show signs of their wings, if they were a winged dragon of course.

The white dragons stay in their form from between 12 to 20. Their intelligence is about the 19-year-old human.

After reaching 20 and closing on 21, they would once again evolve and this time become true dragons based on their form. And this is where the majority of dragons rest in. They never evolved again after the third evolution and would only keep growing bigger and bigger.

But they were also a minority that would once again evolve and this time, they would instead of larger grow smaller but they would also grow at least five times more powerful than their third evolution. At this stage, their strength would rival that of the human Galaxy Rank Stage!

Flying high above higher dragons was known as disrespectful according to draconic rules but the dragons didn't react much when they looked at Vornek flying above their head and would simply return to their business.

And that was due to Vornek's scales colour. He was a golden dragon! A special dragon among the draconic race.

The draconic race has incredibly diverse bloodlines and therefore there were thousands of different species, all possessing their unique attributes.

With the dragons being such prideful beings, they definitely would respect none at all and try to prove their bloodline supremacy. And those with obvious bloodline supremacy would the dragons hail as their leaders.

And there were a total of such dragons with bloodline supremacies which were incomparably more powerful than the other dragon's bloodline.

There were four, the Chaos Dragon, the Golden Dragon, the Red Dragon, and the Jade Dragon.

Amongst those four, one was the supreme and absolute king and that was the Jade Dragons. The very incarnation of the word, MIGHT!

They sat at the highest hierarchy and were the ultimate Kings of All Dragons. The Next and most loyal to the King was the Golden Dragon who acted as the direct right hand of the King.

Vornek was a golden dragon and the majority of the dragons even those who were incomparably large said nothing when he passed above their head. To the dragons, it wasn't about the strength. It was about the purity Of the bloodline.

After flying for more than two hours, Quinn finally arrived at another different area of the dragon planet. An area with incredibly high peaks that pierced through the clouds.

Around the peaks, one could see colossal dark dragons wrapped around the peaks, like ropes to a mountain. Their abyssal dark scales brimmed with an extremely powerful ruinous aura that sent chills down the spine of even Vornek himself.

Those were the Chaotic Dragons. The very pure incarnation of destruction. One of the most powerful dragons if not the most powerful among the draconic race but were vastly limited by their very low intelligence.

And even as Vornek passed through them, he could tell they were all in slumber. All of them. They would only be awakened when the Dragon race faced some type of war situation

Rapidly passing through the void peaks, he quickly came before another peak, a peak with a colour of red and it was a hut-like settlement no different from Earth's except except it was more barbaric. They were ladies and men walking around, with no different from actual humans except for their long red hair and eyes and some had red scales covering part of their bodies.

He could see the children running around and the adults strangely busy at work, mainly farming and the ladies mainly washing.

The red dragons to the other dragons were incredibly strange for one. They are the only ones who can quickly reach their human form at their first evolution. A red dragon would be able to transform into human form on reaching the age of 8, unlike the other dragons who would need to be at least 15 years of age.

And secondly, the red dragons unless in battle always choose to be in their human forms at all times. Something the other dragons only do die to inconveniences of size and to save energy.

The Red Dragons do it all the time and also have a strange way of life in that they don't slumber like the other dragons but actually farm and live life like normal humans.

Now that he was back from the Human planet, Vornek could say confidently that the Red Dragons must have the blood of Humans in them in one way or the other.

There were even some kids who pointed at him as he flew past them as they rapidly chased after him on their legs but Vornek soon left them behind snorting disdainfully.

And after flying for five hours straight, he finally arrived at his destination.

A place with golden mountain peaks and golden motes of energy dancing in the air...

Chapter 379: The Golden Emperor

A long mountain range filled with hundreds of golden-colored mountains and golden motes of energy blowing chaotically through the air dust.

ROOOOOOOOOOAR

A loud roar boomed out of Vornek's maw as he rapidly flew above the golden dragons who all raised their heads in shock.

"The Golden Emperor's son is back..."

"The Golden Emperor's son is back..."

"The Golden Emperor's son is back..."

Those words were sung by the various golden dragons present in every mountain range before they all suddenly began flapping their wings and standing straight vertically in the air, all hundreds of golden dragons while leaving a simple passageway that happened to be just where Vornek was passing.

“All hail, the golden emperor’s son...” The sentence echoed out to Vornek at the same time followed by a gigantic roar that could blow apart the eardrum of a peak Metero rank stage.

ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR

The shockwaves from the air rippled outwards towards Vornek who was present in the air and also brought about the golden motes of energy all swarming towards him...

Immediately the river of golden motes of energy swallowed Vornek, his entire golden scales lit up brightly to an uncontrollable level, and without needing to flap his wing, Vornek was carried forward towards where he was heading by the golden motes of energy and also flew on the current created by the shockwaves.

A prideful smile appeared on Vornek’s face as he looked below him where the hundreds of dragons could be seen, happiness and pride flashing in their eyes.

What they all just did now was one of the highest respect a dragon can give to a leader of theirs. The Golden Motes Sea ritual. It was used to help the flying dragon relax his wings and fly without using much energy. By all roaring at the same time, they caused the golden motes of energy to be like a sea which he was able to swim in and would carry him to wherever he was going.

One had to know the dragons were incredibly prideful and disdainful and very rarely would they choose to help nor accept help at all.

But Vornek accepted the help. It was a sign of respect from the multitudes of dragons some of whom could snuff him out of existence with a single claw swipe.

Only now did Vornek feel that peace of mind. The piece of mind of being around his own. The peace of mind of being back home.

The golden motes of energy pushed him forward and soon he arrived before a gigantic golden palace made of shining golden crystals...

ROOOOOOOOOOOOAR

A roar boomed out of his maw drawing the attention of the dragons who were outside the palace as they all gave a good look at him before immediately their eyes widened in shock.

“The son of the Emperor is back...”

“The son of the Emperor is back...”

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUU

It was the sound of the trumpet being blown and Vornek descended from the golden motes of energy flying in a circular format before descending onto the ground, causing the golden motes of energy to fall like rain on the palace, involuntarily letting their golden scales brighten up a little.

THUUUMP.

Gently he flew to the ground, as he looked at the people who were gathered in front of him, and instantly, golden lights exploded forth from him forming a pillar of golden energy that soared to the sky.

And immediately Vornek returned to his normal human form.

“Young master Vornek.”

“Young master Vornek...”

“Young Master Vornek...”

The greetings came from multiple of the dragons as Vornek raised his hands and waved at them slowly inching his way forward towards the entry of the palace.

Coincidentally, two figures dressed in golden royal robes also moved out at the same time he did, a big smile on their face.

“Elder Rorama...”

“Elder Jorama...”

Vornek greeted with a head bow at the duo before him. A lean man who had half and left side of his face covered in golden energy and with a prideful smile on his face while the other was a very beautiful lady who had the same golden scales on her face except that it enveloped the other half and right of her face instead. Currently, her eyes were flaring with incredibly bright golden-colored light.

Vornek could remember those two as they acted like a form of parent to him being the one who was responsible for taking care of him after his mother’s death.

“The Emperor is waiting for you, Vornek...” The man said as he gave a nod and they both turned back, Vornek following after them.

One might have expected to see the gigantic hall of the palace upon immediately entering, but the same wasn't the case and one would first come in contact with the long passageway, whose floor was made with a golden marble with golden runic lines that brightly illuminated the space and shone and dim like a heartbeat.

All around the walls were different paintings depicting the images of gigantic golden-coloured dragons while on the other parts of the hall were statues of humans who were no doubt dragons and putting on crowns on their heads.

Vornek couldn't forget who they were even a thousand years from now. They were the last king of the Golden Dragon and his direct ancestors. Very rarely do some dragons meet even their grandparents but Vornek knew everyone from the first golden dragon down to his line.

And nothing but absolute respect filled his mind when he heard of their tales...

The huge golden halls which were at the end of the golden passageway automatically opened and Vornek followed behind the duo, the view of the gigantic throne room filling his gaze.

Small steps climbed up the way to the golden-colored dais with hundreds of guards and servants around the place.

But what stole his attention was the back of a man who was currently standing at the utmost top of the dais.

And on entering, he slowly turned as Vornek saw that familiar face. That face that would never age for even a second.

And immediately he got on a knee, his clenched fist on his heart and his head bowed.

"I, Vornek Roosevelt, pay my respect to the Golden Emperor..."

Chapter 380: Reality Of Obsessions...

Chapter 380: Reality Of Obsessions...

STEP

STEP

STEP

The sound of footsteps echoed throughout the entire throne room as the man slowly stepped downwards. The marbles beneath his rippling forward with a golden energy that radiated forth through the entire throne room.

“Vornek, my son. Rise...” The man said his gentle voice ringing in Vornek’s eyes yet those who stood in the throne room all had a single illusion of the entire throne room reverberating continuously.

And immediately, Vornek rose to his feet, golden eyes looking into those golden eyes. The man before him was a devastatingly handsome individual. He was perhaps one of the most handsome male dragons that Vornek had ever seen and even in his human form there was only a single human that Vornek could say beat his father in handsomeness and that was none other than Zeras, that handsome devil.

His golden eyes were like the brightest of torches, sprinkled with remnants of Astral blue. Oval-shaped face and with a well-elongated jaw.

He had the same physique that was like his, muscular, but although he was a little leaner than he was. On his face, the upper part of his face was covered in golden scales and the back of his hands was covered in beautiful golden scales that were carefully arranged and extended into his white-coloured long-sleeve cloth.

His arms came to rest on Vornek’s shoulder, clamping it tightly, and slowly he extended his head forward to Vornek who also replied the same. Three seconds later, their forehead touched each other, and a bright golden light suddenly bloomed on their head, the source none other than a circular golden rune whose light brightened up for a few seconds before dimming three seconds later.

And Veurnech took back his head as he looked at his son, pride flashing in his eyes.

“It must have been a hard expedition, but I’m sure it was worth it.”

“It was father, it was...” Vornek replied as his father turned him to the crowd of people in the throne room.

“My son is back...” He declared proudly and immediately golden lights flared throughout the entire space as all the human figures instantly changed to their dragon forms causing enormous bodies to cover the entire place and then...

“ROOOOOOOOOOAR...” A powerful blast throughout the throne room as all the dragons bowed their head instantly.

They were vast, they were unbelievably strong, their mere auras could almost suffocate him and the only thing stopping him from falling on his knees from their pressure was the golden hands resting on his shoulder and protecting him in an invisible barrier of energy.

It was why he was very proud of his father. All the golden dragons treated him with absolute respect and it wasn’t only the golden dragons. He was known to have very good relationships with the rest of the dragons even the slumbering Chaos dragons.

It was what was awe-inspiring about him to him. His ability to command respect from all...

"You all wouldn't mind a little father and son privacy talk would you..." Veurnech said as all the dragons once again regained their human form, giving him a bow before heading out of the throne room.

And in mere minutes, the dragons which tightly filled the room all immediately cleared causing silence to reign.

But the silence was quickly broken...

"You damn snake, you left your lonely father here alone without even ever given a call at all. You're so heartless..." Veurnech said as his hands clamped tightly on Vornek's head and he drilled his knock on Vornek's head whose legs dangled helplessly in the air.

Even though Vornek was unbelievably heavy even a Cosmic rank expert would find it difficult to lift him from his feet. To his father, he was a completely helpless chick that doesn't even weigh anything at all.

"Ok, ok, let me..ouch, hey. You really would crack my skull, old man..." Vornek screamed out helplessly when he began feeling the burning feeling on his head.

"What the!? Old man? I'll teach what it means to be an old man..." Veurnech snorted coldly and he began applying force on Vornek's skull calling him to scream his lungs out.

"So, am I still an old man?" Veurnech asked with a smug expression which soon got wiped off from his face by the reply.

"Yes, you are, you old foggy."

"Tch, you never learn do you..." Veurnech clicked his tongue before he applied even more force.

"AHHHHH..." Vornek screamed out even more in pain.

"Will you take back your words..."

"Never...AHHHHH."

"How about now..."

"In your dreams old ma...AHHHHHHHHH"

“AHHH, stubborn kid. You must have taken after your mother...” Veurnech said as he released the stubborn dragon to the floor causing Vornek to slam his butt on the ground and breath out his lungs...

“Speaking of your mother, she really has missed you too, Vornek,” Vuernech said as he entered the door in the throne room leading to another room where the gigantic image of a lady could be seen.

A lady with long golden hair and eyes and with a beauty that could topple nations...

“Your son is back home, Sierra...” Veurnech whispered, standing rooted to where he was as he simply looked at her in silence for the next 3 minutes straight and Vornek too arrived beside him and also stood in silence looking at the golden-haired lady who was called his mother...

He never met her.

According to the news, his mother died giving birth to him. Normally, them being dragons and powerful ones means possessing hundreds of wives. But his father was a different dragon. After his mother’s death, he refused to take in any more wife.

And instead of accepting his wife’s death. He believed that Vornek was the incarnation of his wife. And that was why he was the spoilt child of the Golden Emperor who would burn down the entire world to ashes if even a single hair on the hair of his beloved child was hurt.

His father’s obsession with his mother was crazy and he passed that obsession to Vornek too...

And Vornek was confident of it, if he had been a girl, then his father would probably have married him. It sounded stupid and dumb, and even more for a wise dragon like his father but it was the reality of obsession...