

Chaos Devourer System

#Chapter 41 Weapons Of gods - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 41 Weapons Of gods

41 Weapons Of gods

In the cold dark water of Atlantis. A gigantic aquatic organism in the shape of a huge octopus could be seen moving through the water at a speed faster than thrice the speed of sound.

Taking a closer look at the octopus, one would notice it pulling a golden-colored carriage behind it, which was covered by a strange blue barrier preventing the backlash on those within the carriage for moving with so much speed.

In the carriage...

Zeras sat opposite the man, his new gigantic silver trident resting on his lap.

"So, do you want to tell me what happened to Dyvan then," Zeras asked as they had been moving in the carriage for more than two hours now, and the silence was killing him?

The old man took a deep breath as he glanced outside the carriage without looking Zeras in the eye. Even though he was only staring at the cold dark waters.

Zeras could feel the man was no longer calm since they'd begun their journey.

"Do you remember what I told you about the war between Atlantis and the Skulls?

Even though Atlantis won, we only had three people surviving the war out of almost ten thousand soldiers.

That begs the question of how powerful are the Skulls. Well, the Skulls are not particularly strong physically. A middle-aged Athlanthean citizen should be able to take care of two adult male skulls without breaking a sweat.

But the remarkable thing about the Skulls is their weapons."

"Weapons?" Zeras asked not thinking a weapon could make a weak person suddenly so strong.

"Yes, weapons. You might perhaps be thinking that even if you give a baby a knife, he'll still end up losing a bare-handed man but you are wrong. The Skulls' weapons are in no way normal. They are god's Weapons."

"god Weapons?" Zeras asked stunned.

"Yes, god weapons. Each of their weapons possesses different powerful attributes. Granting their users extremely powerful powers. Powers beyond a mortal's understanding. That brought us to the conclusion that those weapons can only be forged by the gods themselves.

When we defeated the Skulls, King Atlas took some of the spoils of war which are those god-weapons. One of them is that dark armor and trident Dyvan was wearing." The old man said confidently.

Zeras was shocked by the information as he couldn't believe it was truly the weapon that caused Dyvan's spike in power. If he had been equally matched with Dyvan, then with Dyvan suddenly using that armor there was no doubt who the winner would have been.

"Of course. With greater powers comes greater consequences. Each weapon has its limitations. The more you use these weapons, the more it becomes damaging to you.

As for that weapon Dyvan used. Its consequence was taking away the user's life and Dyvan had all his life sucked away from continuously using it." The old man said without care.

"The reason the Skulls could use these weapons massively is due to their strange ability to endure the consequences. That is, if Dyvan had been a Skull, then there is a probability of him using it for double the time without running out of life force. That is the frightening power of the Skulls." The old man said, the fear in his voice impossible to conceal.

"But do you know what I'm most afraid of?" the man asked, staring into his eyes.

"What is it?"

"It is how Dyvan laid his hands on the weapon in the first place. And the answer to that is something I'm unwilling to accept." The old man said evoking a strange look from Zeras when his eyes suddenly widened in understanding.

"It...It can't be..." Zeras asked his voice quivering.

"Yes, it is. It can only be given to Dyvan by Sammodra himself. And if Sammodra got his hands on these weapons kept by King Atlas. Then I'll say being a Skull himself, this battle just grew ten times harder." The man said finally revealing his reason for dread.

Zeras sat down there numbed by the information, when he thought his fight with Sammodra would be a tough one. Now the difficulty bar was raised once again. Did the tower want him to fail so badly?

"I can only say do your best boy. And if there's something that can help you. It would be the waves I told you about. Just try to understand and comprehend them more. With them, there's a chance you can still win." The old man said, but even he wasn't completely sure of that.

A smile appeared on Zera's face as he closed his eyes and concentrated on the surrounding water trying to sense the waves in them, but he said silently to himself

'I'll win this fight, Old man as this isn't just a battle for Atlantis. It's a battle for a major step in my life. It's my only hope of achieving my goal.

There's no other option for me. It is either I win or fail. So rest assured old man, I'm not going to fail. Definitely.' Zeras said the word echoing within him as he decided all his time to understand this new source of power, the power of Waves.

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4 days later...

"We're here..." the voice of Plank rang out from outside as Zeras opened his eyes before muttering

"Is it finally happening?"

Moving out of the carriage, Zeras good there numbed as he gaped at the second most gigantic structure of his life right in front of him.

"Welcome people, to the Atlantis Palace."

42 The Atlantis Palace

Zeras stood there mind blown as he looked at what was right in front of him.

Plank's shrill scream managed to bring him out of his reverie as he closed his mouth but was still shocked nonetheless.

Right in front of the trio, a colossal structure stood, more than a thousand metres tall with four huge golden pillars supporting it from its rear. The palace itself seemed to be made from some glittering gold tiles that shone occasionally illuminating those close to it in its golden glow.

In front of the Atlantis Palace, a multitude of Athlantheans moved inside, but even with the crazy population number, there was still space left for them to climb those golden stairs that extended up into the distance.

There was an extremely beautiful aura present when one looks at the palace making one ignore whatever comes to mind and simply look at it while also invoking an aura of respect into them.

"Is this...Is this real?" Zeras asked as he started absentmindedly at the structure.

"Yes, it is..." the old man replied, his voice quivering as they headed towards the steps and began climbing up them.

The steps were long filling their entire sight but it wasn't uncomfortable to climb in the least as golden waves of light emanated from the stairs with every step, and the higher one climbed, the more the golden light shone.

The trio finally arrived at the top of the stairs and right in front of them was a gigantic room, the end of which Zeras failed to see.

But at the farthest he could see, a Golden-coloured throne stood there oozing out a powerful majestic aura that Zeras could perceive from so far away.

The only thing ruining the aura of the throne was that it was empty as just stood there vacant, desperately waiting for the most outstanding of men to sit on it.

Athlantheans filled this entire space, but even with the great number, there was still space left as if the room could never get filled.

"Now all you just need to do is wait for the Competition to begin, and you'll be called out soon. Best of luck, brother..." Plank said as he quickly mixed in among the crowd off to god knows where.

"Tch, damn fatty." Zeras directed his look away as he stared at the old man instead noticing something strange about him.

The old man stared forward right at the golden throne, unblinking, as if he had lost his mind as his eyes slowly turned red probably remembrance of a painful memory in the past.

"Do you know that throne had stood there for millions of years now and even till today it's still standing? Waiting for him, waiting for the man of fate." The old man enunciates absentmindedly.

"I..." "Welcome to the Atlantis Palace, citizens of Atlantis." A loud voice reverberated through the entire space as all eyes focused on the far-away figure of a man dressed in blue-white colored robes while carrying a small staff in his hands.

"We have gathered here today due to the wish of our former King, His sovereignty Atlas of Atlantis. He was the greatest of men in the history of our great kingdom, Atlantis.

But our mighty king has felt the need to pass on the baton and due to his love for Atlantis, he didn't automatically give it to his son.

Instead, he created a rule where the most powerful fighters of the five cities would gather together to look for the strongest and hence purest in bloodline to once again inherit the throne.

This is a great show of love by King Atlas as even in death all he had in mind was making us Athlantheans live peacefully and protected.

And today, the grand ceremony to decide this rightful king begins.

The man said as he raised his small staff causing a blue light to flare from it as unbelievable change occurred in the entire space.

"Let the Atlantis Battle Competition begin."

The floor they were standing on suddenly began rising by some mysterious force while only a circular middle part was left staying instead. When the floor got high enough, circular iron bars rose surrounding the floor to prevent accidental falling while a blue protective barrier covered the rings acting as a protective barrier.

Now looking from above, a wide-spaced circular battle stage could be seen from above, giving the viewers a perfect vision of any ongoing battles that take place on it.

"Without wasting more of our time, let's meet the seven contestants who will be participating in this competition. Shall we?"

"First Amedeo Sponge and Pietro Tilapian. Two powerful fighters from the city of Midas. The strongest city in Atlantis." the man said as two figures moved out of the crowd slowly swimming over to the man.

They were dressed in silver armor that covered all their body parts, with their helmets under their armpit. Even though they were covered in armor, their burly size was effortlessly distinguished.

"Next is Julius plankton of plankton city."

A lean man slowly came out from the crowd, with a lean blue-colored trident in his hand as he floated over to the stage. His eyes were crooked and his movements were fast. Even though lean and not domineering. He radiated an aura of experience.

"Next is Raiaian Octopile of Mermon City." A man slowly swam out but instead of legs, he had tails instead.

"Next is Tristan Seahorse of Limaga City." A middle-aged with a face like that of a seahorse emerged from the crowd as he moved towards the pulpit.

"Lastly, Zeras Celestria of Ligeris city." The man said as Zeras sighed again.

Zeras slowly moved out of the crowd drawing surprised gasps from the crowd. The fighter was a young chap besides he wasn't even putting on any semblance of armor.

Zeras arrived before the other fighters as he noticed them looking at him strangely but soon turned up their nose in disdain all except for that crooked-eyed old man who looked at him with a curious expression.

But Zeras couldn't blame them. When a 16-year-old boy gathered among warriors who were more than 50 years old. It would be strange if they looked at him in respect. He wasn't even putting on armor making them look like a joke.

"And finally, can we all put our hands together for his majesty? King Atlas's very own son. Sammodra Zean."

The crowd cheered madly as a circular hole appeared on the roof where all the fighters assembled.

A figure dressed in golden-colored armor and a flowing dark cape slowly descended from above, his golden hair floating behind him.

All support is greatly appreciated. Don't forget to leave a review if you find it entertaining. Thanks in advance.

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