

Chaos Devourer System

#Chapter 611: With A Sword In His Hands, No One Is His Match.. - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 611: With A Sword In His Hands, No One Is His Match..

Chapter 611: With A Sword In His Hands, No One Is His Match..

“Elder Kang,” Zeras asked as he and Kenji followed deeper into the underground. “Who was Jiang Wushuang?”

“Jiang Wushuang, a sword emperor who had left his universe to challenge worthy fighters from other universes.

He was so strong that he couldn’t break through the next level of his cultivation,” Elder Kang said as he led Zeras and Kenji deeper into the underground.

“What was mystifying about Jiang Wushuang was the fact that, even though he was obviously a very proud expert, the other experts of various universes were all destroyed with a single slash of his sword, earning him the title, ‘With a Sword in his hand, no one is his match.’

Even his name, ‘Jian’ and ‘Wushuang,’ meant Sword Emperor, and soon, he became the uncrowned sword emperor of the various realms.

Years passed, and soon, he became a pompous expert, claiming that anyone who could defeat him would be given his sword, Blade of Tianqu,” Elder Kang narrated as they finally arrived at the end of the flight of stairs, which was actually nothing but a dead end.

But, Elder Kang kept walking forward as he arrived before the wall, drew blood from his finger, which he used to draw a special rune on the wall. Like magic, the red blood flared with a green light, and immediately, it opened up for them.

Inside the room was a large rectangular pool, which could have been called so if not for the fact that it had no water and a flight of stairs going deeper down for about five meters to the depth of the pool. At the center of the pool, there was a cylindrical stone monument about two meters tall, and gently suspended above this stone monument...

“For thousands of years, there was almost no one who could match Jian Wushuang’s sword’s destructive power, until one day, a man came to him just a hundred years ago,” Elder Kang said as he took off his shoes and walked down the steps barefooted.

“Jiang Wushuang, in pride, ordered the man to bring out his weapon. As he drew out his Tianqu, and shocking the various experts of the realms, the man bent down and removed a leaf stalk beside his legs before pointing it to Jiang Wushuang. He claimed that he would defeat Jiang Wushuang with a leaf stalk, Hahahahaah!” Elder Kang said, laughing loudly as Zeras followed behind him, barefooted, while Kenji remained at the top of the flight of descending steps.

“So, did he defeat Jiang Wushuang with nothing but a leaf stalk?” Zeras asked as he followed behind Elder Kang, and even though he was silent, it was because he was listening with rapt attention to him.

“Jiang Wushuang felt hurt by such an accusation in front of all the other realm kings, and in anger, he unleashed the strongest attack that he had ever done, pouring everything into his attack to sever the man out of all existence,” Elder Kang said, as Zeras’s heart quaked within his chest.

“An attack that could sever life in the present, the past, and the future. Only a single weapon can do this in the entire universe, and that is this sword you’re standing in front of,” Elder Kang said, as he shifted to the side, leaving nothing between Zeras and the sword.

But instead of moving forward to immediately claim the sword, Zeras didn’t move a single step away from where he stood. He turned to Elder Kang instead.

“What was the result of the battle between the deranged man and Jiang Wushuang?” He asked once more, the question which Elder Kang had brilliantly weaved before.

“Jiang Wushuang slashed out with his powerful Tianqu sword, and the man slashed out with a stalk of leaves.

The attacks ripped through a total of ten dimensional voids before canceling each other out, and Jiang Wushuang lost his right arm!” Elder Kang said, as Zeras stood rooted in shock, his jaw dropping to the ground.

“He canceled out an attack that could slash apart the future, the present, and the past, and even managed to steal away Jiang Wushuang’s right arm with nothing but a grain of stalk. Is that possible?” Zeras asked, as Elder Kang shook his head.

“Jiang Wushuang lost his sword arm, and instead of getting angry, he smiled and gave the man his sword, just as promised. But the man was very prideful and ripped open a hole in the dimension before flinging the sword in, saying he had no need for the sword. Truly, he really didn’t need it, did he?” Elder Kang asked Zeras, whose eyes furrowed as he put himself in the mysterious expert’s shoes.

If he also had enough power to make a leaf stalk easily subjugate a sword that could slice all aspects of time, why would he take the sword of his defeated opponent? He might have taken it, but he definitely didn't need it.

"The man said a word to Jian Wushuang that made him finally ascend his cultivation, something he had always tried to do, his purpose for becoming so famous in the first place."

"What did he say?" Zeras asked, as Elder Kang's eyes looked at Zeras deeply before his lips moved, yet no sound was made, but Zeras could more than hear his words.

"He said, 'The power lies not in the sword that is held, but in the heart of the beholder. But the sword is required before the intent becomes imprinted in the heart,'" Elder Kang said, as Zeras looked blankly into the distance. He could immediately understand what that meant, yet it also created a feeling as if he couldn't understand a single thing about it.

"That day, Jian Wushuang ascended to the next level of cultivation after the man spoke. I chanced upon the sword on a dangerous mission, but it's not my destiny to wield it. So I decided to have one more mission in my life, and that is to keep it for the right person. One with more potential than me."

"That person is you."

Chapter 612: Inheriting The Sword Of Tianqu...

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"I... I am not deserving of it," Zeras said with furrowed eyebrows as he retreated away from the sword.

"It's the sword of a supreme expert who has spent his entire life on the way of the sword. I am nothing but one who needs a weapon to practice my art. I will be fine with any sword.

Keep this for someone more worthy of it. More deserving," Zeras said, as Elder Kang smiled and walked forward, picking up the sword from the stand before standing in front of Zeras.

"Then it is now your turn to find that worthy person, and before you do that, it will be yours," Elder Kang said, as Zeras got on a single knee and took the sheathed sword in his grasp.

"I will find its rightful successor. I promise!" he said as he rose up and sheathed the sword just beside his waist.

“Now that that is settled, let’s get going,” Elder Kang said, as they walked away from the place and appeared outside the cavern.

“Before I go, might I ask you one more thing?” Zeras suddenly said, as Elder Kang nodded.

“Go on.”

“What’s the name of the expert who defeated Jiang Wushuang?” Zeras asked in curiosity.

“He is called Nameless,” Elder Kang replied. Zeras’s eyebrows raised in surprise, but he nodded before quickly following after Kenji. However, before he could completely leave, he turned his gaze behind him, and with disbelief on his face, he discovered the rusty old tavern was now gone!

“Um, Kenji, are you seeing this?” Zeras couldn’t help but ask, as Kenji stopped and looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“See what, boss?” he asked, as he looked at the direction where the tavern was and his eyes showed no difference.

“The tavern. Can’t you see it’s no longer there?” Zeras asked, as Kenji scratched the back of his head before turning to look at Zeras.

“Um, what tavern, boss?” he asked him as Zeras looked at him dumbly.

“The tavern where we were given this sword, where we met with Elder Kang!?” Zeras repeated as Kenji still looked at him with the same dumb expression.

“Who is Elder Kang?” he asked, as Zeras looked at him in shock.

Then he couldn’t help but turn to his shoulder, to look at Fluffy who had been there all the while, but even Fluffy was looking at him with a strange expression, as if wondering when he started drinking.

Once more he looked behind him, seeing the tavern had disappeared into thin air, in its place tall trees and grass, before he shook his head.

“Forget it,” he said to Kenji, who looked at him strangely, before he shrugged and continued down behind him.

—

With the sword issue easily resolved, Zeras headed straight to the Shadow Oppression Valley, retrieving the badge from the two guards who prayed for him.

"I hope your shitty luck is as good as yesterday," they prayed for him, but Zeras shrugged boringly, before he walked into the dark gate, and soon he completely disappeared into it. The two inner sect guards laughed sinisterly, this time, betting on how many body parts Zeras would lose.

The teleportation was just as fast as the previous day, as Zeras opened his eyes and found himself standing in the desolate crack.

But this time, he had some company, a total of three devil figures like that, were currently all staring at him, and a strange type of silence enveloped the area as man and devil looked at each other.

In the next instant, Zeras exploded forth with horrifying speed, his hand grabbing the hilt of the sword, and then...

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIPP

A sword light flashed through the air with horrifying speed as Zeras crouched behind the three figures, before flinging the sword to the side, and gently returning it to its sheath...

CLINCK

Immediately, his sword entered the sheath completely, and a total of three heads rolled off the devils, bouncing on the ground a few times, before their three bodies plummeted to the ground.

"My explosive strength now is at an otherworldly level! It's like I can instantly release all of my strength in a single shot, and my body can also easily withstand the instantaneous force," Zeras mused to himself as he looked at his own hands.

Even in his previous peak, he couldn't explode out with such instantaneous speed, and had to slowly jog forward, before he slowly exploded out with all his power.

Such a release of instantaneous energy would cause him to feel pain in his body, and that was why he preferred slowly releasing all of his energy.

But now, he could instantly release his energy, and also instantly stop his energy within his body, almost like a complete reflex.

Slowly walking out of the crack on the ground, Zeras slithered away like a snake, but Fluffy, who was sitting down on Zeras's shoulder, had its jaws dropped to the ground when it saw the arm of devils as it slowly raised one of its paws and covered its mouth.

"You see Fluffy, it's very dangerous here, and you won't be allowed to move farther than a meter from me," Zeras whispered to it, as Fluffy nodded continuously. Zeras quickly

approached the mountain that he made, clearly rounding the place to make sure no devil sighted him, and then he quickly entered into it.

Once he arrived, he sat down straight, and immediately he concentrated on learning the Nine Star Breathing Technique.

After seven hours of practicing the technique, Zeras would return back to the sect ground with his teleportation card, before retreating back to his mountain peak and cultivating his Nine Star Hegemony art.

Once it was the morning, he would immediately head for the Shadow Oppression Valley, spending another seven hours within to practice his Nine Star Breathing Technique, before retreating to his peak and cultivating the Nine Astral Fist and cultivating his Nine Star Manual.

This endless cycle of cultivation continued every day without fail, and quickly Zeras gathered quite the attention to himself from his unfailing discipline and hard work towards his cultivation, and also his bravery of entering the Shadow Oppression Valley, without ever coming back with a wound.

Quickly time passed...

Chapter 613: A Year Later...

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FLAP

FLAP

FLAP

His golden-colored haori flapped in the air, in perfect synchrony with his long, silvery white hair that gently blew behind him. His left hand was placed on the golden coloured sword hung by his waist, and his eyes were closed as he looked at the stars in the dark night sky.

Standing on top of the highest mountain peak present in the place, below him, one could see hundreds of thousands of devils all casting their angered gaze on him. The enormous titans among them stood on the ground, and the flying ones covered the entire air space.

Surrounded and blocked from every distance, that was the word that could describe the young man, yet one would notice the strange pause that was present in the air. Even though the devils reached hundreds of thousands in number, none of them made a move towards him, only baring their fangs at him.

The young man's clear astral blue eyes looked at the stars, as if trying to find meaning in their movement, silence reigning king, before he took his gaze off the stars and turned to his countless adversaries.

"For my fate, I know nothing with any certainty, but the sight of the stars truly makes me dream..." the young man whispered, a smile as blissful as that of a new born. In the next instant...

CLINK!

The sound of a sword leaving its sheath by an inch resounded and then...

ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR

ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR

ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR

ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR

The roars of the titans beneath resounded as thousands of blades tore through the air with horrifying speed, the space on top of the mountain cleaved into nothing, and the mountain itself crumbled into dust from the attack.

Yet, the words pierced through the farthest distance of the battlefield, as silent as a lover's whisper, and as loud as a dragon's roar...

"Star Breathing Art: First Form, Melody Of Sweet Morning Dreams..."

Immediately, he could be seen at the highest point in the sky, soaring towards the ground with speed, and then, the sword left its sheath, slashing downward with heaven-defying speed.

While one might be expecting a very loud sound of ruinous explosion, what actually sounded was the chirping of birds, the gentle flowing sound of babbling brooks, and the starlight sprinkled on all of the devilish creatures below him.

They all made no move of resisting at all, and simply looked dazedly at the sword light as it poured on them.

It as the most perfect of beauty, the most beautiful of celestial phenomenon.

Yet, following the starlight touches, they all faded away into nothing but dust as a radius of about 100 meters on the ground was instantly cleared of devilish creatures, who all faded away into thin air.

“Deadly, yet beautiful. The embodiment of the first level...” the young man whispered. In the next instant, the screech of the remaining eldritch rang out as he exploded forth with speed, a silvery white aura coating his words.

Arriving before the army in front of him, the silvery aura around his sword became a gigantic sea of silver, and then, he whispered before slashing forward

“Star Breathing Art: Second Form: Tempest of Star Storm...”

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

A devastating explosion that released a gigantic mushroom into the sky resounded as he slashed his sword forward with speed, the mirage of the silvery sea running amok through the army of devils surrounding him and ripping them apart roughly, like a powerful sea storm drowning a boat.

Raising from his crouched position, his two hands held the blade, a gigantic pillar of the silvery energy bursting into the sky, and then, he slashed down once more...

“Star Breathing Art: Third Form: Pillar of Sprinkling Stardust...”

Immediately, the pillar that extended deep into the sword suddenly exploded in the air, splashed golden stardust through the sky, as all the flying devil creatures hanging in the sky all frantically tried to avoid the starlight, but they were met with a miserable failure as the starlight sprinkled everywhere like rain, and they were all reduced to nothing but ashes...

BOOOOOOM

BOOOOOOOM

BOOOOOM

The land quivered like an earthquake, as titanous figures walked from the distance armed with their clubs and quickly surrounding the young man from all areas, and with their spiked clubs, they all smashed down towards the man, who had the ground beneath him exploded to nothing...

“Desolate Star Ring! Open!!!”

Immediately, a gigantic star ring appeared in the air, spewing, as two stars appeared in the young man’s eyes. A powerful hegemonic aura burst out of his body, the club attacks that were heading for him all suddenly crawling down towards him, and without raising his head up...

“Nine Star Fist Arts, Second star level: Fist Of An Angered God!”

Immediately, thousands of runic lines coated his fist like snakes, and then, he released a single fist up into the sky...

Like a drop of water on a calm pond, the space above his fist rippled gently outwards, yet when they met with the clubs that were slamming towards him, a destructive ripple of energy blew out with so much power that the entire world shuddered, space exploding into a million fragments, and then...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

A single silent explosion that caused the upper body of the enormous titan to simply disappear! As if suddenly deleted away from the universe...

BAAAANG

BAAANG

BAAANG

Their remaining body parts slammed onto the ground lifelessly, spewing out massive amounts of dark blood, as the young man gently floated upwards, his gigantic ring now made of two colors revolving behind him.

Turning his eyes to look at his remaining opponents, he watched as they all began retreating back into the dimensional rift that was present in the distance, the palace where they had all come from, and in less than a minute later, the entire place was as silent as graveyards, as the young man floated upwards looking once more at the distant starlight...

"Stars, hide your fires, let not light see my black, and deepest desires..."

Chapter 614: Progress After A Year...

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It's been an entire year!

An entire year of not even a single night's sleep, but of endless cultivation, practice, fighting, and cultivation again. A year of a relentless, ever-continuous cycle. And finally, he had been able to surpass his former peak.

Having cultivated the second Star level of the Nine Star Hegemony Body Art, the Angered God Body Star, Zeras's cultivation now rivaled that of a Peak Universe Origin Rank, compared to the former Zeras who was at the Early Universe Origin Rank. He had also practiced four out of the five stances of his Sword Breathing Art, leaving just

one more. His Nine Star Fist Art had also been practiced to the second level—the Fist of Angered God, which followed the heart of hegemony!

Combining the Angered Body Star level with all his Star Breathing Sword stances and his Nine Star Fist Art, he could say he would most likely rival the Pseudo-Undying Realm rank. But that was a fact he couldn't confirm since he wasn't really close to a person at such a power level.

Still, a year had passed, and now was the time to return all the art manuals that he had taken. The third level of the Nine Star Hegemony Art was missing, along with the resulting techniques after that. They were probably kept on higher floors accessible only to inner sect members.

Besides, the devilish creatures in this place were no longer able to match his strength. He was able to wipe almost all of them out and break their will to continue fighting him.

He had to find a higher level of devilish creatures if he ever hoped to keep increasing his combat prowess, and the only way to do that was to go to the Shadow Oppression Valley meant for inner sect disciples...

In the end, everything pointed towards one thing, which was becoming an inner sect member.

With one final look at the place, he realized his days here were done. He had spent every day for an entire year in this place, and now he would be moving on.

"It's funny what power can do, though. When I came here, I used to slither and run away with my tail between my legs. I would be done for if those devils sighted me. But now, I'm leaving and none of them are in sight, all having run back to their world.

This shows my path is correct. My path of wanting strength. One day, all my problems would be just like this if I kept on this path. All running and hiding away from me..." Zeras convinced himself as his string disappeared and he crushed the card in his hands, instantly disappearing from the place.

—

"You're back!" The faintly excited voice of the two guards who had always kept watch before the Shadow Oppression Valley said as they looked at Zeras, who slowly stepped out of the vortex. They both were twin brothers, Yang Ji and Yang Mi.

Even though they had all started on the wrong side of the lane, with both of them underestimating Zeras and saying he would lose his body parts the day his luck ran out, they were the ones who knew of Zeras's growth the most.

Every time he exited the portal, they would also go in and check, and they could see the number of devils ever reducing.

The endless days of meeting with Zeras every morning finally built just enough bond for them to no longer abuse or underestimate him.

Eventually, they had grown familiar with each other, even if it was nothing but small gossip and simple greetings.

With every visit, they could see Zeras growing stronger and stronger until they themselves realized with certainty that he was now well above them in strength. With strength being the criterion for respect and hierarchy in the sect, they had conceded and built respect for the young man instead.

But Zeras didn't really care about the respect and all that. Even if they kept mocking and gossiping behind him and to his face, he would still have smiled and simply been on his way.

He had a war with death itself in a couple of years from now. When did he have the time to care about someone's useless opinion about him?

"As I've always been..." Zeras replied to them with a nod before heading down to the outer sect area, and the twin brothers looked at each other before they both scurried off into the vortex.

Arriving at the place, all they saw was an empty, desolate battlefield and broken areas brimming with powerful residual aura of some type of uncontrollable force.

"He... he really wiped them all out! But not only that, he sent them retreating back to their world..." Yang Mi said in clear surprise.

"I thought they say the devils do not feel fear. Then how did they retreat?"

"It only confirms it, Yang Ji. In the face of strength, then all things really would bow."

"The only people I see striking fear into the hearts of these insane devils are the top ten disciples of the inner sect and all the core sect members. Right now, I would say he is worthy of becoming an inner sect member."

"The elders all know too of his strength. Some of them come here to check his growth every month, once he leaves. But they have been oddly quiet and refuse to give him an invitation even when they know he is now qualified."

"It's as if they're waiting for something. Like the perfect moment..."

"Whatever they are planning..."

“It can’t be good...”

—

“All hail the boss!!!” The roar came from none other than Kenji, who ran up to him from the distance with a shameless and bootlicking smile on his face.

The young man was still as fast as ever, not even cutting a slab of fat throughout the entire year.

But strangely, he had turned into Fluffy’s cuddle partner!

Chapter 615: Ways Of Joining The Inner Sect

“MEOW...” Fluffy said as it hurriedly skipped over and jumped into Zeras’s chest. Zeras gave him his share of gentle scrubs under his jaw, causing it to release its favorite purring sound.

Right now, Fluffy had grown to the size of a small tiger cub from its previous tiny form, but Zeras knew Fluffy was a deceiver.

Secretly, he had watched Fluffy turn into a two-meter-tall, ginormous tiger while playing around in the forest. But once it heard Zeras, it quickly turned into a cub again before running towards him.

The mischievous cat was hiding its true form from him, and Zeras also pretended as if he didn’t know it.

“How’s the day gone, boss? Hope you didn’t lose any ‘body parts’?” Kenji said as he burst into loud laughter, and Zeras himself grinned hard. Every day, they had strived to make it one of their jobs to mock the event of a year ago.

“That said, Kenji, I have a really important thing to ask you.”

“I already know it, boss,” Kenji replied as they walked down to his mountain abode.

“Oh really?”

“Yes. Almost every outer sect disciple knows it too, and the inner sect disciples can smell it. You want to join the inner sect members, don’t you?” Kenji asked him, almost as if he could read his mind.

“Guess words must have been going out that I’m not aware of...” Zeras mused as Kenji nodded.

“You’ve been too busy, boss. Too busy to notice the gossip. You know, normally, the most common way for an outer sect member to become an inner sect disciple is to receive an invitation.”

“An invitation!?” Zeras asked in shock as he looked at Kenji with creased eyebrows.

“Yes, boss. An invitation of honor. While it might look like the outer sect disciples only work for the sect all day, the truth is that there are special elders who have been placed to watch over every one of us here and notice our growth in strength and potential.

Sometimes, an outer sect member’s increase in strength and potential would be noticed, and they would be invited to join. It is the highest grace of honor an outer sect can obtain, boss. It denotes the sect’s recognition of the disciple’s talent.

But your case is a little bit...special, boss!” Kenji said.

“And in what way is my case special?”

“The truth is, everyone had noticed your act. You wake up in the morning and the first thing you do is go to the Shadow Oppression Valley.

Then you come out with not a single scar. If you were fighting for all seven hours, then you surely should have your clothes at least roughened. That means you aren’t fighting all the time, boss, but actually either lazing off or cultivating hard.

The second choice will be closer to the truth as once you arrive from the Shadow Oppression Valley, you go to your mountain abode and cultivate the entire time frame till it’s morning.

And then at the first sight of dawn, you immediately return back to the Shadow Oppression Valley. The circle is ever continuous.

Everyone knows your strength will no doubt be rapidly improving and they have watched you climb from the cosmic rank to the galaxy rank to the Pseudo Universe rank, and then the universe rank. And now, I can’t see it anymore.

To break through so many cultivation stages in a single year, and with such relentless hard work, you are more than worthy of receiving an invitation. Ever since you kept going at such a schedule of three months, you ought to have been sent one, but a year passed, and all the elders are silent and no one sends an invitation.

That is a sign that something is wrong somewhere, boss. Almost like you don’t appease the eyes of the elders. And now that I know you’re a skunk that lied to me about you being the younger brother of Elder Narelle...” Kenji said as Zeras’s head grew red.

As time passed, Zeras's history was finally revealed and Kenji finally learned he is no elder's sister or any elder's, but a bastardly liar and faker.

Surprisingly, though, the fatty wasn't that much bothered by the fact and still kept calling him Young Master Zeras even after catching his lies. It was a reason Zeras didn't know at all.

"So I want to ask, boss, do you happen to have, I don't know, offended an elder?"

A single elder can't prevent other elders from not giving you an invitation, so you must have offended someone very higher up.

So do you happen to have offended some grand elder really badly, boss?" Kenji asked him as Zeras's eyes flashed, his memories of Grand Elder Celestine flashing in his head.

"Is there another way to join without an invitation, Kenji?" Zeras asked, weaving away from the question as Kenji's eyebrows furrowed.

"There is only one other way, boss..." he replied to him, but his expression wasn't that good.

"And what is that?"

"It is by taking the popular test. The Test of Worthiness! Set up by the grand elders of the sect. If an outer sect disciple feels like he is worthy of being an inner sect member, he can choose to take the test, but I wouldn't advise you to do that, boss."

"Why?"

"Because taking the test is calling all the elders blind for not noticing your talent. It's an outright slap on the faces of all the elders of the sect, and while some shameless people have tried it before, none of them has ever passed.

The elders won't want you to be right, so fairness doesn't really exist. If you pass the test, you become an inner sect disciple, and you would be like an outcast among them, as you'll be hated by some whose masters are elders and the ones you ridiculed, and you will gain the ire of the elders themselves.

If you lose and manage to not die while taking the test, you will never be able to show your face again, and you will be targeted by the elders, and your workload doubled till you eventually give out!"

"Both results lead to a negative ending that will destroy the person's image!"

Chapter 616: Embarking On The Shameful Way...

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“Tell me, Kenji, how does one embark on the second way—the shameful way, according to your words?”

“Really simple. Just go to the inner sect area and ring the bell at the far end. Wait, what!?” Kenji asked, in shock, his brain finally able to process Zeras’s words, as Zeras tapped him twice on his shoulder before moving on to his mountain abode.

“Thanks for the tips, my loyal General...” Zeras said, waving to him from afar as his back rapidly disappeared into the distance.

“What did I just do?” Kenji asked himself in shock as he looked dumbly at where Zeras left before swallowing and entering his own cave abode.

In the middle of the pitch-dark night, a figure could be sighted sitting at the highest point of the mountain, his eyes calm as he looked into the distant meandering stream.

“So that’s what they are all planning, huh? For me to take the shameful way of joining the inner sect, so I earn the ire of all elders and also that of the remaining inner sect disciples...” Zeras mused with a gentle smile on his face.

He had absolutely no idea that he ought to have received some sort of invitation to join the inner sect, nor had he even had the thought of joining the inner sect come into his head. The only reason why he needed to right now was because he had achieved the peak in his manuals and he would have to gain access to higher floors of the Martial God Hall to collect the next level manuals. He also needed access to the Shadow Oppression Valley for those in the inner sect area.

Only now did he know there was an ongoing plot of some elders visibly targeting him, and was he so stupid that he didn’t know it was probably Grand Elder Celestine and probably those two others. And if he remembered well, he had also offended Vegax, whom he promised to kill in the most brutal way possible one day, and Vegax’s father was also a grand elder. With four grand elders not finding him pleasing to the eyes, they all hold enough power to control all elders to not hand him an invitation card.

“How stupid. They misunderstood my intention of wanting to become an inner sect disciple. I don’t care about being an inner sect or not. If I could have access to the highest levels of the Martial God Hall, and the inner sect area Shadow Oppression Valley, while still being an outer sect disciple, I wouldn’t even consider the inner sect at all...” Zeras murmured to himself.

“I have a war with death and I only have two years now. I don’t have time for some stupid petty sect conflicts.

If anyone dared block my way because of something as stupid as their useless ego, I will sever that stupidity away from them and continue on my way..." Zeras said, as his eyes flashed brightly with a silvery light, an otherworldly aura emanating from him that caused the flowing stream below him to screech to a stop and the air itself to stop moving.

But everything, after five seconds, once again continued as he withdrew his aura and took a deep breath in. Immediately, the ginormous ring once again appeared mid-air, the starlight in the sky congregating on his figure as he began his nightly cultivation until the morning sun once again broke out.

At the early morning of Zeras, the outer sect disciples all wake up very early, full of energy, as they all wanted to witness the new hero of the outer sect area passing by on his way to his bold work.

But today, they found out the young man didn't pass by at the exact time that he had always passed by for more than 300 days. Immediately, rumors of today being the ultimate day that they all have been waiting for quickly spread through the sect grounds, as the outer sect students all stayed at their homes with none of them leaving for their work too.

The first thing Zeras did, immediately after the sun appeared over the horizon, was to immediately jump down from the mountain peak and instantly run towards the Martial God Hall.

According to the sect rules, the various manuals and the battle arts must be returned after a year of possession, and today makes the year. To avoid breaking a sect rule, which might have calamitous effects on him, he first headed towards the Martial God Hall.

Unsurprisingly, there was almost nobody inside, since no one comes that early to the place, but surprisingly, Zeras could still see the scruffy beard elder and his strange bottle beside him.

"It's as if I came here only a minute ago..." Zeras mused to himself as he arrived before the elder, who had drool all over his table.

Once more, instead of waking him up, Zeras simply stretched his hands towards the bottle, as the man reflexively shifted the bottle away from his grasp, now raising his head.

"It's bloody you again, now what do you want this time..." The elder said with a grumpy expression as Zeras smiled shamelessly and placed the three manuals in front of him.

"I plan on returning these..." He said as the man looked at the manuals, wanting to roll his eyes, but stopped as he stared hard at the manual covers before turning to Zeras, a strange glint in his eyes.

"Have you cultivated these manuals to their peak?" He asked, as Zeras couldn't help but raise an eyebrow at the man's sudden liveliness, but he replied to him.

"Yes. The Nine Star Hegemon Arts only have two stages though. The Desolate Star Body and the Angered Defier Star Body. That's the only two stages there are, and I have practiced them already," Zeras said, as he closed his eyes and opened them once more, but this time they were pitch black, with two stars revolving in them.

He could see the shock that flashed through the elder's eyes on sighting the stars and Zeras shut his eyes close once more before opening them as the stars disappeared.

"You were able to practice a forbidden art?"

Chapter 617: Ringing The Bell

"By a stroke of good fortune..." Zeras replied to the man who looked at him dubiously, before turning to the remaining two arts.

"I'm guessing since you have managed to cultivate the Nine Star Hegemony art, you should be able to cultivate the Nine Stars Fist art, right?" he asked as Zeras nodded.

"Also, that too is incomplete. There are only the Heart of Hegemony and the Fist of an Angered God. The others are all missing..." Zeras mused out loud as the man nodded before turning to the last one.

"And this one?"

"The Star Sword Manual is an Astral-based technique with a total of five techniques. The first is the Melody of Sweet Dreams, the second is Tempest of the Star Form, the third is the Pillar of Sprinkling Dust, the fourth is Cage of Starlight, but I have yet to practice the fifth. I don't have enough time..." Zeras said as the elder nodded.

"It's already commendable you can reach the fourth stage in a year. Then, you can take this back with you and bring it back to me in two months. That should give you enough time to fully practice the technique then..." the man said as he returned one of the manuals back to him, and a big smile bloomed on Zeras' face.

"The later stages of the Nine Star Manual are only on the higher floors. You can't touch those places unless you are an inner sect member..." the elder said as Zeras' eyes furrowed before he nodded.

At least he knew the other manuals are just on the higher floors. If they had been in the Cangu Universe, then it would have been a headache and his cultivation might get stalled. All he needed to do was take the test and become an inner sect member. Then he would come back and retrieve the other manuals of the techniques...

"Thank you for the techniques, old man. I'll be returning soon to check the higher manuals..." Zeras said as he gave a small bow before immediately moving towards the exit.

"You plan on ringing the bell to get in, don't you?" the old man suddenly said as Zeras paused just a step away from exiting the Martial God Hall.

"Yes. That's my only chance..." Zeras replied.

"Then go all out. Or you'll lose... and fall... Forever!" the man said to him as Zeras' eyebrows creased slightly, but it soon settled as a light flashed in his eyes.

"Thank you, old man..." Zeras replied to him and then he moved out of the hall...

"A blood that can practice all that is forbidden. I really hope he's not the one..." the old man said, scrubbing his beard before standing up and walking towards the bronze door to return the manuals...

A conviction to his every step and his eyes as sharp as a blade, he entered into the large gate of the Inner Sect members, his eyes locked down on the large bell that he could already see in the farthest distance.

Among the group of waltzing inner sects, he was easily identifiable, mainly because of his uniform which was clearly that of an inner sect, yet the air of aura surrounding him made them easily guess who he truly was and the mere reasoning of who he really could be made their hearts thump slightly as they all turned to look at him, slowly disappearing into the far distance, with not a single haste to his step at all.

Less than fifty meters away from the bell, Zeras came across two inner sect disciples who blocked his way, probably acting as guards as they stretched out their hands, signaling him to stop, but it was like he was blind as he kept on walking forward.

"We order you to stop, in the name of the sect!" they both roared out when Zeras came just about five meters away from them, but that distance was soon reduced to 4 and then 2, and then just a few centimeters away from them...

"Get out of my way!!!" The whisper couldn't be more than it was, but the two inner sects felt a violent pulse within their bodies as they immediately stepped away to the side...

'Cowards...' Zeras thought in his head.

The majority of the inner sect basically do nothing but boss around all day, standing in one place where they act like some important guards for a place that will never be raided. They had no weapons to fight, and even if they did, when was the last time they had a true life-and-death battle?

They look big and all, but only cower under the name of the revered Ten Thousand Transformations Sect. When they meet a really strong one, then their inner nature would be revealed, and one would see them scurrying around like rats before a single cat.

Standing just an inch before the bell, he could see the various runes that ran across its surface, brimming with an ancient aura, and immediately Zeras held the rope tightly, runes flashing over his skin, before he violently pulled down.

RRRRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING

A loud sound of ringing, followed by a magnificent ripple of golden energy, flared throughout the entire inner sect top, and once more...

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING

Another pulse of energy rippled outwards, going beyond the inner sect area and reaching the farthest area of the outer sect.

And one last time...

RIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING

Zeras pulled as the ripple this time managed to cover the entirety of the sect, followed by a pillar of golden energy emanating from the bell and tearing through the sky.

“What’s happening....”

“Someone rang the bell!!!”

Various murmurs of inner sect and outer sect disciples rang out as they looked at the golden streaks present in the sky, but the same couldn’t be said for the elders’ area as various auras shot into the sky and the elders covered the sky like seas, their eyes looking at the golden ripples in the sky.

“He has finally come to take what belongs to him...”

No data found.

Chapter 618: Arising Of Elders...

Chapter 618: Arising Of Elders...

“Finally got impatient, huh? Just about time...” The gentle feminine voice rang out in the icy throne room as she slowly rose from her grand seat, her flowing white robes and hair trailing behind her, leaving icy trails on the ground below.

The figure was none other than Grand Elder Celestine, whose eyes were as calm as the pristine seas. The grand ice door before her opened with a loud crash as she walked out of the gate, the guards around her kneeling in absolute respect, before she turned her eyes upwards towards the golden pillar in the sky.

Immediately, steps of white ice bloomed from right about a step from her and quickly reeled towards the distant golden energy, as she took a step forward and gently began climbing with otherworldly charm.

But she wasn't the only grand elder to be awakened...

“You're sure he is the one, Vega?” Grand Elder Flaming Heart, a lanky man of about 2 meters in height, dressed in flowing crimson robes that seemed to ooze with flames, asked. His eyes seemed to spew out flames.

He stood in front of his flaming lava mountain, beside him none other than his son, Vega, the one who bullied Fluffy in the Martial God Hall...

“He is no doubt the one. His accomplishments in the past year have become quite the source of small gossip throughout both the inner and outer sects...” Vega replied.

“Even if he jumped hundreds of cultivations in a day, anyone who dares threaten my own will be condemned to burn in the deepest depths of hell...” Grand Elder Flaming Heart said with conviction as he rose from the ground with his son Vega, and they both shot into the distance...

It was a high mountain, and on it were two elders, clearly in deep thoughts as revealed by their creased eyebrows and their eyes in perfect focus. Before them was a game of mahjong, which captivated all of their attention.

Silence reigned in the place, save for the gentle rustling of the air, but soon a pillar of energy soaring into the sky awakened them back to life as they focused on the distance, where the pillar of light was emanating from.

“I would have been shocked if I had not been to see the strange silence and tension that has been going on through the past months...” The words belonged to none other than Grand Elder Swordworth, who looked at the golden pillar of energy.

“He seemed to be a little capable, considering how much he riled up Celestine, and her going so far as to stop any invitation for him, and also planning to bury his name under the ground. That’s very strange of Celestine normally...” The other elder, a man with a strange flaming red mane around his neck, replied, and he was none other than Grand Elder Lion Heart.

“She had always had a problem with men, especially ones who still have their hearts aflame. And I would say, the young man really is hot-headed enough.

Anyhow today goes, I'll say two hot-headed people are finally going against each other..."

"A beautiful day awaits then, huh?" Swordworth said before they both took to the sky and disappeared into the distance.

"EVERY SECT MEMBER OF THE TEN THOUSAND TRANSFORMATION SECT IS TO MEET IN THE FORGOTTEN ARENA OF THE DEFIER IN AN HOUR FROM NOW..." An incredibly loud roar boomed through the entire Ten Thousand Transformation Sect, as the various inner sect disciples took to the air, and the outer sect disciples also quickly entered into the inner sect, rapidly heading towards the place where they had been commanded.

"Boss!" Kenji said, as Zeras turned his head to the side and saw a fat figure running towards him while breathing out like a dead dog.

Arriving before Zeras, he collapsed onto his knees, holding his back tightly.

"So... so... sorry, Boss. It's just... it's just that it has been centuries since I last ran that hard!!!!" Kenji said to him as the young man breathed out all the air around them before he was finally able to steady himself.

"I guessed you would be entering the sect like this, but I forgot to mention to you how it goes..."

“You have no need to bother yourself, Kenji. Irrespective of how it goes, I will be fine...”

“That’s the spirit, Boss. But I bet you don’t even know where the Forgotten Arena of the Defier is, and you have an hour to get there or your challenge will be canceled and you will be banned from entering the inner sect forever...”

“Huh?” Zeras couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow at such a law. He truly had no idea at all...

“This way, Boss, quickly...” Kenji said, as he ran with speed into the distance, which wouldn’t be any slower than a tortoise to Zeras. Then, Kenji suddenly felt a hand grab his shoulder, and then in an instant...

“AHHHHH!!” Kenji cried out in shock as he was lifted up, his head spinning and the world becoming a blur to him.

“Boss, how can you move so fast? You’re almost as fast as a Unicornoras!” Kenji declared, and Zeras gave him a reply.

“Simple. By spending more time training, instead of dreaming about females all day, and not praying for a miracle that will never happen every morning for centuries. Your devotion to those prayers of yours amazes me, Kenji...” Zeras replied to him as Kenji blushed hard.

And truly, Zeras was really amazed by the young man. Every time during the entire year he spent, once Zeras walked past Kenji's door in the morning, he would always hear the sound of that strange prayer, and that occurred unfailingly for an entire year, almost like a broken cassette playing and playing endlessly.

"You don't seem to me like a person who is risking all fame and image, Boss..." Kenji said, implying his calm and normal behavior.

"Because fame and image don't matter, Kenji. All that matters is my time is limited, and I ought to be cultivating right now, which I'm not!"

Chaos Devourer System #Chapter 619: Heated Exchange - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 619: Heated Exchange

Chapter 619: Heated Exchange

Kenji really didn't need to direct him around the place that much as the various students all poured towards a particular place like a large swarm of bees to their hives. The green grasslands of the sects that covered the entire area slowly faded away and were replaced by a desolate mountainside, with stretches of blade marks and scorched remnants of various strange creatures. The deeper they approached, he could finally see the so-called Arena.

It was a ginormous circular area, made of pitch-black crystals, and splashes of red, which looked like dried-up blood, could be seen on it.

"Those are the unwiped blood of past challengers. The sect left it there to remind anyone of the fates that cross those who dared to defy the sect, and an eternal staining on those whose blood are left thereon," Kenji explained to him.

Zeras's listless eyes looked at the dried patch of blood, and all he felt was anger. Those outer sects were just like him, confident in their potential and believing they deserved greater things. To be able to stand up and tell the world of their belief in themselves was something these cowardly bastards of the inner sects couldn't do. What did they earn for their courage? Their blood getting splashed against the walls to remind those who will ever do the same that such is the fate of those who dared to believe in their

courage? How is that supposed to strike reverence in the hearts of sect members? It only strikes hatred within him and anyone who had even a bit of courage in their heart.

“It will be the last time this arena will ever be used,” Zeras promised to himself as he arrived above the arena. Only now was he able to see the dried-up blood well. It littered above the battle stage in large amounts, imprinted on the dark crystals that formed the battle stage.

Dropping Kenji on one of the seats, Zeras landed at the center of the battle stage, watched by the eyes of thousands of the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect. Some had reverence and fear in their eyes, mainly belonging to the outer sect members, respectful but also worried for the fate of one of their own, while disdain clouded the faces of the inner sect disciples, which mainly consisted of the inner sect females. They raised their pompous noses, snorting coldly in disdain.

“His fate won’t be different...”

Bending to the ground, Zeras placed his hands on the dried blood before closing his eyes. He could almost sense the intent present in the people whose blood was drained on the stage. He could sense their roars of pain and anger as they were faced with opponents far beyond their level. Sharp blades brimming with ruinous power were roughly dipped into their bodies, drawing blood from them amidst the booing of the crowd and the dignified faces of the Elders who watched from above.

“This is no longer about joining the inner sect any longer,” Zeras whispered as he slowly raised his head. This place has lost its reasoning, disdaining true warriors’ courage and promoting the servitude of true men, who wanted nothing but a better prospect and equality in a way of life.

“Everyone to your feet to pay respect for the revered Grand Elders...” The voice rang out through the arena as Zeras raised his head up and found a total of five grand elders on the dais raised above, and the line of elders just a few steps behind them. All of their eyes turned to look at Zeras, who stood at the battle stage. Their eyes were emotionless and dignified, almost like they were some sort of gods looking down on mortals. Some of them, Zeras was familiar with, but his eyes scanned them as equals. Every one of them was a bastard who watched men get destroyed and booed at without doing anything but sitting down and watching on, telling themselves it had nothing to do with them or with nothing but stupid pity in their eyes when they could have actually done something.

The arena was reduced to silence as the elders took their rightful places, waving to the students who all slowly sat back in their respective seats. The place became so quiet that even a pin drop would be heard loud and clear.

“You rang the bell for the challenge...” an Elder said, almost like a question, but Zeras simply kept looking at him as if he was a fool. And to Zeras, he truly was. If he didn’t

ring the bell, why was he standing in the battle stage alone? How dumb can an elder really be?

“You believed you’re worthy of joining the inner sect members and taking your rightful place as one of them.

You believe their endless years of practice is one you’re capable of in just a single year and ready to prove that the elders who have been blessed with the work of picking out talents are blind for not recognizing your heavenly talent!? Hmmm,” a Grand Elder with flaming red eyes said as giggles erupted from the crowds, and Zeras slowly turned his attention to him.

“I disdain joining a group of spineless and blind cowards, nor is there a rightful place for me among a group of bastards.

Their endless years of practice have done nothing but water down the courage that lies in them as warriors and they turned into stupid servile boys.

The women think they are not only better but beyond men themselves, but of course they might really be better than spineless cowards...

As for the elders not recognizing my talent?

The facts that I stand on a battle stage stained with the blood of true men, with my back as straight as a spine, even in under the pressure of titans of yourself?

If they think such a type of person is still unworthy of joining, then do they really have their eyes where they should be?” Zeras replied, his tone as calm as an unsettled pond as the stage was sent into an absolute silence.

Chapter 620: A Test Of Combat Strength...

Chapter 620: A Test Of Combat Strength...

Silence!

Absolute spine-chilling silence as the crowd, which was formerly laughing at him, was all silenced by Zeras’ words. His gaze remained unperturbed under the eyes of the various elders who were flashing angrily at him.

And Grand Elder Flaming Heart, who asked the question, was gobsmacked, not even knowing what to say next.

“So you’re saying you’re beyond worthy of a group of spineless boys and proud girls, aren’t you?”

“You heard right,” Zeras replied calmly.

“Well, only a deranged person would agree to your blatant lies...”

“Well then, a challenge it is. And that is why I’m standing here today. I want to see whether I’m the deranged person or you all are the ignorant souls,” Zeras replied as the elders all narrowed their eyes.

Now it had become what it should be, and also as clear as day. The young man had said the students were spineless cowards and the elders were blind.

If he was able to pass the test, something that had not been done since the history of the sect, then he would prove that his point was right. But if he was to fall just like his preceding ancestors, then his fate was forever doomed.

This was no longer about a talented young man wanting to join the inner sect. The reputation of the sect was now at stake.

“Boss, what are you doing? They are going to make it even harder for you...” Kenji said, biting his lips hard as he looked at Zeras on the battle stage, his hands quivering from nervousness.

“Then let the test officially begin,” the gentle voice of Grand Elder Celestine rang out through the stage as she looked down at Zeras from the dais, but he purposely kept his gaze away from her.

‘Let’s see how long you can keep up with that.’

“The outright and best way by which an individual’s worthiness to join the inner sect is by dueling with other inner sect members.

“You will have to fight with three inner sect people and defeat them all without a rest before you’ll be eligible to join the inner sect,” Grand Elder Swordsworth said as the eyes of the inner sect members bulged in shock and Kenji almost fainted.

“Wasn’t the past test just dueling an inner sect member?”

“Why is he supposed to duel three and without rest in between!?”

“Is this even a test anymore!?”

The whispers of the outer sect members, whose eyes flashed in anger at the injustice, rang out, but it was all nothing but a silent murmur. Against the real true sect members and elders, their words meant nothing.

“You can choose to withdraw now. You only need to confess that you’re a deranged individual who had uttered nonsense about the sect and kowtow to the Grand Elders.

“Then, the sect might take pity on you, and you will be spared from your gruesome fate of defeat, and perhaps more...” Grand Elder Celestine said as Zeras grinned before whispering.

“More of concede because I’m scared of three spineless bastards...”

“I’ll take your answer as a no. The only rule of the event is being able to defeat your opponent. I believe a blade has no eyes, and therefore blood getting spilled is more than a possibility...” Grand Elder Lionheart claimed as Zeras’ eyes, though calm, flashed an otherworldly light.

‘Even nicer...’

“With that explained, let the event officially begin. Your first opponent and a disciple of the inner sect member, Qin Wentian,” the elder called out loudly as a figure slowly rose up from the crowd of inner sect members and jumped, landing on the ground with a bang that shook the entire stage.

He was a surprisingly lean man, with an above-average face and dressed in the sect’s uniform belonging to those of the inner sect.

“Qin Wentian? The inner sect disciple with the fastest sword slash technique...”

“I heard he had practiced his Willowy Air Sword Strike to the third level and no one with a cultivating base lower than his can ever hope to be able to block his sword...”

“And the idiot also happens to be using a sword...”

“The elders clearly want to crush his weapon heart before ruining him physically.”

“How sublime...”

The various murmurs of the inner sect rang out as the one called Qin Wentian slowly rose up from his crouched position and, in the next instant, a bright flash of light encapsulated his hands as a weapon appeared in it.

A green-colored sheathed curved sword.

Qin Wentian’s eyes looked at Zeras, whose hands were kept in his pockets, as disdain flashed in his deep green pupils.

CLINK

The sound of a katana clinking could be heard as he took a single step backward, his body bending to the ground and his upper body facing directly toward Zeras' position.

Assessing the green-eyed man, he could see the man was ready to burst out at maximum speed judging from his stance. With his right hand placed on the hilt of his katana, he knew well he would be able to only deliver a single slash.

"Let it all end with a single slash, huh?" Zeras mused as his hands moved towards the hilt of his sword.

SHRIIIIIIIING

The sound of a sword leaving its sheath resounded through the place as Zeras pointed his katana at the young man.

"A kill so swift, the opponent does not even know they have met death.

"Willowy Air Sword Art, 2nd Form: A Blade of Wind..."

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

The entire world shuddered like a titan stepped on the land as the ground beneath Qin Wentian burst up into the air.

A cloud of dust and large stones circled his figure, his long green hair blowing erratically on his head before...

KAABOOOOOOOOM

A gigantic pothole was carved onto the ground as the young man shot forward with speed towards Zeras, dust covering up the entire arena.

Seconds passed and calm was finally restored as Qin Wentian slowly turned his head behind him and found Zeras looking at him, his two hands in his pockets.

"You won't dodge my sword a second time..." he said, but his eyes furrowed when he noticed something wrong.

"Wait, where is your sword?"

GAAAAAAAASSPPPPSSS