

Chaos Devourer System

#Chapter 621: A Strange Question... - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 621: A Strange Question...

Chapter 621: A Strange Question...

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The gasps came from none other than the crowds of inner and outer sect members sitting on the seats, and even some elders stood up in shock as they looked at him in shock.

From the crowd's strange reaction, Qin Wenian's eyes flashed a strange light as he suddenly turned below him. His eyes flashed in shock as he looked at the head of the katana, which was perfectly dug into the right side of his chest, the end of it digging out of his back, painted with his own red blood, which slowly dripped to the ground.

STEP

STEP

STEP

The sound of steps reverberated through the battle stage as Zeras slowly walked towards the young man, his eyes as unperturbed as the deep sea.

"A kill so swift the opponent does not even know they have met with death?" The mocking voice rang out from Zeras...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM

Suddenly, an explosion of blood and ribs splashed through the battle stage as a bright starlight encapsulated Zeras' sword and detonated in Qin Wenian's chest, sending him reeling back while coughing out blood uncontrollably.

"That could have been your fate if this were a true life-and-death battle..." Zeras mused out loud as he gently picked up his sword from the ground, swiping it to the side to clear up the putrid blood on it before gently sheathing it within its grasp. Then he looked at Qin Wenian, who had an entire half section of his body ripped apart, along with some part of his shoulder, his right hand having been ripped apart by the explosion, as he lay there, clenching his teeth tightly in pain.

Even an idiot who doesn't know the accurate sword stance pose can be claimed to be the fastest swordsman.

"Does the second idiot after him need an invitation?" Zeras asked the grand elders with a bored expression as they all looked at each other, before the elder signaled.

"Your next opponent and a member of the inner sect, Meng Qi. The disciple of the Grand Elder Celestine..." The announcer called out as Zeras raised an eyebrow at the announcement. Turning his head up, he saw a flight of icy steps extend right about ten meters away from him, as a lady walked onto it, slowly descending like an empress.

Dressed in a long flowing astral blue gown, her long blue hair spread behind her, her listless eyes looked down at Zeras as she took her time before finally stepping down onto the battle stage.

"The personal disciple of a Grand Elder!"

"She is Meng Qi, the 9th strongest Inner Sect disciple member..."

"I heard she had been taught by Grand Elder Celestine ever since she was but a little girl and had never lost a battle before..."

"I'll say that idiot will get screwed soon..."

"Ready!? GO!" The elder declared, but strangely, Zeras made no move and instead turned to look at Grand Elder Celestine, who had an evil grin on her lips...

"You'll fall to a woman you disdain so much. That would no doubt crush your warrior heart forever..."

"Are you going to make your move, or use your dog eyes to keep staring hungrily at my master?" The voice was like the gentlest of melodies, yet the words they beheld were a strange contrast to it....

"Tell me, what do you think of crimson splashes against a bed of the purest snow?" Zeras suddenly asked her. Meng Qi's eyes creased at the strange question, but her eyes soon flashed, understanding the meaning of his words, as she ground her teeth in anger...

"DIIIIIIIEEEE!" A roar blasted out from her mouth as she angrily swerved upwards towards Zeras' direction. Immediately, hundreds of incredibly sharp ice crystals grew over the ground, brimming with destructive light, and instantly appeared before Zeras. He slowly unsheathed his sword and then...

SLAAAASH

His sword slashed forward with speed, resulting in a wall of ice appearing on both sides of him as the ice in his path was ruthlessly slashed in two.

“CLOSE!” Meng Qi roared as she slammed both hands together, and the walls of ice beside Zeras immediately slammed together on him.

Yet...

FLAAAASH

FLAAAASH

Two sword slashes appeared on their own, the source from one to the other as a mountain of ice followed.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

The sound of the ice mountain crumbling to the ground was like glass.

Immediately, Meng Qi looked at the scene, but she couldn't sight Zeras at all...

“Where is he!?”

“WATCH OUT ABOVE!!!”

The roar of a female inner sect disciple rang out as Meng Qi turned her head upwards, and the whisper rang in her ears...

“Star Breathing Art: First Form, Melody of Sweet Morning Dreams...” Zeras whispered as ginormous veins wriggled out from his hands. He slashed down with heaven-defying speed.

While expecting a gigantic sword beam cleaving towards her, Meng Qi had quickly formed a hand seal, resulting in a barrier appearing above her head as spirals of starlight slowly rained down on the barrier. A shocking scene of her barrier becoming dust occurred as the spirals ate away the ice...

“WHAT THE! Her ice is disappearing!”

“Almost like being deleted out of existence...”

“What sword technique is that!?”

The inner disciples roared out in shock, but they had yet to calm when the whisper rang out once more as Zeras, who was in the air, held his sword with two hands and raised it into the air...

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

Immediately, the mirage of a silvery sea appeared in the sky, covering all the sunlight in the sky and causing a deep shadow to cover everyone’s gaze...

“Such power...” Grand Elder Swordsworth...

“Impossible!!!” Grand Elder Celestine said as she looked at the phantom of the silvery sea and immediately...

Zeras slashed down towards Meng Qi, the ginormous sea of silver immediately rushing downwards towards her...

Meng Qi didn’t waste time and immediately unleashed an art....

“Celestial Ice Art: Third Form, Embrace of the Ice Celestine...”

Chapter 622: Calm Yet Deadly...

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FREEZE.

The entire world seemed to have halted to a stop as a deep-frozen aura covered the area behind Meng Qi. In the next instant, a gigantic phantom of a female snow deity formed behind her.

Immediately, the deity slowly moved both her hands, wrapping her fingers into each other and placing them in front of Meng Qi like a mother trying to protect her child. Finally, the silvery sea smashed against the hands of ice, causing a massive eruption of energy that drowned the entire area. A storm of air violently pierced into the sky.

Slowly, the dust calmed down, yet Meng Qi’s face changed wildly when she heard Zeras’s whisper resounding from the smoke screen...

“Star Breathing Art: Fourth Form. Recompense of the Stars...”

Stretching his sword towards her through the smoke screen, Zeras took a single step forward. The ground beneath him shuddered as if a colossal titan, and then...

STAB.

STAB.

STAB.

He stabbed the air in front of him a total of three times, and what followed...

PUCCHI.

PUUCCCHI.

PUCCCCHIII.

The sound of a sharp object piercing into the body rang out as Meng Qi stood rooted where she was, silence reigning over the entire arena, before...

BUUURSSST. A massive amount of red blood burst out of her forehead, her neck, and her middle chest area, as Meng Qi collapsed backward, landing in her own puddle of blood...

“MENG QIIIIII!!!” A female disciple screamed out as she jumped down from the arena seats and rapidly ran towards her. Seeing the holes in her head that revealed her brain, and the heart in her chest which could be seen pumping out blood, her hands covered her mouth from the abyssal sight, yet her hands moved faster as she took Meng Qi in her arms before turning into a shooting beam of light...

Fair enough, Zeras made no move to stop them as he slowly inserted the sword into his katana sheath.

While it seemed as if he didn't even exert much strength to defeat Meng Qi, Zeras knew she was very strong. Almost as strong as she was, but she was weak-hearted. He could see the ice power flowing within her veins and knew well how destructive they could be if they were to explode at full force, but his opponent had long been dissociated from battle.

She had a big and powerful inner strength, but in her hands, it could be comparable to giving the sharpest of blades to an infant. Such power was useless, no matter how powerful, and that was why he had always focused on improving his combat prowess as much as he could.

Besides, he had been able to take her off guard by bombarding her with an array of strange techniques, and then he had used the most powerful sword stroke that he possessed, the fourth form of the Sword Breathing technique—a long-range art that requires the use of sword intent to damage the opponent from afar after she had her vision blocked by the dust...

The sequence of planning was enough to destroy the female warrior who had never had a true life-and-death battle ever since she had been born.

Slowly turning to look at Grand Elder Celestine, he could strangely see that even though he had just grievously injured her disciple, she had not even a single change in her

expression. Her previous mocking sneer had been wiped from her face, and she simply had a listless expression as she looked at him. Zeras's emotionless face was broken, as a grin widened on his lips...

A grin so big and devilish that the grand elder's expression massively changed...

"If you had sobered up because of your disciple's injury, I would have looked down on you, and you wouldn't even be on my list of people I bother to look at. But you have not a single change in expression at all, even though I can see your rage wanting to billow out of your chest. Nice, really nice, but it won't be easy, if not impossible..." Zeras mused under his breath as Grand Elder Celestine's eyes flashed.

'He understands that I have finally planned to kill him with just a single gaze. Zeras is not normal, and maybe I have underestimated him.'

"I see the blood of the past disciples on this ground. I can sense their roars of pain, their screams, and their will for revenge..." Zeras suddenly called out as he bent to the ground, and his hands grazed past the blood once more. "The next disciple that fights me now will be paid as a sacrifice to the wants of these disciples. I will show absolutely no mercy and will aim for one thing: to bleed all of their blood and paint it on this battle stage..." Zeras mused, and immediately, a figure slowly rose up from the inner sect seat area.

"Your pride irks my soul!" His voice, calm yet deadly, reverberated through the entire arena as he slowly walked towards Zeras, a step at a time, instead of outright jumping down like the others.

He had long, dark hair, some of it spraying down his face while some was tied up behind him. Under the shade of his hair was a deep crimson point coming from the place where his eyes ought to be...

"You talk so loudly as if you're some pure hero who has never committed a sin before, and you praise those who overestimate their strength as being warriors!? How stupid and nauseating!" the figure declared as he slowly walked downwards and came to stand opposite Zeras. "I will drain every last drop of your blood instead and use it to remind the so-called warriors that the only true warriors are those who know how to adapt and keep breathing instead of dying pathetically before a thousand eyes..."

"Is that! Is that!!!!?" A disciple struggled to say before he suddenly collapsed in his seat and then fainted.

"A...A..Asura Hyakimaru!!!"

Chaos Devourer System #Chapter 623: The Devil Called Asura! - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 623: The Devil Called Asura!

Chapter 623: The Devil Called Asura!

Neither a human nor any humanoid creature belonging to Takamahagara, he was a forbidden devil found in the Shadow Oppression Valley by none other than the elders of the Ten Thousand Transformations Sect.

The infant was seen gathered upon by hundreds of devils of the Shadow Oppression Valley, who slowly ate him up, and that was what piqued the curiosity of the elders. Devils eating devils was something that never occurs, and the exception piqued their curiosity so much that they decided to help the devil that was being eaten. But instead, what they found was a humanoid infant with no eyes, ears, lips, hands, or legs. They had all been gorged up by the brutal devils, and strangely, the infant was able to miraculously survive the encirclement.

The event was enough to shock all of the grand elders. Still, a devil was a devil and should be killed, until the intervention of an ancient monster of the sect who forcibly rose up from a slumber of more than thousands of years, just to declare that the child was now officially part of the Ten Thousand Transformations Sect. He was also named by the ancient monster, and the name was none other than Asura. Asura Hyakimaru!!!

—

“Asura Hyakimaru!!! What the hell is he doing here? Hasn’t he never exited the Shadow Oppression Valley for up to a century now?” a disciple asked in shock, and some of the grand elders had their eyebrows dangerously furrowed.

They all, of course, knew well the secret of Asura’s background and the fact that he was different. But he had not been paid much attention by the elders nor the other students because Asura also did not like the company of humans...

Ever since it could hold a weapon and reached the Meteor rank stage, Asura had left the inner sect grounds, his new home being the Shadow Oppression Valley.

He rarely came out at all, and the only way to see him was for the inner sect members to go to the Shadow Oppression Valley, where he would be found doing just one thing!

Slaughtering devils unendingly. He was a madman who had grown from youth doing only a single thing throughout his entire life, and that was killing. No one dared approach Asura, due not only to fear but also to the repulsive aura of death that lingered on his body every time.

He had no friends, no companions, and no hobbies. Never having been caught smiling or laughing, or grinning, or hating. He just existed like some sort of anomaly born just for a single thing...

To kill!

Yet, here he was, interested in the event of an outer sect disciple becoming an inner sect member. Nothing had been worthy of Asura's attention.

Even the major events of the Ten Thousand Transformations Sect were never attended by Asura, and no elder ever blamed him for it, even if other disciples could be punished for not attending...

Now the elders' plan had been thwarted. The person they wanted to fight Zeras last wasn't Asura, yet they knew better than to tell the young man to leave. So they all could only remain silent and watch on with curiosity...

'If he dies, we can simply blame it on what type of person Asura is, and the sect won't be at fault. Asura is the perfect opponent to help wipe the shame that we have suffered today!' the elders thought to themselves as they looked on with curiosity, the silence in the arena stage as Zeras and Asura stared at each other, both holding listless expressions on their faces...

"Bring out your sword," Asura broke the silence first, as Zeras looked at the young man silently. From Asura, he could see something strange. Something he had only seen in the body of someone. And that person was none other than Iruma Nasgara, the entity behind the brain of the Chaos Devourer System.

The young man radiated the same aura as that hateful bastard. The aura that revealed they were not from his cosmos, Takamahagara, and most likely from that cosmos...

'This is the first time I have been faced with someone with this aura. I feel like it is Iruma himself that is standing before me, in all his malevolence and grace. I can see that traitor in him. Iruma, Iruma, Iruma!!!!' Zeras thought in his head as he looked into the clouds, his eyes flashing an otherworldly light...

'Oh ye stars, hide your lights, let not light see my darkest desires...' Zeras sang the small rhyme that he had formed when he had almost died to the second tribulation of the Angered Star God Body. It was a night where he had seen his own life flash before his eyes, and that had awakened in him a new deep desire...

And slowly, the entire world started darkening as deep dark clouds appeared all over the tournament stage, blocking even the tiniest drop of sun rays as the place was reduced to pitch-black darkness.

But they were all powerful cultivators, and the darkness still couldn't impede their vision...

"DESOLATE STAR RING! OPEN!!!"

"ANGERED STAR GOD RING! OPEN!!!"

"CONGLOMERATION OF SOUL STARS! OPEN!!!"

"HEAVENLY PUNISHMENT LIGHTNING RUINS! OPEN!!!"

Under Zeras's commands, every grand elder present in the arena jumped to their feet in shock as a phantasmal level of energy rippled outwards from Zeras, bearing so much power that the law of creation around him was forcefully fractured into nothing, wiped out of existence, and then something unfolded...

Something that could be quantified by some of the elders, yet was seemingly beyond!

What is the want for a power that is beyond, and where does it lead to?

Zeras was given the answer during his last heavenly punishment:

"To chase power is to walk the path of a demon. Yet to leave the chasing of power, and to lay down one's sword, is to walk the path of a Buddha. Humanity lies on the precipice of these two paths. Even though the heavens opened up three paths, it only accepts two from all its creatures..."

And that was the path of tethering, which is humanity, and the path of laying down everything, which is that of a Buddha. Yet, Zeras chose a singular path...

Chaos Devourer System #Chapter 624: A Devil Called Asura 2 - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 624: A Devil Called Asura 2

Chapter 624: A Devil Called Asura 2

"My will for greater strength is undying..." Zera replied to Asura, who, even though he witnessed the apocalyptic eve of Zera's power, one he never expected, maintained the same aloof expression.

"But even as I walk the path of a demon, I will make sure to pay respect to the benevolence of a Buddha. That is the path I have chosen," Zera mused to himself.

While laying down one's blade ought to be taken as a sign of weakness by a person on the path of a demon, he had decided to pay respect to a Buddha. Those with hearts of

courage, who can smile through difficulty, who wanted nothing but justice even though they were weak—he wouldn't disdain them. Instead, he would fight for them the best way he could.

Even though he was on a demonic path for strength, he would also fight to uphold the basic benevolence of a Buddha. That was his choice.

“SHRIIIIIING.” The sound of the katana leaving its sheath resounded as Zera also pulled out his katana. “You can tell, can't you?” he asked Asura, whose eyes flashed.

“You'll be going absolutely all out for these idiots who can't adapt to their environment. I agree when you say the path of strength is one that is demonic.

Even though I never really understood what humanity really is at all, I can tell this path of mine is taking me far away. Still, you can never walk two paths at the same time. You have strayed from the real path.”

“Then show me. Show me I have strayed, in a language that I understand best,” Zera replied.

“A language that you understand best, huh?” Asura mused as he looked down at his feet, and then a strange storm occurred around him. His tied-up hair suddenly loosened itself and gently flapped around him.

STEP. STEP. STEP.

“I am Asura. Asura Hyakimaru,” Asura declared, and the more he walked forward, the more the entire world became a color of crimson as Asura began morphing right in front of Zera.

BOOOOOOOM.

BOOOOOOOM.

BOOOOOOOM.

It was like every footstep of his was causing the earth to undergo an earthquake, yet that wasn't true.

Zeras could sense something else besides the quaking. Something familiar, and the reason for it. With caution, he watched Asura slowly enlarge, so much so that around fifty meters away from him, Asura was about three heads taller than Zera, reaching a height of three meters.

His extremely muscular body brimmed with thick crimson and red veins, whose power seemed to collapse the space surrounding him.

RIIIIIIIP.

Blood suddenly splashed out as two more arms tore out from his shoulders, revealing him as four-armed, each arm twice the size of Zera's legs, coated in the same devilish crimson and pitch-black veins.

His crimson-colored eyes were finally revealed, brimming with a natural predatory look and an otherworldly level of sinister aura. One that only the Chaos Devourer devil form could hope to match.

SLIIIP.

From the empty void of space, four gigantic axes, their mere weight enough to rival that of a mountain, slipped out and into his hands. The axes still held the blood of past foes and brimmed with such a malevolent aura they were like entire devils on their own.

Asura came to stand before Zera, just twenty meters away—a distance that felt as close as them standing an inch apart. “I will drain your blood and paint it across the arena battlefield,” Asura declared, his aloofness and merciless tone as high as ever.

For the next thirty seconds, silence reigned between both fighters, raising the hearts of everyone in the arena as they witnessed a pure devil's transformation.

“Who... who could have thought this was Asura's true form...”

“I'm using all my power to fight against the urge to fall to my knees...”

“How... how could such a devil be adopted by the sect? What would happen if one day, he decided to join his own race and face us as enemies?” the inner sect members said to themselves.

The Grand Elders also had thoughts running through their heads as they looked at Asura's form. They could feel the pure malevolence and predator-like aura oozing from his body.

He was like a natural human predator. It was unbelievable to them, as they had never witnessed the young man ever shifting to this state, even when he was fighting devils in the Shadow Oppression Valley.

“His existence really brings fear to the heart, considering his status, which we already know as being from that cosmos. We're nurturing our own enemy, and judging by his form, I have no doubt he belongs to one of the highest races of devils in that realm!”

“I can sense even this state of his is still young. If one day he really grows to his highest level, that will be a disastrous event for humanity...”

“Still, the commands of the ancient monsters of the sect cannot be disobeyed, even by us. If they want him alive and to be carefully nurtured by the sect, then we can only obey,” Grand Elder Swordsworth said, his voice calm and unperturbed.

While they might and truly be the grand elders of the sect and seem to be able to do anything within it, they knew well there were still some people above them.

The ancient monsters of the sect—they are the ones who had been there to witness the sect’s growth in the past era and were all now slumbering.

Still, their slumbering is not enough for them to step beyond their boundaries, and the elders had nothing but absolute respect for those slumbering people.

Even when they were all at the pinnacle of cultivation in the entire realm, they knew well that before those ancient monsters, their so-called pinnacle power meant nothing at all.

So they reigned in the caution in their hearts as they sat back and prepared to witness one of the most brutal battles of all time.

Chapter 625: A Regressed Trash!!!!?

BOOOOOOOOOOOM.

A calamitous weight of explosion rippled from their steps, leaving nothing but an abyssal crater under their feet as the figures of Zera and Asura moved. Both figures, without warning, suddenly shot forward towards each other.

SLAAAAASH.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIP.

Axe and sword collided heavily, causing the space in front of them to splinter. A massive amount of ruinous energy spread forth in a circular motion, swiftly rippling towards everyone seated in the arena. The disciples of the Ten Thousand Transformations screamed out in shock at the destructive wave of energy, knowing well it would immediately rip them apart, and even the strongest among them would be grievously injured by it.

But their worry was for naught as Grand Elder Swordsworth performed a seal with his hands, causing the arena floor to light up brightly before a circular transparent barrier appeared mid-air, successfully stopping the destructive wave of energy.

It lit up with a bright light that encapsulated the figures of Zera and Asura.

'I am losing to its power...' The thought flashed in Zera's head. His two hands holding the katana hilt had long turned into a million mirages as he slashed out with horrifying speed, pushing his arm to its absolute limit.

Yet he knew well, he wasn't the one on the offensive.

The four battle axes seemed to have been held by an ancient war devil. Each attack was enough to splinter entire regions of the earth and reduce the world into a hellish landscape.

They cleaved outwards with unstoppable power and such coordination that Zera could only rely on pure battle instinct to keep up with the four battle axes. Asura's aloof eyes had no change at all, revealing that such slashing speed was well in a day's work for him.

"You lack!!!" Asura suddenly roared and then...

BAAAAAAAANG.

Zera was sent smashing backward with speed from the shockwave that reverberated from Asura's mouth. His back slammed on the arena floor before he was thrown up into the air.

Yet, the Desolate Star Ring rotated once and Zera cleaved his sword just above the empty space above his head.

The space above him was suddenly ripped apart, revealing the malevolent devil, whose axe cleaved outwards with another horrifying power, smashing against his opponent who was sent slamming down onto the arena ground, his body digging into the ground.

Immediately,

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

Asura's feet slammed onto the ground, sending a pulsing shockwave through it. The entire arena floor jumped upwards, and he prepared his axe, wanting nothing more than to cleave his opponent in twain once he was sent up from the ground.

But a scoff escaped his lips as he shot away from where he stood. A colossal slash mark that cut through the entire arena floor, revealing an unending abyss, appeared just a second after he had disappeared, on the exact place where he was standing.

"He dodged it!!!?" The unbelievable thought flashed in Zera's head. He had been aiming to reduce Asura into two by the sneak attack, yet his attack had been easily dodged like it was nothing.

But Zeras didn't dilly-dally for a single second as he appeared right in front of Asura in the next instant, axe and sword once more colliding with unmatched power and brute strength.

BOOOOM. BOOOOOOM. BOOOOOOOOOOOM.

The entire earth had been reduced to nothing but deep unformable cracks. From deep within the ground, underground lava could be seen spewing out from the cracks.

Deep slash marks that could have only been from the sharpest of swords could be seen, and rough axe marks that cleaved the world in twain could also be seen, interlocking with the sword marks.

The entire space around the arena had fractures, sending splinters of space all over the area as the space struggled to repair itself.

The entire arena had been sent into a deep silence as they all looked at the result of the battle—the horrifying devastation that had been made by both fighters, who had reduced the arena battleground to the bare floor.

A single question was what rang through their minds:

'Would I be able to withstand that ring for a minute without dying?'

It was a question that poured cold water on their prideful hearts as they witnessed exchanges that were more than enough to rip them into ribbons, decorating the entire ground.

"Their power..." Grand Elder Lionheart said, his eyes greatly furrowed.

"The boundary of Undying!" Grand Elder Swordworth replied back to him, as the elders narrowed their eyes on Asura and Zera.

"It's been more than a century now, but even we have underestimated how quickly Asura can grow. He had reached the boundary of Undying all while spending all of his days in the Shadow Oppression Valley."

Not much attention had been placed on Asura by the elders because he wasn't really one that could be approached. He had only a single hobby, and every time he was either fighting or resting. They weren't even sure they had ever heard him talk before.

Coupled with the fact that he was an anomaly, and he also didn't chat with any of the inner sect or outer sect members, they had simply let him be on his own, not impeding his way in the Shadow Oppression Valley, but also not focusing any attention or restriction on him.

That had enabled Asura's growth to completely evade their eyes. But the real absolute shock was still his opponent.

Grand Elder Celestine had witnessed Zera being at the Cosmic rank just a year ago, and Grand Elders Swordworth and Lionheart had also witnessed his tribulation by which he grew to the Galaxy rank realm. Yet here he was matching the strike of Asura whose power had clearly touched upon the boundary of the Undying Realm.

"In a single year, he had crossed almost 3-4 major cultivation bases!" Grand Elder Swordworth said in shock.

"And you called him a trash who had regressed and was not worthy of joining the inner sect?" Grand Elder Swordworth asked Grand Elder Celestine, whose previously aloof expression had been shattered by what she was witnessing.

Even the most talented of her disciples had taken a total of 130 years to reach the Universe Origin rank. Yet the young man she called trash had grown beyond her in a single year. And the words he had said to her echoed in her ears once more:

"Sooner or later, it will be a question of whether the sect is worthy of having me or not...."

Chapter 626: Giving No Choice...

Chapter 626: Giving No Choice...

"Ahhh, ahhh, ahhh," the sound of troubled breathing could be heard throughout the entire arena, as white air puffed out of Zera's lips and nose, two cuts on his face from which golden-colored blood dripped down, staining the wretched ground beneath him.

Opposite him, Asura stood, not a single slash mark to be found on him at all, his back as straight as a mountain, his aloofness the same as ever, while holding his four axes within his grasp.

"You lack!" The same word that he had said at the beginning of their battle was said to him once more as Zera took a deep breath, calming his heart.

The result of their battle was as clear as day. And it was just as Asura had said. He was lacking compared to the devil before him. In physical strength, Asura was stronger than him. In combat prowess, Asura was unmatched and had more experience than him.

It was what even he had to give credit to the young man for. The devil was truly strong, just as he had suspected.

"You're stronger than I am, in brute power, and you have more experience in combat than I do. Those are irrefutable," Zeras replied to him as he rose upright, his eyes holding a hint of respect.

"Your expression holds respect, but it's different. I can smell your will from here. You still think you can defeat me?" Asura asked with a scoff as he readied his battle stance once more, this time with the will to bring this unfulfilling battle to an end.

"You're strong, just like an Asura. Still, I'm not the only one lacking..." Zeras said as he slowly sheathed his Katana.

"Have you gone stupid?" Asura asked, seeing as his opponent kept his weapon, the only thing that had stopped him from dying.

"What do you think of techniques, Asura?" Zeras suddenly asked as strange red runes began interlocking with his silvery runes and soon, red lightning began crackling over Zera's body, slowly forming a strange red armor of lightning around him.

"Techniques, skills, arts, manuals. They are only the tools of weaklings, and a fading belief in your natural power. My brute power can cut through those like a hot knife through butter," Asura said with disdain, and Zeras grinned widely.

"Just as I thought..."

"I'll be coming with my full power now. Open your eyes well and watch..." Asura said, before slowly bending to the ground, his upper body stretched forward and all four of his hands behind him.

Immediately, circular ripples began appearing under Asura's feet, continuously like a wave as Zeras got into a battle stance, both fists raised up, and then...

The ground behind Asura suddenly shattered into pieces, the shattered parts soaring upwards as if gravity had been crushed. Yet those shattered remnants in the air once more exploded to dust as two Asuras suddenly appeared on the battle stage.

One still in his crouching position, 50 meters away, and another an inch away from Zeras...

CLEEEAAVE

CLEAAAAVE

The two axes in Asura's upper hands slashed down towards Zeras, the space in the path of the axes uttering a groan of pain from the colossal force being transmitted through it, and immediately...

BAAANG

BAAANG

Zeras slammed both his legs to the side before his palms shot forwards towards the axes cleaving towards him, as if trying to catch the ruinously powerful race.

"Tch, idiot..." Asura grumbled as he looked at Zeras who was responding to his slash with his two open palms and then...

KABOOM

The ground beneath Zeras' feet gave way instantly, as he uttered a groan of pain. Yet Asura could be seen held in mid-air, and as the dust cleared, they could see two axes in the hands of Zeras, who had golden blood dripping down from holding the axes.

Yet the result was as clear as day, Zeras had stopped Asura's axes in their tracks.

"What's this?" Asura asked in shock, looking at Zeras who held his axes within his grasp, and no matter how hard he pulled, he couldn't get them out...

"How did you..."

BAAAAAANG

A shockwave rippled outwards as Zeras, who was forced onto his knees from stopping the palms, suddenly jumped, rotating before smashing his legs on Asura's jaw, sending the devil soaring into the air before crashing on the ground...

"What the!!?"

"I'll be keeping this..." Zeras said, looking at the two axes that were still dug into his palms, and with a single will, they disappeared into his spatial ring.

'He dislocated my jaw with a kick. No! He has kicked me more than a hundred times in our previous exchange, yet he couldn't make a single scratch. Just what sorcery is this? His energy wave is still the same...' Asura said in shock as he moved his hands to his jaw, finding out that it had been dislocated...

"Hey, what type of sorcery is this?" Asura asked after setting his jaw back to normal...

“A type of sorcery I was saving up for some people, but I can’t afford to lose, so I might as well just lose a quarter of it to you...” Zeras replied back to him as Asura’s eyebrows furrowed.

And truly, what Zeras said was the truth. It wasn’t only the Nine Star Hegemon Manual that he had. The only reason why he even had it was due to another reason, which was to fill up the Soul stars present in his soul.

His soul stars absorb the energy of entire stars to light themselves up, and their energy can’t be used by him. Until around two months ago when he found a way to release their energy in his attacks.

Every energy held the entire power of stars themselves, and using them makes his destructive power fly through the roof. He had been saving them for the next two years when he will be facing his real nemesis, but he knew Asura was stronger than him.

He couldn’t afford to lose this battle at all or his growth will be stopped for he couldn’t become an inner sect, so Zeras had decided to use part of the energy he had been storing.

Chapter 627: Defeating Asura!

“Tch, cheap tricks...” Asura scoffed as he rushed towards Zeras once more, each of his steps bringing absolute ruin upon the earth.

Then, his axe cleaved outwards with horrifying speed when he appeared before his prey, whose fist suddenly lit up with a strange light before the words rang in his ears...

“Nine Star Fist: Second Form: Angered Star God Fist...” Zeras whispered as he punched outwards mercilessly towards the axe soaring towards him, pouring his soul star energy into the fist and then...

CLAAAAAAAANG

It was like two irons clashing together, sending a horrifying wave of energy through the entire arena, and then...

BAAAAANG

The ground gave way as an axe was sent flying away into the distance, landing on the ground and cleaving it in twain.

“Just what is this?” Asura asked, a horrifyingly shocked expression on his face as he felt a deep wave of energy squirming through his hands, his hands rapidly vibrating from the intense energy, three of his fingers bent in weird shapes.

“Having your attention diverted in the middle of a battle is a big mistake...” The whisper came from just beside his ears as Asura instantly turned, slapping his two arms backwards.

Yet his prey dodged it easily, grabbing his other two arms before raising his entire body with the help of his arm and passing him over his shoulder before...

KABBBBOOOOM

A large shockwave rippled through the entire ground as Asura's face was smashed head-on to the ground, black blood quickly filling up the pothole.

Yet, Zeras didn't dilly-dally as his katana appeared in his hands and he cleaved outwards with speed towards Asura's neck, wanting to sever it, yet...

CLAAAAAAAANG

A deep clanking sound rang out as Asura's arm holding the last axe inhumanely turned behind and clashed fiercely against Zeras's sword, sending him five steps backwards from the reverberation.

BOOOOOOOM

The ground where Asura was smashed into instantly gave way as he shot away from Zeras, yet he had not retreated far when a silvery sea of energy suddenly crashed towards him, its power at an otherworldly level from what he had watched Zeras use before.

“Star Breathing Art: Second Form: Tempest of Silvery Starlight...”

ROOOOOOOOAAAR

A devilish roar of anger boomed throughout the entire arena as Asura's hand holding his axe cleaved outwards with reckless abandon, space before it like nothing but a mere nuisance as it was cleaved away and the axe finally met with the silvery energy phantom, severing it in two.

“Star Breathing Technique: Third Form: Pillar of Sprinkling Starlight...”

Immediately, a pillar of energy soared into the air of the arena before bursting out, sending sprinkles of energy through the entire world.

Asura immediately raised both his two arms, slapping them outwards, causing the space above him to ripple and the starlight heading for him to be instantly pushed away.

He had yet to finish that when the words rang out once more...

“Star Breathing Technique: Fourth Form: Star Sword Through Space and Time...” Zeras said as he pierced his sword out three times.

“Tch, your previous moves won’t work on me...” Asura roared out as he placed his axe before him.

DIIIING

DIIIING

DIIIING

The sound of iron clashing rang out, its power sending Asura backward, causing a massive gorge to be carved through the earth. Yet he forced himself to a stop, canceling the momentum with pure brute power.

“Tch, skills and arts are all useless...” Asura scoffed out in disdain as he turned his gaze into the distance where the plethora of attacks had come from, yet he sighted nothing in front of him except the desolation of the area as his eyes flashed...

“Where is he...”

PUUUUUCHIII

The sound of an axe tearing out directly from the right side of his chest rang out as Asura’s eyes flashed in shock and looked at his chest where the familiar axe could be seen digging out.

“They are not useless. They are good diversions, and you fell perfectly for it...”

But it didn’t stop there as another axe was sent digging out from outside his stomach. Asura found a force lifting him from the ground and then...

BAAAAAANG

The ground gave way as his face was smashed into the ground, massive amounts of blood quickly spreading from the pothole until they completely covered the entire battle stage. The space and laws of the place were crushed, and black holes made everywhere surrounding them.

“I have sprayed their unworthy blood onto the ground and opened their blind eyes. I hope you’re all satiated...” Zeras mused as he looked at the blood littering the ground.

The blood of the inner sect members that dared challenge him, and spat at those who had the courage to stand up to their broken fate.

SHRIIIIIING

And then, the sound of the katana being sheathed rang out as Zeras turned his attention towards the elders, whose shock was as clear as day, the same for the various sect members who looked at him dumbly.

“So, what do you all still have to say now? I have proven my points, haven’t I?” Zeras said to them as the elders bit their lips and the inner sect members could only clench their teeth in anger.

Of course, they were aware of the small game that had been set before the match started, and it seems now they have a winner. The sect’s face had been wiped on the ground and they could do nothing but watch, even with all of their clever plans.

The regressor of a trash had shoved it back in their face, his listless expression the same as ever.

And suddenly, a Grand Elder stood up as he turned to look at Zeras.

“From now on, Zeras Celestria, an outer sect member, has now become an inner sect member of the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect by passing the Defier’s Arena events, notably the first person to do so.

For this, he will be rewarded greatly by the sect by first having twice the rewards any inner sect member receives upon joining the sect, and...”

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Chapter 628: Finally Earning The Acknowledgement Of The Sect...

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“For the reward of being the first ever to enter the sect in such a way, you will be given a special reward: a single wish of yours fulfilled by the sect...” Grand Elder Swordsworth said, earning the shock and surprise of the others.

‘Strange. I was preparing for a second battle...’ Zeras thought as he looked at the elders. He had no doubt they would have made things even more difficult for him, and he was now preparing himself to fight an undying expert. Who would have thought they would reign their pride in and allow him what he originally wanted? That was suspicious...

"If I remember correctly, an inner sect member is allowed to take in an outer sect disciple as a personal intern of his, isn't that right?" Zeras asked Grand Elder Swordsworth.

"Yes, so far as the outer sect disciple is willing..." Grand Elder Swordsworth replied.

Zeras nodded, then turned to the area where the outer sect was sitting. His eyes locked on a figure whose uniform had been drenched in cold sweat.

"Then, Kenji will become my first personal intern," Zeras declared in front of the entire sect, before slowly turning and walking off the battle stage.

"ZERAS!!!"

"ZERAS!!!"

"ZERAS!!!"

"ZERAS!!!"

"ZERAS!!!"

The deafening roar of the outer sect members boomed through the entire arena as they all rose to their feet, chanting his name with valor. It's been years. Years since they have watched others like them reduced to nothing but slaves to those pompous inner sect members, and yet the only hope they had was seeing the people they knew have their blood spilled on the arena stage.

Their will to cultivate had long been blown out, like a candle in a storm, and the only choice they had was to simply keep at their duties, doing them well, so one day they got the chance to enter the eyes of an inner sect member.

They had found no meaning at all in even bothering with cultivation, since there was no hope of escaping their fate.

Yet they watched him. They watched as he shocked all the elders of the sect, venting their anger on the pompous inner sect members, and giving them a large slap in the face by defeating every opponent in the most heartwarming way possible.

He had rekindled the dulled flames in them, and now they could see hope.

"Why..." The whisper suddenly came the moment Zeras was about to completely exit the arena floor. He stood rooted to where he was in silence.

“Why do you not use your sword...” The whisper came once more and it belonged to none other than Asura, lying in a pool of blood behind him. Zeras turned his head to the side.

“My swords are solely used to end my enemies. You don’t fulfill the criteria...” Zeras replied, before continuing on his path. He soon floated upwards, throwing Kenji behind him, before becoming a flash of light that disappeared into the distance.

“It’s been long. So long, since I’ve found someone so familiar...”

“You did it, Boss!!!” The roar of joy came from none other than Kenji, whose fat jiggled up and down as he jumped around like a boy who finally had his true toy given.

“It’s disappointing you think I was really going there to get myself killed. My general is supposed to have unflinching confidence in me, even if I was said to have descended into the deepest part of hell, you dum-dum!” Zeras said as he tapped the fatty on the back of his head.

“Aigh!” Kenji said as he jumped away from Zeras due to the stinging pain.

“But Boss, it really is a matter of joy. And also, um, I want to say thank you for declaring me as a personal intern in front of such a big crowd. It’s the highest form of respect I have ever...”

“Forget about it, Kenji. You’re my future general. If one day the doors of hell were opened for me, I would also drag you along! So I wouldn’t be thankful if I were you. You’re cursed with me, dum-dum...” Zeras reminded him with a devilish smirk that made Kenji’s spine tingle and all his fat slightly fold in.

“That’s a joke. Anyway, you can help me prepare everything on joining the inner sect. Just like how you helped me settle in this place.

Especially with the Silver and Gold cards, now that I have become an inner sect member. I know I ought to be obtaining those. You understand those nooks and crannies well, don’t you...” Zeras asked with confidence as Kenji puffed out his chest.

“Give me until tomorrow morning, boss. Everything will be settled before then...” Kenji said with more than surety as Zeras nodded, before immediately taking to the sky and disappearing into the distance.

With a gleam in his eyes, Kenji watched as Zeras rapidly disappeared into the distance. Soon, a roll of tears dripped down from his right and left eyes.

“Thank you, boss! Thank you, boss! Thank you, boss!”

“BLEEERGH”

A massive amount of blood burst out of Zeras' mouth, spewing into the flowing stream, quickly painting it a color of gore, as strange vein-like venoms twisted all over his face, making him look like some sort of hideous monster.

Some parts of his veins could be seen having torn out from his skin, causing more drops to roll down his body.

“Tch, shit!” He cursed with disgust, as blood dripped down his entire body, and he looked at his own pathetic form with disgust. He had just defeated three of his opponents, yet he was also now looking even more pathetic as them.

“I really need to get my hands on the Third Star Body as fast as possible. My body is collapsing from the energy within me. And I just had to be forced to push things beyond normal today...” Zeras mused to himself, as he turned to the side, where he could see Fluffy looking at him worriedly...

Chapter 629: Poor Fluffy...

Chapter 629: Poor Fluffy...

“MEOW...” Fluffy called to him as Zeras jumped into the stream, washing himself clean of all the remnants of blood and impurities that he had suffered through the day's events before donning a new set of clothes and picking up Fluffy in his arms.

“It'll be good, Fluffy. I have found a place a little better compared to this one. We'll always find a way through together, just as we have always done...” Zeras said as the cat snuggled playfully on his face.

How could he not know how lonely it was staying in this place alone? If Fluffy had followed him to the Shadow Oppression Valley, there wasn't much it could do as he was either practicing his arts or fighting with the devils. And if it stayed here, it would only be able to play with the fishes and jump around in the grass. It was a lonely life the cat was living, and it was too scared to go around causing mischief, lest what Vega did to it the last time repeat itself. So it could only stay here, all alone.

But one day, Zeras promised it would be the most free cat in the world and would have all the attention it needs, not just from him but from others. For now, they had to be focused on the ultimate goal. It was a hard stage of life for them both, with the guillotine hanging over their heads, and they couldn't afford to slow down at all...

“MEOW...” It gave him a good nod of understanding as Zeras scrubbed its jaw well, causing it to release a satisfied purring sound. He proceeded back into the mountain abode.

Looking inside, especially at the huge bed, he couldn't help but chuckle. The mountain abode was so comfy, and the bed was as smooth as ever, yet he had not touched it once for close to a year now. It was as if the memories of the bed had been wiped out from his head.

“I miss my stupid and lazy self...” Zeras remarked as Fluffy jumped into the bed. Zeras covered it with the mattress before immediately running up the mountain.

“Slowly setting...” Zeras mused lightly, before taking his attention away from the sun, as he looked down at a book appearing in his hands, focusing on the last stance of the Sword Art Manual.

“Fifth Sword Art: Cataclysm of Star Conglomeration...” he whispered. The fifth technique of the Sword Art Manual was an outright combination of all four sword arts, combined into a single stroke. It held all the attributes and power of the first four sword arts, making it around five times stronger than normal. Yet it was equally the hardest technique to learn among all of the arts, and he had been at it for close to two months now, yet he was only finally getting the hang of it. But his fight today, where he had no choice but to implement all of the remaining levels continuously, had given him an idea of how the last technique would look.

“Time to start practicing...” Zeras said as he rose from the mountain, gently unsheathing his sword, before getting into the various stances present in the technique while trying to also regulate his body, as indicated by the manual, to allow the starlight energy within him to revolve in a way that allowed the technique to be properly practiced.

Quickly, time passed and soon, the early morning came. He rose upright from his stance before gently sheathing his sword.

“Just a little more...” Zeras said, before turning his gaze to the distance, settling on Kenji's mountain abode.

“Time to go...” he mused as he fell down the mountain abode, swiftly turning himself in the air before landing with both legs in front of his mountain abode. Then he immediately ran with speed towards the distance, rapidly closing in on the outer sect area.

“I have been praying, since my arrival in this sect, about a century or so ago, to bless me. And today, I want to declare something that you have done for me. After a century of waiting on your goodness, today, you have finally sent my helper to me. Now I will become an unofficial inner sect member. Thank you, lord of your graciousness. I hope

one day, my other prayers also get answered. Thank you, lord, once more, and help me bless my boss, too..." Kenji uttered his number one routine for the morning, but today, the phrases of his prayer were unlike anything he had done for the past few years.

He had formerly only prayed for a beautiful companion and for something interesting to happen in his life. After Zeras' arrival, he had prayed to one day have his dream as the Mighty General Kenji be answered. But never in his life had he ever thanked his lord for something. His life was as normal as it could ever be every day. But today was a different day. It seemed his lord was finally starting to reward him for his diligence...

With his prayer completed, Kenji had the biggest smile on his face as he slowly rose from his sitting position and walked towards the door, where he opened the knob. Just as he expected, there was the familiar young man, standing just as he had always done.

"You just arrived here, boss?" Kenji asked as Zeras rolled his eyes.

"I've been here for half an hour now. And I know you know that..."

"Hehe. A small joke in the morning is all one needs for a happy life..."

"How can the might general Kenji ever be wrong. That said Kenji, how's the minor issue I gave to you yesterday? Do you have everything sorted out as normal?" Zeras asked expectantly as Kenji humphed in pride.

"You can always trust me with those boss. I have spoken with the inner sect regulator and retrieved the badges for you and even chosen a perfect mountain abode where we will be staying. Everything resolved..."

Chapter 630: Moving To The inner Sect

Kenji replied to him confidently as Zera's eyes gleamed. It was just as he had expected.

"Here is the spatial ring for becoming an inner sect member, boss. And just as Grand Elder Swordsworth had said, your rewards really were doubled," Kenji said, passing the golden ring into his palms.

"While the ordinary inner sect member would receive two silver cards and a gold card, you were given a single silver card and three golden cards. That is even more than double in value, boss," Kenji exclaimed as Zera's eyes flashed.

'Guess my entire year of waiting was well worth it in the end,' Zeras thought to himself, diving his consciousness into the golden ring, where he confirmed the cards. He could also see various books within.

He could immediately guess they were for the inner sect rules and duties info. It was something he could check out later.

“Good. Let’s get going, Kenji,” Zeras said as he prepared to move to his new home. Immediately, Kenji bounced back into his room, quickly bringing out his stuffed travel bag before hurriedly following after him, a slight skip to his steps.

Even though it wasn’t his first time going into the inner sect area, it was a different matter considering whether he was able to finally stay within or not.

He could only normally look enviously at the abundance of mana present and the fresh aura of rebirth and mystery that lay within the place.

Staying in such a place was a dream so impossible that he didn’t even dare to add it to his prayer list.

But now, the dream had become a reality. There wasn’t any more reason that could have confirmed his over-excitedness.

“That said, Kenji, what about your status as an outer sect lord?” Zeras asked with furrowed eyebrows. He could remember Kenji being an outer sect lord, a pretty important role in the sect. But now that he would be going into the inner sect, what does that mean for him?

“Oh, that’s nothing, boss. They can find a better person,” Kenji said without a single care in the world. Why should he? He had been an outer sect lord forever, yet he had nothing to prove it.

Except for the fact that he could slightly be better than the ordinary outer sect members, there was still no difference between him as an outer sect lord and an inner sect member.

While it might have been referred to as some sort of position, he was just a slave that the Ten Thousand Transformations Sect had put in place to help them monitor other slaves present.

Soon, they both arrived at the door of the inner sect area, and upon entering, Kenji could feel it: the fresh breath of mana, the rosy green grasslands, and incredibly beautiful flowers present within strategic places, the air whispering tales of a better life.

It was only in this area of the sect that one could hear the tingling sound of laughter between disciples and see disciples doing nothing but sitting all day, cultivating their strength with all the time in the world, or simply taking a nice nap under the gently rustling trees.

"It's just perfect, boss," Kenji said, almost squirming in happiness, and Zeras couldn't help but give a nod.

Truly, compared to the gloomy aura that has always covered the outer sect, the atmosphere of the inner sect could be said to be better.

Still, even though it was appealing to him, it couldn't distract him at all. Such a peaceful place, while 'nice,' wasn't really the ideal place for a cultivator. The security and niceness would make them slowly lose their cautious edge and even slow down their danger reaction speed, something that determined the life and death of a cultivator.

"And we're getting quite the attention too. My dream of one day becoming popular has now been answered," Kenji said as Zeras looked around, noticing the gaze of almost every inner sect member paused on them, the sound of whispers resounding.

'If only he could hear what they were saying,' Zeras thought to himself, who had his chest puffed out, thinking the inner sect members were welcoming him.

Zeras could easily hear what they were saying, unknown to them, and it was just as expected.

He might have really passed the Deifer Arena event and even gained the acknowledgment of the elders.

But still, the inner sect was bitter, some of them calling him a demon for manhandling a woman as he did and unfairly defeating the first inner sect member.

"Where is the place, Kenji?" Zeras asked, as Kenji raised his head before pointing his finger into the distance.

"Do you see that mountain, boss?" Kenji said as he pointed at the far distance where an extra-large mountain could be seen, its top seemingly reaching to pierce the sky. It was incredibly far away from the settlement and towered above each and every other mountain present in the area.

"Isn't that just how you like it, boss?" Kenji said to him as Zeras struggled to withhold the grin, yet it couldn't help but burst out of his face.

"Hahaha, I know you will like it, boss!" Kenji said as Zeras burst out into loud laughter.

"Good, good, Kenji. You have good eyes too. A requirement for a general to acquire the perfect warriors," Zeras praised, as Kenji unknowingly stood even more upright.

"Hehe, that's me, boss," Kenji replied as they quickly disappeared away from the eyes of the inner sect disciples, moving far away from the inner sect settlement.

“Finally here, boss,” Kenji said delightedly as they looked at the gigantic mountain right in front of them.

“It is even taller than I thought,” Zeras mused to himself, as Kenji walked forward towards the mountain, placing his palms on its surface.

Immediately, hundreds of golden runic lines appeared on it, as the path of jagged rock swiftly revealed a golden-colored door.

“Welcome to your new abode, boss.”