

Chaos Devourer System

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"How's it, Elder Mitsuri..." The voice, gentle yet as cold as ice, resounded through the small ice room where a total of three people could be seen.

The first was a lady, who had her head, neck, and chest wrapped in bandages and slept on the bed. The other was a kneeling older woman, dressed in white clothes with wrinkles revealing the scars of time on her face. Her hands were coated in a green aura, which she lightly pressed on the chest of the slumbering young lady.

The last person was none other than Grand Elder Celestine herself, who had her eyes moving from the lady on the bed to the old woman.

"She'll be fine, Celestine. It will just take around two weeks for her to heal from her physical injury. But you know what I fear the most, don't you..." The older woman said as the green aura surrounding her hands slowly faded away. She rose up on her legs and stared gravely at Grand Elder Celestine.

By her way of calling a grand elder of the sect by her original name, it just goes far to prove her own status was definitely beyond ordinary.

"What you're most afraid of?" Celestine asked as the woman nodded her head.

"She might heal back to her former self in just two weeks from now. But her heart will never be the same.

Power comes with pride, Celestine, and that is even more so if it is in the heart of a woman. She had never even been defeated by one she could regard as a mate before. And now, she was gravely injured, and that too in front of the entire sect.

It is a damage to the belief in herself, and she would do anything to regain that confidence. That will make him her heart demon, halting her cultivation until she eventually reigns over it. If I understand the young man based on what I have seen and heard, the probability of that happening is close to nil.

She has been destroyed for life, Celestine. And you are to be blamed for that. Or your strange and rising ego..." The old woman said calmly as she walked past her. The sound of fists clenching into each other resounded.

"My rising ego? My rising ego, you say? Our sect's name getting stained by a male. And then he came to the sect, having regressed to the Cosmic rank. You think I'm just allowed to let him join the inner sect still. What decision have I made wrong there..." Celestine asked as the woman paused in her feet, before sighing.

"If you had simply allowed him to receive the invitation, this meaninglessness would have been prevented.

And truth be told, Celestine, this is not the first time an invitation has been barred for someone, and every one of those occasions can always be linked back to you in one way or another.

"It's just like that young chap said. Those bloods on the battle stage are that of true warriors, who wanted justice, yet were denied one by your ever-rising ego. They are all in a half-death state now, suffering for eternity due to you.

Their pain is the same pain that you have towards your disciple getting injured, perhaps even twice than that..."

"Tch, bastards..." Grand Elder Celestine forced out from within her tightly clenched teeth.

"It will be the last time I will ever remind you again, Celestine. Just because your life with your father was one that left much to be desired, doesn't mean every man is like that. The remaining grand elders might have agreed with your decision, but they are also starting to grow angry with the injustice. You can tell that by what Swordwroth did, and how none of the grand elders complained."

"Tch, as expected of men. All just a group of bastards!!!" She grumbled.

"Celestine..." The woman suddenly called out as Grand Elder Celestine turned towards her, raising her eyebrows due to the strange seriousness in the call.

And she watched as she slowly pointed into the air in front of her, where there was nothing but a white glass wall.

"I can see your end drawing near, Celestine. Your eventual shameful ruin..." She replied, her eyes glowing with a white milky light as Grand Elder Celestine's face paled, and she jerked back in shock.

"That's...that's impossible!" Grand Elder Celestine claimed as the old woman slowly lowered her hands.

“You’re a special one, Celestine. Your fate can still be averted, and you yourself know how, don’t you? I hope there doesn’t come a day where you remember this scene with regret in your eyes. Until fate allows...” She said finally, before opening the door and walking out of the door, which closed behind her, leaving the room where both figures stood in silence.

“Tch, it just proves to me more that all men are the same.”

“MAY YOU BURN IN THE DEEPEST OF HELLS, SWORDSWORTH!!!” The roar of rage boomed throughout the red-colored throne room where a red flaming-haired figure sat, his eyes bursting out with flame. Kneeling before him was a messenger who also stood beside a flaming red-haired figure that looked just like Grand Elder Flamingheart.

“He still can be dealt with, right, father? He’s not even an undying realm expert yet, and who knows what one-time technique he used to improve his strength just before the event. He’s just nothing but a regressed piece of trash, isn’t he, father...” Vega asked, as thick crimson veins wriggled over his face. Then, he faded away from where he stood like air.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!

A devastating ripple spread through the entire space as a leg violently stamped on Vega’s back, crushing him into the ground and creating a gigantic abyssal crater, where the body of Vega rested.

But that wasn’t the end when a massive surge of flames burst of Grand Elder’s Flaming Heart’s legs incinerating the body that was beneath his feet...

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Chapter 632: Visit To The Martial God Hall 1

“AHHHHHHHHHHH!” A piercing, soul-chilling scream rang out through the entire throne room, causing old sweats to appear on the face of the messenger who witnessed the exchange, his spine shivering within him.

The scream barely lasted for 10 seconds before it suddenly grew quiet, with Vega having lost his consciousness from the intense pressure and beating on his body. Even though he was at the Universe Rank, he couldn’t withstand a simple step from his father before getting knocked out in 10 seconds.

"Tch, just how stupid have I even raised you..." Grand Elder Flaming Heart said, with a thunderous expression as he slowly stepped away from the crater, walking back to his throne. He sat, before exhaling loudly.

'His killing intent and will for revenge was so thick!' Grand Elder Flaming Heart pondered, his eyes still able to sense Zera's massive killing intent when his eyes had automatically crossed Vega, yet it was so fast and quickly fading that only Grand Elder Flaming Heart ever noticed.

'Not only is the enemy a one-in-a-thousand genius, he also knows well to reign such a massive killing intent down and wait for the perfect time. If he keeps growing at such a pace, then we really might be doomed...' He reasoned cautiously, a headache setting in his head, before a thought appeared. He opened his eyes once more, turning his gaze to the kneeling messenger.

"I have an order for you!" Grand Elder Flaming Heart said as the messenger's ears visibly perked up.

"At your service, Grand Elder..."

"Take my stupid son into the Hell of O'Hara," Grand Elder Flaming Heart said as the messenger's body jerked back in shock.

"S...Sir???" He asked as Grand Elder Flaming Heart's intense, piercing gaze bore on him, causing his heart to shake within his ribcage.

"I mean, yes sire. For how many seconds, my lord?" He asked, as Grand Elder Flaming Heart turned to look at Vega in the pothole before his eyes flashed with ruthlessness.

"Till he exits by himself and breaks open the realm door..." He replied as the messenger snapped his gaze upwards towards him.

"Grand Elder, no one can survive the Hell of O'Hara for more than 10 minutes, and you yourself, the mightiest genius of our clan, only survived for an hour. The gate of O'Hara is said to weigh more than a billion tons and can only be opened from the outside. To break through the door for anyone is impossible, my lord!" The messenger said. Flaming Heart steeled his heart.

"Don't make me repeat myself, or I'm afraid your fate will be unknown in a blink..." He threatened, giving the messenger no choice but to drag up Vega's body from the crater before exiting the throne room.

"You brought this upon yourself and upon our entire family. You should, for once in your life, bear the consequences of your own doings. Only two choices exist for you, Vega: either become a mighty devil formed from the flames of O'Hara, or die..."

“Tell me, boss, isn’t it splendid!!!” Kenji screamed out gleefully as he ran around the luxurious rooms, a beaming smile on his face, while Fluffy chased after him excitedly.

“It really is splendid, almost like an entire castle...” Zeras mused out as he looked around the room he was in. One couldn’t even know at all that it is placed inside a mountain. There was an extremely large living room, all tiled in beautiful golden and white colors, with every amenity put in place. There were a total of three bedrooms, each perfectly equipped with all of its amenities, and there was a cultivation chamber, oozing with the greatest amount of mana that he had ever seen.

The exquisite design bordered on the realm of perfection itself, and it was more than ten times better than the one present in the outer sects.

“Hey Kenji, I’ll be leaving for the Martial God Hall. Look after Fluffy...” Zeras said as he walked back towards the exit.

“What the hell, boss. You’ve barely been even here for 5 minutes and you’re now thinking about the Martial God Hall!?! Take off your sweaty robes, boss, and have a feel of these comfy sofas. A little relaxation wouldn’t kill, right?” Kenji said, but all he got was Zeras gently locking back the door in his face as Kenji’s eyebrows creased.

‘I formerly thought he was cultivating to reclaim his lost dignity for being demoted from inner sect to outer sect

. But now, he is still cultivating hard, and the same sense of urgency is still oozing off his body. Just what is boss preparing for!?’ Kenji wondered.

He had formerly believed Zera’s tale of being the younger brother of an elder, but as Zeras got more recognition, he sneaked upon the information of him supposedly being an inner sect member but got demoted to an outer sect due to a cultivation regression.

He had thought Zeras was trying all he could to reclaim his lost dignity and that was why he was cultivating so hard, and Kenji also reasoned with that. But now, he already got the acknowledgment of the sect, yet he was still cultivating so hard.

Why? What is he even preparing for? So much he couldn’t even reward himself with a few minutes of rest and enjoyment on his rewards of getting acknowledged?

“You’re here once more, boy...” The gruffy old voice rang out before Zeras could grab the bottle away from his hands. Zeras’ hand halted in its step and the man raised his head up from the table.

“My favorite elder...” Zeras greeted with a smile as the man scoffed in disdain.

“Hmph.”

“Here it is...” Zeras said, passing him the three golden cards and the single silver card.

“Oh? You passed the Defier Arena events?” The old man asked as Zeras raised an eyebrow.

“You strangely don’t seem to be too surprised about it...” Zeras replied as the old man’s eyes flashed with a special light.

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“Hmph, how can I be bothered by mere children’s scuffles...” he said in disdain, as Zeras nodded turning to look at the bottle mixed in with drools on the table

“Yeah, your really have other important things to be bothered about...”

“That said, boy. You’re lucky you got three gold cards, because the Nine Star Hegemon Art’s 3rd and 4th levels of the Nine Star Fist are not at the silver gate. They are at the gold ones. Besides, I also have a special art that I want you to pick,” the grand elder said, rubbing his old beard as he looked at Zeras with a scrutinizing gaze.

“A...special art?” Zeras asked with a creased eyebrow as the man nodded.

“The art is placed on the eastern side of the gold hall in a special glass stand. No one can open the glass stand, but I think you have a shot at it. Try picking up the art and see if you can do it...” The old fogey said, grabbing away Zera’s card and stapling it, before passing out a total of four card slots to Zeras.

“See you around, old man...” Zeras said as he walked away, moving towards the golden door first. He wanted to secure the Nine Star Arts before checking out how he could better use the silver card.

The gold hall’s gate was inscribed with close to thousands of runes, each brimming with powerful golden lights. Entering into the hall, Zeras discovered it had even less space than the silver hall, and the shelves within were even fewer. But no doubt, every technique here was at the mythic level!

****[You have five hours to pick your art after reaching the inner sect]****

The words rang out through the hall, causing a mocking grin on Zeras' face.

'Tch. Those bastards only gave me 30 minutes the last time, and now they gave me five hours after becoming an inner sect? Just how unfair is that?' Zeras thought as he ignored the timer and began moving through the shelves, searching for manuals.

There were also about seven or so other inner sect members present in the hall, but he had no time to even look at their faces at all. He was too tired of the gaze of disdain and amusement.

"Astral Manipulation, Astral Manipulation..." Zeras mused to himself as he walked around the shelves, and quickly he could immediately find the shelves where the Astral Manipulation books could be seen.

There were close to hundreds of other Astral Manipulation books, but all of them were dusty and filled with signs of ancientness. Rubbing his hand on the books, Zeras could feel the dust on his palm as he creased his eyebrows.

"How come most don't even practice Astral Manipulation at all?" he thought. To him, the Astral Manipulation was almost the strongest element there is to be practiced amongst all other elements. Yet, he had never come across any other Astral manipulator. Brushing through the books with his hawk eyes, he could already see the Nine Star Hegemon Manual, looking noticeably smaller and even dustier than the rest, and he quickly picked it up, a big smile on his face.

"Finally found it..." Zeras thought with the biggest smile of his life. Yet he had barely basked in joy when a cold voice rang out behind him.

"I want that manual..." The cold feminine voice rang out, as Zeras kept the manual straight inside the spatial ring.

[You have picked up a manual. You have two more to go...]

The voice rang out through the space as Zeras gave a satisfied nod before moving away from the Astral Cultivation manual shelves and looking for the battle art manual...

"Hey, are you deaf!!?" The voice rang out behind Zeras, whose eyes scanned through the shelves.

"Astral Battle Arts..." Zeras called out, looking at the Astral Battle Art shelves, as his fingers began tracing over every book.

"Nine Star Fist manual, Nine Star Fist manual..."

CLAMP

The sound of a thick male hand clamping on the shoulder rang out as Zeras' finger halted on a book, and his eyes flashed with an extremely murderous expression.

"Hey, are you deaf or do you not hear my sister calling..."

SHRIIIIIIIIIIIING

RIIIIIIIIIIIP

The masculine voice tried to continue when the sound of a katana being pulled out of its sheath rang out and then...

The air was violently ripped apart and Zeras slashed towards the figure's neck, whose toes tapped on the ground as he shot backward with speed.

"You!!!?" The young man said in shock, yet his face changed when he felt liquid trickling down his neck. Wiping it, he could feel the green blood stain.

"Brother, you were injured!" The voice of a girl with the body of a 16-year-old rang out, as she stood rooted in shock, looking at the neck of her brother which had a smooth line running down on it.

'I...I almost died?' Val thought to himself in shock as he slowly raised his head to look at Zeras.

"I never miss twice..." Zeras said with a listless expression before he sheathed his sword and turned back to searching for his book.

Suddenly, a fiery aura radiated behind Zeras. He turned his head to the side, witnessing a large axe just an inch behind his head.

"Give me a single reason not to cleave you in twain right now..." The young man's aloof voice rang out as Zeras looked past the axe before turning to the cute-looking girl, who he knew was the exact opposite of what she appeared to be.

"If you were an undying realm expert, and you really slashed at my skull right now, I would be gravely injured or even die immediately, but I swear by all of my cultivation that I can reflexively slash your sister's head off her neck before I fully hit the ground. You love your sister too much, so you don't dare cleave me in twain."

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Zeras's vow was as cold and chilling as ice as Val felt a cold chill run down his spine, and his eyes flashed a bloodthirsty light as he looked fiercely at Zeras's back.

"You underestimate yourself too much..." Val said as Zeras shrugged before he continued searching for the Nine Star Fist book that he wanted.

"You don't want to use your sister's life to bet on it, do you?" Zeras replied calmly, his eyes flashing when he finally found what he was looking for. He saw the Nine Star Fist manual, and a big smile appeared on his face as he kept it in his spatial ring before he rose up and continued his walk down the shelves, under the two siblings' shock.

"Brother, who is that?" Alice asked as she looked at her brother, who had a wet patch behind his shirt. It only confirmed to her her brother's fear and horror, something she had never witnessed up until now...

"Don't worry about it, Alice. We leave now though..." Val said as he picked up his sister and walked away from the hall, with Val's heart still pumping within his chest.

"Quite the strange duo..." Zeras mused as he skidded to a stop, turning the side of his head to look at Val, who slowly walked away from the hall, with the girl sitting on his neck as they disappeared from sight.

From both of them, he sensed a very strange and incredibly strong bond around their bodies, almost like a person divided into two, or like a clone and the real person.

"He made quite the good choice, too..." Zeras thought, thinking back to his threat to the young man.

Of course, he wouldn't rip off someone's sister's head.

He said it to test the strange bond that he had sensed around both figures, and contrary to what he said, the young man, who was definitely a prideful figure, had chosen to retreat for the sake of his sister. It was the first time his adversary had retreated from a simple threat from him...

Still, it was nothing but fleeting amusement for Zeras as he focused back on the mission at hand and turned to look at the end of the east side of the room where he was instructed to look. Just as the old man said, there it was...

An extra-large book, placed within a glass cube and placed on a pulpit in the sharp east corner of the room.

"Hmmm," arriving before the pulpit, Zeras looked at the glass and the rusty old book with narrowed eyes, trying to find some sort of abnormality with it.

Yet, save for the fact that it was kept on a pulpit and placed in a glass box at the far east side of the room, there was no visible difference to it compared to any other book around.

“You don’t look special to me at all. But why are you kept away from the rest of the books like some sort of treasure...” Zeras asked as he slowly stretched both hands forward, trying to take off the glass stand.

Yet when his hands touched the glass box, golden runes flickered on its surface, crisscrossing and moving around almost like multitudes of gear wheels rapidly spinning.

Instead of jerking away from it, Zeras simply stood there, staring at the hundreds of rapidly twisting wheels. Soon, he felt a burning sensation in both arms as blood poured out of his burnt skin, staining the glass, which quickly absorbed the blood from his palms. In the next instant...

****VROOOOOOOOOOOOOM****

The space before Zeras quivered repeatedly, a gaping black hole in the shape of a hand appearing around him.

Then, the hand clenched around Zeras, who faded away on his plane, and once it shut completely on him, the hands retreated back into space, leaving the place completely silent as if nothing ever happened...

Yet, the mere appearance of the hands was enough to make hundreds of slumbering ancient monsters in various areas of the God’s children area snap their eyes open in shock, as heaven-shaking and earth-splitting auras burst out into the sky of various areas of the God’s children, with beings who had been slumbering for countless eons once more awakening...

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The motion of entire time wheels flashed in his eyes, forcing him to undergo multitudes of others’ entire lifetimes in a single standing!

That was what Zeras was forced to witness when he looked at the golden runes on the glass covering the book.

Even as he felt the space around him splinter apart with something clenching around him before dragging him away, all he felt was the same feeling of numbness that caused him to simply stare blankly, the thought of resistance or any conscious effort on himself easily wiped away.

“What power is this?”

That was the only thing Zeras could say to himself amidst the flashing lifetimes, an incredibly powerful headache rippling through the core of his being, his brain faced with something that was difficult to process. In the end, it chose to be reduced to mush instead of continuing...

But the event, which seemed to him like a lifetime, soon came to a screeching stop.

Zeras felt the floor beneath his knees and once more, his brain slowly attuned itself to the environment as he rose up from the ground and looked around the place, his neck violently jerking to his front as Zeras's jaw dropped to the ground.

"What! What is this!!!?" Zeras roared out in shock, looking at what was right in front of him, something so simple and common, yet enough to make every cell in his body quiver crazily...

A tower!

A tower so tall its spires, made of gleaming marble and crystal, pierced into the heavens itself. Around the tower, there were hundreds of mythical creatures all floating around it continuously.

Some Zeras recognized, such as a thousand-meter multi-colored dragon, a gigantic bird with half of its side oozing out with ice and the other side brimming with a crimson fiery aura, a beautiful horse-like creature with a single, spiraling horn on its forehead, a creature with the body of various animals, including a dragon, horse, and deer, and a creature with the body and head of a lion yet a god's head arising from its back and a serpent for a tail.

Their auras alone were enough to make Zeras's heart violently lurch within his chest. More surprising was the fact that he couldn't even discover their cultivation base at all, yet it was more than clear that it was far greater than the Undying Realm!

"God... god realm creatures!!!?" He asked in shock, yet he noticed the creatures didn't look at him at all. Some of them simply slumbered away while others were flying around the tower in an almost endless loop, causing a strange thought to appear in Zeras's chest.

"Could it be they are all stuck in a different dimension, even though visibly surrounding the castle..." Zeras thought, and his heart calmed down a little, knowing well the creatures, though visibly close, were definitely far away.

Then he was able to turn his attention back to the base of the tower, where stood an entrance—a grand archway flanked by colossal statues of two warrior guardians, both standing at either end of the gigantic tower, their spears propping them up as they stared into the far distance.

"I touched the book that the old fogey said no one has ever been able to take away, and now I find myself before the grandest tower ever.

This could only mean one thing. This tower is a trial tower, and to take the book for myself, I will have to pass the test present within..." Zeras affirmed to himself as he slowly rose up from his knees and walked forward towards the magnificent tower...

Every one of his steps caused the smooth stones beneath his feet to ripple out continuous golden energy waves into the far distance, almost like he was walking on a water surface.

Steeling his heart and nerve, he walked forward, his left hand holding the katana he placed by his waist, and quickly he arrived before the gigantic golden door...

"Huuuu..."

Slowly, stretching his hands forward, they met with the golden gate, a ripple also appearing on its surface. Zeras gathered his strength and pushed, yet the door wouldn't budge at all, not even a little.

"It's more than heavy..." Zeras thought to himself, and without wasting a single more second...

"Activate Angered Star Ring..."

WRIIIIIIIIIIING

Immediately, a horrifyingly powerful genetic aura burst throughout the entire world as thousands of silvery runic lines appeared all over Zeras's hands, brimming with an exceedingly chaotic aura...

Clenching his teeth hard, he pushed forward with all his strength...

DRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUM

Slowly, the sound of the gigantic gate being pushed open rang out as horrific veins and muscles bulged all over Zeras's hands.

After five minutes of exerting all his strength, the door was finally opened enough to make him pass through a tiny hole.

With a single step, Zeras burst forward with speed, quickly entering the door before it shut closed with a powerful bang that would have no doubt reduced him to nothing...

"WELCOME WEAKLING TO THE TOWER OF GOD!"

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“Huh?” Zeras couldn’t help but raise an eyebrow at the grand words on his immediate entrance. But turning to look around the room, his face changed. Zeras suddenly smashed his leg to the ground, his body tearing backwards with horrific speed, yet it was still a failure...

****BUURRST** **BUURRST****

His two eyeballs exploded within his eyes as Zeras smashed into the ground, rolling on the ground, before finally smashing his back against the wall, skidding to a stop on his knees...

****DRROP** **DROOOP****

The sound of blood dripping to the ground echoed through the hall. Zeras simply stood there for some seconds, but in the next instant, a strange scene occurred as the blood pouring down his face suddenly began floating up into the sky before diving straight back into his eyes.

“Know your place, piece of trash...” Zeras called out, and in the next instant, his two eyes flashed open. In the next second...

****SHRIIIIIING****

The sound of a sword being pulled out of its sheath rang out as he slashed out with horrifying speed, a gigantic beam of sword light flashing through the hall, followed by the head of a statue soaring into the sky.

****BAAAM** **BAAAM** **BAAAM****

The entire ground beneath his feet shuddered crazily as the statue head roughly landed on the ground, rolling a few times before coming to a stop...

“Tch,” Zeras clicked irritatingly, slashing forward three more times before unsheathing his swords, followed by the noise of the statues crashing onto the ground resounding through the golden hall.

It seemed when he had entered the hall, he had turned his attention to the eyes of the statue, which held some strange power that immediately reduced Zeras's eyeballs to nothing at the slightest contact. Still, the statue was nothing more than what it was, and only its eyes were destructive. It was otherwise very weak bodily.

Looking around the room, he could see there were close to thousands of runic lines present, each of them flashing around continuously before immediately disappearing. They had no specific order to themselves at all, but at the far end of the hall, there was a single golden grimoire present, held on a pulpit.

Walking towards the pulpit, his eyebrows creased when he looked at the book, discovering it was a replica of the first one he had seen within the hall. Arriving before the book, his hands stretched forward as he took the book in his palms before looking at the cover. On it, three words were written:

****An Unfulfilled God's Diary...****

"Strange..." Zeras mused to himself before opening to the first page of the book, but it was completely blank.

"A blank grimoire? No. There is something strange ongoing..." Zeras mused, turning to look at the various runic lines that were present in the place and soon noticed all of them moving away from the hall and diving straight into the book in front of him.

The blank page lit up with a golden light that covered the entirety of the page, and slowly an image began appearing on the book.

Time passed quickly as the entirety of the runes present dived straight into the book and finally it became as clear as day.

"A...a map?" Zeras asked with a raised eyebrow and the second he said it, the entire hall around him immediately collapsed into nothing as Zeras felt the space around him crumbling into nothing before he himself disappeared into the collapsed space.

—

Opening his eyes, Zeras found himself back in front of the glass box, his hands still holding the glass, and with a simple yank, he easily opened up the glass, revealing the book, as Zeras's eyes flashed with light.

"Finally..." he muttered to himself, yet something suddenly flashed by with incredible speed, and a light flashed in Zeras's eyes as he stretched his hands forward and grabbed the object just before it could grab the book.

Turning to look at the side, he could see the figure was a very short girl, whose second hand quickly reached out for the book, but she still easily got outsmarted by Zeras who

slapped the second hand away by throwing the first one which he held as the girl was sent tumbling away.

And without even bothering himself, he easily grabbed the book off and in the next moment it was already in his spatial ring.

“You will now be teleported away from the hall in 3...2...1... Now.” The voice in charge echoed out as the girl hurriedly jumped up from the ground and ran towards him.

“Wait up, you bastard...” she screamed as Zeras remained rooted to where he was but just as her hands came an inch close, he disappeared away from the hall, as Ataraxia ended up grabbing nothing before she slammed her head on the shelves in front of her path, and the shelf also collapsed, burying her within a pile of books.

“You!” Ataraxia screamed out, cut off by pitch blackness.

—

In the next instant, he appeared outside the large golden gate and immediately he walked towards the silver gate.

Now that he had his cultivation manual and his nine star manual. He didn’t even know what book to pick next.

A movement technique or another sword technique, perhaps a defense technique.

“You have 10 hours to choose a single manual...” The voice resounded through the entire hall as he began browsing through the various books around the place looking for a perfect one.

Yet after a total of 2 hours of browsing around, Zeras couldn’t find a single book that was worth his attention.

Majority of them were just too low in his standards and weren’t worth his almost non-existent time.

But after searching for an hour more, Zeras came across a book that made him grin widely as he picked it up and looked at its description.

{Burly War General Manual}

{Description: An art that increases the brute power of its users by double with every level. Contains a total of three levels and would increase the user’s destructive power by eight times at its peak

Best suitable for those with very large bodies to enable the constriction of massive energy within them.}

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Immediately, Zeras sighted the technique. The weird thought of having the technique for a certain someone couldn't help but enter his head.

"This will be the perfect technique for him..." Zeras mused to himself, picking up the book.

He knew now that Kenji was going to be staying with him. The fatty would be literally completely free for all of eternity, and he knew well he would do nothing but sleep and eat all day.

So why not get him a technique that he could practice? If eventually he felt bored, then he could pick up the technique and practice it. It was the greatest help Zeras could do for him, as anyone that stayed with him while being weak would only be courting death.

"I'll do it..." Zeras finally agreed as he took the book off the shelves, and immediately the voice resounded.

"You have picked the manual. You will now be transported within 3... 2... 1." And in the next instant, a flash of light swallowed him up as he disappeared away from the place, appearing outside the silver gate in the next instant.

"Done..." Zeras mused, his neck turning to the place where the scrawny-looking elder ought to be, but strangely he was in an incredibly deep sleep, snoring away with his bottle of alcohol placed at his side.

"Strange one..." Zeras mused under his breath before walking out of the glass. Unbeknownst to him, a minute after his disappearance, the man slowly rose up from his sleeping position, his eyes looking at where Zeras had disappeared.

"So he really did accept him, huh? Another chaos is about to settle upon the universe once more..." The old man said with a sinister grin as he descended back into his slumber, dozing off once more, but this time, his evil grin laid plastered across his face.

—

A storm of air blew past the ginormous mountain as a silvery-haired figure suddenly appeared in front of the mountain abode.

Walking towards it, he was about to push open the door when suddenly, his eye snapped into the sky as he felt a calamitous explosion ripple throughout the sky, brightening up the sect by hundreds of times and causing Zeras's eyes to squint.

RUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUMP!

Following the light, an incredibly loud blow of a trumpet could be heard, as loud as it could ever get as various inner sect and outer sect disciples immediately ran out of their abodes, all looking at the sky in shock and confusion.

CLINCK!

The same could be said for Zeras's mountain abode as the door was opened up and Kenji hurriedly exited the room, more than surprised to find Zeras standing a few inches before the door, his eyebrows creased in confusion.

"It can't be!" Kenji said out loud in shock as he looked at the rippling light in the sky and the crazy trumpet sound.

"What does this signify?" Zeras couldn't help but ask, noticing the grave expression on Kenji's face.

"It's a message, boss. A sect-wide message, ordering all the students to gather together in the Sect's Hall. We have to leave, boss!" Kenji said as Zeras watched every inner sect and outer disciple quickly ascending into the sky and disappearing into the distance, all towards a particular place.

"Fluffy, come..." Zeras called out as Fluffy ran out of the door and quickly jumped on Zeras's shoulder.

"Then we leave too..." Zeras said as he slowly rose up into the air, followed by Kenji, and the two of them immediately joined the crowd all heading towards the place.

"Why such grave expressions?" Zeras couldn't help but ask, noticing how everyone was dead silent and with creased and worried eyebrows.

"It's strange, boss. This type of call never happens, even in thousands of years. An issue that is worth the elders notifying the attention of every single sect member present is never something simple. Only world-changing news can qualify the sect calling everyone. And if the sect are calling everyone of us, it means the two other supreme sects and the hundreds of other smaller sects are all also calling their own and notifying them too. A worldwide event is nothing small, boss. It is well worth their grave expressions..." Kenji explained hushedly as they both continued down with the group.

It didn't take much time before they all arrived before a gaping black hole right in the farthest area of the sect, and instantly everyone stopped before it, including Zeras and

Kenji as the various students began gathering and gathering, quickly reaching up to thousands and also surpassing it quickly.

“Why are we all stopping, and where does this vortex lead?” Zeras asked in confusion.

“It leads to the sect’s hall, boss. But we all just can’t enter it. We need the approval, and that is what we’re waiting for. Don’t worry, boss. An elder will appear soon. They are probably just waiting for everyone to arrive first...” Kenji replied to him, as various murmurs spread throughout the small gathering.

Hours quickly passed by and after three straight hours, a blurry figure appeared outside the vortex, slowly floating out of it.

Soon, he completely exited the portal, revealing himself to be a long green haired elder with snake like pupils and green scales covering part of his face and hands.

The entire area was reduced to a chilling silence on the man’s entrance, as he scanned each of them with his snakeelike pupils before shifting to the side.

“You all can enter now...” He said as they all slowly floated towards the gate, the man’s eyes scanning each of them as if looking for some sort of abnormally and the duo also naturally melted into the que, as they all disappeared into portal.

Entering through the portal, all sort of sensations all at first were robbed away from them but the feeling was fleeting and opening his eyes once more, Zeras was surprised by what he saw.

“The...the void of space!?” The voice exclaimed beside him.

Chapter 637: Please Do Not Unlock

In the Dark Abyssal Waters...

The abyssal plain stretched into the black unknown, a world devoid of sunlight and filled with eerie silence, where only the faint bioluminescent glow of strange, otherworldly creatures offered any light.

This was a realm far below the reach of humanity, a place where the pressures of the ocean could crush steel, and the darkness was so complete that even the concept of light seemed an alien intrusion.

In this desolate underwater wasteland, two colossal figures moved with the slow, deliberate grace of predators accustomed to the depths.

Both were none other than the Abyssal Krakens, legendary behemoths that had long been the subject of myth and seafarer tales.

Their sheer size and power were enough to make the sea overrun on itself, a gigantic wave of water bustling above the ocean, which they both remained oblivious to.

Yet there was a difference: one of them was a true Kraken, the last of its type, while the other was a being who was far beyond...

Now that Khan was fully standing before the Kraken, only now was he able to fully sense its form, a form that told tales of its ability to rule an entire realm without a single thing worthy of challenging it.

Its massive form, covered in scarred and ancient scales, was a testament to countless battles fought and won. Its tentacles, each as thick as a ship's mast and adorned with suckers lined with razor-sharp hooks, extended from its body, wriggling like snakes and spreading around its body in cautious guard.

Its eyes, twin orbs of abyssal darkness, pierced the darkness with an unyielding gaze as it locked on Khan, a slight confusion and weariness in its gaze. It didn't understand how or why.

There was absolutely no way he could mistake that he was really the last of his kind. Every one of its species was wiped out during that calamity, and it was the only one barely able to survive and prevent extinction.

Yet, what was this before him? It possessed close to zero difference from his own form, almost like a full copycat of him. It confused the Kraken, as if there was another Kraken in this sea, it would have long known, and it didn't believe there could be any other Kraken beyond its world. It was no doubt the last of them...

"Tell me, who are you?" the Kraken asked, Khan, who used the pause between them to get himself familiar with the ocean and the body he was in.

The reason why Khan had chosen this form to fight was because he knew well, fighting the Kraken in a human form would be hard.

The Kraken would protect its core with all of its heart after it almost got destroyed by Captain Jack's slash, and would no doubt be wary. Besides, the Kraken could also rapidly recover from its wounds which would make attacks on it close to useless. All the Kraken needed to do to win any battle was to simply faintly protect its core well with about half its tentacles and use the remaining to fight its opponent.

In such a way, it could attack and defend firmly, and sooner or later, its opponent would wear itself out.

That was why the battle of the crew and the Kraken had taken a total of three days and the Kraken had won in the end.

Therefore the best way to go about the fight was to become a large Kraken himself! Then they would be equally matched bodily and it will be a battle of experience.

Something which the Kraken no doubt had better of, but Khan also had many skills to more than counter that. In fact, he already had a plan forming in his head as he looked up and down at the Kraken.

“I am Khan!”

“I do not ask for your bloody name! I care about who you really are! Are you a true Kraken or not?!” the Kraken asked. Silence reigned over the sea before an abyssal grin appeared on Khan’s abyssal maw as he turned to look at the Kraken, while screaming in his mind...

“ACTIVATE ALL ATTRIBUTES... ACTIVATE NANOPRINCE PHYSIQUE... ACTIVATE INSTANT BLITZ... ACTIVATE TITLE SKILLS... ACTIVATE ADAPTABILITY...”

For this battle with a galaxy-rank creature, Khan had decided to go all out with every ounce of strength within him.

“Why do you ask, if you already know...”

The words were said just an inch away from the Kraken’s face as Khan burst out with a speed that belied his size, launching himself at the Kraken, his tentacles flaring out in a deadly embrace.

With a will, they became covered by all his elements, as gigantic bolts of lightning appeared over three of his tentacles, four of his tentacles enveloped in a piercing light energy while one of them was enveloped in a dark aura...

“Just As I Expected!!!” the Kraken also roared out in anger as it soared forward with horrifying speed towards Khan, its tentacles also lashing forward with horrific power.

“TO DARE VILIFY THE BODY OF MY OWN RACE! YOU DESERVE A THOUSAND DEATHS FOR YOUR DISRESPECT!!!” the Kraken roared out in anger, as tentacles violently clashed against tentacles, a powerful reverberation of energy soaring through their bodies, causing them to jerk away from each other.

Yet, they were unrelenting...

The water around them churned violently as the two titans clashed, the force of their collision sending shockwaves through the abyss, and the crew above watched as an incredibly huge wave rose above the sea from the clash of the two titans.

The Kraken’s experience showed immediately. It parried all of Khan’s brutal assault with practiced ease, its own tentacles striking back with devastating power.

Each blow was a calculated strike, aimed to wound and weaken Khan. It not only wanted to defeat the insolent being, it wanted to slowly tear off each and every body part before eventually ending his life.

But Khan, however, was not easily cowed. He twisted and turned with incredible agility, avoiding the worst of the Kraken's attacks and countering with his own tentacles, and he couldn't help but notice the Kraken jerking back from shock every time his light and lightning tentacles clashed with it.

"I have found the way to win..."

Chapter 638: Please Do Not Unlock. Glitch

"You all go with the initial plans that you have. Try cutting down its tentacles. I will tackle its core that is just under its head..." Captain Jack ordered them, this time, his voice leaving no room for argument.

In the next second, their hair and clothes flapped wildly as Captain Jack burst towards the creature with speed. The Kraken quickly lashed out its tail at him, yet...

SPACE RIP!!!

Captain Jack roared as he slashed his hand into the empty air toward the approaching tail and immediately...

R!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!IP

SPUUURTTTT

The tail was severed into two, with a massive amount of blood spurting out.

The severed tail continued towards Captain Jack, who immediately grabbed it, rolled twice in mid-air, and smashed out with the tail, which slammed against the head of the Kraken, sending it crashing back into the sea.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

The air quivered as the space beneath Captain Jack exploded into nothing. With a fiery roar holding an unbelievable amount of rage and hate, he shot towards the Kraken in the sea.

The crew members looked at each other dumbly, massive waves rippling out from the battle between two titanic figures.

“WE FIGHT!!!” Crimson said as his scythe flared with otherworldly power, and in the next instant, he appeared right above the sea, his scythe brimming with incredibly powerful red energy. Then, he roared out...

“Crimson Blood Mythic Art! Severing Blood Slash!!!” Crimson roared, a gigantic phantom of a scythe appearing above his head, reaching more than a thousand meters in height. With an eye tinted in the complete color of blood and writhing crimson veins appearing all over his arms, Crimson slashed down his scythe.

The enormous scythe phantom in the air slowly slashed downwards at the Kraken, which lashed out two of its tentacles towards the attack.

Yet what followed was the sound of a scythe cleaving through tentacles. One of the tentacles was cleanly sliced off while the other was left loosely hanging, having been slashed in half.

As Crimson ascended, he shifted to the side, dodging the tentacles that passed by him, landing into the water and painting it with a thick amount of dark blood.

“Good job, Red One!!!” The voice of Captain Jack rang out from within the water as he and the Kraken fiercely exchanged moves. Immediately, Alt and Serene also burst out towards the Kraken. Serene’s forehead flashed with a large ice tattoo, and in the next instant, she spread her hands down towards the abyssal sea before uttering...

“Serene Snow Art: Absolute Freezing Domain...” In the next instant, a powerful chill spread through her hands, and immediately, a circular dome of ice was created, freezing up the abyssal water and enveloping the figures of all of them with the Kraken.

“Wow, they really are overpowering the creature...” Khan asked in shock.

Judging from how Powerful the wave of energy and sinister aura oozing out from the creatures.

His bionic eyes strangely failed to perceive through the blue barrier, giving him no choice but to wait for the result of the battle.

Quickly, minutes turned into hours and hours turned into days. Khan waited for a total of three days, yet the sound of explosions rang out ceaselessly through the ice barrier, revealing to him that the group was still in a heated exchange.

“It’s been three days already! Won’t they have all exhausted their energy? How can they fight for so long!?” Khan said with furrowed eyebrows, and suddenly, the ice crystals had cracks enveloping their surface.

The cracks quickly widened over the entire ice ball surface, and soon, it shattered completely. The result shocked Khan speechless.

Spewing forth from the crystal were a total of four figures who were sent slamming hard on the beach sand, coughing blood uncontrollably in the process.

The figures were none other than Crimson, whose scythe had been reduced to a small iron stick, and he was currently missing one of his legs.

The second person was Alt, whose spear had also crumbled to pieces, its tip sticking out of his own stomach, causing him to cough blood uncontrollably.

Serene's snow-white gown had been reduced to a deep color of red blood, both her arms reduced to nothing but barely hanging gory stumps.

Yet the most devastating sight was none other than Captain Jack, who had lost an arm and a leg and currently had a gigantic tentacle securely wrapping around his body and tightening its hold on him with every passing second...

"They... they lost!!!" Khan said with shock as he looked at the crew members, who were all gravely injured and definitely unable to fight anymore.

He could see Captain Jack's body uncontrollably spasming from being squeezed tight by the tentacles, no doubt dying soon if that continued.

And then he turned his attention to the Kraken, and his eyebrows furrowed.

"No wonder, it can regenerate its own tentacles..." Khan mused to himself as he noticed all the severed tentacles of the Kraken had easily regrown, and there was no mark on it at all, save for the gigantic sword mark that had been carved into the piece of flaming red crystal embedded just under its head.

One that had been undoubtedly made by Captain Jack, yet he had failed to accurately slash on the crystal, only slashing to the sides.

But, Khan noticed the fact that the wounds on the Kraken were slowly healing, yet the wound made beside its core kept dripping out with dark blood, without even a single sign of it trying to close at all...

"So that's its power. It can regenerate every part of its body with sublime ease, but wounds made on its crystal and those around a 30-meter radius around its crimson core won't be healed.

If that attack had landed on its core, it would have no doubt died or at least be gravely injured.." Khan said with a grin, having easily learned of the legendary creature.

And immediately, a new notification panel appeared in front of his face...

Chapter 639: The News...

Chapter 639: The News...

It was just as Kenji behind him described. Right in front of them was an unending void of space, spread like a mat through the far distance, while little sprinkles of light from stars far away managed to illuminate the setting.

"It seems you haven't also been here before?" Zeras mused, looking at Kenji, who had his jaws dropping to the ground, only to retrieve them after his question.

"Never have, boss. I've only heard the tales of this grand call. I have never witnessed it since I got into the sect..." Kenji replied to him as Zeras suddenly snapped his gaze to his front. Mysteriously, a total of ten figures appeared out of the empty space.

"What the!?" Zeras couldn't help but shout in shock as he looked at the figures. His face massively changed, his heart violently pumping within his chest.

'Strong! They are stronger than me by hundreds of times!!!' Zeras thought in shock, as the entire area calmed down immediately, all signs of murmurs fading away like the passage of time to an undying one.

"Those..." Kenji said, his eyes narrowing before they widened to their limit. "Boss, do you see that all of the grand elders are standing behind those three people? And their heads are slightly bowed too. Just who are they to make the grand elders revere them!" Kenji asked him as Zeras stared intently at the three people—two females and a male.

They were all about fifty years old, their true age probably reaching to the thousands. The females were both peculiar in that one of them, from top to down, was snow white: snow white hair, snow white face, snow white pupils, snow white gown. Everything on her was snow white. On the contrary, the other female was dark: raven dark hair that spread below her feet, raven dark eyes, and a raven dark gown that seemed to burn with dark flames or quivering shadows. It was like one of them was the angel of light while the other was an angel of death, each of them though slightly older looking, no doubt devastating beauties.

The one standing in the middle was a man, with a walking stick in his right hand, donning a golden colored haori, placed on top of a crimson colored shirt and trousers. His flaming red hair gently bounced around his head, his expression as calm as an ancient mountain.

To the outer sect and ordinary inner sect members, the three elders were like ordinary mortals with no sign of cultivation at all. Yet to some anomalies among the inner sect, they felt suffocated in the presence of the three figures, whose calm eyes looked at them, their expression as impenetrable as a rock.

“PAY YOUR RESPECTS TO THE ANCIENTS!” Grand Elder Lionheart roared out to them as all of the disciples’ knees automatically smashed into the void of space at the same time, all falling on one knee, their right hand crossed diagonally over their chest, before they all lowered their heads.

It was the highest form of paying respect to anyone within the Ten Thousand Transformations Sect.

“There’s no need to be so uprightly tight, Lionheart, you all rise to your feet...” the crimson man said to them as they all rose to their feet.

“Without wasting any more of your time, let’s get into the reason why you have all been called here...” the man addressed them immediately as he slowly rose up his stick and gently tapped on the void of space before him.

RIIIIIIIIIIIIPLE

Space in front of the stick immediately rippled like a pin drop on a calm pond, followed by space itself getting ripped open, revealing a new end of the void to him.

A void where lay an incredibly ginormous tower that made Zeras’s jaw drop to the ground.

‘It’s the same tower! The same tower that I found in that little book test!’ Zeras thought in shock, staring firmly at the tower. While the tower might not have the strange creatures surrounding it, the form and height were exactly the same as the one he had sighted.

“Could it be...”

“Majority of you wouldn’t know much about the tower nor its significance, and that is why we have all risen from slumber to come and enlighten you of it,” the old man said as he walked forward closer to them, standing before the tower image itself.

“This tower is known as the Tower of the Unfulfilled God. It appears at completely random times through the world, and the last time it had opened up was a thousand years ago! When I was nothing but a little child with a big dream...” he said, chuckling to himself.

“The tower has now appeared once more, a thousand years after my birth, and it has appeared in a total of three places in the God’s Children area. One of them has appeared in an area claimed by our own sect, and the other two in the territory of two other neighbor sects.

Its significance is so great it allows us three sects to gain massive control over the God's Children area, even though there exist titans from the various god families in the God's Children area.

Why am I saying this? Just to let you know that this event might probably be the greatest event that has ever happened in your life, and I can only say you're lucky to be alive as you are right now..." the old man said to them as they all remained quiet.

"Firstly, we'll talk about the origin of the tower, and it's just as the name has described. The tower has been built by a god himself, an unfulfilled god who ascended to the status of a god beyond his will..." he began as Zeras's heart began pumping furiously within him.

'So they truly exist. That bastard dragon isn't lying. Gods really exist. And my mother is one of them..." Zeras thought remembering the tales of the chained dragon in his soul.

Chapter 640: The Unfulfilled god's Tower...

Chapter 640: The Unfulfilled god's Tower...

"He was an entity faced with the heavenly god trial, and he passed it. Unfortunately, passing it would mean that he would have just three seconds to ascend to the higher realm.

But the god had wishes that were unfulfilled yet, and he only had three seconds to fulfill them."

"The amount of time given was impossible to complete his wishes, so in the last three seconds, he built a tower, which spread into three and imbued within them his wishes, in the form of trials that lead to worlds where the mission of his wishes would be given to the trial taker to solve.

Solving the trial would mean obtaining a gift of appreciation from the god himself. A legend says that if one is able to complete even a trial, it's enough to turn the person's life upside down for good.

No one passes the god's trial and remains an ordinary mortal. That's the phrase that aptly describes the tower..." He narrated to them, causing various lights to flash in the eyes of the students.

"A tower of trial. Passing would mean receiving a gift of appreciation from a true god!!?" Zeras mused to himself.

The trial itself seemed almost impossible to contemplate, yet the fact that he had obtained the book which revealed to him such a tower cleared his doubts.

'The first page of the book. I think it shows a map. There's a link somewhere. Could I have caused the tower to appear once more?' Zeras mused to himself, his eyes flashing with thousands of thoughts, before suddenly an image magnified in his brain.

"That scrawny man is the one who caused me to go pick up the book. That man isn't as scrawny as he looks..." Zeras mused to himself.

"Some of you might wonder if the tower wouldn't be completely filled with trial takers, but you have no need to worry. Ever since its creation, the tower's trial has never been fully completed.

This gives everyone a chance. And I repeat it, absolutely anyone can join the tower as it will only be open for at most a year, or it could close up tomorrow.

We don't exactly know. So everyone is allowed to partake in the trial, either outer sect, inner sect, core sect, or the grand elders and minor elders. The tower is absolutely open for everyone and your rewards within are only for you to take and defend," he said as a strange light flashed in his eyes.

'That old man is no good soul...' Zeras mused to himself.

"That said, opportunities do coexist with dangers, and we have had issues where those who entered the tower never returned back to real life until the tower closed up.

The requirements for each tower are different, but no matter how difficult they are, being powerful and confident of solving the mysteries of unfulfilled wishes will help you out.

That said, anyone is absolutely free to not participate in the tower. If you feel you're better off, then fine, you won't be forced. After all, it's a dangerous journey to embark on.

From now on, the distinction between inner and outer sect members has been removed. Everyone is free to do what they want until the tower closes. All inner and outer sect disciples are free and can make their individual choices without the regulation of the elders or inner sect disciples.

The aim of this is to give you freedom to partake in the tower trials. If it is used for any other thing such as bullying the weaker ones, or picking a useless fight with inner sect disciples, believing you're stronger than them, then you will be blessed with a fight with me.

It's close to five centuries since I have last stretched these old bones of mine anyway. Hahahahaha," the old man said laughing out loud.

"Ok. That is all we want you to know. On your exit, you would all sight the tower; it's just around here in the sect. Good luck everyone, and I wish you success in whatever your

endeavors are. You can all leave now..." The crimson-haired man said, waving them off.

In the next instant, a gigantic portal appeared behind them, while the hole in space above the old man closed up, reducing everything to balance.

With one last bow, everyone began exiting through the portal and Zeras also turned back and walked towards it, or at least he tried to.

"What are you doing, boss?" Kenji asked when he saw Zeras stood rooted to where he was, unmoving at all, even as the various disciples passed by them and disappeared into the portal.

"Kenji, take Fluffy away from my shoulder, and I'll be joining you back soon..." Zeras said as Kenji raised an eyebrow, the same for Fluffy, who was looking at Zeras with a strange expression.

"But why, boss? We're all ordered to leave."

"Just take Fluffy and go, you dum-dum. I have an important thing left to do!" Zeras barked back at him as Kenji shrugged helplessly, picked up the tiny Fluffy, and slowly walked away.

"Don't do something stupid, boss..." he said before quickly scurrying away from the place.

Zeras smiled helplessly until his disappearance, as the area quieted down completely, all the students disappeared, leaving only Zeras and the elders alone.

"Might I ask what you need from me, elders?" Zeras asked, even though his back was still turned to them. It wasn't because he didn't want to move, it's because he couldn't! His movements had been absolutely locked down, so much he couldn't even move a muscle.

"Hahahahaha Morana. It is not like you to take an interest in young men, is it? At least release him from your aura lock!" the voice of the crimson-haired man said. Zeras felt the lock on his body parts disappear and he could finally turn back to face the elders. His eyes turned to look at the dark-clothed woman, who slowly walked towards him.

Two meters away from him, Zeras's face changed massively as horrifying veins appeared over all of his face, and a deep sense of anger burst through his head.

ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR!!!