

# Chaos Devourer System

## #Chapter 641: Strange Hatred... - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 641: Strange Hatred...

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Pressure!

A massive amount of pressure, enough to render a ten thousand meters tall mountain to mere rubble, slammed down on Zeras with a crazy amount of power, so much that his knees buckled from it.

The reason behind it was more than clear. The woman before him was trying to force him down on his knees! He didn't even know why she had stopped him in place in the first place, when they were instructed to leave. And now she was trying to put him on his knees, without speaking a single word.

ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAR

Crimson veins, like the veins of a calamitous devil, wriggled out of Zeras' face, his expression flickering with bloodlust.

A gigantic ring immediately appeared in the void of space, the pressure on him shattering into pieces, yet that wasn't all.

"Nine Star Fist, Second Form, Fist of the Angered God!"

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

The space in front of him rippled madly, the entire world seeming to have crawled to an absolute stop from a near death state, yet the phenomenon was forcefully broken when the star fist smashed out with horrifying power, the entire weight of mountains smashing forward towards Morana, whose eyes flashed in shock at the gigantic ring behind Zeras.

Yet her surprised expression faded away, seeing him punch.

"You're still too young to take a punch at me..." she said to him with a listless expression as her hands slapped forth towards Zeras' punch.

There was no space ripple at all, no space shattering, almost like a mortal taking an ordinary slap in the air, not even a ripple. Yet Zeras' face changed, and in the last

second, red lightning runes appeared over his fist, adding an extra protective layer before his fist could make contact with her palm.

RIIIIIIIIIPPPLEEE

On their contact, the horrifying explosion never came, instead a simple wave of power. Yet Zeras watched an unbelievable thing as the destructive energy that was formerly rippling outwards from the point of collision all suddenly began gathering into her pitch-black palms before...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

Space behind Zeras was shattered into pieces, a gigantic black hole appearing behind him, which he disappeared into with unstoppable power, another vortex appearing twenty meters away from him which he exited out from, slamming on the empty space, his eyes simply looking blankly at the faraway starlight that was shining onto his face...

Numb!

His mind had been numbed by an unbelievable show of absolute strength.

'She negated half the force in my attacks, retrieving it into her own palms, and then she reversed time on the destructive wave from the remaining half of my power landing, and then threw back my entire force of power back onto my own arms!!'

The thought of that was almost incomprehensible to Zeras. Not only had the power of his strongest fist attack been absorbed, time had been visibly reversed and all his attack sent back into him.

"That's enough Morana!" The crimson-haired old man said, staring fiercely at Morana who slowly took back the single step which she had formerly taken out before...

"Tch," Zeras snitched irritatingly as he slowly rose up from his sitting position, turning to look at Morana who had the same listless expression on her face.

"I give you enough respect answering all of your calls and listening to them. I followed your command to wait back.

Yet what is the meaning of your senseless domination of power?

You could have simply asked me to wait, but you forcefully halted my movement and without saying a word you tried to force me down on my knees. Is there a particular offense that I have committed?" Zeras asked, rising up to his feet and resetting his hand bones that had been twisted from their position.

"I apologize on Morana's behalf. Take your leave, young one..." The man suddenly said, waving him off, and Zeras simply turned back before also walking into the portal.

"You all too can leave..." The man said as all the grand elders and minor elders gave a bow before they all outright disappeared from the space, without needing to use the portal.

Now left were just the three ancient ones of the sect.

Immediately, after they all left, the crimson-haired old man turned to look at Morana, his eyebrows creasing.

"Did you see something strange in him?" He asked Morana, whose pitch-black eyes flashed with an extra purple light.

"I smell it around him. The smell of Lilith!"

"Impossible!!!"

—

"Strange..." Zeras mused on completely exiting the hall, as he looked back at the portal. He didn't know why the dark person suddenly attacked him, but from her, he could sense a strange flicker.

The flicker of hatred! An intense, soul-burning hatred that chilled his spine.

He had never seen her before, so how could someone develop such an intense hatred for him on their first sighting!? He was a hundred percent sure he had never even met her before, so why the hate?

"Tch,"

—

"You're back, boss!" Kenji said out loud as the door opened up and Zeras slowly walked in.

"Your arms are bleeding, boss, and your blood is... black? You didn't go cause trouble, did you?" Kenji asked as Zeras turned to look at his arm, a deadly light flashing in his eyes.

"The Law of Death," he thought but shrugged his shoulders in reply to Kenji before entering the mountain abode.

"You hear the news ongoing, boss?" Kenji asked elatedly as Zeras sat on the sofa, directing his energy into his arms to wipe out the death energy inputted into his hands.

"What news is that?"

"All the sect members are planning to join the tower, boss. Some of the inner sect even already joined. And the outer sect members are going to join tomorrow..."

"Oh really?" Zeras asked, focusing utmost attention on the arms. The death energy was even more corrosive than he thought and was like a bee to its honey, refusing to completely leave him alone.

"So what do you say, boss? When are you planning to join?"

Chapter 642: Kenji's Conviction...

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"Eh, boss?" Kenji pressed on after Zeras closed his eyes and remained silent, his left hand holding his right arm tightly, with strange veins all over his face.

"Huuuuuu." A loud exhale resounded as a dark steam rose out of Zeras's arm, dispersing into the wind.

His right arm dropped limply behind him, causing him to collapse onto the sofa from exhaustion.

"She rendered my arm useless even though I was the one attacking. And she passed death energy into it, something that would have reduced my hand to dust if I had not had three minutes to wipe it off. It's no doubt she can wipe me out for sure.

And I can sense those remaining two not being any less strong than her, with that red oldie being no doubt stronger than them."

"There are people who can wipe it out with a single serious attack from them. I have to stay low-key for some time to avoid contact with them," Zeras planned in his head as he slowly turned his face to Kenji, who was looking at him with big eyes.

"You know, Kenji, if you wanted to join them, you could just say so outright. Why bother weaving around the question?" Zeras asked, as a shameless smile appeared on Kenji's face.

"Hehe, you caught me again, boss. But really, don't you think we should join? What if we came across a god weapon, huh, boss? Any enemy before you will be vanquished, boss. And I offer myself to be your right-hand man. What do you say, boss?"

“That reminds me, Kenji, I got quite the nice manual for you. Check it out,” Zeras said as a manual appeared in his hands, and he passed it to Kenji, who looked at it with a creased eyebrow.

“Burly War General Manual, huh?” Kenji said as Zeras rose to his feet.

“Your decisions are up to you, Kenji. Just as you said, who knows if you obtain a god-grade weapon truly. Then you will be able to really vanquish your enemies. But you must know, Kenji, just as the oldie said, opportunity and danger work together. A trial set by a god to fulfill his unfilled wish?”

‘Tch, how stupid!’ Zeras thought in his head.

“There are no doubt dangers, Kenji. So it’s really a risk. You can either meet with fortune or misfortune.

All I can do is simply ask you to look at that manual when you are free. Who knows, it might just help you out. I won’t be going for the trial, Kenji... for now. But I won’t stop you from going too. It’s really up to you and doesn’t really affect me that much. So your call, Kenji,” Zeras said, heading away from the parlor while going back inside to change his blood-stained clothes and wear a new cloth.

Standing alone was Kenji, whose eyes stared at the manual, looking at the name on it.

“Burly War General Manual, perfectly describing what I pray to be...” he mused under his breath, looking at the description on the book.

“I’ll be leaving for the Tower, boss. But I promise you when I return, I will be what you truly imagined me to be,” Kenji said as he stowed the book into his spatial ring and also exited the living room, the exit door snapping behind him, as he made a choice to go in search of what he truly wanted to be, instead of waiting for it to mysteriously happen one day.

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“Kenji...” Zeras mused beneath his breath as he changed up his own clothes before heading outside. Quickly climbing up his mountain abode, he watched the stars slowly appearing over the horizon, his eyes narrowing when he saw the gargantuan tower that was even taller than his mountain abode around 60 kilometers away from him.

He could see various inner and outer sect members entering into it, to partake in the trial, curiosity and hope written over their faces, as they challenged the trials hoping to be given a good reward.

He didn't know how many of them would really meet with a good reward, but he was well aware that not everyone that entered would return, and those who never returned forever became a part of the tower.

Still, Zeras didn't want to partake simply due to the fact that he had his manuals to practice.

Now was his biggest time for growth. He'd rather stay in the sect cultivating his strength as quickly as he could rather than running around trying to complete some trials in hope of receiving some good reward from a god.

If he could really retrieve a god-grade weapon from the tower, that would be very nice. He would no doubt be able to easily vanquish all of his enemies, but could he bet his life and death on such a blunder? What if he didn't find any god-grade treasure? He would be reduced to nothing in two years from now, dying of regret.

When his enemies came for him, he wanted to face them with a will of having given everything, body and soul, into facing them squarely, knowing well he had prepared unfailingly for three straight years. Even if he died, he knew well he at least did all of his best. That would be a warrior's death! But he would do anything to secure his own chance of survival at all costs.

"Let's begin another round of cultivation. First, the Nine Star Manual..." Zeras said, diving his consciousness into his spatial ring and bringing out the book.

Twenty minutes passed quickly and he was able to determine quite a few things from the book, things like the manual only containing the third and fourth star body manual.

He already practiced the first two and the manual with him held the secret of the next two after it.

And also, he finally learned the mysterious essence of the third star body that he would be forming soon...

Chapter 643: Undying Star Core...

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The Undying Star Core!

That was the next core after the first Desolate Star Core and the Angered God Star Core.

But it was the most complex core that Zeras had ever seen, as his eyebrows knitted tightly for three days straight of reading, yet the information still seemed to elude him.

"I understand the process already, but the points and effects of the star are rather difficult to comprehend."

According to the manual, what he needed to do was just like what he had formerly done, which was to simply absorb mana into another area in his spinal cord.

But then, the transformation that would result from such was what confused Zeras.

The Nine Star Manual divides each cell present in his body, placing an entire life core within it, so much so every cell is like a living world on its own. It was an explanation effect that Zeras couldn't wrap his mind around.

What would result in every one of his cells rivaling a miniworld? Would he be able to survive the transformation that is required for such a thing? Besides, that was something that gravely defied the heavenly laws which would make his tribulation more than twice worse than the previous ones he had. That was something he wasn't really sure he could handle.

"Well, I don't think I have much choice..." Zeras mused as he raised his head up, seeing the stars that brightly illuminated the sky, some of its rays shining specifically on him.

It was a strange effect that he had noticed. Anytime he sits on top of the mountain, the star's light just seemed to concentrate on him more than normal.

"Let's begin..." Zeras mused and in the next instant, his eyes were shut close, his heart faintly beating within his chest, and the breeze around the area quieting down all of a sudden.

"Desolate Star Ring! Open..." Zeras commanded followed by the space behind him exploding to bits as a gigantic ring slipped out from the void of space, slowly rotating in the air.

Immediately, the light around Zeras increased by almost double concentrating on his figure, and a golden light appeared from his back, piercing out of his clothes.

Seven hours passed with the ring simply rotating behind Zeras absorbing the starlight, and once more, his lips moved.

"Angered God Star Ring! Open!"

Above the gigantic Desolate Star Ring, another ginormous ring opened up, brimming with a horrific hegemonic and unruly aura.

The space around it repeatedly quivered and splintered, the process ever continuing like the playing of a cracked disk.

Overlapping with the Desolate Star Ring, the absorption force of the rings increased by double as the starlight shone even more brightly, passing their energy into the ring, which automatically got transferred into Zeras' inner cores.

"Overlapping of life and fate. An aura of desolateness intertwined with an unruly rage of an angered god. To sacrifice every cell for an entire world. The birth of something undying. Ritual of the Undying Sacrifice! Begin!" Zeras uttered, forming various hand seals, and in the next instant, another otherworldly phenomenon appeared in the sect, illuminating the entire Inner Sect area as night was instantly turned to day.

All the stars in a radius of 100 kilometers suddenly gathered together on top of Zeras' head, before their gentle lights suddenly underwent a massive change, their cores burning furiously before all of their lights were released at once creating a scorching pillar of light that bathed Zeras' figure.

"As painful as ever..." Zeras mused to himself, even though he remained on his butt cross-legged, and his face was as calm as ever. But the devilish veins all over his face revealed to him there is something more than just him remaining calm.

"It's always a mystery that has eluded my bearing. Just how? How can it be that the heavens punish me for practicing the cultivation, but even the stars which are my ultimate source of power also try to extinguish me anytime I absorb their power. Shouldn't they be aiding me?" he asked to himself in anger and deep irritation.

He knew well, once he successfully formed his Undying Star Core, he would be faced with a devastating tribulation that he would barely survive by the skin of his teeth. Yet the stars that he had absorbed, whose power he uses also try to destroy him anytime he absorbed them. The scorching beams of light that covered his ring, though all seemingly looking as if the starlight were blessing him, were nothing more than a façade.

Even with how his two star rings tried to absorb the light at their best ability, their revolving speed right now, causing a light-devouring black hole around him, they still were not able to completely absorb everything and soon, smoke began rising out of Zeras' body as his skin began melting.

"I still have to wait a little more before using that. Or I'll really be reduced to nothing if it's not able to absorb everything..." Zeras mused as he sat down quietly, resisting the feeling of his skin being burned to nothing, but dark steam that got reduced to nothing from the scorching beams of light.

Hours passed, and even though morning came, the stars refused to budge at all, all shining even brighter and brighter with the sound of sizzling getting louder and louder...

Quickly an entire two months passed, with the same phenomenon occurring. Thankfully, very few people were able to witness it as the majority of the students have all left for



the God Tower. The only people left remaining were the Elders, who have remained on the top of various mountains silently witnessing the phenomenon that was ongoing.

They could remain like this for 100 years without blinking at all, so it doesn't seem that much of work for them to wait an entire two months at all.

But after two months, Zeras was also more than ready to finally unleash the technique...

Chapter 644: A Core Of Impenetrable Defense...

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"His practice, it's forbidden, isn't it?" Grand Elder Lionheart asked as he looked at the far pillar of scorching beams of light in the distance.

"Forcibly repenting the orders of night and day, tweaking apart heavenly rules. Not even us dared to do such things even though we have the power. That's no doubt him going against heavenly rules," Grand Elder Swordsworth said with creased eyebrows as he looked in the same direction as Grand Elder Lionheart.

"Yet, do you notice, the heavens' reproaching wrath has not come yet to claim him?"

"I'm pretty sure the heavens are waiting for him to finish whatever he is doing, then he will be made an example to everyone," Grand Elder Swordsworth replied to him, as the rest remained silent, choosing to simply observe.

It was the path they had chosen. Having the power but daring not to go against heavenly rules. They simply sit and observe every other phenomenon.

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His skin had been peeled off, leaving nothing but a bony image. His eyes had been burnt off, his hair reduced to nothing.

He looked no different from a skeleton if not for the various runes that were etched directly into his bones and the fact that his spine was lighting up with an otherworldly light—a blinding light that could almost rival the beam of the starlight piercing him from above.

"Ahhhhh, this should be enough..." Zeras mused to himself, seeing the scorching pillars are at their highest point, thinking they would wipe him out easily now.

But unfortunately, they had still underestimated Zeras, who immediately called forth his ultimate trump card.

Something that has succeeded in helping him slap the face of the heavens twice now.

“Conglomeration of soul stars. Open!” Zeras ordered and in the next second...

R!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!P

A pillar of light soared out from Zeras' bony figure, colliding head-on with the piercing beams of light that were being released.

Yet, instead of a devastating explosion, what resulted was the phenomenon of light getting absorbed by light.

The pillar of light that Zeras released from his body immediately absorbed every single light that was being sent by the various stars.

Immediately, Zeras' spinal core lit up with an incredibly bright light, with the thousands of runes on his body also lighting up brilliantly, each runic space turning into a shocking absorption vortex that absorbed the various light directly into themselves.

Immediately, a strange phenomenon of starlight getting absorbed completely began taking place as all the cores of the various starlight were immediately all absorbed by the soul stars on Zeras, with tens of his soul stars also lighting up.

With those set up, Zeras could feel his Undying Core also getting completed, but what followed was the core suddenly changing up the composition of the starlight that has been absorbed into him before passing it back into him.

What followed was a mouth-widening transformation as new muscles appeared, new cells growing up, his hair growing back up, and his burnt eyes once more being made. What was different was the fact that now instead of two, a simple star extra dot could be seen in his pupils, revolving around the large two and also lighting up with every passing second.

“It's starting, the creation of the world within every cell...” Zeras mused to himself as he dived his consciousness deep within him, witnessing the transformation that was ongoing. Every minute fiber of muscles, every piece of flesh. Everything becoming replaced by simple minute stars appearing within each of them.

What resulted to Zeras in turn was the feeling of absolute power.

“Every cell an entire world. The true creation of an entity undying. Now I understand the power of the Undying Core star body. It's a body of absolute defense. Every attack that is sent to me can simply be sent into a single one of my cell worlds.

An attack that should have been enough to take away my entire arm can simply be transferred into the world in a cell, making me only destroy a single cell instead of myself.

I would still have other cells as many as the number of cells within me.

This is almost like possessing hundreds of lives!" Zeras mused out loud in shock.

That was essentially the main point of the Undying Star Core. It creates miniworlds within the user's cells. Every attack to the user which is capable of wiping out the user out of existence will simply be transferred into a cell, and only a single cell within him would be harmed.

It was like being granted hundreds of lives, as his defense against any form of attack is bolstered up by hundreds of times.

Another two weeks passed, with Zeras' conglomeration of soul stars absorbing every single beam of energy present within the stars until entire hundreds of stars were completely absorbed into Zeras' body.

"Undying Star Ring! Open!!!" The voice whispered through the entire world which suddenly quieted down, all noise seemingly having been sucked into a vacuum. The gentle breeze blowing at the top of the mountain halted and the blowing grasses also stopped their rhythm.

Following that was an otherworldly ring, brimming with an unbelievable amount of energy. It circled the Angered God Star Ring, holding it in place, while a new set of runes appeared over Zeras' skin, seemingly possessing no destructive aura at all, yet the runes gave Zeras some sort of supreme confidence.

A confidence that says no matter the attack, it would be nothing but a mere slap to him.

"Finally, finally! I formed the third star core! I formed the third star core!" Zeras roared out in joy as he collapsed on both knees.

Never had he been this joyful before, for Zeras knew one truth about his strength now, and that was that he had reached the footsteps of the Undying Realm.

All that remained for him was to simply pass what was currently brewing above his head, brimming with world-ending power.

"Heavenly Punishment..."

Chapter 645: A Mind Test...

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A tumultuous rumbling and crackling in the sky occurred at the onset of the star's disappearance, clouding the entire area around Zeras in pitch darkness. Yet minutes passed as Zeras furrowed his eyebrows, finding no lightning at all, just pitch-dark clouds.

"Strange. Where's the lightning?" Zeras asked himself, looking at the dark clouds above him. Almost as if the heavens could hear his question, a green aura suddenly emanated from the sky, pouring down on him like rain.

Raising his hand to look at the green, liquid-like aura pouring down on him, Zeras's eyes flashed in confusion, for it did no harm to him at all.

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"Is that—"

"A Minx tribulation Punishment!?" Grand Elder Swordsworth completed as he and Grand Elder Flamingheart immediately jumped to their feet in shock. Immediately, the mountaintop where they stood fractured into pieces as they both burst forward towards Zeras with all their speed, yet they were a few seconds too late as they watched Zeras suddenly soar, before collapsing from the top of the mountain, plummeting downwards with speed and smashing a deep crater into the ground.

Silence reigned as both Grand Elders floated a few meters above the crater, where the unconscious figure of Zeras could be seen, their eyes flashing with a melancholy light.

"We were too late."

"It'll be completely up to him now..."

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"Move faster, you trashes!" The roar rang out followed by the sound of a whip lashing out with power, accompanied by an agonizing scream and blood splashing into the air.

"Mother..." The scream of a young man resounded, followed by the clanking of chains and a face hitting the ground.

"Keep moving!" The roar of a person rang out closely and clearly as his eyes slowly fluttered open, and he could finally see the area with utmost clarity.

It was a muddy pathway, along the edges of a slippery, jagged mountain with rough mud filled edges.

He could see through the slightly opened door of the carriage and beyond that lay around a couple dozen slaves, with chains tied to each other's necks, hands, and feet as they were led forward, walking beside the carriage.

The scream had come from a ragged-looking woman with a bloody back, revealing the scars of whip lashes.

Opposite her line was a raven dark-haired boy, who was dragged upward from his fallen position by the guard pulling on the chain on his neck.

"I'll be fine, Yousheng!" The woman said, trying to comfort her child, who had tears streaming down his rough face.

"Move on before I lash you once more..." The tyrannical guard said, brandishing his whip as the lady continued on, the sound of clunking chains resounding through the area.

"Does the noise bother you, young master Hades?" The voice rang beside his ears as he slowly turned his attention to the person behind him.

It was a lanky old man with a big, courteous smile on his face, and a strange pair of eyes, one crimson colored and one dark coloured.

"Why are they all tied up?" Hades asked innocently as the old man raised an eyebrow.

"Have you forgotten, young master? These are all slaves caught by your father during our victorious war with the Evil Gorumon Clan." The lanky man said to him as the silvery white-haired and blue-eyed Hades nodded his head.

"The Evil Gorumon Clan? How come I have no idea of them at all? And when was I ordered by my father to bring back slaves from his victorious war? Which war, actually? And who is my father? I... I feel so lightheaded." He silently thought to himself, closing his eyes and trying to remember something, yet his mind was blank.

He had no idea at all. Just who was he? Hades? How come the name doesn't feel familiar at all?

"Move faster, you abhorrent creatures!" The loud roar came once again followed by the sound of a whip lashing and a body falling to the ground.

WHIP! WHIP! SLASH!

The sound of the whip branding rang out once more, followed by three lashes resounding through the area.

“SHOW MERCY PLEASE!” The shaky and gruff voice of a person resounded, followed by the rough clanking noise of chains.

WHIP! WHIP! SPLASH!

Blood splashed through the air, staining the carriage doors and some of it splashing on the side of Hades’ face. Slowly, he raised his hand, wiping the blood off his face with a finger, and his eyes stared continuously at the blood for a while, something Sir Doraimon didn’t fail to notice.

“I apologize for the stain, young master. Might I help you out?” He said as he brought out a handkerchief, trying to clean the blood off Hades’ face, only to be stopped by a raised hand.

“Is something the problem, young master?” Sir Alvatore asked, noticing the strange behavior of his normally psychopathic young master.

“Tell me something...”

“Yes, young master?”

“Which will be more painful between a blade slash and a whip slash such as the one outside?” He suddenly asked as Sir Doraimon’s eyebrows furrowed.

“As a man with dignity, I would prefer being slashed with a blade than whipped by a thorny whip...” He answered as Hades’ hand suddenly slid into the depth of his pocket, where a small dagger lay, and he held it tightly in his grasp.

“Be careful with that, young master. It’s very sharp and dangerous. Not something you’re allowed to hold as the prince of our mighty kingdo—”

RIP!

The sound of a knife slicing through flesh rang out as Sir Doraimon’s eyes flashed in shock, looking at Hades’ hand which was quickly dripping with blood.

CLANK!

The sound of the dagger dropping to the ground followed by blood spilling.

“GRR!” A vein appeared on his forehead as Hades felt the pain shooting directly into his head.

“Are you okay, young master?” Doraimon said, distancing the blade away from him, swiftly pocketing it back in his pocket as he placed his hands on Hades’ wound and a green aura soon enveloped his hands.

No data found.

## Chapter 646: Young Master Hades...

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With surprise evident in his eyes, Hades watched interestingly as the wounds on his arms immediately closed up, leaving behind the pain of the injuries he had inflicted upon himself.

“Why did you heal me?” Hades suddenly asked as Sir Doraimon turned to look him in the eye.

“Don’t you want to be healed, young master Hades?” he asked, the hair at the back of his neck rising.

“I do,” Hades replied.

“Then your wishes are my command, young master, as ordered by your father, the king...” he said with a bow as Hades’ eyes flashed a weird light and he turned to look outside where the slaves were being continuously whipped and roughly dragged forward.

“My wishes are your command, you say?” he asked once more.

“Yes, young master. Anything you wish for must be done.”

“Then, stop those guards from lashing the slaves.”

“WHAT?!” Sir Doraimon looked at him as if he had seen a ghost, but his shock dissipated when Hades turned to him.

“I mean, yes, young master...” he said before loudly ordering, “The young master has banned anyone from lashing any more of the slaves! Do you all receive the orders of the young master?” he asked loudly as the four muscular guards in charge of the slaves paused in shock and all couldn’t help but turn to look at the carriage.

“Your orders have been well received,” they all roared nonetheless as they kept their whips in their belts and Sir Doraimon climbed into the carriage, a bewildered expression on his face as he looked at Hades.

“May I ask you something, young master?”

“Yes?”

“Why do you order for the whippings on the slaves to be stopped?”

“What do you think might be the reason?” Hades asked in reply.

“I hate to think it’s compassion. But I dare not decide for you, young master...” Sir Doraimon said modestly.



“Those who have been whipped walk slowly, dragging the others down. The others who have been dragged down are also whipped, further slowing them down.

If this continues, we would be stalled here forever as the slaves would reach their limit before we can arrive back home. That is not something we can afford, right?” Hades replied as Sir Doraimon dropped his jaw in shock.

‘The stupid young master can think now? What came over him?’

“Such deep thinking, as expected of your gracefulness...” he said when suddenly the sound of lightning resounded through the sky.

Hades’ eyes snapped upwards in shock before he jumped down from the carriage and looked deeply at the lightning that abruptly flashed before fading away.

“There’s no need to flatter me, young master. It’s nothing but the signaling of rain...” Sir Doraimon said, mocking him within his heart.

‘Tch, as expected of the trashy young master. So weak-hearted...’

“Oh?” Hades said, raising up his hand and feeling the sprinkles of rain on his hands.

“Let’s get you back onto the carriage, young master. You might catch a cold if you get drenched in the rain...” he said as they both retreated back into the carriage, with Hades resting his head on the seat.

‘The lightning. How it seems so familiar to me. I can feel it...’ Hades thought silently, a deep headache suddenly assaulting his head as his eyes snapped closed in shock, his back sinking deeper into the comfy carriage seat, and his nails tightly clenched in his palms.

A set of disarranging pictures that he couldn’t comprehend nor understand. Yet he could pick something from one of the images. A strange word that seemed so familiar.

“Zeras. I am Zeras!” he suddenly called out as he looked at Sir Doraimon, who looked at him with a raised eyebrow.

“Are you sure you are feeling well, young master? The journey must have taken quite the toll on you. Don’t worry, young master, we will arrive home soon...” he said as the carriage sped up a little, the same for the slaves who were threatened to move faster.

About three hours of silence quickly passed, and soon the carriage came to a screeching stop as Hades turned to look through the windows.

There he could see they were before a large gate where multitudes of guards stood. The carriage driver could be seen conversing with the guards, and

soon he walked back towards them, the huge gate quickly opening up for them.

Soon, they all entered the gate together with the guards and immediately were faced with the noise of bustling activities.

Men and women conversing, traders and buyers arguing over prices, beggars at the corners of various streets with alms buckets in their hands, guards walking through the market area, spears in hand, as the various civilians reared their heads down and moved away from their path, causing the guards to walk with their chests puffed out in pride and disdain.

Occasionally, those in their path were pushed down onto the ground, and the one pushed down would immediately jump to their knees begging for forgiveness, only to earn the sneers of the guards.

“We’re just a short distance away from the castle, young master...” Sir Doraimon said as he looked into the distance, observing a gigantic pointy structure in the far distance.

“That’s the castle? Really big and grand, even from so far away...” Hades mused to himself as Sir Doraimon’s prideful chuckle rang out.

“Of course, young master. After all, your father is the mighty General Asmodeus who has conquered a total of 12 other kingdoms.

Our only enemies are the Goramon clan and the mighty Nagasaki clan. The Goramon have fallen by our hands, and our only worthy opponent is the Nagasaki clan.

But soon, his highness will reign over them with his supreme devilish might, and our kingdom will only grow bigger and bigger..." he said with his eyes flashing with pride and a bloody deep want for something he couldn't understand.

"Hmmm," Hades murmured.

Soon they walked into the castle, the slaves carried away to some other place as Sir Doraimon walked into the large castle with Hades beside him.

## **Chaos Devourer System #Chapter 647: Reaching The Undying Realm... - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 647: Reaching The Undying Realm...**

Chapter 647: Reaching The Undying Realm...

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Right in front of them was a throne room. A throne room gleamed with opulence, bathed in a pristine white palette that exuded elegance and purity.

Tall arched windows allowed streams of natural light to cascade across the marble floors, polished to a mirror-like sheen.

Intricately carved columns, adorned with lavish gold filigree, rose to meet a vaulted ceiling embellished with frescoes of celestial scenes.

At the center, an imposing crystal chandelier sparkled, casting a soft radiant glow over the room. At the far end of the throne room, in menacing contrast to the beauty of the room, was a throne painted in the crimson color of blood, and on it sat a giant!

A giant of about three meters tall, humanoid, with a waterfall of blood-red hair.

His crimson eyes radiated the light of a bloodthirsty animal, his body seemingly like that of a Greek god.

His eyes locked onto him, a strange prey-like scan on him as he studied him with a mocking smirk.

“Your Majesty...” Mr. Doraimon greeted, getting on both knees. Yet to his utmost surprise, the psychopathic prince, whose greatest fear was none other than his own father, remained on his feet.

‘Just what has come over the prince this time...’ he thought to himself silently.

“How interesting. Just what has come over my cowardly son, daring to look me in the eye...” he said out loud, his voice booming through the entire room.

Yet his call was replaced by silence as the sound of footsteps rang through the hall, and Hades walked towards his father, coming to stand just a few centimeters away from him.

Even though Hades was standing, he still had to arch his head up a little just to look directly into the man’s eyes, revealing his crazy height.

“What did you just call me?” The voice, like a quiet whisper, rang out as General Asmodus raised an eyebrow at his son’s weird behavior, but his amusement only increased, causing his smirk to widen even more.

“You, my cowardly son!” he proclaimed. Hades’ eyes looked into the distance, his expression like a man lost, before suddenly his lips parted, and a small chuckle soon escaped his lips, which soon turned into a devilish smile, as the air around Hades crackled.

“Hahahahahahaha! Son!? I am your son!?” he asked in between laughter and mockery. “Ever since I could think, I have had just a single goal that burned brighter than my own will to live.

To one day find out who my real father and mother are. And you claim to be my father. Hahahaha, now I understand! I understand it all, you damn heavens.” Hades said with a laugh of mockery, as thousands of memory pieces flashed back into his head.

“You want to lure me away from myself, by implanting within me what I desire the most. A father who is a mighty general. A young master of a mighty kingdom. Just the life anyone would want, isn’t it? To keep me stuck in a life of mediocrity!? How stupid! Just how much have you underestimated me!” Zeras proclaimed, his voice getting louder and louder towards the end.

CLIIINCK!

It was like some sort of chain had been broken in him, followed by a devastating ripple of energy that immediately tore through the ceiling of the throne room, bursting apart the entire walls, and blowing away General Asmodeus who stood in front of him, while Sir Doraimon himself was immediately blown to nothing but gore by the otherworldly wave of energy.

“Me, Zeras, the cowardly son of a weakling, tch...” Zeras clicked his tongue in disdain as he burst through the ceiling, ascending higher and higher into the sky until he finally reached the clouds themselves, his eyes brimming with anger staring at the small patch of life present below.

“Everything! Everything that dared lie to me. That dared trick me into being the thing I desire the most, will be completely wiped out by me!!” he declared as thousands of runes appeared in his hands.

He clenched his fist into a punch, powerful energy bursting out of his right arm.

Yet, Zeras kept condensing the energy, condensing it, until a mini-sun appeared in the clouds, its mere aura enough to turn every ordinary mortal present in the city to ash.

“BE ALL GONE!!!” Zeras declared, and then, he punched downwards with horrific power. Space below blew up by hundreds of times, while an apocalyptic surge of energy tore through the air, covering the entire sky of the various kingdoms in the area.

“RESIST!” The orders could be heard as the inhabitants gathered all of their energy trying to resist the energy, yet it didn’t even cause a ripple of energy at all on the ball as it slammed downwards with horrific power.

Everything present was reduced to ashes from the release of power, and Zeras watched coldly as half of the entire planet itself was immediately reduced to nothing but an unfathomable crack that tore through its ground, reaching to the other side of outer space...

“Tch, bastards!” he called out in utmost disdain, the space around him twisting weirdly before he forcefully dragged himself back to where he was supposed to be...

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The slumbering Zeras could still be seen within the pit, and around a total of seven figures stood far away from the area, their eyes interchanging from the cloud in the sky and to Zeras himself in the porthole.

“It’s been an entire two months now. For how long will he remain in the illusion?” Grand Elder Swordsworth said with emotionless eyes.

“The time taken in the trial means nothing. All those who have been faced with this punishment have remained in slumber for all of eternity, seemingly in a sweet dream that they could never wake up from until their body expired from time. It would only matter if he could wake up from...”

BUUUUUUUUUUUUUURRRSSST!

Grand Elder Flaming Heart had yet to finish his words when a phantasmal wave of energy burst into the sky, emerging from none other than the pit where Zeras had been buried.

Powerful astral energy undulated from his body, his silvery hair elongating by more than three times, and his gigantic astral ring revolving in the air, every revolution giving the illusion of entire planets in rotation.

An incredible law of hegemony seemingly pressed down on everything around the area, and even the Grand Elders themselves had their jaws dropping to the ground when they discovered that they were slowly losing their ability to remain stable in the air.

“I am disappointed by such a stupid test!” Zeras spat out in disdain as he watched the dark clouds slowly clear off. Zeras also retracted his rings back into his body, the anger in his eyes slowly fading away.

Stretching his hands forward, he violently tugged at the space in front of him, tearing open a dimensional hole before disappearing into it, the hole also closing behind him.

“He passed it. The Unpassable Mind Tribulation test that entraps a cultivator within his own deepest heart desire!”

“Did you notice that aura? His aura of hegemony! It reached a completely new level after he passed the test. The aura affected me! This could only mean one thing...” Grand Elder Swordsworth said, his eyes flashing with graveness...

“He has reached the Undying Rank!”

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“Undying Rank. Possessing the power to bring anything back to life...” Zeras whispered, clenching his fist tightly, his eyes flashing with a gleam of light. “Now I understand. I understand everything...” he mused to himself in understanding.

It had always piqued his curiosity how the figure from his clan had been able to bring Jason Celestria back to life, and only now did he realize how. It all rested on the new power that is forged from ever reaching the Undying Rank. A power that he had been oblivious of but could now sense in the elders. The source of undying.

It was present in the dantian of every undying cultivator, and in his own case, it was present in his spine. It was the true source of undying itself.

An accumulation of life energy since his beginning of cultivation shared into two parts. Such a power was even enough to bring back a dead person to life!

While each cultivator possesses two, they could also live on just one. That gives the Undying Realm expert their power, to bring back to life another, by sharing their one life core. But such a sacrifice wasn't so simple. Since the core is one's accumulation of energy since their beginning of cultivation, parting one half of it away would be like parting away with half of one's lifetime cultivation!

It wasn't something that could be easily given out at all. Just what type of psychopath would give out half of his own lifetime cultivation?

Only two people that Zeras knew could do that. The first was Vornek, who had willingly shared half his own lifetime potential to rejuvenate him, and the other was that guardian from his clan.

The one who had given his own life core away just so Jason Celestria could raise him up.

Chapter 648: Summoned By The Ancient Ones...

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"Tch, so much sacrifice. I'm not even worthy of them at all..." Zeras mused to himself, his nails digging deeper into his palms.

Right now, he finally possessed the power to save Vornek. But it was just too late. If he had been able to reach this level just around ten years ago, he would have done it already.

"But maybe? Maybe there could be hope. If the Undying Realm could bring a dead person back to life, then what could the elusive God Realm do? There had to be a cultivation stage that can take one directly back in time; there has to be a cultivation stage that can give one access to go to the Otherworld Realm and bring back souls of the dead.

"I swear by the only thing I care about most in the world, I'll bring you back, Vornek. You, and everyone of your own who died in the war. I'll keep fighting until I reach that realm..." Zeras swore to himself in conviction, slowly releasing his clenched hands.

To give in to his past inabilities seemed like what anyone who felt guilty of something would do. But instead of falling into guilt, why not look forward to the possibility of the impossible? The case of Vornek wouldn't create a heart demon in him.



He would use it to strengthen his resolve to become something even more than simply undying!

With that passing, he was reminded of the guardian who had sacrificed his own undying life core to rejuvenate Jason so he could raise him up. He formerly had no idea, but only now did Zeras realize how loyal that guardian was.

From the conversation in the vision, he could tell that person was from his own clan, probably having to run away with him to save his life. And to allow Jason to take care of him, the guardian had passed away half his own cultivation in a blink, just to make sure Jason owed him enough to take care of him.

“How would someone do that, if not for a deep sense of loyalty towards the one who could have given him the mission to run away with him? To willingly part away half his own life core, just to make sure that the mission he was given could come to fruition! It was something that he couldn’t imagine.

Such deep loyalty to someone!

That was why even if he had to risk hell, he would surely go back home and see that man! That man who arrested a person’s loyalty so much.

He would go back and learn why he had to be sent away from the clan. Even if it costs him everything.

“Huuuu, just a little more time. Just a little more...” Zeras thought in his head, preparing to bring out his Nine Star Frost Art, but had his attention directed when he felt a sharp whooshing sound from outside his mountain abode.

He could already sense the undying aura and knew well it could only have been an elder. Opening the door to his mountain abode and exiting, he could see the elder, who made his eyebrows furrow a little as it was none other than Undying Narelle.

“The Ancient Ones seek your presence. Come with me...” she said, with no visible change in her expression, before turning into the distance and quickly becoming a light beam.

‘Tch, those damn Ancient monsters. When I am planning on avoiding them, they then ordered for me.

Just what do they even want from me?’ Zeras thought in his head, still not understanding the reason for the sudden attack of last time.

But quickly, he ascended into the air, quickly chasing after the figure of Undying Narelle to wherever she was leading him.

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“Here he comes...” The words boomed through the hall, which was placed in three strange lighting phenomena. A part of the hall was pitch dark, an intense soul-chilling darkness, a place where the existence of light itself had been banned.

In the middle of the hall, a crimson flare of light could be seen, possessing the chillingness of the color of blood, yet it radiated an instead warm aura like that of flames, equally.

A truly abstract and rare phenomenon of two opposites brought together.

The utmost left side of the hall was an entire world of ice and snow, a frigid whiteness with storms and gales of whiteness.

“We’re here,” Undying Narelle said as she slowly landed back onto the ground, Zeras landing behind her a few seconds later and his eyebrows couldn’t help but crease looking at what was in front of him.

A strange temple, whose roof and upper part had seemingly been slashed apart by some incredibly powerful blade. So powerful that the space in the path of the slash mark had yet to be healed!

“They are inside...” Undying Narelle said, before arising into the air and shooting away from the scene like a beam of light.

“Inside. I can’t even see anything...” Zeras mused, looking inside the pitch-black temple, which even his undying gaze couldn’t pierce through.

“Huuu.” Heaving a sigh, he walked into the pitch darkness, feeling the entire world suddenly changing immediately.

He stepped through the darkness, and right in front of his face were three people eliciting three strange phenomena.

A place of pitch darkness, where the Ancient Monster called Morana stood, her dull eyes looking at him as same as ever. In the middle was the crimson red light, where the only male ancient monster stood, and in the utmost left was none other than the white-colored ancient monster, with eyes as cold as the element she controlled.

What surprised him even more was that the three of them were all holding hands together, something that Zeras could feel was responsible for the strange lighting they were oozing.

Arriving before them, he got on one knee, his hands over his chest and his head slightly bowed. It was the mandatory greeting of the sect if a disciple sighted the ancient monster.

“You have called for my presence, ancient ones...”

#### Chapter 649: Murder Attempt By An Ancient One!

“Rise, young one,” the man said to him, the usual hint of playfulness that he had in the meeting previously having faded away, now filled with the respectfulness of an elder towards a younger one.

“You may wonder why you have been sent here, and instead of just forcing you to do my will, let me explain to you....”

“Explain after it has been proven. We don’t have all day to explain to an accursed one!” The harsh voice was from none other than Morana, the dark ancient one, cutting off the man who wanted to explain something to him.

“Ok, then. After the test, hopefully, he proves us wrong...” he said with a sigh before turning to look at Zeras, his eyes telling.

“Come forward!” He beckoned as Zeras slowly walked towards them, and Morana and the icy ancient monster stretched forth their hands towards him.

‘If I hold it, I’ll complete the spell? But just what is this even about?’ Zeras said, looking at the hands stretched forth.

He knew well if he took it, he could have formed a complete circle, resulting in something he had no idea of.

Yet even though he was supposed to ask what this was all about, Zeras stretched his hands forward beyond his own conscious will and took their hands. Immediately, all the muscles in his body partly paralyzed as he felt an intense death aura enter through his left hand while an intense icy feeling spread through his left side, rendering him immobile.

“Odyssey Of The Revealing Epitome. A thousand passed into one, a redirection of life passed on one. Soul Art Of Niagara, Inner Epitome revelation...” the man chanted, and immediately an otherworldly light burst through the entire hall, brimming with an otherworldly aura as Zeras turned, looking around the room, yet he couldn’t find the source of the light.

Turning to look at the three elders, his eyebrows creased when he saw the look of horror flashing in their eyes as they looked at him.

“What’s wrong?”

“Look at yourself,” he said as Zeras turned to look at himself and even his own face changed. Right now, he was oozing with two strange lights just like them. The first was a pitch dark light, even darker than the one Morana was oozing with, and the other was a bright golden light brimming with power and incredible conviction.

“Tch, I know you’re a vile spawn of that bastard. To hell with you!” The roar came incredibly sudden as an apocalyptic aura burst out from Morana, slamming on Zeras with full power, and immediately, he was sent tumbling across the hall, roughly smashing into the ground before finally slamming on the wall.

“What the!?”

BLEEEEEERRRGH.

Dark blood splashed out of Zeras’s mouth as he felt an intense death aura oozing out from it, and immediately his face changed.

‘She did it again! Second time!’

“You deserve to die!” The roar came from the distance as he saw Morana running towards him. Zeras prepared to summon his rings while unsheathing his sword, yet he saw Morana suddenly stick in her running position, unable to move.

“You dare to stop me, Rowan!” Morana roared in anger as she snapped her predator-like gaze behind her where the figure of the man could be seen, one of his hands stretched forward towards her, resulting in Morana pausing in the air, unable to move.

“What a strange law? Almost like he froze her in time, yet it seems even more complicated than that...” Zeras mused to himself, looking blankly at Morana who was stuck in the air, and he couldn’t help but sheath back his sword.

If the man can easily freeze such a person, then he could do the same to him without even blinking.

“Killing him would do no good. It would be a waste of life, and a vile curse that you would not be able to wipe out from your name!”

“My name has long been torn apart after what his bastard of a mother did to me two hundred years ago. Let me be cursed by the nine heavens if they wish. I will rip him apart for the pain that was inflicted on me two hundred years ago!” She roared out like a deranged beast, a growling sound ringing from her lips as she stared at Zeras with the murderous eyes that had never been directed at anyone.

From her, Zeras could sense incredible hate and murderous intent. She was like a beast that was ready to give its life away just to make sure he was dead.

But suddenly the snow-white ancient monster appeared beside her, her lips moving to her ears.

“Don’t you dare use your accursed spell on me, Luna!” Morana yelled, yet it fell on deaf ears as Luna’s lips parted beside her ears.

“Calm down!” she said into her ears and in the next instant, Morana’s murderous intent faded away like nothing and she sat down blankly, her eyes regaining their color as she looked at Zeras silently.

“Thanks for the help, Luna. Morana is quite troublesome to handle. And I’m glad you can think calmly...” Rowan said as Luna turned her frosty gaze towards Zeras before slowly she shook her head and took her gaze away from him, disappointment evident in her eyes before she turned to look at Rowan.

“Will you let him live?” she asked as Rowan turned to look at Zeras before nodding his head.

“He might be her son, but he is not her. He did not deserve to die, not in our own hands. To kill the son of one of our disciples, that is not something I can let our sect bear the curse of....” Rowan said with conviction.

“Morana will kill him in a blink next time she sights him. And not even a god will be able to stop her!” Luna said with more than enough surety as Rowan nodded.

“I know. That is why he would be leaving the sect now, and never ever to be sighted here again!”

“What!!!?”

Chapter 650: Banished!!!

‘I...I have to leave the sect?’ The thought came as more than a sudden shock to Zeras, as he looked at Rowan who walked towards him.

Never would he have thought he would have to leave the sect in less than two years of his entrance. Not after he went through those troubles just to secure a position in it, all the trouble to be able to get back into the inner sect. And now, he had to...leave.

“Announce to the entire sect that the disciple Zeras has been eternally banished from the sect. Leave the reasons to their imagination,” Rowan said to her.

“As for you, come with me...” Rowan ordered coldly, walking past him as his footsteps slowly faded away. With a deep breath, Zeras reined down his beating heart, following after him.

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“According to my knowledge, you came into the sect with only your cat on your shoulder. Your Void Cat is a specialty among specialties. You can either leave it with the sect to help you nurture it to its—”

“I’ll be taking it with me,” Zeras cut him off, already knowing where the matter was going. Without waiting for an answer, he floated to the ground, landing before the door of his mountain abode and entering it.

Shutting the door close, Zeras walked around the home, looking for a piece of paper and a pen. He quickly wrote something down, leaving it on the center table, before walking into the room where Fluffy could be seen snoring away, only waking up after he arrived mere meters away from it.

“Meow?” the cat said to him, swiping its paw over its eyes after noticing Zeras’s slightly melancholic and silent state.

“We leave, Fluffy...” Zeras said as the cat rose up fully, quickly climbing up on him and jumping over his shoulder.

“Meow?” the cat asked worriedly, wondering why they had to leave once more, but Zeras could only smile.

“Don’t worry. It’ll be to a better place...” He said with a conviction that he wasn’t even sure he had. Giving one last look at the note he left on the table, he opened the door, floating up back to Rowan, who stretched his hands to the side, a big vortex forming in the span of a millisecond.

“Let’s leave...” He said, stepping into the teleporter, and Zeras followed after him. Both their figures faded away, and the place was reduced to a calm silence once more.

Unknowing to them both, a certain figure could be seen sitting down on a desolated mountaintop deep within the jungle of the sect.

His beard was scrawny, with a bottle in his hands, and Zeras would have recognized him as that scruffy old elder in the Martial God Hall.

“Ahhhh, it really is him, huh? How unfortunate...” the elder said, the light in his eyes dulling as he looked at the bottle in his hands, taking a small sip of it.

“He is simply too weak to even cause a minor ripple. Telling him would only result in a stupid decision from him. He needs more time...” The elder said to himself, rising up from the mountain and moving back in the direction of the Martial God Hall.

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“This is the other and farthest side of the God’s Children area. It will take you at least fifty years to travel back to the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect...” The voice of Rowan echoed through the desolation that laid before him and Zeras.

An area of absolute chaos, and disparaging environmental conditions. Through the area, Zeras could see places that were oozing out lava, a sea of lava having been spread forth, another area of broken and half-crumbled mountain pieces, and another area of thick jungle trees, and large canopy trees that extended for millions of miles.

“The people living here are aboriginal races that either couldn’t evolve well to fit the new world or simply want to be left alone.

With your cultivation stage, at least you shouldn’t be killed in a blink. May I never see you again...” Rowan said to him, turning back to the portal and seemingly leaving him alone.

But before he could step through the portal, he stopped at the voice.

“When I completed the Defier test to join the inner sects, I was told that the sect would owe me a single wish, as long as it does not go overboard...” Zeras suddenly called out as Rowan stopped in his tracks, his eyes narrowing.

The last thing he would want is for the young man to return back to the sect with the advantage of the sect owing him something...

“And?” he asked, turning back to him.

“I want to know why I’m being banished. Why did she say I’m an accursed spawn of a bastard? And what do you mean by just because she is my mother doesn’t mean I am? I swap that wish to learn more about the topic...” Zeras said, turning his gaze to Rowan. His eyes gleaming with seriousness.

Of course, Zeras had heard information about the strange topic that was discussed back then, just a few hours ago.

It was more than clear to him that the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect knew something about his origin. He wanted to at least know that. It will be worth everything in the world.

“You seek the question of your origin, don’t you? I bet that’s why you even ended up here in the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect, or a person like you would have gone with the Divine Battle Sect,” Rowan said as a crimson-colored platform appeared beneath his feet and he sat down, directing his gaze to the moon in the far distance...

“Sit down. I’ll use this to repay what I owe her three hundred years ago...” He said, his eyes flashing with a memory from a distant past.

“It all started with the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect, and a small girl found on a river shore by an elder of the sect. That elder is none other than Morana...”