

Chaos Devourer System

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More than attentively, Zeras's ears perked up to their absolute limit as he sat down quietly like a child, listening to Rowan's narration.

"Morana found Lilith on one of her long expeditions, with the small girl of about 10 years visibly washed ashore. As you know, Morana practices the death law cultivation, and that makes those types of people very, very cold, short-tempered, and also merciless. She wouldn't even blink if she saw a thousand young girls or boys or whatever visibly bleeding out and would have simply walked past with her usual poker face.

But it came as an absolute shock to all of us when Morana brought the small girl back to the sect. All she said about her was that her name was Lilith and she would now be staying with her..."

"Lilith?" Zeras whispered silently.

"Lilith was the most special existence that we all have ever seen in our lives, when it comes to a person's original natural ability.

She could read and understand everything by simply looking at it once, and her cultivation speed was jaw-dropping to us, reaching the Universe rank at 15!" Rowan said, and even Zeras's eyes flashed in shock.

A 15-year-old Universe Origin rank expert!? The average age for that was at least 100, and he, the only anomaly, only reached that at 26 or so.

"As I noticed, Lilith had no memory of her past at all, but we definitely knew her background would be nothing but mind-numbing. Still, Morana, the coldest one among us, raised Lilith like her own true child, properly nurturing her as she grew up until she became an incredibly fine young lady, well-versed in death energy even more than her master, or you might even say mother, like Lilith herself used to call her."

"Quite a good time..." Zeras said as Rowan nodded.

"Yes, it was. Until a certain bastard came into the picture..." Rowan said, gnashing his teeth, his eyes spitting out fire.

“Do you know the existence of higher universes?” Rowan suddenly asked as Zeras’s eyes flashed, and this time, he decided to come clean.

“Yes, I do. My Nine Star Art manual is from an outer universe called Cangu.” Zeras replied as Rowan nodded.

“That’s true. One wrong day, an entourage from a higher universe paid a visit to our universe.

A time when inter-universe traveling was still a thing. Their universe was higher than ours, and they held a young man with them. One of seemingly very high position.

Morana and Lilith were simply walking through the markets, just like they always had, when they came across the entourage, and that bastard sighted Morana. A stupid emotion that never leads to a good thing sparked that day, in both that bastard and Lilith...”

“Love?” Zeras answered blankly as Rowan nodded hatefully.

“It was supposed to be something that would quickly die off soon, since Lilith almost never leaves the sect ground, but that bastard came looking for her in the sect.

We at first thought we could chase him away, until we realized his status in the higher universe.

A position that is almost at the peak of an entire universe. Someone we couldn’t afford to cross at all...” Rowan said as Zeras listened quietly.

“All it took was a few years for their love to blossom into a raging flame that can no longer be subdued. You might not know this, Zeras, but there is a forbidden rule in the sect. A rule you should be able to observe if you ever think about it.”

“And what is that?”

“The ladies of the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect can never get married!”

“What!?” Zeras almost jumped up in shock, yet when he thought of it carefully, he realized it was true.

“No female elder of the sect really ever possesses a child or husband. Undying Narelle never had a husband or child. Grand Elder Celestine also never has a child.

All they have are disciples. No female of the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect ever married. It was something that could easily go unnoticed by anyone, but it’s very understandable.

In this cultivation world, marriage is only for those who are ready to settle down, perhaps after giving up on the path of cultivation or having reached their cultivation limit. Then they'll settle down to produce offspring that would carry on their names. The talk of marriage was never something really to be given much consideration at all. And it is more of something to create even higher offspring who have even more talent. That was essentially what marriage is in the upper realms.

Morana is the one who keeps the laws of the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect, and Lilith's want for marriage with that bastard wasn't something she could accept. Her own daughter breaking the rule of the sect which she herself was born to protect!? A big stain on her name and that of the sect.

And even more numbing is the fact that that bastard also firmly believes that Lilith's true origin can only be in his higher universe, and he told her.

Once Lilith heard of her true mother and father still being alive, she changed. She became just like you, willing to do anything to find her origin too.

And if that comes with also staying with the love of her life, then why would she not take the chance? So she decided to leave with that bastard, and you can guess how that went with Morana..." Rowan explained as Zeras nodded cautiously, he could also guess how that would easily go.

"Do you see that mark in the Hall of Niagara, the mark that cleaved its upper part and hasn't healed till now?" Rowan said as Zeras's eyes flashed, remembering the strange mark that he saw never healed when he wanted to enter the temple.

"I do."

"That mark is from a sword slash from Lilith. A simple slash that severed Morana in two complete halves, severed the hundreds of law guardians of the sect who wanted to capture her, and ended up cleaving the temple of Niagara in two. It never healed even after more than hundreds of years."

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"She... she severed her master into two!?" Zereas asked in shock, unable to believe Lilith had really fought with her adopted mother, who had saved her and spent her life raising her, for a man!? Is love really that crazy, so much that you would turn against one of your own!?

"People, especially young ones, make stupid decisions. Unfortunately, the one Lilith made was simply too big to scratch off as being young.

She was forever banished from the sect after that, and the law is that anyone who carries any semblance to Lilith's bloodline is also to be banished from the sect.

If any of your offspring come to the Nethousand Transformation Sect, they will also be banished. Your entire line has been forbidden from ever coming to our sect."

"Almost like a curse through generations..." Zereas mused as Rowan nodded.

"But how are you all so sure I was Lilith's son? I could have just been a line from Lilith's according to what you said."

"No, you can't. Lilith's your mother, she couldn't have been a grandmother in a mere two hundred years.

The higher your cultivation is, the harder it is to give birth. Even pregnancy alone for higher beings like that might take more than centuries just for the child to be born," Rowan explained as Zereas' eyes furrowed. Still, he continued with his question, determined to gain whatever bits and pieces he could.

"Do you ever hear from them after they left the sect?" he asked Rowan, who looked to the plains in the far distance.

"After she and that bastard left for their original universe, we never heard from them again until around a hundred years ago, when their universe was thrown into absolute chaos.

A crazy war that rippled even as far as your own universe occurred, severing time and space and throwing order and chaos together."

"What?" Zereas turned his head to the side with shock as Rowan nodded, more than sure of his saying.

"But what happened? I thought you said Lilith's lover was very high up in the universe..." Zereas asked, his heartbeat starting to increase.

"The war is a higher universe war, involving beings beyond our imagination. Beings like your father. I hear he was one of the central figures of the war, and he is a true madman as I heard. But all I hear are simply tiny bits and pieces of the information, some mere rumors that are too true to be good. Normally, such a war will ripple through all realms and universes, but the news was subdued less than half a century later, so many people don't know it.

What was strange was that the number of gods that went into slumber that century was more than a hundred times more than usual.

It was truly strange, almost like someone never wanted the news to get out at all, but still, it was a war of gods, no doubt..." Rowan replied, his eyes flashing with shock and absolute reverence mentioning the war.

Even though Rowan himself had only heard of the tiny bits from merchants and travelers that happened to pass by the universe when the war was occurring, what he was told was enough to make him, a Half-Celestial Rank being, have his heart shuddering from fear!

"But, do you happen to hear about anything that could have possibly caused the war?" Zereas asked as Rowan rose to his feet, preparing to leave.

"As I already said, all I know are tiny bits of information that I can't verify to be true or false. But I heard it involves some child. But that's simply stupid information.

Entire gods of the realm verse would go to war just for some child!? Tsk, stupid. That's all I can say about the war. It's that the gods don't want a child to live or grow.

But if the information about the war truly being about the child is true, I'm guessing that child will be dead now, or locked in some place where he will never see the sun.

Or the war wouldn't have quieted down so easily. The gods will never stop until their wish has been fulfilled after all..." Rowan said with a shrug, not at all bothered by knowing more about the war.

After all, why should he? It didn't concern him, and besides, he was already at the peak of his talent. Trying to learn things related to gods would only make him visit the grave earlier than planned. His curiosity can't kill him.

"Hmmm," Zereas hummed to the words, his eyes flashing with a thousand thoughts as his brain rapidly combined the pieces together.

His eyes flashed with more brilliant lights as the pieces were clearly arranged, and he understood more and more...

"Now that you have exhausted your wish card, I hope we of the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect no longer owe you anything.

There is and has never been a relationship with us or whatsoever.

And my kind advice: if you happen, through some godforsaken luck, to ever sight Morana in your lifetime, I will advise you to run as fast as you can. She will kill you, no doubt!" Rowan said, giving him one last piece of advice. But before he could enter into the portal, he was stopped by Zereas.

"Just one last question," Zereas said as Rowan hummed.

“What happens to the Giaran race that I stood for?” he asked. Of course, he had not forgotten the Giaran who introduced him to the supreme sect to gain protection. If he was going to leave, would that mean that their protection would fade away with him and they would be demoted back to a third-grade clan!?

“They’ll be fine... if you never show your face around the god’s children area again!” Rowan said before entering into the portal, which closed up, disappearing immediately.

And now Zereas was left in the middle of a disparaging plain, with Fluffy on his shoulder...

Chapter 653: Thwarted Plans

“Huuuuuu,” Zeras exhaled loudly, but suddenly he could hear the yawn of something as he turned to his shoulder and sighted Fluffy yawning sleepily. It seemed tired, not physically but mentally.

Of course, it could tell that they had once more been sent away from the place it was slowly getting familiar with as home.

“I guess we need to find a place to sleep...” Zeras mused as he turned his gaze, wondering where to go.

“The forest, the lava plain, or the rocky mountains?” he mused to himself, and immediately he made his choice.

“Let’s go to the forest. There are quite a few large trees where we can more than rest for the night...” Zeras mused, sighting the ginormous tree with big enough branches. Immediately, he became a shooting light beam rapidly heading for the jungle.

“This’ll do...”

Zeras said, looking at the extra ginormous trees right in front of him, with branches that could allow up to ten men to sleep side-by-side.

“Meow...” A squirky groan escaped Fluffy’s lips as the cat jumped down from his shoulder and landed on the branch. Its paws felt the tree, finding it a little hard as Zeras also laid down on the branches, his eyes looking at the night sky, faintly obstructed by the large leaves.

“Puuuuurrr...” A satisfied sound escaped the cat’s lips as it jumped on Zeras’s chest, curling itself up comfortably and soon descending into slumber.

“Ahhhhhh,” Zereas breathed out a sigh of fatigue. “I guess my life in the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect is over then. So soon,” he mused to himself.

His initial plan was to formally spend three years in the sect preparing for the ancient warriors of King Val that were coming for him.

And he had even planned to use the single wish that the sect said they owed him, to request them to fight for him when the calamity came for his head.

But now all his plans had been ripped apart so suddenly.

“But on the bright side, I have fulfilled what I initially came to do in the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect. To fulfill the deal of the Giaran race. Now that Rowan himself said they would be okay, then they have received the highest form of security they would ever possess. And I have also learned much about my true origin too. That was the main reason why I even came in the first place...” Zeras mused to himself.

According to what he had been told by Rowan, he could faintly understand more about his background now.

He knew well his mother was no doubt Lilith, and while the first impression of her to him was someone who was stubborn, even leaning to mercilessness—because what type of a person rips apart his own adopted mother with a sword slash and fights against her own sect guardians that have raised her up?—he also knew well, a side of a story can’t be trusted.

Rowan might be lying or simply not saying the entire truth. The way he described the event was just too simple of an event to cause such a thing. He could come up with more than hundreds of ways to easily resolve it.

That could only mean that whatever happened between Lilith and the sect was way deeper than he was told.

The only thing he could very well say Rowan was right about was the war that occurred in the universe. He already knew pieces and parts of that already. And now he could finally confirm.

“It was due to the war that he was given to Jason. And the ones who wanted my death are the gods themselves. I was separated away from my clan. It wasn’t because they decided to abandon me or anything; it was to protect me from the war...” Zeras mused, his eyes flashing up a bit.

What he was most afraid of was to have spent his entire life searching for his true origin only to get there and they should refuse his existence.

That would have been incredibly devastating to him. But now, he knew at least his clan cared for his life and death, and for him, they had decided to go on an absolute war against the gods themselves...

If that wasn't enough proof that they cared for his existence, then there couldn't be any more proof.

"Then it seems all my tireless nights of cultivation all day were well worth it. You have all fought to keep me alive till now. I wouldn't abandon you all. I will come back, soon. Very soon. And make the gods' greatest fears happen..." Zeras mused to himself, his eyes flashing with conviction.

Still, there was something he didn't understand.

"Why were the gods so after him? His thousand genes? That was what he had thought about himself, and what was so abnormal about him.

But he didn't really think that was true now at his current cultivation and power. The thousand genes, while truly almost supreme, was not without its own flaws.

The flaw was him being able to practice and comprehend each of them. Even a person with a single power will struggle before he or she could reach the peak of it, talk less of a person with a thousand. Was it really that anomaly of power!?

"And there is also that being in the vision, who said he was me..." Zeras mused to himself, remembering the person he had seen chained down in the bottom of the sea, and the being had said he was him.

"The gods can't be after me because of my thousand genes. There has to be a darker truth that I'm still not aware of. Or am I the one underestimating the power of a thousand genes?" Zeras mused to himself, his head wanting to split apart.

"I also forgot to ask Rowan about the name of the universe where I come from. Not that it would be of much use even if I knew. I still don't have the power to travel through the universe, and I'm pretty sure I will learn of it once I reach that power level..." Zeras mused to himself, his eyes closing up as he drifted into a deep sleep.

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Chapter 654: [Bonus Chapter] Meeting With Him Once More 2

Suddenly, a pair of astral blue eyes snapped open as Zeras looked around him and his face changed when he discovered where he was.

“The... the bottom of the ocean. Could it be!?” Zeras asked himself in shock and immediately, his figure blasted through the water as he swam deeper and deeper into the ocean.

He remembered the last time he had come here, the ocean was just the same, it was the place where he had met the being who claimed to be himself.

He wanted to know more about him, and like a mad beast sprinting for its kill, Zeras roughly slammed through the water, his heart pounding harder and harder when he saw the gigantic chains which he had seen the last time to be responsible for binding that figure.

“It’s true. It’s really him...” Zeras mused to himself as he sighted the young man once more. His demeanor and self were just like the last time, not visibly having aged or changed at all.

His hair was the whitest of snow that he had ever seen, and his lips were redder than blood.

Even Zeras himself would have to throw up his arms and bow when it came to the young man’s handsomeness, and quickly he swam towards him, coming to stand just around a meter away.

RIPPPLEE....

A slight ripple took place through the water as the young man slowly opened his eyes, revealing those pairs of abyssal dark holes that replaced his eyes. Turning to look at Zeras, his gaze scanned around him, before his lips curled into a grin.

“How interesting. You’ve grown slightly stronger...” he said, the first thing he noticed about him.

“Are you the one that brought me here, or does this just happen at random or the more strength I grow?” Zeras asked.

He knew well, like last time, the meeting might not last, but if he could find a way to come here himself, then he would be able to do so continuously.

“I brought you here myself...” he replied to him.

“And why did you do that?” Zeras asked as the figure looked at him with an even wider smirk, before turning to look at the chains surrounding his entire body.

“What do you think?” he asked, turning to look back at him, and Zeras turned to look at those chains binding him and he understood immediately.

For a person to be bound underneath the sea, for close to an uncountable number of years. Then loneliness must really be a thing. It was amazing how he had even kept his senses after remaining chained up for so long...

“And how long do we have?” Zeras asked, looking around the place.

“10 minutes, before the next patrol...” he replied calmly, unlike Zeras who had his heart spiraling in fear of getting caught.

“10 minutes,” that was barely enough time for him to ask about all the things he needed or wanted to know. And suddenly silence reigned over the place for up to 50 seconds.

“You want answers but you don’t even know where to start your questions from?” he suddenly said, almost as if he could read his mind.

“Yes. I really... really have millions of questions for you.” Zeras couldn’t help but say. “But first, can you tell me who you really are...” he asked the most important question.

“I am you...” he said, giving the same answer as the last time.

“I don’t understand. How can you be me?” Zeras asked, confused, and he only grinned in reply.

“None of what you seek will you understand. But all of them you will know sooner or later...” he said mysteriously, but Zeras didn’t give up.

“Firstly, how can I unbound these chains...” Zeras asked, stretching his hands towards the chains, but stopped at the last second when he saw the young man grinning evilly at him, his eyes looking exactly at Zeras’s finger which was merely inches away from the chains.

“What?”

“My hypothesis is that you will instantly die if you touch those chains...”

“WHAT!?” Immediately Zeras jerked backward, taking his hands away as fast as he could and retreating away from the chains.

“You! You could have told me that earlier!!” he yelled out.

He couldn’t believe the young man just watched him almost get zapped to death, with a grin on his face. If he had just been a tad bit unobservant, he would have been killed!

“It’s only a hypothesis. I wanted to confirm...” he said in between devilish laughter.

“Confirm with my death?” Zeras asked angrily.

“Well, it’s the only way...” he said as Zeras snorted.

“Don’t bother about me. Though you’re the only one who can save me, you aren’t at that level yet. And not close too...”

“Hmph, you wouldn’t watch me almost die when I am your only last hope...” Zeras huffed in disbelief.

“Well, a little play wouldn’t hurt...” he said, shrugging helplessly, something that should be intensely difficult with the chains around him, yet he did it as normal as ever.

“So wait, if I can get killed by simply touching these chains. Does it mean you’re specially immune to them or?” Zeras couldn’t help but ask, seeing the gigantic chains that were wrapped over the man so much that only his face and head were left out.

If the chains could zap him to death, then what was to say of him, who was thoroughly wrapped in it. Just what level of pain would he be going through?

A level of pain that would be enough to kill him upon a touch!? But the young man didn’t seem to be in any pain whatsoever, so the only explanation could only be that he was in one way or another immune.

“It would make sense to say I’m immune. This level of pain isn’t even worth considering...”

“That’s insane...”

“Anyway, tell me about your life. How’s your journey been...” he asked him, his black hole-like eyes shining with curiosity...

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Chapter 655: A Request.

“It’s not the best. Far from being one,” the chained Zeras said, looking at Zeras who just finished summarizing his entire laugh about himself to him.

“Still, I’ll say it’s far better than yours,” Zeras replied, looking at the figure that was currently chained up.

For how long has he even been chained for? How had he handled the loneliness that comes with being chained all alone at the bottom of the ocean? Was that what he could manage to do on his own? Zeras thought to himself, and the young man only gave his usual grin.

"I've had better days..." he replied, when suddenly he turned his gaze upwards, a slightly displeased expression evident on his face. And Zeras knew the reason for that.

"A short meeting it is, just as it's always been," he said, as the young man smiled. The first smile he's had in years now.

"Can I ask you to do a thing for me?" he suddenly asked as Zeras raised an eyebrow.

"And what is that?"

"I need something from you. Something only you can do," he began.

"And what is that?"

"A purple earring," he said as Zeras raised an eyebrow.

"Come closer and cut a strand of my hair," he suddenly said. Zeras walked towards him, pinching off a strand that was stretched towards him.

"Once you take that to the outside world, you will feel the location of the earring. I'll bring you back in six months from now. And don't worry too much about the ancient warriors of King Val.

Just try to keep up with your cultivation speed. Once you possess the earring, I might be able to help you out," he said, and in the next instant, the space around Zeras slowly rippled and he disappeared into thin air, but this time, with a strand of hair in his grasp.

A few minutes after Zeras left, a colossal figure wearing a crimson-colored battle robe and carrying a large spear in his hands walked past the chained Zeras who had once more descended into slumber.

His eyes scanned around him, and after noticing no abnormality, he continued on his way once more.

On his disappearance, the chained Zeras slowly raised his head, the black holes in his eyes speeding up for a few seconds, as an abyssal grin appeared on his face.

"Soon, and you Colossals won't even know what hit you! Then, it will be the turn of the Universe Order Gods!"

The sunlight peeked through the gaps between the large tree branches, a myriad of rays splashing over half his face, and slowly, his eyelids fluttered, followed by his astral blue eyes opening up, welcoming the pure golden lights.

Immediately he jerked up to his seat, his eyes snapping to his grasp, and right in his right hand was the pure white strand of hair.

“So, he is truly real,” Zeras mused to himself, seeing the white strand of hair. While he had gone through the vision for the second time now, he couldn’t really confirm the existence of the figure.

Who knows if it was just strange dreams? But now that he could see the strand of white hair in his palm just like how he had given him, he no longer had any doubt that the vision was true.

“He is a strange one...” Zeras mused to himself, seeing the white strand of hair. Slowly, he tied it around his wrist.

From it, he could sense some type of calling from a distant place, but for now, he needs to get his thoughts together and plan his next move.

“Hmmm, where’s Fluffy?” Zeras couldn’t help but ask, as he looked around the branch, finding Fluffy to be nowhere.

Looking around the trees in the area, the mischievous cat still couldn’t be found, and Zeras had no choice but to jump down the tree and begin his search.

After walking for a few minutes, he found the cat’s footprints and walking for more distance, he began finding other strange footprints. It was almost like Fluffy’s footprints except around five times bigger, rivaling that of a human footprint’s size, and instead of four footprints like Fluffy, which denoted walking on all fours, that one was in two, which shows whatever creature it was, probably walks on two legs.

Immediately, the air behind Zeras exploded as he burst forward with horrific speed, rapidly chasing after the footsteps.

He had learned of what Rowa said about the place, being that strange groups called Aboriginals dominated the area.

But he had no idea of who or what they really were, if they were welcoming of invaders or not. Still, he was sure he could protect Fluffy from whatever harm.

But who would have thought he would have descended into slumber, until he never even knew when Fluffy disappeared from his side.

Running through the woods, he could see smoke in the distance, and his heart almost jumped out of his chest.

Rapidly running towards the smoke area, he came across a village settlement.

A settlement with about fifty bamboo houses, but he could sense that there was no one in the houses, and even more, he could see various large footprints present around the place.

“A clan of aboriginals,” Zeras thought to himself, using the footprints and houses as proof. Finally, he could hear the strange sounds. A strange sound that resembled not a human, but a... cat?

Immediately, Zeras closed in on the clan’s center. He was finally able to see them, a total of four beings holding roughly crafted spears of bamboo.

They were humanoid and tall, around 2 meters in height, and strangely, their skins were covered in strange furs of a total of two colors, just like that of a cat.

Their legs were also like that of cats, bent and also covered with furs, but their hands were humanoid, although possessing the lankiness and sharpness of claws.

Soon, Zeras arrived closer to them and immediately they sighted him.

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“MEOW!!!” The sound they gave out to him was exactly like that of a cat, yet when it reached Zeras, it was like lions were roaring at full power.

A strange effect occurred as Zeras felt his feet slowing down under the mysterious power contained in the sound.

He soon snorted coldly, raising his hands to them and slapping them together toward their direction.

****CLAAAAAAP****

A powerful shockwave rippled through the entire area, as the strange waves being sent from them to Zeras’ direction were immediately broken and Zeras appeared before them instantly.

****PIEEEERCE****

****PIIIIEERRRCE****

****PIIIIEERRRCE****

The air was violently pierced as the three aboriginal guards pierced forth with their spears, its tips brimming with a powerful milky-colored light that possessed a strange effect of slicing apart the air around it.

All of them jerked towards Zeras’ heart and two shoulders, its mission to impale him as clear as day.

****RIIIIIIP****

What followed was the sound of space getting torn apart as Zeras suddenly stretched out his hands and violently tugged on space, tearing it away and he quickly entered into it before it could close up.

****BAAAAANG****

****BAAAAANG****

****BAAAAANG****

The sound of the spears violently tearing apart the space rang out, causing the space to repeatedly fluctuate, yet the three aboriginal guards' faces flashed in shock when they felt nothing in the path of their spear.

Their cat ears perked up as they all turned behind them and could see the silhouette of Zeras disappearing through the walls, heading for a particular place.

“GROOOOOWLLL...” A threatening growl rang out from their mouths as they rapidly chased after Zeras.

Normally, he would have been more than happy to test out the strength of the aboriginals, but he knew well, every single second wasted, was his ability to save Fluffy slipping into thin air.

He had absolutely no time to waste at all, fighting with aboriginals when Fluffy was in a possibility of being endangered.

Arriving at the town square, he was surprised when he saw a large population of the aboriginals reaching close to 200 by his quick eye count.

They were all seemingly gathered in a circle around something, which also happened to have smoke burning around it.

“Shit...” Immediately, Zeras forced his way through the crowds, his presence eliciting gasps from the aboriginals who all couldn't help but stare at him as he possessed no furs at all.

“Get out of the way, you mongrel!” Zeras yelled out as two especially large guards tried to stop him, roughly pushing them away with his two arms before quickly continuing his run. Finally, he arrived before the center, and the picture of it caused his jaw to drop.

“What the!? What is... happening?”

Right now, he could see Fluffy sitting down on some type of throne and surrounding him were a total of four figures.

Three of them were ladies of the aboriginal clans, in their hands strange paint which they rubbed on Fluffy, drawing strange inscriptions.

Kneeling before Fluffy was an especially old aboriginal, with white furry beards that dragged onto the ground below and donning a white-colored robe.

He seemed to him like some type of clan priest, but what he didn't understand was why he was kneeling before the tiny Fluffy.

What shocked him even more was the more than satisfied expression on Fluffy's face as he released large purring sounds of satisfaction greater than anything Zeras had ever heard.

His brain went into some type of hold as he looked around the place and then it dawned on him.

"Why does this look like a King crowning festival.."

Suddenly...

****BAAANG****

A loud bang was heard as Hale felt something slam on his back causing him to jerk to the front, but then his two hands were grabbed hard, followed by his neck as his movement was instantly locked by people who could have only been the aboriginal guards.

"Get off me!" Zeras yelled, about to release his star rings to teach the stupid human cats some privacy lesson when suddenly...

****ROOOOOOOOAR****

An incredibly powerful roar that shook Zeras' eardrum, causing his movement to come to an absolute freeze, his blood tumbling within him from the horrific sound power present.

Strangely he watched as the aboriginal guards holding him all fell to their knees immediately, the same for every single aboriginal present in the place.

"What is that!!!?" Zeras asked in shock, yet looking around there was no answer at all, with the only anomaly in the place being that Fluffy was now standing on his throne.

"Don't tell me!!?"

“Meow...” It was as gentle as ever as Fluffy stood up from his throne waltzing towards Zeras, like a child who knew he was in big trouble, and it looked at him with a crooked smile, jumping on his shoulder and licking his face playfully.

“So you’ve been here all this while Fluffy, in the company of three cat women, hmmm, getting oiled by them too.

Don’t tell me they are preparing to eat you and I came at the right time...” Zeras asked with furrowed eyebrows looking suspiciously at the clansmen who were still on their knees.

“MEOW?” Another meow, this one of disapproval rang out from Fluffy’s tiny lips, as it turned to look at the aboriginals before once more...

****ROOOOOOAR****

A large roar boomed out of its mouth, shaking Zeras’ eardrum as he looked in shock at Fluffy.

Never would he have ever thought that Fluffy could say something other than a meow, and his roar was even so powerful!

With surprise he saw the aboriginals who were all formerly kneeling all immediately rose to their feet.

Looking at their various gazes, he could see they looked at him suspiciously instead of strangely, revealing that the aboriginals definitely do not find his existence too surprising but they were more than cautious of him.

“You must be our King’s companion. We seek forgiveness for our disrespect...” The voice rang out to Zeras who turned his gaze up, looking at the figure who was walking towards him. It was none other than the old priest...

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"Hmm, he is at the undying rank too," Zeras mused to himself, sensing the mild vibration oozing from the old man.

Even though he seemed old and looked as if he could fall dead anytime soon, the aura from him was unmistakable.

He was the perfect definition of a wolf hiding in sheep's clothing.

"Might I ask why you come into our humble abode? Is there something we can help you with?" the old man asked with an amiable smile.

"We seek nothing from you at all. We have only come here a few hours ago for an expedition, you may say, and my cat seemed to just walk off.

That is why I have come searching for him. Might I ask what all this is about?" Zeras said, referencing the strange events that were previously ongoing.

"MEOW!" Suddenly, the old man made a cat sound before tapping his staff on the ground. Immediately, the clan began leaving the area, moving back to their abode.

"Come, this is not the place to discuss such a thing," the old man said to him. Zeras followed after him, and they moved to an area far away from the square, soon coming before a lonely bamboo house, with quite the peaceful garden surrounding it.

On the green grass lay two mats, separated by a wooden table. The old man beckoned for him to sit down as he headed into the house, soon walking out with a tray containing a large mug and two cups.

"A little tea, good for the mind and soul," he said, picking up the mug, his hand showing expertise as he poured the dark-colored tea into both bamboo cups before settling it down and picking up his cup.

"Hope it hasn't been hard in our small jungle area," he said, raising his cup before taking a gulp and settling it down. Only then did Zeras also take a gentle sip, finding the tea more than bitter, yet he got a freezing feeling in his chest, causing his body cells to mysteriously relax, and feeling more at peace in the place.

"We have been lucky," Zeras replied to him as the man chuckled.

"Then I must say you're very lucky, as just a few kilometers away is the residing clan of the Komodo dragons.

They are not very friendly to anything that walks on two legs and might have been quite the headache for you to deal with.

You really must have had it lucky," he said, warning Zeras of the danger that he had missed by the skin of his teeth.

"You seem very well versed around the place," Zeras replied, willing to glean more information.

"Of course. As you might already guess, I'm the priest of my humble Blood Void cat clan."

"Hmm, Blood Void cat?" Zeras repeated to himself while taking a sip, as his head couldn't help but think of Fluffy. But Fluffy was a Void cat, and he didn't know there was another Void cat species with their name beginning with Blood.

"Our clan has been here for close to 5,000 years now, and we have seized quite the territory and command for ourselves in this Forest Jumong World," he explained, as Zeras hummed.

"Jumong World, huh?" he thought. He had seen this area contained both the forest, the places of lava, and those of crumbled mountains. But he could guess everything was referred to as the Jumong World, and the place he was in was the Forest Jumong World where the Blood Void Cat clan is based.

"Born and bred here, that's what you seem to me," Zeras complimented as the old man chuckled wildly. He really loved chuckling a lot.

"You can say that. Since you have just arrived here, you must definitely not know very much about here. Let me explain to you.

This entire realm is known as Jumong by every aboriginal living within, and it is divided into four major areas.

They are the Forest Area, the Lavaground Area, the Pit Mountain Area, and the Devil's Abode Area," he began, as Zeras listened attentively.

"There's no particular hierarchy in these four places since no aboriginals of a particular area can survive much in another area.

It will be difficult for our Blood Void cat to survive anywhere save for the Forest Area.

So crossing each territory is close to impossible, and that also makes very little to be known about the area, not like much is needed to be known in the first place," he said, chuckling.

"Still, there are hierarchies for the over 200 races in every area, and that includes our Forest Area too. Crossing territories, though possible, might often lead to instant death.

Welcoming strangers from other territories is not something any territory will welcome, as backbiting is definitely a thing to be watched out for."

"Reasonable," Zeras replied as he thought about it.

In such an area where supremacy is sought and the ground is not very much for everyone, then the fight for territory is probably the most major of all laws.

Learning about the enemy's terrain and number, which should be possible if strangers are allowed in, would be more than fatal. It was more than understandable.

What he didn't understand though was that if strangers are not allowed, then why is he sitting down with him and being served warm tea? Shouldn't they have gone for the kill?

"In the Forest Jumong Area, the hierarchy is divided into three: the upper races, the middle races, and the lower races.

The hierarchies are a symbol of protection and strength for each clan, and the higher the hierarchy is, the lower the possibility of it getting infiltrated or taken.

The lower hierarchies are to expect every large war by the higher hierarchies who might want more territory," he explained, resulting in a nod from Zeras.

It was just like in the upper realm, where the third-grade clans try to get one of their own into the supreme sect in order for protection against eventual infiltration.

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Except that here had no supreme sect to hide under, and the battle would be no doubt more brutal and fierce, around three times fiercer and more barbaric.

"Among thousands of races, our Blood Void cat clan was nothing but an outcast, coming here to seek refuge.

As you can guess, the battle would be no doubt brutal, and surviving is as high as the heavens.

But from being nothing but slaves, used for reconnaissance, we grew up, defeating and conquering various clans, and we rose from an outcast to a lower race, then a middle race, until we are now one of the three upper races of this Forest Jumong Area, unable to be threatened by anyone. It's why it's so peaceful around," he said, chuckling as Zeras smiled, yet his head worked at full speed thinking of the man's words, and noting something amiss.

"You seem like you now at least have a gist of the happenings," he said, resulting in a nod from Zeras.

"Yes, I do."

"Then you must also have questions, don't you?" he said with a smile as Zeras nodded.

"Then, ask away, you're our guest anyway."

"Firstly, is the fact that you mentioned strangers are not allowed into territories, yes?"

"Yes. They aren't. They might be spies, after all," he explained.

"Then, how come we're welcomed so amicably? How do you know we're not spies for the other upper clans, coming here to count your numbers and your power levels?"

Aren't you too trusting for an upper-rank clan with thousands of years of experience?" Zeras said as both he and the old man took their cups and took a sip.

"That's a very reasonable question there, and also confirmed to me two things," he began.

"Oh really, and what is that?"

"Our King made the right decision choosing you as a bonded companion, and you also can't comprehend what our King says," he said as Zeras's eyes flashed with curiosity.

"How do you know that?"

"Simple. Because in every one of your words, instead of saying 'I' referring to yourself, you're always using 'we.' Never forgetting about your companion. It shows the depth of care and that you truly believe it to be one existence, even in your normal speech.

Most would only refer to themselves in a conversation, never calling their companions, or only mentioning them in some areas. You seem to me an exception to that, and that means he has truly made a wise decision bonding with you."

"Hmmm, that's a good point, I don't think anyone can ever note," Zeras mused. Who cares whether a companion is mentioned in one's speech? Most just glaze over it, but after he had been bonded with Fluffy, he had just found the pronoun 'we' more likable.

"You also can't comprehend what our King says, or you would have already understood what was going on. He talks pretty fast and silently, you know?" he said, chuckling as he turned to Fluffy who smiled shamelessly.

"Oh, you can hear it talk?" Zeras asked curiously. While he obviously could understand what Fluffy says, it was reduced to simple and basic things.

He couldn't actively communicate with Fluffy, but he could at least pick up on some few things about it from its meows and expressions.

"He talks brilliantly and sharply, and can even speak directly into our mind, like he is telling me right now to stop because he is feeling embarrassed," he said to him as Zeras turned to look at Fluffy who clapped his hands on its forehead tiredly, and Zeras burst into an unusually loud laughter.

It was the first time he had ever heard what Fluffy could really say inside, and he had always wondered what the small cat was thinking or saying.

What it felt about his journey all this while, but he knew well it would be close to impossible for him to ever know.

But now, he could hear what Fluffy said, and it brought him so much joy there was no other way he could even explain it.

"I never knew the tiny head was so mischievous," Zeras said, rubbing Fluffy's jaw resulting in another episode of sweet purring.

"There are a lot of things you still have to learn about it. Really, a lot!" the old man said as Zeras nodded seriously.

"That said, might I ask why you have the word 'Blood' in your name? I only know Void cats, I have never heard of blood ones before," Zeras asked seriously as he noticed the old man's hand holding the cup convulse, causing some of the tea to spill on the table, and he turned to look at Zeras deep in the eyes.

"I'm very sorry if I might have unknowingly triggered something..."

"Nah, nah. It's fine. It seems even I still can't get over it. I'm glad you asked me. It would have been bad and very disheartening if you had asked anyone else that question," he said with a melancholic smile as he wiped the tea spill off before taking a gentle sip and heating it slightly.

"The reason why we are called Blood Void Cat. It was a name given to us by one of our priests 400 years ago. A name of shame and also respect," the priest said, his eyes looking to the side, and Zeras listened attentively.

"As you might know, the Void cats love to bond with other races, seeking companions that are not of our own selves.

So when people pass by the divine realm, we might often bond with the special ones amongst them, seeking to explore mysteries of the outside world beyond the dividing line."

"That's true," Zeras replied. That was truly the way he had contracted with Fluffy.

"But sometimes we make very fatal mistakes. Mistakes that might cause us harm and pain for thousands of years to come. One such mistake led to our own existence right now," he said.

"The mistake of choosing the wrong bond!"

Chapter 659: History Of The Blood Void Cats...

Chapter 659: History Of The Blood Void Cats...

"Hmmm," Zeras hummed to the old man, placing down the cups in his hands as he listened attentively.

“It all started when a small female group of curious Void Cats bonded with a passing flying vessel, crossing the undivided realm.

They thought a life of adventure awaited them, but they were wrong. The people they bonded with were nothing but wolves in sheep’s clothing, who had come solely for them in the first place.

The 12 Void Cats were imprisoned and forced to undergo the most painful procedure possible, which was a forced sexual relationship with the males of that race...”

“What!?” Zeras screamed in shock, staring dumbly at the priest, whose eyes flashed with a hint of anger.

“That was how our clan came to life.

A hybrid race of Void Cats and the Elvo race. Our birth should have been the end of their stupid experiment, but the clan was not satisfied with the result and continued their breeding art.

We, forbidden and failed experimentations of both races, were forced into slavery by them, with no justice at all. Even an ounce of resistance would lead to instant death

. Years after years of slavery and humiliation, the so-called perfect experimentation was finally born.

Compared to him, we really did look like failures, as he was immensely more powerful than all others. But fortunately, he stood on the side of us Void Cats, and with his immense birth power, we rallied together under his reign and fought our captors.

The Elvo race, of course, knew well there existed a chance of the experiment backfiring, so they were well prepared for us, resulting in a powerful war where many of both races died.

Still, we were not enough to bring complete ruin against the Elvo race, so we ran.

Far away from the god’s children area, far away from the gaze of the world, who might have attention on us due to our hybrid form.

The only place welcoming was here, Jumong!” He said, spreading his hands outwards towards the countless trees.

“Even though we were able to rank up quickly in this place, our shame couldn’t be washed away.

Void Cats are the most loyal companions of the Upper realms, willing to go through hell and back with their bonds.

A Void Cat killing its own bond has never occurred before in our history.

But we had slaughtered our own bonds. Though for a good and worthy reason, it still cannot wash that stain away.

So, in respect to the true Void Cats that exist and their untouched legacy, the perfect hybrid decided to change our name from Void Cats to Bloody Void Cats.

He was the first priest, and I'm the ninth right now," he said seriously, picking up his glass cup and downing the tea.

"He is a truly great man," Zeras mused under his breath as he also took a sip of his tea. When he thinks his life is worse, fate always manages to show him something even worse.

Being an abomination born from a forceful sexual relationship between two race, discrimination was more than a surety and then they are turned to slaves.

They had no choice but to fight their captors and leave the place they were born behind.

With the only welcoming place being a place said to be abandoned and for those who cannot catch up to evolution.

It was a disheartening fate, almost like a curse from the gods themselves.

"Close to 5000 years now, we have never sighted our original race, the Void Cats, since we cannot move out of here.

That was why, when we saw your companion appearing at the gate of our clan, no joy could describe our words.

We have always thought we have indeed been cursed by the gods, but him...

He is like a beacon of hope that all is not lost yet, even after 4000 years of struggle and pain. This couldn't be a mere coincidence. This... is fate!" he declared grandly and fanatically, as Hale couldn't help but shake his head.

"So was that ritual you're doing a welcoming one?" Zeras couldn't help but ask as the Priest chuckled wildly.

"It was a king-crowning ceremony. Tell me, who else is fit to be the king of our humble clan if not a true Void Cat? He is like a god to us, one of our ancestor race. He deserves the highest honor there is to us, and that could only be being the King of this place..."

"Doesn't this place have its former king?" Zeras couldn't help but ask as the priest shook his head.

“No, we don’t. The only leader present is the priest, which is currently me.

An imperfection of two races cannot declare one of its own a king. It was the sayings of the first priest.

The only one who could be crowned king are the Void Cats, who we owe our existence to. They were truly perfect in all forms, with pure souls holding the greatest of loyalty. Only one of those could be king.

And surprisingly enough, our king is a one-in-a-million among even the Void Cats.

The purity of his bloodline is enough for him to be crowned king even among the Void Cats themselves!” the priest said with reverence in his eyes as Zeras turned to look at Fluffy, who slowly took its tongue off its butt as he looked at Zeras with a shameful smile.

“Hmmm, are you really sure about that?” Zeras said with a grin as he took a sip of his tea.

“I might agree he is currently a little childish, but my words coming from more than 1500 years of learning all I could about the Void Cats is no doubt correct.

The only reason why you have not been able to see it is because he has yet to undergo his first awakening, and right now, he is even capable of undergoing his second already. But he hasn’t... because of you.”

Chapter 660: Heated Moments

“Huh?” Zeras could almost not believe what he was hearing. Fluffy ought to have awakened twice by now, and he was the one responsible for not allowing that. What was the priest trying to say?

“Do not mistake my words for blaming you. It was something you were not aware of; you know too little about your companion,” the priest said to him as Zeras hummed.

“Then tell me what I don’t know about him,” Zeras said as the priest downed his glass cup and poured another one from the mug into Zera’s cup and his, filling them once more to the brim.

“Firstly, there are special categories among Void Cats that you should be aware of, and those are determined by the color of their stripes.

The first one is the single-colored stripe, the lowest and most common of bloodlines among the Void Cats.

The second is one with two stripes, the fairly majority of the Void Cat population.

The third is the three-colored cats. Those are the highest and most pure form the majority of people ever see before they die.

So much so, that the last form is almost always forgotten: the fourth-color Void Cat! The one with the purest bloodline among all else. One fitting to be crowned king of the Void Cats at their full potential.

And this cat of yours, as you can see as day, is one of them. A four-colored cat. A natural king!" He exclaimed, picking up the cup from the table and raising it up, as Zeras also did the same, acknowledging it before they both downed the cup.

"Unlike all other Void Cats who just naturally grow as time passes, not really requiring much to grow, the fourth-colored cats are different.

They undergo something called awakening where they shed their weaknesses, and they fully awaken their true power!

Your cat, according to my information, ought to have already experienced his first awakening around two years ago and be ready for the other just three months ago.

But he has undergone none at all. You understand my point now, don't you?"

"You say the awakening provides strength to him, don't you?"

"Yes. That's correct."

"My companion needs no strength! He will always be by my side, and I will be worth more than a thousand armies given a single mission to simply protect him.

There's no need for any troublesome thing such as awakening," Zeras replied calmly as the priest smiled brilliantly, raising his cup up and downing it.

"Perhaps I should let you be aware of the complexities behind the awakening. The first is that, to the Void Cat, their awakening happens when they are totally relaxed, a state in which they know well they are free from any danger, as the awakening takes months of slumber before it could be completed.

No Void Cat will undergo it without finding an absolutely safe place where the chances of getting disturbed are close to impossible.

It's not a conscious effort by them; once their body senses that they are in a relaxed state and environment, they immediately undergo it. You understand my point, don't you?" The priest asked, with a grin as Zeras's eyes flashed.

"State well your point..."

“If your side is so secure, how come he has not undergone his awakening yet?”

If your side were truly as safe as you described, his body would have already recognized that, granting peace of mind, and it would have immediately undergone the awakening.

But he hasn't. That goes against your claim don't you think? Perhaps your side has never been for once safe enough for him?” the man said as Zeras's expression, though calm, flashed with a deadly light.

“Trying to turn my back against my companion will be very lethal for your clan.

A lethality you would all never be able to survive; not even the tiniest ant present in the area would remain standing after,” Zeras whispered gently to him, a silence reigning over the area as the wind gently blew around the place, flaring both men's hair as they silently drank their tea.

Yet the sudden pressure was almost enough to halt time around them, strange sounds emanating from the space surrounding them.

“You're very hot-blooded, perhaps a little too much,” the priest said calmly, his voice reigning down.

“I consider myself as simply protective,” Zeras replied to him just as calmly.

“Might I ask what plans you have for your companion for keeping him by your side all this while? Do you want to turn him into a battle pet, or...”

“Never call him a pet in any fancy way the word could be called. He is a companion, staying by my side, under my protection, safe and secure...”

“That's very selfish of you...”

“How so?”

“You treat him no different than a pet. When was the last time you listened to what he truly wanted? Or doesn't he have a will of his own?” The priest said, as Zeras sipped his tea. “Besides, just like you have goals, your companion also does.

He is a king! Thousands of our Void Cats race are getting in line, were they not treated unfairly.

The guardians who are supposed to protect us have all suddenly gone into slumber, no longer responsive to our call.

He is the only hope of the various Void Cat clans and anomalies that are being suffered unjustly, not only in this universe but even those in the outside universe.

Such a massive responsibility, involving the life of countless others, each one not in any way lesser than yours.

And all you do is simply ogle him on your shoulder, like he is some type of tool. You're no different from those bastards, thinking of everything as you owning it!"

"Don't compare me to those bastards, oldie. And my companion wasn't blessed with any goals when he came to this life.

Your so-called guardians are the ones who failed at their job of defending you all."

"So it's fine if everyone of his race dies then, when he is the only one with power to save them? Huh?"