

# Chaos Devourer System

## #Chapter 661: A Truce - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 661: A Truce

### Chapter 661: A Truce

"You're making me look like a bad person. If your clan really needs help, your guardian can come to save you.

And if you're waiting for a king, then I'm pretty sure Fluffy is not the only four-striped cat in the entire universe, nor is she close to the strongest.

If your void clan really needs help, they'll have all gathered together and help you. I won't force my companion into a lifetime of hardship and headaches for your sake.

"I'm not requesting you do it for my sake. That would be very selfish of me and my clan. We would have been well off if you had never come here in the first place..."

"That's true..." Zeras replied, sipping his tea. "But there is a single point you have been missing, young one. A very vital point of power!" The old man said as Zeras raised an eyebrow.

"And what is that, oldie?"

"You see, power comes with a certain important thing, and that is responsibility! Anyone born with power, or taken for greater power, will definitely have a life purpose.

Even you yourself have a life purpose, don't you? And don't tell me it's just lazing around and searching for a better life. You wouldn't be here otherwise.

What do you think is the life purpose of your companion, always following behind you, and always under your protection for all of eternity?" The man asked as Zeras, hand holding the cup to his mouth, stopped in place for a few seconds.

"Truth is, you never really know what Fluffy's life purpose is, and never even cared. Not because you're a bad person but because you already assigned him one.

To be your life companion.

While I might say that may be true for all void cats who have fused with any race, there are always certain exceptions, like him.

He is destined for a much greater life purpose. He is the one and only King of all Void Cats in this universe.

His purpose is more than just being a companion. And you seem to be impeding his life purpose..." The Priest said, scrubbing his beard as Zeras sighed.

"Ahhhh, you see, oldie. Ever since my cultivation had always stated, people have always said I am damn stupid and a sucker at intelligence.

And never have I ever argued that at all. It seems I was blessed with everything but an intelligent mind.

You have lived for thousands of years. Winning you in a debate will be close to impossible.

What I specialize in is brute force. It's always fine if anyone is more intelligent than I am, so far I can fuck them up if I wanted."

"So you propose a fist match to settle the debate?" The oldie said with a raised eyebrow as Zeras scoffed.

"That would be too barbaric, and the destiny of my companion is not something I would choose to decide by a fist match..."

"I thought so too..." The priest said, sipping his tea gently.

"What I propose is very simple instead. About the life purpose, I agree everyone really has their life purpose, either one which they willed for, or one which they are born into just after their birth.

Life purposes really are true. And since it's Fluffy's life purpose, why don't we let Fluffy himself decide? If he agrees to take up the life purpose by which he was seemingly ordained with by birth, then fine.

I would at least respect his will.

But if he argues otherwise, then this will be the last time you mention this topic to me. What do you say?" Zeras asked him, having thought about it well.

Since this was said to be Fluffy's life purpose, then he could only push it back to Fluffy.

While Fluffy might have truly bonded with him, and the relationship between a void cat and its companion is always that of master and its pet, his and Fluffy's had always been a different and special one.

He didn't regard Fluffy as a pet, he believed he was a companion on his long journey.

Therefore, instead of forcing the idea down the poor cat's neck, why doesn't he simply allow it to decide for its own future?

"That's a very reasonable opinion actually. We simply let the person in question decide for itself. But I'm afraid there's a slight problem. Your cat cannot decide in his current state..."

"What current state?" Zeras asked with furrowed eyebrows, already getting tired of the headache-inducing conversation.

"Might I ask you to visit our temple, and see for yourself. After that, I will respect your decision no matter what it is..." The old man said as Zeras turned to look at Fluffy on his shoulder who also had its eye staring back at him, its expression unperturbed as if he didn't even give a damn about what they both were arguing about at all.

And Zeras rose to his feet. "Lead the way..." He said as the old man walked towards his own bamboo house.

It was fairly simple with a large bamboo living room, which also served as a bedroom due to the mattress that was placed at the far side, and there was only a single door present in the room.

Walking towards it, the old man entered into it, Zeras following after a few seconds later.

"Oh? Quite perfectly concealed..." He mused to himself, seeing the gigantic portal that lay endlessly spinning in the room.

"This is the shrine of our ancestors. None would be allowed to defile it and the only one who can do that among the entire clan is the priest.

So it has been passed onto me and now my responsibility..." The priest said as Zeras nodded, before they both disappeared into the portal, their figures fading away.

He could only confidently follow the young man into his own abode and even be led into an unknown place because Zeras was more than confident he could reduce him to gore in mere minutes with his current power.

Chapter 662: Bloody Void Cat's Inheritance Ground

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Right before him was a temple, seemingly made of strange multicolored woods, and with the statues of two large multicolored cats placed before it.

Without needing to be told, he could already feel the aura emanating from the statues and even the temple.

It was so familiar with the auras of the void cats he had sighted in the divided realm where he had crossed before entering the upper realms.

“This is our Bloody Void Cat inheritance. Built with the hands of our own first priest, with his hands stained with the blood of those who have wronged our progenitor, the Void Cat race, and those who have fought against injustice.” The priest was saying this when Zeras noticed Fluffy suddenly jumped down from his shoulder and walked inside the temple’s gate.

“It seems your companion can also feel the aura...” the priest said as Zeras furrowed his eyebrows and followed after the priest into the temple.

Entering into it, all there was were a total of three statues and an altar where a single tooth was placed on top of a book.

Apart from these, the room could well be described as deserted.

“This is your race inheritance ground. It feels kinda...”

“Empty, I know. But it’s everything any other Void Cat needs to understand...” He said, pointing at Fluffy, who was currently on the strange altar, with his hands pressed against the single large tiger-like tooth that was placed on the altar.

“It was said in history that the tooth belongs to the furry one and the book belongs to the humanoid one.

I’m guessing they meant that only a Void Cat would be able to comprehend the words hidden in the tooth, and only a humanoid like you would understand the book...” the priest said as Zeras turned to look at Fluffy on the altar, who had his hand touching down on the tooth, its fur lighting up brilliantly.

Raising up the book into his hands, he opened it up, and he was surprised when he saw notes written in dried blood, holding an incredibly murderous and powerful aura that brimmed with a will to fight against injustice.

Silently, time passed as Zeras closed up the book finally, a myriad of emotions flashing through his eyes as he discovered everything the priest was saying was really true.

The book not only held the events of what happened a few thousand years ago but even all to be known about the Void Cats themselves.

Their strange awakening, the speciality of the four-striped Void Cats, the procedure and the requirements of the awakening ritual. Everything was correctly listed and was just as described by the priests.

“GROOOOOOWLLLL!” Suddenly a tiger-like growl emanated from Fluffy’s lips as Zeras turned his attention to it, his eyes furrowing when he saw the pitch-red runes that were slowly covering all over Fluffy’s fur, and the strange phantom of a blood-red cat was beginning to form behind him, with Fluffy’s growl only becoming louder and louder.

“It’s losing itself to the anger of the event that happened...” the priest said as Zeras’ eyes flashed, understanding the crucifix of the matter.

There truly would be no one who wouldn’t be angry hearing of how members of its own clans have been roughly treated in the past, especially in such a heinous way, and as such, a natural reaction like that was possible.

Still, he was worried, having never seen Fluffy even ooze with a single murderous aura before. How did he suddenly gain one, and so much so?

“Calm down, Fluffy. It’ll always be fine...” Zeras said, rubbing his hand on its furry head to the back of its tail in an attempt to calm it.

And it seemed to have helped as he watched Fluffy calm itself down, judged by the red runes surrounding its body quickly fading away.

“So you understand, he will only be able to see and understand its own life purpose after it undergoes its own awakening...” the priest said, before slamming the back of his staff on the ground as the ground before them suddenly cracked into pieces in a rectangular format and revealed was none other than a pool of light green liquid.

“The Void Awakening Pool!?” Zeras asked in shock, looking at the bubbling liquid, something he understood from having read the notes.

While the void cats truly could undergo their awakening anytime their body entered into a relaxed state, there was a special liquid that could make them easily undergo their awakening, even if their body had yet to enter its relaxed state.

The awakening pool also helps them boost the functionality and effectiveness of the awakening by hundreds of folds.

It was something that was close to mythic even for the void cats. So it definitely surprised him when he saw one here.

“It’s something that our priest found in one of his long expeditions.

Since then, he had hidden it here, giving the order that it must be used if the right person is found. And I think he is more than worthy of it....”

“Still, the awakening would take its normal time, which is three months.

Since he is already qualified to undergo its second awakening, then it would take a total of 6 months for it to awaken from its slumber and complete its awakening ritual..." the priest said as Zeras' eyebrows furrowed.

"Six months! I can't wait here for six months, I have to leave to complete the request of my elders..." Zeras mused with furrowed eyebrows.

His initial plan was to spend about a few weeks inside the Jumong forest area, and during the time he would try to stabilize his cultivation and perhaps cultivate his Nine Star Fist manual to the third level, before he headed off towards the place where he was being called with Fluffy.

But now, Fluffy's awakening would take six months, the exact same time he would call back by his other about the request given.

And additional help, even if it's unsure, isn't something Zeras would let go. Not if it was from somebody as powerful as his other.

And now he was torn between two choices, to forcefully stop Fluffy's awakening and they both head to the place, or to leave Fluffy here, with the Blood Void Cats whom he had Zero trust in for six months and go alone?

Chapter 663: No Choice...

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"I won't be leaving Fluffy here with you. That's my final decision," Zeras said out loud, his voice giving no inch for reconsideration.

In the next instant, he didn't bother to look at the priest before he immediately headed for the exit, already planning to begin the mission right now.

But he couldn't help but halt in his step when he noticed he couldn't hear the sound of Fluffy's footsteps.

"Hmmm," Zeras turned his gaze backward, only to see Fluffy's back. The tiny thing was still staring at the green pool.

"Don't tell me it really wants to go for this?" Zeras thought to himself as he walked towards Fluffy.

He could see the cat's eyes were dead straight at the pool. It was the first time he had seen the cat stare so fixedly at something, with such resolute gaze and conviction.

"I can't believe it."

“You have decided to undergo the awakening, don’t you?” Zeras said as he sat down before the pool, his eyes also staring fixedly at it.

“Meow!” Fluffy gave him a sound of a yes, as Zeras stared fixedly, his gaze seemingly lost, before an incredibly wide smile bloomed on his face.

“Now that I remember it, it’s the first time you have really asked me for something...” Zeras mused, chuckling a little.

And it was just as his words suggested; it was really the first time Fluffy had wanted something from him, this resolute.

The little guy had always just flowed with the tide of his decisions, never once being against it at all. It had always flowed along with the tide of his own life.

But it seems the time was now right.

Now it was beginning to have a glimpse of its own life, and it seems it would now be floating on its own wave.

“Then go for it. When you come back in six months, you’ll find me as close as ever. And whatever wave you will be embarking on, I will always be on it with you, hmm?” Zeras said as Fluffy suddenly jumped on his face, releasing a purring sound that more than showed his gratefulness.

“Go now, the faster the better. We have everything but time, you know...” Zeras mused to him as Fluffy reluctantly separated before instantly diving into the green pool.

All its fur immediately lit up, and it sank into an unconscious state, touching down on the bottom of the pool.

More than 72 hours passed as Zeras watched the phase of Fluffy’s change, his fur slowly receding away from its body until it formed a mini-cocoon that covered his figure, blocking even Zeras’ gaze.

Still, he could sense the power of rapid evolution undergoing within the walls of the cocoon, and the transformation didn’t seem to be ending anytime soon. It was no doubt it would really take six months.

After three days of sitting quietly with his thoughts, he rose up finally, giving one last gaze at the cocoon before moving away from the temple, followed by the priest who had also stood with him for the past three days in silence.

They both moved out, the priest shutting the temple door before they stepped into the revolving black hole, soon arriving outside, back in the bamboo forest.

“Your thoughts are greatly unsettled. Come, let the gentle breeze blow it all away, and the tea calm your thoughts once more...” the old man said as they sat within the garden, sipping the green tea that really worked wonders.

Only now was Zeras able to feel how cool the breeze was, and he couldn't help but be surprised about how truly peaceful everything could be.

He had strayed too far on this path, so much he was beginning to be blind to all the natural things in the world: the bamboos in the forest, the garden before them, the rustling air, the grassy plain.

Everything had so much beauty to it, and he couldn't even see them at all, like something was concealing his gaze over it as he grew up more and more, like a person sinking deeper and deeper into quicksand.

“Are you worried about the security of your companion with us? I have to agree it is really quite difficult to trust your loyal companion with a group of aboriginals you have barely met within days,” the priest said, his old eyes staring at Zeras who remained quiet, just quietly sipping away.

“You know,” Zeras suddenly said, before halting.

“Hmm-hmm.”

“Normally in such a situation, I would have threatened you fiercely, along the lines of ‘If anything happens to him, I would reduce your entire clan to cinders,’ and such...” Zeras said with blank eyes as the priest simply smiled to that.

“But now, it just feels empty to even say. Like I...” Zeras said once more before stopping, his hands dropping the tea on the table.

“Like you what?” the priest followed on, also placing the cup down.

“I am dying...” Zeras suddenly whispered as the priest's brows creased.

“I can smell the stench of undying on you, and it's very new. You're more than far from death,” the priest said. And truly, he could determine that the young man had just broken through to the Undying rank recently.

“Not the dying as you know of it. It's another death,” Zeras mused as the priest's eyes flashed.

“Perhaps a death of something deeper within...”

“Exactly. I have once been betrayed before, abandoned by the very people I trusted the most.



Perhaps, I can't call it betrayal, because I never really knew how deep their love for me was at all," Zeras mused silently.

"But I have come to learn, real love might perhaps be silent. And there was one whose love almost meant the entire world to me.

Still, I lost him, his life seeping away within my own grasp, and that day, something died in me.

Something I really couldn't explain. But it was clear I had lost something..."

Chapter 664: Better Than A Threat...

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"Hmmm," the priest hummed slightly, the sound carried by the gentle breeze around the place.

"I could feel like I regained part of that thing that I lost when Fluffy bonded with me. Our bond wasn't really anything that special.

He just came to me, snuggled against my finger, and when I tried to send him out, he simply lit up brightly, and I was told that I had bonded with a void cat.

I didn't really find it special," Zeras mused, his eyes flashing back to the day when he had met Fluffy.

The time when his heart was freshly hollow, due to having lost Vornek.

"I tried everything I could to block that hollowness deep inside.

I smiled to hide it, trying to be a playboy, I smoked to get away the thoughts, I fought hard like a maniac, I went all out, exhausting myself in battles, I shed blood, became merciless. I even accepted a love, hoping perhaps it would clear things away slightly," Zeras mused, remembering his days in the Prodigies War event and his fleeting time with Princess Scyhleria.

"But none of it really worked. I still felt blank. The love I thought I found, I never went back to it, nor even ever hoped for the love to come back to me," Zeras mused.

While he had truly been involved a little with Princess Scyhleria, after the Prodigies War event, the feeling of love had slowly cleared away.

He never once went to her when they arrived in the sect, nor did he even sight her at all throughout his duration.

Not like he was even stable enough to do that, nor did he have the time.

But ignoring the lack of time, Zeras just couldn't grasp that love that was shown to him. He never thought of it, it was never within his heart at all. Almost like he was simply numb to the love.

"It was almost like a half-death, but I really had love for a single person, and that was Fluffy.

He really did block that hollowness from my heart, and for every second he stood on my shoulder, I felt more than alive. I could see there was still hope, and he became everything to me.

Perhaps selfish of me, to replace all my burden and loss with him. Still, it was irrefutable that Fluffy impacted me more than anything could have, and I could say, he is slowly healing back that hollowness."

"Looks like a good thing for you," the priest said as Zeras nodded, before his eyes flashed with worry.

"But that also came with its own very fear. The fear of losing Fluffy!"

"Hmmm."

"He was the one who was slowly mending that hollowness within me. The only one who gave me the reason to keep fighting.

But, but what if...I lost Fluffy too? I would be fully dead inside.

And what will happen when I become fully dead inside? When the darkness of the hollowness finally catches up to me?

I am afraid of what that could result in—the fear of losing distinction between right or wrong, and fully losing all trust that I had.

Would anyone be able to stop me then? They'll have died, won't they?" Zeras said to the priest whose eyes were flashing with a myriad of emotions.

"If you have any plan in your mind, that differs from what you truly said, about Fluffy. I believe you now know the consequences of it.

If in one way or the other I lose Fluffy, you can imagine the pain and suffering, can't you? The rage of having lost everything, and the reasoning of whatsoever disappearing from my head.

Believe it or not, I am afraid of such a state of myself more than anyone is..." Zeras whispered silently as he slowly rose up from his sitting position, and without saying more, he slowly rose up to the sky and became a shooting light beam quickly disappearing into the distance.

The priest's eyes never once wavered as he watched until Zeras disappeared far into the distance.

And for the next three days, he remained in the same singular position, simply looking at the fading mirage of the young man, his heart as quiet as the dark sea.

"People say the most scary people are those who are hollow within, feeling not a single thing at all. The perfect killing machines. But none really could lay claim to the word hollow.

No matter what technique they practiced, none would truly be able to reach the Hollow State of cultivation, because it's more than just what the meaning of the word is.

Hollowness, it couldn't even be almost described at all..." the priest mused to himself, a comprehension of something greater and sublime dawning on him.

"But now, I could feel the faint stench of true hollowness. I see a being with a true capability for the true Hollow State...

What would be released onto the world if he really did become hollow? I swear by everything I hold dear in the world. I will protect him, and make sure the awakening comes to a success, even at the cost of my own life.

I promise..." the priest said. And from thereon, he gave his clan a message of a half-year of slumber, before disappearing into the temple and sitting before its gate, silently guarding and waiting.

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"That would probably be better than simply threatening him..." Zeras mused to himself as he rapidly soared through the sky. He didn't trust the Void Blood cat, but he also couldn't wait to protect Fluffy himself for six months.

He was the one who had no choice in this matter.

Normally, he would have threatened them fiercely with something, but that approach wouldn't work.

The priest was an undying rank and had lived for thousands of years. What type of threat hadn't he heard before? He would only take his threat as the ramblings of a scared kid.

So he had decided to truly come up clean to him.

A process he believed would move his heart more than a simple threat.

And unknown to him, it more than worked out for him...

Chapter 665: Following Off...

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With the issue of Fluffy having been resolved in Zera's mind, he immediately headed quickly towards the place where the calling came from, finding the hair that was interwoven around his arm lighting up brightly. The closer he moved towards the place, the brighter it became, acting as a mini-confirmation device to ensure he stayed on the right path.

Still, night dawns and morning rises countless times on Zera's journey, with him traveling through the day and balancing his new cultivation at night. The alternation of breaks and stops eventually made him spend a total of 2 months traveling through vast unexplored plains of untouched wildlife and environmental harshness and phenomena that he had never crossed before.

Not even a single animal, human, or any living thing save for grasses could be seen the deeper Zera went, and he hardly saw the sight of life as he ventured deeper to the place of the calling.

"To believe there are still places left in this universe that are yet to be explored at all..." Zera mused with furrowed eyebrows, weaving through nooks and crannies, before finally arriving at the place he considered to be where he needed to be.

A place, deep within the unending mountain landscape. A place where gravity seemed to have lost its meaning as stones hung in the air, undulating up and down as if sent in motion by some invisible waves.

Moving through the region of twisted gravity, he finally arrived before it, and the sight shocked him, because what he saw was nothing but a... graveyard!

A long line of graves caused Zera's eyebrows to crease in confusion. How come there were graves in such a place? It was just too far away from any settlement and didn't even relate at all. Who could have come here to bury bodies, or was there a former settlement here where the dead were buried?

"Hmmm," Zera hummed slightly, turning his gaze to the hair woven around his wrist, noticing it was currently lighting up with an incredibly powerful purple light. Suddenly, a beam of purple light immediately soared into the sky as Zera looked forward, and he

saw the source of the light beam being none other than one of the graves. One that didn't seem to have any difference at all.

The light beam only brightened up for a total of five seconds before immediately disappearing. And Zera immediately walked towards the graveyard, slowly unsheathing his sword.

SLASSSSSSSSH

SLASSSSSSSSH

SLASSSSH HHHH

A total of three slashes were immediately made on the graveyard, severing the earth, and gently sheathing his sword, Zeras stamped his feet hard on the ground causing the earth to be sent into the sky, a powerful undulation of aura bursting out of his body, and sending the rocks away from him.

Now left was the ordinary wooden coffin with a seemingly brand symbol drawn at just a small corner of its side, and Zeras immediately got to work, his hand searching for the lids and he quickly opened up the wooden coffin.

While expecting a bone within which there would be the earring and he would simply pluck it off, he might be going grave robbing, but he had done much worse than that.

But what he saw wasn't anything like that and right before him was a black screen covering the entire wooden coffin.

With his undying gaze, he could immediately tell that this was no doubt a mini-portal leading to another world.

"Hmmm, a portal within a coffin buried in a mysterious graveyard. Don't tell me I'll be going to the underworld?" Zera asked with creased eyebrows.

While he might be agreeing to help his brother, it wasn't at the cost of going to the afterlife.

"That's ridiculous..." His inner voice told him as he stepped back a little from the portal, his hand holding tightly to his sword, before he did a swift jump downwards, his figure disappearing completely, and the wooden grave immediately covered itself back up with a mysterious power.

Yet, less than 10 hours after Zera disappeared, a group of alien figures over three meters tall, and with three thick thorny tails of close to two meters appeared surrounding the grave.

Immediately, they did just what Zera did, digging up the particular grave, but they were more than shocked when they opened up the coffin, and they found absolutely nothing within.

“What the! The special entrance has already been used!!!” One of the aliens roared out in shock as the others also stared at the coffin in disbelief.

“The clan has been using this coffin for more than 10,000 years now! How come it is used? How did someone find this particular place? It’s impossible!”

“QUIET!!!” A roar boomed through the place, resulting in a powerful tornado of air that blew into the distance, the source none other than one of the exceptionally smaller aliens’ gigantic maw.

He was just 2 meters tall, a full meter less than the others, yet when he uttered his word, everyone in the place quieted down.

His crimson gaze scanned the area, his heinous claws digging in the ground around the coffin before he put it to his nose.

“Someone really bested us to it. A young man, less than 100 years old and cultivating astral qi? Who among the god geniuses fits the criteria?” He asked, looking at one at his side, who immediately had a gigantic book appear in his hand and he swiped the pages at lightning speed, before turning to the others and shaking his head.

“None does. The only god geniuses that cultivate astral mana and are less than a hundred years old is Young Sage Stella.

Every other genius is all older than 100 years. With Young Sage Stella being the youngest god children at the age of 90! A less than 100 years old is just impossible...” The other alien said, as the young alien man’s eyes flashed in deep thinking.

A humming sound which seemed like a growl due to his thick voice rang out gently before a big smile appeared on his face, widening to the side of his ears.

“A person not in the god genius ranking, huh? Could he be an aboriginal from that desolate god’s children area?”

Chapter 666: A Strange Place...

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He said, a word that would have caused Zera’s jaw to drop to the ground.

The God’s children area was the highest realm in the Takamahagara universe! And the young alien was saying that it was a desolate place!?

If it was a desolate place, then which place was seemingly so much better than the God's children area can be regarded as desolate!?

"This is our Thorny Asura's only way of entering the God realm. Other God geniuses all have their way so they wouldn't have come to ours or they are willing to start a war.

That means a person who doesn't belong to the place already took our position..." he mused.

"What do we do, Young Devil master..."

"We wait... for him. And take back what he owes us... perhaps even more? Still, you all pray for him to return alive in the first place, kekekekekek."

"Kekekekek."

"Kkekekeek."

"Kekekekek."

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"BAAAAAAM!"

"SPLASSSSH!"

The surface of the water parted, water splashing into the sky as Zeras slammed his body into the body of water uncontrollably.

BURST...

Immediately, the rippling surface was once more violently disturbed as he burst his head out of the water, floating, yet his face changed when he noticed something strange.

"I... I can't fly!?" Zeras said with a raised eyebrow, finding the fact that he couldn't float out of the water. But his shock only began as he delved his consciousness rapidly into his body and his jaws dropped.

"I... I've lost my cultivation!?" he said to himself in shock. On Zera's spine, which stored his astral Mana, he could see a set of new runes having appeared, and the various runic lines within his body completely sealed every bit of mana present within him, leaving him with only his bodily ability.

“Hmmm, I can’t break the runes. It’s a realm law...” Zeras mused, finding his ability to break the runes by forcefully invoking his astral energy becoming a failure. It was like a barrier had been placed before him and his astral mana.

“Okay. I have lost my astral cultivation. But still, my physical strength is half as equal to my strength anyway. I’ll at least be fine. Now, I need to find land...” Zeras mused, looking around him and soon he sighted a small boat floating over to his side, and in the next instant, Zeras’s body went rigid, breathing to be dead as he floated in the water and simply remained motionless, allowing the water to pull him around.

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“HMMMMMM, uncle, do you see that?” the voice of a lady rang out. She had short bright orange hair, with a pair of piercing orange-colored pupils, matching her hair and eyes, and creating quite the impossible to forget impression on sighting.

She had a gorgeous face, with soft-looking pink lips and a button nose.

“Hmmm,” a thick humming sound echoed through the small boat as the lanky man, with short grey hair and a wrinkled face.

Yet seemingly old, his green eyes betrayed his outer visage, shining with life, and he narrowed his eyes into the distance, settling on the silver-haired young man who was floating on the water.

“Hmmm, it appears to be the case...” he said, yet he made no move at all and simply sat down back on the boat.

“But, aren’t we supposed to save him!?” she called out in haste, as the old man shook his head in tiredness.

“With the arrival of those otherworlders, you might be doing yourself a favor keeping your hands off strangers for now, Felicie,” the old uncle said, when suddenly she watched Felicie stand up from her seat, heading over to the side, and picking up the rowing paddle.

And she immediately changed their direction, rowing towards the silver-haired young man.

“What in the name of Mother Astrapheal are you doing, Felicie?” the uncle asked, yet never interrupted her, allowing her to take the row and follow her wish.

“I don’t know. I just think leaving a young man to die to drowning just because of fear of him being an otherworlder isn’t the best thought you’ve ever had...” Felicie said stubbornly and Batherlemy could only sigh in his heart, more than used to his daughter’s humorous words.



“Help me pick him up, a way to redeem your earlier sin...” Felicie said as Batherlemy rose up, from the boat dragging the body, which was none other than Zeras onto the boat.

“He’s surprisingly light for a drowned person...” he mused silently to himself as he properly placed his hands on various parts of the young man’s body, seemingly scanning for any sign of danger.

“He is not drowned at all, but his body is as cold as ice. Quick, we must get him back to the Coltan Tavern...” he said in seriousness, as he picked up the row from Felicie, rowing with a speed that was clearly beyond the best human rower’s speed, and quickly they disappeared off the river.

—

“You’re not the one to bring in a stranger, Batherlemy. Especially in such a dark time. I’m guessing this is due to that mischievous daughter of yours...” a large-bodied man, with dark hair mixed in with gray, and a smoke in the corner of his mouth said, in a small bar floor.

There were around seven other wooden tables around the sound of laughter and cards, and ladies in skimpy clothes walking around the place, serving the scrawny-looking young men drinks and roasted meats.

“Ahhh, you know me well, Fernand. Her pure eyes of kindness can’t be removed. All I hope is that it doesn’t get plucked out one day...” Batherlemy said watching as his childhood friend popped open the bottle of wine before pouring into both cups.

“As I always say, Batherlemy, she’ll be the death of you one day. Mark my words...” Fernand said with a chuckle to he could only smile too.

“And I can only pray your words are for once wrong, Fernand. It doesn’t seem to be the case as time goes by though..”

Chapter 667: Mistake!! Please Do Not Unlock

Quickly, the scientist and his young lab intern Hael quickly got to work.

The smell of chemicals and the clanking of test tubes, with scrub mixing together, mixed with the event of rapid color change in chemicals, created quite the show of lights in the room. Quickly, nine hours passed, with the sun rapidly retreating, giving way to the silver moon in the sky. Soon, Professor Cygnus finished a phase of his experiment. His eyes moved to the window, where he saw the sky was already dark. He then turned to Hael, who had just finished rinsing off test tubes. "Well, let's call it a day here, boy. You have classes tomorrow, he said to him as Hael wiped off his hands with a handkerchief, giving a slight bow before heading towards the exit.

But he suddenly stopped at the door.

"Um, Professor Cygnus..."

"Uh-huh?"

"Can I be sure I won't be faced with another attack tonight too? I'm the only one in that area, you know, and I'm afraid..."

"You'll be fine, kid. Now get going," Professor Cygnus said, waving him off, and Hael could only exit the lab, hoping the same thing wouldn't happen again.

The place where he lived was like a mini-estate, and he was the only one in it. That made it very desolate, which is why they could easily conduct an attack on him.

If he lived in the student dorm room, which had its own set of protectors, it would have been impossible to set a barrier around there due to its bustling activities, and an assassination would be simply impossible.

But still, he would have to go back to that desolate place, even after the lesson he had been taught yesterday.

Still, what choice did he have? It wasn't like he had a different place to stay, and he wouldn't spend his entire night waltzing around the institute or sleeping outside

. So he could only retreat back to his place, hoping that was the last assassination that would be sent towards him.

"Activate System Interface..."

[Congratulations, Hidden Quest Completed: Survive Your Sure Death has been successfully completed]

[Rewards:

1.) +5 Level-Up Card!!

2.) +5000 EXP

3.) A new stats feature has been unlocked: Regeneration!!!]

[System Interface]

[Name: Hael Winterlock]

[Title: None]

[Race: Higher Arcana Human]

[Cultivation: 1st Grade Core Cybernetic Expert. Middle Magic Apprentice Realm]

[Level: 16]

[EXP: 6,700/10,000]

[Host is in possession of 5 level-up cards. Does Host wish to level up?]

"Yes,

[-1 Level-up card]

[Host Has leveled up]

[15 Attributes Points Obtained]

[Level-Up cards remaining: 4]

[-1 Level-up card]

[Host Has leveled up]

[+15 Attributes Points Obtained]

[Level-Up cards remaining: 3]

[-1 Level-up card]

[Host Has leveled up]

[+15 Attributes Points Obtained]

[Level-Up cards remaining: 2]

[-1 Level-up card]

[Host Has leveled up]

[+15 Attributes Points Obtained]

[Level-Up cards remaining: 1]

[-1 Level-up card]

[Host has leveled up]

[+15 Attributes Points.]

[Level-Up cards: 0]

[Host's New Level: 21!]

[Total Attributes Points: 75]

[Does Host wish to distribute attribute points?]

"Yes!"

[Attributes]

[Strength: 160]

[Agility: 160]

[Perception: 120]

[Intelligence: 120]

[Charm: 29]

[Attribute Points: 75]

06:25 O

[How would Host like to distribute attribute points?]

With the event of what happened last night, Hael had his heart rising up to his throat, and he knew now the one thing he needed the most was strength and speed.

At least for now, when he knew well he could be assassinated at any time.

He would either need strength in such a situation or simply run away. The best thing to do was to rapidly increase his strength, and one of the ways to do that was using his attribute points.

"Huuuuu."

"Add 40 Attribute Points to strength, add 30 to Agility, add 1 to Charm, and add 4 to Perception; Hael

said.

He had chosen to add a point to his Charm to make it a full even number, and the rest could be added to his Perception, which was also one of the reasons he was able to discover the assassination

quickly.

Still, while Hael was expecting the system's immediate response, he felt absolutely nothing.

"Um, what's happening?" Hael couldn't help but turn to the system, worried that he could no longer put points in attribute points.

[It will be painful. Prepare yourself...] the system said, and in the next instant, Hael's two knees felt as weak as jelly. He suddenly collapsed to the ground headfirst, his body rapidly convulsing.

Green veins wriggled out of his skin, squirming underneath like tiny snakes. Sometimes, one would notice them lighting up with a golden light that flashed through them, causing the veins passed through to grow slightly bigger in size.

Hael didn't feel the expected pain. Instead, what followed was an intense numb feeling and his ability to sense his own body rapidly disappearing, as if forcefully hijacked from him.

Still, the feeling didn't last long, fading away after about half a minute. Once more, he could feel his

senses returning.

Placing his hands on the ground to push himself up,

CRAAAACK

CRAAAACK

The sound of the tile shattering rang out as Hael raised an eyebrow before he slowly turned his gaze to his hand and saw a cobweb on the ground it was placed on.

"What...what the hell?" Hael mused, but unbelieving, he moved his left arm to the ground and tried to push himself up only for the ground beneath his hands to instantly shatter apart as Hael forcefully

rose himself up.

He saw the mini-crater formed beneath his feet.

"Is this...strength?" Hael mused, looking at his own physical body, but even though he had always imagined one with great strength to be muscular and bulky, his hands were just as they ever were, even though they were now well-defined, and he could feel the strength in every fold of his hands. But what could have resulted in such a massive difference?

[It's due to you reaching exactly 200 points in stats. Those levels are areas where immediate strength

can be noticed.

Right now, your strength should be able to tear apart that Joan guy into two parts and match that of the Captain even if she uses all her strength. You use just as much energy as the one I recorded from her.] The system said as Hael's eyes flashed in shock.

"I really have grown that strong?" Hael mused. In just a few months, he had reached the cultivation level of Captain Aelia, who had been working hard since she was sixteen.

He had covered others' journeys of more than years i literal months!

"Soon. Soon, I'll have enough strength to leave this place and return to Aetheria..." Hael mused hopefully, his hands clenched hard.

[That's still a long way to go...] the system said to him, watering down his hope.

"Like how long? How many points would I need to be able to tear back a wormhole to Aetheira?"

Hael probed hopefully, more than willing to know at least how much he had to level up before he

could return.

"You'll know when you'll know, the system said before keeping quiet as Hael rolled his eyes. He half-heartedly expected that already.

"Part of your brain is still damaged. I'd be sleeping if I were you..." the system said to him as Hael walked into the bedroom, landing on the comfy bed, with the moonlight through the window lighting

up half of his face.

Slowly, he turned his gaze to it, and he didn't know, but it seemed the moon this night was the best

one he had ever seen.

He could almost see his father laughing at him from within, pride on his face, and the unyielding believing gaze of his clansmen who had all been robbed of what was rightfully theirs.

It was his source of his motivation to keep going hard, as fast as he could. And he promised silently in his heart, he wouldn't disappoint them at all.

"Tell me, system, why do you refrain from telling me the reason why I shouldn't use my War Demon Stance... Hael whispered silently. The system had told him the last time not to use the War Demon

Stance.

But it never really explained to him the reason, just telling him not to again, without its approval. And secondly, the events of yesterday, and the hellish scene. According to Professor Cygnus, he was the one responsible, his War Demon Stance to be exact, as that was the only part Hael could remember using.

It just seemed as if a part of his memory had been removed once he called out the demon stance, and he had no idea after that, waking up to find the dead body all piled around him.

But still, the system had refused to elaborate about the specifics, saying he would receive his answer

from Professor Cygnus.

It was strange to Hael, trying to ignore the topic about the War Demon stance, and seemingly very

unrevealing of its secrets to him...

//////Supreme's Note//////

Vote with your power stones, they help a lot!!

Instant Bonus Chapters(Within 15 Hrs)

Castle or above gift: 10 Chapters +1 Character role in the novel.

I really need your support for this competition!!

## Chapter 668: Enchanted!

STEP

STEP

STEP

The sound of steps gently stepping on the wooden staircase faintly resounded as she slowly ascended the stairs toward the small hut house, suspended up in the air by being placed on other hut houses.

Snow rained down from the roof of the small hut, caused by the gently flowing breeze that lifted her light orange hair to the side.

Finally, she reached the small hut's footmat, her hands reaching for the knob, only to stop at the last second as she felt the sound of shuffling papers, and her sword-like eyebrows knitted a little.

She could still remember meeting with her uncle and his friend Fernand just a few minutes ago, and now she could still hear the sound of shuffling papers.

The only person that could be was...

CLINNCKKK

The doorknob creaked under her gentle hand force as the door fully opened up, giving view to the inside of the small hut.

It was a pretty ordinary room, with a wooden floor, a bed at the far end side, a rectangular-shaped sofa present in the middle, and at the northward wall was a place where a study table, filled with hundreds of worn-out books and pages with strange drawings, could be seen.

Before the table was a seat facing the wall, and currently on it was a figure, whose face was obstructed by the silvery hair falling down his shoulders.

"It's you!" Felicie said, more than surprised to find the young man there on her reading table.

She had been told by Fernand that he had been given dozing tablets, and he should be asleep for around six hours, by which he would then be fully recovered after his arising.

But here he was sitting on the chair, less than mere minutes after getting dozed.



“The Tower of God?” His calming voice rang out to her as she looked to her side, where a large axe was hung.

She quickly took it in her grasp, walking cautiously toward him. She couldn’t afford to fall to a stranger. It might be nothing but a trick from him to lower her guard.

‘Tch, how naive...’ she thought to herself.

“Your commitment to something seemingly mythical is admirable. These are works of close to a couple dozen years. And your hypotheses are really as wild as they can be...” Zeras said as he flicked through the hundreds of rough notes with more than lightning speed, easily cramming everything present within them.

From it, he could already understand everything about the world he was in, and even more about the strange reason of why he was there, and what he ought to do immediately.

It was a free ticket that saved him from so much trouble of asking around. And the girl who wrote this seemed to have quite the crazy ideas and twisted imaginations about cultivators.

Slowly, Felinie raised her axe into the air, centering it at the center of his head.

“And you wish to go to the so-called Tower of God, where your father met his end, to what?” he suddenly asked as her hand halted in the air.

“Die after him? Tsk, tsk, you don’t learn, do you?” He completed, and Felinie’s eyes flashed in anger, her hand immediately slashing the axe on his head.

RIIIIIIIIIP

The sound of something getting ripped apart rang out as the axe smashed into the furniture, rending it to pieces before nailing it to the ground.

Retreating backward from him due to the soaring shrapnels and disbelief of what she had just done, she turned to the side, only to sight the young man staring at a group of pictures on the mini-wardrobe stand.

“I’m not surprised...” he said, rising upright before turning the side of his face to her. Immediately, her mouth hung agape at the sight of his real features.

He had been soaked, his face obstructed by his wet hair when she had last seen him.

But now she could really see his features, and he was the most handsome young man she had ever seen before.

Still, what captivated her the most were those astral blue eyes.

They seemed to want to draw her soul in, making her almost uncontrollably move towards him, but she was soon awakened by the sound of hurried footsteps emerging from outside the door.

Soon a new figure arrived in the room, her eyes turning to Zeras first, resulting in quite the flash of surprise, but then turning to look at Felicie before sighting the axe on the ground, pieces of broken furniture present around it.

“Are you okay, Felicie...” she said, running to Felicie and protecting her behind her, before turning to Zeras and yelling out.

“Stay away, you monster!”

“Hmmm,” To the green-haired elderly woman’s yell, Zeras only hummed before returning to look at the picture stand in the room.

“Come with me, Felicie. Let’s get away from that monster...”

“I’m fine, Mrs. Charlotte...” Felicie said as the woman released her hands, her beating chest residing.

“Did he do that?” she asked, looking at the axe, and Felicie simply turned her gaze to her before requesting, “Will you mind giving me a few minutes of privacy with him, Mrs. Charlotte?”

“What!? No, I can’t leave you with this monster...”

“Pretty please, Mrs. Charlotte. For old times’ sake...” Felicie said with puppy eyes as Mrs. Charlotte’s face squeezed as if finding it hard to come to a decision before she ultimately sighed.

“Ok, fine. But I’ll be going now and calling your uncle.” She said, moving to the exit, before turning to look at Zeras.

“Hmph, you better not try anything funny. Or you’ll have your skin peeled alive by her uncle. Mark my words...” The woman said confidently before slamming the door shut and quickly climbing down the stairs, her hurried footsteps slowly disappearing from his hearing.

“You’re one of those otherworlders...” Felicie said immediately, the sound of Mrs. Charlotte’s footsteps receding.

“And who are these otherworlders?” He asked her in return.

No data found.

## Chapter 669: Enchanted 2

“Don’t play dumb with me,” Felicie barked out, not giving in a little.

She had heard tales of how mischievous and evil those otherworlders are. But even more than that were tales of their seemingly godly abilities.

She had just seen him easily disappear from where she sat and arrive at the other end of the room, blocking her axe strike.

He was no doubt an otherworlder, as not many she knew could even move around half the speed he just moved at.

“Does it matter if I am an otherworlder or not?” Zeras asked, shaking his head as he moved towards Felicie, who shifted back from caution, but he never really reached her before branching to the door, preparing to move out.

He already got his hands on the information he needed. His purpose here had been achieved, and that signaled his time to leave.

“WAAAITT!!!” She screamed after him as she also ran to the exit, seeing Zeras move out of the place.

‘Hmmm, it’s been a long time since I’ve seen falling snow...’ Zeras mused silently, looking at the heavy snow that poured down his face.

Forgetting the snow, the place around him was breathtaking.

A seemingly peaceful village, blanketed in a thick layer of pristine snow, the domed roofs and elegant towers of the buildings shimmering under the pale moonlight.

The windows of the houses in the area, which looked like huts strangely stacked over each other like storey buildings, emitted a warm, inviting light, casting a golden hue onto the snowy landscape.

Tall evergreen trees stood majestically around the village, their branches heavy with snow, adding to the scene’s tranquil beauty.

The gentle curving streets and pathways were lined with meticulously maintained snow-covered hedges, leading to charming courtyards and hidden nooks.

In the distance, a delicate bridge arched over the icy water, leading to a seemingly faraway island, where he could feel the large presence of living beings mixed in with very strange yet familiar auras.

The snowy wonderland managed to capture Zeras’s attention for a while, causing him to stop in his steps and simply look frozenly at everything, unable to withdraw his gaze, even after hearing the heavy footsteps that came to a halt just below him.

It belonged to none other than Fernand and Balthemore, who had rushed here after being alerted by Mrs. Charlotte of the seemingly heavily dozed young man's awakening.

They had no idea who he was, but waking up so fast after being so heavily dozed and being around their daughter was more than enough to send both old men leaving their beloved drinks behind and running over to the place.

But what they saw was the scene of the silver-haired young man who seemingly looked dazedly at the falling snow, and far behind him, the clearly flustered Felicie, whose outstretched hands revealed to them a possibility of her calling the young man back.

Caught in such a scene, they had no idea what to do, wondering whether it was a good thing to disturb the young man, who was in a dazed position of seeming surreality.

"Felicie, are you alright?" Balthemore said, skillfully passing by Zeras on the steps and approaching his precious daughter.

He cared not for anything but the safety of her.

"You don't seem to witness the snow much. Beautiful, isn't it?" The voice rang out to Zeras, and reflexively he nodded his head, accepting the comment.

But that was when he recovered himself as he stared at the old man, recognizing him to be the one who had dozed him.

Unfortunately, his doze only knocked him out for a minute before he woke up once more...

Staring at each other, the snow poured down even heavier, as the light of the moon seemed to dim even more from the lights.

“Come in, the snow is very heavy, and it doesn’t seem to be stopping anytime soon,” Fernand said, walking past him, while tapping his shoulder twice.

With furrowed eyebrows, Zeras looked up at the snow. It didn’t affect him much at all, and only slightly blocked his view, but he could still make it even within it.

But in the end, he decided to ignore the kind-hearted gesture shown towards him and decided to follow Fernand back into the small cottage.

—

CRACKLE...

CRACKLE...

The sound of the crackling flaming wood placed under the wardrobe resonated throughout the small room, where a total of three figures could be seen.

They were none other than Fernand, Zeras, and Balthemore. Felicie had been sent into her room to rest for the night, giving the three men their privacy.

The only sound save from the crackling wood was the puffing of smoke from a pipe placed in the mouth of Fernand, who closed his eyes, relishing the smoking, while Balthemore simply stared cautiously at Zeras, whose pupils showed wood crackling in the fire...

"How abysmally quiet. It's like a gathering of long-lost enemies," Fernand said with a hearty chuckle as Zeras slowly turned his gaze away from the wood and to them.

From both men, he could sense not even the slightest trace of mana, yet looking at both their faintly wrinkled faces, they were seemingly tougher than steel, holding close to no difference to that of a galaxy-rank cultivator.

"Your eyes behold surprise looking at us. Not from around here, are you..." Fernand said, blowing a large amount of his smoke into the air. Being a smoker himself, it didn't bother Zeras that much, and he nodded to the man.

"I guess that's what you all call otherworlders?" Zeras probed, resulting in a nod from Fernand.

“You’re strange. The otherworlders here already know we refer to them as otherworlders, but you seem to have no clue at all, but definitely not from around here. Just who are you?” Balthemore asked, his gaze furrowed in suspicion.

Zeras didn’t know why, but he could tell the man didn’t really seem to fancy him that much.

Almost like he had a hate against otherworlders, as he looked at him with sharpness, contrary to the gaze of Fernand, which was seemingly more relaxed.

## Chapter 670: Discussion 1

“I might be quite a different otherworlder, you may say. A different one that never had any idea how this thing works. He just found a strange portal and jumped into it only to find himself here.”

Do you understand?” Zeras explained to him the reality of his existence here.

“Hmm, so you chanced upon a mysterious portal and jumped into it!?” Fernand asked, as Zeras nodded his head.

“Yes, that’s basically everything that happened,” he replied as he watched them both look at each other and burst into loud laughter, puffs of smoke swirling through the air.



“Hahahaha, you know young man, we believe you now. One thing about the otherworlders is that...” Fernand said, puffing on another smoke.

“They’re too prideful to lie to seemingly mortals like us,” Baltimore helped him complete, his voice holding irritation and mockery.

“Or more, they disdain talking to mortals like you. They believe we’re at the lower bottom of life, and they are mini-gods, that can only be followed and never disobeyed!” Fernand said to him, as Zeras furrowed his eyebrows.

“The otherworlders that the man was talking about were definitely geniuses from the outside world. But the world that they are from is something that eludes his knowledge.

He had never heard of anyone from the three sects preparing for a realm expedition to this place at all.

And the three divine sects are the strongest sects that basically control close to everything in the Takamahagara universe. There was no way they would have missed a realm like this

. So if those geniuses aren’t from the Takamahagara universe, then just where the hell did they even come from? A separate universe, or could there be a place that was still even higher in the Takamahagara universe?

He knew he came from the Lower realms and then there was the Upper realm where the god children’s area was located.

So could there still be another realm that he had no idea about? A realm beyond the upper realm? It was a greatly puzzling question.

“I don’t think I’m aware of who they are or where they even come from. But I’ve never met with one before and can’t say they are from my world.”

“They are not from your world! They are all from different worlds, and none of them like each other.

Back then, we would often see them quarreling amongst each other, and some even killed each other in thier barbaricness.

If they were all from a common background, then they wouldn’t be acting like animals in a jungle,” Fernand said to him as Zeras nodded, yet his mind was reeling.

‘Now I fully know well, Takamahagara isn’t the only universe in this cosmos. And there aren’t just one or two but multitudes and multitudes of universes like Takamahagara! Just how big is the world?’ Zeras couldn’t help but think.

“I saw some of the books on the table and saw some inscriptions and notes about some Tower of God? What’s that all about?” Zeras asked casually, and he got his reply from Baltimore.

“That’s what all of them came here for. The Tower. There are tales of it holding all that is needed to be a True god or something like that.

Based on completing some sort of trial and getting rewarded or something like that,” Baltimore said to him as Hale’s eyebrow raised in confusion, yet his mind was reeling inside.

‘The Tower of God!? Could it be the same tower that is appearing all over the sect?’ he pondered. ‘The Book. I need to check the book,’ Zeras thought to himself.

He could confidently say he was the one who had brought about the appearance of those towers in one way or the other and it was due to him checking that sealed book in the Martial God Hall.

He had been unable to even view the book once after that, due to his intense cultivation and various important situations he’s had. But now he had to check it.

He could remember having awakened a page or two of it. Perhaps, it could help him navigate through the darkness of it all.

“Your daughter has written a lot of these things down. It must have taken real years to jot down, and the hard work is something commendable, don’t you think?” Zeras suddenly said standing up from the sofa and heading toward the table, where he viewed the various notes present on the table.

From it, there were thousands of hypotheses and seemingly completed theories, thousands of mysterious questions, thousands of answers.

It was like the diary of a mad scientist trying to unravel the secrets of ancient dark magic.

The amount of work put in it shocked him greatly, but also piqued his curiosity. Why would anyone do this?

“Ahhh, you know what they say about the cat, don’t you?”

“Curiosity kills the cat,” Zeras responded.

“True. There are some among us, the original dwellers of this world, who are very interested in the otherworlders, wanting to uncover the secrets that lay behind their seemingly mythical abilities. Naive ones,” Fernand said as Zeras nodded continuously.

“But you can see it like a mortal who sighted a god once.

There will be a forever unending burn in his or her heart to find out the truth about the existence of gods. You can call it natural even.

Every man spends all of his years trying to correct his own disability. Sighting a god only reminds him even more of his own disability and hence an even greater want to correct the disability, you know?” Zeras replied casually as Fernand looked at his back, his eyes flashing in shock, before he scoffed.

“A mortal’s curiosity about a god, and his daringness to go searching out will only lead to his or her death.

There are thousands of people in such a situation, who choose of their own free will to accompany a god in order to learn more of his existence.

Guess what? None of them ever return. Even after the so-called god returns, with not a wound, they are always mysteriously gone.

That shows you it was more than true that the god had sacrificed them for his own greater agenda...”