

Chaos Devourer System

#Chapter 671: Discussion 2 - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 671: Discussion 2

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“Or a mortal was never meant to and can never survive the journey of a god, hence their death!” Fernand reasoned with his friend who nodded, welcoming the idea.

“Who knows for sure, both of them might be right. Still, unless a mortal really accomplishes the journey, then even if it takes a million or billion years, there will always be someone who wants to know the truth about the gods.

It’s an undying curiosity, one set up by the very first sighting...”

“And one that must be effectively curbed, don’t you agree?” Fernand said, walking to him at the table as Zeras raised an eyebrow at him.

“That’s my point. It can’t be curbed. Even if it takes a hundred or billion or billion years, there will always be someone who wants to know.

And here is something about a man. The more you deny him of something, the more he wants it.

If you deny a man his wills, it will only grow bigger and bigger and sooner or later, it will either be the reason why he prospers or his eventual unsurprising death.

Men of your caliber should more than know that...” Zeras replied to them.

It was something anyone at a sufficient age knows to know already.

He had been denied strength ever since he was little, and that was one of the reasons why he is now strong.

He had been continuously denied a place to call home, and that was why he had to go out, willing to leave behind a life of eternal peace and comfort just to get it.

The more a wish is pinned down, the more brightly it burns. Sometimes, one can reign in that feeling, but sometimes, some wishes just can’t be reigned down no matter what.

Just like his own will to find a place where he could point to and say he was from. No matter what is offered to him, he would never choose it to swap for what he really wants.

To Zeras' reasoning, both young men could only remain silent. They knew well it was true.

But sometimes, hopelessness can extinguish a man's burning curiosity, and the same could be said for them.

Which of them doesn't wish to know the power of a god? Which of them wants to look at others control the seas with a wave and fly up into the air like a bird? But hopelessness.

Hopelessness has extinguished their curiosity.

BOOOOOOOOM!

"That is why I will be going with him to the Tower!" The voice suddenly resounded as the door was kicked open and a figure walked into the room.

"Felicie!?" Fernand called in surprise.

"You were supposed to be in bed, young lady," Baltimore called out as Felicie scoffed.

"I don't feel like sleeping. And I have decided I will be accompanying him to the Tower of God!" Felicie declared stubbornly, causing Zeras to raise an eyebrow.

"There is no Tower of God, Felicie! It is nothing but a fairy tale! And even if there is, the dangers of the road will shred your bones and make you lost in the abyss forever, never once seeing light. It is a journey for gods and gods only!" Baltimore replied, this time, his voice showing conviction.

"Isn't he a god too? He will help me with the journey. He has enough power, doesn't he?" Felicie retorted as Baltimore remained silent before suddenly the sound of bones crackling resounded throughout the room as Baltimore walked towards her, his visage as dark as they could ever be.

"I watched your father leave me for this same nonsense of the Tower of God. He left with a god, just like you plan, but guess what, the god returned and he never did.

I fought to know the reason from the so-called god to the best of my ability, but all I got was a dozen years of injuries that still affect me to this day.

Your father's selfish decision created a scar for my heart and my body, and a scar for your mother's heart and her life.

He died unjustly, and the so-called god doesn't even care about him, not even remembering him at all.

I see you walking in the same path, Felicie, and I swear by my last breath, not even a god will make me see that scene repeat itself!" Baltimore said, his determination unwavering, and immediately he turned his gaze to the side, towards Zeras.

"The snow has gone down now, you can leave, and there's no need to repay us back..."

Without much ado or quarrel back, Zeras simply rose up from his seat, tipping his head at them, before moving out the door and shutting it close.

Right now, the snow was thicker than ever, but he blazed through it, his back quickly fading away into the world of white.

"You! You chased him away under the heavy snow. What type of man are you?"

"Not a word more, Felicie Anderson! Off to sleep!" Baltimore yelled out loud to her, as Felicie's nails dug into her palms, her teeth grinding hard against each other.

"I wish I never had an uncle like you..." she yelled out in frustration before storming into her room, shutting the door tightly. A moment later, the sounds of stifled sobs soon rang out from within.

"Come here, Balth, come, come calm your mind..." Fernand said to him, as Baltimore walked to his friend, who passed him the cigar cigarette puff. Taking the cigarette puff, he took an especially large inhale of it.

"She would never understand, Fernand. The pain of losing a brother. It stings my soul till now, Fernand! It stings really hard, even more than a dozen swords being dipped into my body...."

"I was there, Baltimore. I know well how it stings. Don't you worry about it. We will pull through this, just like we have always been..." Fernand comforted, both men drowning in the solace offered by the cigarettes...

Chapter 672: The City...

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FRRRUUUUSH

FRUUUUUHSHHH

It was the sound of snow whooshing around the place, spreading forth a deathly horrifying chill that would have gravely injured an uncovered ordinary mortal blowing through the bridge area.

Through the white snow, a figure, seemingly having become a part of it, could be seen walking on the cold bridge, his calm astral blue eyes looking into the distance.

Judging from his expression, he seemed to be bothered not by the snow at all, yet his eyes furrowed to some extent, something that could have only been due to worried thinking, and more revealing there was something definitely wrong about him.

The figure was none other than Zeras, and truly his mind was currently unsettled.

While he might have received the aim of his hope here in the area, there was still a problem. He didn't have any source that told him the artifacts which he was looking for, the earring, was in the place, the so-called tower of God.

But judging from the fact that everyone around here seemed to leave for the tower, saying it holds great power, that was the only place he could reason for the earring he was requested to bring to be located.

But there was still one tiny problem, and that was the fact that he had no idea where the tower was!

He could see some notes that pieced about the hypothetical direction of the tower, but he couldn't fully piece everything together before he was asked to leave by the Fuming Baltimore.

The situation could have been a lot more dangerous for the small family if they had caught him in a bad mood, but Zeras had chosen to simply respect their wishes and leave even though he had been rudely asked to do so.

It was fine to him because he had been through much worse. Anyone with his power might have gravely injured or even killed them off, but to injure life or even take it away due to that seemed a little too much to him.

With that out of his mind, the one thing he needed to know now was how to obtain the map of the tower.

After walking for a few hours more through the cold snowy night, he finally found a distant light, and walking more forward, the lights increased and before his gaze was a small city-like place with a cacophony of noise and people through the bare nights.

Sensing their aura from so far away, Zeras could immediately tell they were nothing like the ones of Baltimore and Ferdinand, and that indicated to him these were none other than the so-called otherworlders.

"If they have all come here, then they must obviously know of the tower's location. Perhaps I can get one of them to tell me, or I secretly tag along with them..." Zeras

whispered to himself and quickly advanced towards the city, soon arriving before its large gates, where a singular entity sat down.

“Buy the map to the Tower of God himself here, and secure yourself a place among the strongest artifacts ever in existence.”

The young man who had an especially large round hat that covered the top part of his face could be seen with a group of folded scrolls placed on a simple wretched-looking mat in front of him.

Forget the mat, even the figure itself looked wretched with its overflowing blue robes, patched around in various areas.

“Today must be my lucky day!” Zeras mused to himself, exhaling in relief as he approached the side of the trader.

“What have you come here for young lady? A scroll to your deepest desire, or your most desired one, hmm?” He said, winking at Zeras with those flaming red eyeballs, that gave a different vibe to his entire bearing.

Immediately, Zera’s face scrunched up in disgust at the shameless smile and how the young man ogled at his hands.

“Don’t be ridiculous, you idiot! I’m a man!!!” Zeras yelled at him, snatching his hand away from the man whose face turned completely red as he blinked his crimson eyes and looked down at Zeras, stopping near his midsection, before he delivered an “ah-ah” sound.

“Ahhh sorry, my benefactor. I have misplaced your face or every close female friend of mine. Hahaha, nothing to be offended about. Perhaps, my heart is just seeking for a companion who knows.

And you know, I used to have one around a few thousand years ago. We used to play around our little home, and go on numerous adventures together.

Oh my, how pretty a lady she was.

And you know, we both together had 15 sons, and 600 daughters. We used to joke together of how fair the heavens is to us. You know, when my sons come of...”

And for the next 30 minutes straight, Zeras watched dumbly as the young man whose age could definitely not be up to 500 went on and on about his adventures for more than a thousand of years ago.

“Ahhh, it was such good timings. Now you see I’m a well-versed and ancient old monster, don’t you see?”

'Yes. Perhaps a shameless, lying old piece of lecherous bastard!' Zeras thought in his head.

"So, hmm-hmm. Might I ask why you have come to seek my blessing today..."

"I need a map."

"Oh yes, a map? A map to where exactly?"

"A map to the Tower of God," Zeras replied to him as the young man's expression dropped for a few seconds before an incredibly bright smile appeared on his face.

"Of course, I do have that. There's no map I don't have, you know. See, here it is..." The young man said as he took a map off the table and passed it to Zeras.

Stretching forth his hands, Zeras wanted to accentuate the content of the map first, but before his finger could touch it, the map shifted back even faster, kept into the front pockets of the young man's sleeves with incredibly fast and fluid motions.

Chapter 673: The Strange Guy...

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"You see, I'm a fair trader and I like to let people know of my courageous efforts in obtaining the map before I give it to them..."

"As you might already know, the location of the Tower of God is mostly known to the inhabitants of this world, and as you may also know, they really hate us. Like the hate of a goat and a lion..." he said in exasperation.

"I won't deny that," Zeras replied to him, he had also been a victim of that a few minutes ago.

"Good. So to obtain this map, it could literally be compared to going to hell and asking Yama for your mother's lost soul and coming back alive to tell the tale.

So, in short, it took my difficult effort. In that, it made this map a very high-value object.

And might I remind you that the one who possesses the direction to the Tower of God before the tower appears already has half the battle won. So you definitely want to have this..."

"State your price..." Zeras cut him off, already understanding where the young man was going.

“Good. Good, you do understand the language of business, unlike those idiots back there...” He said with an angered expression as he looked behind him inside the city.

“So the price. It is simple, since we cultivators need no money at all.

How about you simply offer me something valuable, and of equal value, hmm?” He proposed as Hale’s eyebrows furrowed before he stretched out his hands and something quickly appeared in them. Something none other than a...

“A... a horn!?” Cody called out with a raised eyebrow as Zeras’ eyes showed mockery and also with a hint of unwillingness.

“As expected of a blind piece of trash. You call this a mere horn! This is one of the three epic artifacts of my race. The Abyssal Devil Horn!

A piece of artifact obtained from the head of the powerful horn of an Undying Rank abyssal devil from the abyssal universe. There are only two of these more left in the entire abyssal universe...”

“And you’re willing to hand such a valuable thing for the map? Is it worth it?” he asked with eyes that studied his customer even more, and he noticed unwillingness.

Zeras’ eyes flashed with melancholy on looking at the horn, but his gaze settled as he turned to look at the young man.

“This is a mythic artifact in my clan, one given to me because I am the son of the patriarch, but I have been given an assignment in the Tower of God.

My father has told me I would find an even better artifact of our race within the tower. A supreme grade artifact situated on the third floor of the tower.

To him, that is the only treasure. If I obtain the map of the tower and get my hands quickly on the supreme horn before anyone does, then it will be worth it if I lose this horn.

Anything for the goal I have been sent to achieve!” Zeras said convincingly as Cody’s eyes flashed for a few seconds before he laughed heartily within his mind.

‘Stupid idiot!’

“Good. I’ll accept the exchange,” Cody said, stretching his hands out only to receive a snort from Zeras.

“What do you take me for? A fool?”

“Huh?”

"Give me the map first and then I'll give you my treasure," Zeras said as Cody took out the map from his pocket and stretched it towards Zeras who held his end, before he then stretched his hand forth towards Zeras who also placed the horn on his palm and slowly, both let go of their object.

"Well, good Samaritan of mine. It's deep night as you see and snow would freeze my tired bones, lest I leave for the inn as quickly as possible. Adios!" he said and in an evasive swift motion, he packed up the scroll in the hat he laid down and then threw forward a ring which made a portal appear mid-air.

Less than three seconds, the young man had entered into the portal and disappeared and that only made Zeras even more suspicious.

Quickly unfolding the map, his face changed as he sighted nothing but a few words on the white piece of paper.

"No One Knows The Location Of The Tower Of God You Idiot! Not until the tower reveals itself!"

"Tch, that crooked bastard. I knew he's up to no good!" Zeras mused under his breath but he wasn't even angry at all as he rolled back the scroll and threw it into his storage ring before walking off.

Why didn't he care? Because Zeras also had nothing to lose.

The horn he had exchanged for the map was of course no supreme whatever horn. It was a slice-off horn from the head of a cosmic rank devil in the Shadow Impression Valley.

One which Zeras had killed by the reverberation of his attacks on another powerful devil.

The horn had simply been kept in his spatial ring for the first days when he was making research about the different classes of devils and wondering maybe their horns could reveal to him a devil's wear, since they all looked alike, he needed to know how to recognize them and he had sought for his answers in the horn.

And that was the horn he had given to Cody. It was a truly worthy exchange. And besides, Zeras now knew one thing too, and that is that no one really knows the Tower of God's location.

Perhaps that was why Blathemore said that it was mythic.

But he knew if the Tower of God's location was revealed, then why are they all sitting down doing nothing? They would have all run to it, wouldn't they?

Besides, he had learned from the strange notes that the Tower of God reveals itself and by his calculation, there were just three days left from now for the revelation.

Now that he had really confirmed it, all he needed to do was wait. But now, he needed an inn.

Immediately, he disappeared further into the gates, mixing in with the otherworlders, before he soon found an inn after walking for about three hours more.

It was quite a large building, one that you could call abandoned and inhabited by the otherworlders, and without wasting much time, Zeras disappeared into the building.

Chapter 674: Chasing Destiny

“Back again, thief! Seems you’re looking good today, huh?” The voice rang through the luxurious room as a portal appeared in the center and a figure dripped out of it.

A figure none other than Cody, the one who scammed Zeras, or at least thought he did.

Immediately the portal disappeared, Cody heaved a sigh of relief before turning to look at the figure sleeping on the luxurious sofa. A figure none other than an over-weighted black cat with a bored expression on its face.

“Hahahaha. Finally, the heavens have looked upon me in goodness today. I successfully scammed someone! He wanted a map, and I gave him a sheet of paper with your dumb shit written on it.

And he gave his clan’s supreme grade treasure. See, see, look at it!” Cody said as he brought out the large horn he had been given by Zeras.

“Isn’t it beautiful? A supreme grade treasure! Feast your eyes on it!” Cody said as the fat cat opened one of its eyes, looking at the horn before one of its nails stretched out, and then it gently touched it.

And right before Cody’s face, which rapidly paled, he witnessed how the horn, a supreme grade treasure, faded away into dust from a simple touch of the cat’s claws.

“MEOWHAHAHAMEOW!” The fat cat laughed out loud, its huge tummy jiggling as it pointed its hand at Cody mockingly, who clutched the remnants of the faded horn in his hand like it was his dying child.

“You, you ruined my supreme grade treasure!” he roared out as the cat snorted in disdain.

“The scammer got scammed. Which stupid supreme grade treasure? It’s a horn from a cosmic rank lesser devil.

You can't sell this for sand in the world. It's basically a hulk of a useless object. You got scammed big time.

You gave him free paper and free information which you could have sold for a good amount of something valuable if only you have some little bit of sense in your head. Ahhh, how idiotic..." the cat said as it took its nap, paying no respect to the powerful storm of hair that was blowing around the room.

"That! That bastard! Next time I see him, I'll strangle him to death!" Cody roared in anger as a ring appeared in his hand and he flung it forward, causing another gigantic portal to appear mid-air, one which he quickly stepped into and disappeared.

"Ahhhh, the son of the greatest thief of the U'itra universe, getting scammed. Your son is a disappointment, Tu Feng!" The black cat said with an exasperated expression before swerving on its back and dozing off.

—

"Ahhhhhhh, do you think it might be an error of mine? Is what that boy said true?" Baltimore asked with a guilty expression as he downed the bottle of wine.

Both men had left the house and come to their little corner, where they spent the majority of their time.

"Oh, and what is that?" Fernand said to him, as Baltimore sighed.

"The talk of the undying will. Is it true that the more I stop Felice from going, the more stubborn she gets on the matter?" He asked as Fernand simply smiled.

"Your decision is not wrong, Fernand. After your brother's death, you have remained a true husband for Lucille until her death and you have raised up Felicie well after their deaths.

She was nothing but a two-year-old baby, have you forgotten?"

"I remember all of it like yesterday," Baltimore responded.

"But see her now, she's grown into the finest young lady of our small village. Given everything and absolutely everything that she wants. You have denied her not of anything, Baltimore.

Nothing but something that had resulted in the death of her father. It's completely fine to want to avoid the same fate for her.

There's nothing really wrong with that. It shows you care even more..." Fernand said as Baltimore nodded.

"It is already draining a lot. Time for me to leave. Make sure you apologize and explain yourself to her before you go to sleep. See you around tomorrow, Baltimore..." Fernand said, tapping his friend hard on the shoulder before walking out of the hall.

Left alone at the table was none other than Baltimore, who sighed. "Maybe, I do owe her an apology. Let me fix this..." he mused to himself as he rose up and slowly made his way to Felicie's room.

Walking up towards the stone steps, he arrived before the wooden door, his hand reaching to knock when suddenly it paused in shock as Baltimore's eyes flashed in shock.

He immediately burst into the room, running to the room and opening it, only to find it hollow!

"What the! Felicie! Felicie!" Baltimore called out loud, wanting to exit the room, only for the corner of his eye to pick up a paper on the sofa.

"What is this?" he mused as he picked up the paper and read its content, his face flashing in disbelief as he read on, and soon it turned into absolute shock.

"Felicie! What have you done?!" Baltimore whispered, his hands sinking into his palms so much they drew blood from the tight clenching as his eyes flashed in a deep crimson color of anger and hopelessness...

The notes on the paper were very simple and easily understandable. Yet the one that mattered the most was the one that was written at the end of the note. One that angered Baltimore beyond anything else.

"I have gone in search of my family's destiny, Uncle. And this time, I promise I will succeed!"

"FELICIE!!!!"

—

"Hmmm, that bastard. I wish I crossed paths with him once more. I'll first naked him on the street, and then I'll cut off his manhood and his right arm. Then tear out his left arm, then cut off his tongue and gouge out his eyes.

And then I'll hang him on a cross for him to die!" He swore continuously, but soon his ears perked up as he turned to look to the side where a figure was walking out of the snow.

A figure with orange hair....

Chapter 675: Strange Woman

“A new customer...” Cody said, stopping his curses, quickly sitting upright, covering the upper part of his face, and beginning his usual advertisement.

Just as he had expected, and as everyone had always done, she managed to stop before him, her eyes furrowed at him. That came as the first step to success for Cody—to gain their attention!

“Hello, pretty lady. What can I offer you? A map to your deepest desires or a point of the way to one which you want to really know about?” he said, with a mysterious smile. The orange-haired lady watched him with furrowed eyebrows, her eyes focused on the area above his head.

To Feliece, the young man was interesting based on the strange aura she had seen on his head. She could almost faintly know and hear what it was, and it couldn’t help but make her giggle softly.

“Hmmm, might I ask what makes you so happy?” Cody asked, swiping his hands over his head and finding nothing.

“You’re a thief, using the cover of a trade,” Feliece said as Cody’s eyes flashed in shock, yet he was more experienced than that.

“That is not true, my lady. All my goods are genuine. You can try to buy one with the pretty necklace on your neck or those handsome bangles, and check for yourself...” he offered as Feliece giggled once more before shaking her head.

“No. I’m not here for a map. I’m here for a person...” Feliece said as Cody scrunched up his face a little, still feeling the tinge of anger from getting scammed by that low bastard just a few minutes ago.

“A location to a person, huh? You’re in luck because I have such a map with me. This map...” Cody began his act, picking up an especially large scroll among the bunch. “This scroll here, my lady, enables you to find the location of a person, no matter the location. It will be like a beacon of light calling you from the distance. But first, you must describe him, and I will write it down with my magical pen. So do tell me his physical description...”

The young woman obliged, quickly giving the physical attributes of the person, a person who Cody more than knew of. His gnashing teeth showed the fact, even though he tried to rein it down as much as he could.

“You know him, don’t you?” the lady suddenly said. Cody raised his head, his eyes flashing with a certain thought, and he smiled devilishly in his mind.

“Of course, my lady. I know that bastard. Just the most hateful, wicked, and deceitful devil that you will ever see in your life. Nothing more than that...” he said as shock flashed in Feliece’s eyes.

“Can you tell me what he has done wrong?”

“Oh-oh-oh. Doing that will stain your pure mind and ears. All I can say is that he conned me out of a good deal. He bought from me a map, and when he was asked to pay for something of the same value in return, he gave me a horn that immediately became dust as soon as he left. A tricky bastard, isn’t he?” Cody said, clicking his tongue, yet he was flabbergasted by the series of events that occurred a moment later.

“I’m very sorry he cheated you. Here, take this as a form of recompense for what he did, okay?” Feliece said, as she took a single one of her gold handwear and passed it to Cody.

“Huh?” Even Cody himself was beyond shocked at the event as he simply stared at the dazzling bangle. His hand automatically took it, still in disbelief.

“Goodbye now, sir...” she said as she continued on her way under Cody’s shocked gaze. But before she could finally disappear, he roared out to her.

“Check the closest inn! He should be there! But be careful! It’s not a place a lady should be!!!!”

And then she disappeared from his view completely, and he was unsure she could even hear it at all.

“It is more than clear. She is no cultivator and oozes with the aura of the aboriginals. Hmm, I hope she doesn’t die first before arriving where she wants...” Cody thought to himself. Yet his eyes sparkled when he saw the golden bangle. “But no doubt, I finally have a good day. I must show it to that blind bastard...” he said out loud as he took a ring out, flinging it forward and quickly disappearing into the formed vortex, a small skip to his steps.

“Barely a good place to sleep for the night,” Zeras mused, looking at the small room he was in. A single living room, with a simple mattress at the end, a small group of sofas in the middle of the room, and a dusty study table at the side. It was something he had come across after searching through the large abandoned place.

“At least I’m not paying a dime for it...” he mused to himself as he walked towards the dusty table, swiping his hand over it, resulting in a large wave of air that immediately blew away the dust. Then he settled on it before bringing out the large group from his spatial ring.

Finally, he would be able to view just what the book contained. And immediately, his hand grabbed hold of the cover, about to pull it open when suddenly, his ears perked up as he heard a familiar voice that came from more than far away, yet was ringing in his ear directly.

“HELLLLLLLLLLLLLLPPPPPPP!!!”

“Strangely familiar...”

“What do you want from me, I can give you my gold rings if you really need them for your troubles...”

“Awwwwwww! How kind of you my dear. But you know, those can be taken off your dead body late. Hahahahaha, all you need to do is stay put, young lady, and you won’t be hurt at all, hehehe...” The voice was single and brimming with lust and a hint of playfulness, resounding behind him.

Two other men walked towards the orange-haired lady who slowly retreated in horror.

Chapter 676: The Figure

“You...what are you trying to do?” Feliece asked fearfully. She had been walking through the area, trying to find any trace of him, but she ended up under the grasp of the three men before her.

Having never been in such a situation, she could see they had no good intentions based on the aura she saw floating over their heads.

Eventually, she was cornered, and her face changed when she saw the three men unbuttoning their pants.

She had been more than used to the protection of her uncle, finding him beside her anytime she needed help. But this time, she was helpless.

There was nothing but the cold shadows of the three vulgar men covering her, and the only thing she could do was listen to her mere instinct.

“HEEEEEEEEEEEELPPPPPPPP!!!”

Her scream pierced through the night, farther into the area, almost like that of a banshee, and managed to capture the attention of everyone close by.

Yet all she saw were people running into their alleyways, and when they saw the scene of the three men and her distressed state, they only exchanged sinister laughs with the men before walking away.

Having to watch the same sight a couple dozen times made her heart sink deeper into her chest, and the three men turned their attention back to her.

“You know, I always thought the aborigines are very wise, staying in their respective villages and somehow managing to prevent us from coming in forcefully.

But you’re the most stupid one I have ever seen.

You want help? But why would anyone choose to fight with us, three on one, just to save you? Who are you, the daughter of a God King? Hahahahahaha,” they asked her, laughing mockingly, as one of the men suddenly took a single step forward, his hand slamming on her face and sending her straight onto the ground.

“Now, how should we do it? Straight up or carried?” the leading man asked, bringing out his manhood as the others laughed out loud.

“We have all the time in the world. Why don’t we just begin with a nice and simple unclothing, hmm?” he asked the two other men, who nodded their heads, agreeing to his idea.

“As expected of the mighty Kang Nam. You always have the best ideas when it comes to ladies. Hahaha.” Then let’s get to work,” they said, approaching Feliece.

Their hands moving toward her top, and she fought back her hardest, biting their hands, but it was all futile. She only felt her teeth hurt in the process.

While they truly might have lost their attributes, leaving only physical strength, it was still more than enough to overpower a girl who never had even a single remnant of mana within her all her life.

Quickly, her top was torn to twain under her futile attempt, yet her wriggling body suddenly stiffened as she looked up in shock and noticed something strange on the top of the building.

It was a figure sitting at the top with a blank expression but with eyes definitely staring in their direction.

“Huh?” The three men, noticing her sudden stop and shock, all looked towards the building and saw the figure sitting there.

“HEEEELLLLLLP ME!! PLEEEEEASSEEE!!!” Feliece screamed out, her voice more than loud with renewed hope, but it was for naught, with the figure not even moving an inch.

“Hahahaha, just a horny one who wants to watch the scene...” Doan said as he returned his gaze back to Feliece, his hand heading for her breasts. His hand shined with even more lust as it closed in, yet when he was just an inch from feeling the softness—

“Please...” Feliece whispered, closing her eyes, unable to bear what was to come.

But suddenly, a gentle rustle flew through the area, and the figure suddenly flew to the side, a small pain assaulting his head, and he slammed onto the wall at the side.

His gaze darkened before he completely lost consciousness.

“Or...Orlando!!!” the remaining two men screamed out in shock as they looked at their companion, bleeding from his head while remaining stuck in the wall, unconscious.

“Orlando is the strongest amongst us, yet he got knocked out with a single slap...” Ludo said to himself, an horrifying chill unknowingly crawling up his back.

This time they might have accidentally annoyed a genius form one of the higher universe.

And quickly, they immediately retreated away from the figure that was now standing before them.

“Who...who the hell are you?” one of them asked in shock, but the other was smarter as he ran to the body of his friend, quickly picking him up, and immediately giving it a run, followed by the second man.

And now left were just two figures.

The horror-stricken Feliece and a young man with fingers dripping with crimson red blood...

PIT

PAT

It was the sound of the blood gently dripping to the ground, bringing more horror to Feliece than even when she was about to get raped.

But still, she regained her fear and looked at his face, her eyes widening in realization.

“You! It’s you!” she said in shock as she watched the young man slowly step away from her, taking off his haori and throwing it at her...

“You look irritating...” he said to her, as Feliece blushed, quickly putting on the haori.

Once she was done dressing up, she turned her gaze to him, before her lips moved.

“Thank you for—”

“Go home!!” The voice was more than frigid, cold, and harsh, as he slowly walked away from her, his back fading away from the alley. But she didn’t dare wait for one more second as she rapidly chased after his figure.

Just because she was safe now didn’t mean she wouldn’t find another lecherous one that would set his gaze on her, or the ones before coming to seek revenge against her.

Right now, he was the only hope of surviving this place....

Chapter 677: A Devil 1

“KNOCK”

“KNOCK”

“KNOCK”

The sound of a resounding knock could be heard on the door, as Zeras’s eyes furrowed in slight irritation, and his gaze pierced through the door, settling on the shaking figure just outside.

“I made sure to lose her; just how did she still manage to find me?” Zeras couldn’t help but wonder. When he had sighted the girl tracing him, he had made sure to disappear before coming back to his room.

But here she is, 2 hours later, and knocking on his door.

“Go ho—” He had yet to say it when the door was opened by her, her head peeking through the small room.

“Oh, thank you very much for letting me in,” she said to him as Zeras raised an eyebrow.

“I never asked you to come in.”

“Oops. That’s what I heard,” she said as she turned her gaze away from Zeras, looking at the side where the fire chandelier was placed. Quickly, she ran to it, trying to make a fire.

“At least close the door...” Zeras grumbled, swiping his hand towards the door and forcing it to close.

“How did you expect me to light a fire in the darkness? I’m not a cat, you know,” Felicie replied. Zeras’s eyebrows creased.

Because he was a cultivator, he couldn’t notice the darkness present in the room, and it held no difference to the day for him.

But the same couldn’t be said for Felicie, who couldn’t even see her fingers at all.

The thought of flinging her out from the window, which could potentially break both her legs and give him his much-desired privacy, seemed so enchanting to him, but he reined that down.

He walked over to the woods, gathering the sticks to one place before clicking two of his fingers, creating a spark of flames that landed on the dried woods and quickly brightened them up.

Assaulted by the sudden feeling of light, Felicie’s eyes shut close, but soon they adjusted to the brightness, and she opened them up.

Her hands immediately stretched towards the flames, the much-needed warmth now closer to her than ever. Once she stopped shivering from the cold, she looked to the side where he sat, his eyes furrowed at the content of a large book.

“Thank you for—”

“Go home!” he said to her, with the same cold voice that he had always given her the first time.

“I can’t go home now. I just ran away from it,” she replied, but he didn’t seem to care at all, his eyes still staring at the book with focused attention.

And that was her chance to get herself into something better and warmer.

“You don’t turn your gaze back, okay? I’m going to change my clothes now,” she said to him, her voice holding a bit of a threat that didn’t seem to work at all, as his attention remained on the book he was reading.

Her eyes not leaving his back, Felicie quickly searched for a new dress and adorned it, with her fastest speed.

One that caused her to turn the back of the sweater to the front, and she had to go through it once more, her eyes racing in her chest for being stared at unfairly.

But her fears never came to pass, seeing he didn't even move an inch at all. And that drew her curiosity, wondering just what captured his attention so much.

Arriving behind him, she could see the book, which held something like a map, and also some strange symbolic words that she found a little hard to decipher at first glance.

"Hmmm, is that the Slavictono language. I thought it was a language lost to time. How did you get your hands on a book written in it?" Felicie asked curiously, finally managing to catch his attention as he raised his head to her.

"You can read the letters?" he asked as she nodded her head.

Just like Zeras had thought, the first page of the book really has already been unlocked, and on it he could see the map of a place, beholding an extra ginormous tower.

Strangely, the tower that was indicated was none other than the Tower of God within the Ten Thousand Transformations Sect!

But there was a problem. Even though he understood the content of the images, he couldn't understand the words written below the image.

And that seemed to him like the true secret held on the first page. Trying to remember if he had ever come in contact with the language proved to be of no avail.

But hearing she understood it, made his eyes flash.

"Yes, I can," Felicie said, looking cautiously at him.

"Then come translate it," he said to her, as a hint of realization dawned on her. It seems it's really important to him. Then this is my opportunity!

"I'll only do so, based on a single condition," she said, as Zeras raised an eyebrow.

"You must take me to the Tower of God!" she declared, resulting in him scoffing in mockery.

"Why should I listen to your condition?" he asked her.

"Because, without listening to me, you won't be able to get your answer," she said, believing she had the upper hand.

"I can now see why your uncle doesn't want you to go..."

“Huh?”

“You’re too naive. I just ‘saved’ you from getting raped, and you came into my own house?” Zeras said as he slowly rose from his seat, the air in the place coming to a chilling stop, and a dark aura filled the room, one that caused Felicie to slowly retreat away from him, but he only closed in further to her.

“Why did you think I saved you? How did you know I just don’t want to use you to quench my own even more fiery desire?” he whispered like a true devil as Felicie got backed onto a wall, a hand slamming just beside her head and stopping her from escaping him.

No data found.

Chapter 678: A Devil 2

“You won’t do that...” Felicie said, reigning in her fears and forcing the words from her lips.

“What can stop me?” he replied, inching his face closer to hers, resulting in her heart beating even faster.

“Ok. Ok. I’ll translate it!” she screamed out at the last second, as Zeras halted and the air in the room resumed once more, the dark aura disappearing as if it was nothing more than an illusion.

“Then get to work already,” he said with a smirk, and with no choice, she walked to the table, her eyes looking at the words.

She soon brought out a book and a pen, and some other junk-like pages, before she quickly got to work.

“Naive,” Zeras thought to himself, moving to the bed to relax his thoughts.

“Now that I am banished from the sect, I have to plan ahead. I have condensed the Third Star Ring, but yet to fully master it. I still have the Fourth Star Ring manual with me. It should be enough for me until I face the ancient warriors of King Val...”

Zeras planned in his head. “Practicing the star manuals takes a very lengthy amount of time, and the more rings he cultivated, the more time it takes.

Even if he had the Fifth Star manual, he wouldn’t be able to cultivate it before the King Val warriors came for him. So for now, the Fourth Star manual in his possession was more than enough resources to keep growing his strength.

Also, he had the Nine Star Fists third and fourth level too. And he had yet to practice them and also the last level of the Sword Breathing art too.

Those were enough to massively improve his strength.

Still, he wouldn’t be able to cultivate at all for the next six months because his Astra core was currently sealed by the law of this realm. Meaning until he finished this mission, he wouldn’t be able to cultivate at all.

And without mana, he couldn’t practice the various battle arts too. That makes his mission here the only top priority.”

With that settled, and with nothing to do, Zeras could only close his eyes and enter into a mini-slumber.

While there were various geniuses of various universes around the inn and he wanted to know more of the universe, he was too lazy to go meet them at all, and the night wasn't a good time to chat about things like that.

So for now, he would just enter into a mini-slumber state to pass the night. And quickly, he silently descended into a half-slumber.

"Done!" Felicie screamed out as she threw her pen into the air, her hands picking up the small note where she translated the words, before turning to look behind her.

Her eyebrows creased as she looked at him and found him sound asleep.

"Otherworlders do sleep?" she thought to herself in slight interest and shock.

According to her notes and predictions, otherworlders are very powerful and therefore have the ability to override some things, which normal humans like her wouldn't be able to do.

One of the easiest was sleep. So she was more than surprised to see him sleeping silently.

“I guess my prediction might deviate a little from the truth. I’ll improve when I get back,” she thought silently to herself. “Well, if I get back, that is,” she said sadly.

She had run away from home, chasing after what she had always dreamt of when she was young.

None of those who had embarked on this journey of hers had ever made it back alive. It was a fact that had been sung into her head the first day she had shown enthusiasm for it. That was why she never harbored much hope of being the first to do so.

Still, just because others failed wasn’t enough to stop her from going for it. She would stand and see with her own eyes the Tower of God and live to come back and tell the tales of it!

That was what she promised her uncle and everyone with the same dream as hers, both living and dead.

She had created an almost perfect plan, but the first step of the plan was to find an otherworlder.

An otherworlder strong enough to protect her from every harm that comes her way during the journey, as not many otherworlders ever arrived from the journey.

Not only must he be strong enough, he must also be strong enough to ensure she, an ordinary mortal, never succumbed to the danger of the mission.

In short, an otherworlder that holds the same vision as her, willing to do anything to make sure she lives and comes back safely.

Right now, her best bet was him. Someone who she had barely met for a day, and whose actions seemed to fluctuate.

At one time, he looks like a good person, and in another, he seems to resemble a devil from hell.

He was unpredictable, but perhaps a day of knowing him was too much to judge.

She needed to find a way to make him trust her, or at least owe her, with the wager being that she is allowed to follow him on the journey to the Tower of God.

But as things were currently going, that first plan of hers would be as hard as ascending to heaven.

How many otherworlders would want her to come along with them? They would only see her knowledge of the path as nothing but a tool that should be used and easily disposed of halfway through the journey, just like the fate of every mortal before.

She herself had no reason why he would be any different, but still, one could hope, and she had decided to do the same too... to hope that he will be the one that would help fulfill her seemingly naïve and impossible dream.

The night got darker, sound fading away, and the cold on the seat bit her bones. She had only a single choice...

Chaos Devourer System #Chapter 679: Waking Up... - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 679: Waking Up...

Chapter 679: Waking Up...

Chapter 679: Waking Up...

The early morning sun came, its golden light shining through the glass panes and illuminating his face.

The eyelids fluttered and soon completely opened up, revealing the astral blue irises that fluctuated between a mix of blue and gold due to the bright light.

"It's morning..." The thought was the first thing that entered into Zeras's head, yet his body suddenly went rigid as he felt a hot wave of air passing over his neck. It left briefly, only to come once again, and only now could he feel the hand wrapped around him, almost like a python.

Slowly, he turned his gaze to the side, his face coming in contact with a peaceful-looking face. The source of the hot breath was none other than her.

"What the hell do you_?" Zeras said, about to scream out loud when suddenly he felt her lips begin quivering repeatedly, almost like she was saying something. He couldn't help but perk his ear up, widening his ear's influence, and then he heard the clear words.

"I'm coming soon, Father... I'll save you... soon." She whispered continuously, much to the existing Zeras's annoyance.

But soon his face softened, and slowly, his body shifted slightly, and like a snake, he slipped away from her hands and away from the bed.

“Finally...” he mused to himself, stretching his bones and cracking his neck joints, before his eyes settled on the table where the book was placed. Looking at it, he could see the small notes and the words written on it. It was the handwriting of Felicie, and he could easily guess it was the little assignment he had given her.

It read,

“Concealed by day, Hidden by night, Revealed in the Crouching Sun, and the Creeping Moon. A place where a lost god once drank...” Zeras read aloud with a raised eyebrow as he looked at the picture on the map.

“There is no doubt about the map. It reveals the tower which was in the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect. This word is no doubt a location, but the only likely place for this location is in the tower itself...” He mused to himself with furrowed eyebrows.

“First, I have to return to the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect, and secondly, I need to get to the tower. Then I have to find a place stated in the words. Still, I don’t know what will be revealed or what is in store for doing so. Would the effort be worth risking going back to the Ten Thousand Transformation Sect after having gotten banished?” Zeras mused with furrowed eyebrows.

The book before him just revealed a location and a few words.

Unfortunately, the location was one he himself had been banned from ever visiting, and he would potentially be risking death if he dared to go back.

Unless he knew what type of reward was waiting for him, he wouldn’t risk it. Unless he was absolutely sure that no harm would come to him, and the only way that was possible was by being strong enough to withstand the unknown but no doubt terrific might of the three Ancient Monsters.

“All this would be after facing against King Vall’s ancient warriors...” Zeras mused to himself. He didn’t have such time right now at hand, nor could he allow his attention to be diverted. He needed focus and to improve, or anything he really wished for and wanted would all be nothing but a dream.

Slowly tucking the cover between the pages of the book, he stowed it away in his spatial ring.

“Waaaaahhh!!!” The sudden scream of shock resounded as Zeras turned his head behind him, looking at Felicie who had her jaw on the ground.

“What’s that?” He couldn’t help but ask as Felicie blinked her eyes quickly, jumping off the bed and walking towards the table, her eyes looking at the place where the large book was formerly present.

Carefully, she swiped her arm over the spot, before turning to look at Zeras’s pocket.

“How did the book disappear!?” She asked him as Zeras looked at her dazedly for a while, before shaking his head.

“And here I thought something was suddenly wrong with her...”

“It just faded into thin air, with a single touch? Is that some sort of god ability of yours...” She pressed on as he raised an eyebrow.

“It’s just a simple storage ring. It has its space and you can store non-living objects within it by simply willing it...” Zeras explained, pointing to the ring on his finger.

“Oh, that is a storage ring? I thought it was a wedding ring...” Felicie said, as Zeras rolled his eyes.

“That said, if you think it was a wedding ring, why were you ogling another girl’s husband when he was asleep?” Zeras asked as Felicie’s face turned pink.

“Don’t get me wrong, I don’t have such a thing in my head. It’s just that the chair was too cold, and the woods were colder.

But the bed was a little bit warm, so I had no choice. You wouldn’t be angry at that, unless of course, you wanted to watch me freeze to death?” Felicie defended as Zeras shook his head.

“It wasn’t even cold at all last night. What are you even saying?”

“It wasn’t cold last night!? I walked through the freezing snow, my lips frozen with ice, and lost the feeling in my legs due to the coldness, all in search of you.

Then I had to slave a quarter of the night away for your little assignment, and the other quarter of the night away on an incredibly cold cramped chair or the cold wooden floor!” Felicie yelled out unfairly.

“Well, I guess?”

“How would you know if it’s cold or not? Can you otherworlders even feel the temperature at all? I’m not an otherworlder, remember?” She said, and Zeras nodded.

“Okay, I agree. I really couldn’t feel the cold temperature at all...” He said, causing Felicie to go dazed from shock, her lips quivering a little.

“What?”

Chapter 680: Her Proposed Deal

“My Uncle says

‘You otherworlders are self-centered pieces of trash, who have an unwavering belief that their actions, no matter how extreme, are always right, and nothing can ever change it.’

It served as the basis of many of my predictions about your possible behavioral patterns. And now, I was just proved wrong,” Felicie said, resulting in Zeras looking at her, his eyes filling with a new light.

“No wonder some of your hypotheses in those crazy notes of yours were like that. You were getting everything wrong from the start. Anyway, I have something to tell you, Felicie...” Zeras said as Felicie’s interest and ears perked up.

“A good news for me!? Tell me about it...” she said gleefully, as Zeras’s eyes dulled a little, but he continued nonetheless.

“Well, yesterday, I saw you on the verge of getting harmed, and I saved you, didn’t I?” Zeras began.

“Well, you truly did. After feasting your dirty eyes well, that is...” she said, grumbling as Zeras simply shrugged.

“So, it’s safe to say you owed me one then. But you also helped me translate an important note, so I also owed you one. And both cancel each other out, meaning we both are currently clear.

So say you return back to your cozy ice village. Then you will live the entirety of your life peacefully, and perhaps grow old one day, and the memories of this day will forever fade away? Hmm?” Zeras asked as Felicie’s bright face dropped down massively before she turned her gaze to the distant snow.

“I can’t return home.”

“Sure you can. Just a few kilometers that way and you’ll get back home...” he said as Felicie shook her head.

“I want to see for myself, the Tower of God!” she declared as Zeras raised an eyebrow.

“Forgetting the fact that not many know the direction to that place, it was just as your uncle said. An ordinary mortal will never survive the journey. Not even all otherworlders return back alive. Your death will be more than a surety...”

“Not if I have an otherworlder watching over me...” Felicie argued back.

“You said something about not many people knowing the direction of the Tower of God, right?” she suddenly asked Zeras, who nodded.

“That was what he had been told by that scammer, and if everyone knew where the direction is, then they wouldn’t be sitting down around the place...”

“I know the direction of the Tower of God!” Felicie suddenly said as Zeras raised his eyebrow interestingly.

“Oh really, tell me?”

“Majority of the otherworlders you see now will never reach the Tower of God, except ones whose past families already learned of it.

Then they will have a simple map which can never be written into a book.

Anyone just starting out must have an aboriginal with him, if he or she ever wishes to reach the Tower of God. That was what happened with my father...” Felicie said quietly yet convincingly.

“He was, just like the hundreds of others, journeying with one of the otherworlders into the Tower of God. The god he journeyed with went to the Tower of God and came back alive, but my dad, along with the hundreds of others, never did. They died on the way.

That doesn’t change the fact that an otherworlder must have an aboriginal by his side if he or she ever wants to reach the Tower of God...”

“And what proof do you have of that? You’re just trying to borrow my back for the journey, aren’t you?” Zeras said with a mocking grin as Felicie scoffed.

“If you don’t want to waste your time, scrambling around in the dark, then I’ll say it’ll be better if you have an aboriginal with you, like me, with you.

Besides, what harm does it even do to you? I have no solid proof, but if I’m wrong, then I guess I’ll be paying that back with my own life. And if I’m right, it would only benefit you, won’t it?

You have nothing to lose in any of the scenarios, except just being on the safe side, and crossing away any possible regret...” Felicie explained as Zeras maintained his playful grin, yet his brain was working at full speed.

‘In the scroll that that scammer has given him, it reads that

“None can know of the direction of the Tower of God. None except for the aboriginals...”

And he had also heard of another otherworlder who returned back alive having taken Felicie's father with him on the journey. It definitely couldn't have been for fun, and the aboriginals contributed at least in some way. If the theory of the aboriginals were true, then taking Felicie with him would be better than going alone.

Besides, just like she said, if the theory was wrong, then he still wouldn't be affected at all and will continue with her nonetheless. In what scenario was he affected at all? It was a win-win nonetheless.

"What is your offer, Felicie?" Zeras asked her.

"I want you to take me to keep me alive on the journey, at all costs, and in exchange, I'll lead you right to the doorstep of what you seek," Felicie said, stating the full deal of the forming contract.

"It's reasonable. If your theory and path were really correct, then there'll be no reason why I shouldn't keep you alive since you'll basically be my only hope.

But if it was wrong, you would have exhausted your usefulness, and you know what would happen if that happens, don't you?" Zeras said with a big kind-hearted smile

"You would have wasted my time, something I have very little left of. And you will pay the price for that, with your own life! Do you agree to the deal?" Zeras asked, this time seriously, and he watched cold sweat drip down Felicie's face, yet her eyebrows steeled.

"I agree!"

'I strangely wasn't expecting that. Guess her will is tougher than she looks...'

"Good then." Zeras said, when suddenly he saw her hand stretched forward towards him.

"Um, what's that for?"

"A handshake to cement our deal!?" she said, as Zeras slowly pushed the hand away.

"Our words are enough. Now where do we start from?"