

## **Chaos Devourer System**

### **#Chapter 681: Taking Care of Minor Problems... - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 681: Taking Care of Minor Problems...**

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Zeras said to her, before immediately rising to his feet, preparing to move out instantly.

Yet, he couldn't help but notice the quietness from the figure behind him. "What's wrong?" he asked her with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, nothing. It's just that we have to wait, I think, two more days now for the tower to appear first. Only then will we learn how to navigate through the place and know the direction.

The tower's direction in relation to north, south, east, or west is not fixed, you know," Felicie said to him with a smile as Zeras's eyebrows creased in irritation, yet it was already gone before it could be noticed by her, carefully concealed.

"Oh, that makes sense. We'll wait for two more days then. I can wait that long at least," Zeras said to her, as Felicie smiled in return.

GRUUUUUUM.

The sound, like a muffled dragon's roar, came out, and Zeras couldn't help but raise an eyebrow as he looked at Felicie, who smiled embarrassingly and Zeras turned to look at her stomach.

"Are you having a stomach ache?" he asked.

"Yes! A stomach pain as a result of not having eaten for close to an entire day now," she said, as Zeras simply stood there dumbly. 'Food!? When was the last time that thing was in any of my considerations at all!?'

Seeing the scrunched-up face of Zeras, Felicie felt a pang of fear in her heart. "Hey, it's okay. You don't need to worry about me. I'll just go get some food down below, or I'll just stall it for the next two days. I won't die, you know..."

"Come with me," Zeras said as he moved towards the door exit and Felicie took off her purse from the hung chair around the table, quickly chasing after his shadow.

They quickly climbed down the steps. The entire time, her gaze couldn't help but look continuously at him, her heart racing from mixed emotions.

Being this close to an otherworlder, or even listening to the orders of an otherworlder at all, was enough to make her heart feel like bursting out of her chest.

And all that was due to fear, fear of the unknown.

Especially him!

It was hard to know who he really was. She had been told by her uncle how bad the otherworlders were, and she had been given quite the taste of it when she had arrived here.

She had immediately faced a scammer on her entrance, and the next time, she was faced with bad men who wanted to rape her.

Everything only confirmed her uncle was right. But he...he was different. He could reason normally, like coming to aid her, even though a little late, still he listened. And he allowed her in his home.

He didn't touch her at all, even though they were literally inches away from each other through the dark night.

Yet there was something that wasn't quite right about him.

Like the way he had threatened her when he had forced her to translate the note on that strange book. His aura had been entirely different, almost...demonic! That created a clash and confusion in her, resulting in fear.

Could her dad be right, and all otherworlders were really evil? Could he have just showed care just because he wanted to use her to accomplish his goal!?

'Shush it, Felicie. It doesn't matter whether he is a devil or not. This is a business with mutual agreement. All I need is to see the God's Tower with my eyes, and also be able to return alive to tell the tale.'

Finally, they both were able to skip past the rusty wooden steps and once more arrived outside. Opening the large door to the place, Felicie exhaled deeply in shock as she looked at the scene in front of her.

The scene of blood stains on the snow, unconscious bodies, and her face paled in horror when she saw the severed body parts that lay on the ground.

"This...Is...This is Madne..."

“Follow me,” the cold voice rang in her ears as she was finally awakened, her retreating steps coming to a halt, and she stood rooted to where she was, unable to move a single step and that also resulted in him stopping too.

“You know what. I think I can wait for a few days more, preferably when the tower finally shows off. So now that we have nothing to do here, perhaps we get back...” Felicie was saying when she felt the snow rustle a little, and taking her gaze away from the corpse, she looked at her front, finding him just a few centimeters away from her, crouched on his knees to get to her eye level.

“I thought you’re a stubborn, hard-willed lady. I guess you can’t keep up your fake aura at the sight of death, can you?” Zeras asked in mockery, and he watched as her expression changed as she took in a deep breath before walking past his side.

“Come with me. I know of a little restaurant around here,” she said to him, walking deeper into the snow, her hands clutching tightly her bag.

‘Well, that was faster than I thought...’

—

KNOCK KNOCK

KNOCK KNOCK

Felicie knocked in a strange rhythm on the wooden door, almost completely covered by snow, and they both waited outside, Zeras’s eyes scanning surly at the house in front of him.

“Are you sure this is a sufficient place enough?” Zeras asked tiredly. They had already walked through close to three or so restaurants now, yet Felicie always had a way to avoid them, claiming this and that.

The only thing Zeras noticed was wrong with them though, was that there were otherworlders in the majority of them.

That is the only thing he could guess was what made her worried.

“CLINCK!”

The sound of the door clinking rang out and a head suddenly popped out of the door, an old lady wearing spectacles on her face. “Ahhh,” a slight gasp of surprise could be heard from her mouth as she looked at Felicie.

“Felicie!?” she asked in shock, as Felicie muffled out a small smile. “Um, how is everything Mrs. Dumblenun...”

Slowly the lady took her gaze away from him, before returning to look at Zeras. “Hmmm,” she hummed slightly with a suspicious gaze as she looked at Zeras, her eyes not particularly the most welcoming.

“Oh, don’t worry, Mrs. Dumblenun. He’s a...um, friend. Just trust me, okay?” Felicie quickly said, before the situation distorted and Mrs. Dumblenun only stared at him harder before finally opening her doors wide, allowing them in.

“Welcome to our Dumblenun restaurant, Mr. Otherworlder,” Mrs. Dumblenun said, her hawk eyes looking at Zeras who grinned back evilly. “The pleasure is mine, Mrs. Dumbledum!”

“It’s DUMBLENUN!”

“Yeah, that is what I said!” Zeras said chuckling to himself as he followed Felicie to a random sitting table in the area.

“Looks kinda...barren?” Zeras asked looking at the room which was dimly lit and seemingly out of business. Yet, each of the chairs was sparkling clean, revealing that it had not been abandoned yet.

“It just looks like that. But this place is known as the Dumblenun Restaurant. The very best of this place, where hundreds and hundreds of our people come to visit in a day. But Mrs. Dumblenun is a woman of great safety. She closes her business just before the otherworlders arrive, and she reopens it once they leave.

Everyone already knows that now, well, except for the otherworlders of course,” Felicie said to him, and Zeras simply shrugged.

“If it’s closed, why are we here though?”

“Don’t worry about it. I have quite the special position in her heart. She’ll help me out, you just stay here on the seat, okay?” she said, before quickly scurrying off, her gaze turning back to look at him occasionally, an unsure smile on her face, before she quickly disappeared.

‘Tch, like I even care. All I need is to get to the Tower of God, retrieve that earring, and immediately go continue my other preparations! And I’ll do anything to get that...’ Zeras thought in his head, his finger tapping gently against the table.

Time strangely seemed to crawl so slow for him. Still, he knew well rushing this or being impatient would do no good. He had to withstand every one of the inconveniences, for the greater good of himself, and his almost hopeless future.

—

“FELICIE!!” Mrs. Dumblenun roared out at her, as Felicie’s hands rubbed against her palms, with a pretty much lost smile on her face.

“Yesss?”

“You! You!...How could you ever disobey your uncle! And you dare call that heinous devil a friend!!!? What has gotten into your head?

Tell me, is he the one that hit your head, or has he cast one of their forbidden curses on you!? Tell me, and I’ll make sure he never leaves this place alive!!!” Mrs. Dumblenun said storming off but got her hands grabbed by Felicie.

“No! No! No! It’s not like that Mrs. Dumblenun, I swear it! You know even if I lie to everyone in the world, you’ll always be an exception, right?”

“I do. Now tell me everything from how you got, in some impossible way, your uncle’s approval, and how an otherworlder is now a ‘friend’ of yours!”

Chapter 682: Stupid Trick

“So, that’s pretty much everything that went down,” Fleicie said, taking a deep breath, waiting for the inevitable loud scream that was coming.

But she received none of that, only the stupefied gaze of Mrs. Doublenun.

“You! I...,” Mrs. Doublenun struggled to say, yet no words came out. The only thing she could do was approach Fleicie and give her a very deep hug.

“I’ll just say, you should be careful, Fleicie. Your father’s spirit would watch over you...” She said, something she herself knew would have no doubt surprised her.

But what could she say? The little lady had already left her home, ignoring her uncle’s advice, one of the people closest to her.

It was more than clear she had resolved her heart to leaving the place and embarking on the journey.

Right now, she was too far beyond saving, and any advice against it would do nothing but be counterproductive. On that note, all she could do was pray for her to be okay.

“I will return safely, Mrs. Doublenun. And I’ll make you all proud. I promise...” she said seriously, tightening her hold on her affectionately.

The silence reigned for a while before finally they let go, and Felicie got back to her business mode.

“So, I’ve come here to...”

“No need to say it. I have you covered...” Mrs. Doublenun said, almost like she could read her mind, and quickly they both got to work, with Mrs. Doublenun packing up everything she would need for the journey and feeding her until her stomach bulged.

Three hours quickly passed by, and Felicie came back to the floor of the restaurant, finding Zeras who had remained in the exact position as she had left him, his fingers rhythmically tapping on the table, not having changed for a single second.

“I’m so glad you waited. Thank you for...”

“Can we go now?” Zeras asked, slowly rising to his feet and moving towards the exit.

“Right,” Fleicie answered as she quickly followed after him, at a snail’s pace due to the large bag that she was dragging behind her.

Arriving at the doorknob, Zeras’s hand moved towards it, before suddenly stopping at the last second. He moved to the side, enabling Fleicie to walk past him.

“It’s not locked, is it?” Fleicie asked him as she opened up the knob and dragged her bag outside.

Slowly turning his gaze behind him, Zeras’s narrowed eyes locked on the wall opposite, or to say, the person behind the wall opposite.

“You’re lucky I don’t have your time. Or I’d make sure you die the most heinous death ever recorded in this realm for your stupid trickery...” Zeras mused, seemingly to nobody in particular, before he walked out of the door.

“Ahhhh, ahhh, ahhh,” the sound of struggled breathing could be heard behind the wall that Zeras had turned to look at before, and its source was none other than Mrs. Doublenun, her heart pounding in her rib cage.

“He...He is very dangerous!”

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“Ahhh, ahhh, ahh. Can you wait up a bit! It’s very heavy, you know!” Fleicie screamed out at him, collapsing on her knees, as cold white air puffed out of her mouth.

The snow was starting to reign down heavily, resulting in the entire world turning into an absolute color of white.

Behind her were the trails of the bag she was repeatedly dragging down on the ground.

It was so heavy that she couldn't lift it up, and the young man, though walking at his normal pace, was faster than her.

Her heart panged in her chest anytime she felt him disappearing in the snow.

That resulted in her overexerting herself, and after two hours of relentless work, she finally gave up, roaring out her heart.

STEP

STEP

STEP

The sound of the steps slowly came to a halt as Zeras turned his gaze behind him, seeing the shivering and tired Fleicie who seemed to be able to drop dead any second from now.

He walked back to her, placing a finger on her bag, and instantly, it disappeared into thin air.

"Hopefully you catch up now..." he said to her, resuming his walk forward.

"I almost forgot that..." Fleicie mused to herself, but she snapped out of it seeing Zeras disappear once more.

The last thing she wanted was getting lost in the heavy snow and having to find her way back among those packs of devils called otherworlders.

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Even as the snow poured down heavily, both of them were able to finally find their way back to the inn, but Fleicie found her brows furrowed when she saw a large crowd of otherworlders all hanging out at the door.

Some of whom she recognized also lived at the inn, and all simply stayed outside it. Their lips were silent, but their faces revealed annoyance and faint anger.

At the front of the inn, there stood two guards, looking like bears except with steel-like pointed furs and a crown of horns, with flames exiting their noses with every breath.

They held two-meter-long spears in their hands, stained with red blood, and their ruby-red eyes scanned the crowd with ferocity and hints of disdain.

Beneath their feet were three corpses of other otherworlders, further striking fear into anyone present on the scene.

“Just what is going on!?” Fleicie couldn’t help but ask, and the reply soon came from somebody beside her.

“What could it be, if not for those bastard geno-sues from the High Heaven Universe! The White Devil race!” The man who answered her question grumbled in disdain as Zeras narrowed his eyes listening to what he had to say.

“Suddenly they came to the inn and instantly ordered everyone out!

They said we would be out for two hours but now, seven hours have already passed, and they refuse to budge at all.

Those three corpses are people who argued to go back, but they were killed in a single move by those two servants of their own before they could even touch the gate at all.

Arrogant bastards!”

## Chapter 683: Cold Killing!

He spat out in disdain as Felecie slowly turned her head to look at Zeras, who had his eyes narrowed at the two bearlike guards with furrowed eyebrows.

“We can just wait, okay? Just like everyone else. I’m sure whatever they’re doing inside is very important, and they simply don’t want to be disturbed. Let’s give them a bit more time to finish...” Felecie said, as Zeras slowly turned to look at her and could easily sense it.

Right now, the lady was in pain. Her lips were frozen from the cold and her body shivered from the temperature, her legs shaking from exhaustion. It wasn’t easy for an ordinary mortal to walk for close to five hours straight in the brutal snow conditions, no matter how used to it they were.

“Come with me...” Zeras said to her before slowly walking out of the gathering, much to the shock of Felecie and the crowd of fumbling otherworlders gathered outside.

“Hey! Hey! You’ll get yourself killed!!” Some of the nicer ones roared out to him, but it was like Zeras couldn’t hear their call at all, and Felecie had no choice but to quickly follow behind him.

She knew she couldn’t change her mind now, that they were already in front of the bears. All she could do was trust in him.

“Another one that has come to die! These low-lives never learn, do they?” One of the guards cackled evilly.



“Oh, this one seems to want to impress his girl, huh? Risking death for such a thing. Tch, how stupid...” The second one replied, noticing Felecie behind him.

“Move a single more step and you both will die, just like the three idiots beneath your feet!” Both guards roared out at Zeras at the same time, and he truly came to a stop after that, pausing at the foot of the corpses before his hands touched their foreheads, and he scanned their wounds quietly, his eyes slowly snapping shut.

“Not only did they kill them, their spear strikes are equipped with a devouring flame essence that eats up their inner organs alive.

They most likely died from the pain of their internal organs getting fried into ashes. Bastards...” Zeras thought in his head and in the next instant, his eyes snapped open, his astral blue eyes alight with a bright light.

STEP. STEP. STEP.

The sound of footsteps reverberated as he crossed the place where the guards had asked him to stop, arriving just a meter before them in a blink, and immediately, both their eyes flashed in crimson color as they clenched their spears tightly in their hands.

“Know your place, low life!!!” They both roared, a spear violently piercing forth towards Zeras’s chest, skewering through it like nothing, but it was really nothing as Zeras’s image faded away like nothing.

SHHRIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIING.

The sound of katana leaving its sheath rang out behind the guard who immediately felt his presence behind him, and with experienced skill, he instantly changed the motion of his spear, spewing it towards his opponent.

Unfortunately, the image only occurred in his head, as the entire world seemed to roll upside down a few times, and soon he could see a headless body and a figure whose blank eyes stared at him emotionlessly.

“Is... Is that my body? How come it has no head!?”

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

The sound of a head slamming on the ground repeatedly could be heard as everyone watched dumbly, the head rolling in the snow before coming to a quiet stop, spewing forth blood.

“You bastards, die!!!!!!” The angry roar of the second guard resounded through the entire area, as his spear was raised up, and slashed down towards Zeras’s head.

Holding his katana with both hands, Zeras slashed upwards toward the spear as effortlessly as he could ever manage, yet...

BAAAAAAAANG.

A powerful reverberation boomed through the air, followed by the spear flying away from the guard's hand, and in the next instant...

PIERCE.

The cold end of the sword pierced forth with speed towards the guard's neck, whose eyes flashed with light, the spiky fur on his neck suddenly growing even more, acting like some sort of defense...

"My iron devil spike skin would shatter his blade or at the very least block the strike, and then, I will slap both of his heads and reduce him to nothing!"

He thought, widening his arms apart to prepare for the strike, yet his body went rigid, as the sound entered into his ears,

PUUUCHI.

It was the sound of a blade roughly tearing through flesh as Zeras's sword pierced through his neck, entering through the spiny skin like a knife through butter.

"You're an idiot!" The cold voice of the young man rang out as he violently tore out his sword, blood pouring out like a broken tap and in the next instant, a bright sword light flashed through the world, followed by the peculiar sound.

CLINK!

The sound of the katana entering into its sheath.

THUMP.

A rough landing could be heard as the guard slammed on the ground, his head rolling away from his body, cleanly severed from his neck.

SILENCE!

Absolute silence reigned through the entire place as everyone stood stupefied watching the two headless bodies on the ground.

And dazedly, they watched the silver-haired young man walk towards both heads, picking them up, before walking back to the gate...

“Come with me...” The whisper was heard by only Felecie, as if ringing straight into her head as she watched the gate of the inn, kicked open by Zeras, and his back slowly disappeared within.

Reigning down her crazily thumping heart, she could only follow after him, skidding to a stop when she witnessed what was ongoing.

The floor of the inn had changed, the formerly round table that extended all over the space had been arranged in a straight format and a total of about 10 figures could be seen, some of them standing with spears in their hands, revealing they were guards, while a young man and woman sat on the chairs, food and wines placed before them, with boisterous laughter ringing through the table.

They seemed to be having a good time until Zeras barged in and all of them stood stupefied seeing the objects he was holding in his hands.

“Is that!!!?”

Chapter 684: Mis-matching Thoughts...

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“Eddie and Meli!!!” one of the bear guards completed as they looked stupefied at Zeras, who slowly walked towards them, placing both heads on one of the plates on the table, right before the group that was sitting.

“I believe these belong to you...” Zeras’s cold and emotionless voice resounded as he dropped the severed heads on their plates, before walking towards the side of the place, climbing up the stairs to his room, and he was quickly followed by Felecie, who couldn’t bear to watch the shocked gaze of the people.

“CLINCK!” The sound of the knob getting unlocked resounded as he entered into the familiar house, removing his shoes by the side before walking towards the table, bringing out his Sword Breathing Technique manual and trying to comprehend the last technique.

But soon his eyes narrowed when he felt no movement at all in the room, and he turned to the door, where he sighted Felecie, with her hands on her heaving chest, and horror in her eyes as she looked at him as if he was some sort of monster.

“Change your clothes and wear a sweater. I don’t want you getting a fever or something...” he said to her, before he focused his rapt attention on the manual once more.

'He... He killed them! He severed their heads and served it on a dish! He... He is a cold monster!! A madman! I have to leave as soon as possible! It's not safe to stay alone in a room with a cold murderer like him!'

Felecie's chaotic thoughts pounded continuously in her head as she remained standing at the door, unable to move a single inch even after what she had been told by him.

It was the first time she had witnessed a person die right in front of her eyes, but the most shocking thing was how violent the scene had been. The memories of the head soaring away from the body relayed continuously in her head, and the scene of it getting severed on the plate by him sent enough shivers in her mind.

But what sent the most shivers was him right now. He had just killed two people in the most brutal and violent way she had ever seen and yet, he didn't appear to be bothered at all! He didn't even puke from the horror at all. It was like he couldn't even feel any emotion at all!

That only showed how horrific of a person he was. This was no handsome young man at all. He was an unfeeling devil in human skin! A devil!

And now she was standing in the same room as him! Should she run or should she stay? She had no idea at all! Her mind was confused with thoughts of what to do next and the scene from before until it eventually overclouded her mind, and slowly, she gave out, her eyes rolling back from the great influx of emotion and shock as she slowly dropped to the ground.

Yet the expected loud bang of a body dropping to the ground was never heard as she fell into a pair of arms instead.

Zeras's eyes narrowed at the body in his arms, feeling the extreme cold temperature of her skin, and his eyes flashed, before they returned to their same poker expression.

Laying her on the bed, he increased the temperature in the room by putting more dried wood in the flame chamber, and then he found an extra big cloth from her bag in his spatial ring, wrapping it around her figure.

Slowly but surely, her deathly pale face returned back to normal, her temperature returning to normal, and so did her breathing, as she quickly entered into a deep state of slumber.

"I wish you could keep your sweet naivety. But that will only kill you on the journey. Better to see for yourself how cold the cultivation world really is, instead of forming your own hypothesis on them..." Zeras mused to himself, not at all worried at the scene he had formerly caused.

Only pieces of trash kill others just because their 'higher-life higherups' are having dinner and don't want anyone in. Killing those people doesn't even ripple him at all.

The only thing he was slightly worried about was Felecie, who had no doubt witnessed a scene for the first time in her life.

He had remembered how much he had puked the first time he had taken a life. It would have been no doubt more horrific if he had been forced to witness a head getting severed away from the body. It wasn't a pretty scene, especially for an innocent lady.

Still, it was only the beginning. The Tower of God saga would be no doubt more brutal and unforgiving.

She needed the experience to death, or she might just freeze up at a critical moment due to it, and that might result in not only danger to her life but maybe his too.

Being naive was good, and even he wished he could have kept his. But that was good for the mortal world. Naivety in the cultivation world is seeking death! Greatly unwelcomed...

"Hmmm," Slowly, Zeras hummed, as he narrowed his eyes, his gaze piercing through the walls in front of him and settling down below to his star, where a total of close to seven bear guards were all concealing themselves, as if waiting for him to stop him from leaving the room.

"It would have been strange if those prideful bastards had simply let it go. It'll be fine so far they don't touch the knob to the door..." Zeras mused boringly as he moved back to his seat, picking up his manual and continuing his comprehension.

Now he was beginning to feel like he was starting to finally grasp the fifth sword art.

The most powerful sword art in the entire Star Breathing Manual. One that seemed to combine all the characteristics of all previous slashes into a single slash!

It would no doubt increase his power monumentally, and now he could feel he was close to finally grabbing it.

## Chapter 685: Bitter Truths 1

"YAWN...!" The sound of a large yawn could be heard throughout the room as a figure slowly sat up from the bed, her hands raised up to the golden beam of light that illuminated her face. Seeing the gentle rays that danced in the air, she swiped her hands over them, a small smile appearing on her face when she saw how they moved around her hands, like little butterflies.

And slowly yet surely, the memories returned to her, causing her hands to be brought to a stop, and she slowly turned her neck to the side, finding him, a figure she doesn't know whether to be happy that he was there or not. His attention was placed on the book before him, perhaps not yet aware of her having woken up, but her eyes soon

narrowed when she saw the cloth that had been wrapped over her, and the fact that she was on the bed instead of the ground where she had collapsed in the evening.

It couldn't have been that she had rolled herself all the way from the floor and straight to the bed, and even wrapped a cloth from her bag around herself in her sleep, so that means it was definitely done by a person, a person who could have only been him. It created quite the conflicting emotions, rendering her unable to properly think herself out, and eventually, she could only resume sparing her hands at the golden rays of light, the only thing she could find the slightest joy in.

"Finally, I have comprehended it! The fifth sword breathing art!" Zeras mused to himself, his eyes shining as he slowly closed up the book in his hands, keeping it back in his storage ring a few seconds later. The fifth star manual was by far the hardest one to cultivate, but he had been able to finally learn it! After close to three months of endless reviewing, he could say well that his practice had been well worth it. Just as he had guessed, the fifth sword art was by far the strongest among all sword arts, possessing incredibly high destructive power that could sever an entire star at its peak form!

And he was wrong about it being a combination of the remaining previous four techniques, it wasn't. It was an entire standalone technique, one that granted him absolute control of the remaining four arts while also giving him the ultimate edge of the technique. Moving his hands forward, he was about to summon his sword when he suddenly stopped at the last second, remembering his lack of mana. Quickly, he wiped off the will to test it out right now, promising himself it wouldn't be too far before he could see it with his own eyes.

'Now that I have practiced the sword breathing art style to the peak, the only arts remaining that I can practice are the Nine Star Fist arts. Perhaps I need more arts like these. Practicing them would not only boost destructive power but also help my combat ability...' Zeras mused to himself, clearing his thoughts away and slowly stretching his hands towards the window, swinging the covering to the side and allowing the golden rays to come in. He could see the snow had stopped and from his position, the high peaks covered in white snow could be seen, the golden rays painting a phantasmal light on them and making them appear more beautiful than they looked.

"I bet tomorrow would look even better than this..." Zeras mused to himself, staring silently at the peaceful sight, when slowly his ears perked up as he felt the awakened presence of someone behind him, a person who could only be Felicie. 'It's pretty amazing how she always managed to evade my alarming sense...' Zeras thought to himself. It reminded him of when she had snuck up on the bed beside him yet he had never been alarmed. Normally, not even the most silent assassin would be able to sneak beside Zeras even in his sleep. He would immediately throw his eyes open once something happened around him, the only exception being when he was with Fluffy.

Perhaps, it was because he trusted the little guy too much that he wouldn't awaken easily when he waltzed away from him. But she was a strange exception. Almost like

herself was just hidden by some veil that would make one unable to easily sense her unlike others...

Slowly turning to her, he could see as she quickly threw her gaze to the side, her eyes resuming their dance with the golden rays, yet they could be seen slightly shaking. Something he could only reason to as the effect of fear. 'Guess she is still hung over that.'

"You suddenly went out cold, after our arrival in the evening, and you have been asleep ever since. I placed your bag just over there, in case you need something..." He spoke up as she slowly turned her eyes to him, blankly looking at him before taking off her gaze, only giving a nod.

"Also refrain from leaving the room. They are surrounding the area tightly, and their eyes are on this room. I can only guarantee your safety if you never leave the door..." He cautioned her, receiving no reply this time, but he wasn't too bothered about it. At least, he already warned her. Immediately, he resumed his reading, going over the sword breathing manual from the beginning and just familiarizing himself with the technique.

"So, we're stuck in here..." She suddenly called out to him as Zeras's hand reaching to wipe the page of the book halted slightly.

"Now that their eyes are on you, and their guards cover the entire area, does that mean we are stuck here?" She repeated the question as Zeras's eyes narrowed before he nodded.

"Technically, yes. We are."

"Maybe this would never have happened if you had just been like the others and waited for a while for them to leave. Then we wouldn't have to be locked in here like little mice in a cat's den..." She said as Zeras slowly turned his attention to her, her gaze staring hard at him this time, and then he pointed to the window.

"Come see for yourself..." He said to her, as Felicie rose up after much debate, making sure to stay away as far as she could before turning to look at the window...

"They... They never left..."

## Chapter 686: Bitter Truths 2

Felicie muttered in slight surprise as she looked outside the inn and figured out that the people were still there, prevented from going in.

Another set of guards had been placed at the entrance, around four guards instead of two, and the corpses on the ground had increased up to ten!



“And don’t tell me, oh, it’s because of us that this happened. It’s because we’re so stubborn that they refuse to leave.

No, they were never going to leave here, not until the sign for the tower appears. In short, they plan on keeping those people out for two days straight,” Zeras said to her blankly as he resumed his reading.

“And how do you know that already?” Felicie asked with furrowed eyebrows.

“It’s simple. If they really have good intentions and really wished to leave soon, then killing anyone would have been irrelevant.

They only did that to strike fear into the people’s hearts, making them unable to come in for a longer period of time due to fear of suffering the same fate.

With the tower appearance set two days away from now, anyone can guess they are biding their time until the tower appears.”

“But why, why would they do that to others like their own?”

“They are no good people, Felicie. There are hundreds of rooms in this inn, over a quarter of them untouched yet by anyone, yet they had to send everyone out for their couple dozen groups.

That already tells you that is not normal. If your people consider us gods to mortals, it means they are willing to give quite the respect, and we also will never take disrespect from you.

It’s a kind of supremacist feeling that not only us but you even feel. That supremacy also exists in us Otherworlders.

They believe that we are superior to each other, even though we all cultivate the same energy.

Those people below prided themselves in their bloodline and their higher place of birth, believing that others are unworthy of staying in the same place as them, and anyone who defies their orders, just like a god to a mortal, must be punished!

Their own punishment is instant death. I think even gods are nicer to their crimes. The words of such type of people can’t be listened to nor do they deserve any respect, not especially mine,” Zeras said with a shrug.

Even if there were a million enemies in this inn, so far they weren’t the ones that built it, and he had once slept in the place before.



Then he would still have entered it and made sure half a million people would die before his own lifeless body touched the ground.

He would rather die than bend! One of the beliefs that was now the root core of his own being. One he had been growing with ever since he had picked up the nine-star manual and began practicing the law of hegemony.

“So they’ll all be stuck outside in the snow until tomorrow?” Felicie asked him.

“If they wish to remain outside until then, then they will.”

“What do you mean, none of them really wish to be outside, do they?”

“Technically, you’re right, but to me, you’re wrong. They are more than the people inside; if they all storm into this place all of them as one, they would be able to chase the people here outside immediately.

But many of them will die, I might even say all of them would. That’s a risk they are all not willing to take, and what is successfully keeping them outside.

They are afraid, just like you always are...” Zeras replied, arresting Felicie’s attention.

“And what’s wrong with being afraid?” She asked with a grumbling expression.

“Not much really. Just the fact that if we had just stayed outside like them, you would have probably frozen to death already and breathed your last just as the sun is showing up. The snow got even worse through the night and didn’t stop falling.

Having been exhausted due to the long work before, your body wouldn’t last much before you collapse. If those people outside were like you, all you would be seeing right now is frozen people.

But they’re cultivators; they could remain there for years and nothing would happen,” Zeras said, shrugging helplessly.

It was really true, and also one of the reasons that had reaffirmed his belief to break through the gate.

It was because he knew Felicie wouldn’t survive long in such a cold atmosphere. She was already exhausted and cold from their journey; it would only get worse if she had to spend the entire night still stuck outside.

He couldn’t allow a person he had recognized to die to something as mundane as cold, due to being stuck outside because some ‘higher-life forms’ who possess three lives instead of one like the rest of them, wished to have an undisturbed dinner...

“Your world. I have always thought the words of Otherworlder would be nothing but amazing.

You can all fly, reduce mountains to rubbles, conjure up storms, change the water from your power, control fire, water, and lightning. You can do all these really cool things.

It would only mean your world itself will be anything but cool, a world where you can go on adventures that can only occur in my dreams.

But that doesn't seem right at all. I have seen more corpses in here than I have ever since I was born. There were corpses outside the inn early yesterday morning when we went to get something from Mrs. Doublenun. There were three more when we came back. You yourself created two more not too long after that, and now the corpses had increased from the former five of yesterday to a total of ten. You all are so strong and seemingly fantastic, yet some of you are just dying like rats.

And I have watched you and the majority of others.

You all don't seem to take life as anything at all. You just take it because you have the power to, almost like you don't value it at all,” Felicie said as Zeras took his attention away from the book and stared at her blankly.

“You know it's been close to 21 years since my father died, but my uncle never fails to place a flower on his picture every night before he goes to sleep. I've never seen him fail to do that, not even once.

That's how much we cherish life here. Something I doubt ever happens in your world at all.

You all are cold and heartless, not even turning your gaze to look at the corpses at all. Once they die, you forget them, not even turning to look at them.”

No data found.

## Chapter 687: Bitter Truths 3

To Felicie's words and seeming observation, Zeras could only keep quiet. Were her words wrong at all? Was life worth anything in the upper realms?

The only safe guarantee that a person possessed was coming from a powerful family, possessing a powerful background, or possessing powerful strength.

If any of this is missing, then one's life is even more worthless than an ant, and even the people who possessed those are still not completely safe.

They can be killed too, by psychos who care not about their backgrounds or personal strength.

The cultivation world is a dog-eat-dog world, and even Zeras couldn't exclude himself from it.

He had killed those guards the instant they prevented him from entering, without giving it much thought at all.

His reasoning was simple, the same for every cultivator: Every obstacle in their way must be cut down sharply and swiftly with no mercy. Therefore, he had shown no mercy, nor would the guards have if they had been in his shoes.

"Those guards that died, it's your fault they are gone," Felicie suddenly said as Zeras slowly turned his gaze to her.

"Huh?"

"They could have wives, or sons, or people that cared for them. Yet you sliced your sword through their necks, uncaringly, and with unperturbed eyes, almost like you were cleaving through vegetables.

You... you look like a devil. A wicked and bloodthirsty devil,” Felicie said as Zeras looked at her blankly for some seconds before he burst into loud laughter.

“I am a devil!? For killing those who didn’t give a damn whether I live or don’t. Oh? I should be kind to them, because they have wives and sons at home? Do they care if I have a wife or son, or my own family or people that I cared for?

Can’t you see, Felicie? I never struck first; they aimed their spears at my heart, their intent to kill as clear as day! Am I still supposed to show mercy even as their spear inches towards my heart, wanting to rip away the vestige of life left?

Would that have made me a human instead, and not a ‘bloodthirsty’ devil?” Zeras asked scoffing in disdain and mockery.

Now he had no doubt about it. Felicie definitely is a naive girl that never left her snow village since she was little.

“There are better ways that you could have resolved that than killing them. You could have overpowered them and knocked them out.

You were able to easily evade their strikes, so you should definitely be able to at least knock them unconscious. But you chose the easiest path, killing them.

What does that make you? A human?" Felicie retorted, and less than a split second later, the air in the room rustled as she felt her feet leaving the ground, and before she could blink, she was at the far end of the wall in the room, a sudden cold chilling every one of her pores, and right before her was an astral blue eye surrounded by shades of crimson.

"Know your place, naive young girl, who has never seen how cold and brutal the world is. You're only alive right now, beside me, because of the deal we have.

You take me to the tower, and I keep you alive on the journey. That is everything there is to this. I'm not responsible for how you behave or act, and you're not worthy enough to question my actions.

Don't push your luck too much, hmm?" The voice was cold, and incredibly deep to Felicie's ears, on the verge of being something demonic, and she found it close to impossible to even breathe from the strange aura that was oozing out from him.

But slowly, she felt the cold finger under her chin as her head was slowly raised up, and she stared into those eyes that seemed to want to suck her soul in.

They were filled with the most murderous intent that there could ever be, and a crazy burning urge for something.

But currently, they were calm and settled. And what would happen if they suddenly became turbid was left to her imagination.

“And for the fact of it. I’m not a human at all. I lost that name a really long time ago. Even a devil will pale in comparison to what I really am. So if you have any naive thoughts about how I should act or who I should be, or whatever it is in that little skull of yours, get them out quick and let them go.

I can be nice to you in a second, accepting of your ideas, and your boring wishes, and in the next, I will be sinking my claws into the back of your neck, with the most devilish smile you have ever seen, watching as your insignificant life fades away into nothing.

Between you and I, there is nothing but the deal. I hope that sinks in well...” Zeras said to her, calming down his urge to end this stupidity right here and now, and once more, he released his fingers around her jaw, backing away.

About to move back to his seat, his eyes narrowed as he looked at the door, and instead, he continued straight for the exit.

“Never leave this room...” The simple order rang through the place, loud and clear, followed by the sound of the door shutting closed with a loud bang.

THUMP.

The wooden ground creaked as Felicie collapsed to the ground at the release of the sudden pressure.

It was like a person who had an entire mountain weighing more than thousands of pounds thrown on their shoulder but suddenly had the mountain on their shoulder turned to wool.

The peace and relaxation that come from it were something enough to die for, even though that never stopped the beating heart that threatened to jump out of Felicie's rib cage.

A brief silence overcame her, unable to know what next to do or think, but her body reacted, pushing her legs close to her chest and folding her body over them.

"I... I'm sorry..."

## **Chaos Devourer System #Chapter 688: Killing Everyone! - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 688: Killing Everyone!**

Chapter 688: Killing Everyone!

"You... You coward. You finally chose to exit!" The words rang out from the bear-like figure immediately as Zeras moved out the door.

Carefully, Zeras locked the door tightly, watching it make the satisfying clink sound before he turned his gaze to the figure, his astral blue eyes now flashing with an intense starlight, and murderous aura billowed out from him like a wave.

"Tell me, how long will it take for me to bring an end to all of you?" Zeras forced out from within the space in his teeth as he slowly walked towards the figure down below, the wooden stairs groaning with every one of his footsteps.

"You bastards low life, know your place!" The guard roared out angrily as he immediately grabbed hold of his spear, his front leg roughly smashing against the ground, and in the next instant...

The head of the spear roughly pierced through the air, the air surrounding it groaning from the incredible brute force hidden behind it.

"DIIIIIIIIIIIEEEEEEEE!" A thunderous roar like that of a beast boomed out of Zeras's lips as he clenched his fist, the cloth around his right arm blowing into dust, and then he punched forward furiously towards the tip of the spear.

A devastating surge of energy billowed out like a wave from the point of collision as the fist roughly smashed against the tip of the spear, yet not for once did the punch even stop as it tore through the shockwave coming from the spear, roughly smashing against it and reducing it to scraps of metal that blew around the room.

A punch roared towards his chest, coated in flames from the horrific friction, and it connected smoothly with his chest.

The wooden wall behind him gave way as he roughly smashed through it, slamming hard into the ground below.

Blood mixed with intestines and parts of broken ribs burst out of his mouth, yet the ground beneath him shook as two legs violently stamped against the ground beneath him and then, a punch rapidly magnified towards his face.

BAANG!



BAANG!

BAANG!

BAANG!

The punches were unending, each one enough to reduce a part of his internal organs to nothing but paste.

It drowned the guard's scream of anguish, the hands never stopping for even a second, and after punching for 30 seconds straight, it finally came to a stop as Zeras rose up.

Beneath him was a puddle of red liquid and semi-solid matter, indistinguishable from a pile of cow dung except more spine-chilling.

The guard had been reduced to nothing but blood and gore!

"Who... Who the hell are you?" The scream of shock came from the side as Zeras's eyes slowly turned to the place, finding a couple dozen other guards all pointing their spears towards him.

Behind them were a total of four figures dressed in white robes. White eyes and white robes with white hair, they reminded him of a figure he never really liked at all.

Elvin.

"Tell me, how many more idiots like you will I have to kill before you all realize that you're the true low-lives?" Zeras asked in anger as he stepped away from the gore he had created and began walking towards the guards.

The air surrounding his fist quivered repeatedly as if set on flames, and snake-like veins wriggled underneath his skin, holding otherworldly might within.

These people had repeatedly stalled around his room throughout the night, making his own room look like some sort of prison.

He had met countless idiots like these people, so much that he had expected his skin to be thick enough to ignore their idiocy.

But through one miraculous, devil-forsaken way, they had always figured out a way to just anger him and make him want to kill them, and this time, he would be showing them true horror.

"You, who are..." One of them was about to ask when his eyes widened in shock as he saw a hand tear through the chest of one of the guards standing before him, and then...

RIIIIIIIIIIIP!

Sound itself finally caught up to the action as Zeras slowly tore out his hand from the guard's chest, who dropped to the ground with confusion and regret still in his eyes, even as he collapsed headfirst and life quickly left his eyes.

BADDUUUMP.

BAAADUUUMP.

The sound of a beating heart could be heard coming from none other than Zeras's palm, and he threw it at the stupid white alien that was asking him for his name.

"Who am I? You're free to ask the devil when I rip out your heart and send you straight to hell!" Zeras declared, and in the next instant, he faded away, appearing before a second guard and roughly sending him flying out of the inn with a punch to his face, brain matter and blood splashing through the air and managing to finally wake up the stupified guards.

"WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU WAITING FOR? KILL HIM!" The aliens roared out in anger at the guards who all immediately roared out in anger, all piercing their spears outward towards Zeras.

"DIIIIIEEEEE!

BAAAANG!

BAAAANG!

BAAAANG!

BOOOOOOOOM!

BOOOOOOOOOOOM!

The devastating sound and powerful wave of aura were enough to alert the guards outside the inn, who all immediately ran in, their eyes widening in horror and fear as they looked at the small river of blood that had been created in the room, and the seemingly deranged figure whose fists seemed like clouds, raining down red liquids uncontrollably.

Stepping away from the badly mutilated corpses, every one of his steps towards them seemed as if their hearts were being walked directly on...

Chapter 689: Sublime Arts...

Chapter 689: Sublime Arts...

STEP

STEP

STEP

The rhythm of the steps echoed in the heart of everyone present as they watched Zeras move forward towards them, his hands stained in the blood of their own and slowly dripping to the ground with every step.

“End him now! Use everything you have!” One of the white aliens said to the remaining four guards standing. Zeras, who was able to take the step forward, skidded to a stop and waited silently.

Expressions of unwillingness could be seen on the faces of the guards, yet their eyebrows steeled, looking at the pile of dead corpses behind Zeras in the next instant.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

A powerful undulation of fiery red mana burst out of their bodies, the air crackling furiously around them while space itself released a sound of it being roughly fried.

ROOOOOOOOOOOOAR

ROOOOOOOOOOOOAR

ROOOOOOOOOOOOAR

ROOOOOOOOOOOOAR

Four booming roars could be heard through the inn area as the four bear-like guards immediately grew up even higher, moving from their former 2 meters height straight to 3.5 meters tall, making Zeras seem like a toddler.

Their eyes burst furiously aflame, and the spears in their hands erupted into powerful flames that burnt gently yet released a spine-chilling aura through the air.

“They broke through the realm’s effect...” Zeras mumbled under his breath, noticing the wild fluctuations of mana.

Once they had all entered into this realm, their mana cores were immediately sealed away, the same being said for Zeras, and the only thing that was accessible to them was their physical brute strength.

But right before him, the four bear guards had been able to break apart the realm's effect on them, having regained their true cultivation.

Immediately, their aura skyrocketed to unbelievable levels, making them no doubt vastly stronger than almost everyone present in the place right now.

"DIIIIIIIIIIIE!" The violent roar boomed through the area at the same time as spears spun forth in their palms, releasing violent suction force before they were held tightly and roughly pierced forth.

RIIIIIIIIIIP

BOOOOOOOOOOOM

BOOOOOOOOOOOM

BOOOOOOOOOOOM

BOOOOOOOOOOOM

The sound of space being ripped to shreds rang out, a circular barrier appeared around the spear, which broke hundreds of sound barriers, instantly appearing before Zeras.

Yet, he was not a single bit slow, as the sound of the katana getting drawn rang throughout the inn.

Immediately, he tapped his feet on the ground, shooting backwards and lashing horizontally outwards towards the mouth of the spears.

KABBBBBBBBBBOM

A devastating explosion immediately threw out even the white alien's figures, tearing apart the wooden tables and chairs into nothing but dust and sending shards of glass soaring through the entire inn.

BAANG

BAANG

BAANG

The ground gave way a total of five times, cracks spreading forth like a cobweb with every single step, as Zeras retreated backwards, a violent aura forcing its way through his arms.

Yet, with incredible control over his own body, he absorbed the destructive reverberation, quickly passing it through his muscles, resulting in the ground before him giving away.

After shifting backwards for five steps, he was finally able to pass away the destructive aura sent into his arms, but he was not given the chance to rest when the roar boomed in his ear once more, followed by the sound of space shattering apart once more.

“DIIIIIIIIIIIIIE!”

“DIIIIIIIIIIIIIE!”

“DIIIIIIIIIIIIIE!”

“DIIIIIIIIIIIIIE!”

“DIIIIIIIIIIIIIE!”

BAAAANG

BAAAANG

BAAAANG

BAAAANG

With horrific speed, a myriad of a thousand spears sprang forth from the bear-like guards.

As each attacked from every angle, though violently, they were able to perfectly utilize their power, making them extremely coordinated and attacking relentlessly from all sides, their intent to reduce their opponent to shreds as clear as day.

Yet, the more the battle grew, the more gobsmacked and shocked the four guards were.

Zeras never moved an inch, never left his single position, never blinked at all for once, not even the slightest bit of emotion or recognition flashed in his eyes.

Both his hands had become a thousand phantoms slashing with speed that seemed so sublime and beautiful. It was like the hands of gods themselves.

The ground beneath him crumbled to pieces, sinking him deeper and deeper into the ground, yet he was like an unshaken heavenly mountain that could never be moved by even a thousand spears more.

“How! How the hell is he doing this! With just the power of his body!”

“Just how strong is his body!”

“How honed are his senses!”

“How can he move his arms so fast...”

The same thought was running in the head of every guard as they watched Zeras unfailingly block every single one of their spear strikes, none of them slipping past his guard, not even by the smallest inch at all.

He was beyond fast and skilled, and even as the guards sometimes suddenly changed their tempo, it was like he could already predict, easily thwarting away their sneak attacks and not stopping in form blocking the others.

And what was scary wasn't the fact that he could, but the manner in which he did. His gaze was undisturbed, his eyes as calm as the dark sea at night.

“Impossible!”

“Impossible!”

They could never believe it, even after fighting back the realm laws of taking away their mana by using their life force as an exchange.

They still couldn't match the young man before them. It was unbelievable. It was impossible.

“Focus!” The sound suddenly came from none other than him, and in the next instant, they watched as he took a minor distance forward and faded away into thin air, their spear images cleaving through nothing but phantom mirages.

“You got distracted!”

“Watch out, Lanagan!” A roar came from one of the bear guards who violently jerked his spear towards the back of one of the other guards, but Lanagan himself simply stood petrified on hearing the cold voice that trickled down his ear.

And before he could turn his back, he felt the cold aura that lingered around his neck, as gentle as the stingy bite of a simple mosquito, yet then the entire world turned black, his body collapsing onto the ground.

“DIIIIIIIIIEEEE!!!” An angry roar boomed out from the mouth of the guard who delivered the warning as the spear tip appeared right in front of Zera’s face, who just finished his motion of slashing and there was only one thing he could do to survive his new predicament...

Chapter 690: Sublime Arts 2

**\*\*BAAAAANG\*\***

The sound was like that of metal smashing hard against metal as Zeras opened his mouth and smashed his teeth on the spear tip with all his power.

Still, Bulkatore was never the one to relent as he took a single step forward, powerful flame bursting out of his hand, rapidly climbing the body of the spear, and he released it at the tip of the spear.

**\*\*BOOOOOOOOOOOM\*\***

A powerful explosion rippled through the area as a figure was immediately sent flying away, smashing against the wooden wall, and carving a human hole straight into it. When his back inched off the ground, he suddenly stretched forth his hands, tapping on the ground and rolling twice mid-air before coming to a stop while lying crushed on the ground.

**\*\*DRIIIIIIP\*\***

**\*\*DRIIIIIIP\*\***

**\*\*DRIIIIIIP\*\***

Golden blood rained from his face, yet slowly raising his face, the three remaining guards watched as the young man’s blood that poured down his mouth slowly retreated back inside, and his burnt lips slowly regenerated themselves. The dark burnt skin faded away, and a pair of pink lips grew quickly.

Rising up to his feet,

**\*\*CRAAAAACK\*\***

**\*\*CRAAACCK\*\***

Zeras cracked his backbones and neck bones, the sound like the crackling of thunder.

Done with his small warm-up, his hand holding his sword clenched even harder as he turned his aloof expression to the three remaining guards.

“Entertain me well before you die.” He said, unperturbed, and in the next instant, his body leaned forward, his sword held to his side.

“That pose! He’s getting ready to mov...”

**\*\*BOOOOOOOOOM\*\***

The ground beneath Zeras’ feet shuddered as he soared forward with speed, appearing above the three guards before they could blink a second, and his katana already raised high above him.

“What the!” The guards weren’t even given time to mourn their fallen brother before they were all forced to give away even more of their life span and immediately jerked upwards their spear towards the sword which slashed down with speed, the motion of it like watching a pink yellow leaf standing on the surface of the sea.

Yet when it met with the three spears, another wave of destructive energy rippled outwards as the three bear-like guards had their knees give way and instantly all were forced onto their knees in the next instant by the sword, as Zeras pressed down on them with all his body weight.

It was a comical scene of a seeming ant forcing three lions to their knees, yet none of the people watching from outside found it funny at all, and all just stood out dazedly, including the white aliens.

“Your reaction speed is simply too slow. All you know is attacking with brute power. You have no idea of weapon sense or comprehension at all. I’m disappointed!” Zeras called out, his formerly aloof expression turning into irritation. Immediately, he slammed his leg on the chest of a guard, sending him backward from the scene and flying out of the inn.

With one of the three pillars resisting the sword gone, the two remaining guards were immediately disoriented, causing the two to sink deeper and deeper into the ground. Zeras took advantage of the lapse in pressure as he pressed down his sword onto their spears before using it as leverage to push himself up into the air. Revolving around in the air like a ball, he spun a couple of times, and within that split second, all everyone saw was a bright flash of white light that looked like a star suddenly appearing in the room.

**\*\*THUMPPP\*\***

The sound of the gentle landing could be heard as Zeras landed on his feet, slowly rising upright.

**\*\*DROOOOOOP\*\***

**\*\*DROOOOOOP\*\***



The sound of something dripping to the ground echoed as gasps of shock reverberated through the entire area.

**\*\*BAAANAG\*\***

**\*\*BAAAAANG\*\***

Lifelessly, both guards' bodies dropped to the ground, half their heads having been sliced instantly open.

Yet, the slash was so smooth that the remaining half of their brain never even spilled out at all. Instead of massive blood gushing out, blood only gently slipped out, revealing to them the most beautiful slash anyone among them had ever seen.

Slowly raising his sword to his eyes, Zeras looked at it, his eyes flashing with a cold light.

'They escaped. A wise choice...' he thought to himself, and in the next instant, he swiped his sword to the side before gently dipping it back into his katana.

**\*\*CLLIINCK\*\***

The satisfying slick could be heard by everyone as they watched Zeras slowly turn around, his aloof gaze scanning all of them, unperturbed by the massacre he had just committed.

"Clean up the mess on the ground..." he ordered in his chilly voice before climbing back up the stairs and moving towards the distance.

"Finally! We can come in!" some of the otherworlders said as they all came back into the inn.

Quickly, the mess was swiftly wiped off thoroughly, with the dead corpses buried beneath the snow outside and the various blood splatters either burnt off or wiped away.

Quickly, the crowd that gathered outside the inn all quickly entered back into it, and the small commotion and pressure surrounding the inn faded away into thin air, with everything returning back to normal.

**\*\*KNOCK\*\***

**\*\*KNOCK\*\***

**\*\*KNOCK\*\***

The sound of knocking could be heard on the wooden door before Zeras' hand moved towards the doorknob and opened it up. Before he could enter, he could already hear the rapid sound of footsteps, and looking at the bed was none other than Felicie, seemingly in a deep sleep, but Zeras knew better, scoffing slightly before heading for his seat.

"It seemed Felicie also recognized that she had been caught as her eyes slowly fluttered open as she looked at Zeras.

"You're back!? When did you come in?" she asked, trying to be like the one who had been truly asleep, and all that earned was a raised eyebrow from Zeras.

"You know I can hear you from afar, right? All of your little scurrying around for the window side..." He said to her, easily narrating to her what she had been previously doing.

"Don't blame me. Who can remain asleep after such a loud commotion happening just below their head?"