

Chaos Devourer System

#Chapter 691: It Appears... - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 691: It Appears...

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Felicie replied as Zeras shrugged helplessly. She did have a point. The explosion in the fight would have been enough to make anyone immediately shoot up from bed. Even he would have been forced to rise, as he would have been greatly disturbed by it.

“Everyone is finally in. What happened down below?” Felicie asked as she walked past his side, looking at the far side of the inn through the window.

“Hmmmmm,” to her question, Zeras could only hum slightly before bringing out his Nine Star Fist Manual and continuing to read it.

“Look, Zeras. I wanted to say I’m sorry for what I said back then. You really are right. Throughout my life, I had been housed here, never leaving the confines for many years.

But still, I looked forward to the day when I would chance upon the world. I have drawn many hypotheses about it—how it would feel or be, all taken from the hypotheses of my own world.

I just never thought I would be wrong. When you killed those people, it went against my hypotheses of how the Otherworlders would behave. My natural reaction was to go against that.

That’s why I blamed you. But now, I have seen it well. The Otherworldly world might be different from what I supposed.” Felicie apologized, yet Zeras’ expression never once left the book.

“You stink of blood, and the collision only started after you left the room. Then it receded, and the people outside were finally able to come back in. That means you fought for all those people stuck outside.

A demon wouldn’t do that. I’m really sorry...”

“Go to sleep, Felicie. We have a long journey tomorrow...” Zeras replied curtly. Felicie stared at him silently for a while before nodding and leaving his side.

Hours passed quickly as the sun shifted to the center of the sky before setting, casting a fiery orange glow through the dulling sky.

CREEEAAKK

A slight creaking sound could be heard as Zeras slowly raised his head, his neck bones cracking from having remained in the same position for a long while.

“Third Star Fist...” Zeras mused silently to himself, his brain processing the information kept in his head.

Due to the lack of mana present in his body, he couldn’t really comprehend the technique properly.

Practicing the Nine Star Fist Manual would require actual demonstration with thousands of repetitions and errors before one is finally able to properly understand the technique.

But still, he could faintly understand the technique from reading the manual and could easily think of the technique’s execution based on that.

Still, it couldn’t be compared to actually practicing it.

Turning behind him, he could see Felicie, deep asleep. Around her were various pieces of paper, some depicting strange pictures and some pieces of cryptic notes.

They were all flailed around her, showing she had probably been knocked out even as she kept reading or writing the notes.

Slowly picking them up, Zeras arranged them properly before putting everything back into her bag. Then he turned his attention to her, a soft look appearing on his otherwise poker face.

Truth be told, both of them did have a lot in common with respect to their goals.

Felicie, though timid, had the heart of a lion. To embark on a journey where none of her people ever came back from, just to know the truth behind her father’s death, was something not many could do.

But still, it piqued his curiosity too. He had only been able to pick up that she wanted to help her father based on what she continuously mumbled every night.

But he wasn’t really sure. Her father should no doubt have died according to what Balthemore had said about him, so why was she still trying so hard?

Was it a following of an unfulfilled bloodline mission, or was she deluding herself that her father might still be in the tower, more trapped than dead?

Still, they both had the same thing in common—the ability to stay true to their aim, no matter how impossible it seemed, and no matter how much the world tried to stop them.

The ability to keep moving stubbornly forward—that was what he loved in her, and he was willing to help her reach her goals.

SOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAARRRRR

Suddenly, a powerful undulation of golden energy rippled out from afar, shining through the golden window panes.

After tucking her in, he rose to his feet, moving towards the window, and only now could he see it.

A pillar of golden energy tore through the clouds, probably reaching far into space itself.

“That power...” Zeras mused to himself, his eyes narrowed dangerously. He might be strong, even a one-in-a-million prodigy, but that doesn’t mean he is stupid.

He could sense that such a power was enough to bring an end to him! It was a power beyond the Undying rank.

The bright golden light was so powerful that, just like Zeras, countless Otherworlders began appearing on the roofs as they all also turned to the distance.

“It is starting. The Assembling Gods Tower trial. There it is...” they mused out loud as Zeras turned back to the beam of light, finding it shaping itself until it formed a holograph of a large tower.

“Assembling Gods Tower, huh. That’s the only place that could hold an object needed by someone like him...” Zeras mused to himself, his eyes gleaming with a special light.

He believed in the strength of that being who referred to himself as his other. He could tell there was some truth in his words, as Zeras felt him closer than anyone he had ever seen.

It was a strange feeling, almost like looking at one’s twin brother, yet it was far deeper than that. The connection was undeniable.

“Soon, I’ll know everything there is to it. Soon...”

—

The holographic tower image in the sky continued on for a long time and some Otherworlders could be seen immediately heading towards it.

“The early bird catches the worm huh?”

Looking behind him, he could see she was still soundly asleep.

“Tomorrow, it is then...”

Chapter 692: It Begins 2

A loud yawn broke out from the lips of Felicie, whose muddled eyes scanned the room she was in. A certain thought entered her head, causing her to immediately jump upwards from the bed.

Turning her head to the side, she sighted Zeras who stood against the wall, reclining on it with his usual lazy expression, but this time, a hint of amusement could be seen on his face as he looked at her, or more precisely, at the side of her lips where dried drool could be seen.

“Why are you looking at me like that? Don’t you drool when you sleep?” she asked, trying to hide her embarrassment. Her eyes soon looked through the window as she furrowed her brows at the sky.

“What is that?” Zeras asked curiously. Felicie looked out for a while before bringing her face back in.

“Today is the third day, right?”

“Yes.”

“Well, there is supposed to be some sort of signal. There should be a beam of light and an illustration of the tower image from a distance. That will let us know what direction to head into,” Felicie said with troubled eyes.

“Actually, it already happened. A golden beam of energy that formed a holographic image of a tower, right? It happened after the sun set, until a few hours before you woke up,” he responded to her, seeing her brows knitted in worry.

“But that’s strange. The light doesn’t go out for the entire day and only does the second morning. How can it have gone so fast? Literally less than a quarter of a day...” she mused to herself but was quickly interrupted by Zeras.

“Don’t worry about that much. Let me pass you the vision,” Zeras mused as he walked towards her before pointing his index finger at her forehead. Immediately, the space before Zeras’s palm rippled, a white glow emanating from his finger and entering into Felicie’s forehead.

Her body stood rigid for some time, as if time itself had stopped around her, but soon she snapped out of it, opening her orange eyes once more.

“It came from the east side. Well, what are we waiting for? Let’s get going already!” Felicie screamed out gleefully as she hurried to her bag, quickly changing her dress into something thicker and puffier.

Perhaps a little more than puffier.

“The east side of the world is said to be very cold. Filled with snow gales and a freezing temperature that even grown men would find difficult to survive.

And since I don’t have a skin of iron like you, I have to find my own way, right?” Felicie explained with a little bit of grumbling, as Zeras shrugged before moving towards the exit.

“I’ll be downstairs,” he said to her before moving out of the door. There were many things she ought to prepare properly for, and his being there might cause her to rush due to haste, not wanting to waste his time. It would only endanger her life and the mission.

It was better to give her space and let her do her thing well, without pressuring her.

The wooden stairs beneath his feet creaked slightly as he walked down them, moving down the stairs. Not surprisingly, there was no longer a single soul present in the hall at all; everyone was gone.

Some had already been moving through the night, immediately when the tower appeared, and the others who never moved were only waiting to do their preparation.

A few minutes is already enough for otherworlders to do their necessary preparations, and instantly they all began their journey immediately.

Many of them had left, each holding some particular hope and mission they wished to accomplish. But it was more than surety, less than all of them that left would ever arrive.

Some would be lost to the roads itself, never even reaching the tower at all, and a larger sum would be lost to the fierce competition that will be undergone once they all made their way to the tower.

The tower no doubt contains powerful treasures and artifacts based on the whispers that Zeras had heard from the otherworlders during his stay in the inn. He had discovered the purpose of them coming to this realm, and it was said to be because the Assembly Tower God’s trial was one of the top ten most rewarding and remarkable towers for young experts like them.

And there was a universal single truth in the Cultivation Universe: everything is a competition. Whatever a person wants, others do too. So they have to fight for it, with the object being possessed by the most worthy of them all. But to prove that worthiness, how many souls will be lost to it?

Zeras could already see how the brutality in the tower would look.

With so many surprises like being able to override the mana control by the realm, and who knows if there are other diabolical arts that are possessed, slumbering geniuses that never revealed themselves in the daylight, all of their attention fixed on the tower's appearance, the only thing seemingly worth their time.

Every one of them will go absolutely all out, fighting for that which they want the most.

If the journey to the tower was already hard enough, then the journey through the tower itself would no doubt be countless times harder.

"All I need is the ring, and I'm out," Zeras confirmed to himself. He saw no need to participate in the competition. As long as he could obtain what he wanted, then it was fine. He could dash everyone else all of the treasures present in the tower.

But the ring wasn't something Zeras thought would be easy to obtain.

If even his other self, who was countless amounts of times more powerful, desired it, then he could only imagine how many people will want it.

All he could do was hope the earring wasn't very well known.

After all, it was just an earring; who would look at an earring at all or find it useful?

"I'm done!"

Chapter 693: Mistake!!Do Not Unlock

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

The smell of chemicals and the clanking of test tubes, with serum mixing together, mixed with the event of rapid color change in chemicals, created quite the show of lights in the room.

Quickly, nine hours passed, with the sun rapidly retreating, giving way to the silver moon in the sky.

Soon, Professor Cygnus finished a phase of his experiment. His eyes moved to the window, where he saw the sky was already dark. He then turned to Hael, who had just finished rinsing off test tubes.

“Well, let’s call it a day here, boy. You have classes tomorrow,” he said to him as Hael wiped off his hands with a handkerchief, giving a slight bow before heading towards the exit.

But he suddenly stopped at the door.

“Um, Professor Cygnus...”

“Uh-huh?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Activate System Interface...”

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

[Rewards:

1.) +5 Level-Up Card!!

2.) +5000 EXP

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

[System Interface]

[Name: Hael Winterlock]

[Title: None]

[Race: Higher Arcana Human]

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

[Level: 16]

[EXP: 6,700/10,000]

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

“Yes.”

[-1 Level-up card]

[Host Has leveled up]

[+15 Attributes Points Obtained]

[Level-Up cards remaining: 4]

[-1 Level-up card]

[Host Has leveled up]

[+15 Attributes Points Obtained]

[Level-Up cards remaining: 3]

[-1 Level-up card]

[Host Has leveled up]

[+15 Attributes Points Obtained]

[Level-Up cards remaining: 2]

[-1 Level-up card]

[Host Has leveled up]

[+15 Attributes Points Obtained]

[Level-Up cards remaining: 1]

[-1 Level-up card]

[Host has leveled up]

[+15 Attributes Points.]

[Level-Up cards: 0]

[Host's New Level: 21!]

[Total Attributes Points: 75]

[Does Host wish to distribute attribute points?]

“Yes!”

[Attributes]

[Strength: 160]

[Agility: 160]

[Perception: 120]

[Intelligence: 120]

[Charm: 29]

[Attribute Points: 75]

[How would Host like to distribute attribute points?]

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

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

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

“Huuuuu.”

“Add 40 Attribute Points to strength, add 30 to Agility, add 1 to Charm, and add 4 to Perception,” Hael said.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Placing his hands on the ground to push himself up,

CRAAAACK

CRAAAACK

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

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

He saw the mini-crater formed beneath his feet.

“Is this...strength?” Hael mused, looking at his own physical body, but even though he had always imagined one with great strength to be muscular and bulky, his hands were

just as they ever were, even though they were now well-defined, and he could feel the strength in every fold of his hands.

But what could have resulted in such a massive difference?

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Like how long? How many points would I need to be able to tear back a wormhole to Aetheira?" Hael probed hopefully, more than willing to know at least how much he had to level up before he could return.

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

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

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

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

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

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

But it never really explained to him the reason, just telling him not to again, without its approval.

And secondly, the events of yesterday, and the hellish scene. According to Professor Cygnus, he was the one responsible, his War Demon Stance to be exact, as that was the only part Hael could remember using.

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

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

It was strange to Hael, trying to ignore the topic about the War Demon stance, and seemingly very reluctant of its secrets to him...

//////Supreme’s Note//////

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

Instant Bonus Chapters(Within 15 Hrs)

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

I really need your support for this competition!!

Chapter 694: Mistake! Do not unlock

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 695: The Journey Begins

The excited voice of Felicie rang out behind him as Zeras turned to her, watching as she struggled to drag down the large bag she had in her hands. He couldn’t help but

shake his head amusingly, witnessing her struggle to bring it down even though she tried all she could to make it seem effortless.

“You know you can just ask, right? All it takes is ‘Can you help me with this, please?’” Zeras said to her as Felicie heaved a sigh of relief, watching as the bag disappeared into thin air immediately upon Zeras’ touch.

“Thank you!” she said as Zeras shrugged helplessly before walking out of the inn, quickly followed by Felicie. Exiting the inn, it was dead silent and quiet, the only sound being the sight of snow raining onto the ground silently.

No doubt all of the Otherworlders had already left for the tower, making the place look like some sort of abandoned cemetery.

“So, where to next?” Zeras asked as Felicie dipped her hand into her cardigan, bringing out a note containing various symbols and lines. Her eyes brightened when she turned to the east side where the tower had been noted to have appeared.

“This year is a bit of a lucky year. We simply head that way. The challenges in the path are lower than any other direction. Let’s go!” she said, taking the front lead. Quickly, both of them moved, creating footprints in the snow.

—

Hours passed quickly on the journey with both Zeras and Felicie, and luckily or unluckily, they had encountered zero danger along the way. They had passed by the settlement since early morning and reached a forest buried in snow in the afternoon.

Eventually, they had walked past the snow forest, and what came as a shocking surprise to Zeras was the area outside the snow area. It was a mountain—an extra ginormous range of mountains that extended far into the distance, with various mountains crossing into each other and spreading through the entire area.

Judging by the links, Zeras could easily test that anyone could lose the right path if they had to go through this mountainous path, even with a map. That was just how complicated it was.

“Here we are. The Legendary Mountainous Path Ranges,” Felicie said, reading out from the small book she had in her hands as Zeras raised an eyebrow.

“You have a record of it? How did you even get that?”

“Hmph, I won’t tell you!” Felicie said as she dipped the map back into her pockets. Zeras simply rolled his eyes, his interest in it quickly fading away.

“Anyway, it’s already dark now, and crossing this mountain in the dead of night will be a big mistake for anyone that dared to do so. What do you say about stopping here and waiting for sunrise?” Felicie asked him as Zeras’ eyes glinted with light.

Actually, he would have loved if they had continued to move. Morning or night made no difference to him. Stopping would only give those who had continued on the path before them an even better advantage. It wasn’t a good thing at all.

But reasoning with what Felicie said, the interwoven pathways would prove difficult for anyone to navigate, even a cultivator. It would no doubt be even more difficult for Felicie, who was responsible for navigation and had proven through the journey that she was greatly needed.

“Ok then. We will wait until dawn,” Zeras said with a smile, causing Felicie to heave a sigh of relief. She was anything but a nice person, and having to navigate in the cold night would probably make her fall to her death. Stopping was the best thing she could wish for right now, and it had just been granted.

“Ok, then. I’ll try to get some wood for fire. I have a feeling the night would only get colder!” she said, preparing to move back when her hand was gently grabbed, causing her to stop.

“No! You stay here and I’ll get the fire,” Zeras said, releasing her hand before heading into the jungle alone.

“I’m pretty sure I can easily gather the wood. I have been doing that all my life, something I doubt you have experience in at all,” Felicie pressed on as Zeras shook his head, shrugging helplessly before quickly disappearing into the jungle, a single thought ringing in his head as he entered it.

‘You won’t come back if you dare enter...’

—

BOOOOOOM

The sound of a body roughly landing onto the ground resounded as a huge tiger-like beast slid down a tree lifelessly, a gigantic hole in the center of its head that revealed the other side of the area.

Turning to give a proper look, one would see more than a hundred such creatures around the place, each having in some magical way dropped through their body and snatching away life from each of them.

At the center of the scene of massacre was none other than Zeras, who had cold white air puffing out of his lungs and nose.

The entire area was dead silent save for his turbid breathing, but in the next instant, a slight rustle could be heard as Zeras faded away from where he stood in the next second.

RIIIIIIIIIIP

The sound of a body part getting ripped off resounded as dark bloodstains rained down the white snow, followed by a soul chilling scream...

At the top of a tree stood Zeras, but this time he wasn't alone. In his tight grasp was a strange humanoid-like alien with a lanky yellow body and a tail. The figure held no difference at all to a chimpanzee except for the fact that it had no hair on its body, and currently, one of its arms had been ripped apart.

Its ears were also long and pointed like those of a bat, and the sound of its neck bones getting crushed repeatedly sounded as Zeras slowly strangled it to death.

Chapter 696: Elytrion, A Forest Soul

"Please! Don't...hurt...me!" the strange creature struggled to say, but Zeras' hold never for once relaxed as he slowly crushed apart the neck bones, halting once the creature's life was about to completely slip away.

"I told you it wouldn't be funny once I got my hands on you. You've had your fun playing your stupid games on me, and now I'm having mine..." Zeras said as he tightened once more, causing the creature to hold on tightly to his hand with a begging expression.

"Please...spare me..."

"Oh, you want me to spare you?" Zeras asked as he stopped his squeezing before releasing his hands, causing the creature to fall down on both knees, its body slipping down the tree and roughly smashing against the ground.

COUGH

COUGH

COUGH

The sound of coughing could be heard as Elyion coughed out his lungs, its chest furiously pumping blood around his body and into his neck.

THUMP

The ground before it gave way as its supposed fun prey landed before it crouched, its cold eyes scanning him up and down.

He had felt as the boy and the girl entered through its territory, but it had refrained from attacking them as he got quite the goosebumps from the male. But who would have thought the young man would dare to return back to its territory? That had deeply infuriated it, and it had decided to play the young man to his death.

He had sent all of his soldiers to him but had watched with wide-open mouth as all of his soldiers had their hearts and brains snatched away by the young man.

Even its own camouflaging arts failed as he was found and grabbed by his prey. The night was definitely its worst through all of its days here.

“You want me to spare you, huh? That’s really easy. I might be willing to ignore the fact that you just sent all of your controlled puppets after me, and actually let you live,” Zeras said with an amused expression as he sat down before the tiny creature.

“Oh...you...you will?” Elyion asked in a mixture of happiness and caution. The last thing he would do right now was trust this monster of a person, but he was definitely clinging to his poor life.

“Yes, I would. I just have a request or two from you and we both will be fine. So far, we never cross paths again,” Zeras said truly.

When he and Felicie had walked through here in the morning, Zeras had felt a cold chill down his spine as he walked through, and he could feel the gaze of something around his back.

But no matter how much he sent his perception around, he just couldn’t find the figure responsible. It was like every tree in the forest was staring at them.

Fortunately, and in some mysterious way that Zeras couldn’t explain, they had been able to pass through the forest area unharmed. But Zeras knew there was definitely something wrong with the forest. There was a strange being within. One enough to make his spine tingle.

That was why he had prevented Felicie from going. And just as he had feared, when Zeras really came in, he had been attacked by the strange beasts in the forest.

Looking at their eyes, he could see they were controlled by something and after a long battle, he had been able to subdue the beasts and from the creature’s panic, he had been able to track it down.

And the creature was none other than the human-monkey sitting before him. He had no reason why such a tiny creature could make his spine tingle nor did he understand how the creature had been able to control beasts that were stronger than it, even with its own lack of mana. And the creature was also intelligent and could even talk! It was

definitely a sight to see, so he felt killing it would be wasteful. Such a special creature deserved a second chance.

“Ok. Ok. I’ll do anything. Just let me live, ok?” Elyion asked as Zeras nodded.

“Firstly, you know this area well, don’t you? This forest area and the mountain area before us. You definitely do, don’t you?” Zeras asked interestingly as Elyion nodded continuously.

“Good, good. Then tell me something none but you know about the mountain,” Zeras asked as Elyion’s eyes furrowed, staring at Zeras.

“Tell me something interesting about the mountain up ahead. If it’s not interesting enough for me, then you’re as good as dead. You understand what I mean, right?” Zeras said as he slapped the creature’s long hair around, and Elyion could only swallow as its brain browsed everything it knew about the mountain and he quickly found the most interesting one.

“Ok, there is something nobody except for me knows about the mountain,” Elyion said as he looked in fear around the forest area before looking at Zeras in slight fear.

“Oh, and what is that?” Zeras asked curiously.

“The mountain, that seemingly endless plain that you see,” Elyion said as Zeras nodded.

“It is alive!” Elyion said as Zeras looked at him for a while before chuckling, and quickly it expanded into a full-blown laughter.

“You, you’re so smart! I wanted something so interesting and you simply told me a pile of rocks is alive. Just how cunning is that brain of yours?”

“I’m not joking. The mountain is alive!” Elyion pressed on as Zeras’ laugh receded, sensing the seriousness in the creature’s tone.

“And how do you know that?” he asked.

“I do because I have tried to cross the mountain too once. Ever since I could open my eyes, all I knew were these boring leaves of the tree. I needed a new vision, so I decided to move out of the forest.

Going out, I saw the mountain up ahead and excitedly, I climbed up it and began my journey.

But one night! One night, I saw a horrific scene!”

Chapter 697 Elytrion's Greatest Fear[Compensation Chapter]

"And what scene was that?" Zeras asked with furrowed eyebrows as he watched Elytrion's body become covered with goosebumps and it shook slightly in continuous fear.

It was almost like a person witnessing one of their worst nightmares happening to them in real life. The horror of such a thing was what he could smell from Elytrion.

"I saw the mountain shake fiercely. All the creatures on the mountain fell into some sort of daze and all fainted into unconsciousness.

Then, I witnessed the scene of the entire mountain being lifted off the ground. I felt my tail touching the puffy clouds.

There was no doubt about it, the mountain rose up into the air, like...like a creature.

It was too big so I couldn't see its real form, but I could swear it had two arms and two legs! It's like a titan made of rock. The scene was very fast. The mountain simply rose up and then once more descended into the ground, growing quiet once more. I can swear it on my life!

Ever since then, I have never gone out of this forest again. I must just warn you: once you see all the creatures on the mountain suddenly going to sleep strangely, then I'll advise you to also fall asleep too. I have a feeling I would have died that day if not for what or who I am..." Elytrion said as Zeras furrowed his eyebrows before asking.

"Actually, what are you?"

"I am the life of this forest. You can say I'm this forest's guardian. Maybe that was why I was spared by the mountain. I can't be sure..." Elytrion said as Zeras raised an eyebrow and both stared at each other for quite a while before a smile bloomed on Zeras's face.

"Fine, you succeeded," he said, resulting in a sigh of relief from the creature.

"So...so, you'll let me live, right?" The creature asked as Zeras smiled.

"I will, if you answer my second request well." Zeras said as Elytrion perked its ears up.

"Tell me how you can take over the mind of these creatures..." Zeras said as Elytrion's eyes flashed in shock and disbelief at such an outrageous question.

"I...I can't tell you that!" Elytrion roared, managing to blow around Zeras's hair, and Zeras replied with a simple smile.

"That's fine actually. I'll guess you'll just die then..." He said as his hand immediately moved towards Elytrion's neck and began squeezing around it once more.

This time, Zeras immediately went for the kill, but his hand stopped for a while when he felt an object land on his leg. Turning to it, Zeras found a grimoire.

THUMP

Roughly, Elytrion landed onto the snow, coughing its lungs out once more as Zeras picked up the book and viewed its content. His eyes flashed in shock for a split second, and instantly the book disappeared and he kept it into his storage ring.

"I have given you what you want. So you'll let me live, right?" Elytrion asked in fear as he watched Zeras look him up and down, before slowly approaching him.

'I knew it! I knew he would never spare me!' Elytrion thought in his head as he closed his eyes, resigning himself to his fate.

But he couldn't help but open up his eyes as he felt no harm. Opening his eyes, he found no one.

Turning behind him, he looked on as the young man slowly disappeared back in the direction of the mountain, uprooting a dried tree at the side before moving on his way.

"You're lucky you spoke the truth, demon. You deserve your second chance. Live it well!" His voice rang out from afar as Elytrion's jaw dropped to the ground, his eyes flashing in shock.

"He... he really did let me live!"

STEP STEP STEP

The sound of footsteps resounded as Felicie shot to her feet, her gaze looking at the direction where the noise came from, her heartbeat slightly increasing. She heaved a sigh of relief when she found out it was none other than Zeras.

"Where have you been? You spent more than an hour!" Felicie exclaimed both in anger and relief. She was no doubt scared of Zeras suddenly leaving.

What if he never returned? How would she continue her journey? There was no doubt she would be unable to shoulder all of the dangers alone.

In the end, she would have no choice but to return back home. Then all her effort for the past days would have been for naught.

The deeper she went into this path, the more she realized how much her life depended on his survival. It was something she hated but unfortunately had no say in. That was why she felt both anger and relief to see him once more.

"Just taking care of some issues..." Zeras replied with a shrug as he gathered the wood he carried together and quickly lit it up. Immediately, warmth returned to the place from the flames, something very much appreciated by Felicie who splayed her hands on the fire, her body shuddering continuously.

"Huuuu. I never thought I could survive so long without this cozy little dancer..." Felicie said gleefully at the gently burning flames, resulting in a chuckle from Zeras.

"You will be in for a surprise if you ever put your body to the test to determine just how strong it is..." He responded as Felicie nodded. Zeras returned her bag to her, letting her pick her essentials, mostly food and water.

That was what took up 70% of the bag. The remaining 30% were her notes and her clothes.

"You hungry?" Felicie asked, passing Zeras some food which he declined.

"Otherworlders can never go hungry. You can cross that off your Otherworlders list..." Zeras responded to her as Felicie chuckled amusingly.

"So how do Otherworlders live then?" she asked him as Zeras laid down beside the flames.

"They live off mana. The energy they absorb to grow their strength. So far they have it, they are good..." Zeras replied to her as Felicie nodded, quickly bringing out a notebook and pen and jotting that down too.

"Actually, there is another thing Otherworlders like me live on. Do you know?" Zeras asked as he turned to look at Felicie, a mischievous plan running in his head.

"Oh and what is that?"

Chapter 698 The Grimoire[Compensation Chapter 2]

Felicie asked interestingly as Zeras slowly turned his head to her, an evil grin appearing on his face.

"We live on blood too. A female's blood!" Zeras called out as Felicie's heart rate spiked uncontrollably, her hands shooting down, her ideas skidding to a stop.

"Hahahaha. That is actually very funny..." Felicie said nervously but she only saw Zeras's smile widen even more.

"Is it?" he said as Felicie's pen dropped from her hands, her chest about to burst out from her ribcage when suddenly Zeras laughed out loud, turning his head away from her.

"You actually fell for it. You should have seen your face; it was just too epic," Zeras mocked as Felicie scoffed before also laughing out loud at him.

"That actually scared me, really. Is it true though, that Otherworlders really drink blood?" Felicie asked as Zeras shook his head.

"No, we don't feed on blood, at least I have never done so. But Otherworlders can't be grouped under one barrier. There are some Otherworlders that are beasts, like those idiot guards from the inn. They are something I would call bears except that they have consciousness and can cultivate. Some Otherworlders are beasts, the majority of them actually, and they won't find eating a raw human as something irritating, just like how a tiger won't find eating raw meat as abnormal.

Some of them are aliens that are just weird, and some are your deepest horrors. It is almost impossible to classify us Otherworlders. There are just too many forms. People like me are very rare. It isn't easy finding a human Otherworlder, at least not like how easily you will find an alien or beastly Otherworlder," Zeras explained to her.

And truly, there were very few cultivators that were actually humans. The majority are humanoid aliens and different races that simply shared a thing or two with humans.

People who started as pure humans like him were just too rare because their potential is limited. People like Atherston and other world leaders exist but can any of them really come to the upper realms? No! The human potential for cultivation is limited. On Earth, the highest potential was the galaxy rank.

There were very few exceptions like Zeras who could climb their way up the ladder to reach the Undying Rank. And ever since Zeras had come to the upper realms, he had never sighted a human race among the thousands of clans in the upper realms.

Humans were just too few and far between. But that wasn't a problem as Zeras really didn't care much. He couldn't even tell the difference between humans and aliens right now. They all were the same to him.

"I get it. So the Otherworlder is not just some race. It is more of a name that simply means those who can cultivate the special energy called Mana.

There are distinctions among them, and with those distinctions come various different manners and values. I'm starting to understand a bit..." Felicie whispered, jotting down as fast as she could.

Once she was done, she kept her pen and book before quickly finishing up her dinner.

Once she was done, she brought out a heavy mattress, laying it on the ground before quickly dozing off. The place was reduced to a deep calmness save for the sound of the cackling woods and gently burning flames.

Soon, the flames burned out and Zeras rose up from his sleeping position, staring at Felicie and confirming she was soundly asleep before rising to his feet and walking closer to the mountain.

What he had been told by Elytrion about the mountain being alive had greatly unsettled Zeras. The mountain range was just too big and it extended farther than his eyes could see.

If such a thing was alive and could move, then even he himself had no chance at all of ever surviving. Not in his current mortal state where he had no mana and none of his rings with him.

There was now something that could threaten his life in this place and that made him almost unable to sleep. Placing his hands on the mountain, it seemed no different compared to any other rock that he had touched or gotten slammed into.

There was absolutely nothing special about it.

"Could he be lying about it? I mean he had no reason to," Zeras muttered to himself, thinking back to the little forest demon. There really was no reason why the creature should have lied. His words might very well be a lie to make him not kill it.

"If this mountain is not alive, then I will have to give that demon a thumbs up. He really is a natural-born liar.

But if this mountain is really alive, then I can only hope for the best. Hopefully, I'm able to react well and prevent our death if it ever happens to be true..." Zeras mused as he walked away from the mountain, before bringing out the grimoire.

It was the book he had obtained from the demon after properly threatening it. It was a very special book, one that had shocked Zeras even for the small split second that he had used to open it.

Summoning the book out from his spatial ring, Zeras dusted its surface away, causing dust to fly around. It seemed even the demon had not opened the book for ages.

Opening the book, a couple of sentences were written on the first pages.

"A Lost Key To The Path Of Ancient Celestials. The Path Of Word Arts...."

"Word arts?" Zeras wondered in confusion as he looked at the small notes following tha.

"The Ancient Path of Celestials are treaded by ancient beings of time past, ones whose source and energy is unknown and can never be used by anyone save for the one whom they have bestowed..."

"This is a lost tome of a specialized ancient power that have been written by a follower of one of the Celestial's Sons.

The Grimoire of Absolute Words..."

No data found.

Chapter 699: The Powerful Grimoire

"Absolute words. How familiar..." Zeras mused to himself as his memories flashed with speed, hundreds of scenes crossing his mind searching for where he had seen the particular execution of what lay in his palms. Finally, he was able to find it.

"Absolute words. That's the power of Seere Nostradamus."

Of course, he could still remember the three devilish children of the dark forces. The one who had created the most impression on him was the devil Astrodamus, but he still couldn't forget Seere, the prodigy who could do anything by simply speaking words into existence.

It was a mystifying power that definitely held close to no bounds, but Zeras had not paid much attention to it back then as Seere got pretty wrecked quickly by Asmodeus. Who would have thought he would come by the special arts of words in the upper realms?

Opening past the introduction page, he moved on to the next page, sighting the few words that indicated the first spell present in the book.

****First Spell of the Deranged Ancient Celestial: Authority!****

****Full capability:**** Grants total control over any dominion the user desires; the user's desires, decisions, and dictated laws are completely irrefutable and impossible to disobey, with their authority surpassing and superseding any authority below the celestial.

"Now I understand. This is how Elytrion commands the animals in the forest to attack him beyond their own will. He imposes within them his own will through the use of this skill Authority. But to Zeras, there seemed to be more to this skill than controlling some petty forest animals..."

Turning to look at the practicing description page, it was carefully highlighted all the steps he needed to use the technique.

****Precautions:****

1. To practice this technique, one needs a trace of the Deranged Celestial's Runes, and that could be found within the 12th floor of the God tower!

2. One who desires to use the power of the Deranged Celestial must have a mind tougher than worlds. You must raise your Divine Power of the Deranged Celestial to the Intermediate Level to practice the technique.

3. When all of this process is complete, the spell will appear on the second page of the book and the user will possess the power to use the skill Authority!

—

"Tch, so many restrictions for something that might not even be worth it..." Zeras mused with doubtful eyes, yet his brain continuously calculated everything he needed for the technique.

The first requirement was the most necessary. He needed to go to the God's tower 12th floor and access the Deranged Celestial's Runes, whatever that was. At least he knew he would get the answer once he arrived.

Then he needed to raise his divine power, probably one obtained by the Celestial rune, to the intermediate level. That would be something he would find answers to when he tried to possess the first requirement.

And the third requirement was the simplest yet the hardest. He would need to have the first and second requirements before he could finally use the technique...

"I wonder how Elytrion uses the technique then. Don't tell me he went through all of those processes..." Zeras said with furrowed eyebrows before he gave up, shrugging boringly before throwing the grimoire back into his storage ring.

"If the 12th tower happens to be in my way as I retrieve the ear-ring, then I might branch to see it. But if it's not there, then I guess I'll move on and go my way..." He affirmed to himself before falling on his back and entering into a temporary slumber, resting his brain for the events that will come tomorrow.

—

"Tell me Astron, have you run away and abandoned the Hell-bear guards?" The voice as calm as the gentle sea light yet as fear-inducing as the word of a demon in the pitch dark night resounded through the stony walls where various lamps holding flickering orange flames were hung around, and at the far sight none other than an extra tall figure serenely sitting on the obsidian black throne.

Her entire gown was white, and her skin was as pale as the color could describe. Her long, silky white hair poured behind her back like a waterfall, and she sat down cross-legged on the throne, her uninterested pale white eyes boring onto a group of figures who currently kneeled in fear before her.

If Zeras had been here, he would have noticed they were none other than the white aliens who had decided to take the inn by force, sending everyone else

out. But they had managed to slip away from Zeras' hold when he was busy dealing with the bear guards.

"I did what was necessary to protect our lives, My princess..." The young alien figure rang out, trying to be as calm as possible yet visibly failing.

"Our lives? Our lives you say." The princess called, her gentle white arms stretching forth and immediately, Astron was lifted up, his knees brought forward toward the princess with all of his limbs flailing to the side completely beyond his control.

"Tell me Astron, just how do you protect our lives by leaving the Bearguards to die?"

"I had the emblem to the tower floor with me, My princess. Our opponent was strong enough he reduced the bear guards to nothing in mere blinks. I thought of engaging him, but the thought of him seizing away the emblem was greater so I hurried away, with the rest of the guards, preserving the emblem and the lives of the remaining royalty..." Astron explained to the best of his ability, as he forced himself to raise up his eyes to the princess yet, his eyes splayed in horror when he witnessed those crimson pupils containing an endless rotating pool of blood.

In the next instant, he felt himself getting dragged further and further within, sinking deeper into the pool and at the end of it was a red-haired beauty slumbering gently within the deepest blood sea.

PLOOP

PLOOP

“ARRRRGGGGHHH”

Chapter 700: A Greater Enemy

It was the sound of eyeballs exploding to nothing as Astron’s eyes ran down red blood, his face contorting in pain.

“We are the Elvenioris, Astron. There’s no excuse for us running away from a battle. I would have been pleased if you had fought whoever this mysteriously powerful figure of yours is.

Even if you had lost your life to it, I would have sought revenge and sent him to a much deeper depth of hell for his outrageousness of killing one of mine.

But you ran, in front of hundreds, staining our name,” she whispered, her voice sounding as calm and as gentle as ever, yet goosebumps covered Astron’s body as he knew well what this could lead to if not handled smartly by him.

“Against a stronger opposition, I have decided to stay true till the end, and made sure our aim here becomes not thwarted, my princess. Think of all the good things that await our universe once we get our hands on what we’re supposed to have, and think of what disaster would occur if another being gets his hands on it. The scale of destruction or creation is just too grand, too much risk to take.

That was why I had retreated, for the greater good. If this is wrong of me, then I apologize, my lady. I will try my best not to fail you next time..."

It was ironic to Astron that he had to be this submissive to his own younger sister. It was shameful for him both as a man and everything pertaining to their royalty. But such is fate, which he had fully accepted. His life right now was absolutely in her control. She had the power to end him right here and then and none would utter a whimper.

The greatest punishment she would receive would be a gentle pat on her hands, and actually nothing if she retrieved what they had been sent here to do.

All because of what lay in her soul. All because of that god within her...

For some simple seconds, silence reigned over the entire area, the chill and fear in the place increasing even more before suddenly cold white air puffed throughout the room and Astron felt the force on him disappear, resulting in him collapsing straight on his face.

Quickly he got up, getting on a respectful bow with a knee.

"I'll give you one more chance, Astron," she said as she rose up from her throne, the entire throne room suddenly shuddering from an invisible pressure, and slowly cracks appeared on the wall, revealing it was no doubt about to give way.

Panic spread across the faces of the remaining bear guards that were present within the hall.

They knew well just how deep they were underground where they had found this place. If it collapsed on them, then their chance of ever seeing the sun at all would be close to none!

And immediately, they all turned their begging attention to the princess, all closing their eyes to avoid staring straight into her eyes.

Calmly, she stretched her hand towards Astron, enveloping him in her power, and with a simple finger swipe at the space before it, she made a cut that continuously widened by itself.

“What are our next orders, your majesty...” The voice of the guards and remaining aliens rang out as the princess turned her gaze to them, before slowly stepping through the portal that she had made.

“All of you must survive and those who fail me deserve to die!” she whispered, her tone a mixture of extreme cunningness and sinisteress, and immediately she disappeared into the vortex with Astron, as the entire wall in the place immediately increased their cracking and large stones began raining down.

“Quick! Head to the exit!” The bear guards and the aliens rushed frantically trying to escape getting buried.

Unfortunately, they were simply too late as an extra gigantic rock blocked their only path to the exit, causing them all to skid to a stop and then the remaining wall collapsed on them.

SPLLLLASSSST

Blood splashed through the air, quickly covered by dust and rubble as the entire area was reduced to pitch darkness...

—

“This... This!! Why!!!?” Astron, on sighting the entrance crumble to nothing, collapsed on his knees as he watched everything be buried, knowing well almost all that he held dear in this mission had been erased from existence.

All the remaining guards and the other Elvenioris that were sent by their father to help them in their journey. All of them buried beneath the rubble of an ancient underground place destroyed by none other than his own sister.

“Hmmm, it seems we were out just in time. I can still see the remnants of the tower appearance in that direction...” she mused, her blood pupils flashing with otherworldly light, but soon noticed the absence of something, rustling in her, turning behind her and sighting the devastated Astron on his knees.

“Is anything the problem, Astron?” she asked with slight irritation. That position was one that revealed intense weakness. Something she spited the most in her life.

“Nothing, my princess...” Astron said, forcing down the pain in his heart, just like he had always done.

“I am just curious why you have decided to bring an end to them all?” he asked curiously as he watched her shrug her shoulders.

“I told them if they cannot survive they will be rewarded with death. And they are now all dead. I stayed true to my words, and you ask me why they are dead?” she asked him as Astron bowed his head in subservience.

“Forgive my ignorance, my lady...”

“Forgiven. Now quickly, we must race for the tower immediately, lest we are outpaced by the other True Celestial races. And maybe we will find this strong adversary of yours there in. I’d like to see how strong he really is...” she mused, obvious mockery in her voice that Astron couldn’t refute.

Truly, she might have a few screws loose in her head, but her might was undoubtable. None except a few like her, and he was definitely not part of them.

Quickly, they both floated into the sky, defying the great laws that prevented flying and quickly both soared into the distance with speed.