

Chaos Devourer System

#Chapter 701: Moving On... - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 701: Moving On...

Chapter 701: Moving On...

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Faster than usual for Felicie, the golden rays of sun appeared in the sky, illuminating her face in its radiance. Slowly, her eyebrows quivered before they opened up, and the memories of the day assaulted her.

"It's morning. Wake up, Zeras..." She called out to her side but quieted down when she saw no one beside her. "Um, Zeras?"

"You're finally awake..." The voice resounded at her as Felicie raised her head and found him sitting down on top of the mountain with a bored expression on his face.

"Oh, you're awake already?" She called out as she quickly rose up, packing her mattress into her bag, which instantly disappeared with a clap from Zeras.

"And when did you even wake up? The sun is just coming out. Don't tell me Otherworlders don't sleep," Felicie said, resulting in a shrug from Zeras.

"There's no need for sleep. We're fine without it."

"Ahhh, such a miserable life. You have a tongue but don't need to eat. You have no need to properly relax your brain too, and can never really enjoy the joy of a good night's sleep. In a way, you Otherworlders are more miserable than you all think..." Felicie said, quickly climbing up the mountain and coming to arrive before Zeras after much struggle.

"You can climb pretty fast..." Zeras commended. He had just watched her quickly climb up a 50-meter-tall mountain in less than a few minutes. Not even a mortal man would be able to do it so fast, talk less of a lady like her...

"Don't be full of yourself. I can climb faster than you!" Felicie declared with a hmph as Zeras rolled his eyes.

'In your dreams...' he thought to himself.

“Well, thankfully you can climb fast. Because we have a lot of climbing to do...” Zeras said as Felicie looked away from him and her jaw dropped to the ground when she looked in front of her.

The top of the mountain revealed to her just what awaited them: relentless climbing. Larger mountains led to even larger mountains that continued far into the distance, revealing to them they would have to keep climbing up and up and keep moving like this before they were able to exit the mountain range.

“If I have to climb this, it will take me at least three months...” Felicie said as her legs almost turned to jelly from simply looking at the sight.

“And how long until the Otherworlders finish their expedition and be returning?” Zeras asked her.

“Only two months...” she said as Zeras furrowed his eyebrows.

“Guess we can’t wait for you to spend three months climbing then...” Zeras mused. Just as Felicie had said, it would take her at least three months to cross the mountain. And Zeras wasn’t even sure after this mountain they would see the tower; maybe there are still other areas they were to cross.

If they had to spend three months climbing the mountain, then when would they reach the tower at all? Maybe when others were already leaving.

“So, what do we do now?” she asked.

“We only need to be going straight to arrive before the tower, right?” Zeras asked as Felicie nodded before her eyebrows furrowed.

“Wait, don’t tell me you’re planning to leave me here and go alone. That wasn’t part of the deal, was it?” Felicie asked him as Zeras turned to her with a raised eyebrow.

“Who said anything about breaking the deal?”

“Oh, then why are you asking if the path to the tower is straight ahead? It’s almost like you want to keep going without me...” Felicie reasoned as Zeras sighed.

“You have to work on your trust issues, you know that...” he said before suddenly he faded away from her sight, almost like disappearing into thin air.

“Where did he..GOOO!!!!” Felicie screamed out, not in frustration but in disbelief as she felt herself get lifted up from the ground. Soon, the ground became even more distant, and her spine went cold as she wrapped tightly against the body.

“What are you doing!” Felicie screamed, failing to reign down her fear and clinging tightly to Zeras’s back.

“Making sure I don’t have to wait for three months before your sorry ass finally climbs up some rocks...” Zeras replied as he rapidly jumped through the various mountains, slamming his legs and shooting straight for hundreds of kilometers into the distance.

His speed was so fast that with a single step he reached the highest peak of the mountain and with another step, the place where he formerly was was no longer in sight for Felicie.

Everything became an absolute blur to her, her orange hair flying erratically behind her, and her snow-white skin turning red from the pressure of moving so fast.

“So you still think you can climb faster than me?” Zeras asked her as Felicie hmph-ed.

“Hmph, this is cheating. It can’t be counted...” she said out loud as Zeras smiled shamelessly.

“Anyway, can you stop tightening hard on me like a boa? You’re making me feel weird...” Zeras called out as he felt himself losing breath from having Felicie wrapped her hands around his neck so tightly.

The strange soft sensation he felt on his back was making him feel somehow...

“How will I look if I happen to mistakenly fall from your back from this height?” Felicie asked in return as Zeras looked below him and he quickly did the simple calculation.

“You’ll be reduced to a pancake...” he replied honestly.

“My point exactly. I can’t risk that, so I am not clinging to you. I’m clinging to life as much as I can!” Felicie yelled out, doing all she could to reign down the fear in her heart.

But the only thing that made that easier was making sure she would at least be going down with him.

“So you’re saying I’m your life, huh? That’s reasonable judging how much you have been clinging to me these past few days...”

“You!” Felicie’s head turned a full tomato red as she buried her head behind Zeras’s back to avoid him seeing her in such a weak state.

“Just shut up and keep going. We have a tower to catch, remember...”

Chapter 702: More To Learn...

Chapter 702: More To Learn...

Felicie yelled out to him, trying to sound as tough as possible, but all she got was an evil chuckle from Zeras.

"You know I can see your red face even if I'm not looking directly at you, right?" Zeras pestered on as Felicie raised her head in disbelief.

She never thought Otherworlders had such an ability, and realizing Zeras had caught her made her face reach another level of redness.

"You! Just shut up and keep going! I have never been this high up before, that's why my face is red. It's a sign of imminent throw-up, and guess where I'll be throwing it once I can't stop it any longer?" Felicie said, grinning evilly at Zeras, whose face dropped massively.

"You! You don't dare!" he yelled at her, resulting in a loud evil chuckle from her rosy red lips.

"Hehehehe. So you can feel fear too?" she asked mockingly as Zeras snorted, and then an evil idea entered his head as he soared towards a rock, stamping his leg on it and soaring forward with twice his speed before suddenly he revolved around in the air around twenty times in a few seconds before soaring straight forward.

"What the! What are you doing!" Felicie screamed as she struggled all she could to reign down her upsetting stomach and her clouded gaze that rotated uncontrollably.

"What is that!?" Zeras asked innocently, resulting in a scoff from Felicie.

"Do that next time, and I'll throw up on your neck!" she screamed out loud, her heart wanting to burst out from the fear of what just happened a few seconds ago.

She had never felt so disturbed in her life. Not only was she about 200 meters in the air and her chance of survival if she fell was basically zero, she just had to go have her entire body revolved twenty times in the air, making the world keep spinning uncontrollably. Those were fates worse than death for her.

"I hope you still know where we're going, right?" Zeras asked.

"I can't even see anything well. But we must go past this mountain first. Then we find our bearing once more..." Felicie called out from behind, resulting in a nod from Zeras. Quickly, Zeras kept soaring through the air at his fastest speed.

He had sighted many dangerous creatures on the ground but had been able to skillfully avoid all of them by soaring higher and higher into the air and quickly moving past them before they even caught sight of him.

There were even places on the ground that had an uncontrollable chasm between them and would have been impossible for them to cross if he had been walking with Felicie.

No ordinary mortal would be able to pass through that chasm, revealing to him that truly the ordinary mortals in this realm are really prevented from going to the tower in one way or the other even though they were the owners of this realm in the first place.

Coming here, Zeras had realized some strange things about the realm.

Firstly, the aboriginals here were somehow stronger than the ordinary people, like Felicie's uncle Baltimore, who had a record of having fought with an Otherworlder and surviving.

And truly, Zeras could sense the old uncle's physical strength was really stronger than normal, the same for his friend Fernards. Their physical strength, even though they were mortals, could easily rival that of an Early Cosmic rank awakener.

How they had such physical power as ordinary mortals who have never absorbed even the slightest bit of mana was something that deeply puzzled Zeras. And also, the aboriginals weren't as weak as they appear.

An example was that old lady in the restaurant that he and Felicie had gone to. Zeras had stopped himself from opening the door because he could sense a strange power lingering off the knob of the door. A strange power that made his spine tingle, and yet he could sense it would have no effect against the aboriginals themselves. That was why he had stylishly asked for Felicie to open the door instead and had refrained from touching the knob. It was like a special trap that would only work for the Otherworlders or to say, for those with Mana. That piqued his curiosity.

Just what was that power that was being used mysteriously by them? Was it the same power he had read in the Grimoire.

There was a strange sort of power in this realm, one that made the aboriginals stronger than normal, one that that old woman in the inn almost used against him, and one that Elyrtion had used to control the forest animals to attack him. 'An energy that wasn't mana and can't be sensed? Just what type of energy is that?' Zeras wondered to himself as he flew through the air rapidly.

'All my answers. I'll find everything in the tower. I need to get to the tower...' Zeras mused to himself, his conviction to reach the tower growing even higher.

He had thought he was sufficiently strong enough and was close to knowing all of his answers. But it seems there was still too much he didn't know about this world. Still many mysteries to reveal, and he would make sure to get to the bottom of it all...

"Uh, Zeras?" The voice of Felicie suddenly rang out as Zeras turned his gaze to her.

"What is it?"

"We've been soaring for almost 8 hours now. Can we take a break?" she struggled to say. Zeras's eyebrows creased slightly, but as she ordered, he slammed onto a mountain, his hands tearing through it and slowing down his descent gently.

THUMP

He landed stably onto the ground as Felicie unwrapped herself from him after feeling the ground was stable before she quickly ran to a cliff side and then...

BLEEEEEERRGGGGH

She vomited everything in her continuously as Zeras simply stood there with a dropping gaze.

"Just how weak are mortals seriously?"

Chapter 703: Running...

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"BLEEEEEERRGGGGHHH"

After about five minutes, Felicie finally rose back up as Zeras passed her the water bottle. She washed her face before collapsing weakly on her back.

"What?" she asked, noticing Zeras's expression of disbelief.

"Oh, nothing."

"Quit acting tough. I have been in the sky for eight hours straight now, being soared forward faster than a horse. How did you expect me to handle the pressure? Not like you've been through much worse, have you?" Felicie hmped as Zeras shrugged.

"How many hours more do we need to wait for you to get back to normal?" Zeras asked.

"I've recovered enough..." she said as Zeras immediately prepared to continue moving on his path when suddenly, his eyebrows furrowed as his neck jerked behind him with

horrific speed, and his eyes narrowed dangerously before his expression immediately turned grave.

“What’s wro...” Felicie had yet to finish her words when she felt herself yanked up. In the next instant, the entire world became a blur as Zeras ran with his fastest speed, quickly disappearing into the distance at twice the former speed he was using before.

‘That aura. It’s too strong...’ Zeras thought to himself, his heart racing madly within his chest as he hurriedly moved through the air, parting space with the power of his physical body.

“Hey, you’re moving too fast. What’s wrong...” Felicie struggled to say, finding the air rapidly slapping against her exposed hands and turning them ruby red. But Zeras didn’t even have time to pay attention to that, focusing on racing as quickly as he could.

After running relentlessly for close to another seven hours straight, with the moon already appearing on the horizon, Zeras finally got down before an ordinary side of a mountain cliff.

SHRRRIIING

The sound of his katana leaving its sheath rang out as he sliced open a circular wall on the mountain surface and entered into it, before rolling the stone back to where it was.

“Huuuuuuu,” a sigh of relief escaped Felicie’s lips as she got down and laid on her back, her bones cracking from having remained in the same position for a long while. Strangely, there was an opening in the extra-large cave that they were in, causing light from the starlight to illuminate the area.

She could see Zeras standing at the locked entrance, his hands raised to her signaling for her to be quiet, and his ears were pressed against the door, his eyes rolling within their sockets with speed.

‘They’re gone...’ Zeras thought to himself, exhaling in relief before he slid down the wall, turning to look at the bright starlight, his eyes flashing with familiarity and his trolled expression disappearing quickly from his face.

“Are we being tracked?” Felicie asked as Zeras finally turned his attention to her before he shrugged expressionlessly.

“Don’t worry about it...” he said, waving her off, before bringing out her bag from his storage ring.

“We stay here for the night, we resume at the dawn of the morning. I can already see the end of the mountain range a few hours earlier. We will be able to leave this place tomorrow...” he said to her before rising up and moving to the area where the starlight

was concentrated and laying on the ground, his eyes soon closing up as he tried to reign in his energy.

Then, Zeras could sense a familiar aura. An aura that he knew well who it belonged to. It was none other than those white aliens who have managed to slip away from his grasp. He had thought it was Krama that had brought him back to them, but there was something different.

Something enough to make Zeras immediately give up and run.

There were two auras, one of them was the one he found familiar and one he could confidently deal with even though it might cost him a bit of trouble.

But the other. It was intensely powerful! There was no doubt about it. The aura was at the Undying rank! The same stage as Zeras's cultivation.

But what had made him run was the fact that right now, he wasn't really at the Undying rank. He couldn't use his mana and therefore couldn't use his various techniques nor could he use his star bodies.

All he had was his brute power, something that was no doubt strong but would be forced to bend before the might of a true Undying rank expert.

'How did they even access their true cultivation, even though everyone else can't activate it?' Zeras wondered to himself with narrowed eyes. If only he could have gotten his hands on those aliens' strange art. Perhaps he wouldn't be rendered so pathetic.

"We were being chased, weren't we?" Felicie's voice rang out as Zeras felt the sound of her footsteps which came to a stop beside him, and she sat down.

Judging from her expression, she wouldn't take Zeras's shrug as an answer.

"Yes, we were," Zeras responded curtly.

"And you ran?" Felicie asked, her voice holding slight disbelief.

"Yes, I did," Zeras answered curtly.

"Wow, but I thought you were strong..." Felicie said, using the opportunity to mock him, and Zeras could only chuckle in his heart.

"Yes, I am."

"If you're strong, then why did you run?" she asked him while lying down on her back and staring at him curiously.

Slowly, Zeras turned his head to her, looking straight into her fiery orange eyes.

“Because of you...”

“That’s not true...” Felicie whispered back to him, looking at his face with her heart pounding faster, but soon it quieted down as she watched Zeras’s caring expression replaced by an evil grin.

“Of course I don’t! Hahahahahaha!” Zeras replied, chuckling out loud in mockery at her.

“You! Do you take joy in playing around with my emotions all the time?” Felicie asked, feeling slight anger and betrayal that made her punch at his face, but he easily avoided it by moving his head out of her hand’s reach.

“I like your naivety. It’s not all the time you see such a naive girl in the upper realm...” Zeras responded with an evil grin as Felicie coldly snorted before distancing herself away from him. She would make sure not to fall for his tricks again.

“For the fact of it, I’m not a girl. I’m a lady!” she said before scoffing at him and facing the other side, fuming in anger.

‘Tch, how naive...’ Zeras thought to himself before setting himself comfortably in the starlight, preparing to take a comfortable nap. While he couldn’t absorb the starlight, being in it calmed down his body and felt even better than an expert massage.

But he was soon interrupted by Felicie’s sudden question.

“Can you tell me how the ladies of the upper realms are?” she suddenly asked him. Zeras raised an eyebrow at the strange question but obliged after seeing her curiosity.

“Well, the person I was running from was a lady...” Zeras replied to her as Felicie raised an eyebrow before laughing out loud.

“You ran so fast, I thought a wild beast was chasing you.

But it was actually just an otherworlder lady? Seriously, just how spineless are you?” Felicie mocked as Zeras grinned, shaking his head.

“Oh, then what would you have done if you were me?” he asked her curiously, and she didn’t even think twice before answering.

“I would have simply wooed her...”

“Oh, wooed her!? In what way?”

“Maybe start by telling her that her eyes are beautiful.

Then strike up a heartwarming conversation where you pay serious attention to each and everything she has to say, making sure to sigh in compliments.

I'm sure if you had done that, she wouldn't have done anything uncourtly towards you, and you would have even made a new girlfriend..."

COUGH

COUGH

COUGH

The sound of coughing could be heard as Zeras suddenly felt a pain assaulting his chest as he turned to Felicie wondering if she was just kidding him but her serious expression said otherwise.

"You actually think the best thing would have been to talk out way out?" Zeras asked as Felicie curried her eyebrows cross checking her ideas once more before she ultimately nodded.

"Yes that's the best thing you ought to have done..." She replied more than convinced.

"Well then I think I now have your answer for how the Upper realm ladies are. Firstly, they do not think of themselves as ladies. They wouldn't even blink at all before slicing off a man's head so far he is weaker than them.

There's almost no difference at all between male and female in the upper Realm. All are cultivators or awakeners.

Also they're smart enough to know that love is impossible to find in such a world. Its purpose is for a single thing only and that is to come together to create an even stronger bloodline.

So they don't turn red like tomato anytime a man talks to them. Like you..."

"You!!!

Chapter 704: Felicie's Change 1

Chapter 704: Felicie's Change 1

"That sounds like something made up just to specially annoy me..." Felicie replied, making sure to herself not to accept the devil's evil camaraderie that seeks to mock her every time.

She couldn't understand what type of pleasure one derives from looking down or mocking another. Not like the otherworlders weren't strange people in the first place.

"It will be a long day tomorrow, Felicie. Go to sleep..." Zeras replied to her as he turned to the side, his breathing subsiding and entering into a constant low state that depicted his imminent slumber.

"Good night, Zeras..." Felicie whispered before she also closed her eyes, falling prey to sleep.

The starlight above illuminated the figures knotted into themselves, with their backs turned against each other. However, the starlight also revealed a darker truth about both of them.

A strange white aura oozed out from Zeras' back, diving straight into Felicie's body, causing her orange hair to blow erratically on her head as if lifted by a gentle breeze. Slowly, parts of her hair began changing to a silvery white, painting a striking yet beautiful picture.

The morning came quicker than ever, the golden rays of sunlight peeking through the open hole high in the cave and illuminating the singular figure that lay on the ground. It was none other than a female with a strange contrasting color of silvery white and orange hair.

"YYYYAAWWWN."

A big yawn broke out of Felicie's lips as she sat up, her eyes scanning through the cave area and coming to settle on a figure reclining in the dark shadows of the large walls, his astral blue eyes staring at her calmly yet failing to hide the confusion in them.

"Why are you looking at me like that? It's already morning; we have to keep going..." Felicie chastised as Zeras grinned before moving out of the exit, giving her space to prepare herself.

Less than thirty minutes later, Felicie came out of the cave wall, finding the young man beside it who swiped his hand over the bag, and it faded into thin air.

Once more, they prepared to move, climbing over the steep rocks to arrive at the peak of the mountain.

"Don't you ever change your clothes at all? It's been the same you've been wearing for three days now..." Felicie asked as Zeras shrugged before continuing on his path. However, it seemed Felicie wasn't willing to let go easily.

“And yet...” she said, “I have never seen it dirty, not even once, with all the dust from the journey. Do you sometimes wash it behind my back?” She asked him, but one of her legs soon slipped off a rock as a slight gasp of shock escaped her lips.

She quickly slid down but got her hands caught by Zeras before she could move anywhere.

“You know you will get flattened into paste if you fall from this height, right? Perhaps you should focus more on keeping your life instead, hmm?” Zeras replied to all her questions as he set her on the rock beside him, bringing her a few feet from her previous destination.

“And you still smell the same too, not even a change at all. You otherworlders are really weird...” Felicie said as Zeras shook his head before continuing his walk, knowing well he would leave her behind soon.

However, he was surprised when, after five minutes, Felicie was still beside him, climbing with as much speed as he was.

‘Half her hair turned silvery white through the night exactly like mine, and now she’s thrice as strong as she was yesterday.

There’s something strange going on with her, and she doesn’t even know yet,’ Zeras thought to himself, watching as Felicie kept on her unending questions to herself. She slipped past him as Zeras raised his speed up a notch and kept quickly by her.

Another five minutes quickly passed, and finally, Zeras’ hand touched the mountain’s flat surface, dragging himself upward onto it. Then, he reached for Felicie below, lifting her up to the surface.

“Phew!” Felicie exhaled in slight exhaustion as she looked below her and her chest almost froze.

“Did I just climb all the way up from there!? And I don’t feel...”

“Exhausted?” The voice completed behind her as she turned to look at Zeras, who had his eyes locked onto the distant mountain range.

“Yes, I feel strangely alive today...” she said, jumping up a few times and realizing her body felt strange. It was light, incredibly so.

“The mountain range is divided into three paths somehow. I can’t see, but I’m thinking one or two of these three paths will lead to a dead end in the end, judging by how interwoven they are.

Just how do we even know the right path?" Zeras mused, looking at the spreading mountain range. He could tell they wove around into three paths.

If all his years of going through cultivation grounds were to tell him anything, it was that two of these paths would probably lead to a dead end, and only one would be right.

Unless he could fly high above and see everything, there wasn't much hope for them but to pray they immediately come across the right path that will lead them straight out of this mountain range. Sometimes that wasn't a surety but could only wish for the best.

"That's the right path..." Felicie said as Zeras turned to her and noticed her pointing her hand to the utmost left side, the area where Zeras would bet the most on leading to a dead end due to how crisscrossed the mountain ranges were.

"Hmm, and how do you know that?" he asked doubtfully as Felicie's eyes narrowed at his question, yet she was adamant.

"I know it!"

"How?"

"I can feel the right path is that place. And hey, I'm the navigator on this journey, not you! If I say that's the right path, then it is the right path!"

"Ok, then, you're the boss after all..."

Chapter 705: Felicie's Change 2

Chapter 705: Felicie's Change 2

Zeras replied with a shrug as he lifted Felicie to his back.

"Can you not yank me up like that!" Felicie screamed from the sudden movement that sent her flying into the air before she felt the object that she quickly landed on, which had always been Zeras' back.

"And how did you suppose I do it?" Zeras asked with an evil grin as he quickly raced into the distance with speed, deciding to have faith in Felicie's prediction.

Even though it seemed sick to Zeras that someone can get something right by simply feeling like it, he had to admit she was at least the navigator on their journey.

Instead of guessing around, he could at least try following her idea first. And if it turned out to be wrong, he could point his finger at her nose and blame her for having wasted their time.

"Maybe you start by going down to the ground and then I climb up." Felicie grumbled as Zeras shook his head.

"I find my special way a little bit more...fun, no?" he asked as Felicie snorted.

"What's fun about being yanked into the air?" she yelled straight into his ear, resulting in a chuckle from Zeras.

"You know if I fall off due to you screaming in my ear, we'll both land on the ground. And guess who will suffer the most?" Zeras asked as Felicie huffed before quieting down.

"Now that's more like it," he replied with a triumphant smile.

Silence reigned for the next few hours as Zeras focused on solely covering the journey as fast as he could, without harming Felicie, of course.

If he moved at his fastest speed, she'd probably light up in flames due to the friction that her mortal body wouldn't be able to take.

But he was quick to notice that even as he sped up slowly, Felicie's skin that would have normally turned red—a sign of the pressure due to friction—didn't change color much.

And slowly, he increased his speed to about half his full speed before he finally noticed the red skin patches appearing.

'There's no longer any doubt about it, she had grown stronger yesterday night. Just what happened to her? She never even left my side...'

"How many years old are you?" Felicie's voice suddenly rang out behind his ear as Zeras turned his head slightly to her.

"And why is that?"

"Nothing. I'm just wondering why you have white hair. People only have it when they turn old, you know."

"So, you're wondering if I'm some thousand-year-old roach that is pretending to be a handsome young man?" Zeras completed, laughing at her naivety.

"Yes, I do. My uncle says that you otherworlders are actually all older than you look. He mentioned that the youngest of you will still be more than a century old, even though you all look to be around our twenties. You age more slowly than normal..." Felicie replied, and Zeras couldn't refute that.

The various geniuses of the higher realms are all truly more than a century old. At least he had never heard of anyone reaching the universe rank unless they were more than 100 years old. The only exception was still him, though.

"I'm not old..." Zeras replied, not really giving a clear answer.

"I know," Felicie said as Zeras raised an eyebrow.

"And how do you know?"

"Because you're like me. Naive!"

"The last thing you would want to do is compare me with you," Zeras said as Felicie grinned, happy she finally got back at him.

"I know you're not old because you act differently compared to those other otherworlders. You act like a young man."

"And you seem to be an expert on how young men act?" Zeras asked, taunting her.

"Yes, I am an expert on young men. The most special one, of course," Felicie answered quite seriously.

"And who is that?"

"My father. My uncle used to tell me about what type of a man he was. He died when I was very young, you know. He was still a young man too.

Just the best one, though. And you fit some of the criteria. So I know you're not old. You're probably not even up to half a century old. I know it," Felicie replied as Zeras furrowed his eyebrows.

'I can't believe I can't even remember how many years old I am anymore. 25 or 26 or 27?' Zeras wondered to himself before snorting in his mind.

'Like it even matters...'

In truth, age doesn't really matter much in the upper realms. It is counted in centuries instead of years. Most geniuses are more than a century old but less than a thousand years old.

Some clan leaders are thousands of years old, and some beings are an uncountable number of eons.

The classification wasn't more complicated than that. Whether one was 50 or 100 or 200, or 1 million, it doesn't really matter much. At least it won't stop your opponent from still piercing your neck with his blade.

"And how many years old are you, Felicie?" Zeras asked curiously.

"I'm young. I don't have white hair like you, you know..." Felicie said, not letting the opportunity to mock him go, as Zeras had moved and grabbed her palm, squeezing it tightly for a few seconds before letting go.

"You're 21," he replied as Felicie's eyes flashed in shock.

"How did you know?"

"With my special ways, and actually though, you do have white hair, Felicie," Zeras said to her as Felicie laughed out loud.

"Jealous of my orange hair?" she asked, pulling and suavely swinging her hair behind her.

"Perhaps you need this..." Zeras said as he passed her a mirror from his storage ring and Felicie eagerly took it to view her extraordinary beauty which she had not paid much attention until now.

Actually, she had been so disconnected to life ever since she could properly read, ignoring everyone to be alone.

She was beautiful but cared not for that as she had something even more bigger to pay attention to, but she did looked at the mirror a few times... sometimes.

But now, when she took the mirror, her mouth rather dropped to the ground as she noticed the strangeness.

"What...How?"

Chaos Devourer System #Chapter 706: Finally Exiting The Mountain - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 706: Finally Exiting The Mountain

Chapter 706: Finally Exiting The Mountain

Felicie looked on dazedly at the strange yet familiar picture in the mirror.

Ever since she was little, her greatest characteristic had always been her orange hair and eyes, something special and rare that made her incredibly distinctive from others.

But right now, half her hair was a mixture of her usual orange and a strange silvery white. But what was even more peculiar was the color of the silvery white. It looked like the one that was erratically flying all over half her face right now.

“How did this happen? Since when has this happened?” Felicie couldn’t help but ask. While she had truly not checked a mirror since the beginning of their journey, she was definitely sure she left the inn with her full orange hair.

“Didn’t you ask the reason why I was looking at you weirdly in the morning? Well, now you have your answer,” Zeras replied with a smirk, and it finally dawned on Felicie the reason for Zeras’s intense look on her today. Only now did she really understand how.

“Are you the one that dyed my hair in the night, without my permission?” Felicie yelled at him as Zeras turned the side of his head to her, giving her a ‘are you sure?’ look. That was more than enough for Felicie to understand he didn’t have anything to do with it, and he too was just as clueless as she was.

“Why did this happen?” She asked curiously as she looked at the strange color, but strangely, she didn’t find it annoying, and actually...nicely looking. The color contrasting the orange made the hair look so beautiful and added an extra layer of strangeness to her otherwise normality.

It was like a person being shown a concealed other side of themselves.

The joy and gratification of being different than the normal self, of seeing something else when looking at the mirror.

Perhaps those would be apt descriptions of what she felt currently.

“I don’t know,” Zeras replied curtly.

“But how come it looks like your hair color. Almost like a part of yours was put into my own. Don’t you think so?” Felicie asked as Zeras was about to respond but soon noticed something strange in her voice and turned to her, only to find her eyes looking at him dreamily.

“Whatever you’re thinking, stop thinking it,” Zeras said seriously.

“You never told me you can read minds now,” Felicie said giggling.

“I can’t do that.”

“Then how come you know what I’m thinking in my mind?” She whispered directly into his ears, her hot breath turning his ear red.

“Because you sound and looked at me weirdly like...” Zeras said, but couldn’t find the right word for it.

“Like what?” She pestered on.

“Like a naive little girl in love with a devil,” Zeras answered resulting in a loud giggle from Felicie.

“And what’s wrong with a naive little girl being in love with a devil?”

“Well, she will earn the same thing that devil does to everyone.”

“And what’s that?”

“Getting devoured...mercilessly.”

“And what’s wrong with that?”

“Everything,” Zeras said with an obvious tone.

“I’m not scared of that.”

“Well, you are scared of everything. So that’s a lie,” Zeras replied to her as Felicie hmphed.

“I’m not scared of everything. I’m just scared of a single thing and that birthed the rest,” Felicie explained raising Zeras’s curiosity.

“And what is that single thing?” He asked as he felt Felicie grow silent, resting her head and drifting to slumber.

Zeras didn’t pester on at all, giving her space. It seemed he might have touched on an important secret that she might not be ready to reveal. It was never a good thing to force on people’s side space.

“We’re close,” Zeras mused, a small smile breaking on his face as he looked into the distance, finding out that the end of the mountain was closer than ever.

The more he moved, the more he found out that this place they had offered to pass in the first place was actually the right place.

Right now, the sun was close to setting, sending orange cascades over the sky that set a nice myriad of colors through the air.

With even more energy, Zeras's feet sped up as he quickly approached the end of the mountains, his eyes flashing with even more speed. The increase in speed alerted Felicie, causing her to open her eyes.

"Finally!" Zeras mused, jumping from the highest peak of the mountain and soaring downwards with speed, quickly approaching the world of white that covered the entire area beneath them and close to slamming hard on the ground.

He clenched his fist, punching downwards, releasing a shockwave that threw them upwards, automatically cutting down their momentum as Zeras gently stepped down onto the carpet of snow once more.

"You're really right Felicie. That place was the right part. How did you even know that?" He asked surprised how she was able to accurately predict.

Zeras couldn't even imagine what he would have had to go through if right now they ended up at a dead end and they had no choice but to turn back and go check out the remaining two parts.

If he had followed a choice, he would have made Felicie's the last due to the weird path he had sighted before and that would have cost him three more days of running around before finally finding the correct path.

"Hmph, you see I'm the navigator. And I'm doing quite the good job, aren't I?" Felicie asked with a smirk as Zeras gave a nod but ultimately had to agree.

"Yes, you really do," he said, causing her to laugh out loud.

But in the next instant, the entire world seemed to turn upside for Felicie as her body was immediately lifted off the ground, finding a familiar body wrapping around her like a ball and then the sound of an incredibly loud explosion.

KA BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM

Chaos Devourer System #Chapter 707: Forever Imprinted - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 707: Forever Imprinted

Chapter 707: Forever Imprinted

A fiery explosion rocked the entire snow land as Zeras immediately appeared before Felicie, standing in the way of the flaming projectile that was sent towards her.

It crashed with horrific power at his spine, pushing him forward, but at the same time, he wrapped around her like a ball, as he roughly crashed onto the ground, cracks appearing with every impact before finally he came to a stop.

Unwrapping himself, his eyes tearing through the smoke and steam of the explosion, he finally spotted the group responsible.

“They try to kill Felicie first, knowing well she is most likely the weakest.

With her out of the way, then they’ll have time to deal with me, whose mental state would most likely have crashed and make me more prone to falling.

They’re at least intelligent, that’s for sure,” Zeras analyzed with furrowed eyebrows as Felicie finally opened her eyes, wiping away the strange golden blood on her face.

“Are you okay?” she asked worriedly as she turned to look at Zeras, who was staring gravely into the distance. Slowly she too could finally see the people that came out of the smoke.

A group of about a couple dozen three-meter-tall humans, holding strange flaming crossbows in their hands and dressed in strange animal skin.

With one gaze, Zeras could tell they were definitely not otherworlders and most likely aboriginals.

But he dared not underestimate them at all as he could still feel the scorching pain from his back where one of their arrows had crashed into.

If he was to take all of their currently loaded flaming arrows without blocking, then he would be forced to a single knee quickly.

“Stay back, Felicie, and whatever happens, don’t move an inch,” Zeras warned gravely as his hand inched towards his katana but his hands were grabbed at the last second by none other than Felicie, and Zeras looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

‘Just what the hell are you doing this time?’ Zeras thought within his head.

“Don’t worry, they’re not enemies,” she said to him as Zeras furrowed his eyebrows at the group who all still had their arrows aimed at them, as if waiting for the signal.

“I’m not so sure of that.”

“Naragia Murailles!” Felicie suddenly screamed at them from afar as Zeras noticed a visible emotional change in them. The most prominent of all being shock.

Slowly, Felicie got on a single knee before spreading both arms apart in a weird greeting position.

“Rouiritay Ro Mua!” they roared back, their voices husky and thick with murderous aura as they all looked at Zeras.

Felicie turned to look at Zeras who just happened to also turn to her, as he couldn’t hear a single thing about what they were saying.

“They are not our enemies. They are Murilas warriors, part of the people living in this world. But their base is in this place. I’ve heard about them from their uncle.”

“What do they want?” Zeras asked, noting how they were staring hard at him.

“They want you to pay your respect. It will show to them you’re not an enemy that is to be feared, and they’ll welcome our presence,” Felicie said as Zeras turned to look at the people before a loud scoff broke out of his mouth and then...

SHRIIIIIING

The sound of a katana leaving its sheath rang out as Zeras pointed his katana towards them, his back as straight as ever.

“Tell them I bow to none. Especially not bastards who tried to end one of my own in a sneak attack!” Zeras replied to Felicie, his unflinching gaze roughly clashing with those of the aboriginals.

He was more than sure that if he had not quickly sensed that arrow and blocked it, then Felicie would have exploded to bits!

While she might be stupidly naive to believe they are still not enemies, he wasn’t the same.

They wouldn’t ask him to kneel before them after just trying to kill him.

Just as Zeras replied, Felicie returned back his same answer as all of the aboriginals pointed their arrows away from Felicie and directly onto Zeras. It was more than clear, they were now focusing on him alone and have recognized their enemies.

“Once you hear the sound of an arrow leaving its sheath, then just close your eyes to protect their innocence, Felicie,” Zeras’s calm voice rang out as he slowly took a single step forward preparing to shoot forward and bring an end to the madness.

“Just wait, Zeras. They’re not at all harmful. They are just protecting their ground sanctuar...”

SOOOOOOOAAAAR

The sound of an arrow soaring through the air resounded as an arrow soared forward with speed, flashing towards Felicie's forehead but was stopped at the last second as a hand grabbed onto it, stopping the arrow just an inch from drilling a hole through Felicie's eyebrows.

"You tried your best, Felicie, now close your eyes," the voice was the last Felicie heard before an incredibly loud explosion, one extremely deafening to the ear, resounded through the entire area followed by red blood spraying through the air and body parts flying around...

"AHHHHHHH"

Spine-chilling screams, one that could have only come from going through the most horrific pain, echoed through the midst of the explosion as flaming destructive arrows weaved through the air yet they were all severed into by a silvery white ghost, who whipped through their explosion with his body, the cold white sword flashing through the air with ferocious speed, and with every slash came the inhuman screams...

Less than 5 minutes later, the sound of clashing dissipated followed by a single halo appearing through the smoke blocking the air.

Finally exiting, the picture was more than clear to Felicie as it was none other than Zeras.

Except this time, he looked like he had just taken a good beating.

But as the smoke behind him died down, she collapsed onto her butt in fear as she saw the inhumane scene that made her hand cover her mouth and her eyes shut tightly.

In the next instant, she found herself in his arms and then the air rapidly flapped as the entire world flashed by her with speed. Still, she could really never forget the scene until her death...

Chapter 708: The Issue Of Trust 1

"NNNNGGHHHH."

A slight groan of pain rang through the cave walls, followed by the sound of a stick being ripped out of flesh.

"Tch," an irritated murmur left Zeras's lips as he looked at the bloody arrow end lying in his arms before he flung it outside the cave in anger.

He had also sustained grievous wounds from battling those idiots. Only if he had his cultivation, a mere release of his aura would have been enough to crush them into nothing completely and erase them out of existence.

To get injured by those pieces of trash only annoyed him even more.

“Are you okay? You’re bleeding a lot...” The worried voice of Felicie rang out as she brought out a cloth for him, but Zeras waved her off.

“I’ll be fine in five minutes. I can heal...” he said, and after he quickly took out the arrow ends. Felicie watched dazedly as he shut his eyes and laid on his back, and in the next instant, the smallest blood droplets around the cave all began rising up and floating back into Zeras’s body. She watched as his skin rearranged and patched itself back up, as if reverting back to what it once was.

In literal seconds, all of his wounds had already closed up, and his once again glassy smooth skin was revealed.

“That’s magical...” she muttered absentmindedly but noticed Zeras wasn’t standing up even after healing.

“Zeras, are you okay?”

“I am. While I can heal the wound, I can’t heal the exhaustion. So, I’m just going to remain like this for a while, to stretch my back...” Zeras replied, but in truth, he was currently unable to move an inch, and the majority of his muscles were paralyzed from the strange venom put into those arrows.

“Stop looking at me, I can still feel it...” he called out suddenly as Felicie removed her gaze before sliding down on the igloo wall.

“Are you angry at me?” The voice resounded through the cave walls as Zeras struggled to raise an eyebrow and turned to look at her, huddled up into a ball at the far side of the wall.

“If I were you, I would be happy that I am still breathing...” Zeras replied to her with a slight scoff. He had noticed Felicie was too self-conscious of everything, always wanting to know if he was angry or happy with her at all times.

That wasn’t something Zeras would even consider for anyone at all, and he would be glad as long as he kept breathing if he was in her shoes.

“I thought the Murialias were really as my uncle described. I never thought they would still shoot an arrow straight at my face, and try to...”

“Drill a hole straight through your brain...” Zeras replied, perfectly describing what those big idiots were really up to.

Noticing Felicie had her attention diverted, by them appearing to only be targeting Zeras at the last second, they had thought they had lowered their guards, and Felicie really had, but not Zeras at all.

“How did you even know they would still target me, even though it was clear their intent shifted towards you at the last second? It was like you could see into the future...” Felicie mused, not understanding how he had still been able to stop the arrow just an inch from her forehead.

It was like two people held in the middle by ten warriors and one of them had all ten swords pointed straight at his nose.

Right then and there, it would be clear that all attention was definitely on him and not the other, and the same could also be said of the one who had blades on his nose.

Right then, all he would be thinking about would be how he would protect himself, and he would give zero care to his companion who was obviously out of danger.

In such a situation, if the men all suddenly changed their intent and attacked his companion, it would have been too late to notice as they both already thought the men were only attacking him and had taken their attention off his companion. But yet, the arrow had still been blocked at the very last second. It was nothing short of a miracle.

“You are easy to fool, Felicie...” Zeras began as Felicie sighed.

“I know. Maybe because I’m a naive girl?” she responded.

“No! You’re easy to fool because you trust people, perhaps a bit too easily. You believed the enemy whose intent to kill you was shown just seconds ago, were good people and only tried to do harm to you because they didn’t know you. You think they wouldn’t harm you anymore once you reveal to them you’re one of them. Or maybe because you have been told tales by your uncle that the Masials or whatever their name is, are a good tribe that just don’t like their sanctuaries to be invaded.

In the end, your act of easily giving up can be summed to one thing. You trusted them, that they wouldn’t harm you once you made your intent clear and you also trusted your uncle who said that they were a good warrior race. That’s how you were fooled.

So, you know why I was able to save your life, don’t you?” Zeras asked curiously as Felicie’s head buzzed and it quickly dawned on her.

“You don’t trust them. Wait, that’s not everything...” Felicie said, correcting herself as Zeras’s evil grin widened and he opened both eyes, turning to look at her face which held surprise and feelings of betrayal.

“You also don’t trust me too...” Felicie finally said as Zeras nodded.

“Yes. I don’t trust you, Felicie. You said the Masia were good people. Assuming I trusted you, I would have also knelt along with you, believing your words that they are good people and we would have surrendered, essentially becoming captives. But I not only didn’t trust them, Felicie. I don’t trust your words either. That’s why I didn’t fall into the trap like you did. And I was more than prepared for it to be a lie at any second. That’s why I could still save your life...”

“How can you not trust me? I’ve never lied to you before, have I? I have never shown that I couldn’t be trusted, have I?” Felicie whispered, her hurt as clear as day, but Zeras only found the subject more amusing.

“You’re still too young, Felicie. You can’t understand...” Zeras replied, closing his eyes once more, but it only fueled Felicie’s stubbornness as she walked over to him.

“Tell me why you don’t trust me...” she said, her voice showing determination to never leave him alone unless he answered her.

“Trust, huh? You feel hurt to hear that, don’t you? That the second young man you have been with for close to a week now, still doesn’t trust you at all. It must have really hurt?” Zeras replied as Felicie kept quiet, but she couldn’t really refute it.

If she expected anyone in the world to trust her, she would count Zeras among them. He was right.

Never had she been this close to a person. Never had she trusted a person so much.

But to hear they can’t repay back that trust or don’t even feel the same way was something that really hurt.

“There was something that you said before that was right, Felicie. That time when you said it’s like I don’t even value the gift of life, like all otherworlders don’t.

You were right, Felicie.

I really don’t value the gift of life anymore. I no longer think if the people I killed have families or wives, or goals or aspirations or dreams, or loving children.

I take life without any consideration at all. You were right, Felicie...” Zeras suddenly said as Felicie turned her attention to him.

"I used to care before too, years and years ago. But then there is the curse called growth.

You will get betrayed, Felicie. You will move on from it, the scars of the betrayal will heal, but then something never heals. Still, getting hurt by others isn't an excuse for hurting people, is it?

But then there is this curse called growth. A curse constant in all of otherworlders. A curse called growth in strength.

When you grow in strength more, Felicie, the more people's words lack value, and the more the value of life diminishes in your eyes. Because life becomes more easy to take. I can kill a thousand of those warriors if I have my full cultivation, and I wouldn't even blink.

It's just too easy.

Perhaps, easiness isn't necessarily a good thing. It might actually be a curse as well.

It isn't only you that I don't trust, Felicie. I don't trust many people too. People can just change really fast.

One moment we're laughing together and the next moment your blood will be raining down off their hands. I have met thousands of people, but right now I only trust two souls.

One of them is dead and the other is a cat.

I can kill anyone else within a blink if it calls for it, and I wouldn't even look back at all." Zeras said with a chuckle as Felicie's eyes dulled a little.

"Would you kill me too, without even blinking? Tell me..."

Chapter 709: Aren't You The Same?

Chapter 709: Aren't You The Same?

Rising up properly, he sat before staring directly into her fiery orange eyes.

He could feel her heartbeat from within her chest, pounding hard in expectation, as she looked at him, her breath held from the anticipation of his answer.

He decided to be brutally honest with her. She was too much of a beauty to be lied to.

“Do you want to hear the real truth, Felicie?” he asked, his voice close to a silent whisper, yet they rang so clearly in Felicie’s body that she could feel every one of the words reverberating within her system.

Her heartbeat increased by another level, yet she reigned all that down and gave a firm nod, to which he leaned forward afterwards, placing his mouth at her ears.

His hot breath created a tingle down her spine. It was nothing compared to her currently still heart that could get instantly shattered by the next few words...

“The truth is...I can never harm you. You’re a special case.” He replied as he shifted away from her before spreading his back to the ground once more, his eyes shutting close.

“I...” Felicie struggled to say how she felt about the answer, as her heartbeat slowed down once more, returning to their initial tempo, and her held breathing was released, a new form of peacefulness settling on her.

She had expected a different answer, one that was difficult yet most likely. Her body had prepared for it, but alas it never came as expected.

“You said you will hurt anyone without even blinking. Why wouldn’t you harm me then? Why am I a special case?” she asked him, curiosity setting in after escaping the critical moments.

“If in the end I find out you are only lying to me.

Let’s say you are actually leading me in the opposite direction to where the tower is, and you are a ploy for me to waste my time and be unable to reach the tower thereby blocking me from my goal.

Then I will be forced to break my oath as you would become an obstacle on my path.

But you’re not an obstacle on my path, Felicie. If anything, you’re more of a force that pushes me even closer to my goals.

That’s what makes you a special case. You’re a helper.

You understand now, don’t you?” Zeras asked her, before ending to himself.

‘Something I had before, but lost.’

But his thoughts were distracted due to the sound of relief that faintly escaped her nostrils as she settled down just near him.

“You know, Zeras, I was never a fit in with my people.

I was often looked on as weird, not just because of my physical characteristics and my father's strange history, but also due to me as a person.

You could say I was too focused on knowing what really happened to my dad that I grew dispassionate to everything else.

All day while my age mates played in the field, I spent the time gathering books.

When they talk passionately about their lover, I will be busy fiddling around with hypotheses in my head, and while they go for parties, I'm busy jotting down things they all described as crazy. I just...I just never fitted in really.

All the suitors I was introduced to by my uncle all left in three days once they found out what type of person I am. Not like I cared much about it at all in the first place. I just have something better to do. Everyone just thinks I'm weird.

Even my uncle does.

Not like it's a negative thing; he loves me so much, but he just couldn't understand why I am so passionate about the past.

He wants me to move on, bury behind the past. Marry some handsome man, get him a boy or two which he could boast about to his friends.

They all just don't understand," Felicie said, finally opting to reveal something about her to him.

"But you seem a little...different.

I feel like you don't think I'm weird. It's like you can understand the reason why I'm so passionate and care about the things I care about. Your company around me makes me feel good about myself.

Because when you see me fiddling around with notes, you don't look at me with those eyes that I often see, and you strangely don't laugh out loud in mockery at my notes.

You know, everyone who sits at my table will laugh the hardest I have ever seen them do, calling me very wild and all.

I've long learned that word when coupled with laughter is just another way of them telling you, you are crazy.

But on the first day when I met you at the table, you were very surprising to me because I didn't see you laughing.

You were ultra-focused instead.

Deciding to go on a long and almost impossible journey with a person I barely know for a minute might seem very naive and no doubt stupid.

Actually, that isn't something I would normally do. I just believed you were different, and I betted on my gut feeling being right," Felicie said as Zeras chuckled.

"Was that why you did all that?"

"You mean running away from home with nothing but a notice and coming to a den of lions to find you, who might be the biggest lion.

Yes, that was why.

Call it naive if you want. I would choose it a second time if I was given another chance..." She said to him, her voice showing her utmost seriousness and sincerity.

While she might be physically weaker, and obviously not very experienced, she at least could confide in the integrity of her own words, more than anyone or anything.

"I guess you betted right then. Although I would still say that is too much of a risk to undergo. I wouldn't go so far if I were you..." Zeras replied to her. Of course, it sounded good, but really Zeras wouldn't do that if he was her.

It was just too risky and could very well be what she described.

Leaving home with nothing but a note and walking into a den of lions to meet with the biggest lion there is.

It isn't something even the most courageous of warriors will easily decide to do, and neither is it something Zeras would give a thumbs up to.

"Don't worry. This is no doubt the last time I will be doing such a thing..." Felicie said, not much worried about it.

"And can you tell me why you're so adamant in going to the tower? That wouldn't bring your father back, nor will it mean you would be able to seek revenge on the one who killed him?"

"The most reasonable choice would have actually been to move on, just like your uncle said, and it might have even be what your father wants the most..." Zeras said, as Felicie turned her eyes to him.

"The truth is, I believe that my father...is still alive!" Felicie said as Zeras narrowed his eyes, looking at her face before scoffing.

"Don't tell me it's because of your gut feelings again," he said to her as Felicie smiled.

“What else can I confide in? It’s of course my gut feelings. I believe he is stuck in the tower instead and never really died. He can’t have died. I’m sure he is still alive...” Felicie said as Zeras looked at her for a long while before he took off his gaze.

‘She is only reaffirming herself. She still can’t accept the past and leave it behind, just like her uncle said,’ he thought, easily deciphering the truth that she would have no doubt disagreed to.

But wasn’t he himself the same?

He keeps clinging on to finding his own origin, also believing that they would be alive somewhere in the cosmos.

Wasn’t that why he was still on this path?

Wasn’t that why, even though he had enough power to live his life comfortably until his death, he still kept embarking on this journey, sacrificing almost everything to it?

He could have settled down on earth, and with his cultivation at the Pseudo-universe rank then, he would be powerful enough to play the entire earth in his palm.

He would be worshipped as a god on earth because he was stronger than every single cultivator on earth combined together.

He could have as many women as he wanted, as many houses, as much power, as much money, as much enjoyment in life in every manner that word could describe it.

But he gave it all up for his no doubt insane goal of finding his origin. Just like Felicie, he too couldn’t give up on the past. He couldn’t just let it go.

He couldn’t just lie to himself that nothing happened, or he wasn’t responsible for whatever happened to his people and simply give a blind eye to everything.

He couldn’t ignore the fact that a person had sacrificed half his own potential and life just to make sure he lived safe and secure.

He just couldn’t do it!

And that was why he was still stuck on this path, the life and blood of countless others all on his shoulders, pulling him deeper and deeper into the abyss.

Perhaps that was why he understood Felicie so clearly.

They both had that same madness in them. Something everyone around them couldn’t understand.

As for whether that madness in the end is a good or bad thing, only time could tell.

Chapter 710: Arriving

With the night setting in already, eyelids shut as Felicie slowly drifted into unconsciousness.

Due to the battle from earlier, Zeras' body had also sustained quite a bit of damage.

Normally, any injury to him, no matter how grave, would be easily healed once he regenerates from it, and he cultivates after that. The stress of it all would immediately disappear.

But this time, Zeras felt his eyelids getting heavier even though he had healed all of his physical injuries.

Only now was he realizing the truth. The realm laws didn't just seal off the mana of people in it. It also made them feel mortality again.

It had been decades since he had ever felt his eyebrows getting heavy, but now he could feel it.

He knew well it was sleep that was setting in. Something he had never needed for the past few years now.

It was no doubt an effect of the lack of accessibility to mana. Only now was he beginning to realize just how much his life depended on mana energy.

Only due to it could he feel complete, be capable of properly defending himself, and also feel safe. Without it, it would be a little harder than normal.

"Hopefully, Starlight energy doesn't turn on me like those damned heavens, or I'll be really screwed," Zeras mused to himself before finally giving up the struggle.

He allowed himself to sink into his desire and quickly drifted into unconsciousness as silently as ever.

The entrance to the igloo ice house was wide open, letting in the illumination of the moonlight that was present in the sky.

And that also gave view to the inside of the cave where the figure of Zeras and Felicie could be seen, back to back, with Felicie huddled to herself, and Zeras peacefully lying on his back.

But as they both descended into deep slumber, it once more appeared.

Slowly, white puffy smoke slowly moved out of Zeras' body and quickly swarmed towards Felicie, entering through her back.

The phenomenon continued for about three hours straight, but this time there were no visible changes to Felicie.

Her strange half-silvery white and orange hair remained the same, even as the three hours passed and the smoke exiting Zeras' body disappeared.

But after around six hours, milky white runes all began appearing over Felicie's body, and from them, astral blue lights were revealed, illuminating the snow beneath her in an astral blue color.

The runes, unlike those of anyone who had reached the galaxy rank stage, didn't radiate mana, but just a gentle astral blue light that didn't even have any assimilation to mana at all.

It was like a strange special force that was unique to none other than Felicie herself, but in less than thirty minutes of spreading all over her body, they disappeared once more, returning Felicie's body to its bright white color.

Once more, the sun appeared over the horizon, casting its first sunlight just outside the cave ground.

Immediately the sunlight reached his face, Zeras snapped his eyes open.

The first thing he witnessed was the beauty of the rising sun, and dazedly, he stared for a while, watching the sun ascend higher and higher until he heard a loud yawn behind him, and his dazed gaze was finally thwarted.

"Hey, Zeras. Wake up!" Felicie called out as she sighted Zeras still asleep. Zeras sat up.

"Hmmm, you actually overslept. I have never seen you do that before. It's like you never even sleep at all in the night..." Felicie said to him as Zeras rolled his eyes before rising to his feet.

An hour later...

Immediately, both continued on their journey.

After the endless forest area and the misleading mountain range, all they faced was an area of an endless snow cape.

After walking through the entire night, they arrived at the starting line of another endless green carpet land.

Three days of journeying quickly passed by as they crossed desert areas, thick lava-flowing areas with crumbled volcanic mountains, a small river, and foggy areas.

Dangers were now closer than teeth, with everything literally being able to end anyone and even grievously harm Zeras himself.

But with brawns and brains, he had been able to easily resolve all of the issues, keeping not only himself but even Felicie safe and in one piece until they could finally see it.

A golden illuminance that illuminated the entire sky could be clearly seen from far away.

“Is that, is that!?” Felicie struggled to ask.

“Yes. That should be the tower,” Zeras answered, exhaling loudly in relief.

But his expression couldn’t help but drop when he sighted Felicie running into the distance with all her speed, almost like a fish rushing to the sea after endless years on land.

And surprisingly enough, she was more than fast. Incredibly fast for an ordinary mortal.

‘Is she even a person?’ He couldn’t help but wonder, but not wasting a single second more, he also immediately began jogging forth, quickly catching up to her as both raced the snowy ground, making way for the other.

—

Five hours later...

And finally, they both skidded to a stop as they crossed through the thick pine trees, and finally in front of them was something that one of them had been looking for a week now while the other had dreamt of for an entire lifetime.

“The Tower, finally!” Felicie said with a smile as she noticed the extra gigantic object in front of her.

While it might have been called a tower, it would actually be better to be called a large golden-colored pyramid with strange runic lines and ancient symbols scattered over its surface, adding a layer of mysteriousness to its body.

The golden runes released golden light whose congregation created an illusion as if the pyramid was a star that let out different white lights.

At the front of the pyramid, where they were both directly facing, there was a golden flight of stairs that led to about the center of the pyramid itself.

At the end of it were two gigantic statues of two wizards.

One, a male that held a sword, and the other, a female that had strange grimoires floating around her in the air.

It was an art that could have no doubt been made by none other than an incredible and magical engineer.