

Chaos Devourer System

#Chapter 721: Discussion With An Annunaki - Read Chaos Devourer System Chapter 721: Discussion With An Annunaki

Chapter 721: Discussion With An Annunaki

“Can’t find anyone alluring enough?” The voice suddenly rang out beside Zeras’ ears as he turned his head and found the familiar figure sitting beside him with her extra-large eyes that blinked with curiosity.

His eyes unknowingly moved to the slit on her forehead before he took his gaze away and back at the wall of treasure.

“Not what I need...” Zeras replied to her curtly, and she giggled mockingly at him.

“That’s a weird lie. No matter what you need, one can never have enough, right? This could be needed by your clan, you know? Even if it’s useless for you, it will still be worth it...” she reasoned as Zeras shrugged.

He didn’t even know who his clan were and studying any manual would just waste his time. Something he didn’t have much of.

“What about you, why aren’t you fighting for it?” Zeras asked her in return. While he truly might not want to have anything to do with any otherworlder, the small girl seemed like a different breed, in that she wasn’t straight-up annoying to Zeras, and she had been giving him quite the important side-info without asking for a price.

So why not talk more?

“Because I’m weak, and greedy...” she said, resulting in an eyebrow raise from Zeras.

“Weak? Maybe. But greedy, I don’t think so...” he responded, resulting in another childish giggle.

“You don’t seem to know what type of race I am...” she suddenly said as Zeras shrugged.

“A cute-looking girl with three eyes?”

“That’s funny. I am an Anunnaki,” she corrected as Zeras nodded, even though he had no idea what it meant.

“We Anunnaki, unlike the rest of the race, excel at intelligence instead of power. But that doesn’t mean we’re weak. It just means we pick our fights with brains...”

“I don’t think that’s a thing...” Zeras responded, unbelieving.

“Yes, it is. Like say I have three of you attacking me. I can sure kill one of you, but then I will be a sitting duck to the remaining two.”

“Oh? A one-time attack power?” Zeras asked, drawing the conclusion from her wordings.

“You’re right. Anyway, I am Sancha...” she said to him, and she got a nod from him. Lesser than what she was expecting.

“So you want to go as far as you can in the floors and then when you finally decide you can no longer go forward, you will take a reward and use your power to defend it.

That’s your plan?” Zeras asked, and Sancha nodded.

Looking back at the fight, not surprisingly, there were about ten more otherworlder corpses on the ground already, further reducing their numbers.

But it wasn’t only Zeras and Sancha that were sitting and not joining the fight.

Some top geniuses simply sat down cross-legged and ignored the fight.

The only reason could be because it simply wasn’t appealing enough for people like them, so why stress so much energy on it?

Just like Sancha, they most probably would move as much as they could up the stairs before they finally began their fight, which would no doubt be devastating.

Zeras himself had no reason to participate in any of the fights, so far the reward displayed in it wasn’t the earring that he wanted.

Once he found the earring, he would simply take it and disappear from the place, choosing to stop there.

Quickly, an hour passed, and it was time for the second trial to begin.

Without wasting any more time, the portal quickly appeared, releasing a shocking absorption force that took them away from the room.

Less than a few minutes later, Zeras was able to feel the ground beneath him once more, but apart from the sense of touch, he felt nothing more.

The world was pitch black, and it wasn't that he was blind. It was that the place he was in was pitch black.

So black that Zeras couldn't see his own hands!

Also, doing his regular sniffing, he couldn't scent anything around him at all, meaning there was probably nothing to smell too.

'My ears are working though. I can feel the whistling breeze, the sound of wings beating, insects chirping around him, a snake slithering through the grass.

I'm in a forest, that's for sure...' Zeras mused to himself, and the more time passed, the more attuned he grew with his surroundings, using his ears to pick up everything until eventually, he could finally process the entire world a few meters away from him.

It was like a mini-domain he formed from simply listening to the sound, and slowly he began walking forward.

There was no direction to follow, so Zeras simply picked one and started walking.

The creatures around the forest were small and weak, making Zeras able to ignore the majority of them.

But as he kept walking and walking, the feeling grew stronger. The feeling of being watched!

But he made no obvious move and simply continued on his path. The deeper he walked, the more he felt the tree branches rustling fading away, and that was a sign he was most likely already leaving the forest area.

Just to confirm his thought, in less than 20 minutes more of walking, he felt hard ground beneath his legs, contrary to the forest ground he was used to, and that showed to him he was on land.

CRAAAACCKLEE

CRAAACKKLLLE

The sound of flames crackling resounded, and Zeras' ears perked up as he began walking forward towards the direction.

The more he walked forward, the more the sound of faint footsteps seemed clear to him, and that was also followed by the sound of music ringing clearly as day.

Soon he arrived before the crackling flames, and the music became louder, and from listening to the tapping on the feet, he moved to the side and gently took a seat.

In Zeras' mental consciousness, he was currently among a group of people sitting upon a tree bark arranged in a circular format around a fire.

Before him was a person who was playing the music, and around him were people tapping their legs on the ground in response to the tempo.

He made no noise or sound and simply quietly listened like the others.

Chapter 722: Strange Realm...

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The music and foot tapping on the ground continued for an incredibly long while.

Sometimes, they sang out loud to the song, and from them, Zeras could identify what type of people he was singing amongst.

It should be a single woman with a high-pitched voice and about four men, including the one playing the musical instruments. With them, Zeras made the fifth number.

For as long as the music continued, all he did was simply listen as there was nothing else he could do. He couldn't see his way, nor did he know just what this phase of the test required of him.

Perhaps, he could try asking the group around him, but he couldn't interrupt their singing session. So he simply listened attentively, and the more he listened, the more he felt something growing in him.

It was a question. A mystifying question that he couldn't grasp yet felt needed to be asked. After some time, the music stopped, and then there was a long silence before Zeras quickly felt the prickling gaze on his body.

SLITHER...

The sound of something moving closer to him from the direction of the musician could be heard, but he was unresponsive, even though its movements sounded creepy.

"Tell me, what do you have in mind?" The tone was husky and seemed dry but rang out clearly within his ear. Instantly, Zeras asked the question he finally grasped towards the end of the music.

"Who is Anuka?" he asked, and immediately, he could feel the sound of gasps ringing out from the rest. Instantly, the sound of slithering was heard all over, but they were all

stopped by a strange rustle in the air, which Zeras predicted was a hand stretching to the side.

The source of the whistling came very close to him and most likely from the man who asked the question, and he could safely guess he was their leader.

“Why do they seem angry from my question?” Zeras asked the man, and he responded.

“How do you know they are angry if you cannot see?” The question was asked rhetorically to him.

“I can’t see, but I can hear just fine...” Zeras responded to them, and some more, he could feel the intense slithering on the ground increasing once more, but the rustling of the air sounded again, and the slithering stopped.

“If you can hear, then can you differentiate between you and us?” The figure asked him, and a smile appeared on Zeras’s face.

It was a question Zeras never expected.

One which he had been suspicious of, but their question only answered his suspicions.

“When I came, I heard the sound of tapping. I assumed it’s your feet. Then when you rose and came to me, I couldn’t hear the sound of tapping, but of slithering. It confused me; what exactly is happening.

But it is safe to say your lower part is that of a snake. Isn’t it?” Zeras asked.

It was a bizarre subject that he had noticed but had not really cared for much.

“Any mortal who knows of our true form will never live to the next day. It surprises me you know what we are, and you still sat among us.

Do you want to be devoured that badly?” The man said, his voice getting louder and darker, and from him, Zeras could feel the sound of things uprooting out of his body.

He could safely say the figure before him was undergoing some sort of transformation.

“I know of a person that could be like you...” Zeras suddenly said, drawing their attention. “But unlike you, she can walk with her feet, and like you, she can slither on the ground while remaining human.

And unlike you, she can be very big, so much so you will be smaller than one of her scales.

She can transform fully and become a large snake with six heads, unlike you..." Zeras reported, and he could hear the sound of heartbeats increasing intensely.

"That is impossible."

"Our god Anuka lives in the God realm, untouchable by ordinary mortals like you or me. You couldn't have seen her..." The husky voice argued, and Zeras smiled before slowly rising to his feet.

"Shall I tell you a truth?" Zeras asked them, and he took their silence for a yes.

"Your god is no special, nor are you. There are thousands of her and billions of you in the real world.

All in all, you're all idiots who have been lied to, and your goddess is a liar too..." He said, slamming the truth hard on their face before rising to his feet and preparing to leave.

"You can't leave alive..." The voice threatened behind him as Zeras's warm expression slowly phased away, replaced by a deadly and cold expression.

"Your god Anuka won't dare to stop me if she was standing before me right now."

"TCH, DIIIIIIEEEEEE!!!!" A roar came from far behind as the sound of heavy slithering immediately pierced through the silence.

Without turning his head, Zeras raised his leg and stamped hard on the ground.

BAAAAAANG!

Immediately, a powerful shockwave resounded, the cobweb crack appearing all beneath his feet, and one of the rubbles, circular-shaped with quite a bit of mass, jumped into the air to Zeras's eye level.

Slowly, Zeras unfurled a finger from his fist and then gently tapped on the pebble.

RIIIIIIPPPPP!

The sound of something hurriedly cutting through the air resounded louder than the slithering, and then...

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM!

SPPLLLAAAAT!

The sound of something slamming hard against something else resounded, followed by liquid splashing through the air, making quite the loud thump when touching the ground.

Gently, Zeras raised his hands to the ground, and a loud thump followed his motion.

With shock and horror, the snakemen watched as one of their own collapsed onto the ground, his head having been split open, and brain matter splashing over the ground.

The scene was abysmal and incredibly shocking, as they looked behind them and saw a tree with a pebble dug into it. Please Vote with your Powerstones and Golden Tickets. They help the book a lot and one of my greatest source of motivation. Thank you in advance...

Chapter 723: I'm Not A God

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The truth was right before their eyes.

One of their own had been killed by the blind young man with nothing but a simple pebble throw.

They had prayed and worshipped their god every night for more than hundreds of years now, and with every night they got her blessings, causing them to grow stronger and stronger.

There was almost none that could match them in this world, and even humans were nothing but prey.

So how come one of them had been killed so swiftly?

After killing one of them, Zeras made no move to attack any more and he simply continued on his path but was stopped by the leader's voice.

"One hundred years ago, a woman came to us and destroyed our entire monster clan.

She spared the five of us and gave us a blessing.

This ancient guitar and a sutra that is to be sung every night.

In exchange, we felt our strength increasing every day.

Her name is Anuka, and she is a god! But you, you have been able to kill one of our own with nothing but a mere pebble, and even seemed to know about the realm of our god.

Are you...a god too?" The trembling voice of the man resounded as Zeras's eyes furrowed before his lips parted.

"I am not a god, and neither is she..." Those were his words before he turned back and continued on his path, but not for long did Zeras suddenly stop and he turned, walking back to them.

They were unmoving as he walked through them, and finally, Zeras came to a stop just beside the tree bark the leader sat to play the song.

Happening to leave the guitar and bending to the ground, Zeras took it in his grasp.

His hands trailed the line, and with a slight pressure, the strings vibrated and he felt the surrounding around him fracturing to pieces and in the next instant.

A bright flash of light illuminated against Zeras's face as he found himself once more within a golden room.

"Congratulations on successfully passing the trial!" the voice resounded through the hall, as sight once more was given to him.

The first thing he saw was the rewards that were arranged just like before, and as he scanned through, he couldn't find the earring.

That most likely meant that the earring was most likely kept on the higher floor.

"What a strange trial..." Zeras mused, as right in his hands was none other than the wooden guitar.

The object he had taken from the monster men that was said to have been given by their god.

He had no idea why he had even taken it from them, but there was something that just arrested his attention by simply feeling the guitar music.

It was through it he had asked, "Who was Anuka?" a name encased within the notes.

He had not understood how he had been able to understand the name from a note playing but it was still mystifying to him, and in the end, he had simply decided to take the guitar with him.

In the next instant, it faded away from Zeras's hands, stored into his spatial ring.

An explosion crashed next to him, sending him three steps backward, but he didn't want to get involved and simply moved to the side.

“Congratulations on passing the trial!” The cute feminine voice belonging to none other than Sanche rang out behind Zeras’s ears as he turned to the side, finding the sitting figure mysteriously beside him once more.

“Same to you too...” He responded with a smile before turning his attention back to the fight that was occurring.

But soon something caught his attention, and he furrowed his eyebrows, turning to look up at the far distance where a figure could be seen sitting down and also staring back at him with a smile that seemed to be overly familiar and playful for a stranger.

“Why is she here this time?” Zeras unconsciously asked Sanche, who turned her gaze to look into the distance where Zeras was looking at.

“Who?” She asked, and Zeras turned back to where the Faerie was sitting but raised an eyebrow when she saw she had faded away into thin air.

“Ahh, never mind...” Zeras responded, waving her off with a calm smile, but his inner emotions were anything but calm.

‘That Faerie is starting to give me chills...’ He mused to himself quietly.

“So what world are you even from? The Frugal Plains, the Korona World, the Yoxi Continent?” Sanche asked him, wanting to strike up a conversation, and Zeras, about to respond to her, changed his answer at the last second.

“I come from a world that used to be quite high-profiled for some time, but then there was this god war that tore apart my world.

Can you guess it?” Zeras asked her with a challenging smile.

“Hmm, a world riddled by war? Thousands of worlds get destroyed by war all the time. It’s really hard to take a good guess...” Sanche replied with furrowed eyebrows, and truly, there were thousands of worlds that got destroyed in her memories.

“Which is the one that went with the loudest bang! ”

The one whose war everyone knows of and can never be forgotten...” Zeras replied back as Sanche’s head buzzed and she provided answers.

“There are three such wars that rippled through entire realms, destroying worlds. First is the World of Gora.

The people of Gora are six-armed devilish tyrants that were so arrogant they paid no heed to the warning of The World Order Assembly.

That resulted in a war that could never be forgotten, and though the Gora's were eventually wiped out with their world destroyed, it was still a war where the World Order Assembly had most of their members lost to it..." Sanche explained, and Zeras could immediately tell that had nothing to do with his origin.

But he was a bit hopeful...

Chapter 724: Never Full Scaled

"The second war is the War of Titans. It was the bestial gods' war, the war between the jade dragons and the Krakens.

It was quite a devastating war that destroyed a few surrounding worlds.

Eventually, the Krakens were subdued by the jade dragons, making the jade dragons the undoubtable kings of the bestial realm," Sanche explained the next war that caused Zeras's eyes to narrow.

"Maybe, I can find him there..." he mused to himself, remembering his association with the dragon that had taken possession of Vornek before his death. He had given him a chance to say a few last words to Vornek, and Zeras couldn't forgive that.

The only place he guessed such a powerhouse was, could only be in that place.

So maybe, when he had quite the free times, he could go have some talk with him.

It at least reminded him.

"The last war is the Forbidden War. None knows and is to know anything about it," she said as Zeras's eyes furrowed.

"Why is that nobody can know anything about it? Isn't it like the rest of the wars?" Zeras probed.

"It's not, it can't even be compared..." Sanche said, snickering at his ignorance.

"You know anything about the war?"

"What everyone that comes from the universe knows about it?" She asked rhetorically while furrowing her eyebrows.

To Sanche, it seemed more than clear that Zeras definitely wasn't from the universe due to his ignorance.

So if he wasn't from the universe, then just where did he come from? Maybe perhaps he was from the lower universe?

Zeras felt his blood flowing harder and his heart tempo slowly rising. He could feel he was even closer to the truth, but in the last second, he stopped himself as he stared at Sanche for a while before taking off his gaze from her.

“Forget it.”

“So what universe exactly are you from?” Sanche asked, repeating her question that started all of the explanation.

“I’ll tell you if you tell me what you know about the last war...” he responded, and Sanche felt her curiosity piqued enough so much she didn’t mind telling him what she knew. It wasn’t like it was some big secret.

“The Forbidden War was a war of a single world against an entire cosmos,” Sanche said and immediately Zeras’s ears perked up.

“The universe itself right now has been locked up by the World Order Assembly and the cosmos itself had all of its traces disappeared.

Our guess is that it is the doings of the World Order Assembly.

Only they have so much power to make a world with such powerful warriors enough to fight an entire cosmos containing thousands of worlds, get sealed away while also making the cosmos disappear without any trace...”

“The World Order Assembly, huh?” Zeras mused to himself, his eyes gleaming with a special light.

He never knew there was a power that even worlds themselves were afraid of. It seems like the World Order Assembly was like the EIA back on Earth.

“So you tell me where you come from now. Just like you said...” Sanche said with a grumbling, unfair expression and Zeras simply said:

“I came from the god’s children area...” He said without giving much of a care, but he could see how Sanche’s eyes widened in shock.

“That’s impossible. There’s no way there’s an extra portal in your lesser realm. Everything has been dominated by the worlds. How did you find a way in?” Sanche asked as Zeras looked at her with a grin.

Like she seriously expected him to reply to that.

“The only way you could have come in is if you had taken another race’s path. If that’s the case, you would have broken a realm war and will be gravely punished if caught...” She said with a grave expression and Zeras raised an eyebrow.

Of course, he wasn't aware there was some sort of punishment, and he didn't think his way in through the cemetery was another's race entrance.

He had simply followed the order of his other. But still, he was curious.

"And who are the people that will punish me for committing a crime?" Zeras asked and Sanche replied.

"The Mini-World Order Assembly. They are responsible for keeping peace within the realms.

If the matter escalates, then the True World Order Assembly will appear and they only appear to eliminate. In such a case, you know what will happen?"

"They'll try and kill me?" He asked and Sanche nodded.

"Yeah, maybe..." Zeras responded with an uncaring shrug.

"You seem to have no idea how powerful the World Assembly is.

Going against their orders will lead to years of imprisonment at least and death to you and your race at its maximum.

They are capable of destroying worlds with their armies, and you just shrugged them off.

Is either you're stupidly arrogant, or you're extremely confident of your background." Sanche predicted wanting to get more, but she was disappointed by Zeras's curt answer.

"Who knows?"

Quickly, Zeras watched as the Farrier once again appeared in the air and almost all of the rewards were taken by the others.

It seemed their one-hour reward time had passed, but Zeras's eyes narrowed noticing something amiss.

"Is it me or does it seem our numbers have halved?" Zeras asked and Sanche nodded.

"Yes, even below half already. I'm guessing many people also failed the second test and some ran away with the rewards."

"Hmmm, if the people are already halved at the second test, then how many will survive up till the ninth tower..." Zeras asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Survive till the ninth tower?

The highest tower ever gone in history is the fourth! None has ever reached the fifth tower before among all the participants.

It's impossible to reach even for the mightiest geniuses, talk less of the ninth!” Sanche declared, looking at Zeras in snickery but that only made Zeras's eyes narrow even more.

“I just hope the earring isn't placed too far away. Or I'll have no choice but to keep climbing the tower...”!

Chapter 725: The Third Test

“Now that you have all reached halfway through the tests, it is time for the third tower test. I wish you all good luck...” The Faerio said, bringing out her small star staff and drawing a runic gate in the air.

Instantly, a vortex was opened once more, and all of the remaining otherworlders poured into it one by one, including Zeras.

The entire world seemed to come to a simple stop for a while before Zeras once more felt his feet on the ground, and he opened his eyes.

The first thing he did was snap his head upwards, and there he found a guillotine so big that its edges surpassed all of Zeras' vision.

It was a massive guillotine looming over his neck, and there were thousands of runes on its body, which, though dim, made Zeras' hair stand on end.

He could only wonder what destruction it would be capable of once the guillotine fell on him. But for now, it didn't seem like it would slip anytime soon.

Taking his gaze away from it and around him, he found himself standing on a battle stage, and only now could Zeras feel the gaze that was lingering over his body.

The gaze of thousands of horned, red-skinned people whose eyes of interest scanned him up and down.

They were seated all around in a large circle, and it reminded Zeras of the time when he had fought with Ausra in the coliseum.

And truly, the place he was in was a coliseum.

“Finally, after waiting for a hundred years, the gods have once again sent their emissary to us, to test us of our strength!”

A loud roar that boomed through the entire coliseum rang out as Zeras turned to his back and found a gigantic throne where a figure sat, accompanied by a dozen bare-naked horned ladies that weaved around him like snakes.

He had a crown on his head, signifying his position as the king, and his red horn was the longest of everyone present.

The aura he gave Zeras was incredibly powerful, and he knew well the alien wasn't a person to be underestimated.

"According to our ancient prophecies, it is said that every 100 years, the gods will send us a person to test our powerful warrior might.

It was said he would be a true warrior that will open our eyes.

But for 600 years and exactly six times now, all of the god's emissaries have been weaklings snapped apart by our palms.

And this one seems to be the greatest weakling of all!"

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA

The loud laughter boomed through the coliseum once more as they jested at Zeras, but his expression was as deadpan as ever.

"Once more, just like every year, the challenger is to fight our mightiest and prove the gods' word before us.

Everyone, rise up for the mightiest warrior of our Vordu Clan, the unrivaled master of a thousand wars and battles, the Devilish War General of our mighty Vordu Clan, War General Abaddon!"

The King declared, opting to rise to his feet as the roars of the aliens reached a deafening level, and Zeras' eyes narrowed as he turned to the gate before him and watched it slowly open up.

STEP

STEP

STEP

Every single step out of the darkness shook the entire ground and coliseum mightily that even Zeras' face changed wildly.

He had yet to see his opponent, yet its footsteps were already shaking the ground beneath him, and then an extremely massive murderous aura rolled out from the dark space, slamming on Zeras' face with incredible pressure.

And finally, his opponent exited, and the cheering crowds went silent.

"Hmm," an interesting hum escaped Zeras' lips as he looked at the alien.

It was a masculine figure, around the height of 3 meters, an extra meter taller than Zeras.

He was like the embodiment of pure mountainous muscle, as his arms alone possessed much more muscle than double that of Zeras' laps, and they rippled with unbridled strength.

His upper body was bare, and there was not a single space on his body that wasn't decorated with sword marks, revealing quite the gruesome body that would chill anyone's heart.

It could only be a miracle that someone with such an amount of cuts could survive for this long.

There was no doubt about it, the figure before him was a true master of war!

ROOOOOOOAAAARRRRRRR

A devastating roar that created shockwaves undulated from his maw as he gave an extremely loud roar, resulting in everyone in the coliseum covering their ears and crouching to the ground on impulse.

The shockwaves slammed head-on Zeras, the power of it enough to peel his clothes from his body, and a smile appeared on Zeras' face as his hand slowly moved to the side and then...

SHRRRRRIIIING

The sound of the katana being removed off its sheath resounded as sharp as the blade itself, and Zeras kept his sheath into his storage ring before pointing the blade forward towards his opponent.

"I'll accept your challenge..." Zeras called out seriously as he got into a stance, his body leaning forward and his katana placed behind him.

His legs placed themselves hard on the ground and he prepared himself to take off the ground.

Without needing to be told, Zeras already knew what this test entailed.

All he needed was to complete the challenge or, in the aliens' words, fulfill the so-called prophecy, and he could successfully move to the next tower floor.

"Let the battle begin!!!" The King loudly declared as the sound of drums rang out.

STEP

BOOOOOOOOOOOOM

A powerful earthquake appeared on the battle stage immediately as the words were uttered, as the mountainous figure jumped into the air, for close to 30 meters, and in the next instant,

BAAAAAAAAAANG

The ground where Zeras stood on was shattered into an endless abyss as two massive arms crashed onto the ground, bringing absolute ruin and decimation to it.

Chapter 726: Begging For A Beating?

****BOOOOOOOOOOOOM****

The air roughly slapped against Zeras's face as he, who was preparing to take off, looked up and saw two gigantic arms soaring straight towards him from above.

Instantly, he changed his stance, slamming his left leg on the ground to the side and swiftly shot away.

A split second later, the entire ground where he stood was smashed into, leaving a gigantic crater.

ROOOOAAAAR

The aliens watching roared in camaraderie as Zeras appeared at the side, his eyes narrowed dangerously.

Slowly, the red alien rose up, turning his head to Zeras with a cold expression.

"You retreat! You are a coward!" it said boisterously, leading to another loud cheer from the crowd.

It was as clear as day to them that the first exchange led to their challenger's loss, as he retreated instead of facing the strike head-on.

That showed he was a coward and would be defeated soon enough.

'His physical strength is beyond my current body's capability...' Zeras thought with a serious expression, his left eye looking at the decimation on the ground.

Zeras knew well he couldn't leave such a crater on the ground with his current physical body, where he was denied his astral mana, unless he went all out with all of his brute power.

But it doesn't seem like the giant before him even used all of his physical strength at all.

It was like an ordinary move for him, and that made Zeras realize he was currently outmatched in one of his best areas.

"STEP" "STEP"

The sound of footsteps sounded as the giant turned to him once more, preparing to take off, but stopped at the last second when he saw Zeras's sheath appear in his hands.

Then...

****CLINK****

A satisfied clink was made as the swords entered into its sheath, and in the next instant, it disappeared away from Zeras's hands.

"Huh?" The sound of confusion was what silently echoed through the colosseum this time as they watched Zeras putting away his weapon.

It looked in all essence a stupid move to them as a weapon master can only use 50% of his full strength without his power.

The fact that Zeras had brought out his weapon at the very beginning showed he was reliant, and now he was keeping it. It seemed he was signing his own doom.

"Don't be surprised or annoyed I'm keeping my weapon!" Zeras said loudly to the alien whose expression was rapidly changing to one of anger.

Naturally, War General Abaddon felt like he was being disrespected by his opponent.

Perhaps the little thing before him thinks he isn't worthy enough for his sword after witnessing his power.

But he, who was about to unleash a heaven-wrecking rage, suddenly quieted down when his opponent spoke up.

Slowly, Zeras raised both arms up, placing them into each other and twisting every bone within his body.

“You seem to me like a war veteran. One who excels with his physical strength.”

“I too have quite the good physical strength, but I don’t have as many scars nor power as your explosive body does, and sometimes I even struggle to regulate my strength.”

“In other words, I’m an amateur, and you are obviously an expert.”

“I need a lesson on brute power, and my sword won’t be necessary, so I’m keeping it away.”

“This is a battle to the death! What you’re asking for is a good beating before dying!” War General Abaddon said as he folded his arms, looking at Zeras with an interesting expression.

“If beating is what it takes to level up my physical strength, then so be it.

I’ve taken quite some good beatings in the past, so I can say I’m definitely an expert at taking a beating.” Zeras replied, finally separating his arms and more than ready for this fight, or say, this beating!

“MUHAHAHAH! Then I, War General Abaddon, will fulfill your wish to get beaten up. You want to learn how to have physical power like mine. Then the answer is simple.

All you have to do is....”

BOOOOOOOOOOOM

War General Abaddon said, and he had yet to finish his statement when the ground rumbled once more, and he appeared in the sky above Zeras almost like he had seemingly teleported.

“Never dodge an attack,” he completed his statement, and once more he smashed his two arms down on Zeras.

RUMMMBLE

The ground beneath Zeras crumbled from the approaching power.

‘Never dodge an attack, huh?’ Zeras mused, and instead of running away, he brought his body within himself, flexing all of his hand muscles, and raised them both above his head, keeping his head down.

“Yes, like that!” Abaddon roared, and immediately his two hands smashed against Zeras’s below.

KAAABOOOOOOM

It was like the sound of metal crashing together as a deafening explosion rippled outwards from the source of the collision.

Slowly, the dust settled, and the result of the exchange was revealed.

Right now, the ground below War General Abaddon’s large arms had sunk for two meters, yet, War General Abaddon’s hands were seemingly held in position by two bloody arms that resisted the pressure of his two mighty fists.

“Like this?” Zeras’s voice boomed through the hole as he raised up his head, looking through the space of his hands at War General Abaddon, who had slight shock in his eyes.

Even though currently, Zeras’s arm muscles were oozing with blood, and a line of blood floated down from his forehead, staining his silvery white hair crimson and also blinding his left eye, the truth was undeniable.

Zeras had faced his physical attack head-on, knowing well it would grievously injure him.

“Tch,” War General Abaddon clicked as he tried to press down with his entire arm, wanting to sink him deeper when suddenly he felt the pressure resisting his arms disappear, causing the arms to smash into the bare ground.

in the next instant, the air at the side of his head blew as a bloody-looking Zeras appeared beside his head.

“I’m a fighter too!”

And in the next instant, he rotated and kicked outwards towards his head...

Chapter 727 Tough Battle

A shockwave blew through the entire unit as Zeras’ feet roughly smashed into the side of War General Abaddon’s face, causing his head to jerk to the side.

Abaddon rolled onto the ground twice before bringing his body to a stop.

With shock, War General Abaddon turned to look at Zeras, who gently landed on the ground.

He had also been sent back due to the shockwave from the kick.

"Not even a single cut. You really are a barbarian!" Zeras mused out loud as he looked at War General Abaddon's cheek, which had not even a single white mark.

His all-out kick had not even created a single cut on him.

"Then I'll fight you like a warrior!" Abaddon declared before immediately fading away into thin air.

CRAAACCKKLLLE.

The faint sound of lightning rang out, but it wasn't lightning; it was War General Abaddon clenching his fist into his palm.

He then threw forth a punch at Zeras' face.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

The entire ground before the punch sank in, crumbling from the power hidden within. Without holding back, Zeras' hand also clenched into a fist.

His right arm expanded to double its size, squirming with pure veins, and he threw out a full-powered punch.

CRAAAACCCCK.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

What followed was another round of material clashing together, releasing an explosion deafening to hear as both fighters soared back with speed.

In the next instant, the ground beneath them caved in as they approached with mind-bending speed and collided once more.

BAAAAANG.

BAAAANG.

BAAAANNG.

With mouths agape, the Gomorrans watched an absolute exchange of pure physical brutality and raw power.

"BAAAANG."

Fist mirages appeared around the area, every collision sending space rippling from their power and causing some Gomorrans to cover their ears from the sound of metal crashing together.

"BAAAANG."

"BAAAANG."

"BAAAANG."

"Hahahah, yes. More! Give me more!" War General Abaddon roared from the wave of excitement rushing through his body, causing a surging adrenaline that boosted his power to unbelievable levels and his punching speed reached a mind-numbing level.

The broadest smile he ever had laid on his lips as he looked at his opponent who had a deadly serious expression on his face.

Normally, Zeras would have been incredibly excited for this level of battle, but right now his expression was deadly as he struggled to keep up.

Yes! Struggled!

Every punch sent within him a rapthong of power that aimed to weaken his system, and with every punch, blood leaked out faster from his lips.

His hand bones were quivering from the continuous hammering and the level of power he was pouring into his fist was tearing apart the skin on his fist.

Soon Zeras was completely covered in blood, both from his body and his lips.

"You won't survive, weakling!" The roar boomed through Zeras' ears, ringing continuously within his eardrum and reverberating through his entire battered body.

"Idiot." He thought to himself as one of the fists slammed out towards Zeras once more. He also punched towards it, but at the last second, his hand changed direction, slipping past the fist.

Instantly, Zeras punched forward, putting every power as his fist soared towards War General Abaddon's jaw.

BOOOOOM.

The air quivered, but the expected connection was never made as Zeras quickly withdrew his arm, noticing how Abaddon had retracted his head inside for that split second just by two inches, successfully avoiding Zeras' fist from connecting.

"Cheap trick," War General Abaddon called, and with mind-numbing speed, he revolved twice in a single spot, his legs like a whip lashed out at Zeras with horrific speed.

CRAAAACCCK.

The sound that echoed out was bone crashing into bone once more as Zeras also whipped out his leg, wanting an equal exchange.

Immediately their legs connected, he was lifted off the ground and he spun and smashed against the coliseum's walls.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

Half of the entire wall crumbled to dust as Abaddon's massive fist crashed into the place where Zeras landed half a second later, but he hit nothing as Zeras appeared behind him, clenching his fist tight before smashing towards the exposed ribs of Abaddon.

With an even more mind-numbing speed, Abaddon turned and slammed his second fist on Zeras' fist, blowing him backward. In the next instant, he was already before the skidding Zeras.

His palms spread apart and he slapped towards him.

"Gomorran God Slap!"

BOOOOOM.

BOOOOOM.

BOOOOOOM.

The spatial barrier in the path of the palm slap was blown apart as Zeras' eyes flashed. Once more he shifted to a ball, placing his arms over his face and his legs into his stomach.

KAAAABOOOOOM.

The slap met collided with raw power and Zeras was sent flying away, smashing through the walls and completely drilling through it before landing exactly outside the coliseum.

BLEEERRRGHH.

Blood sprayed out of Zeras' lips immediately as he lay sprawled on the floor.

"The power, it's completely different! It's triple his normal power!" Zeras raged in shock in his head, but instantly his eyes widened when he felt the solid steps that were rapidly approaching.

Instantly, he kicked himself up, dodging his body to the side, dodging the kick that weaved past his shoulder by a mere inch.

BOOOOOOOM.

The ground in the path caved in from raw power and Zeras jumped back, landing back into the coliseum.

Unrelenting and merciless, Abaddon sped forth towards his opponent, throwing out kicks and punches that continuously battered his opponent's body, a pool of blood quickly covering the entire area of the battlefield.

"You want a beating, don't you, and you're getting one. How does it feel to be beaten, weakling?

Surpassed in the most potent aspect of your masculinity!?" War General Abaddon roared as he watched Zeras repeatedly blocking all of his fists by raising both of his arms above his face, but that led his remaining body to be wide open, and he showed no mercy, battering the open area with as much power as he could.

The entire crowd of Gomorrans roared loudly in excitement watching the battle unfold in their favour and thier opponent getting trahsed without even an opportunity to fight back.

Chapter 728 Wrong Chapter. Do Not Unlock

Immediately, Hael's eyes narrowed as he looked at the far end of the hall, where a man reclined.

A man with flaming red eyes, looking at him with a humorous smirk.

It seemed he had been there for a while and had not just arrived, meaning it was Hael's bad luck to find him there...

'I can bet he has not alerted anyone yet, and judging from his smile, he is probably too arrogant to inform anyone.

I have to kill him, quickly!' Hael analyzed as he looked at the man's body. He could already see two rifles by the side of his leg, revealing to Hael that he was a Gunslinger.

According to what Captain Aleia said, those people have undergone transfusion with their eyes, making them very adept at gun control.

Their bodies are also incredibly light and agile.

'I need to close in on him...'

"It is commendable, you know. The fact that your mates are still down at the entrance, and you are already here.

I guess you sighted the inefficiency in the base wall and entered here through the window.

It is commendable you can see the window so easily even though it was properly concealed.

What I just think you're foolish for is the fact that you think the base wouldn't place a guard at the area of its special weakness. You didn't consider that, did..." The cocky guard was saying, but he didn't get to complete his words when Hael burst forward with horrific speed, closing in quickly on him.

"Tch, you lack patience..." He said with obvious displeasure as he rose upright from the wall and began firing bullets with his one arm.

With the way he fired, it showed his horrifying level of experience as all the bullets moved with speed towards Hael, attacking all of his weakest points.

But with incredible agility and dash activated to its maximum speed, Hael weaved through the bullets, rapidly closing in on the distance.

"You really are fast. How about double this amount of bullets, huh?" Jack thought as his left hand immediately reached for his pocket.

He brought out his second pistol and began firing.

The hallway where they were was very narrow, and with bullets spraying all around, it became quite hard for Hael to maneuver through everything.

He could still dodge them, but that also meant he couldn't advance anymore and only dodged.

Never in his life would he have thought he would get cornered and be unable to advance forward from a person shooting tiny bullets at him.

'So this is the power of a third-grade cybernetic expert, huh?' Hael thought to himself as he looked at the man's chest, noticing the three lights, the three cores in his chest.

As he looked at him, he noticed his mocking smile was still on his face, showing to Hael he probably wasn't even taking this seriously at all.

[He's stalling you!]

"Huh?"

[With the invasion down below, the base would probably send all of their forces through every floor for reinforcement.

If they are to meet with you here, you will be in quite a pinch. That's his plan!] The system said to Hael, whose eyes flashed.

In the next instant, he decided to risk it all.

"Activate Fallen Angel Form..." Hael ordered in his head, and in the next instant, instead of dodging, Hael shot forward towards all of the bullets.

Just when they wanted to drill holes in his body, huge white wings opened up and wrapped around Hael, blocking the bullets.

Catching Jack by surprise, Hael quickly advanced towards him, his wings bearing the brunt of the attack.

With Jack already on the wall, he could not retreat, giving him no choice but to continue shooting.

Rapidly, Hael arrived before him, and instantly, a space opened in his wings as a sword rapidly flew out, smashing against Jack's hand and knocking off one of his pistols.

Instantly, Hael withdrew his wings back onto his body, and three bullets flew forward with speed, the exact same time.

Hael dodged one of them, but the other two dug into his shoulder and right thigh.

But now, he stood before Jack as he kicked at his hands, knocking the second gun away.

"Rakhasa Legs!" Hael jumped up, smashing both legs onto Jack's chest and sending him slamming into the wall behind him.

Jack, taken by surprise, watched as the tables were quickly turned against him, and he felt two mountains thrown onto his chest as he slammed backward into the wall, digging deep into it.

Before he could cough out blood, his throat was snatched by a cold claw as Hael grabbed onto his neck, pulling his opponent out and then...

BOOOOOM

BOOOOOM

BOOOOOM

The ground beneath them quaked three times as he brutally smashed Jack onto the floor with so much power that the sound of spine shattering echoed through the area at third smash.

Hael knew the weakness of Gunslingers as told by Captain Aleia, and that was the fact that their bodies were the weakest among all the cybernetic classes.

Their only advantage was superior speed and shooting skills, and once Hael had successfully nullified those, Jack had essentially become a sitting duck, having his spine crushed by the brutish Hael in the next instant.

But he didn't die yet.

He was still breathing, though unable to move as not only was his spine broken, Hael's hand on his neck also repeatedly tightened.

BOOM

For the fourth time, Jack was slammed into the sidewall, creating a deep crater where his body lay unmoving, blood spewing out of his head and lips.

Slowly, Hael's hand morphed into a claw, and one of his fingers raised Jack's head, revealing his bloodied face.

But his eyes, revealing shock and surprise, were still open.

His mocking smirk had long been wiped off since he had his neck grabbed, and he had quite a regretful expression on his face.

Instead of erupting with his full power, he had thought his opponent was just a kid, and he knew enough about eldritch to take a kid seriously.

But now, his guns were five meters away, his spine had crumbled, and his left eye was also blinded with his blood.

He was essentially now a sitting duck...

Chapter 729 Defeating War General Abaddon

BANG BANG BANG BANG

It was like hammers were being repeatedly smashed into his arms, making Zeras wince from the pain as his legs carved massive grooves into the ground below.

Every punch was devastating, sending a strange yet powerful ripple through his body and disrupting his flow of strength.

Repeatedly, he was getting pushed back, and he could see the mocking smirk of War General Abaddon.

'He's a strong warrior. His powers aren't just rushing out, but the control of his strength is impressive.

In areas where I could easily block, his power was less, and in the areas where I couldn't block, he put in more power. He's thinking just as fast as he is punching, reducing and increasing power to cause more damage.

He's a genius...' Zeras praised in his mind even as he was getting thrashed backward, reduced to a state where he could do nothing but dodge.

Finally, he felt it was enough.

Another punch blasted out from War General Abaddon, moving straight towards Zeras' face covered by his hands.

But instead of Zeras receiving it like he had always done, his body actually bent to the side, the punch skipping his shoulder instead.

BOOM

The air beside Zeras' right hand quivered once more as another punch quickly blasted towards his head, but just like the first, he took a step back and moved his body to the side, dodging the punch.

With two punches dodged, War General Abaddon's head was stretched out towards him.

Immediately, Zeras smashed his right knee forward heading towards War General Abaddon's jaw, but he was able to move his head upward at the last second, dodging the hit.

BOOM

Th

e ground beneath Zeras' feet exploded as he allowed his uppercut motion to lift him up into the air and then.

BOOM

Appearing in the air space above War General Abaddon, he raised his elbow, slamming it down on his nose.

CRACK

The sound of something breaking resonated as Zeras' elbow connected with War General Abaddon's nose, causing blood to spray in the air.

Kicking the alien's chest, Zeras jumped backward, giving himself some space.

BANG

The ground beneath War General Abaddon's palm crumbled to pieces as he slammed his hand onto the ground, his left arm reaching for his nose and twisting it back into shape.

"Either his nose is weak, or my elbow attack is powerful..." Zeras mused to himself, looking at the blood that poured down Abaddon's nose.

With his nose repaired, War General Abaddon rose to his feet, staring deeply at Zeras, who was nearly painted in his own blood, yet he could still see his opponent's eyes radiating with a bright light.

It was a sign that his opponent wasn't at his last legs yet.

"You have very great stamina, a good thing to have for one who wishes to be a great warrior.

But your punches are very weak, and your body is light. That's disadvantageous.

Your elbows and knees seem to be very strong, and you find them also easily maneuverable. That's an advantage..."

War General Abaddon said, and in the next instant, both of his right arms moved to his face, clenching them into fists, and then one of his legs was raised up from the ground, hanging to the height of his second knee.

It was a strange battle stance that Zeras had not seen before.

"This is an art style suitable for someone like you," War General Abaddon said, and in the next instant, he gently placed his raised foot down. Instantly, he was already onto Zeras, his elbows smashing down towards the middle of his head.

CRACK

BANG

Against the approaching elbow, Zeras also smashed out his fist towards it, and a devastating shockwave rippled outwards as Zeras' hand violently jerked back from the

Force of the elbow.

BOOM

The air in front of him exploded as a powerful kick was slammed towards his side.

Reacting quickly, he slammed out his legs too, but his face changed when the legs met. War General Abaddon rotated from the strike, his leg turning in a smooth 360-degree arc and roughly slamming towards Zeras' back, sending him taking consecutive steps forward.

He removed the power from his legs at the last second, and borrowed his own power to revolve around him with speed and deliver a second kick!

"Let your body be alternately like water and steel. Make it hard like steel by flexing all of your veins, creating a devastating power, and in the last instant, release all of your muscles and strength.

Such a way, you will conserve even more energy and take your enemies by surprise..." War General Abaddon's voice boomed out to Zeras, who quickly placed his hand at the side of his head as a kick smashed onto it, sending him rotating twice before he slowed down to a stop.

RIP

The sound of the air getting ripped apart once more surrounded him as he raised his head up, finding the gigantic elbow slamming towards him.

Just like before, Zeras punched upwards towards the elbow, but instead of the same destructive energy, what occurred was a minor ripple as Zeras controlled the power sent into his arm.

Positioning himself in a rotating position, he quickly generated enough power to send himself rotating with speed, as he ascended up the air, right above War General Abaddon whose eyes flashed in shock.

In the last second, he witnessed as Zeras moved away all the power in his fist and borrowed his own power to rotate upwards into the sky. It was the exact same thing he just did and told him about, and Zeras already understood.

Wide-eyed, he watched Zeras spinning in the air like a fan, and in the next instant.

BANG

In War General Abaddon's eyes, he witnessed a knee coated in incredibly large veins that were as big as his own arms roughly smashing into his forehead.

With so much power, he felt a crack reverberating through the air as the entire world turned absolutely dark.

SPLURT

Blood gushed into the air like a wave as Zeras planted his right knee that contained all of his body strength into War General Abaddon's face.

Instantly, the man's body slowly lowered to the ground as he slammed on his back, and Zeras jumped backward, landing gently onto the ground.

Chapter 730 An Interesting Reward

****SHOOOOOOCKKK!**

ABSOLUTE SHOCK!

That was what could describe what the Gomorrans were currently feeling as they looked at their mighty general sprawled on the floor, massive amounts of red blood pouring out like a broken tap.

They looked at Zeras, who was on his feet, soaked in his blood and panting like a beast, yet definitely alive and well.

Regulating his breath, Zeras calmed his beating chest down as he clenched his fist, the new comprehension flashing through his head.

"A body like steel and water..." he mused.

Zeras had taken the advice of War General Abaddon. When the warrior had slammed down his elbows, he had also slammed up with his feet, making the scene tremble like before.

But at the last second, Zeras positioned himself to rotate in the air. He passed energy from War General Abaddon by suddenly releasing all of the strength in his fist.

That energy was enough to rotate him into the air.

While rotating, Zeras had repeatedly gathered every single bit of power within his body, pouring it into his knees so much they enlarged with an incredible amount of being.

With the momentum of this rotating body, he had slammed down all of that energy straight into the face of War General Abaddon.

The power War General Abaddon had taken was his entire physical power, War General Abaddon's destructive energy that he had planned to use on him, and also Zeras's rotating motion, all into his skull.

It was a miracle that his entire skull wasn't split into two.

Opening up his eyes, he bowed his head at War General Abaddon in respect. The man was a true warrior who understood his art.

Unfortunately, he had underestimated Zeras, telling him something important but under the belief that Zeras couldn't comprehend it easily.

Zeras had done so and had used the technique against him when he least expected it, resulting in his own defeat.

Still, the man deserved his respect.

"He will die in an hour from now. You decide what you want to do with him," Zeras' voice rang out as clear as day.

In the next instant, a dark portal appeared before him, revealing that he had completed the challenge.

Without a single word more, he entered into it, disappearing from the world of Gomorrans.

It took the burly red aliens some time to recover from their shock, but in the next instant, they all immediately got down and ran towards their war general, picking him up and going to care for him.

He was their best warrior and not a person they could afford to lose at all.

Once more opening his eyes, Zeras found himself in the golden room. As he stared down at his body, he sighed, seeing zero injury on himself.

All his initial injuries had been instantly taken care of by a mysterious force he didn't understand.

He might have even called the trials nothing but an illusion, but the absence of his shirt and some torn parts of his clothes where War General Abaddon's attacks had cut through were enough to confirm it was all real.

In the next instant, Zeras donned a new pair of clothes before he turned to look at the rewards.

A disappointed light flashed in his eyes when he looked through the rewards and found no earring or anything related to that, but something else caused Zeras's eyes to flash.

It was none other than a small green vial brimming with a strange light.

Instantly, a strange connection was felt as Zeras laid eyes on it.

In the next instant, he brought out a huge book from his spatial ring.

It was the strange Grimoire that he had received from Elyrtion, the first demon. Within its pages, it had mentioned some requirements for practicing the technique.

One of those requirements was the deranged Celestial Vial, and right now, Zeras understood what the treasure was. Right before him was none other than the vial.

In the next instant, the book disappeared from his hands, and Zeras instantly arrived before the vial, his hands inching towards it.

But at the last second, the vial suddenly faded away. Zeras's narrowed eyes turned behind him, finding a group of lanky-looking, dark-colored aliens who were grinning at him.

Their eyes were pitch black, strange purple coloured dots that look like patches of a virus all over their Carl skinned body.

They were exactly like humans if not for their strange skin and eyes colour. They were there, all of them standing at the corner with grins in their mouth as they looked at Zeras, with a playful smirk.

In the hands of one of them was the vial, floating gently in their palms.

"Looking for this?" they yelled out to him as Zeras narrowed his eyes and figured out one thing from the aliens' looks.

They didn't seem to need the vial at all, and it seemed they were likely doing this to annoy him.

Calmly, he walked toward them until he arrived before the one who had the vial rotating in his hand.

"You don't need the vial. So why did you take it?" Zeras asked them as he watched.

They all looked at each other before laughing out loud, mocking him, with the leader sneering in his face.

"We don't like your white face. You want the trial, take it, but disappear with it right now," they said to him as Zeras's eyes furrowed.

Never would he have thought he would meet a group of aliens who were so incredibly racist. They were all dark, but Zeras was white-looking, and somehow that was enough to annoy them?

"Ok, fine..." he said to them as he stretched out his hand. The aliens allowed him to take the vial, but instead of disappearing, Zeras turned his back and walked to his usual corner before taking a seat.

In the next instant, the vial disappeared from his hand, kept safely into his spatial ring, and he kept on looking around, making no intent to leave...