

# GREED: ALL FOR WHAT?

## Chapter 1 1 Every 100,000 Years

Somewhere in the Void Universe of the vast infinite expanse, a realm tree blooms. You could see serene light shining from atop its trunk. This is a rare occasion but not unique in this universe because this also happens to every realm tree in the void Universe, maybe not as often or even more often but it will surely happen.

From this perspective of sight that is millions of kilometers away from the realm tree, you could see other realm trees as far as the eye can see, and they are too much to number. What you will notice is that truly some of these trees are shining. It is a beautiful sight if you can see it that is.

Only a select few creatures can enjoy this sight, because any creature that can exist in the void outside a realm tree is not an ordinary creature, and ones that can see as far as millions of kilometers in the void are heads and shoulders above all.

You might be surprised to know that this Universe has quite a lot of these types of creatures. For example, some distance to the right at this perspective of sight, are two very large white stars with blue and red lightning zipping across their surface.

The light from the two stars seems to render reality almost transparent. That isn't the only weird thing about them, their light also seems to be concentrated along a cone path toward the shining realm tree. The area behind the stars is simply darkness.

You will soon realize that they aren't suns but the eyes of a creature, you can tell this because they blinked, and only then can you for just a moment see the massive creature they belong to. You will be able to tell that the creature is

large because your eyes widen in that instant, but you won't be able to remember any other thing about the creature because your brain is still trying to figure out what it just saw.

Never mind that. This creature was awoken from its long slumber because of the shining light and the telltale fluctuations of laws of the origin. If sound could travel in this void you will hear the space for kilometers let out a groan because of the movement of this creature.

Space rippled and squeezed on itself as this creature moved, the space beneath it solidified to bear the load while the space around it liquified to ease its movements. The creature is as if it is a world on to itself, so space as to go out of its way to accommodate the Titanic divine Dragon.

Tssandulighafan rose from his always vigorous cultivation. He was not sleeping, he definitely wasn't. He was pondering on the mysteries of the laws of the universe. Yes, that's what he was doing. He shook his body and watched how space quaked around him, his WILL made manifest in the world. This made him happy, just like every other time he did it.

He nodded his head and thought

"That's how it should be"

He is a proud creature, proud of himself and proud of his race. He ought to be, after all, he is an immemorial divine Dragon, one of the oldest of his kind. He is also a World god, one of the most powerful entities in the entire universe, a force to be reckoned with.

But then his gaze fell back on the shining realm tree, his home realm, where he was born and raised, and he couldn't help the little bitterness that appeared within him. Because, for all his power and strength, age and wisdom, wealth and charisma, and some more power and strength, he was late to the seat of power of the entire realm.

That power and the benefits that come with it aren't something even he could disregard. So just like this moment every 100,000 years, he would be reminded of that failure for his entire immortal life. The only way it can go is if the person that beat him to it dies, but the possibility of that happening is the same as him dying. It is theoretically possible but practically impossible for him to die. So this sight will be an eternal reminder of a very big failure of his.

He shrugged off the bitterness, he doesn't need it he thinks, he has done better for himself over the years. True, he has, but he still doesn't like the reminder and the fact that he was beaten to it by a young upstart from the Elven race, the bootlickers of magic he calls them. Unlike him, a mighty Dragon, a race that dominates magic.

He turned his attention to his side where lay a much smaller and weaker Dragon of spitting image but with crystal scales. Space made way as his divine sense reached out to his son, the only one he allows to be near him. His divine sense roared "Stop sleeping, you bag of meat. It is here again"

The smaller Dragon jerked up, he replied "Will you stop screaming old man, I can hear just fine. For mother High Heaven's sake, every time. And I wasn't sleeping, I was trying to peer into the numerous mysteries of the universe."

Tssandulighafan smiled while his son yawned, still trying to ditch his sleepiness. When the smaller Dragon was done he turned his attention to the source of the light and said "So it's 100,000 years again, that was quick. I better be on my way then."

Tssandulighafan nodded and said, much softer now. "Yes, it is time again, and just like always. You will go."

The smaller dragon shook himself from staring in envy at how space quaked with every movement of his father and unfurled his glorious crystal wings before he took off.

The smaller dragon soared through space. His speed approached 1 percent of the speed at which light moved. This is because he became a sovereign by mastering the law of space. When his wings moved, they pushed on space and not air.

He could increase his speed to ten times his current one, but what's the rush? He still has about 800 years before the event starts. Plus he wanted to look sharp, so he could use the small exercise. A short distance of a few million kilometers should do the trick in sprucing him up.

Tssandulighafan looked inwards into his body after his son left. His gaze roamed through the world within him for any changes. Then he went back to sleeping, ahem, training.

Note: From now on 100,000 years will be referred to as an Origin cycle.