

GREED 101

Chapter 101 A Flaw That Is A Boon.

"It is not shameful to be surpassed by the realm lord. You are influential for someone like that to owe you money." Soverick was becoming more and more impressed with Hadrick. He realized he shouldn't take Hadrick for granted or he might regret it. He also realized how difficult it will be to catch up to the realm lord. He would have to overtake all the powerful people that the realm lord overtook.

"He was a troublesome child when he was younger. I had to pay for the damages that he caused. He owes me big time. If not for his immortality, I would have owned him forever. Too bad that he has had a lot of time to pay be off."

Soverick shook his head in wonder. He could only imagine how much damage someone will have caused to make them so indebted to Hadrick that it took the powers and longevity of an Origin god to repay it.

"It is also the major reason why he hasn't progressed much, he gets into a lot of trouble and wastes his resources getting out of them. Anyways I have to go. Do you need more life energy?"

"Not for now. I'll call you when I need it." Soverick thought about it before declining. He didn't need it, certainly not enough to bother someone that can call in favors from Origin gods about it. That's why he made a large Vitality Core so that he wouldn't need an external source of vitality. His vitality core will be enough for him, albeit slower.

"Before I go, I have some news for you.

The little transcendent at the family affairs ratted you out to all the heads of departments of the family."

"What?" Soverick faltered in his routine. He expected that the news about his talent would get out eventually but he didn't expect it would be actively broadcasted. He was upset by the breach of trust but he wasn't afraid of coming to harm. He was friends with a big shot of the family after all.

"Is that even allowed?" He asked Hadrick, the big shot.

"He only did it to drum up support for you. He thought it would be a shame if your talents went to waste. It's your fault for being so talented."

Soverick thought about his so-called talent. It was just a result of the special arrangements of the law fragments within his bloodline. He was honestly proud of the creation of his bloodline. The talent is just the side effect of the development of his bloodline, the main treasure is his divine ability. He had been holding up on using it till he acquired a mana body. It was simply too strong for his current body. The divine ability damages his soul every time he uses it. If he didn't have such a powerful soul, one that is capable of healing, he would be screwed. Then again, if his soul wasn't that powerful he wouldn't have been able to create such a powerful divine ability.

So Soverick shrugged. "What had happened as happened. There's no use moping about it. There's nothing to fear anyways since you've promised to protect me."

"What do you take our family for? The Ghastorix people are not a conniving bunch and we don't like betrayers. No one from the family will conspire against you."

"I wasn't referring to threats from the family."

Alright then. Also, we are at war with the gods." Hadrack said nonchalantly.

"What do you mean at war with the gods? How did it happen? Is it against the family?" Soverick was startled. He didn't have any information about any strife brewing between the gods and the Ghastorix family.

"It's just a thing my protector is doing to kill his boredom. The racial council decided to pile on and end the era of the gods." Hadrack explained as if it was a common event.

"Well, that's not good for the gods." Soverick was amused by their predicament. The gods had no chance of winning against just the Ghastorix family. The ancestor of the Ghastorix family doesn't even need to move for legions of Origin gods to set the divine plane aflame. And from what he had heard, Ghastorix himself should be able to take down the gods singlehandedly. No matter how powerful gods get, they cannot reach the level of a world god. That means they can't handle someone that's about to become a world god or may very well be one.

The information about the war made Soverick think about the history of the High Elves. The High elves never had a problem with gods. Their ancestral trees were their gods and also their protectors. Others know their ancestral trees to be called the Life trees, but they are in fact landed gods. Landed gods don't need a divine kingdom and can survive without the divine plane. Anyone foolish enough to covet the authority of the ancestral tree was swiftly eliminated.

The thought of life trees gave Soverick an idea. Hadrack has a unique talent for energy conversion and he began to wonder if he could convert it into a Life tree or another unique life form.

"See, if you can get me some Godhood. I have something to do with it. It is best if it is in the plant or nature domain.

"Okay, bye then," Hadrack said before his presence disappeared.

The ancient tree might still be watching but his lack of presence indicated that Hadrack didn't wish to speak or most of its attention is on something else. Soverick had already resigned himself to the constant spying. So he turned to the problem of his refinement. He had planned to wait a bit before he made more progress on his path of refinement in order to seem normal, but he isn't willing to waste the time pretending to be something he wasn't while the realm lord continued to make progress.

There are two paths necessary for transcendence. The path of the body and the path of the soul. Without reaching the apex in both of them, one will never have the chance to break the limit on individual strength. The beginning of the path of the body is the body forging stage, which is followed by the vitality core stage. The vitality core stage involves acclimating the vitality core to pure mana. The vitality core is supposed to convert mana to vitality, but this transformation is not without wastage. This flaw in the vitality core is why the vitality it produces isn't pure, there is a thin mixture of mana in it. It is considered a flaw in the body system of those that can't utilize mana for metabolism. Their cells had refused to evolve at the body forging stage because they refused to accept mana. But this flaw is the link to reaching the next stage of refinement. The mana within the vitality will increase the chances of the cells making the switch to it.

The vitality stage aims to develop this flaw and increase the percentage of mana in the vitality product. This pumps the body cells full of an increasing amount of mana to force them to adapt to it. Only when the body cells adapt to mana can the next stage in evolution be achieved, the mana body. If the cells refuse to use the mana in the air, in their food, and in their surroundings, maybe they will use it when it is brought right next to them through the blood.

In the process of increasing the flaw, the vitality core is exposed to more and more mana until it crystalizes to form the mana core if the cells of the body allow it. The vitality core is an organ that is acclimated to mana already so it is easy to increase the flaw. What isn't easy to achieve is making the body acclimate to mana and the cells to allow the crystalization. In severe cases, the body cells still won't evolve even when the ratio of mana to vitality is enough to burst them. The cells can't be forced to make the switch, only time and a high percentage of mana in the body can be relied upon. You can force mana on them, but you can force them to use it. That's why progress to the next stage is difficult to determine for those without a royal bloodline. It can be a short while or a long period of years to accomplish. It is as they say, you can force an animal to water, but you can't force it to drink.

For those with a royal bloodline, their cells don't need acclimation. They only need to increase the ratio of mana to vitality in the vitality core to crystalize it. Then they will break through seamlessly. It is another advantage of a royal bloodline. The bloodline will not even need to force the cells to use mana because it has been creating cells that can already use it.

Chapter 102 What's Up With The Status Screen (Sneak Peek).

The other path is the path of the soul. This path is very difficult to start both for those with and without a bloodline. The soul is more resistant to changes than the body. There are a few things that can expedite the activation of the first stage, the soul awakening stage. The soul needs to break the cocoon of the body and extend its sphere of influence to areas beyond the body. This sphere of influence is what is known as the divine sense or soul sense. It is very difficult to achieve and the difficulty is exasperated by the strengthening of the body through body forging.

The soul is nourished because when it awakens, you will be able to manipulate ambient mana and cast spells. It is why in the days of old those on the path of the soul are called magicians, wizards, spellcasters, mages, etc. They would be able to actively control mana to cast spells with their divine sense. Mages of old discovered that the process of soul awakening can be quickened with the accumulation of knowledge and experience. Knowledge and experience serve as nourishment for the soul. Some special materials can nourish the soul but are expensive and difficult to use safely.

Those on the path of the soul also don't train their bodies so that it won't inhibit their soul prowess. The body is like a vessel for the soul but the stronger it is, the more restrictive it is on the awakening of the soul. A strong body leads to a strong soul but it makes it more difficult for the soul to awaken and extend its influence outside the body. Those that train their bodies exclusively are called warriors.

The path of the body makes the vitality in the body exuberant which increases lifespan. For example, normal battle sage monkeys without any form of training have an average life span of 50 years. Those that reach the peak of body forging gain extra 20 years. Breaking through to the vitality core stage will raise the limit to 200. The lifespan granted is not fixed but depends on the extra amount of vitality acquired. The awakening of the soul will double that amount. This is because the rate of deterioration of

cells or the aging process will drastically reduce. So there is an advantage to combining both the path of the soul early on till it culminates in transcendence. It is just that it is too difficult to achieve.

That's for normal battle sage monkeys. Those with awakened royal bloodlines have a lot of inherited memories that enrich their soul with knowledge, instinct, and experience. It is just that the automatic forging of their body by their bloodline delays their soul awakening but they still have an advantage. Unlike those without bloodlines who don't have any confidence whatever concerning their soul awakening, those with bloodlines can be sure that it will occur sometime after their vitality core is formed. It is because as their body grows due to the bloodline, so does the soul. When the body stops growing in the vitality core stage, it will give the soul time to catch up and awaken.

Soverick doesn't have that problem. His soul has long awakened. The strength of his soul is kept directly proportional to the strength of his body. His soul is too strong for his body so his body cannot limit its awakening. But the amount of strength his soul can express is limited by the amount his body can sustain without damage. The good news is that because he had created a big vitality core, his body will continue to grow stronger to catch up to its potential and capacity. It is a situation that those with a normal vitality core will not get to enjoy.

He would have preferred to lay low for while after forming his core but the reminder of how the realm lord left someone that he couldn't beat behind in only 30 origin cycles made him realize he had to continue growing. 30 origin cycles are like 30 years to origin gods and it is unbelievable that someone could make the leap to the next stage in that short period. He had spent 4 origin cycles in meditation to create the beads of origin essence he need for his reincarnation plan. It felt like he slept and woke up 4 origin cycles later. Countless people had grown old and died in that period of a short nap. He had to utilize all his advantage to develop or it wouldn't matter that he had the advantages in the first place.

All he had to do now is gently resonate his soul with his body. Their synchronization will ensure his divine sense will be within the safe limits of his body.

He stopped his physical exercise to do that. It took him five seconds before a weak divine sense swept out from him. It stopped after reaching about 20m away from him. Then he heard a small popping sound and a screen appeared in front of him.

The Status screen finally appeared.

NAME: Soverick Ghastorix (Legion-2)

RACE: Battle Sage Monkey

BLOODLINE: Unknown Royal bloodline

POWER LEVEL (BODY): Vitality Core (1% Conversion)

POWER LEVEL (SOUL): Soul Awakening

PHYSIQUE: Body of law(Incomplete)

HP: 100%

STAMINA: 100%

ENERGY LEVEL (BODY): Vitality

ENERGY LEVEL (SOUL): Mental Energy

VITALITY: 500

ENDURANCE: 47

STRENGTH: 37

AGILITY: 52

PERCEPTION: 1,000,000,000

SPIRIT: 200

LIMITER (BODY):55%

LIMITER (SOUL):0.0000002%

DIVINE SENSE (GRADE): 20(A)

OTHERS

MANA AFFINITY: 55%

LAW AFFINITY: 50%

ELEMENTAL AFFINITY (GRADE): FIRE (DIVINE), WATER (DIVINE), AIR (DIVINE), EARTH (DIVINE), LIGHT (DIVINE), DARKNESS (DIVINE), SPACE (DIVINE), TIME (DIVINE), CAUSALITY (DIVINE).

STATUS: Healthy

Anytime an inhabitant of the realm of high heaven completes the first two steps of refinement, the status screen will appear. Its origin is mysterious and even with his powerful soul, he couldn't track the source of the phenomenon. It seemed like it simply appeared out of nowhere. Thankfully he knew what was up with it now. Another legion has made surprising progress in revealing the mysteries of the system. The system might look like it just showed up, but it has secretly latched on for some time unknown. The knowledge that Legion unearthed made soverick dread the realm lord even more. 'The realm lord is a very ambitious man, I must also be ambitious if I aim to reach the peak too.'

The existence of the realm has shed light on what lies at the end of possibility. Some things that have been considered impossible to achieve have been debunked by the realm lord and have become possible. If one cannot achieve these new possibilities then one can give up on venturing into the unknown and achieve the impossible.

He doesn't appreciate the Status no matter how handy it is. He doesn't know how it works but he knows it is a tool for the realm lord to become stronger and he doesn't want to be part of that. If he had the power, he would remove the status screen but there is nothing he could do about it. He resigned his fate to enduring its presence just like he decided to do with Hadrack's spying.

He looked at the status screen and noticed some changes. Since his body and soul haven't fused yet, he currently possesses two sources of power based on the two paths of refinement. Hence the two types of power and energy level. His race has changed, and so has his bloodline. The progress of the conversion of his Vitality core is also shown. 1% is a very large amount of progress for someone that just broke through. The high amount is due to his incomplete body of law. It will hasten his conversion rate.

To change the composition of an organ by just 1% can lead to a detrimental change in its mode of operation and lead to its subsequent shutdown. Thankfully, the vitality core is tolerant to mana infusion. In those without the advantage of a bloodline, the percentage of progress has to be increased steadily and constantly reinforced or they will lose their progress. The body will try to repress such a flaw in its system if training is neglected. Even for him, the difficulty of increasing the conversation rate will become more difficult.

His vitality is through the roof for his stage but it is his perception that is alarming. The normal value for someone in the vitality core ranges from 150 to 200. The high value of his Vitality stat can be attributed to the large size of his core.

His perception on the other hand is even higher than when he was a sovereign. It is because he used to be an origin god.

He smiled and said, "Looks like I have a huge advantage."

It is because of this advantage that he was able to destroy the mana array that they placed in his former room without Ghoto noticing. Soverick's perception is much too high than Ghoto's, so Ghoto's senses could be easily deceived.

Chapter 103 All For One.

He knew he still had an advantage in his perception but he didn't know how much. Now he knows the limit of what he can accomplish.

Next is the new LIMITER stat. The limit on his body is like a safety lock placed there by his subconscious to protect his body. It will limit how much of his physical capabilities he can use. He can remove it, but there hasn't been a reason to. Then there's the limit on his soul power which he placed there by himself so that his body won't explode. That's why his spirit stat is just at the limit of his stage.

His body might have a limit on how much of his soul power it can handle but it cannot inhibit its inherent calculating and sensing abilities. That's why his perception is still high. The radius of his divine sense has been reduced to 20 units because of that limit but nothing can escape his notice within this small sphere of influence. His sensing abilities might not rival an origin god but no sovereign can compare to it.

While he hated the sight of the status screen, he must admit that the information it provides will be a great help in keeping track of his growth.

'Too bad I'm not the only one tracking my growth.' He grumbled.

It is just a sore thing that the realm lord will also be able to keep track of his growth.

What the realm lord does with the information is unknown to him currently but he knows that the realm lord will not be able to harm him with it.

He stopped thinking about that currently unsolvable issue and began to plan his future growth. The thought of his current potential filled him with anticipation. He knew he would become even stronger than when he was a sovereign. Some things are lacking in his current life as compared to his former one as a High Elf, but all in all, he has a greater potential. He was lacking in the physical aspect as a sovereign of law, but his spiritual prowess was astounding. He may have lost the assistance of the laws he comprehended but he will do better still. He aims to build upon his current potential and shore up all of his weaknesses. The first step on that agenda is to attend the training academy. It will help him fix the problem of poor physical capabilities.

He acknowledges that he has subpar close combat fighting ability because he focused on the power of his mind in his past life. Even though close combat skill becomes an instinct for an Origin god, he needs to shore up his knowledge in that aspect because he is not an Origin god anymore. The battle sage monkeys are a warrior race at their core, it is what they focus on. High Elves on the other hand have an advantage in using their minds and in the creation of spells due to their high mana affinity, so they focus on it. He doesn't have his High Mana affinity anymore. Battle sage have an advantage in close combat

fighting because of their divine ability. It allows them to possess an absurd control of their bodies due to their gift of spatial awareness. So they will be the best teachers for him.

He also intends to focus on close combat fighting because of his divine ability. He has already mastered the use of spells anyway, so there is no use wasting time on that.

He unlocked his door and went straight for the living room. He intends to inform them of his progress so that he can start his next phase of training immediately.

Mihila and Ghoto will probably be there cuddling if they are available. They have been doing that recently like some love-sick idiots. Ghoto still has the potential to grow unlike Mihila, but he isn't training as much because he wants to spend time with his partner. He can afford to waste this much time because of his long lifespan. Soverick isn't as old as them and yet he is rushing to accomplish greater things. It's another difference between him and normal people. They aim to achieve eternity at most and they believe they have the time for it. He knows that reaching eternity isn't the end of things.

Another thing he got from the tower of heaven is information from the realm library. One of which is that the universe has already spent more than two-thirds of its conservative lifespan. Becoming an Origin god might be able to ensure survival but you won't be able to join in the distribution of spoils when the universe ends. He doesn't plan to be an onlooker when that happens. He might not know what the spoils are exactly but he knows with utmost certainty that the realm lord knows. He just has to follow in the steps of the realm lord and he will come across it too. But he has to be strong enough to catch up to the realm lord.

He knows a lot of things but he wouldn't breathe a word of it to anyone. Apart from the fact that talking about it to anyone will make the realm lord aware of it and his plans, he is a selfish person. If he has his way he would like to keep all the spoils for himself, so why will he help more people have a share in it? The fewer people know about it, the better. And yes, he is willing to sacrifice anybody to make it happen. Anybody.

The realm lord is the most impressive person he knows and if such a person still cannot have his way with the universe or seat at the highest table of it, then Legion must be ready to overtake even the realm lord. Nothing less will be good enough. No one is too much to be sacrificed for that purpose. Even Soverick is willing to be sacrificed for the greater good of Legion.

'The realm lord was able to become a Sovereign in less than an origin cycle, the same amount of time it takes some people to become transcendent. Then he became an Origin god in two cycles by completing a requirement meant for Origin gods and he was crowned realm lord for it.'

Many people knew how impressive these achievements are, but the knowledge he acquired helped him understand that it is near impossible to be replicated. But if one person cannot do it, what about nine? That's what Legion is. The strength of the many for the purpose of the one. That's why he must face the immense difficulty of his divine ability, overcome it or die trying. Anything less than record-breaking is not good enough.

He reached the central room and walked in to find Ghoto scowling.

'At least they are not cuddling. Everyone wants different things. They might be entitled to having their wishes but if those wishes are right or wrong is another matter.' Soverick thought to himself.

Mihila has given up on going forward because of the daunting task she needs to overcome. It is a wise choice considering her chances of success. Ghoto on the other hand still has a chance but he is discouraged because of the prospect of losing his wife. In Soverick's opinion, love has made Ghoto stupid. But Soverick understands that that is just his perspective on the matter and he might be wrong too.

His parents may be content with spending their time together instead of spending their time growing stronger. It is their choice and they will probably still be content with it if they know that the world is ending soon. That is their choice and that is why they are of different worlds. It is a good thing too because they won't chase the same thing as him and end up being his enemies. It is a good thing for them. It doesn't affect Soverick either way.

He ignored the heavy atmosphere and preceded to announce his business. Whatever was bordering Ghoto didn't bother him in the slightest. Actually, whatever is bordering Ghoto is beneath him. He isn't humble enough to think otherwise or care. So he created a mind link with his divine sense and sent it toward Mihila and Ghoto.

"I have broken through." He transmitted it to them after they accepted the mind connection.

"That's nice." Mihila smiled and responded mentally. Then she chided the sulking man child. "Did you even hear what he said? Be happy for your son, Ghoto."

"Good, that's good." Ghoto replied absentmindedly.

"Don't mind your father, he is distraught by a matter, he is proud of you." Mihila was getting ready to fill up for the usually eager father figure when she realized something. It's a good thing that she stopped whatever she wanted to say because Soverick doesn't care if they are proud of him or not.

Chapter 104 [Bonus]Fighting That Never Ends.

Mihila noticed that he was communicating with them with his divine sense. That could only mean one thing.

"You have also awakened your soul. I am proud of you." She was impressed with his progress. She hadn't expected that of the three of them, soverick would be the first one to awaken his soul.

"I didn't expect this. Then again you were the most intelligent one so it isn't surprising when I think about it." Her transmissions then took on a demanding tone. "Ghoto what do you have to say to your son?"

"That is impressive." Ghoto finally snapped out of his stupor.

Soverick remained impassive. He had used his divine sense so that they can infer his double progress themselves so that he wouldn't waste so much time on chit-chat. So he cut to the chase before they start going on a tirade.

"When can I enroll in the academy?" He asked.

Ghoto chose to reply. "I am sorry but you won't be able to go soon."

Soverick didn't like the sound of that. He knew they wouldn't like him to leave his siblings behind but he didn't think they will stop him outright. Their refusal mattered little to him but he would like to see if he can amend the situation before resorting to other means. So he asked.

"Why not?"

"My father is coming over. He would like to see his grandkids. You won't be able to leave until he has seen you."

"I don't need to be here for that. You can just show him a picture of me."

"That won't do. My father is rather eccentric and he is set in his ways. I don't want to refuse him." Ghoto explained, his voice bitter. Soverick realized that he was wrong after all, whatever was bothering Ghoto is his business. It might even delay him.

"Is that why you have been moppy?" Soverick asked.

Ghoto's face changed. "I have not been moppy."

"You can choose to believe whatever you want, but I have some advice for you. Be more like me, I don't care about what my father thinks of me. So the opinion of my father holds no sway over me."

Ghoto's face twitched. He knew that, but to hear Soverick say it so candidly stung him.

Soverick ignored the awkward silence and continued. "Why is he coming now of all time when I need to leave?"

Ghoto sighed. "You have been in seclusion for some days now so you don't know that a war summons has been called by the racial council. My father has decided to honor that call. He will come here on his way to participate in the battles at the front line."

"Oh, I see." Soverick realized again that this was in fact his fault. But that didn't mean he would delay his progress for it, he would at most be sympathetic. There was no way he was going to spend his time waiting for an old geezer stuck at the sovereign realm.

"Either way. I will leave in a week. Your old man better be here by that time or I'll leave. You tell him to hurry up. I'm already doing him the favor of one week. I wouldn't even spend that much time for you. He better appreciate it." Soverick declared then he left. He needed to prepare anyway but he didn't tell them that so that they will think he is being considerate enough.

They watched him leave, Mihila with amusement, Ghoto with awe. "I wish I had that gusto," Ghoto said. His words made her chuckle.

"It is a different time now. In our time, a brat like that would have been neglected by his parents and made to suffer for his arrogance. Times have changed."

"You forget that leaving Soverick alone is exactly what he wants, so it won't be a punishment for him if he is neglected," Ghoto said but Mihila's glare stopped him short. So he changed the subject.

"Yes, even the era of the gods is about to end. But Soverick is right, I should not care about my father so much. He was never there for me when my mother and I needed him. I am a grown man." Ghoto rubbed his head. He was still young for a king but the knowledge of the impending arrival of his father was making him weary.

"Grown man or not. Your father is a sovereign. He can still whoop you." Mihila tried to lighten the mood.

"Are you sure you don't want to follow me? You would be able to let go, cause some damage to the gods and have fun at the same time."

"It is okay. You can go and fight the gods. Like father like son, rushing over to bully the gods when they are down on hard times. Someone has to stay here for the kids you wanted so badly."

"Sure, the kids are important, but they will be at the academy. Who will watch my back?" Ghoto begged.

"Your father can protect you." Mihila waved his worries away. She didn't think there was any palpable threat to Ghoto. She didn't think much of the gods anyway.

Ghoto gave up on changing her mind. He wanted to join the war so that he can get the funds and contributions for an upgrade on his weapons. He had been using a low-grade origin weapon for a while it needed an upgrade. He wanted something befitting a king of law. War and strife also create

opportunities for people to rise. Wars in the plane are pretty rare due to the strict enforcement of peace and order by the racial council.

Fighting begets fighting. Strife begets strife. In a situation where there is extended lifespan and accurate memories, slights or grievances are hardly forgotten. People will remember for years what a certain person did to another. Things escalate when it comes to the matter of strife among true immortals. True immortality is the major reason why large-scale wars have been banned in the plane.

A mortal debt collector can die and thereby releasing the debtors from their responsibilities. But an immortal debtor cannot die, at least not completely. They will never forget their due or their feelings of hatred till eternity. The way to end future strife by uprooting roots and possible threats will not work here. The worst part is that the hatred will be passed on to their offspring which will further escalate the matter.

So the racial council also banned unsupervised wars on the plane. Only mortals with limited lifespan get to kill each other en masse. At least the entire bloodline of a mortal is easily traced and uprooted. An end can be put to conflicts of such a level. It is also why empires can only be created with the permission of the racial council because any form of authority and social hierarchy will produce dissent.

Even if the empire is allowed, royalty has to be below the level of transcendence. Immortals are not allowed to interfere in the ruling of mortals. A mortal empire can break up and crumble, and mortal kings will die and change, but an immortal ruler will never change. It will stifle growth and development if there is no change in the ruling system.

Origin gods can only duke it out in the upper realm. The upper realm is sturdy and is where they can let loose. Fighting someone that you can't kill or get rid of might discourage some from fighting at all, but for others, it only means you get to kill the same person over and over again. That's why the upper realm is full of conflict and why even immortals must band together to survive. Sovereigns have to tread lightly in the upper realm when even origin gods without support become easy prey. Origin gods form groups which mean conflict can escalate into cosmic wars of epic proportions and it just never ends. They will only recover for a while before they start massacring each other again.

Fighting never ends. It is the curse of immortality to have an eternal enemy. The upper realm is strong but it is not conducive to anything less than immortal. Imagine just walking about and a stray attack from some Origin gods fighting each other hits you. Sometimes you survive, sometimes you don't and you die. If you're an origin god yourself, you will simply complain, rant a little about the lack of safety in our society, and probably ask for compensation. You might receive the compensation because the

people responsible don't want another enemy. You also might die again because their long life has made them acquire many enemies, so what's having another enemy going to change?

But if you are a Sovereign, you will certainly die from the stray attack. Your life and story will end there. You will not get to bicker with your killers about compensation. Your grudges and grievances will end with your death.

Chapter 105 Death Or Glory.

They call the upper realm the immortal lands not because it is the requirement to live there. It is because the land itself is immortal. The ground is imperishable and cannot be damaged by anything below the level of a world god. Even then, it will heal itself and return to its previous state. In summary, the upper realm is not a place for those that aren't immortal. Anyone that can't handle death and return from it is out of place there.

If there is no suppression of Origin gods in the lower realm, it is not an overstatement to say that the realm of high heaven will be destroyed in a single day. It doesn't matter how fast Mother High Heaven can fix it, she will run out of energy faster than Origin gods run out of strife and the lives to fight with.

Ghoto was considering how best to participate in the war to maximize his gains when he remembered something about the gods. "Didn't you used to have a friend that became a god or something? " He asked Mihila.

"Yes, Xanc(Stone Cold). I remember he was boring when we were kids. Sigh. Maybe we are old. Most of the people we grew up with are dead now."

"We are not that old. I am not even 10 origin cycles old. How is that old?" Ghoto smiled smugly.

"You know what I mean. How are we not old when almost all the people from our time are dead? I am over 50 origin cycles. That counts as old."

Ghoto smiled triumphantly. "So you admit. I just wanted you to say it. Whenever I say that your age is the only reason you are stronger than me you never agree."

Mihila's eyes narrowed. "It seems you want a beating."

"What if I do?" Ghoto replied fearlessly. His answer was a trigger that made Mihila and Ghoto unavailable for the next couple of days. What they were busy with was not a mystery.

Far away in some other place in the Virut Plane.

A worn-out transcendent is battling a huge mana beast. Arrows of terrifying origin energy are being shot in rapid succession towards this beast. The air howled as the arrows pierced through it to reach the mana beast. But the beast evaded them and continued to approach like a maddened gladiator seeking death. They continued to clash and exchange powerful moves to maim each other. Their fight flattened the trees in the environment, then they cratered the ground. The arrows of energy caused highly fatal damage but their frequency and accuracy were lacking a bit. The beast used high agility and nimbleness that betrayed its size to weave through the attacks. The hooves of the beast thundered as it gorged the ground and left grooves in its wake. It transferred the terrifying strength stored in its muscles into its legs and like a spring, bolted forward to move closer to its foe. It aimed the spikes on its armor forward in hopes of impaling the opponent but its opponent confronted it with more arrows which made it drop the attempt. The battle continued with much fanfare but the winner wasn't easily determined.

The mana beast is called an armored Rhine Emperor. A magnificent that is more than 10 meters tall. The Rhine beast is a race of bull-like beasts with a rather tough hide the color of obsidian. They are pack beasts that move together in groups that can reach thousands depending on the strength of the leader. The armored Rhine is a special type that has grown a tough exoskeleton on top of their already difficult-to-deal-with hide. The exoskeleton extends to form gruesome spikes meant for impaling foes. The armored rhine is the alpha specimen of the race and one of them becomes the leader of the pack. Certain armored Rhine beasts are afforded extra respect by calling them, kings or emperors. Such beasts are rare and sought after but difficult to kill because they are rarely alone.

The transcendent that is fighting this particular extra rare Armoured Rhine emperor seemed to have lucked out but he isn't happy about it. He is Kroft Kroft as named by his father or Kroft junior as called by those that used to be his friends. Kroft junior had planned to go to the divine alliance some time ago but he has not reached there yet because he doesn't have money to board transportation services.

The plane might be easy to transverse now with all the technological advances in transportation such that a child can safely travel from one end to the other. But it is only so if you have the money to pay for such a costly service. Kroft junior could only afford to pay till halfway through his journey. He decided to make the rest on foot, he thought he would be safe with his level of strength. After all, the limit on natural creatures in the plane is the level of transcendence. Any beast or plant that reaches that limit transforms and becomes a sentient creature. They leave the plane after gaining sentience. Which sentient creature will like to live in a forest when they can go to the ancient battlefield and grow stronger?

He was very wrong about that. He was also wrong about his battle prowess. He thought he would be able to travel through the plane easily but he seemed to have overestimated his strength. What's worse is that he had been facing more and more rare encounters that endanger his life. Beasts that he wouldn't be able to find on a normal day happen to keep crossing his path one after the other.

This emperor beast he is fighting is a renegade one, it has been kicked out of the pack by a stronger upstart. Being an emperor means it is just beneath the level of a transcendent. This is usually the limit for such a race but certain unique cases occur. For example, a previously mediocre alpha comes across a treasured plant and eats it. The usual practice is to sit around the plant and benefit from its aura because direct consumption can lead to a swift death. But the alpha didn't want to share the treasured plant with the pack because the leader will take control of its access. The leader will then take the best seat and hog most of the benefits to itself. The alpha chose to take a risk, it decided to consume the treasured plant directly, death or glory. Luckily for it, the alpha survived and broke through to the transcendent level. The normal thing after that will be the enlightenment of this successful alpha which will cause it to leave the wild, but things didn't go that way. The alpha became an upstart. He challenged the old leader and won without much resistance.

The old leader that had just lost its pack happened to meet Kroft junior. It could also sense the same level of strength in Kroft that the upstart possessed, but not as strong. Kroft junior didn't make it feel threatened so the old leader decided to fight and seek a chance to awaken himself. The act of fighting something stronger than you is considered a desperate thing by beasts. You either die or if you're lucky, you break your limits and grow stronger. Beasts don't believe in luck. At least not this old leader, he was just trying it out because he was desperate, ashamed of his defeat, and angry. Plus, you know what they say, death or glory.

This same situation has been happening one after the other to Kroft junior. Special events take place around him which makes him fight for his life. And just like the earlier circumstances, Kroft junior won this one too. The beast was skilled while the battle sage monkey was lacking but the beast couldn't get close enough to use his spikes because of the range of the arrows. The old leader knew the arrows were deadly but he couldn't keep all the arrows away from him. Some of them found their mark and the high penetrating power of the arrows dug into his flesh. His proud armor failed to stop the penetrating arrows. Its flesh was gorged and it was losing blood fast. The old leader began to tire and falter as the fight continued which further reduced its chances of victory. More arrows began to hit it until its last breath.

"Ha. I am not so down on my luck that a beast that isn't a transcendent can bully me." Kroft said in triumph.

The fight turned out to be the opposite of the breakthrough that the old leader craved. It just isn't a lucky day for the beast. The beast might have put up a good fight but even its defense that it was so proud of couldn't protect it from the sharp penetration of an Origin weapon. It might be just a low-grade Origin weapon but most transcents don't possess one at all. It pays to have a rich father. In some situations, wealth beats bravery.

Chapter 106 A Lucky Encounter.

Kroft let his body droop. He couldn't stay afloat anymore so he allowed gravity to bring him down. He lay panting on the ground. It can be said that he had only come this far with aid of his low-grade origin bow that now laid beside him. The beautiful weapon was a gift he made his father acquire for him. He had selected a long-range weapon because he wasn't willing to fight in close quarters. He didn't think he would ever need it back then, it just looked good to have. So he has never been trained on how to properly use it. His level of skill was abysmal at the start but the endless enemies pushed him to make strides in his archery techniques. The threat of death plus the high learning capabilities and innate perfect body control of transcents can push one to greatness. Without the powerful weapon and his improved skills, he would have long died.

"Nothing can stop me from greatness." He shouted to rouse himself.

A single fight was nothing to him, but after several of such energy-draining fights, he was spent. The plane doesn't have Origin energy for him to replenish his strength with. Everything was acting against him and nothing is going his way ever since his father abandoned him. It honestly felt like something was blocking him from reaching the divine alliance. He hadn't heard about the war because his communication device had been locked. It is one of the many privileges that has frozen after the absence of his father. So he was bent on reaching the divine alliance to carve out a place for himself. He was sure that he would be well received because the gods are always welcoming extra allies. The suppression of the spread of faith is common knowledge so every transcendent knew the end of the gods is just a matter of time. It is rare for a transcendent to opt to become a god even in the face of that eventuality but there are a few desperate ones.

As he was enjoying his short rest, his senses noticed some rising energy waves in the distance. He extended his divine sense and what he saw made him pale in fright.

"I give up." He said and prepared to run for it.

A new opponent was coming straight for him. The energy level of this strange being is way higher than his level. So he chose to give up even before battling.

"It has to be at the level of a lord of law at least." He tried to estimate the threat level and it wasn't looking good even by his lowest estimate.

It was not something he could handle with any sort of confidence even with his Origin weapon. But like most bad things that have been occurring to him, he couldn't get away from the approaching entity. Unlike most times, when he is either trapped, blocked, or ambushed, such that he isn't able to get away from trouble, this time his speed is simply too slow to create more distance between them. It proved that he was outclassed and had no hope against this enemy.

The approaching entity continued to gain on him. He was beginning to panic. Just as he was about to bring out one of the forbidden one-time use weapons of mutual destruction, he noticed something peculiar. Due to the proximity, he could finally sense the particular type of energy that the entity possessed. He realized it was divine energy. This means that whatever the entity is, it is either a god or is related to one. Divine energy is the unique energy of the gods.

'Could it be that they sent someone to pick me up? That can't be true. I am not that important and I didn't tell anyone my destination. How will they know where to find me? They are gods anyway, they are capable of a lot of things. They might be able to track me. There is only one way to find out.'

He had a belly full of questions. He decided to wait and find out. It wasn't as if he could escape anyways. If things turned out well, then he would have a ride towards the divine alliance or even better a liaison with one of the gods. Getting the help of such a strong entity will make his journey smoother and his aim for Godhood more likely to succeed. He had his mind focused on his spatial device just in case he will need a deterrent if the negotiations fail and violence becomes an option.

The glowing entity continued to approach him. It didn't even respond to targeted mental transmissions or broadcasted messages. The fact that it wasn't willing to communicate with him filled Kroft junior with dread, but there was no other option other than to wait and see. This dread began to increase sharply when the entity didn't stop at all, it seemed like it wanted to ram into him.

He jumped sideways to avoid the entity. It was a narrow miss but the blast from an explosion hit him from behind at full force. He was catapulted high into the air which made his crash into the ground very unpleasant. This time he lay on the ground without any thought of standing back up. His body was too damaged to put up a decent fight so he gave up all thoughts of resisting. Even if he used the runic bomb he planned to use, he wouldn't be able to escape from the blast radius. Any way he looked at the situation, it was either death or whatever the entity planned for him.

But seconds turned to minutes and minutes turned into more minutes without anything happening. The entity didn't approach him or try to communicate with him. He felt the energy level of the entity falling rapidly, it didn't seem normal at all.

'Maybe it is dying.' Kroft junior thought to himself.

This period of rest afforded him enough time to rest but he couldn't recover energy at all. The lower plane doesn't have origin energy for him to recover from his earlier usage. When his energy fully depletes, he won't be able to use his Origin weapon anymore. There is no way to replenish origin energy apart from Origin essence. That's how the cities with Origin energy get it. Through the dilution of Origin essence. He might have been rich but pure Origin essence isn't something that money can buy.

The earlier crash seemed to have scared away any beast, but he knew it was just for a short while. The disturbance will attract curious and confident beasts to come and probe later. He didn't want to be here by then so he decided to start moving.

But first, he wanted to see what almost crashed into him. He walked towards the crater that the crash created. A fire had already started to burn and spread fiercely. The wood the fire was using as fuel empowered the flames to terrifying levels. To save energy, he created a simple barrier to protect him from the flames but he had to reinforce it several times as he got closer to the center of the destruction which increased his energy consumption.

What he saw at the center took his breath away. It was a beautiful orb glowing with divine light. It was simply glorious. Only one word came to his mind to explain such divine glory.

"Godhood." He muttered uncontrollably.

Godhood looks like different things to different beings. it might look like an object, a concept, or an idea. What can be agreed upon is that it will look like your greatest wish. It could look like a mountain of wealth, a bevy of mates, an unstoppable power, or an irreproachable influence. It will beckon you to it by using your innermost desires and longings and promise their fulfillment. In a way, it is similar to the temptations of a devil. It will also accept your soul for the exchange, except that Godhood will fulfill all these conditions and more without ill intentions.

If Kroft were a creature beneath the level of transcendent he would have become hypnotized by the orb on sight. He would be salivating if he had saliva in his mouth. Even now he could feel the allure of power. The orb was whispering promises of evolution and glory to him. His entire being was also yearning for it. It felt like he was thirsty in a desert but he came upon a small oasis of water. All he had to do is just bend down and drink. A harmless and instinctual reaction.

Kroft wasn't hypnotized by the orb to come forward because of his strength, but he went forward himself. His desires pushed him to move closer and closer.

"To think I faced calamities upon calamities on my way. I had to fight with everything I had just to stay alive. The blast almost killed me but I didn't die. It was like the world has been against me but I persevered. Now Godhood has come to me itself. This must be my fate. I am destined for greatness." He wept in relief as he moved forward. This Godhood is the answer to all his problems and he agreed wholeheartedly. What's not to agree about?

Chapter 107 Mortal + Godhood=Godly Transformation + Faith=Divine.

The fact that a god had to die for him to get this Godhood didn't matter to him. What mattered is that Godhood fell from the sky right into his reach. He would become a god and live forever.

The divine orb leaped towards him as soon as he got within a meter of it. Another proof that it chose him. He allowed the Godhood to enter his body. His body began to glow and change. He could feel every fiber of his being screaming with ecstasy as it evolved into something greater than mortal. He is becoming something divine instead. He could feel power rise within him unbidden. His soul solidified and became imperishable. His body morphed into a divine vessel for his transformed soul. His Origin core froze up signifying that he had closed the door to the path of perfection. A flame began to burn as soon as his divine soul and body fused. Only then did he become a full god and he began to rise involuntarily.

He was ascending to the divine plane but the changes weren't over. The Godhood belonged to the former grand god of archery and hunt. So it had a lot of energy and divinity to bestow. The domain was also complete and had been fully fused with divinity so there is no bottleneck for him.

The divine energy contained in the divinity wove itself like a thread into Kroft's fabric of existence. Then the divinity crystallized this fabric into a tough near unbreakable thing. This made him gain eternal life. After all this, the authority of the domain of archery and hunting fused with him and became the channel between his existence and his Godhood.

His strength began to elevate until he became a grand god, the equivalent of a sovereign. His strength is much weaker than a king of law but he only needs to replenish his divine force and divinity to reach the peak once again. And by the rate at which he was receiving prayers, he wouldn't need a long time for it. He didn't listen to the prayers yet, he decided to first enjoy the benefits of his new position before tackling the work.

If he had listened maybe he would have decided to terminate the conversation process here and now. But he didn't listen, he was already behaving like most gods who just skim over their responsibilities.

Streams of faith started to pour into his god fire and were purified into divine energy. The divine energy is then further condensed into divinity but at a much slower rate. The calls for assistance and prayers filled him with power and a sense of purpose. He had people that elevate, worship, and need him now. He is a changed man. No more mortal, but a god. The grand god of archery and the Hunt.

With this identity should come memories from its predecessor but he got very little. The record of memories seemed to have been lost, something destroyed it. The little information it contained explained how the godhood made its way here. The Godhood was wandering in the void between the divine and the main plane. Then it sensed a particularly powerful enough individual who was using a bow. This person had the desire to become a god, and the rising skill in the use of archery finally convinced the Godhood to descend. Kroft junior, I mean Grand god Kroft found out that he wasn't the best replacement, he was just the only option for a successor at this point in time. The initial instance of

"It's just my good luck." That was what he had to say to that.

The time for memory inheritance was short because of the scant memories so he had nothing to do until he reached the void between the planes. At this point, the power of the world acknowledge him and bestowed him with the energy required to build a new divine kingdom. The old one was already shattered beyond the point of recovery. Whatever had destroyed the former god had also destroyed the divine kingdom but Grand god Kroft remained oblivious to that fact.

The loss of inheritance means he wouldn't be able to use the vast wealth of his predecessor and he also lost access to the sea of petitioners, angelic hosts, and defense structures. He would be required to build up a new foundation but he didn't mind. He preferred it that way, to start a new aspect of his life with fresh new things. He didn't need to worry about money anyway, his believers will pool their wealth for their god to use. It is the job of the clergymen to worry about money and come up with better ways to fleece the congregation. It is his job as a god to spend that money.

His divine kingdom was completed in no time and he rose with it into the divine plane. The first things he saw on reaching the divine plane were the unrest in the divine city and another ascending god.

"Must be a coincidence." He thought to himself. What other explanation could there be for the creation of two new gods at the same time? Such a thing is uncommon so he reasoned that it must be a coincidence. He didn't care about the unrest in the divine city for now.

But as he rose higher into the firmament above the divine city, the next thing he saw was a scene of battle. It was not the people from the main plain assaulting the divine plane. It was a group of gods assaulting a divine kingdom with their host of angels. The defending god also had his host of angels which numbered in the millions but he was outnumbered by the combined force of his enemies. Even so, it will take a long while before his forces will be defeated. An army of millions with undying loyalty to their god will take a while to be whittled down to nothing.

"What is going on here?" He asked no one in particular. Then he shook his head in pity. "No organization can truly be without strife. Only the royal bloodline can bind people together."

He reasoned that problems occur when interests matter. Some problems can only be solved using violence. He was just surprised that the gods chose to battle it out right here in the divine plane. They usually start religious wars to settle their disputes. He felt it was a pity that they were wasting their manpower and resources on internal strife.

"Probably only when external enemies come will they band together in solidarity." He ridiculed them. They were infighting like self-destructive savages. How could he not mock them? He considered himself lucky that he became a god with the strength of a grand god. He will not have much to fear and his status should grant him a say in the decision-making of the gods. It is an upgrade on the treatment he received in the Ghastorix family.

There might not be as many divine kingdoms as he had expected but everything looked alright apart from the cancerous infighting he is being made to witness.

His ascent didn't escape notice and four armored angels approached him. Another four armored angels also approached the other new god. The angels had 10 large wings that glowed resplendently and a golden halo above their heads. The strength they possessed made Grand god Kroft feel threatened. Each one could match him, he would be powerless to resist four of them at the same time.

"Please come with us your Divine Grace. Our Majesty, the god King of the Virut Pantheon will like to personally welcome you." One of them stepped forward and said.

"It will be my honor," Kroft answered. It seemed there was no need to fight. The angels were just a welcoming party. So he left with them as they surrounded him in a neat square formation.

He was impressed by the strength that the god King had shown and he felt delighted that such a big shot would personally see to his welcome. Angels are vessels created from the souls of believers, these vessels are then bestowed with power and will from their god. The level of strength that a god can bestow is a level beneath them. He is a grand god, so he can only create an eight-winged angel that is on par with a high god. Celestial gods can create the ten-winged ones while only Supremes can create 12-winged angels.

The other new god was also invited and he assented too. The two of them were new here and it would not be a good thing to slight the strongest god of the pantheon on their first day here. There might be a lot of things they wanted to see and do but they could spare some time to see the god King. He could even answer their questions and fill in the blanks in their knowledge. All in all, there was no reason to refuse the invitation.

Chapter 108 The Way Of Life Of A God.

As the two grand gods started moving with their angelic escort, another god ascended. The sight of which more than startled Kroft. His mind was filled with questions and rising suspicion. How come three gods ascended in quick succession? It is either a heck of a coincidence or a lot of gods died recently. Only something like that can create so much void in godly positions to be filled. After all, this is not the era of godly ascension that came immediately after the era of transcendents. Gods were ascending in bulk because it was the most feasible path forward after transcendence. The plane couldn't cater to transcendents anymore and the ancient battlefield was bloody with wars for opportunities. Becoming a god was a safer and easier alternative to growing stronger back then, so a lot of ascensions did take place.

But what era are we now? New godly positions are not created anymore and gods hardly ascend but here we are, with three of them at that and at the same time no less. Where did so many godly positions come from?

'Something is up. A lot of gods have died, could it have something to do with the siege that is currently going on the divine plane?' Kroft began to suspect that the gods might not be at peace as he thought. Maybe they were fighting faction wars. He has heard of that before. A war between factions of the same organization. It was supposed to be a scary story told to wayward kids in the family to teach them about the concept of unity.

'Are the gods so laid back that they will watch one of their own besieged by others without stopping it? If so, what could the besieged god have done to warrant such a thing?'

His mind was sent into turmoil.

'Is this why the GodKing is inviting me? So that I can choose a faction. Or maybe he wants to advise me against doing so. What should I do? I am just a new god.'

He didn't know what to do so he decided to bring up his doubts when he meets the God King. He would also like to know how such a figure allows something like this to happen. This isn't even assassination or a quick assault, it is a full-blown divine war.

Even though he had a divine belly full of questions, he didn't ask his escorts. Angels might be eternally loyal but that didn't mean their masters confided in them. Angels do not know what is going on with the gods, they only follow orders. Even if they knew he wouldn't ask them. They may be as strong as him but their class is fundamentally different. They are just an extension of the influence of a god, like their hand or a footprint. There is no way he would be seen frolicking with the help.

'Divine or not, angels are beneath gods.' It will just create a bad image for him to ask an angel for help. He is a grand god now and must act like one. He must act grandly.

He noticed that no angel was going to invite the third new god.

"Aren't you going to invite her?" He asked the angel that spoke to him earlier. He immediately regretted asking that question. His curiosity overwhelmed his grand restraint.

"Her divine grace is not a grand god. We have been ordered to bring only new grand gods." The angel replied without looking back.

'Is that so? Special treatment. I like that.' Kroft thought to himself. There might be a lot of shady aspects in his experience as a new god but he was liking his new status more and more. And unlike the time people used to act deferentially toward him because of his father's vast wealth, this is totally due to his

own influence. He has finally overtaken Ghoto and all his cousins that performed better than him. What was there to be unhappy about?

The small group approached a grand divine kingdom seated at the highest point in the firmament. It stood out among the rest, like a glorious cathedral among village huts. The divine kingdom of a god is a miniature plane. It is a large piece of land that is completely under the control of its god. It is surrounded by a barrier that demarcates this area of influence of the god. Within the barrier, the god can do anything, change the weather or the terrain. Each action will cost the god a certain amount of divine force. This barrier also functions to protect the divine kingdom from intrusion, it can be made opaque or transparent.

The size of the divine plane is determined by the strength and the influence of the god in the main plane. The divine kingdom of the god King is the largest one that "Grand god Kroft" has seen so far, he doubted any other one can be bigger and doubted even more, that any divine kingdom can come close to its opulence and grandeur.

'The God King might not be richer than my father but he knows how to live right.' Kroft appreciated the display of wealth, it was totally unlike his father whose major vice is trying out exotic cuisines. The man didn't even need to eat but he was strangely fixated on food. He had asked his father several times in the past and his father would simply smile. The only time he ever answered the question, his father had said that taking time to eat might be considered a waste of money and effort but it has saved his life several times and will continue to do so.

Kroft shook his head at the thought of his father. He planned to settle things with him later.

His father's meals might be expensive but they couldn't compare to tiling the very ground you walk on with grantz plates or having gem gardens. Using grantz plates for anything is considered the apex of luxury. It is not useful for anything, it is not durable, strong, or possesses high tensile strength. It is fragile and easily bendable. The only good thing about it is its ability to release diffracted light. In order words, it is a metal that breaks down under normal conditions into electromagnetic radiation in the form of a rainbow. Even if they are used for anything you will need to replenish them because the metal will constantly lose volume and mass. But what you use them for will have an automatic light show put up for you until the metal gives out completely.

If he were not a grand god and had to be mindful of his actions, he would have whistled at the sight of the gorgeously lit-up walkway. By the side of it is the garden of gems. Instead of flowers and beautiful plants, why not plant a sea of precious gems? It has to be very precious gems or the opulence factor

wouldn't be obvious. These gems absorb the rainbow light show and release it after adding some unnatural colors to the mix.

'It is honestly a grand sight worthy of the top god.' Kroft continued to admire the light show as they flew by.

The funny thing is that you would expect poverty to have been eradicated amongst the believers if the god can be so wasteful, but it isn't true. Poor believers are the best source of faith and provide a steady stream of prayers. A god must not get rid of the poor. Poor and weak people will always need gods, plus it doesn't take much to amaze and awe them. A little rain here and there will keep them faithful and as long as their stomach isn't full, they will always come to church for prayers. Poor believers are the best stock of believers.

They were brought into a tall building at the top of a mountain within the center of the divine kingdom. The entire mountain is made up of a single glowing gem whose only job is to absorb all surrounding sounds and convert them into music. It is a music mountain of incredible value.

'I have never seen a music stone so big. I didn't know that they could get so big.'

Kroft wondered how the god King could get something like this.

'Maybe I should ask him. He surely has good taste.'

A music stone isn't a highly valuable thing. They are usually seen as pebbles or small rocks that children play with. It is marveling that the god King has been able to turn such items of low value into luxury ones.

'Maybe the apex of luxury isn't spending the exorbitant amount on precious things, it is turning valueless things into precious ones by spending an exorbitant amount on them.'

He felt enlightened about the way of life of a god. While mortals use their wealth to hoard valuable things, gods use the wealth that they gained from mortals to hoard worthless things. In a way, it is being a pacesetter of luxury.

Chapter 109 The Love Of A God For His Fish.

More and more sights of abundance tantalized their eyes until they reached the Great Hall of the god King. The god King wasn't around. They found some other gods waiting there for an audience instead. Kroft was feeling slightly displeased that he would have to wait for the god King.

'It is probably a show of force to make us wait.' He grumbled. Then he noticed that the other six waiting gods were all grand gods. They were also weak like him.

"Please tell me these are not new grand gods." He asked the angelic escort jokingly.

"Yes, your divine grace. They are all new grand gods." The escort then left the room.

'I am screwed. I don't know how, but I know that I am screwed.' He screamed inwardly.

This was the moment that he realized that becoming a new god might not have been the best decision he ever made. He continued to smile outwardly, the two new gods made for a total of eight new grand gods. Either they had been waiting for a long time for an audience with the god King or they ascended together in a relatively short amount of time. They mingled and asked the questions that were troubling all of them. The grand gods didn't know much but the little information they had between all of them only proved their suspicions right. The six grand gods hadn't been waiting for a long while, just two days at most. That means a lot of powerful gods have died recently. Things didn't look good at all.

Thankfully they didn't have to wait for long before their host arrived. Having to stew with a gnawing feeling of dread isn't a pleasant experience even for a god.

The god-king showed up in a bright flash of light. Kroft noticed that the god-king was wearing armor and had strapped on many other weapons. He was like a 2.6m tall suit of armor. The god King was practically dressed for battle. Either this was his normal attire which he always wore for whatever reason, even in his own house or he was preparing to fight or he has been fighting recently. Kroft hoped for his sake that it is the first reason.

"Welcome to my humble abode." Ode spread his arms in a grand gesture. His voice boomed and echoed within the large hall.

"Humble my foot." That was what Kroft would like to say to Ode. He didn't have any good feelings toward this so-called supreme of the pantheon. The god was too showy, something he appreciated a little while ago, but when combined with the fact that he had made grand gods wait here for him for

two whole days, the showy attitude became unpleasant. The god King was either disrespectful or he was gathering them here so that they wouldn't be able to run around. Both were unpleasant options. Still, he smiled and greeted the god King.

"It is nice to meet your great Majesty." The other grand gods also kept their feelings of discontent to themselves and exchanged pleasantries with their host.

"Would you like some refreshments or something nice to eat? I have this really expensive imported fish that will just blow your mind. Why don't you give it a try?" Ode offered.

"Thank you for your great hospitality but some of us have been here for some time. We have things to do and arrangements to put in place as new gods. We can't afford to be so carefree as you." One of the grand gods rejected it.

"Is that so? It will be a shame to miss such good food. It won't take a lot of your time." Ode insisted.

The talk of food made Kroft even more impatient to end this encounter. It reminded him too much of his father. He just wanted to leave this place. He would ask other gods about the questions he had later.

"Unfortunately so. Can we please get this meeting over and go on with our lives?" Kroft made the rejection this time.

"I am afraid you can't leave. At least not yet." Ode replied casually. His attitude and the way he sat on his throne began to irk Kroft. It was irking him a lot to be disregarded like this.

'I'm still a grand god. You can't treat me like this.' He complained inwardly.

"Why not?" A grand god asked.

Ode sighed before replying. "You see, if it were in normal times, you could be considered lucky for chancing upon the Godhood of a fallen god. But right now, not so much."

"Does this have to do with the grand god that is currently being attacked?" Another grand god asked. It was the grand god that accompanied Kroft here.

"Sadly so. It is partly why this is a bad time for anyone to be a god. But why don't we put off this unpleasant conversation until we have eaten? It is terrible dinner conversation after all." Ode clapped and multiple 10-winged angels appeared. A table of food also appeared at another corner of the great lord. Ode stood up from his throne and walked toward the table. He didn't invite the gods to join him again because he didn't need to. The sight of the angels intimidated the grand gods so they followed the god King. His 12 winged Angels were not in sight, but the gods were sure it would be easy for Ode to summon them. It's not as if it will ever be necessary to summon such a level of strength anyways, the present amount of power here is more than enough to put the new gods in their place. So they settled down at the table and grudgingly ate.

The food was magnificent. At least Ode thought so. The other gods at the table didn't seem to like it very much, they sure didn't say anything even if they thought well about it. There was no dinner conversation or small talk. There were no compliments for the chef or to the host for that matter. He may be their warden and might have robbed them of their freedom but politeness does cost a thing. He would have accepted it even if they had put up an act or a show of false appreciation. He knew he shouldn't care about their opinion because what does the opinions of soon-to-be-dead gods worth? Still, a simple thank you will not be the death of them. Their death is scheduled for later.

There was an exception though. One of the new grand gods, the god of food and cooking enjoyed the food very well. He ate with gusto even though he didn't want to. His divinity may have compelled him to eat but he staunchly refused to complement the chef. That was the worst crime at this table. Others merely went through the motions, but this guy asked for seconds, yet he was still being moody about the whole forceful imprisonment thing. Clearly a hypocrite, or worse, someone that isn't honest to himself.

Ode overlooked all these acts of disrespect. Here he is, being a magnanimous host but they just wanted to spit in his face. It is okay though, the least he could give them is their last meal. It is up to them to savor such a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to eat the Dinko fish.

The Dinko fish lives in the depths of an empowered and active volcano. It is not some ordinary volcano, but one with a mana Ley line. The enhancement due to the continuous supply of mana makes the volcano unreachable by anything beneath the level of transcents. It also makes the fish impossibly delicious. The fact that the fish can only be harvested by transcents should be enough to make anyone appreciate it, but that isn't all that the fish provides. The flesh of the fish erupts in tiny bursts within the mouth that mimics an erupting volcano. It is like eating tasty bubbles. The sensation and taste explode the senses and brings utter euphoria. It is a priceless delicacy.

When he thought about it some more, he realized he shouldn't have brought his prized fish to some people that are going to die soon. It is frankly a waste of good fish. The fish ought to be offered to visitors that will have the opportunity to tell people or brag about it. These people will only be able to take the testimony to their grave. And even then, they might not be honest about the taste because of how they died. The realization spoiled his mood and ruined the rest of his dinner.

"What a waste of good fish." He grumbled, loud enough for them to hear.

They might be unhappy with him, but he is also unhappy with them and he wants them to know that. He had felt obligated to treat them to one last meal because the last meetings turned out badly. He had expected a little friendly interaction with them if he fed them his prized fish.

Chapter 110 God-Level Fertilizer.

Things have been tense recently. The war on the main plane had escalated. The gods were losing, and they were losing hard. They were losing so much that people were coming to kick them when they are down. That's how to know when you are at your lowest.

The enemies the gods had made across their history of divine wars and people with various slights and grievances came in droves. These people couldn't do anything significant to the gods before, but things have changed now. A single straw can break a camel's back in the right amount, a lesser amount if that camel is sickly and weakened. These loathers that came to join in the fiasco that is the war are the straws. The gods were already finding it difficult to deal with the blocks of stone that is burdening them, but instead of getting assistance, they got retribution.

Some had even made it a game to hunt down clerics, paladins, clergymen, and anything related to the divine. The heads of priests award high points while the head of the pope is awarded the highest. It is an act of complete sacrilege and blasphemy, something that will usually be met with swift wrath of the entire pantheon but there is nothing he could do about that now.

He had been monitoring that origin god's movement since their last encounter so that they can deploy their resistance where it will actually matter. The good news is that no new Origin gods have come to join the war against them. The bad news is that the Origin god was beginning to get restless without anything to do down there. Chances that the restless trouble maker will make his way here in no time are rising. Ode had to be prepared for such an eventuality. He couldn't on good luck because when bad things happen, they come in waves. So he had tried to put some things in place to deal with that unpleasant eventuality.

The pantheon had pooled their wealth and tried to employ an origin god powerhouse of their own but most had refused for many reasons. They didn't want to go against the racial council of an entire plane, it would only end badly if they dared. They were also discouraged by the fact that the battlefield will be on a fragile plane. It is too much of a risk to fight in such a precarious situation. One wrong move and they are screwed. The ones that agreed only promised to send clones to fight in the plane while they will only go all out in the divine plane.

Ode didn't want origin gods duking it out in the divine plane, that is practically a recipe for disaster. He wanted them to stall the origin god trouble maker from coming here, not to entertain him. He could only accept even with the express statement by the origin gods that they were not fighting to help them win. So even though the pantheon spent fortunes to hire Origin gods, the ones they succeeded in hiring didn't believe they will win. They were only going to stall some powerhouses and they were going to leave if they see that the gods could win, by even the smallest chance. Their excuse is that they didn't want to aggravate the racial council too much. If they interfered a little, they will get a warning, at most a fine. But things will be very bad for them if they actually have a significant impact on the war.

All in all, it was an unfavorable arrangement. It is a good thing he wasn't counting on them to bring the gods out of this slump they are in. He had been putting most of his effort into cultivating more celestial gods. His announcement to reinstate battles for progress had gone well. But things started going south when some gods started to complain that the battles were unfair and one-sided. They were disgruntled because grand gods that are weak in battle are paired with strong ones. It had led to some refusing to do battle and basically rebellion. The battle going on in the divine plane right now is because a grand god refused to honor what he called a "Ploy to get rid of the weak ones".

They are right of course. That's exactly what he is doing. He is trying to create a strong force of celestials and he had the opportunity to determine who gets to fight who. There is no way he would allow the weak grand gods to become weak celestial gods. Over his dead body, which is something he is trying to avoid.

Not all grand gods are strong, for example, the sinner that is the god of food and cooking. That domain is only good for cooking and eating. What use is that in a war for the very survival of the way of the gods? Maybe he will be able to cook a fine meal that will make the armies of the main plane reconsider their opinion of the gods.

That brings us to this group of death row grand gods, the new grand gods. They aren't the first batch and will probably not be the last. Their ascension is due to a lot of factors. Most of them are replacements for the grand gods that died at the border confrontation. The unprecedented deaths created a large void in the divine ranks. Others became gods because some grand gods chose to fall either due to them giving up or their unwillingness to partake in the unfair challenges.

More and more gods are ascending at the moment but he called grand gods here not because of any special treatment or good intentions. This batch of new grand gods will serve as fodder to create more celestials. They just ascended, so they are at their weakest. They don't even have the full strength of grand gods nor do they have the wealth or influence of one. They will be better put to use as fertilizer for other stronger, more capable gods. It will also be much easier to carry out. Unlike other grand gods that have accumulated their strength and forces for years, these can't put up much resistance. They can only come here, eat his good food, be resentful about it, and then be sacrificed for the good of the gods.

"We have eaten your food. What is your plan for us?" Kroft asked impatiently.

"I will be honest with you even though you were not honest with me about the fish. I'll be the bigger god. It is a pity that you became gods. As you might have suspected, a lot of gods died. We are at war with the racial council of the Virut plane. They don't want us anymore. They want to put an end to us. So a lot of gods died. You are not the first batch. We are at war and we need to pool all our resources together. We plan to create more celestial gods. You lucky few are going to be useful for that plan. I must thank you for bringing the scattered Godhood back to us."

"Lucky my ass. You must be joking. How can you treat us like this?" Kroft screamed. He wasn't done yet. As much as he hated to do so, he used his family card. "You don't know who I am on the main plane. My father is Kroft Ghastorix of the Ghastorix family. I am his one and only son. You can't treat me like this or you will experience the full wrath of my very wealthy and influential father."

He was joined by the other panicked grand gods. But Ode didn't even flinch no matter how much they cursed or threatened him.

"I have heard about Kroft Ghastorix. But if he is your father, why are you a god? Lying to me won't change my mind. I still won't care even if you are speaking the truth. I'm that desperate."

Kroft felt immense regret. He thought his life had changed for the better but it was all a lie. Kroft. He shouldn't have become a god when he found that Godhood. He had disregarded the reason for the availability of Godhood when he found it because he thought the consequences of becoming a god couldn't be worse than his current life.

The things he saw in his short time as a god made him suspect that the gods were at war. He didn't think things would be so bad that their opponent would be the racial council. He had thought that maybe the

demons had renewed their assault on the gods. A war with the demons goes back and forth, push and pull, it was normal. A war with the racial council means certain defeat.

Kroft didn't know much about the history of Virut plane, but he knows enough to predict the outcome of a clash with the racial council. It is futility in itself to go against the racial council. The debut release happened at N0v3lBiin.