

GREED 121

Chapter 121 Only The Powerful Can Bear Accurate Witness To Greatness

Pride goes before a fall, a haughty spirit before destruction. Shaston has fallen but that's all in the past. She has had a lot of Origin cycles to regret her decision so she doesn't feel much now. She only wants to pass on her legacy before she dies.

She believed that anyone who has any hope of succeeding where she failed must have a transcendent talent for all the six laws that made up her concept. The difficulty of possessing 6 talents aside, the talents will also have to be in earth, fire, water, air, light, and darkness. A single one missing out of these six will render the combination lacking.

It was purely wishful thinking, a pipe dream to hope for something like that until Soverick came along with 9 transcendent talents. Shaston had two Transcendent talents, soul and air, and she was able to achieve what she did. Soverick has more potential than her but it is another thing entirely for him to achieve this potential. He might just choose to create a path with a single law. The good thing about his potential is that he will have 9 options to choose from.

She had to figure out a way to make soverick accept and execute her legacy.

"It is practically a death sentence so the difficulty of convincing him will be high." The clone of will said.

Shaston nodded. "I will have to think out of the box for this one. Either trickery or threats are acceptable."

The clone of will shook its head. "It's just that trickery won't work on a king of law, and you might not live that long. That means you have only between his mana body stage and transcendence to make him accept it.

"I must make him see how awesome it is then. Only a vivid impression of power will make someone pursue my legacy regardless of the danger."

"He is a lot more talented than you so he should be more proud than you. It should be easier if we make it a challenge instead. I bet he will want to outdo the realm lord."

Shaston and the clone of will began to devise a plan to make soverick accept the legacy. They didn't care about his well-being or if it will do him any good. They only cared about passing the legacy on. It is this same headstrong personality of hers that made her continue on her path even when she was warned by several people, people that are very much stronger than her.

We say that the children nowadays probably know better than their parents or as much as them. We say that elders don't have the advantage of experience anymore. But that isn't true if the elders are Origin gods. They are the source of a royal bloodline and everything it entails. They will always know better. But Shaston thought she was talented enough. Right now, she thinks soverick is talented enough too. And that's what's important.

Within the Battle Academy.

Soverick is about to move on to the next stage after the preparatory stage. Litori and Ghaster are here to see him off. Ghaster seemed down. His mental messages were giving off a sad vibe.

"I didn't think you were this far ahead. I thought that the gap between our strengths would be easily breached but I was mistaken. It only means I have to train harder, break through my limits faster, and rest a lot less. I'll see you soon." Ghaster said before turning and leaving.

Soverick called after him and mimicked Mihila's voice. "As long as you put in effort progress is assured. That doesn't mean my kind of progress but you can try."

Soverick didn't want to discourage the boy but he wanted the boy to realize that they weren't in the same grade of existence. Stubborn can bring great determination, but when it breaks it can lead to the complete shattering of the will. Ghaster had watched soverick leave them in the dust step by step but he still didn't give up. He knew it would be very easy to give up but he was determined to take the more difficult path. His determination is a result of his bloodline influencing him.

Great people are usually very determined, it is a very important aspect of achieving success. The Ghastorix ancestor in particular is a very determined battle sage monkey. He refused to give up trying to save his partner and even thousands of origin cycles after he is trying to become a world god to finally be with Hadrick. Stubborn determination is good but tolerance and adaptation can make it better. Chances are if Ghastorix had failed to save his partner when he returned from the ancient battlefield, he would have given up on life there and then. He wouldn't have become what he is today. Royal bloodlines come with strengths and weaknesses. The bloodline improves the strength of the offspring

but their weakness is eternal, it does not change. The weakness is inherited from generation to generation.

Soverick shook his head. He turned to Litori. "What about you?"

Litori shifted a bit before summoning up her courage. She asked. "How did you do it?"

Soverick tilted his head in confusion. "How did I do what?"

"How did you become stronger so fast? I watched you struggle in the physical training but then you suddenly become stronger the next day. Your progress was too fast. Did you take something?" She hesitated a little before continuing. "Did you take something like beast cores?"

Soverick laughed. "No, I didn't take beast cores. Where would I get them here? Remember that we weren't allowed to bring anything in. What if I did? Are you worried about me or do you want some?"

Litori shook her head. "I just wanted to warn you if you were using it. Beast cores are bad for you."

Soverick raised his hands and rubbed her head. "I know that. Thanks anyways, I appreciate it. You are very talented. It would be nice if you achieve eternity with me."

Litori was skeptical. "Why are you so sure about becoming an Origin god? Our bloodlines can't guarantee it."

Soverick laughed again. He spread his arms wide. "Look at me. I am destined for greatness. I will become more than an Origin god. Eternity is not a dream or a hope for me, it is a fact. You must become an Origin god too or you will not witness my greatness. My greatness is not for mediocre minds to comprehend or shallow eyes to witness."

Only powerful people can bear witness, in real-time, to the death of a star and see it for what it truly is. Weaker beings only get to experience the dregs and echoes of that event many years after it has happened.

He laughed and walked away. He had another meeting with Wendy on his schedule. Litori watched him go for a while before she returned to continue her practice. She may have been surprised by Soverick's performance but she wasn't shocked. She was aware that the eldest was unfathomable by her standards. There was something about the eldest that broke the limit of common sense.

Even with the ancestral memories of an Origin god, she couldn't tell what that thing is. It was either beyond the limit of a sovereign or her ancestor didn't know about it. That wrongness in her eldest becomes clearer when you look into his eyes. There was something within those multicolored eyes of her eldest that foretold power beyond imagination. They say the eyes are the gates to the soul, as an expert on soul matters she knew that to be true. What she didn't know is what the eldest is truly capable of.

'At the end of the day. Maybe only someone like the eldest can be so sure of attaining eternity.'

She chose to stop thinking about it. The eldest has 9 Transcendent talents and that is a fact. This fact means the eldest can be considered a supreme talent. Talented people are usually proud, that is a fact too. Maybe that is why the eldest is confident in himself. But pride can easily lead to failure.

She wasn't jealous. Neither did she need the eldest to sour her to greatness. She had confidence in her talent and her hard work. And from what she knew about the path of refinement, it is not a race against time. Going Slow and steady will win her the race. As long as she reaches the finish line, she has won.

"It is a good thing that he isn't using beast cores." She sighed and left.

It would be a shame if the eldest had chosen to squander his talent for immediate benefits. She didn't want to see that. All creatures can form a vitality core, as long as the vitality of their body reaches a critical stage it will form. They can then progress further by assimilating mana in order to achieve the mana body. Beasts have varying potential and achieve this assimilation to varying degrees. Their core then transforms into a beast core which can be harvested from their bodies after their death. These cores can also be harvested from all creatures with one including civilized sentient beings but it is generally considered a crime equal to cannibalism. You would also have to murder members of your race to get their core. The core is used for a lot of things such as forging, a source of power source, and storage if purified.

It can also be ingested to improve the rate of conversation in the vitality core. It is a shortcut to achieving a mana body with severe consequences. Those that use it will never achieve transience. Assimilating the life essence of another being will taint yours. Only pure mana or life essence without

the life signature of another being is safe to assimilate. It is what refinement is based on. Anything beyond that has been proven time and time again to be brief empowerment accompanied by contamination.

Chapter 122 Progress Always. (Status)

Soverick reached his new training quarters. But he checked his status on the way there.

NAME: Soverick Ghastorix (Legion-2)

RACE: Battle Sage Monkey

BLOODLINE: Unknown Royal bloodline.

POWER LEVEL (BODY): Vitality Core (3% 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: 551

ENDURANCE: 174

STRENGTH: 167

AGILITY: 182

PERCEPTION: 1,000,000,000

SPIRIT: 200

LIMITER (BODY):59%

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

He had grown stronger, well only his body had experienced rapid growth. His endurance and strength experienced the biggest growth. His potential in vitality had been transformed into actual physical capability. He is about to reach the limit of physical stats for vitality core stage refinement. Only his

vitality didn't adhere to the limits and had long since broken it. It even increased which is mostly due to the increase in his core conversation rate.

The next step of his training will not cause much change in terms of his stats but his finesse will undergo a metamorphosis for the better.

He arrived before a door that read Physical Techniques Room 201. Apparently, every trainee gets their own training room for the second stage of training. The golem was waiting for him by the front of the door. She was also holding a tray. On the tray is what he could recognize as memory crystals.

He was in a good mood so he decided to greet the golem. "How are you, Wendy?"

"Can't complain." That monotonous voice of the golem sounded out.

Soverick shook his head. 'What am I doing asking how she is feeling? Of course, she can't complain. If she could complain we will have some problems.'

"Welcome Soverick, and congratulations on completing the preparatory stage in record time." The Golem said.

"Thank you. So what's next?" Soverick asked.

"What is next on the agenda is the bonding of a room to your wrist logger. Followed by the absorption of knowledge required for the next level. The room will be used only by you for the period of time you will spend during this stage."

Soverick nodded. He had shared the rooms for the physical and spiritual preparatory stage with others. There wasn't much disturbance though, at least he didn't suffer any. He ignored everyone else and focused on his training. He was not there to socialize but to train so he did just that. This time he will be alone. There had to be reasons for that, but he was in no rush to find out. He pressed the face of his wrist logger onto the imprint outlet on the door. The color of the door changed from red to blue.

"Good, it has been linked to you. It will remain blue as long as you have permission to use the room. It is currently locked, to unlock it you will need to verify your presence at the door by using your divine sense." The golem informed him.

He brushed his divine sense against the door. The door changed color from blue to green signifying access.

Wendy continued. "There are five regimens to complete for the physical aspect of this stage of training. The footwork, eye and body coordination, dodging and perception, blocking and parrying, and finally, the obstacle course. It is recommended to follow the schedule in that order but you can choose to engage in them however you want. You have access to all the training regimens but you must complete them before you can move on to the final stage. What is your choice?"The debut release occurred at Nov31=B(j)n.

Soverick didn't think much about it, he would just follow the schedule since a proper order had been created for him.

He shrugged and said, "Let's go with the schedule then."

"Good choice. Since you will follow the recommended order, you must select the option for footwork in your wrist logger. Then after that, you have to accept the knowledge infusion about footwork. It is the first memory crystal from the right."

He did just that and assimilated the information. The first stage of training required him to reach physical fitness while this stage is meant to understand his body to such an extent that he becomes capable of making his body efficient at what it does. So more information was provided on how to move right, how to walk better, how to balance his weight on his feet, how to run faster with the same amount of physical fitness, and how to contract and relax muscles to amplify the strength of the body and many more. He will have to use the knowledge acquired to achieve feats beyond what his body can do normally. When he achieves these feats, the difficulty will be increased to ensure he becomes more proficient in them. Practice makes perfect.

"I'll wait here for you. When you are done with footwork we will move on to eyes and body coordination. Good luck, soverick."

Soverick pushed the door open and entered to find a room with various sections. The room has been prepared for the footwork training since he selected that option on his wrist logger. He knew what to do from the information he got from the memory crystal, so he walked to the section for the Footprint challenge. The aim of this challenge is to learn how to walk without making a footprint. He will have to walk bare feet on a surface which will offer only slight resistance. The force he applies on the surface must be equal to this resistance, only then will he be able to walk without leaving behind a footprint.

The principle behind walking without leaving footprints is to reduce the pressure of his feet on the ground. To reduce the pressure, one must spread the force created when walking, evenly across the sole of the feet and must disperse it evenly across the surface of the ground.

He tried applying the techniques he learned from the memory crystal, but he failed on his first try. He adjusted his breathing, took active control of how the muscles of his legs contracted, and relaxed to move. He took control of his tendons to properly manipulate his toes. The difficulty of this challenge lay in how to gain active control of the body. When we move we simply envision the thought, we don't actually control our muscles with ourselves to do the movement. All the contraction of the muscles of the body is done passively through muscle memory. The perspective of this technique is that footwork that is based on muscle memory is wrong.

The body learns how to perform actions based on the quickest, shortest, and most efficient method to achieve it, but that doesn't mean it is the best method.

The movement of the body is carried out by the subconscious, but now, it has to be shifted to the conscious. Only then can the limit placed on the muscles by the subconscious be removed, then the body will be able to achieve feats beyond its limit.

So Soverick had to take active control of the movement of his muscles. Then he has to relearn how to walk "right". This might have been difficult for others to achieve but not for Soverick. His mind is much stronger and much more agile than his body. A Transcendent has perfect control over their mind and bodies much less an Origin god. He might have lost the fine control he had gained from transcendence but he can still overwhelm his body with his mind. He just had to impose his will on his body and it was easy. He had always been able to influence this body but not in such a direct manner so he found the process familiar but jerky.

The control he gained from overwhelming his body cannot be compared to that of a transcendent but the learning capabilities of his mind are beyond what a Transcendent can achieve. His body is still weak though, so he doesn't want to make it do somethings that will damage it. The limits are there to protect the body from itself after all. Transcendents have succeeded in removing this limit entirely.

Instead, he circumvented the limits by trying to create more efficient pathways. He tried many options over and over again. Now that he had active control, he had to relearn how to walk right. He would need to determine the proper firing sequences of neurons.

His progress was slow because of the vast combination available. There was a lot of try and error to achieve spreading the force evenly throughout the sole of his feet. It took him a month of constant effort to finally get the hang of it. He didn't give up once. He would stumble and pick himself up, then continue practicing.

Chapter 123 The Challenges.

He had never done something like this before. High Elves might have digressed a bit into physical fitness but they never tried this. They were just innately agile. He was learning more about life and its workings of it the more he examined his body. He had based his former concept on the law of life but got to know more about life in this endeavor. Life is different for different races and doesn't always mean flesh and vitality.

Transcendents don't have a fleshy body, and neither do elementals but they are alive just as much as a creature with flesh and blood. His law of life had been focused on the conversion of energy into whatever a creature needed to maintain its life. It was holistic but now he is learning about the specifics of vitality.

Still, he focused on his task and he smoothed out the technique after his initial success by walking on the test surface over and over again. He became increasingly proficient at it until after a hundred tries when he was no longer making progress. It had been 2 weeks of fulfilling hardwork.

Soverick sighed. "That was unique." He said.

Habits are the most difficult things to change about ourselves because they are ingrained patterns. To change his habit of walking, he will have to manually activate the procedure for walking right until his body accepts it as the new muscle memory. The surface became weaker and the difficulty of walking on it without leaving footprints increased but it couldn't stump him anymore. He already got the hang of it so he improved by leaps and bounds.

"On to the next challenge then." He said with enthusiasm. The training was challenging enough and also rewarding so he was eager to face the next obstacle.

The next challenge is running on mud. After mastering walking without footprints, the next step is achieving it very quickly. To run on mud, the process of spreading out the force must be done quickly and the two feet must perform them in sync. So walking without footprints is a precursor to running on mud.

Walking on mud will be difficult because the surface will not provide enough opposition for stable footing, in fact, one is prone to sink. But running on the surface of mud is achievable. To achieve it, the inertial and viscosity of the mud will have to be taken advantage of to create sufficient resistance against the feet. The force that is dispersed by the feet must be equal to the flimsy resistance of the mud. If the force is dispersed in an area wide enough, the pressure will drop enough to match the resistance.

That's the theory. But Soverick achieved the practical in 3 weeks. He just had to speed up the process of walking properly. The experience he had in learning to walk without footprints was transferrable. He would spread the force evenly across the surface of the mud in quick bursts. The mud will resist the force at the brief instant that the force acts on it, an action will beget an equal and opposite reaction. So the amount of pushback he gets must not be lesser than the amount of force he projects.

It was tiring and cumbersome but he achieved it. By the time he was done with the second challenge, the need for synchronized burst action had made the proper techniques of walking his new muscle memory.

The third challenge was proper balance. Some wooden poles replaced the mud as his new enemy. They had varying heights, so he has to use the shorter ones to reach the tallest one and stand on top of the wooden pole with a single leg for a single day without falling down. He is allowed to switch which foot he uses but it has to be done quickly, both feet can't touch the pole stand at the same time. This small allowance allowed him to rest the tired muscles of his legs but it didn't do anything for the main problem. The main problem is not the time he has to spend on the pole, it is that surface of the pole is not enough to allow an entire sole to rest on it. He can stand on the ground for a day if he is asked to do it, even with one leg. But why can't he do that on a single pole? It's the problem of balance, the center of gravity, and weight distribution.

So the weight of the body has to be shifted and balanced on certain muscles instead of all of them. The pole was also tall enough to make him injure himself each time he falls. So he has to land safely even when he fails or risks breaking his neck.

As difficult as it may be, Soverick achieved it in 2 weeks. It was getting easier and easier for him to overcome the challenges as his body got rid of previous misconceptions.

But then the difficulty increased. He has to learn how to run with just the surface of the poles as the only footing. He started slowly by just using the poles as the only footing. Even that was difficult because the poles didn't have the same height. He had to adjust his balance and judge the distance difference every time he wanted to take a single step. The challenge made simple walking a chore for the mind. He couldn't place his foot just anywhere without thinking. Still, he got the hang of it and can jog on the even poles.

The reward was an increase in difficulty. To finish the challenge he will have to cover a distance of 100m in less than 30 seconds using only the wooden poles as foot stands. If it were on a flat even surface he will be able to run the distance in less time but now he had to watch the road carefully and coordinate the grip of his legs on the poles without losing his balance which will cause him to fall.

Unlike standing on a pole, if he was attentive, he would be able to fall gracefully. But now, a slip of his foot while running will lead to a disastrous fall. He had to learn how to time the impact created by his feet when he touches a surface to avoid injuring himself during the run.

Most time when we run or walk, our brain assumes that our feet will surely catch support and that's wrong. That's why we stumble. We should assume nothing until we have verified where we are actually going to put our foot, only then do we exert force to move.

It is a simple thing to watch where you step. You just have to be conscious of it. It is a very difficult thing to achieve while trying to run. You have to make a split-second environmental examination, position analysis, and perception verification. If the mental effort needed for it while walking is significant, the effort needed for doing it while running can be debilitating. Most will stumble most of the time. It is the exact thing that they are trying to eliminate but the need to watch your step creates uncertainty in your footing if you're not able to do it quick enough when it is needed. Mind power and perception are something that Soverick has in spades. So he aced the challenge easily.

Then a strong wind was added to oppose him throughout the race. The delicate eyes and leg calculation necessary for the determination of the perfect timing will be disrupted by the wind. That didn't work on him because he didn't need his eyes, he relied more on his divine sense.

It is true that awakening the soul will grant you a divine sense. But most people use it as an afterthought. They are already used to using their ears, eyes, and other senses before the divine sense

came along. The dirt in the wind will disrupt these two senses so that the trainee will actively use the divine sense instead.

Still, the wind made things difficult for him because the wind drag made it very easy for him to lose his balance. He had to take the path of least resistance from the wind and step lightly against the pole to achieve the same time for the 100m sprint. This time it took him longer to complete the challenge. It took him a total of 4 weeks to be able to make the time under constant opposition and harassment from the strong wind.

The next challenge is walking without making a sound, a completely new experience. His enemy became a simple flat surface on the ground, a very welcomed change. To walk silently, the process by which the feet impact the ground and the subsequent dispersal of force needs to be made as silent as possible.

But of course, things weren't so simple, the difficulty increased from walking to running. To complete the challenge with sufficient proficiency, he had to sprint a 100m race in 20 seconds completely silent. There is a machine that watched for noise and it would blade up anytime he failed to be silent. It was ironic in a way.

Chapter 124 Another Record.

The only good news is that unlike the last challenge when he had to pay attention to his footing and balance, he only had to muffle the sound of his feet on the ground. Even with the increased difficulty of higher speed, he was able to complete the challenge in a week.

The challenge continued with the same enemy but this time a strong wind was added to it, to increase the difficulty. This wind was much stronger than the one he faced previously and he had to run in the opposite direction of the strong wind. The effect of the wind was stronger than simply throwing him off balance, this time the wind will try to pull him backward and negate his forward momentum.

He still had a flat surface which made easier it easy to martial the full power of his legs but running like a brute will create negative results. Opposing the wind will be counterproductive, instead, he must weave through it, go with the flow and minimize drag. Controlling the body to do exactly what you want wasn't difficult at this point, the difficulty lay in sensing the subtle flows and Eddies within the wind and directing the body to take advantage of it.

So the trainees are forced to sense something that their eyes and their ears cannot sense. The last challenge forced them to use their divine sense. This time they must accept the inadequacy of the other senses themselves.

Their eyes and ears have failed them, so they do not have a direction. Without direction, there can be no efficiency. Only when the beginning and the end are known can a straight line towards the destination be achieved.

This sort of thing isn't a challenge for Soverick. His powerful perception gave him an edge in this aspect. With it, he was able to perceive the wind and complete the challenge in just a day.

The second to the last challenge was running on water. Gone was the steady flat ground, this new enemy was unsteady and unreliable, and it is still an understatement to call it that. It was an upgrade on the mud challenge. He had to combine all his previously acquired knowledge to achieve running on it. He would need the equal force dispersal of the no footprint challenge, the quick muscle manipulation of the running on mud challenge, balancing techniques of the small pole foothold challenge, sensing the flow of force of running against the wind challenge, and the silent walking technique to achieve running on water. Only when he could sense the instability in the flowing water surface and take advantage of it to create sufficient pushback can the challenge be overcome.

If he had the mana body he will easily achieve this. He could try to cheat by using his powerful mind to create thin platforms on the surface of the water to run on. He could also create some simple ice spells with his spirit. He would freeze the surface of the water and use that instead. There were a lot of ways to achieve running on the surface of the water without stressing his body but decided not to use them. The possibility of being caught cheating was high, and he came here to learn. If he was going to cheat, he might as well give up and go home.

It was more difficult than he had expected. Still, he didn't give up. He continued trying even after failure upon failure. He continued trying since he knew it was possible, as long as he learned from his past mistakes he will succeed in time.

It would have been easier if he had a teacher here to point out his mistakes. Unfortunately, he had to adapt to the difficulty all on his own. The challenge aims to break the bad habits of the body and achieve greatness. Everyone's body is different, so the method of achieving intimacy with it is different. If he hadn't achieved an understanding of his body through the preparatory stage, then he would have to achieve it now.

An individual with a mana body can easily achieve running on water but that didn't mean the individual with the mana body understood his or her body. Others would have stopped for a while and tried other

training regimens to refresh their outlook but he persevered. His perseverance was finally rewarded with success after a week of continuous effort.

"Yes, I did it," Soverick shouted.

He felt a fulfilling sense of achievement when he realized he was running on water, so much that he shouted. His shout distracted him and he fell into the water. That didn't dampen his happiness though, he was too exhilarated for that. There are just some things that can make an Origin happy. He tried it again and again before deciding to move on to the last challenge of footwork training.

The last challenge is a simple test of speed. He is required to achieve double the top speed he could reach in the preparatory stage. If his footwork training is truly perfect then it would be easy for him to complete it. It was basically a confirmation of the difference between his former method of moving his body and his current method.

He walked out of the room as he always did after each challenge. Wendy was still waiting at the door with the tray of memory crystals. It had been his only company throughout the short weeks of non-stop training. He locked the door behind him.

"Are you ready for the last challenge already?" Wendy asked.

Soverick nodded. His body wasn't tired because of the vitality surging within it. His mind was too powerful to tire because of something like this. It was just physical training, not spiritual training but his mind was probably taxed more than his body. But it still isn't enough to tire him out. He doubted his mind can be made weary by anything less than his divine ability. The last time he tried his divine ability, his soul shrunk.

"If you complete this quickly enough you will have created another record," Wendy said.

Soverick shrugged. That wasn't his aim, it wasn't his objective. It just happened because of his excellence. It is practically a must for him to create new records with all the advantages he had so he wasn't impressed by that. He was more impressed by the fact that he was able to learn something new and overcome his weakness.

The color of the door had turned to blue. He focused on his wrist logger and selected the next challenge. The wrist logger beeped in his mind indicating that his selection had been confirmed. He swept the door with his divine sense and it turned to green. He entered it to find a new track path. The body of water he used for his previous challenge had disappeared. It was replaced with a track 10km in circumference. It is here that he will test his improvement in speed.

He gathered his courage. He could already feel the adrenaline coursing through his body. His heart was beating faster either due to fear or anticipation. He still couldn't control the glandular operations of the body. It was more complicated than simply nerve manipulation of the muscles. He will have to wait until he had a full mana body to eliminate it.

"No use wasting time then." He said, then he started to sprint.

Everything just felt right as soon as he started running. He used everything he had learned about proper movement techniques to his advantage.

The major obstacle to achieving high speed is momentum conservation and drag created by pushing against the air. Whenever a runner steps on the ground, they lose some of their momenta to balance themselves. There is a need for proper and stable footing to create more momentum that pushes them forward. His lessons in balance and silent walking helped to almost eliminate this loss in momentum. His lessons in mud running helped to increase the burst of momentum above what he normally achieved. His greatest enemy is still the drag which he would have to reduce to minimize his loss of speed.

His wrist logger beeped to notify him that he crossed the 300m/s speed requirement and the fact that he had completed the footwork regiment in 14 weeks. But he didn't stop, he continued to push his body to his limit. It took a while but he finally got tired of running. He fell on the track to rest his body. In a couple of minutes, he will be back in top shape and ready to tackle another challenge. It was the blessing of having high vitality.

A few minutes later he stood up and left the training room. The door closed behind him.

"Congratulations, Soverick. You have created another record. You completed the training for footwork in 14 weeks. The last record was 42 weeks." Wendy greeted him.

"Thanks," Soverick replied detachedly.

"Only 4 more training regimens to go. Eye to body coordination, dodging and perception, blocking and parrying, and the obstacle course.

Chapter 125 The Last Stand.

"Only 4 more training regimens to go. Eye to body coordination, dodging and perception, blocking and parrying, and the obstacle course.

He deliberated a little before making a choice. "I'll start with the Eye to body coordination."

"Good. It is the crystal from the left."

Soverick took the crystal and absorbed the knowledge. Then he accessed the wrist logger to change the environment within the training room. Then he began his next training.

This was just physical training. When he is done with this he still had spiritual training to attend to.

Front Line Battlefield Of The Divine War.

Ghoto watched as the resistance army was driven to a corner. He was floating in the middle of a chaotic battlefield. Explosions of light, sound, and shockwaves rocked the earth and the sky. Things happened in split seconds and you need to be ever aware to even stand still in this battle. Those below the level of transcendence will only see flashes and hear thunder.

Ghoto had witnessed stronghold after stronghold be broken through and destroyed as the army of the racial council pushed back the resistance.

They were pushed back until they reached the last line of their defense. All the former defensive measures have failed till now. The resistance army simply stood no chance until now. Things suddenly changed and it seemed that they had acquired a backbone to support their breaking backs. The allied forces of the racial council tried again to destroy them but they haven't made much progress recently. The backbone that the resistance army acquired came in the form of floating war fortresses.

Ghoto stood clad in slim black battle armor. His armor was composed of little metal fragments that come loose to form a cloud of sharp knives around him. Lightning danced across the metallic cloud and it enhanced their lethality and speed. The lightning came from him, as a king of law proficient in the law of lightening, he is capable of this much.

Ghoto started as a lightning mage but has long since dropped his spells for spell matrixes. Spell matrixes are an advanced method of casting by manifesting a spell structure into the real world instead of visualizing it. They gain several advantages such as the ability for spells to be equipped with artifacts. He is manipulating the metallic blades using his lightning spell in conjunction with his mind, it forms a deadly combination that is capable of shredding his opponents. This is his new origin weapon, of mid-grade quality and amplified by his lightning law. It functions as an attacking weapon as well as a defensive one. It is expensive because of this but he didn't have to pay for it. He had acquired this new artifact as a reward for his contributions so far. So he had a hand in the current circumstances of the gods.

He was hoping to acquire another one, for himself or Mihila but the resistance army had been losing too quickly. Their rate of loss was too fast for him to provide more significant contributions. Everyone wanted a piece of them and the gods were hounded like stray prey by a pack of wolves.

But things have changed, not for the better either, the resistance army was fighting back and they were fighting well. It didn't seem like he would get to make much difference either. He wasn't willing to risk his life against the last-ditch effort of a cornered enemy.

"Something has to be done against those war fortresses or we won't be able to finish what we started." He complained.

The floating war fortress is the main reason for the halt in the progress of eradicating the resistance. They were floating manifestations of concepts of war equipped with massive bombarding energy cannons, annihilating beams, top-grade protective shields, and war factories. If you wished you had your logistics, reinforcements, command center, transport system, aerial support, land troops, radar, surveillance systems, siege weapons, and assault weapons in a nice perfect bundle meant for destruction, then you need a war fortress.

The energy cannons they have accumulates energy balls and coat them in a force field that contains the deadly energy within, then this ball is shot at a target. A hit breaches the flimsy force field and detonates the energy in a violent reaction that creates a massive ring of destruction. In other words, the energy cannons are meant for an area of effect attacks.

The annihilating beams, on the other hand, force highly unstable energy to combine within a reactor. The energy is further energized by high-energy fields. This very unstable situation is then given an outlet to vent, and it vents in the form of a single target beam of death. The beam destroys the fundamental nature of matter and can only be resisted for the smallest period by a titan of law. Anything beneath that level will be annihilated on contact.

The war factory is also constantly churning out what could be referred to as golems or robots. They are technically a fusion of both, and they were endless. The war factory converts energy and materials into these fearless kamikaze soldiers. The soldiers can be humanoid, tanks, or flight-capable drones. The resistance army came prepared for their last stand.

The quality of the golem had been reduced in order to ramp up its production speed. Their defensive parameters were so weak Ghoto could wrench them with his lightning-metal cloud but 31 war fortresses were producing these things at breakneck speed. The divine pantheon was burning money and is reaping the rewards for it. Without proper caution, anyone stood the risk of being overrun. They didn't even need to kill you, just tie you down enough for one of the weapons in the way fortress to blast you. Guntu wasn't worried though.

The resistance army had over two dozen war fortress but he wasn't worried. The gods acquired a lot of Sovereigns from somewhere but he wasn't worried. They had calamity-grade weaponry, things that are capable of rendering the plane decimated and uninhabitable, but he still wasn't worried. Why would he be worried?

Could the allied forces lose? Not all. It's just that the defensive measures of the resistance had been entrenched here in advance. It was going to take some preparation but they will eventually uproot the weeds that is the divine.

Besides all that, even if they were somehow in trouble it wasn't his place to be worried. As impressive as a king of law is, he is just a high-level grunt in this war. There were still the titans and sovereigns whose job it is to worry. The two Origin gods leading the army are fundamentally incapable of worrying, at least not by this level of warfare. In short, he had confidence in spades.

They could not lose. It wasn't a matter of morale. Every battle sage monkey with a little knowledge of the plane knows that the racial council doesn't mess around. The racial council is the hero of the plane and people will rally behind them for anything. So if people got wind that the allied forces were having trouble here, they would flock here to help. The racial council must not and can not be allowed to lose.

Speaking of origin gods. There were two. One seemed to be really volatile and Ghoto is putting it lightly. He couldn't discern much about him all he could say about the origin god is that "it" is a boiling cloud of destruction. He had seen that Origin god act once and he didn't look like a living thing at all.

That Origin god seemed natural and yet unnatural, like an artificial fundamental force of nature. The other Origin god is just a sword. Origin gods might look normal like anyone else but they seemed to change when they are using their powers. They embody powers and concepts greater than a single person.

Suddenly Ghoto felt a threat to his life. He leaped backward and formed a barrier made up of interwoven metallic blades in his defense. The calculations for the shield were done instantly in his mind within the small room he was given to defend himself. It was an impressive reaction but it wasn't enough. A spear of light smashed through the defense and blasted off one of his arms. The arm disintegrated before touching the ground while the spear went on to hit the ground behind Ghoto, it created an explosion of light and energy that was capable of incinerating Ghoto whole if it had hit him.

Ghoto realized he could have been dead right now if that spear had hit his body instead of his arm. His defense wasn't a waste, after all, it had deviated the projectile off its intended target. The fact that the spear could have killed him in one shot also made him know he was vastly outclassed.

"Which god is trying to bully me now?" He broadcasted widely as he continued to retreat. He could still feel the threat to his life locked on to him by a powerful divine sense so he didn't dare falter. Staying still will make him a very easy target.

A golden avatar of a god in a golem with a spear in hand spoke up. "You die today Ghoto."

Chapter 126 A Calm Before A Storm.

Ghoto was startled. The energy undulations from the avatar announced that it belonged to a grand god.

'When did I become so popular as to have my name known by a random god?'

The resistance army had almost forgotten that the gods possessed avatars because they didn't use them at all to fight them back. They didn't think much of it because even if the gods spawned avatars the strength will be too lacking to be considered a significant battle strength in a war of this level.

But as the war continued the gods started to send avatars, little at a time. Then they sent more but they were still weak. It was until the god's avatars started to use the golem vessels that they were taken seriously. It was like they were testing something or they were waiting for the right time to use this trump card. For some reason unknown, the gods were incredibly cautious about participating in the war themselves.

The addition of this level of strength boosted the defense immensely. In the past, the resistance army didn't have high-level lifeforms above Transcendents to fight for them. It is one of the many reasons why they couldn't put up any significant opposition. The addition of the god's avatars changed all that.

But what is rather peculiar is that Ghoto has been a target of gods. He didn't understand why gods much stronger than him will focus on him rather than face someone of equal strength. The avatar that just attacked him is much stronger than him but it still resorted to an ambush. It was like the gods wanted to get rid of him at all costs. Was he worth this much attention?

"You gods have no honor. Always ambushing weaker foes." Ghoto broadcasted even as he ran.

He stood no chance whatsoever against what can be considered the equivalent of a sovereign. He was being bombarded by the spears of light. His very life was hanging on a thread. He knew he just had to survive for a few seconds and someone will come to his rescue.

The allied forces didn't lack sovereigns, a grand god cannot be allowed to throw his weight around like this. Two seconds later a sovereign rushed past Ghoto and an explosion occurred behind him. He ran ahead for a while before stopping to enjoy the sight of a pompous god being put in his place.

The god's avatar had been thrown backward by the explosion. Its shining armor was dented and sparking with lightning. It righted itself and rose back up but it lost some of that grandeur.

"I am Tandrak of the Ghastorix Family. You have been targeting that king multiple times now. Introduce yourself cowardly god or are you too shameless for even that." The powerful divine sense of a sovereign of law demanded with imperious authority.

"I am not Shameless. That is blasphemy. A god's prestige cannot be tarnished. You will pay for that you lowly sovereign." The god's avatar said.

Everyone within the range of the divine sense could hear Tandrak chuckle. The sound of the battle around them couldn't cover up that sinister chuckle of derision. Ghoto shook his head and smiled too. In what world was a sovereign lowly?

"Me? A lowly sovereign? Who will make me pay?" Tandrak asked. A storm cloud began to form above him. The storm blackened and lightning bolts began to form within it.

The god was not intimidated by the display. He maintained his stately demeanor as if he was a king speaking to a subject of his.

"I am Xanc, the grand god of Justice. I will punish you for defiling the prestige of the gods and for standing in my way of declaring retribution on that weakling."

Ghoto was shocked. He knew that name. Wasn't Mihila's friend from ages ago also Xanc. Was this the same one that became a god? It was highly likely. But why was Mihila's friend specifically targeting him? All's fair in war and all that, but he didn't think joining this war warranted such treatment. Xanc could have used his strength somewhere else.

Tandrak on the other hand chuckled louder. He found this god to be amusing. Like a young master that didn't know that his backing is about to be ruined, but still goes around bossing people. The black clouds above them began to be saturated with lightning bolts, so much that the cloud was turning blue instead.

'The pride of gods is in their bones. It has clogged their reasoning and prevents them from seeing things from other people's perspectives.' Tandrak thought in pity.

Tandrak is a very old soul. Like almost a hundred Origin cycles old. His long life has made him experience many things, both good things and bad things. He had made friends and he had made enemies. The gods are on that list of enemies.

Like most people that came here to fight, he bore a grudge against the gods. His grudge isn't something so emotional or heroic. A god killed his best friend and he had promised to make them pay as a whole. The death of his friend is a result of a clash for resources, it was normal and there was no foul play. They just weren't strong enough and his friend paid for that mistake with his life.

It is the way of the world but he had promised. He was always a taciturn battle sage monkey but his best friend could always know what he was thinking about. To resolve all the karma in his life so that he can face his tribulation with peace, he had to fulfill that promise. This was a great opportunity to fulfill that promise.

They were at war, but that didn't mean a sovereign could be called lowly.

"Is that so? And what crime has he committed to warrant such retribution? From a grand god no less." Tandrak seethed.

"He has a bloodline. All those with bloodlines must be eliminated. Bloodlines are the cancer of the society." The grand god said with his head raised high. He felt empowered by his noble cause.

Ghoto was shocked where he was standing. 'When is that a reason to kill someone? What a mad man.' He thought.

Tandrak on the other hand was stunned into silence. Never in his wildest dreams would he have thought that someone will be so stupid as to think that. What's more, he even said it out loud. There are some things you can think about but must not say.

Everyone around them could hear their mind broadcast because it was open. They were at war either for the fun of it or certain obligations but what the grand god just said made things personal.

It is a common practice within various cultures to respect one's ancestors. Ancestors are the ones that came before, they paved the road for those that came after, and for that their descendants are thankful. A bloodline is a testament to the efforts of an ancestor. The grand god was practically saying he despises their ancestors. Who could take that lying down?

But more importantly, how can someone even think like that? Bloodlines are the inheritance that strong parents give their offspring. The parents had struggled and suffered to reach their level of strength. In order to reduce the suffering of their lineage, they bestow upon them an inheritance.

Royal bloodlines are the surest inheritance. They are the proof of the achievement of greatness, never to be forgotten, eternal. A parent might not be able to give his child wealth or welfare, but a good

bloodline will enable that child to acquire those things for himself. Bloodlines are a blessing, a blessing to the family, and a race as a whole. And yet, someone believes it is a curse. Even the children of gods have bloodlines. Tandrak shook his head. His chuckle escalated into all-out laughing. The storm clouds above them became completely blue in reaction to his state of mind. It even began to take on a purple hue.

"You are very stupid. The kind of stupidity that will get you killed if you were on the path of perfection. It is a shame that you are not dead and haven't taken your stupidity with you to the grave. Instead, you got the opportunity to spread your stupidity to believers and call it faith. It is a true shame." Tandrak said with his divine sense after laughing. "You clearly cannot be reasoned with, not like there's a reason for it anyways. We are at war after all. But I'll teach you a lesson. Why sovereigns are not lowly by any means."

Tandrak's mental message resonated with the world in a way that a titan of law can not invoke. And the world answered. Tandrak is usually calm, but now, a storm is coming. Retribution must be paid in full for the slight done to the honor of a Sovereign of law.

Chapter 127 The Thunder Drake.

Sovereigns are a queer bunch. Just like there are weak titans because of their restraint, and there are strong titans because of their active embodiment, there are also different levels of Sovereigns. This is based on the complexity of their seed of power. The weakest sovereign is still on par with a grand god but the strongest sovereign can be as strong as a celestial god. Only a god King or the celestial supreme can tussle with an origin god.

The seed of power is the foundation of a sovereign. Even if a sovereign dies, the seed of power will remain. The seed of power is eternal. When a titan goes through the valley of the shadow of death and comes out of it, they create something eternal. Then if that Sovereign fuses with his seed of power, they too can become eternal. In a way, it is the greatest birth by the lower realm. The gestation of a mortal to birth an immortal.

The moment a titan of law ascends to sovereignty is eternal. Sovereigns can die but the number of Sovereigns hardly reduces. The seed of power of a dead sovereign of law can be absorbed by a titan of law to become another sovereign but this sovereign will never be able to become an origin god and they will also be the weakest type of Sovereign.

The world is made up of laws. Beneath what can be seen or experienced is the law matrix, a complicated network created due to the interactions of concepts. Only when someone becomes a Transcendent can they come into contact with this law matrix. It is from it that they learn the laws of the world to become lords and kings of law before they go on to become titans of law.

When someone becomes a sovereign, that person condenses a seed of power within their origin core. Then they can use this seed of power to access the law matrix. It is a concept within them, that they can use to manipulate the concepts of the world. It is like a key that gives them the permission to use world power as they wish.

Titans can also use world power but it is passive, they can't control it, but sovereigns gain active control of the world. The world becomes an extension of their will. Their will becomes Sovereign within the lower realm.

Unfortunately, they can't use this power within a shackled plane like the Virut plane. What they can do is replace world power with their will, since they cannot use it, then no one can. Gods happen to be creatures that rely heavily on world power. It is the world that elevates them to their level as a result of the wishes of the people. The power is not permanent and they can fall. But Sovereigns wield the same power because they deserve it. After all, they worked for it. They braved the chance of death, the very thing that scares gods, to acquire this power. So they cannot be insulted and called lowly.

Even an Origin god cannot bully a sovereign with their powers in the lower realm. Several Sovereigns of law may not be able to kill an Origin god but a Single Origin god cannot bully them. Origin gods are too suppressed by the plane to use their full power. A sovereign's seed of power is protected within their Origin core but an Origin god has become the concept. That's why Origin gods can be suppressed so easily and so much.

"This is why we are called Sovereigns. We are not called gods, but sovereigns. We are above everyone else and there is no one above us in the lower realm. We are not lowly." As Tandrak spoke the Grand god weakened.

Tandrak's divine sense eliminated the support the grand god was getting from the world. Tandrak's will immobilized the grand god. The avatar could do nothing but watch.

"You are not even here with your main body or it would be a real fight." Tandrak shook his head.

The grand god didn't panic. It was not a surprising outcome. This is why he tried to ambush Ghoto in the first place. His avatar can harass a sovereign at best, it can't even defeat a titan with full certainty. Ghoto had even survived the ambush. So he was not surprised that he was bested by the sovereign. The golem

might allow them to use their raw power, but raw power isn't everything. There's a need for finesse and authority. Something only his main body had.

"It is of no matter. The dignity of a god cannot be defiled. I will be back." The grand god said.

Tandrak opened his mouth and spoke. "Sunder.

The single word he spoke discharged the brewing lightning in the clouds. The lightning fell like a waterfall onto the grand god. The golem disintegrated immediately when the pillar of lightning struck it. It was like how a waterfall will peel away at a rock but much faster. Tandrak wouldn't have needed to prepare for the attack if he was in a liberated plane. The origin energy in the plane and his access to world power will allow him to instantly cast apocalyptic spells.

The lightning didn't disappear, it formed into a colossal lightning drake. Tandrak stepped onto the head of the lightning and began to approach the defense of the resistance army.

The lightning drake was constantly roaring and shouting in the voice of thunder. The thunder claps created shockwaves that destroyed whatever it came in contact with. At least that's what it looked like. The massive golem army that was being manufactured didn't stand a chance against Tandrak's approach. No matter how many they were, they would always disintegrate in waves.

Tandrak continued unopposed, the path of destruction he carved through the battlefield made him stand out and he easily became the target of focus fire. Energy cannons and annihilating beams focused on him but all their efforts were in vain, they would always disintegrate into pure energy whenever they entered a certain range around him.

Tandrak (Thunder drake) became a titan of law by combining the laws of lightning and thunder. Thunder is sound. Tandrak had a low bloodline purity, so even though he awakened it, he never got a god-level talent. It is why his union with a woman without a bloodline created a son without an awakened bloodline. The best Tandrak got from his bloodline was a top-level talent for lightning. The purity of his bloodline affected what he gained from its awakening, it also reduced the bloodline's influence on his personality. He had always been a silent child while others with more bloodline influence were always full of energy and talkative.

He was ambitious and hardworking, he wanted to create a concept of destruction but he didn't have the affinity for it. So he improvised and fused the law of sound with lightning to create a synergistic effect.

Lightning is energy, energy in a highly excited state. Sound is the vibration of matter. Sound can be as small as the rise and fall of an electron within the orbital levels of an atom to create a photon, totally inaudible but of major significance. Or it can be as loud as a collapsing star, still inaudible to weak beings. But every titan of law has heard the sound of one as the stars within them collapsed.

He realized that sound needed energy to start and it can also lead to the creation of energy. And lightening is energy easily agitated. Their combination amplified their effects. He can use lightening to fuel sound creation and use vibration manipulation to either increase or reduce the energy levels of matter, thereby achieving the destruction of matter which further creates more energy. This is the path he chose.

His concept is strong against both matter and energy. As long as he knows the vibration frequency of anything, be it matter or energy, they will become susceptible to his ability. The energy cannons and annihilating beams are energy attacks, they will always disintegrate whenever they come under his area of influence. They are both formed from highly excited energy so they are unstable and looking for a release, he just as to provide the release by siphoning their energy through sound and they will become harmless.

What's worse for the resistance force is that the thunder drake beneath him was getting bigger and more fearsome, easily surpassing a kilometer in length, which lead to the expansion of the shockwaves coming from it. All the energy he siphons is directed to his thunder drake which boosts its capabilities.

With Tandrak leading the way, it made it easier for others to approach the defensive barrier of the resistance army. Tandrak's was finally stopped by the barrier shield surrounding the entrenched army. He focused on the barrier and made comparisons between its parameters and those he had in his database. He never forgets a vibration frequency he has acquired in the past so even though the shield was very complicated due to it being created by several war fortresses, he still determined its frequency in a relatively short amount of time. Things were easier since he could physically touch it. That's why he favors meeting people face to face.

Chapter 128 Finesse To Spare.

Tandrak just had to make some modifications and increase his energy input, the shield began to weaken in no time. The solid translucent surface of the barrier became transparent and waves began to spread across its surface as it tried to resist the intrusion.

The waves were created inwards towards the point of weakening. The shield was a creation of the meshing of barriers by different sources. It can resist physical and magical attacks due to its special energy structure. Tandrak was siphoning the energy of the barrier causing it to lose its strength. Trying to overload it with his energy will not work. He doesn't have as much energy as the combined power source of the war fortresses. Plus it will be a waste to do so. Why not take energy from them instead? The same energy that they need to power the barrier.

But the barrier hadn't given up yet, it was trying to restore the damages done to it, and the waves were trying to replenish the energy he stole from it. As long as he is able to overcome the regeneration limit of the shield then the barrier will fall. The fact that it was created by different sources means that it is very strong, but it was also susceptible to failure as long as one of the sources fails. It will create disarray within the intricate mesh structure of the Barrier and open a path for Tandrak.

Tandrak didn't intend to enter. He had other plans. After a long time of weakening the barrier, a small hole was finally created with the mesh of the barrier. The lightning drake beneath his feet rushed into the hole. It merged with the shield as soon as it made contact with it. The sight of a colossal entity of energy and vibration flattening onto the barrier confused a lot of people.

The barrier became infected with the thunder drake and the shield became a blue energy shield. It turned from a transparent barrier into a blue one cackling with lightning. The lightning drake is an extension of Tandrak's will which means he had infiltrated the network of the barrier. A vulnerability had opened in the barrier and he took advantage of it to target the entire barrier system, but he wasn't done. He used the barrier to access the energy system of its source.

The source of the barrier happens to be the thirty-something flying war fortresses above. Before the war fortresses could shut down the barrier or rectify his infiltration, he entered their reactors and overloaded them. The reactors couldn't adapt to the increasing excitement of their structural components and they exploded taking the entire fortress with them.

Tandrak might not be able to use his power to the fullest because of the restriction on him but what he could still achieve is beyond extraordinary. He had finesse to spare.

All the fortresses exploded and became too damaged to function much less stay afloat. All their various operations including the shield system stopped and the fortresses themselves began a reluctant descent. The ensuing chaos damaged the resistance army beyond repair. The soldiers and drones shut down. The resistance lost their barriers and their major support. The allied forces pounced on them in a bid to finish what they started.

Ghoto saw everything that happened from afar. He didn't follow Tandrak in his match forward because while Tandrak could take on whatever was thrown at him, he on the other hand would have ceased to exist if a stray attack reach him. But he saw how Tandrak took down not only the barrier but the entire resistance in one move. He marveled in awe of such a power.

"My good friend Tandrak sure is impressive." He thought.

Then he rushed into the fight to get more contributions. He had never been worried about their victory or defeat. The avatars of the gods had increased their ability to fight back to an extent, but it wasn't enough to stand against their own top forces. They still had the origin gods too. So they couldn't lose.

Within the headquarters of the Allied forces. A few minutes earlier before the fall of the barrier shield of the resistance army.

Guntu was talking with another origin god. This is the origin god that the battle alliance sent to spearhead the war efforts. They had the confidence that victory was assured as long as this Origin god is present. Just a single origin god against whatever the gods could do. Their confidence was not misplaced. At least Guntu thought so.

"Is it true that your father and six others were the only ones that survived the massacre of Liton and they had to forge through the forest of xigat while being chased and hunted?" Guntu asked expectantly.

"Yes." The other origin god answered. This Origin god did not look like a harmless prankster like Guntu. His features were blurry and his hair was just flowing energy. His hair that fell in waves behind this Origin god is the most striking thing about him. The hair is bright gold and dangerous to look at directly for anything below the level of an origin god. He looked like an angel or a god more than the gods look like gods.

All in all, he looked like a figure made up of energy in a shiny suit of armor. His existence is similar to titans that are running out of time because of their lack of control, they begin to lose their definite forms and start to disperse. If they somehow become a sovereign of law, they will be able to bring back their dispersing form and contain all their power which will grant them a definite shape.

This sight is a cause for concern for titans of law, but it is the aim of all Origin gods. When this situation occurs in an origin god it is a sign of reaching the threshold to advance to a World god. They become so full of energy that their physical form starts having trouble keeping it all in. The Origin god's blurry body is because he is practically bursting with energy.

"Is it true that the seven of them helped each other and some sacrificed themselves for others?" Guntu continued to ask.

"Yes." The origin god replied.

He wasn't bothered by the enthusiasm shown by Guntu, it is a common occurrence. Something he had to deal with his entire life, so he has had a lot of experience with answering the questions and maintaining his cool.

"Is it true that only two of them survived the chase and they swore revenge against the raptor race?" Guntu asked with fervor. His eyes were practically glowing.

"Yes."

"Is it true that in their bid for vengeance the two of them became blood siblings and started the Hand of vengeance organization?"

"Yes."

"Wow," Guntu exclaimed. He was asking about the history of the battle race monkeys. Specifically about the creation of the then Sage's council.

"Is it true that the hand of vengeance developed well until it became the foremost force against the Raptors?"

"Yes."

"Is it true that the hand of vengeance finally became the sage's council because of the urgent need for a united front against the assault of the Raptors?"

"Yes."

Ghoto continued to ask and the origin god continued to answer.

"Is it true that the two original creators of the hand of vengeance finally got married and gave birth to kids and you are one of them?"

The origin god sighed and answered. "Yes, I am."

It is the story of his life. The son of a hero, the son of a sage, the son of the original creators of the hand of vengeance. That is what the battle race monkeys think of him.

He was supposed to become free of the influence of his bloodline when he became a titan of law. But even till now, he couldn't get rid of the influence of the bloodline of a sage. He is practically glowing and shining all over, but he is still in the shadow of his parents. He had tried to create legends for himself but he could not overcome the achievements of his two parents.

He is about to become a world god but his parents are already world gods. All hope seemed lost for him until a chance opened up in the lower plane. The lower plane is where the glory of his bloodline started, if he could create an achievement here, it could redeem him. He would have something penned to his name in the history of the battle sage monkeys.

That is why he begged to be sent here to end the era of the gods. He needed the achievement and nothing could stop him. He plans to achieve more than a simple victory over the gods. He would make a big splash, nothing less than a momentous result will be good enough for him.

Chapter 129 The Sage's Eye. The Eye Of Truth. The Eye Of Casualty. The Eye Of Fatality.

"That is so epic. I wish I were their child or at least had such a glorious bloodline instead of Ghastorix's lineage." Guntu said with longing.

"I don't think Ghastorix would like to hear that." The origin god said. What he didn't say is that he didn't like to have been born to the Sage's lineage.

Guntu scoffed before he caught himself and looked around warily. He has had a lot of experience with pranks to know that the moment you want to talk smack about someone is the moment they might be standing behind you.

He is a little afraid of the ancestor, but he respects the sages more, so he continued talking. "I am sure even ancestor Ghastorix would have liked to be born with Sage's bloodline."

The Origin god just shook his head. All of his life, his bloodline demanded greatness from him. His bloodline made him selfless, bold, and honorable, willing to sacrifice himself for his race. His bloodline wanted only the best for his race and it demanded that he do something to achieve it.

But his parents, the source of his bloodline deprived him of the opportunity to fulfill his craving. His parents were still alive and the worst part is that they will never die. They were alive and continued to strive for the race. He didn't stand a chance against them and it was not a pleasant feeling. Even worse is that what little he achieved is usually attributed to the fact that he is a descendant of Sages. His bloodline was his blessing and his curse.

Guntu can be said to be a fanboy. He admired this origin god. The fact that he is ready to become a world god is something to be admired, twice over. Guntu still had a long way to go to reach that level, he needed to reconcile destruction with creation. But destruction is directly opposite to creation. He will need to go against his very nature. Only then would he be able to create his own law matrix and rule a world. But all his admiration paled when compared to the fact that this Origin god is a child of the Union of two of the greatest battle sage monkeys to ever exist.

The sages are greatness incarnate. Their entire race was named after them because of their feats in battle. The sages were the pioneers of the refinement path for the race, the first to achieve mana body and the first to become Transcendents. They didn't use the power they acquired to bully the race, instead, they used it to bring the race forward. Their acts of glory are eternal. Every child with an awakened bloodline and ancestral memories will remember them and their contributions to the race. The awe and respect that Guntu has for them will also be passed down to his offspring if he has any. And for generations to come, his offspring will continue to look up to the sages. In short, the sages will never be forgotten.

Guntu had been destroying the churches in the divine alliance and he was almost done with it, but he left when he was informed of the Origin god that the racial council sent. It was a more interesting thing to do, so he joined up with the newcomer and hounded him for juicy titbits. He was an artist and a connoisseur of stories, he had to come and talk to the son of legends.

Someone entered the main hall as they were talking.

"Your greatness, a god just insulted our bloodlines. He called it the cancer of the society that must be eradicated." The sovereign bowed and spoke in a deferential tone.

"Is this a joke?" Guntu asked.

If it was a joke, then it's a bad one, a really bad one.

The Origin god beside him spoke up. "Sadly, it is the truth."

Guntu noticed that the eyes of the other Origin god were glowing and switching colors. It reminded him of Soverick and why he is so important to the clan. Unlike soverick's eyes which possess multiple colors at the same time. This Origin god's eyes could only possess a single color at once but the colors change from time to time.

'A complete Sage eye. The eyes of truth, the eyes of causality, and the eyes of fatality.' Guntu thought in awe.

He is the only one around right now that could appreciate the beauty of the eyes in full splendor. Even the Sovereigns around could only get a quick peek at it so that they wouldn't incur too much mental damage.

When the first sages became mana entities, they awakened their divine ability. That moment set the entire race apart from the others and made them a divine race. A race with an innate divine ability.

The sages had no bloodline, so their divine ability was pure and powerful. It was until later that the Battle sage monkeys lost the ability to use their original divine ability.

Royal bloodlines improved the race but they also changed the race and made their divine ability change. The change was subtle at first but with time, the next generations lost the ability to acquire it completely. Only those without any bloodline whatsoever have a chance to awaken it, but that means

they will have to overcome the difficulties that the sages went through in the past. No one has the confidence that it could happen. It is not that those without bloodlines cannot become origin gods, even though it is immensely difficult, it is possible. But for them to choose the path of their divine ability to ascend makes the low probability outcome become almost null.

The world is fair and balanced. Individuals of races with divine ability will have to choose their path when they are becoming titans of law just like every other less unfortunate race. They can choose to continue their divine ability and bring it to complete awakening or they can create another path.

The divine ability is created as a result of a fluke in nature either due to mana or genetic mutations, it is very difficult to replicate. The chances of becoming a titan of law are low already without adding the difficulty of trying to replicate something created by chance. If they chose another path, they won't lose their divine ability, it is a part of them after all, but it will change to accommodate their new path. The new divine ability might be more powerful or less powerful than the original one but it will be different. They become the source of a new royal bloodline when they become Origin gods and then pass on the new divine ability to their offspring. It cannot be considered a disadvantage that they lost their original divine ability, it is simply an inevitable change.

At first, the divine ability of the battle sage monkeys is not that great. Those of their race that aren't mana entities possess great visual acuity. When they achieve their mana bodies, they gain the ability to slow down time or to be more accurate, their perception increases enough to make the world slow.

When they become Transcendents, their eyes become capable of actually seeing into the future. They become able to see visions that direct their path and lead them to a favorable outcome. It is then that they must choose if they intend to continue or change. If they continue and survive the challenge of becoming a titan, then their divine ability awakens further.

Sovereigns will then gain the ability to see a few seconds into the future at all times and also multiple possible futures. This ability becomes terrifying when they become origin gods. But they have to survive the ordeal of madness as titans of law first. The barrage of unwarranted and unsolicited visions can be a real killer to titans of law.

The difficulty of achieving what the sages did is why their bloodline lineage is very rare. They became Origin gods with the original divine ability and then passed it on to their offspring. It made their offsprings enjoy the best of both worlds, they had bloodline advantage and divine ability at the same time.

The Ghastorix family suspects that Soverick possesses this same advantage and they must preserve it. Their intent for his bloodline has only become stronger when they found out that he had multiple talents. Only the original sages had multiple talents but it was nowhere on the level of what Soverick possesses.

Back then, a transcendent or god-level of talent was considered a myth. Right now, royal bloodlines have made it possible. They have also made it impossible for offspring to have multiple talents, they will only have talents for what their ancestor chose as his path. Guntu's ancestor chose lightning and destruction to create a path, and that made his talents those two options only. Bloodlines have their advantages and their disadvantages.

But Soverick has multiple talents and all of them at the god-level. His importance to the family can not be understated. They didn't know what Soverick's divine ability is, but his talent and bloodline are good enough to whet their appetite.

Chapter 130 The Sage's Eye In Action.

The son of legends continued to use his eyes. The recent past events passed across his visions like the pages of a book. He had enough control to limit the extent of his search to a time range of 5 minutes. A titan of law wouldn't have that control. You can imagine what will happen if someone doesn't have control over their past and present.

The son of legends found the particular thread of faith he is interested in and saw what that stupid god said about bloodlines.

He said, "It is a grand god that said it."

"You're right, your greatness." The sovereign replied.

The son of legends has problems with his parents and his bloodline but that is not his parent's fault. He doesn't consider all bloodlines a curse. He might not like his parents but their hard work and sacrifices are real, and for that, they must be respected.

"I'll just have to teach them a lesson then." The shining Origin god said and he was gone.

He never did anything without a purpose. For every cause, there must be an effect. For every action, there must be a reaction. So he had been waiting for that perfect moment in the time stream to interfere. That moment has come, delivered on a silver platter.

He appeared an instant at the edge of the landmass that the Battle headquarters was on. The landmass is actually a gigantic floating vessel. It is much bigger than the war fortresses and more deadly. It looks like a small moon in the sky if viewed from the surface. It is a round mechanical feat of engineering capable of obliterating the resistance to ashes in moments, but the racial council doesn't want to use such a destructive weapon within the plane. They have reservations just like the gods have reservations about allowing Origin gods to fight within the divine plane.

The Leviathan Battle Star is one of the tools that will be used to patrol the plane in the absence of the gods. It will take over the god's job of safeguarding the main plane against invasions. The racial council is already planning for the effects of their victory. For the world gods in charge of the racial council, this war is like a cut scene in a game.

The Origin god stood and overlooked the battle going on down below. The Leviathan Battle Star was floating over 10 kilometers in the sky. Despite that, his eyes could see everything clearly, regardless of the large distance between them.

Guntu joined him soon after. Apart from the fact that he was slower than this Origin god, he also didn't take the shortest distance. He had to move in a straight line while the other warped here.

Unlike what others would believe, the shortest distance between two points is not a straight line, it is in fact, no distance at all. It is a simple concept that might seem inconceivable but it is one that can be understood when your eyes can see the path of no distance. Guntu's swift passage created wind in his wake while the other origin god didn't create any disturbance whatsoever because the son of legends didn't move through matter but pure space.

The son of legends continued to peruse the possible future with his eyes. His eyes changed color multiple times as if he was swapping lenses. Then his eyes became white signifying that he had locked on to a future.

He took a strand of his hair, pulled it free, and shoot it forward like an arrow. His actions were slow as if he had all day. But he had timed it to the smallest unit of time.

The arrow of hair moved at a peculiar angle and with a fast speed. Its trajectory wasn't fixed because it was easily influenced by the wind. Somehow the wind made the path of the arrow of hair coincide with the position of the divine avatars of gods. The arrow penetrated them one after the other, like a slow, and silent killer. The avatars felt no threat to their lives or a warning of danger. How could they? They don't have extra-dimensional senses after all. They only felt something peculiar about the wind before they lost consciousness.

"I hope the ignorant grand god will appreciate my gift. He might have escaped for now but this will find him." The son of legends said.

Guntu marveled at the sight of gods popping out of existence like fragile bubbles with seemingly no effort. He knew the eyes of truth could do more, but what little he saw just made him gush.

'I have heard tales about it, but now I can say I have seen it being used.' He was excited and jealous.

He was able to see the legendary perfect control of the sage's eye, the ability to utilize all their power to the maximum efficiency possible without waste of energy. The ability to string together random future events in your favor. It is why they are also called the eyes of causality and fatality. Those eyes saw the deaths of their enemies and brought about the cause with minimal effort.

Guntu was jealous because he couldn't use his own eyes here. His eyes are the eyes of destruction, anything and everything he gazed upon will start to be destroyed. His eyes are more powerful when it comes to pure damage but it doesn't spare foes or friends. If he uses it in such a weak plane, he will clear the battlefield immediately and he will also have another talk with mother high heaven. He was sure that a meeting with her because of such an act will probably cost him an arm and a leg.

By the time the sovereign that was talking to them earlier found them, all the god's avatars were dead. One of the god's avatars escaped at the last moment. This lucky one noticed that the other avatars were dying without a visible cause, he decided not to risk it and so he returned to the divine plane. Guntu saw this and he couldn't help but shake his head.

'That god is in big trouble.' He thought.

"Reward the sovereign that took down barrier shields. He as saved us some time. Clean up the battlefield and any other scattered resistance in the divine alliance. We will wait while the gods are

starved of faith. They will weaken, then we will sweep them away from the divine plane." The son of legends said to him.

The war might be a cutscene to some people but the son of legends has greater plans for it.

"Yes, your greatness." The sovereign bowed.

Guntu didn't object to the decision. He couldn't object to a decision that was made by someone with the famed eyes of truth. They will always make the best decision, at least ones that favor them. If they determine that waiting is the best decision to bring about the most favorable outcome for them, then they will wait.

The gods have lost the battle in the main plane and their source of power has been cut off. They will become like the transcendents in the main plain, unable to replenish the energy they use. The divine energy of the gods is fuelled with faith, and without it, they will not be able to recover whatever they use.

Guntu thought back to Soverick. 'If he can acquire these eyes then the era of conquest is set for us. Sadly it is too difficult to achieve.'

Guntu shook his head in pity. He supported the idea of nurturing Soverick to be a secret weapon for them but he didn't want to place all their hopes on him. It is common knowledge that the divine ability of a race is heavily influenced by their bloodline, and bloodline determines talents. Soverick has a bloodline somehow, a royal bloodline. He was a mutant. Things should have been easy for him with the advantages of the bloodline, but then they find out that he has 9 talents.

It is certain that he will have to fuse all 9 if he wants to keep his divine ability. It is a nearly impossible dream to achieve. The realm lord fused 6 laws and that's already steep for any reasonable person to ask.

'We are not so desperate as to rely on a boy to save our skin.' He shook his head and stopped thinking about their future.

They just wanted Soverick's ability, they didn't need it. As long as Ghastorix became a world god their family will be set. They will be able to survive the end of the universe. It's just that the ancestor will have to sacrifice his strength and potential to make it happen.

'Poor old ancestor.' He lamented.

The ancestor did not have the freedom to choose how he wants to become a world god. He has the hopes and dreams of countless others resting on his shoulders so the ancestor will have to make do with whatever is available and not the best. Guntu admired the ancestor for his willingness to lay down his future for the family.