

## **GREED 131**

### Chapter 131 Who Is The Boogeyman Of The Gods?

In the divine plane. Few minutes before the massacre of the gods.

Xanc's vision returned to his body. The death of his avatar was a big loss because divine energy is becoming scarce to acquire these days. Each divine avatar costs a god a fixed amount of divine energy which depends on the level of their strength.

A god can create as many avatars as they want but they don't have unlimited storage for divine energy. That means on a good day, they have a limit to what they can make in a day but they just had to wait to recover their energy. But now, they have to be frugal with their consumption of divine energy.

Only celestial gods have an unlimited storage of divine energy but the amount they have will be based on their accumulation. Things are not looking good for them considering that Ode the God King was recently the only celestial god. The rest don't have enough time to accumulate much.

Even though they lost terribly in the main plane, faith was still trickling in. People still believed in them, although in small pockets. He was thinking about making another avatar to go down and retaliate but he stopped. He has to think of the bigger picture.

"I have my Match today. I can't waste energy." He thought in consideration.

No matter how much he hated Ghoto, he had to prioritize his upcoming match to become a celestial.

The matchups have been going on a steady schedule in order to curb chaos. It will be his turn soon, but he wasn't worried. He had been paired with a weak grand god so the fight will be easy. He just had to conserve his energy.

If even he was having problems with energy, then the new grand god must be bankrupt of it.

He hated Ghoto. He really did. Xanc and Mihila had history. They were childhood friends, they both didn't have any bloodlines. They both struggled to make progress in a world that had deemed those without bloodlines a weakness. They had a lot in common, including their unyielding determination.

They struggle together back in the day and helped each other out. It was comradeship that Xanc hoped would blossom into more.

But everything changed when Ghoto came along. Ghoto had a bloodline which he used to his advantage in swaying Mihila to him. The bloodline may be weak and largely unawakened but it is one. Xanc's budding romantic relationship with Mihila was crushed in its cradle by Ghoto. He wasn't even given the opportunity to ask her out. Maybe she would have accepted or rejected, but he believes deserved that much.

"Enjoy your remaining time alive for now, Ghoto. I'll be back. Justice always strikes back and will eventually catch up to evil-doers." He muttered with conviction.

He hates Ghoto and all those with bloodlines. He let his hatred spur him and energize him. He would take no chances with his upcoming opponent. He will crush the other grand god, absorb him and become a complete god, a celestial.

As he was contemplating the sweet, sweet revenge he would get to enact on Ghoto, something started to happen within the divine plane. It started with wild energy fluctuations and sounds of things crumbling.

He almost didn't recognize the sound but then he remembered that it had occurred some weeks ago when they had their first skirmish. The same strange thing had happened then they experienced their first disastrous defeat at the hand of that Origin god.

"But we have been careful. We always run away at the first sight of that calamity." He fumbled for a reason for this disastrous event.

It is funny how gods are at one moment talking about their honor, dignity, blasphemy, and justice. The next moment, that same god is asking why they are dying when they have been playing the game of hide and seek so well, like willy moles hiding from a mallet.

He was shocked standing. It just didn't make sense to him, they were incredibly cautious, so how did the mallet smash so many of them at once? He looked out his divine kingdom to see many divine kingdoms failing into the void. The divine kingdoms were smaller or larger than his but they were all crumbling the same.

"More gods have died." He said.

His voice was shaking. He almost couldn't believe it. They had made sure to avoid that origin god before they deployed their avatars. They had learned their lesson from last time so they remained fearful of that kind of power in order not to suffer such a disaster again. The death of gods is unprecedented but now it has occurred twice and in a large amount. And less than a year between the two events. At this rate, the gods will be wiped out.

For the first time since the war started, Xanc truly felt fear. Fear finally got through his thick skull and dense mind. He also realized that he might have just escaped death which was an absurd phenomenon. Gods shouldn't escape death because they should have to fear death. Xanc had never felt a threat to his life in more than 40 Origin cycles. It made him feel sick experiencing that fear now.

A mandatory council meeting was broadcasted to all the remaining gods through a flashing Rune. He accepted the invitation and appeared within the colosseum of the gods. The gods that appeared were panicking. Xanc noticed that only those that didn't participate in the battle and those that were defeated earlier like him were still alive.

"Silence." Ode shouted.

'The god King seemed to have grown stronger.' Xanc noticed.

He was not wrong. Ode had become stronger. He has become worthy of the name Celestial supreme. The name and the power that came with it only fully activated after he became a king of other celestials. He was now flanked by 21 other celestials. The more celestials he ruled over, the higher the power boost he got from his position. But the power boost will not come into effect in a fight against other gods, only outsiders will make it activate. So another celestial god can challenge him for the position of supreme.

That aside. Ode was tired. He was tired, worried, and fearful. He had watched the battle from his seat up on high but even he didn't know how the gods died. He saw no trace of any attacking origin god and no trace of the assailant. All he saw was the gods popping out of existence, both in the form of their avatars and later in the divine plane. It was a massacre of the gods with repercussions far higher than their defeat in the main plane and he still didn't know how it happened.

"How many of you are alive now?" He asked.

But he wasn't hopeful. The main force of the gods has become only him and the few celestials beside him. He was grateful he hadn't sent them to battle. There were several reasons for that decision. He was afraid of them dying if he sent them to the battle, there would be no major difference between them and grand gods even if they sent their avatars, they were also very weak right now. The new celestials are currently at their lowest, he wanted them to accumulate energy since they can save all the divine energy they produce. Grand gods couldn't so it was better to put their limited energy pool to use.

The number of gods alive was abysmal. 5 grand gods, 20 high gods, 130 mid gods, and 210 low gods. They had lost more than 90 percent of their numbers but strangely enough, their major prowess was still conserved. The other gods were becoming useless as less faith reached them. In a couple of days, they will be just for show. And the worse part is that he won't be able to make more celestials because a lot of grand gods had died. So no more progress in their strength. The army of the main plane doesn't need to do anything and the strength of the gods will continue to dwindle.

"Does anyone know what happened down there?" Ode asked in hopes that someone would have discovered something. The only god that survived raised his hand.

Ode gave him permission. "Speak."

The mid god stood up. "I don't know exactly what happened. I can only say something was wrong with the wind. It felt like something creepy was going on."

Ode shook his head. 'When did gods start using the word Creepy? When did we become so afraid?' He lamented. Suddenly he noticed something. He felt that something was wrong, he could have ignored the feeling but the entire divine plane was warning him of imminent danger. Thanks to the deepening of his connection with the divine plane he was able to notice that there was a foreign force within the Colosseum.

"Show yourself." He stood up and released all his power.

The other gods were startled, they hadn't sensed anything so they found the god king's behavior to be very odd. Who could sneak into the colosseum? Only gods can come here after all.

## Chapter 132 How Low Can A God Fall?

Has the God King finally lost his wits? Has the numerous defeat gotten to him? How can someone sneak into a crowd of gods and no god noticed? The gods may be weak right now but they haven't fallen so low that they would be so blind to something like that. They were all confused by Ode's outburst and wondered why someone like him would be behaving like a loony.

Then they saw a god wink out of existence. He just up and vanished. It is more like he broke apart. Then his Godhood appeared and plunged down to the main plane. This sight terrified all the gods.

"What was that?" A god asked the very question they were asking themselves. Sadly, no one had an answer.

A god just died right in front of them and they didn't know how. But things were not over yet, another god died, followed by another. A straight path of death appeared. Whatever was killing the gods appeared to be heading straight for the god King.

Ode was alarmed. He still couldn't sense what was killing them. That didn't mean he was going to wait for his death though. He roused all his power and the entire divine plane buffed him to create a colossal blast of energy in the direction of the dying gods. The energy detonated amidst the gods and wiped out the nearby gods within its range. His attack had killed more gods than the invisible enemy. He didn't care. Better them than him.

He stood wary, watching for any changes. A ball of energy was in his palm ready to be launched at any moment. He wasn't sure if he had vanquished the invisible assailant, the only thing he was sure of was that he wasn't being targeted anymore. He remained vigilant with other gods, they were watching for any sudden death.

Even though they usually live flimsy lives without any threat, they understood that at this moment they must band together. An enemy that could sneak into their most sacred place within the very heart of the divine plane without being discovered by so many of them is a terrifying enemy. Such an enemy will pick them off one by one if they were to run away. They had to take a stand now and root out this calamity.

Even with the combined vigilance of the gods they didn't notice anything off until another god winked out of existence. And just like before, the deaths increased and they occurred within a straight line. This time Grand god of Justice, Xanc, was on the path of death. He ran sideways to avoid the invisible hand of death but it seemed to be tracking him. Whenever he changed directions any god between him and the attack will die. His scalp tingled when he noticed a celestial god pop like a bursting tomato.

His mind considered all his options that will assure his safety. Only two options came to mind. Hide behind the god King or voluntarily let go of his Godhood. He looked towards the god King but Ode was ready against him. The god King pointed the energy ball within his hand towards him as if to tell him 'Come any closer and I'll blast you out of existence.'

And so he chose the other viable option. He chose to fall. He rejected the godhood within him and he began to sink. The process of falling is not an immediate one but it is irreversible.

He began to fall through the divine plane. He crossed through the void between the planes and as soon as he reached the boundary of the main plane a searing pain erupted within him. Every fiber of his being screamed out in suffering as his Godhood coalesced into a shining ball of light beside him. He had rejected his Godhood so he must give up everything that made him divine and everything that he gained from his Godhood.

The two of them then separated. The Godhood went towards an unknown location within the main plane and him directly towards the ground.

He free fell for a while but he didn't get to enjoy the feeling. He was mostly unconscious after he lost his Godhood. He was weakened beyond compare but the danger wasn't over yet. He might not survive the fall at the end of the day. He was heading straight for the ground and unless he was really lucky, he was going to turn into a gruesome meat paste no different from the bloody ending of that celestial god.

There was nothing he could do about it. There is nothing any god can do about it. At the moment when they chose to fall, they've left their future up to fate. They can't choose where they exit the divine plane from. Distance and direction are wonky within the void so they can enter the main plane from any direction. Even if they have something prepared to survive their fall, they will be too weak and unconscious to use it. This is in the event that the separation of their Godhood doesn't kill them in the first place.

So there he was, awaiting death. A grand god shot down in his prime. He approached the ground like a falling star, his hopes and dreams damned to go unfulfilled. His divinity and glory were lost forever.

He still had his oath, that was the only thing keeping him awake. He picked up speed and smashed into a body of water. He lost consciousness and was in danger of drowning. He was not a god anymore so he had lost his so-called immortality. He is currently weaker than a transcendent so he needed to breathe,

but it wasn't something he could fix right now. Being submerged in water usually leads to a lack of air to breathe. He resigned himself to fate and closed his eyes to accept the bitter embrace of death.

He opened his eyes a long while later. Xanc was surprised to be alive. He looked around him to determine his situation. He was on a woven mat on the ground. The heat of a fire was coming from his side. A voice spoke to him from beyond what he could see.

"It's good that you're awake." The voice said.

He recognized the voice, it was a very familiar sound. The image of a familiar person came unbidden into his mind

He tried to sit upright to see where the voice came from. His soul is currently too damaged to use his divine and it will probably never recover.

"Sito, is that you?" He flailed about trying to see who the person was. His voice was weak and tired just like the rest of his body.

"Stop struggling. You are lucky to be alive." The voice reprimanded him.

A few moments later, a face came into view. The face was aged but he could still recognize the features of Sito.

"Are you Sito?" He asked uncertainly.

"It is me. Are you surprised about my looks? The same thing happened to you too." She informed him.

He touched his face to realize he had gained a few wrinkles. His face was no longer smooth, blemish-free, and spotless. He had lost his youthfulness and he was aging now. He had gained the same mature look that Sito has.

"What happened to me?" He asked in shock.

"Do you mean why you're old or how you survived? I'll tell you both. The answer to the first question is simple enough. You are not a god anymore and have lost all the perks that come with it. In fact, we are worse off, we are broken products. Our souls, mind, and bodies have been broken. We will die in about a maximum of 100 years and we will continue to age until we die. Nothing can save us from this fate."

She stopped for a while to let him digest the news. There is a reason that grand gods that want a better future for themselves go to the tower of heaven and fight for the god fire extinguisher. They don't just remove their Godhood and be done with it. Only with their god fire properly extinguish can they acquire another Origin core and switch to the path of perfection. Their original Origin core had frozen over when they became gods.

Becoming a god comes with drastic changes and benefits. Reverting to a mortal comes with equally drastic changes but with detriments. But the will of the realm has made a safe way out for the truly outstanding gods. They just have to fight for it.

Siti went over to stoke the fire and add more wood to it. The heat of a fire is important to them now. No more lavish divine kingdom for them. No more wealth and a host of angels to cater to their every whim. In a way, they are worse than the mortals that used to rely on them. They have fallen so low that they don't have a future anymore.

Chapter 133 This Is Cheating.

She let him come to grips with his new reality before she continued talking.

"As for why you're alive, I foresaw this moment back then. I survived my fall and came here to build a small hut. I have been living here ever since, waiting for you. I didn't know when you will arrive but I knew you will arrive. The hut is by a river, you floated down the stream and I rescued you. I paid someone to rescue you to be precise. I don't have that much strength anymore and I don't want to join you in drowning." She chuckled at her joke.

"You knew all this was going to happen? Why didn't you tell me?" Xanc asked.

"You wouldn't have listened. I told you that resistance was futile but you didn't listen. I left you alone because I knew that you wouldn't die. The future is constantly changing, they are several futures and several paths of destiny. But the vision I saw back then showed me a point where all possibilities converged into a definite outcome. It was like a terrible force declared that future. The gods were going to lose, it was inevitable. The only thing uncertain is how long they are going to struggle at death's door."



You and I were not fated to die, this is why we are living. Simple as that." Sito explained in an unusually stern voice.

Xanc sighed and his anger left him. "I understand. I asked a stupid question. Thank you for saving me."

"Not to worry. We are friends. What exactly made you decide to fall?" Sito asked.

"I honestly don't know, what I do know is that if I had hesitated I would have died," Xanc answered with a chill in his voice. The memory of that undetermined danger filled him with dread. The debut release happened at NOv3lBiin.

Sito only shook her head. She didn't know what the powerful force was but her visions when she was a god informed her that her life would have been in danger if she had stayed.

Her power to see into the future would have attracted the attention of that powerful force and it would have focused on her. Her ability would become her doom. The ability to see into the future required the proper strength to guarantee one's life before it can be taken advantage of. That's why she chose to fall, that powerful force probably had something to do with xanc fall too. She decided not to bring up that sad event anymore. A fall from grace is never a joyful thing.

She returned to sit beside him. "What is your plan now?"

"I don't know. Am I even allowed to have a plan? I just want to be with someone familiar right now." Xanc answered after some time of thinking.

Siti smiled at that. Her smile brought out the charm of a matured female battle sage monkey. She said, "Well you are in luck. I am familiar with you so you don't have to go so far."

Xanc teared up. "Thank you, Sito. You were right. I should have left with you back then. I shouldn't have been so stubborn. The entire war was simply a formality and I almost sacrificed to that formality." He began to cry while Sito comforted him.

And they lived the rest of their days together in happiness and bliss. They are one of the very few who were affected by the war of the gods and had a relatively happy ending.

The war of the gods may have had little impact on those that sided with the racial council but it has had a large impact all the same. The people in the divine alliance had been living in a nightmare since the war started. They were attacked, their people killed, their churches destroyed and their gods killed. All this started because someone told a paranoid ancient tree that its life might be in danger.

Xanc's hopes and dreams were dashed, he may have come within inches of death, and he may have lost his wealth and fortune. It is still better than becoming a god-level fertilizer.

Back at the war front. On the Leviathan Battle Star. A few minutes after the fall of Xanc.

The battle on the main plane had finished by now. The allied forces were cleaning up the battlefield and more of them had spread out to look for any place still worshipping the gods. It would take a lot of time and effort but those that made progress in their search will be highly worried.

They had the equipment to detect any divine activity in the main plane so the gods will have to lay low so that their believers will not be discovered. Even if the people refuse to give up their faith, after long periods of no response from their deity, they will come to accept reality. The reality that the end of the era of gods has arrived.

The son of the legends instructed the Leviathan Battle Star to move in a certain direction. No one knew where they were going exactly but no one questioned him. A few minutes later he made the Battle Star stop. The distance they had moved in that small amount of time was over a hundred kilometers because of the speed of the battle star. Its top speed is very high but it needs a long time to fully accelerate to reach it and the drag of the atmosphere makes that time even longer. The battle star is usually used in the void which will eliminate drag.

After waiting for a few minutes more the son of legends raised his hand. A Godhood with his hair tied around it fell into his hands. It wasn't a normal Godhood. It looked like the core of a celestial.

The Godhood belonged to the celestial god that died. He was also the last god to die. Guntu who had been watching every movement of the son of legends widened his eyes in realization. He had been

shadowing the other Origin god hoping to see something cool and what he had just witnessed blew his mind.

"This is cheating." He roared silently within his mind in admiration.

He saw the single hair fiber when it was launched, he paid extra attention then. The hair killed a lot of god's avatars and he was sure that the main bodies will also die in the divine plane. He saw one weak god escape with luck. The hair had lost momentum after killing the other gods so it came to rest on the shoulder of the avatar. That god probably felt something wrong and took back his avatar in a hurry. Guntu saw that the hair followed the avatar into the divine plane and here it was, returning with what appears to be the Godhood of a celestial.

A complete Godhood, a Godhead. He could only imagine what had happened in the divine plane. He was itching to find out so he summoned his courage to ask.

"I know what you want to ask." The son of legends spoke before he asked.

"It was just a small lesson. I wanted to teach that ignorant grand god a lesson he would never forget for insulting our ancestors, but he was being protected by fate. That means no matter what I do, he couldn't die now. So I had to give up on killing him, I sent the attack to curl the gods and to gather information."

The son of legends hefted the brightly glowing ball of light about 10 centimeters in diameter. He threw it up and caught it like a ball. Like a plaything.

"Thankfully the avatar that took my hair also took it to their council location so I was able to achieve my four objectives. Teach the grand god a lesson, kill some gods, gather information about their supreme and acquire a Godhead of nature's domain." The celestial god said.

"And before you ask what use I have for the Godhead, I will answer. It is for you. I have a feeling you need it."

Guntu's mouth dropped open. It was a reflex reaction carried over from when he still had a fleshy body. He was stunned. He realized that such a display wasn't right for an Origin god but he never cared about that.

He indeed needed the Godhead. Ancestor Hadrack asked him to bring one a few weeks back, it should also be nature related. Hadrack had only asked him because he was the only one fully capable of fulfilling the requirements. It was an odd request that he intended to fulfill if the chance came up, but he had never mentioned it to anyone. Now he got a Godhead for free without doing anything.

The son of legends continued. "I have a feeling that giving you this godhead will bring about a favorable and monumental change to the future of the race. So here, take it." He retrieved his hair and threw the godhead to Guntu.

Chapter 134 The Witness, Jury, Judge And Executioner.

Guntu caught the godhood and was already scheming about how to keep the Godhood for himself. He liked to tell stories but having a physical souvenir is always welcomed. He didn't want to give up something that the eye of sages had been activated to acquire.

Still, he decided to report the sequence of events to ancestor Ghastorix immediately. The importance of Soverick increased in his mind. Sometimes you wouldn't know what you are lacking until you see someone using it. He had just realized how much they were missing out on without the eyes of truth.

"The God King is not bad for a god. He has strengthened his connection with the divine realm so we might be troubled a lot if we storm the place. It won't be a problem to win at the end of the day, but I have a feeling that if we wait, things will shape up. We might not even need to fight much to wipe the gods out." The son of legends said as began to walk back towards headquarters.

He was thinking about the grand god he couldn't kill. When a battle sage monkey that chose the path of their innate divine ability becomes an origin god, they become capable of changing the future from the present. They do this by forcefully converging all lines of possibilities to reach the desired outcome by selecting this outcome and sacrificing the rest to achieve it.

But no matter how he looked at the future with his eyes, that grand god can't die this soon. Either he had fate on his side or another force had interfered with the possibilities. He could have chosen to pursue the grand god as he fell but he chose to go after more important objectives. He wouldn't have been able to acquire the godhead if he had prioritized the grand god instead.

There's no way a measly grand god could have escaped from him even if he had fate on his side. It's just that any attempt on the grand god's life will make him forfeit something more important.

'It is rare that I don't get what I want and more. But I'll let him go.' He made his decision, like the verdict of a judge, he decided to pardon Xanc.

But the son of legends is more than a judge. Anyone with the Sage's Eye is more than a judge. They are the witness, the jury, the judge, and the executioner altogether. They will see, they will come and they will conquer. Their eyes make it all inevitable. Running away from them is like a blind man trying to run away from a man with perfect eyesight.

A shower of stars began to rain on the main plane. A lot of Godhood fell due to the sudden death of many gods. It was a display that showed the inhabitants of the plane that their gods were powerless. It was one of his hidden agendas. The four objectives he mentioned weren't the complete number of goals he wanted to pursue. There are some hidden goals. This display for example will impact the believers and reduce their faith in the gods. Giving the Godhead to Guntu also has a hidden agenda. It is true that the act will be favorable to the race as a whole, what he didn't say is that it would also be favorable to him.

The worth of the godhead to an origin god is between one to ten origin essence beads but what he will get from it is greater than that. It is also why he is friendly to Guntu. He is usually a friendly person but his instincts warned him to not slight Guntu in any way so that the future rewards will be higher.

The knowledge that the eyes of truth acquire can be used in a myriad of ways. This knowledge is why they are called sages another word for wise men. They weave intricate plans. If you think they are only one step ahead of you, then you are wrong and you have already lost. If you think that they are at least two steps ahead of you then you are wrong. They will take advantage of your paranoia and make you second guess your decisions. If you think that they are three steps ahead of you, you will lose. Because you're right where they want you to be.

There's just no way of winning against them unless they make you think you have won. It has its limitations but overall, the power of his eyes is a good thing. He had once tried to use it against a world god and it backfired. He didn't just suffer a backlash, he paid for that lesson with his life. He is an Origin god so he just had to spend some resources and he was back on his feet. Still, it was an expensive lesson.

The gods are measly opponents when compared to the might of an entire world. Origin gods can't kill each other permanently, so it is never safe to kill an Origin god. But some loopholes have been taken advantage of to achieve a safe kill. Origin gods have researched ways to kill each other for good but the

best they have achieved is preventing the Origin god from resurrecting within a time frame. It might take many cycles but a dead Origin god will resurrect. So they changed their aim towards killing an Origin god in a safe manner and developed techniques to achieve it.

Using a small amount of those techniques on gods, however, will lead to their total death. They aren't truly immortal, even Origin gods aren't fully immortal. True immortality is a realm beyond World gods.

It is what those juggernauts are aiming for. True immortality is the immunity to death, they just can't die. Origin gods can resurrect indefinitely as long as their soul matrix exists and there is energy. It is still not true immortality.

What he used on the gods is just a basic attack that targets the fate of whoever he kills. If it is on an Origin god, they will die again as soon as they resurrect at most. But then they will resurrect again. It is a technique that kills an Origin god twice in a row regardless of distance and will disrupt memory transfer to the Origin god so that his soul matrix won't be updated. In short, the Origin god won't know how he died the first time because he died again before his soul matrix updates.

When someone doesn't know how he died, you will be able to kill them again in the same way. As long as no one witnessed your process of killing the Origin god, it will remain a secret. You can preserve your trump cards that way. An Origin god must have one or two of these techniques to safeguard their secrets. Fighting someone that can resurrect is a tricky business, it is best that you don't start a fight, but if you do, you must make sure to wipe out future consequences at least or a simple fight can escalate into a cosmic war of epic proportions.

This simple technique has a rather fatal consequence on gods as long as he kills one of their avatars. As for the reason why they couldn't sense his hair? They were simply blind to it. No matter how they run, they are simply going in circles beneath the gaze of his perfect eyesight.

Back in the divine realm. A while after that fiasco with the invisible attacker.

The God King Ode was feeling jittery. Nothing was going well for him. He didn't even have peace and safety in his own house anymore.

"What is the world coming to?" He lamented.

They thought he was crazy when he first sensed the anomaly. He was fine then but he is crazy now. Even a god has his limits. And he is so close to reaching his.

How could he live comfortably knowing that there might be an attacker in the divine realm? A very strong attacker too, something strong enough to threaten his very life. He had stretched his senses ever since that incident. His mental status was fine because of the strength of his soul but his emotional status was crumbling and it was crumbling fast. It was like a house of cards with one of the foundations removed. A core tenet of his life which is safety and control within the divine plane has been destroyed.

He had to do something about the current situation. If they can't ascertain that their attacker is gone, they will always be on edge. So he consulted the only people who could help out in these dire circumstances. The Origin gods that he hired answered his call. He explained exactly what happened to the gods in hopes that they will be able to save him from his terror.

Chapter 135 Play Dead And Hope For The Best.

So you are saying, even after you blasted it with full force you still didn't see what it was?" An Origin god asked. The face of this Origin god was empty except for the gaping maw that split his face and a tongue too big to be contained in his mouth. The long and spiked tongue rolled around outside the confines of its mouth. He had a growth on his head that resembled antlers but flowers were growing on them. He wore a dark cloak that obscured everything about him except his head. He probably couldn't cover his head because his antlers are too big for it.

"Yes, I could only sense that something had invaded the divine plane but I couldn't make out what it was." Ode replied.

He didn't tell them that even that information was not acquired by his own strength, it was the plane that informed him. But what does that matter? Gods use borrowed power anyway. So it makes no difference how he did it.

The Antler Origin god looked at his comrades. There were two other Origin gods in the meeting. One was a rock with some small plants growing from the cracks between the joints. He had no features that could identify it as a living thing.

The other is a stick, a long hollow stick to be precise. Origin gods can change their shapes but they are limited by their minds. They can assume any shape as long as they are comfortable in it. Their existence is closer to immortal concepts than immortal living beings.

The three of them sat at the table with the God King. They had a quick chat amongst themselves. And the outcome of their chat wasn't favorable to the gods.

"It can be what I think it is, is it?" Rock origin god asked.

"It probably isn't. Someone on that level won't stoop to something like this. They will just barge in and end this farce. It must be someone that is about to reach that level." Big mouth replied.

"Even that isn't a good thing. It implies that the racial council of this plane is taking this seriously." Hollow stick said.

Big mouth made a sound of derision. "Of course, they are taking it seriously. Which realm council wouldn't take the liberation of their plane seriously?"

"Things are different now. The presence of someone like this means trouble, especially from the battle sage monkeys. Someone like that can just come here and kill us." Hollow stick maintained.

Big mouth shook his head. "It won't be that simple. This person has not reached that level so they can't disregard suppression yet. They will be suppressed in the main plane and the divine plane is going to suppress them more."

"You are right. What should we do now?" Rock asked.

"There's only one thing we can do if we are in our right mind." Hollow stick replied.

Big mouth sighed in agreement. There was only one thing they can do, if they don't want to be hunted down by this terrifying figure then they better do it now. The three of them stood up in silent agreement.

"We are done. We want no more part in this. You are on your own." Big mouth said before they started leaving.



Ode was flabbergasted. He wanted them to give him advice about what was going on, instead, they are packing up and leaving him. He would like to use force to make them stop but he had learned that lesson the hard way. So resorted to what he can safely do.

"You can't leave, you haven't even done anything." He shouted at them.

"You're wrong. We can leave anytime we want. It says so in the contract. We made that clear." One of the Origin gods called back without turning.

"Yes, but..." Ode slumped down in his seat. "It's like I invited you here and gave you money for nothing." He whispered, still in shock.

He had paid them some advance, a large advance too. There was no clause in the contract that required them to return it. The contract was too lax on them because he was desperate for some help. They could break the contract anytime without consequences. He expected that they will at least go through the motions and fight something before giving up. But now they are running away as if they are scared of something. Then it hit him, they must know what that terrifying invisible enemy is.

He rushed from his throne to catch up to them. Even if they will go, they should give him information about his current dilemma.

"What is that invisible enemy?" He asked when he caught up to them.

Big mouth considered for a while before replying. "We shouldn't say anything so that we can guarantee our safety. But since you've paid us, we will help you out just this once."

Ode became elated immediately. Then his mood dropped when he heard what he said next.

"When an Origin god is ready to become a world god. They undergo a sort of displacement in energy and spatial positioning. In other words, what you see and perceive about them is just the tip of an iceberg. The bulk of their being is in a dimension invisible to us and what they show you is more like a shadow of their existence. Once they fully connect to that dimension and build a world in it, they will become a world god. What you are facing is something you cannot see, something you cannot perceive, something you cannot touch but it can see you, perceive you, and hurt you. The perfect Hunter."

Big mouth continued. "I am not sure about the full details, we are still far from that level. I'll give you some advice, run, run and never look back."

Then the three of them warped away from the divine realm. When they had made the agreement to work for the Virut Pantheon, they had made it very clear that they would be unreliable allies. This was due to the binding contract they had to sign before they were employed and allowed entrance into the divine plane. If not, they would have cheated this sorry group of gods and even rob them. But the contract prevented them from intentionally causing the gods harm, either through their actions or thoughts. The contract was very strict when it came to guaranteeing the safety of the gods from them, but it was lax in their responsibilities.

Origin gods need resources more than ever and the resources they need are what fuels their conflict. They need resources to grow stronger and they need them to resurrect. It will take an origin god numerous cycles to resurrect without resources. Resources can shorten that time to a few days and in some cases, a few minutes.

They took this job because of their need for resources. Unlike in the mortal world, resources hardly change hands within the circle of immortals. They never die, odds are, when one of them grasps hold of a source of wealth, they will never let go of it. Even death can't make them let go. Because of that, Origin gods don't reduce in number, but the number of resources remains constant.

That's why new origin gods like them have to do odd jobs to get by. If you don't belong to a strong cosmic organization, then you are doomed to fighting for scrapes with other poor origin gods like you.

The racial council of the battle sage monkeys is one of such strong cosmic organizations. In fact, they are behemoths, the kind that you must not look in the eye. If the racial council of the battle sage monkeys happens to walk by, you stay still or pretend you're dead. That's the kind of predator that they are. An Origin god can't be dead, so playing dead will be seen through very easily. But it will convey your acceptance of their dominance in hopes that they will deem you insignificant and leave you alone.

The three of them were practically scathing at the edge by interfering in their affairs, but the job was too good to pass over.

The gods were filthy rich, it is like they had siphoned the wealth of their believers into a single spot. The gods were like banks that people can only deposit in and not withdraw. Even banks that allow withdrawal are vastly wealthy, but they can't compare to the gods.

For years, they have sucked on the lifeblood of their believers, like ticks and parasites. They had wealth that could tempt Origin gods, if not for the fear of the racial alliance many Origin gods would be lining up to fight for them. But that will end soon.

Things had changed. The racial council had brought in a big gun to a fist fight. The three of them won't play anymore and wouldn't be here to witness the downfall of the Virut Pantheon. They were going to play dead and hope they are left alone.

Chapter 136 The Last Day's Protocol.

Ode watched as the three of them left. He was feeling jittery earlier but now he was downcast. As the supreme celestial of the divine plane and the god King of the Virut Pantheon, the fate of the gods rests on his shoulders, literally and figuratively.

He returned to his throne silently to think about his future. He sat down on his opulent throne and sighed.

"I am doomed." He felt like a mortal who just found out that he is in debt or going bankrupt. The absurdity of it would have made him laugh if it were not true. But it is true.

The future of the gods was not looking good. It had not been looking good for a while, but it was getting worse and worse each day. Any person with at least an average intelligence will be able to see that they were doomed. He had at least that much intelligence, so he knew they were doomed. But what to do about that?

Mortal wisdom says when someone is at zero, there's no more place to go but up. Of course, they are wrong about that, there are other directions apart from up. There is still a negative direction.

For example, the gods were approaching null. He is going bankrupt, he is losing all his years of effort and wealth, and it won't end there, he will lose his life too. Has it been mentioned that he doesn't even have the option to fall?

"What to do now? How can I get out of this?"

Miracles were not forthcoming, so he began to review his options. He could beg the racial council, but that was unlikely to work. There could be no truce, only defeat, or victory. He shook his head at that thought. He couldn't even relinquish his seat as a supreme. He would have to fall in battle to another celestial god and be absorbed to achieve that. Only the strongest get to be supreme, if they fall, then they will be used to empower the new and stronger supreme.

Even if he could safely retire, what next? What would he do with his life? He is God King Ode, Celestial god of battle, and has been for a long time. He can't return to being a mortal, a true God cannot fall and revert to being a mortal. What would he do as a mortal? Own a farm and pray for rain? To which gods will he even pray? Which god will still be alive after this era? None.

There is another option that could solve his problem but he didn't want to consider it. He agonized about the decision for weeks before finally deciding to go ahead with it.

The allied forces were strangely quiet, they didn't storm the divine plane during the period he was in thought. They were totally content with moping up the scattered believers. It was like they were giving him time to make his decision.

Ode opened his eyes after weeks of contemplation.

"Push as come to shove. They have pushed me to this."

Then he willed the divine plane to activate the "Last day's protocol."

At the same time within the Main Plane.

The son of legend smiled. His mysterious eyes twinkled. 'Third hidden agenda achieved. Warn off interference. Chase away the Origin gods.

His plan was going well. If he had his way, the allied forces won't need to fight a disadvantageous battle within the divine plane. He just had to wait and he would reap the fruits of his patience.

He waited patiently and was able to sense the changes in fate the moment when Ode decided to activate the last day's protocol.

'Fourth hidden agenda achieved. Create the opportunity for the birth of the Child of the plane. I wonder who it will be.'

The thing about those with the Sage's Eye is that they must often have their way. The alliance army won't need to fight a disadvantageous battle. No. There will be a disadvantageous battle but it won't be fought by the army. It will be fought by another group and the reward will be greater than a simple liberation of the plane.

Back At the Ghastorix Family Battle Academy

Soverick and the eye-to-body coordination training.

This training consisted of two major parts, eyes adaptation and body precision training. For eyes adaptation, the challenges consisted of training his night vision and learning to walk upside down. Learning to walk upside down was simple enough, he just had to adapt to seeing the world inverted.

But of course, it wasn't that simple. He had to move through an obstacle course while upside down. Instead of his legs, he used his hands to move and jump. Jumping was tricky to achieve with the hand especially when one had to judge the distance and height with an inverted vision.

The best sense to rely on will be the divine sense, not the eyes, but it will require adaptation. It is difficult enough to walk with an inverted vision but with an organ that someone grew up with. The divine sense is another ball game entirely.

This particular challenge forced him to adapt to a new 3D spatial awareness system and the obstacle course made sure he was proficient at it. It had to become muscle memory before he could pass it.

Night vision on the other hand required him to control the muscles of his eyes to achieve constant maximum light infiltration. It turns out the eyes of the battle sage monkeys can see more than it lets on, it just has to be prodded into giving up their hidden potential. Usually, all mana entities will be able to

see in the dark, that is if they rely on their eyes at all. He found the training redundant, why train a defective organ when the best it can achieve cannot compare to the divine sense? He still completed the challenge even though he had reservations. It was easy for him to achieve too so he didn't mind too much.

What he minded a lot was the body precision training. He had to juggle, learn how to properly throw knives, learn archery, javelin throwing, ax throwing, catching, and slashing skills. Juggling started easy with just 3 objects and continued to scale up in difficulty until he had to juggle 30 objects. The time he had to spend doing it also increased from 5 minutes to an hour. Like always the training pushed for a high level of proficiency in the activity and not just the ability to do it.

Knife and ax throwing were similar but also different. They both have a sharp edge that must make contact with the target but they have different forms and weight distribution so the techniques of throwing them are different. He had to be able to determine their center of gravity by just holding them and exploiting the imbalance in weight distribution to achieve an accurate throw. Simple right?

Not simple. If the challenge had been for him to throw it in a straight line then it would have been simple but he had to make curves and avoid obstacles. So not simple.

Things became even more difficult when he had to throw his knives against moving targets. At first, the targets were flat boards that moved sideways albeit slowly, then they evolved to small round objects thrown at him at high speed.

But like always he overcame the initial discomfort and adapted quickly to what was required of him.

Archery was simply a breeze for him. No matter how difficult they tried to make it for him, he passed through the obstacles and completed the challenge in a day. At first, the distance between him and the target increased, then the wind increased, then he had to shoot multiple arrows at once, then each arrow had a different target.

That last one was a bit complicated, he had to shoot multiple arrows at targets with varying distances between them, and the wind was also blowing. It started from two and then increased to five arrows at once but his powerful mind found the calculations needed for accurate targeting too easy.

The rest of the body precision challenge was a breeze. Javelin's throwing was pretty easy to overcome. The challenge lay in the efficient use of his muscular power and the proper way to direct the muscles. Unlike the footwork challenges where he only trained the muscles of his legs, for javelin throwing he had to add the muscles of his back and arms in synchronized choreography to achieve precision. It wasn't difficult because he had already overcome the use of default pathways for movement. Catching was the opposite of throwing. He had to receive objects thrown at him at high speeds and tricky angles with his hands.

In the slashing skill training, he must use a thin and sharp blade to strike thrown objects. The edge had to cut the objects in half as they are airborne. He needed to ascertain the accurate slashing distance, a slight deviation could lead to him missing the balls entirely. The size of the balls was reduced to increase the difficulty of actually hitting them. They became as small as peanuts and their speed increased to absurd levels to catch him off guard.

He finished all the challenges of the eye and body coordination regimen in 5 weeks and by the time he was done, he felt his body had changed again. It was like a new world of body mechanics was open to him.

Chapter 137 A Good Story To Pass The Time.

He left the training room and met the golem, Wendy, at the door. The golem was still with him.

"Congratulations, Soverick on another successful completion of a regimen. You broke another impressive record. You have three more regimens to overcome. Would you like to start immediately?"

Soverick shook his head. "Not yet."

He didn't rest at all between the challenges because he wasn't tired but he felt he needed to relax a little. Change things up a little. Overcoming the challenges was fulfilling but they were stifling. He had to adapt to a new way of doing things with every one of them, he would like to have some fun before he starts the next one.

"What is done for fun around here?" He asked Wendy.

"All forms of entertainment have been banned. Apart from sparing and sleeping there is no other activity to be done outside of training. Even food and drinks have been removed." It replied.

He nodded. "I know about that. I'm asking for unauthorized fun activities."

They had been informed during the orientation about the no-fun policy. The director had said, "Go back home if you want to have fun and enjoy yourself. This place is for training and training only."

It is a way to discourage laziness here. They might not be able to force you to train, but when they eliminate all forms of distraction, you either train or you go home. Either way, no one is forcing you to do anything. People with Vitality cores don't need food or drink, odds are most of the people that came here didn't need food or drink even before they created their vitality cores.

High nutrition food will be served in the primary stage of training to expedite the creation of the vitality core. Such foods are used as motivations to make the students train. The secondary stage doesn't need food and the academy has made sure that they will not be able to indulge in the act. That's why they were not allowed to bring anything into the academy and the search before they entered the academy proved how serious they were about enforcing it.

Even if someone succeeds against all odds to bring in contraband, as long as that person is wearing the wrist logger, he would be found out immediately. The third stage of the battle academy also needs high-energy foods but that's in the future.

"There must be something I can do to relax?" He asked.

He was hoping that students before him had created something that could help to ease his boredom. He was bound to be disappointed.

"All forms of fun will always be detected and removed," Wendy replied.

"I guess I'll try to nap." He began to walk towards the residential area.

"I'll be here waiting for you, to resume your training. I'll like to inform you in advance that I'll leave when the system determines that you are likely to spend more time on other things other than your training. You will have to request my assistance when you are ready."



"Alright then." He waved at Wendy.

It was just a bot used by the training assistant sub-system of the academy. Long periods of negligence will cause it to be kept away to conserve energy and processing power. It is part of the rules and regulations of the academy which he was informed of through the memory crystal.

"Let me see how Ghaster is doing."

He decided to check up on his siblings. Their childish behavior and Ghaster's goofy face were sure to cheer him up. So he made his way to Ghaster's apartment and pressed the doorbell. No one answered for a while.

"Is he not at home?" He thought. He pressed it again before turning back.

"Let me try Litori before giving up." He decided.

Their timetable was flexible. He could still find her at home. If not, he will go and look for them in their training rooms. Their possible locations were limited without anything else to do. He soon found her apartment. It resembled his and Ghaster's, just a single door on a wall. The inside was another thing entirely. He rang the doorbell and waited. A few moments later he heard a voice from within.

"Who's there? Oh, it is you, Eldest. I'm coming."

The door was unlocked, and Litori's face appeared. She seemed flustered. "Eldest, you came. Did you hear about what happened?"

Soverick was puzzled. "What happened?"

Litori sighed. "Come in first."

He did and the door was closed behind him. Her apartment was just like his, it could change to fit whatever style the residents wanted. The apartment is just one big room and the walls within it are

moveable. So the size and dimensions of the rooms are adjustable. The four walls that serve as the boundary of the room are the only immovable walls and they could be made transparent like right now. It is a kind of simulation that showed everything going on outside through the walls. Litori had been able to know it was him because the door was transparent from the inside too.

"I have something to show you." She said as she led him to one of her rooms. Inside this particular room is a bed, and Ghaster was sleeping on it. Soverick knew something was wrong with Ghaster immediately. For one he was sleeping. They don't need sleep. In fact, they didn't sleep as babies. So something must have pushed him enough to require sleep, or he is just as bored as Soverick.

The major clue that indicated he might not be bored is his bruised and swollen face. Still, he could have been bored earlier and decided to walk into a wall, to pass the time. He had to have hit that wall several times, considering the amount of damage to his face. But it is possible, and it will make for a good story that will cure Soverick's boredom.

"What happened to him?" He asked and made sure to move quietly so as not to wake the sleeping boy.

Litori noticed something about the way he walked. His movement was strangely fluid and weird. She immediately recognized the changes as the effect of his training.

'It seems the eldest is always making progress.' She thought.

"The short story is that someone beat him up," Litori replied.

Soverick examined the boy closely. He discovered signs of exhaustion and muscle injury. Other than that, he was okay. Whoever beat him up did a number on him, but didn't go too far.

"Let's go. I have some time so I want to hear the long story." He said to Litori.

Litori nodded and followed him back to the central room. Soverick sat in a chair and listened to her.

"It all started after you left. Ghaster became, how do I put this? He became frenzied. Desperate is more like it. He ramped up his training speed and began to challenge people. He worked his way up from the

recent trainees to the older ones. The spars were easy at first, he was winning them and his confidence soared. He began challenging stronger ones until he beat everyone within the preparatory stage but he still wasn't satisfied." Litori shook her head.

Soverick was impressed. He had been away from them for about 5 months now and in that time Ghaster had defeated his peers. He hadn't heard about his younger brother's exploits because he was busy with training.

"I warned him to stop but he said, 'How can this trash compare to the eldest, if I want to catch up then I must beat people of his Caliber. Only then will I be able to overcome him.' He began to challenge people at your stage. It didn't turn out well. He lost his first battle. He lost badly

That didn't surprise Soverick. Those at his stage had met the fitness requirement, so they were stronger than Ghaster with their physical parameters. Then there was the training regimen and challenges that will reshape the mind and the body of the trainees. It will make them aware of what their bodies are actually capable of, which will set them worlds apart from those that hadn't even met the physical requirements. They would be able to fully utilize their better physique to steamroll those at the preparatory stage. They are much stronger and smarter in a fight, so Ghaster's defeat was not surprising.

It might be a stupid idea for Ghaster to fight those at the basic skills and techniques stage, but it made for a good story. The story is even better than Ghaster smashing his face into a wall to relieve boredom. Soverick came for a good story, so he relaxed and relished it. Then he will leave and return to his training. He came for a story, and he will leave after he has gotten what he wanted. He isn't here for anything else and will not be made in doing them.

Chapter 138 Fools Make The World Interesting.

Litori continued her story. "He didn't give up. He challenged the same person again. The fights devolved from a light spar into physical abuse. Ghaster's opponent maintained that he had a warrior's honor so he continued to accept the challenge but he stopped going easy on him. He asked Ghaster to stop pestering him but you know Ghaster. He didn't back down and has been taking a beating ever since."

Soverick knew Ghaster was stubborn so the sequence of events was expected. He considered the entire endeavor with the fight as a waste of time. They had been informed that after the basic skills and techniques stage comes the fighting stage. At that time, he would be able to use the techniques he learned against other opponents and fight to his heart's content. Even if Ghaster was bored without something to do, he could do what he is currently doing, listen to a story. Instead of getting beaten up. That made sense.

'I suppose some people have to be stupid to create funny stories that will entertain the bored but smarter people.' That's what he thinks about the entire thing.

He wasn't going to advise Ghaster to stop, that would be another waste of time and effort. He also wouldn't go and confront the person that has been beating him up.

Soverick felt no need to and he did not want to, so he would not. Mihila had asked them to stick with him and Ghaster had refused. Instead of mimicking Soverick and concentrating on his training, he chose to fight others. It was his decision and he will bear the consequences.

Honestly, he sympathized with the person beating Ghaster. He knew how adamant Ghaster can be, the person must be frustrated that's why he took it out on Ghaster. He couldn't be blamed. If it were Soverick, he would break the cause of the disturbance.

"Couldn't he sleep in his apartment?" Soverick asked.

"I was the one that dragged him here. The recent battle was particularly nasty. I wanted to watch over him just to be sure that there are no complications."

Soverick nodded.

If he were the one, he doubted he would be so caring. "I hope he has not been delaying your progress. It has almost been a year already and you have yet to meet the physical requirements."

"Don't worry eldest, I am trying my best, but not everyone is as talented as you are. I am almost done with the spiritual aspect but my progress with the physical aspect has slowed down. I should be done in a couple of weeks if I maintain my pace."

"That's good then. Don't waste your time sparring with people like Ghaster. Everything has a time and a place. Focus on what you're doing for now before moving on to the next."

They engaged in more small talk before Soverick left to resume his training. The short reprieve was enough to energize him. He returned to his training room to resume the challenges.

A few moments after Soverick left, someone entered the room to sit in another chair beside Litori. Her perception of movement drew her out of her meditation.

"You seem well." She commented casually.

Ghaster remained quiet for a while. When he finally spoke, he said "Thanks."

Litori snorted. "Mom will get her pound of flesh from me if you die. You are her favorite after all."

Ghaster grinned at her. "Thanks anyway."

"You should focus more on your training. Fighting right now is counterproductive." Litori advised with a stern tone.

Ghaster sighed. "I think you're right. I am almost done with the physical exercise but I'm stuck with the spiritual exercise. I can't seem to get the hang of splitting my mind."

"It is not surprising, you have a one-track mind. You need to fix that."

Ghaster gritted his teeth and asked. "Will you teach me?"

Litori was shocked. "Are you really Ghaster? Maybe you sustained more damage than I thought."

The Ghaster she knew would remain stubborn to the bitter end. He would never admit inferiority.

"I can see that you're making quick progress in the physical training. I might not know how well you're doing in the spiritual training but I know that you are better than me when it comes to the mind. At this rate, you will leave me behind. I don't want that." Ghaster explained.

Litori examined him in a new light. "Maybe the fighting is not a waste after all. You finally learn that there are some things that blind effort cannot overcome."

"Will you teach me or not?"

"I have to teach you seeing how desperate you are. Let it not be said that Litori the soul reaper refuses to help out a damsel in distress."

Ghaster sighed in acceptance. He knew that she was likely to help him, but the mocking and jabs taken at him will make the process very unpleasant. Certainly more unpleasant than trying to divide his mind and wield the fractions as a whole, but it will be worth the sacrifice if he can figure out mind division. Still, he swore to himself that he must beat her up one day.

She continued to mock him before she put her hands together and assumed an air of importance. He thought she was getting serious to teach him but her next words made his face darken. "As a sage of the mind and a benevolent Saint of the people. I will not consider your lowly position and unworthy countenance. I shall deign to enlighten you on the ways of the mind. Even the dimmest of wisdom will be able to make progress with just a single line of advice from me. You are not particularly bright but the little intelligence you have should suffice. Now, praise me."

And the mocking continued for a while. Litori tried to ease the atmosphere before she started the training. She knew it took a lot out of her brother for him to ask her for help. Joking was her chosen method to make him relax.

She didn't mention the fact that the eldest came over and saw his debilitated state. She didn't see how it mattered personally, the eldest had bested them multiple times in the past, and him seeing them incapacitated due to injury couldn't be worse than suffering defeat at his hands. But she knew it would affect Ghaster. She cared about her brother. They might become enemies in the future but she cared, for now. They aren't true siblings because they don't have the same bloodline. Having the same parents does not make one true siblings, only blood can truly bind. So it is likely that something in the future can make them want each other's life.

Soverick's training room. Dodging and perception.

He chose dodging and perception after footwork, and eye-to-body coordination. He chose it because he thought it was easy and he was right. The entire regimen revolved around perceiving incoming threats and dodging them. It might be difficult for others but it wasn't difficult for him at all.

The first challenge was perception. He had to identify sounds, tastes, and textures with his divine sense.

The divine sense is a new organ based on the spiritual power of the soul. It is capable of sensing a wide array of objects but it is not omniscient. The divine sense works by acquiring information about a target and cross-referencing it against a database. This database contains verified properties of objects that one has come across before, it can only be trained through personal experience.

He had a lot of knowledge and experience but it still took him a long while than pure physical training to complete the challenge. The processing, learning, and identification ability of his mind is very powerful but it took him 3 weeks to complete the identification of millions of plant parts, animal tissues, and various energy and sound signatures. He had become truly learned by the end of it capable of using his divine sense and mind to make complex calculations for the estimation of the mass, density, and volume of an object. In the past, he had always used a method of estimation, but now he can be precise.

The second part involved using the knowledge he acquired to solve puzzles and avoid danger. It required him to combine and apply the knowledge he had acquired. Wisdom is knowledge correctly applied. It is not enough for him to know, he must be able to do and execute.

For example, he was asked to identify poisonous substances or identify beneficial substances, identify an animal by the sound it makes, and determine the number of ants in a bucket by whatever means. There were more and more convoluted tests of wisdom but he finished it in just two days.

"Not bad, not bad at all." He said after he finished.

The information he gained increased his wealth of knowledge and the best thing is that it will also empower all of Legion's clones. It might not be useful to him but he knows it is useful to the others.

Chapter 139 The Coiling Dragon And The Striking Viper Techniques.

The last part of the training regimen was dodging. Darts were thrown at him at various speeds and angles. He must use his divine sense to track the large number of projectiles thrown at him and weave through the danger. While the divine sense is powerful, it is not omnipotent. Objects don't become instantly identified as soon as they enter the range of the divine sense, that's even if you know the

object. Information is first collected and verified before identification is made. This takes time and mental effort in terms of processing power which you have to perform while avoiding objects thrown at you.

A path of safety within the cacophony of attacks must be created by identifying danger, plotting their paths, and deriving escape routes. His powerful mind and perception made all of it a walk in a park such that he completed the challenge on his first try.

"What's next?" He slapped his hands against each other in anticipation.

The dodging and perception regimen of his training ended with that and so he moved on to the fourth regimen. Some of the training exercises were easy and some were difficult, but all of it was a new experience.

He chose the blocking and parrying challenge as it was next on the agenda. The training room changed into a narrow tunnel and his enemy became a boulder.

The first challenge requires him to perform a single act, block the boulder. The boulder will start rolling from the other end of the tunnel and all he had to do is stop the boulder from crossing the finish line. He can only start from this finish line and was given a shield to use. He has to combine several techniques in order to block the boulder.

"Seems easy enough." He said as he hefted the shield on his arm.

The first step is running forward to increase his momentum and reduce the distance between him and the boulder. Reducing the time between them will ensure that they come in contact much earlier and will also reduce the time the boulder has to accelerate and accumulate momentum. In other words, increase his own momentum while reducing the momentum of the boulder before even making contact. So he ran forward.

The next step is to crash into each other, and this is the most important part. The speed and acceleration of his movement will determine the impact of his opposition to the boulder. To maximize his momentum, he must apply force at an angle instead of directly opposite and push the boulder against the sides of the tunnel. The contact with the wall will create friction which will further slow down the boulder. This technique is called the battering ram.



The boulder can be stopped here if its mass and momentum are low enough. If the mass and momentum aren't low, then the opposing force and momentum must be high enough. This was worked out at first because soverick's acceleration and techniques are adequate but as the difficulty ramps up, the third step of the techniques has to be employed.

The third step involves engaging the boulder with short bursts of force. He had to slam his shield into the ball with all the force he can muster, create some distance between them and smash it again. Each smash will only be effective if he manages to offset the momentum in time for the boulder to stop before reaching the line.

The repetitive smashing is where the difficulty of the challenge lay. He has to coordinate most of the muscles of his legs, lower back, upper back, and arms to release all their strength in such a short amount of time and do it repeatedly. Up till now, he had learned how to move right, how to see right, and how to perceive things faster. Now he must learn muscle coordination also called the coiling dragon technique. It is the manipulation of the muscles in such a way that potential energy is accumulated only to be released in a single, quick burst of power.

He learned the technique easily because of the control he had over his body but he had never felt so wrung out since he began facing the challenges. Every fiber of his body was required to stop the boulder. There were some dormant muscles in his body that he didn't know about their use in amplifying physical strength releases through exertion until now. Even muscles of his chest, jaws, and stomach answered the call to arms. And yet the boulder just kept getting heavier and heavier, it kept pushing him back as the difficulty increased.

It wasn't until he realized that the coordination of the muscles must be done even before the first contact, only then could he fully take advantage of his initial collision. The first crash against the boulder now involved coiling the muscles of his body and amplifying that potential energy with his actual kinetic energy to create a force capable of rivaling the boulder in momentum.

It worked but he paid the price in serious muscle damage from the backlash. An action will cause an equal and opposite reaction. He would fail if his body couldn't receive the reaction. So either his body becomes capable of withstanding the momentum of a boulder moving at high speed or he activates the fourth step of the technique.

Next came the fourth step of the technique, the striking viper. He was to harness the rebound force and use it to create another smash. Then harness the rebound force again and perform another smash.

There is theoretically no limit to how many turns can be achieved, the actual number of times is dependent on the body and level of skill.

His skill level was not lacking it's just that his body couldn't handle the strain. The striking viper must be continued until he wins because the stress of harnessing the rebound will continue to mount up. He must win against the boulder and create an outlet for the stress to be released. In other words, he must push the boulder back, only then will the stress be transferred to it. If not, his body will break during the process which is not a pleasant thing at all.

Practice makes perfect and repetition is the mother of learning. After numerous rounds of back-breaking effort, his body adapted to it and he was finally able to push back the boulder with the highest difficulty. It took 2 weeks until he vanquished his biggest enemy, a boulder that he was sure was more than 100 times his body mass.

"I am actually sweating." He said in disbelief as he lay on the ground. Then he began chuckling which escalated into laughter.

The euphoric feeling of overcoming a great hurdle washed over him and lifted his spirit. His body finally got the opportunity to relax and he let it. He just couldn't fall asleep though, his mind was too powerful to be lulled into complete stillness. So he napped a little, he deserved it, but even that didn't take more than 1 hour. His incredible vitality made his return to top shape quick.

"It's time for the parrying challenge."

For the parrying challenge, he had to cross a narrow hall while being assailed by rock projectiles. The hall is narrow so he can't make large swings or elaborate body movements. He has to use the smallest movement possible to stop the projectiles with the stick in his hand.

As usual, it was easy at first until the projectiles became numerous and their impact against his stick became heavier. He couldn't commit most of his force to a single projectile or the knockback will put him off balance and incapable of blocking the others. He had to use minimum movement with minimum force to knock the projectiles aside so that he would be capable of responding to other incoming threats.

The aim of the exercise is for him to make his way from one end of the hall to the other. Standing around will not end the challenge, it will continue until he reaches the finish line. So he has to move forward against the incoming projectiles and weather through the storm of attacks. Sometimes he would be pushed back and sometimes he would miss some of them which will cause him pain when they strike his body. He had to maintain a steady approach and keep his movements balanced.

It worked for a while but the difficulty ramped up again so he had to change his style. He now has to use his entire body to dodge as many as he can dodge and only parry the ones he can't dodge, not everything. His mind and his body became tasked with the effort. Unlike the dodging challenge, there is no path of safety here, he had to hit some to create a path.

The path was also narrow, so he didn't have much room for maneuvering. Which made dodging much more difficult and parrying more relevant. Dodging could only ease the problem, it couldn't solve it. That means his parrying skill must be upgraded or he won't be able to keep up with the increasing difficulty.

Chapter 140 The Obstacle Course.

But that wasn't the end. Their numbers increased to a point beyond what he was capable of blocking or dodging or both. He knew what was required of him and adapted to deliver. He began to utilize the coiling muscle technique to smash the projectiles back. He did it in a way that the projectiles he smashed knocked into incoming projectiles which increased his efficiency.

So now, he added mind calculations necessary to maximize the rebound of the projectiles he smashed. He began to use the knocked-back projectiles to stop not one but two or more other projectiles that he couldn't dodge. This ramped up his efficiency

The part where he had to exploit the knocked-back projectiles would have stomped others due to the complexity it entails. People usually only think about the immediate effect of something and will gloss over its aftermath. It becomes obvious in situations where an individual is already overwhelmed by other matters. It is a bad habit that must be rectified. If we think more about the consequences and how to take advantage of such consequences to solve other problems, immediate or otherwise, we will be able to see numerous solutions that we are previously blind to.

The challenge aims to reinforce the idea that most things in life are usually interrelated. If they are not, we should create a link between them. When we create a link between cause and effect, we then become capable of acting not for the immediate goal but also a greater purpose.

It is a very important lesson to warriors and brutes who like to force their way through a problem. They don't like to think too much about something. They believe that pure power can overwhelm all. What do

you do when you can't plow through a hail of hurtful rocks? What would you do when the strength and speed you pride yourself on cannot be used to their full potential because of the situation you're in? What do you do when pure power isn't enough to create a path? You think ahead and you plan. That's what you do.

Too bad it's a lesson he had already learned so he wasn't staggered by the need to think ahead. He completed it in 3 days of relentless progress. It only took that long because while his mind is strong, his body couldn't execute exactly what he had in mind. For example, if his mind wants to knock a projectile into another, his body must then wield the stick such that it must strike the projectile at a perfect angle and with the right amount of force. A slight deviation won't create the expected outcome.

"Only so so." He evaluated the challenge. It wasn't difficult for him so he didn't get that rush of excitement of overcoming his weakness. He left the training and found Wendy faithfully waiting for him at the door.

The vessel for the artificial intelligence sub-system spoke. "Congratulations again Soverick. That's the fourth regimen and another record broken. You have made swift progress across the board. I am impressed."

Soverick waved his hand. "It's nothing. What do you have for me?"

"The fifth regimen, the obstacle course. The memory crystal contains the rules and what to expect. This last regimen can be considered as the exam that qualifies you to advance to the next stage of the training. While unlikely, you would be deemed ready for the stage if you had completed this regimen first. But it is recommended to go through the others first before attempting this one. As always, good luck.

"Thanks," Soverick said and grabbed the last glowing memory crystal. He accepted and digested the knowledge infusion.

The information contained within was short. It stated the rules of the regimen and what was expected of him.

He smirked when he realized that the first rule was that he was allowed to use everything within his arsenal to finish the challenge. If he really did that, then the challenge will become too easy for him. The

other interesting information is that the obstacle course is a single large challenge that is made up of a combination of several other challenges within a large and complex world. To pass this challenge, he had to overcome all obstacles and move from the starting line of the course to the finish line.

The most important ability that will be tested in the challenge is perception and decision making. The ability to know what sticky situation you're in and the ability to figure a way out of it. He was also informed that he could spend days at it on a single attempt. This made him have a bad feeling about the entire setup.

"I'm betting this is not going to be easy." He said to Wendy.

Wendy nodded. "It is designed to be difficult. It will push the trainee to become versatile and capable of adapting to adverse situations."

'The other option is to make it easy but I doubt you guys will do that.' He thought to himself.

What would require days for a single attempt? He put away all thoughts from his mind and selected the option for the obstacle course on his keylogger. He swiped it at the door and its blue color changed to green.

"Time to do this." He said to pump himself up.

He entered the training room and found himself in a forest. He realized immediately he was in an illusion array. His soul was much too powerful to be hoodwinked by something of this level but he allowed it because it was harmless. The array was being used to project the information of the environment into his mind. It created a realistic scene of a thick forest with trees and vines all over the place.

The training environment in the past had all been dead and silent without life but things were different now. The forest was teeming with life, he could hear animal sounds all around him. He knew that all of what he was experiencing is fake but the activity going on all around him made him very cautious.

He spread out his divine sense to monitor his surroundings. His body had grown stronger, but it still couldn't allow his soul to release more of his strength so his divine sense reached just 20 meters away from him. It might be a small range but nothing could escape this perception within this range.

There was a pointer within his vision that indicated the direction of the finish line. He was wary of traps, if they would set some, odds are that it will probably be along the path of progress. So he changed his direction and walked towards the left.

"There is no rush anyway. I have days to figure this out." He spoke out loudly, then he rushed forward before swiftly ducking behind a tree. He remained still and listened for sounds. He waited for a while but nothing moved around him.

'Nothing huh, seems there's no one following me." He thought before sneaking away.

He was in a forest and had been told to expect anything. He might have been paranoid but he wanted to make sure there was no immediate danger around him or at least not something sensitive to the noise he made earlier.

He was about to dismiss his earlier paranoia when he felt something. He felt a gaze linger on him before disappearing. He didn't change his pace or freeze up. He was very experienced in subterfuge. He pretended he didn't notice that he was being watched and tried to trace back the source of the gaze. But even with all of his efforts, he couldn't determine the source or its direction.

"What is going on? How can someone move so fast? Unless..."

The person or thing spying on him was doing it intermittently and from different directions. He began to think about why he was failing to discover the source of the spy. It was either the watcher was changing its perspective or there is actually more than one of them.

He was contemplating his dilemma and sneaking around trees in order to block certain directions and narrow down his options when he suddenly froze. Multiple gazes locked on to him simultaneously.

"This is bad." He exclaimed silently but then wondered why he bothered to even do so.

Why be quiet when you are being watched by multiple people at the same time? It's not like his silence will help him in staying hidden when he never was.

He stood up from his sneaking position and began running openly. Clearly, his sneaking around wasn't working. He didn't move for long before he faced his first adversary. A vine lashed at him from a blind spot in his vision which he dodged immediately and expertly. He moved slightly such that the attack missed him by inches. He didn't make exaggerated moves in dodging because then he won't be able to react to a follow-up attack. It was the right decision.