

# GREED: ALL FOR WHAT?

## Chapter 14 14-The Art Of Slaughter.

His law of slaughter gave Gehald an edge when killing, the more he killed the stronger he becomes, and the higher the number of enemies the larger this boost becomes over time, his slaughter authority also makes him ferocious and intimidating to the enemy which weakens them and makes them falter.

He would be deluding himself to think he is special in this regard so he put in extra effort in his attacks. He was using almost all his laws simultaneously to kill efficiently, water to restrain the beasts, earth to increase his strength and defense, life to boost his recovery, and fire to attack.

He created fire lances 2 meters long and giant balls of fire for ranged attacks while using water whips to restrain and beat back targets too close to him. He can't fight close range with his targets because he doesn't have a weapon. So he made use to keep them away from him by blasting them with spells.

He is going all out killing because he wants another mark, he doesn't intend to miss this one and he doesn't have to worry about sneak attacks. Stray attacks from other participants will just phase through him, this is due to the arrangement of the will of the realm.

No one could be bothered with anyone else at this point because you can't say no to an extra mark. The most ferocious people are the ones without marks and the ones on a streak, those aiming for full marks.

To achieve the perfect pass and skip to the last section of the trial, they must achieve seven marks. So these people looking for a perfect pass are competing with those without one knowing full well that the price for failure for them is death. You can't feel guilty on the path of perfection. It is the survival of the fittest.

Gerald couldn't help but take notice of some of these ferocious people, they could become his future competition. He also noticed elementals, especially fire elementals, all they were doing was spewing fire and accumulating kills. He was jealous of them, they were like walking flame throwers.

He noticed participants of various races and the ease with which they kill in battle. Races like vampires and their blood magic, phoenixes, and their everlasting flames, giants and their supreme strength, battle sage monkeys and the lethality of their attacks, Griffins, and Pegasus with air superiority, not to mention Dragons.

The saying that Dragons are supreme would explain the monstrosity of the damage they can dish out. They are the monsters of the battlefield. He doubted any dragon in this trial has lost a mark and yet they were still going all out.

They have transformed from their humanoid form into their natural form and are using their dragon breath to decimate the horde of enemies. He has to admit that Dragons are the closest race to perfection.

He saw all this and he was jealous. The sight of all these unfair advantages spurred him on.

"I won't fail, I must not fail, I will not fail, I shall not fail, I won't fail"

Again and again, he chanted, his very being resonating with unstoppable determination. He turned the energy welling up within him towards slaughter.

Rumour has it that the path of perfection leads to eventual perfection, the reformation of a being no matter how flawed into a perfect existence. He doesn't know just what this "Perfection" is, probably only the old monsters at the world god realm do.

But he isn't going to wait that long, he planned to take whatever perfection he could acquire now, and for that, he must not fail.

The killing went on amidst the sound of clashes, roaring beasts, dying monsters, and yells from the participants. Gehald's eyes at this point were already bloodshot, he had entered a strange balance of the fusion between his law of death and that of slaughter.

Even though his flames have been infused with this force, he didn't notice that the number of monsters reduced within the premise of the fortress so did the numbers of participants reduce. Before the participants could be critically injured they would be teleported away regardless of their wish to stay.

In this strange state of mindless slaughter, his comprehension of the laws of slaughter and death increased exponentially. It was not enough to complete them but it was more than enough to increase his damage output.

Deathly reddish black flames spread out from within him to his surroundings and all the beasts that were touched were scorched if the injury is light or completely burned.

Those who were scorched found their bodies desiccating before they died. He rushed alone into the midst of the beasts whenever he found his surroundings empty of enemies.

The slaughter continued for a while, the participants would retreat to the fortress to rest once in a while before going back to the slaughter. When five years of this were over they were all teleported out.

They were all teleported to the world where the gravity trial was taken. The sovereigns and grand gods slumped as soon as they were teleported. They were all tired. Their mind is tired and their body weary.

The atmosphere was deathly silent. The various participants had already been informed of their results, they either got a mark or they didn't. Some started to cry, some had pale emotionless faces, and others steeled their mind for the next ordeal.

The barrier around each of them prevented communication or interaction, so no one could hear the silent crying or pleading. Reality had come crashing down on some, while some were indifferent to the circumstances and had verified that they were truly special, truly geniuses. Others have to deal with the bitter truth that they are nothing special, and that they are probably going to die soon.

Gehald wasn't paying attention to anything except his comprehension of the two laws of slaughter and death. He knew that the supreme law of slaughter and death go hand in hand before this strange experience, but he didn't know how it worked.

Now that he had realized the link between them he intended to take advantage of this profound knowledge and fully comprehend the two laws. He hoped that he would be able to achieve this so that his soul could achieve a boost that will guarantee his passage in the next trial. N0v3ITr0ve served as the original host for this chapter's release on N0v3I-B1n.

The next trial will make you either lose a mark if you have one and you fail, gain a mark if you pass, or lose your life if you don't have any marks and fail. He already has five marks and he would like to keep it that way.

He wasn't alone with this train of thought. Everyone was trying to improve themselves for the last trial, the soul trial, also known as the trial of death or life.