

## **GREED: ALL FOR WHAT?**

Chapter 1591: Overthinking Things.

For Legion to kill his parents, Litori's ancestor recommended to the Supreme Alliance that Salvini be used as bait for Legion.

She said that Legion hated her for taking his title and sullyng his name, so he is likely to do everything in his power to kill her, even if he suspects a trap. The Supreme Alliance didn't believe it at first because it sounded like childish hate.

They expected more from Legion, but they had to change their minds when proof of Legion's efforts in the recent war with the Vipers and his attack on Salvini was displayed.

So the Supreme Alliance used Salvini as bait. Legion took it because they thought they were one-upping the Supreme Alliance. They didn't know that the prospect of cursing the Supreme Alliance was also bait.

They didn't know that then. They took the bait and allowed the curse to reach into their souls and attach to Legion-7. They can't find any trace of the curse anymore, but they are not at peace at all. After all, the future, where every clone dies, is still constant in their vision.

Legion-7 said, "I think we fucked up."

Legion-1 sighed and said, "It should be expected. The first sage is someone who knows that we make vessels with other people's bodies. He also has a lot of information about you through the Great Mother. If he suspected that we had vessels of Supreme Beasts too, then it is straightforward to think that he planned to use them as bait."

Soverick couldn't believe it. He was still shaken by the future vision. He asked, "But how did we fall for this? How didn't we see the danger when we decided to allow the curse to go through instead of escaping? What was blocking our

sight before? Is it still blocking our sight, or is there no danger, and the first sage is lying to manipulate us?"

Aeternus replied, "Lying sounds like something the first sage will do. He lied to Salvini, and he might be doing it to us now. From what we know of his Supreme Law, he can set the fate of others through his words and actions. If we fall into his rhythm, then we will really die."

Helios didn't agree. He pointed out something he thought was problematic, "A big, glaring problem was that we saw Salvini's future. No one should be able to see the past and future of the child of the plane. Especially now that she is a child of the realm. The realm should have protected her. But we thought our eyes were good enough to scry a child of the realm, so we were not concerned too much when we saw her future. That's when we became overconfident."

Soverick refuted, "But my eyes are that good. The combination of time, space, causality, and fate means that I can narrow down what I see about her. I can even avoid her connection to the realm tree. How was I supposed to know that what I was seeing was fabricated?"

Legion-1 agreed, "It wasn't false either. What you saw was true. It did happen. It was just planned to be used against us."

The Tree Father decided to end the argument. He asked, "What are we to do? We surely can't allow him to control the rhythm of this future vision competition. To fall behind once is to expect defeat."

Legion-5 proposed, "We have limited options against a world god. We can only fall back onto Soverick's contingency plan against the first sage, but we don't want to do that yet, as hunting a world god will likely interfere with our efforts for the era of conquest."

Legion-7 added, "Besides, we will need to leave the realm if we are to use it. Leaving the realm tree is not safe for us right now. It might even lead to the future of all of us dying."

Soverick groaned and said, "This is not good. We already don't want to use the one thing we have against him because we want to avoid the fate of dying that we saw. It hasn't even been a minute since we saw the vision."

Legion-1 asked, "Or is this his trap? Instead of acting, we become fearful and hesitant until we make a mistake that kills us."

"Has the future vision just started, and he is trying to fool us into thinking it started earlier?" "Are we being manipulated right now?"

"What even is his goal? We are immortal. What does a death matter?"

"But we shouldn't all die at all. We have three ways to ensure that we don't die, and yet, every clone died."

Legion is taking this problem seriously, but they don't know what to do. If they are certain of anything, it is that the Supreme Alliance and battle sage monkeys have been cursed, the first sage is behind it because they are familiar with his supreme law and they can see traces of it in their vision, they are also certain that they have fallen into a trap.

As for the rest, it is full of uncertainties. They don't know what the trap is, so they don't know if they have fallen into it or are about to fall into it. After all, they thought Salvini was the bait. That turned out to be wrong and shortsighted.

If they had known that they were in a future vision competition with the first sage, then they would have been more careful. Unfortunately, they didn't know that.

They still don't know for certain if the future vision competition has ended, just started, or hasn't started at all. It is making their heads swim with many possibilities and overthinking things.

At the end of the day, they came to a conclusion.

Aeternus said, "Let's focus on one thing and only one thing. That thing is the era of conquest. We must not fail in it, so we should maintain all our plans to ensure its success."

A/N: I remember one other person who was tricked by the first sage. That person was plagued with overthinking too. They thought so much and still fell into the trap. Do you think Legion will also fall into it?

Chapter 1592: Moving On.

Legion-1 agreed. "We should do that. At the very least, we should not let the curse go to waste. Now that the Supreme Alliance is down, they won't be able to support the Origin gods in capturing us anymore. These bands of chaotic and selfish immortals should fall apart soon."

They were a little intimidated by the series of events that just happened, but they were not so confused as to lose sight of their major objective. In the first place, trying to fight world gods as Origin gods is a losing battle.

They are not the realm lord. The best they can do currently is avoid that fight, or even the playing field if they can't avoid it. They decided to avoid the fight for now, so Legion-7 resurrected Soverick and two other clones to return to the realm of high heaven.

Things were as expected. The Supreme Alliance had become too busy to keep track of him. Something about a powerful curse trying to wipe out their entire race kept them preoccupied. As for the other Origin gods, they were also less interested in fighting him. This is because when he died, all the damage that had been done to the realm in their fight was paid for by a deduction in their contribution points.

The cost of damage was in the millions, but each Origin god did not lose more than a single point. Even so, it discouraged the Origin gods because not only have they not gained anything in the fight, they have lost energy, resources, and contributions that they haven't earned.

What sealed the deal was that the device to capture Legion stopped working. So they disbanded and moved on.

No one was in the mood to besiege them anymore. It is a good thing for them because Legion had already decided to commit a lot of destruction if they are besieged.

--AETERNUS.

He is the only one who has not been attacked or whose information is not known by everyone. It would have had a smaller impact on him had his information been known too. It is mostly because the abyss is not a welcoming place.

The Origin gods that come to hunt him will be attacked by the whole abyss. Even if the other demons don't help him, the hunt wouldn't have mattered much to him because he could kill as many as they came with Chaos energy without worrying about punishment from Mother High Heaven.

So it is their luck that they don't know about the demon clone of Legion. However, the absence of attacks on his person has been good so far. It has granted him the peace to move without disturbance.

He hasn't been able to do much, but that peace will come in handy when he needs it. Currently, he and the other demons are preparing to storm the Tyrant Realm.

The divine planes of the High Heaven Realm have fused into one large sphere surrounding the realm. The position of the abyss hasn't changed because of it. It is still below the ancient battlefield for anyone looking for it. But now the divine plane has extended all the way to the first abyssal plane after surrounding the realm. They can see the white sphere from the first abyssal plane.

The divine planes used to have an edge through which demons invaded. That edge was called Armageddon. Now that the divine planes have fused into one large sphere, their Armageddon has fused into a hole in the sphere.

This hole is above the first layer of the abyss. It is also present in the Tyrant Realm. When the two realms complete their alignment, the two holes will become one. This means anyone can access either of the two realms through them.

The hole is called a realm rift. It is the largest tunnel between the two realms, but it is currently sealed.

If the hole is opened, it will form the largest battlefield between the two realms. The tussle of dungeons will be nothing compared to the meat grinding that will ensue as trillions try to pour into each realm and are repelled at the same time.

All the demon lords and demon kings that intend to attack from the abyss have formed an army on the first abyssal plane. Even demon gods have joined them.

They are the abyssal coalition army. It contains most, if not all, of the most powerful beings in the abyss. The weakest beings here are high-rank demons.

Almost every demon god of the abyss are here. Only two demon gods are absent. One is GREED, the traitor of the realm, while the other is CARNAGE, whom no one has seen for quite a while.

The demons know why GREED is absent, and they think they know why CARNAGE is absent. WRATH claims that CARNAGE has become a world-ender and has had to leave the realm because of it. The other demon gods believe what WRATH said. Even Aeternus believes it to be true.

Aeternus is in the first abyssal plane too. He is surrounded by other demon gods, but he is not afraid. They may be afraid of him, but he is not attacking them anymore.

They are also not trying to attack him either. It is mostly not because they don't want to. It is because they can't. They are part of the abyssal coalition now, and it is the era of conquest, so they are not allowed to sabotage each other. There will be grave consequences if they do.

Besides, attacking him is unlikely to succeed. It is something that they have done several times in the past and have failed terribly each time, with grave consequences. To attack him now will only double the graveness of the consequences.

What they learned from their numerous failures is that it is impossible to threaten him unless they are willing to sacrifice a massive amount of energy at once to attack him. Even then, he can still escape from them because of the maximum speed allowed on the light side.

A/N: Aeternus is about to take the stage.

Chapter 1593: Kings Of Trash Talk.

So even if they are willing to sacrifice all of their energy to kill Aeternus, they have a limit on their speed. He has that same speed, and for some strange, unknown reason, he never runs out of energy.

So they can't even overcome him with perseverance. They have always been the ones to run out of energy whenever they chase him. Meanwhile, he always gets stronger after each battle.

All of these have made them fail to kill him several times, but their numerous attempts have only enabled him to grow stronger. This has further increased the threshold of energy they need to sacrifice to threaten him. Not that that matters anymore.

All of their failures are why he has grown to reach a height of 10 kilometers. He is actually bigger than this. He is ten times bigger than this, to be exact. But he can shrink himself, unlike other demon gods.

Being 10 kilometers tall is the normal height of demon kings, and 100 kilometers still can't compare to the plane-wide size of most demon gods, so he is still very small compared to other demon gods, but that's only in terms of height.

The aura of corruption around him has grown larger and stronger. It makes any demon, including demon gods who look at him, feel existential dread. This innate intimidation makes up for his short height.

The aura of corruption is so thick that all anyone can see through the domain of inky blackness around him are his four bright golden eyes, his six golden horns, and the single white halo on his head.

They fear him so much that he is standing alone in the air above the first abyssal plane. No other demon god wants to be close to him. But that might not be because of fear. It could be because of the immense hatred they have for him.

Either way, Aeternus felt content. He continued to look at the black circular realm rift in the sky without a care in the world.

He feels he doesn't have anything to be afraid of in the abyss because his strength has been fully acknowledged. After all, it is the most important reason why he is not being attacked, despite the angry looks that PRIDE and LUST are giving him.

The second reason is that the era of conquest has started, and as members of the Abyssal Coalition, attacking each other is considered sabotaging the

realm of high heaven. So they will be reducing their contribution if they attack him now.

This second reason is also why he is not attacking them. So not only doesn't he have anything to fear, he is hoping that someone will make a move on him and grant him the excuse he needs to eat them.

Unfortunately, it seems he is not going to get his way. PRIDE and LUST, who joined in ambushing him several times in the past, are only watching him now. Even the other demon gods who have learned that this is his main and only body and that killing him might grant them access to true Chaos aren't trying to kill him anymore.

At most, they will glance at him. What most of them are doing is focusing on the large black hole in the sky of the abyss. Just like him, they are waiting for it to open. Then they will rush into the Tyrant Realm.

The Will of the realm has told them what will happen when the two realms fuse. It is enough for them to paint a picture of what to expect. And what a terrific picture they are painting in their minds.

Demons are all for invasions on a normal day. But this time, their usual planar invasion has been elevated into a realm war. They will have a whole new realm full of new things to pillage and destroy. It is making their molten blood boil with excitement just thinking about it.

This is an excitement felt by every demon, from the weakest high-rank demon to the demon gods.

It made Aeternus think to himself as he waited, "It is a good thing that the demons of the abyss have something to look forward to in this era of conquest."

He can see the possible future, so he knows that if the demons had not formed the abyssal coalition, they would not be standing here waiting for the two realms to align. Instead, they will be planning to flood the divine plane of the High Heaven Realm and attack the Origin gods arrayed there, waiting for the realms to fuse. Or they will wait for the realms to fuse before they attack the Origin gods with the invaders.

Fortunately, due to luck or most likely due to careful planning on the part of the realm lord, most demons are part of the abyssal coalition, so they don't plan to sabotage the High Heaven Realm as a whole.

Any demon who intends to sabotage the High Heaven Realm is most definitely a loner in that aspect. The rest have been waiting patiently for months now for the two realms to align.

"What is taking so long?" WRATH asked for the 11393rd time.

ENVY said angrily, "Will you shut up?"

WRATH replied, "I will not."

ENVY pointed out, "I was not asking."

WRATH disagreed, "It sounded to me like you were. In fact, it sounded to me like you were begging me to shut up."

ENVY sneered, "Is that right? Well, it sounds to me that you are begging for a beating right now."

WRATH chuckled, "If not for the era of conquest, I would be beating on you right now. You would wish you were batter, so that you wouldn't feel pain as I beat you."

ENVY threatened in return, "You are the lucky one. If not for the era of conquest, you would be begging me right now to stop fucking you. And trust me, I would fuck you so hard that all demons of wrath in the abyss will feel it."

WRATH countered, "Jokes on you. I'm immune to fucking."

A/N: What can I say? Demons are the kings of trash talk. You wish you were as good as them.

Chapter 1594: Other Possibilities.

ENVY laughed and assured WRATH, "Not my kind of fucking. I will turn your whole existence inside out."

WRATH was not cowered. It warned, "Be careful what you wish for. Within me is more fire. You will only burn yourself even if you succeed."

The two of them went back and forth, detailing just how well they would beat or fuck each other to death.

This is not the first time they are going on this tirade, and there used to be more than the two of them who engaged in it. But the others quit after the first thousand times. They got bored of it. Only these two are willing to continue.

It could be that they truly hate each other or that this is better than doing nothing. Either way, they will continue until someone interferes to stop them.

LUST is usually the reasonable one, but it was GLUTTONY who stepped forward to stop them this time around.

It said, "Look, the darkness has cleared a little bit. It means the two realms have moved closer. Our wait will be over soon."

LUST has said this many times in the past, and it was all a bluff. But this time GLUTTONY is right. The darkness in the hole in the sky has indeed cleared up, and they can see the other realm through it.

There is still a barrier between the two realms, so no one can go through it yet, but this means that the realms have aligned. All that is required is a fusion of their spatial coordinates for the barrier to disappear. Then they will be able to move across the two realms.

All the demon gods and demons focused on the realm rift that was about to open. They are all focused, even though they know that they might die. This is because they are about to do something that has never been done in the history of the abyss.

"So many types of new food," GLUTTONY said wistfully.

ENVY was also distracted. It said, "So many new things to envy."

WRATH joined in, "So many new people to be angry at."

LUST said, "I can't wait."

But they had to wait. No matter how eager they were, the fusion has been going on for seven months now. It will probably need seven more months before it is done.

WRATH got frustrated after an hour more of waiting. It groaned and complained for the 11394th time. "This is still too slow."

Even Aeternus felt the same. It is truly too slow. He understands that the fusion of the spatial coordinates of two realms that are separated by a large amount of distance can't be an easy thing, but they have been waiting for action for months now.

It would have been one thing if they couldn't see the other side. They would have been content with nothing. But now they can see what they want but cannot reach it. It is a temptation too much to bear.

Unfortunately, there is nothing he can do about it but wait. That changed after a week of waiting. Something seemed to have changed in the barrier. Aeternus didn't know what changed, but he saw that there were now other possibilities apart from waiting.

So he attacked the realm rift. A black spear of Chaos energy flew from his hand, streaked through the sky, and smashed into the black hole. The Chaos energy burned the barrier. It caused it to sizzle and dissipate. Small holes appeared in the barrier, from which the fresh air of the other realm used to pass into the abyss.

The demon gods had first scattered and prepared themselves for a fight when he first made a move. But they let down guard when they saw that he hadn't gone mad enough to attack them.

Now they are excited because of the change to the barrier. Even the weak demons who were too weak to react to his actions have caught up to the fact that there are holes in the barrier. They have become so excited that they are practically hopping, as they hoped for the barrier to be burned away.

Unfortunately, the holes in the barrier healed and closed up. The flames of Chaos energy eventually went out after burning but failed to convert more matter and energy into Chaos energy.

Aeternus thought to himself, "The barrier is not made out of energy, matter, or even force. That's why Chaos energy couldn't propagate itself on it. It looks like something I have seen before."

All the demon gods turned to look at Aeternus expectantly. But he didn't bother to explain himself or attack the barrier again. They eventually turned away from him with disappointment.

WRATH attacked the barrier next. It used a whip of flaming energy to strike the barrier. The whip collided with the barrier with a loud shockwave. It was as if it had hit a mountain, not something that could melt. What's more, its whip failed to damage the barrier. Even its energy couldn't adhere to it to burn it.

The barrier was completely fine and unmoved after WRATH attacked it. Not even the fact that Aeternus's attack had reduced its structural integrity was enough to make a difference.

The demon gods were surprised when they saw the result. They turned to look at Aeternus again. This time, he folded his hands against his chest as if watching a show.

PRIDE scoffed. "Let me give it a try."

As one who doesn't think it is inferior to anyone else, it decided to attack the barrier. It did so with a golden whip.

Unlike WRATH's energy, which has the properties of a flame, PRIDE's energy has a metallic property to it. It is sharp and durable, like a weapon. But it failed to damage the barrier too.

WRATH looked at it with disdain. WRATH didn't say anything. But it didn't need to. PRIDE got the message loud and clear.

So PRIDE declared, "If I can't do it, then no one else apart from the abomination can."

A/N: PRIDE might be right about this one.

Chapter 1595: Helpful Legion.

Some demon gods decided to take PRIDE up on its challenge. They also attacked the barrier to see what was so difficult about it.

LUST's whip, made of soft and highly infectious energy, failed to harm or adhere to the barrier. GLUTTONY's corrosive energy failed to corrode the transparent barrier too.

SLOTH didn't bother to try because it was sleeping. Besides, its energy is not good for attacking. The other demon gods didn't have its excuse, but they also decided not to bother so as not to embarrass themselves.

The demon gods finally realized that the barrier wasn't as simple as it seemed. They were late to that conclusion by half a step. Aeternus already knew its nature before he tried, so their failure didn't surprise him.

He recognized the barrier as being caused by the difference in spatial coordinates between the two realms. The two realms used to occupy different spaces in the void universe. They still do, but the space within them is aligning despite the physical difference in the location of the two realms.

The barrier might look transparent, but that's only because light can pass through it. It doesn't mean that the distance between the two realms is very close or that the light moved in a straight line.

In fact, the light that passes through it is old. What they can see through the barrier is the past of the Tyrant Realm. So to attempt to break through the barrier is to overcome differences in time and space.

That's why the barrier is not only protective in nature. It is more of a manifestation of a natural phenomenon. The realms haven't fused yet, so this barrier, being the manifestation of the difference in the spatial coordinates of the two realms, will remain.

He recognized it because it is the same type of barrier that they used to seal CARNAGE. He could tell immediately that he saw it, and he could confirm it after his Chaos energy succeeded in breaking it.

Ultimately, the Supreme Law of the demon gods only has the three aspects of Will, Matter, and Energy. They can't break this kind of barrier at all. They also might not be able to break it even if they become world-enders.

The demon gods turned to him again after they realized the uniqueness of his energy. They might not have his eyes, but they can tell that the barrier has the foundation of differences in spatial coordinates after coming into contact with it. This realization made some of them jealous and uneasy. But it made WRATH happy.

WRATH practically yelled at him, "Do it. Do it quickly."

If not for the fact that he is also bored and there is something to gain, then he wouldn't listen to WRATH.

He thought to himself, "Let it not be said that Legion only knows to ruin the plan of the realm lord."

The Tree Father has identified the weakness of the Tyrant race. The realm lord surely has too. In fact, the realm lord has taken advantage of it. This weakness will remain deadly even if the Tyrant race prepares for it. But it is best if the Tyrant race is caught off guard. For that, Aeternus is willing to help. He is magnanimous that way.

It is a kind of magnanimity that promises a generous reward, so he attacked the barrier again. But this time, he did so with more power. He formed a giant avatar out of Chaos energy that reached to the sky with four black, flaming clawed hands.

The avatar was a large mass of black energy given form. It didn't have eyes or a face. It didn't even have legs. It only had a torso that ended in a large tail coiled around Aeternus. But it was big. It was so big that it towered above Aeternus like a guardian spirit.

A single hand of the black avatar reached into the sky and pierced into the barrier. The claws on that hand cut through it like a hot knife through butter. Then the four arms reached into the hole they created and spread it apart.

The avatar then collapsed into energy that rushed into the expanded hole. The black energy turned into a hoop that stopped the hole from closing. This made fresh air from the Tyrant realm rush into the abyss with a hint of corruption.

WRATH roared happily. "And they say an abomination is not useful for anything."

Then it rushed into the hole in the sky. Its body is larger than the hole, so it had to squeeze in, but that didn't dampen its enthusiasm. Not even the vast array of enemies it found on the other side waiting for it could discourage it.

A demon god has never been afraid of fighting many enemies at once. Not even when the enemies are the famed Tyrants. Plus, the scream of fear that occurred due to its appearance was the boost to its ego that it needed to proceed to demolish all of them.

WRATH shouted at them, "Don't be afraid. Be angry."

----The Tyrant Realm. Before Aeternus broke the barrier between realms,

The Tyrant Race is a race of fighters. They were born from the union of war and strife, so they are not ones to shirk from a fight. Especially not when the fate of their realm hangs in the

balance.

They were waiting in the divine plane with confidence, not only to defend their realm but also to turn the tables on their invaders and invade the High Heaven Realm.

Their confidence is not baseless, seeing as they are the strongest beings in the realm. They even have the power of Origin gods without being Origin gods and some even have Supreme power at that.

The 100,000 Children of the Realms, with the power of Supreme Origin gods, had rallied all the other Tyrants and arrayed themselves in the divine plane, waiting for their enemies to invade.

A/N: This bonus chapter is thanks to Rosery for her gift.

Chapter 1596: The Origin Of The Tyrant Race: 1

They didn't bother to bring any other type of race for the defense of the realm because they represent the power of the entire realm and its inhabitants, both living and undead.

It is why the realm was named after them, even though they don't have a realm lord to make that decision. Both the living and the dead, gods and demons, fear them. No one else is worthy of the name.

Being Tyrants, they don't usually get along with each other, but they did so for this event. More than a billion of them are surrounding the realm rift. They don't know what's going to come out of it, but they know that whatever it is will be enemies and invaders. So they know to push back everything that comes through the rift.

Each one of them is darkly skinned, so they made the surface of the divine plane look submerged in a black tide.

A Tyrant asked in disbelief, "So we are really being invaded, and this is not a prank?"

Another replied excitedly, "It is truly not a prank. We will have a whole realm and another divine plane with a new set of gods to wipe out."

The first Tyrant still couldn't believe it. It said, "I still can't believe it. Who would dare to invade us? They are either foolish and overconfident, or they are smart and rightfully confident. Which do you think it is?"

One of them scoffed and said confidently, "We have no need to fear the invaders. The Tyrant Father is protecting us so their Origin gods can't kill us, and we have children of the realm to hold back their Supreme Origin gods."

"So not only will we remain intact during this invasion, we will be able to expand our roots into their domains."

Another one assured, "We can't lose even if we don't have the protection of Father Tyrant. We will form a chokehold here in the divine plane. Anyone that comes through will be beaten back or killed before they can enter. The divine plane has also been sealed so no one can bypass it now. Victory is going to be ours."

They were confident of victory. As a race that has only lost once, they don't believe they can lose to any other race. All they can think of right now is the prospect of becoming more powerful.

As Tyrants, the more land they possess as their permanent domain, the stronger they are. So in a way, they are paragons. They are paragons who rely on their environment and people, both dead and alive, for their boost.

They are an unnatural race. Many people have called them that as a slur. But those people are right. The Tyrant race was not created naturally. They shouldn't even exist.

A long time ago, the Tyrant Race didn't exist in the realm. There were many strong races in the realm back then. Two of them were the most notorious and also hated each other the most. It was these two races that led to the appearance of the Tyrant Realm.

The first race was the Shiki race, or Land Spirits, as they sometimes liked to be called. Or Land Parasites, as the weaklings of the realm called them.

The Shiki race were ephemeral beings born in the realm from heaven and heart. The first member of the race had no parents, so they liked to think they were the children of the realm.

That pompous title wouldn't have mattered if they had the strength to back it up. Unfortunately, the Shiki race started out weak, so they were mocked for that title for a long

time.

The Shiki race, when born, were balls of light. They were soft, like balls of fluff, and weak physically. They couldn't harm anything, and no one could harm them. But their lifespan was incredibly short.

It was rare for them to live more than a year. During that period when they were living, their existence would unravel into their surroundings, which increased the vitality of the world.

They were a sort of mana-to-vitality converter. Animals and plants living around them would benefit from their existence. These living beings were able to become mana entities easily at the cost of the Shiki's.

The Shikis would die after a year of helping the world. Their deaths led to the creation of two seedlings that would be nurtured by the world and then hatch into two Shikis. Thus, the cycle continued, leading to more and more Shikis.

Soon, the population of Shikis increased by the millions. This is scary considering it happened in a short period of 20 years. But no one was worried. No one would fear something with a lifespan of a year that didn't have the faintest power to defend itself.

What they didn't know was that the offspring created from the leftover Shiki retained the memories of their parents. So the millions of Shikis knew about the deaths of the 20 generations of Shikis before them and didn't want to experience the same thing.

The Shikis tried many things to solve their short life spans. They even tried and succeeded in fusing with one another in an attempt to reverse their fission, but that didn't increase their lifespans.

Instead, it shortened it and actually killed the two Shikis that fused. The fusion granted them a short boost in power, but they eventually had to ban it because the memories of the Shikis that fused were lost since they didn't reproduce after their deaths.

This was one of the many things they tried. A year might not be enough for someone to have a solution, and a single generation might not be enough for a race to change their fate. But 20 generations might be enough to turn the short-lived ephemeral Shikis into long-lived physical land spirits.

That's exactly what happened when the Shikis found out that they could fuse with the soil and siphon what they needed to live from it. And so the Land Spirits were born.

## Chapter 1597: The Origin Of The Tyrant Race: 2

The Shikis didn't wander around for their short, one-year lifespan and die like they used to. Instead, they searched for a location with a lot of mana and took root there.

They knew those locations through the memories of their predecessors, so they didn't search for long. They just went directly to the place in their memories and planted themselves in the ground.

Their form changed from the balls of light into a ball of filaments. These filaments spread throughout the soil like roots and absorbed mana into it.

No one knew what caused this drastic change in the race. Maybe it was because the Shikis were born from seeds in the first place and needed the soil to grow. Whichever reason it was, no one was worried about the change because the Shikis led to an increase in the fertility of the soil. This is because they were still mana-to-vitality converters.

Even though the Shikis could grow stronger and live longer by fusing with the soil, they were still dying little by little. Their existence was unraveling, so the vitality they synthesized with all the mana they absorbed was still leaking into the environment and nourishing the world.

So people still liked the Shikis and wanted them in their lands. But the Shikis were not content with their fate.

The rate at which they were unraveling had to be slower than the rate at which they were growing for them to live. So the Shikis needed more and more land to survive. However, this also spurred their deaths because the rate at which they unraveled was directly proportional to their size.

So growing didn't completely solve their problem. Still, expanding could starve off death for a while. So they covered a large area of the realm and prospered as a race.

Problems ensued when they were living near another Shiki. Shikis couldn't stand being close to each other. Competition for land slowed down their growth, which eventually led to their death.

no matter how much they grew, most of them still died and produced two seeds to continue their mission to find longevity.

Unfortunately, they couldn't change this outcome until they became transcendents. It was then that the Shiki race became capable of infecting and growing in other living things.

They transformed from the lovable land spirits people thought they were into parasites. Every living thing in their domain could be infected.

The ground stopped being their major source of life. It became a boundary to mark the things they could infect. It became a sort of boundary. Every living thing in that boundary became their property.

This change granted them a source of vitality that could substitute for the vitality they lost as a result of their unraveling. They didn't need to convert mana to vitality anymore. They could just take it directly from other living things. They also didn't need a large territory, so their rate of unraveling remained slow. This made them capable of almost living forever.

But it wasn't good news for the people of the realm because a single Shiki could infect millions of hosts. Only the Shikis celebrated because the need for vitality had become a thing of the past. They stopped trying to expand their domain and focused more on power.

The Shikis managed to use parasitism to prolong their lifespan, but at the expense of the inhabitants of their lands. A shorter life span, reduced fertility, increased susceptibility to disease, constant tiredness, and insomnia made the victims of the Shikis hate them. Unfortunately, the infection couldn't be cured.

Things changed again when the Shikis grew strong enough to comprehend the law of life and awaken their divine ability further as titans of law. They became able to grant their hosts the ability to wield world power. So each host became a weak titan of law.

The larger the land of the Shiki and the more hosts they infected, the more world power they could grant their hosts. This effectively turned the Shikis from parasites into symbiotes.

Their thirst for power also turned them into conquerors. They didn't need to expand their land for vitality anymore, but they did so to grow stronger so that other Shikis wouldn't be able to take over their domains.

Their quest for more power made them clash with the Amotekun race. This is also another race that likes to expand. But the Amotekun race had another reason for it.

The Amotekun race originated from the bones of a powerful creature that was worshiped and came to life. So the original Amotekun was a heroic being. This remained so even when Amotekun became a heroic spirit. Unfortunately, this heroic spirit made a massive blunder. The faith of its believers helped it become the god of death. He had a child with a mortal, whose offspring became the Amotekun race. The Amotekun race liked to kill. This is because, just like their father, they could enslave the dead.

Their father didn't kill them when they were young and weak. This mistake gave them time to become stronger and undefeatable. They would massacre people and raise them into an undead army. The more undead they had, the more powerful they became, so they were always matching ceaselessly and tirelessly to massacre cities and nations.

The Amotekun were another paragon race that thrived on enslavement. But unlike the Shikis, they enslaved the dead. They were called undead lords because of this.

Their hearts were as black as their black, shriveled skin. They were ugly and thin with little physical durability, so they could be killed if one got close enough to them and struck them.

But they were not weak physically, as they could rip mountains apart with their small, fragile hands, and they had a large army constantly protecting them, so it was difficult to kill them. Soon their threat became too big, and they clashed with the Shikis, who were also on the path to dominating the world. One race grew stronger with the dead, while the other grew stronger with the living.

A/N: Do you see where I am going with this?

Chapter 1598: Repeated Mistakes.

War leads to the creation of the dead, so the Amotekun grew stronger with each battle. Their troops were mostly weak, but they were tireless and didn't feel pain, which made them the best soldiers. The undead could also be raised again if they were not completely destroyed. This made their army larger instead of smaller.

The Shikis, on the other hand, had stronger soldiers on average since each of their hosts was a titan of law. Besides, the Shikis couldn't be killed because they were one with the land and the people. The ground and the people within it would need to be completely destroyed to kill them.

So the two races were at a stalemate. This stalemate continued until one Amotekun followed in the footsteps of their ancestor by falling in love with a Shiki and giving birth to a beautiful black-complexioned baby. The baby was plump and beautiful, like the Shikis, but black, like the Amotekun race.

That baby became the ancestor of the Tyrant Race and led to the end of the war between the Shikis and Amotekuns.

The Tyrant Race were born as physical beings like their Amotekun ancestor. But they could give up their bodies by planting themselves in the soil. This way, they could infect the ground like their Shiki parents.

They could then parasitize the ground and living things within it. If they need a body, they could convert anyone of their host into a physical body to use. So the billions of Tyrants in the divine plane currently waiting for the invaders are just their clones.

The entire realm has long been conquered by them, which has reduced the effective number of defenders of the realm. But even though there are not many enough, the weakest of them has the power of Origin gods thanks to the boost from being paragons.

They can only make one clone at a time, but just like their Shiki parents, they can't be killed until all their hosts die. So they may appear to be billions, but there are actually trillions more bodies waiting for them in the realm to use.

It is going to be difficult to kill all of them with their ability to switch hosts. Besides, they also have scores of the dead buried in their domains to protect their hosts. These dead are also at the titans of law realm.

As the perfect hybrid paragon descendants of their parents, they enslave and gain power from both the living and the dead. They also become stronger with the expansion of their domains. This made them wage a war on both of their ancestral races.

The Shikis and the Amotekuns were wiped out by the Tyrants. Not only did the war between the Shikis and Amotekuns end, but the two races went extinct.

They are not the only ones to succumb to the rapid expansion of the Tyrants. The Tyrants turned their gaze to the divine realm in hopes that they could expand their domains there and in their quest to wipe out the gods who could stop them.

Even though the Tyrants found out that they couldn't infect the divine plane or the gods, they still decided to wipe them out because divine energy was the bane of both the Amotekuns and Shikis. Divine energy could remove their

parasitism from living things and the earth and also easily destroy their undead.

So the Tyrants waged war on the gods and wiped them out. Every single enemy of the Tyrant that could threaten them is gone now. All except one.

The Tyrant only faced defeat when they tried to take over the abyss. They couldn't spread their roots there. They also couldn't infect the demons. That didn't make them give up though. It was the pervasive sin energy that made their every invasion a failure. So people who didn't want to be enslaved by the Tyrants anymore could escape to the land of hope.

Still, the Tyrants didn't give. They attacked the abyss occasionally to kill demons and destroy some clones of demon gods. This is because Tyrants are fundamentally weak to demon gods, just as they are weak to divine gods. So they cannot give up on the demons.

Unfortunately, the demon's habitat was a location that granted them an advantage over Tyrants. It is why the demons have managed to survive all along.

The Tyrant Race is a very strong race. They have eternal life, so becoming kings of law is all but certain for them. Becoming titans of law and sovereigns, on the other hand, is not certain. So they need alternative sources of power, such as land.

Unfortunately, the Tyrant realm is limited in size. They have reached the limit of their race. Newborn Tyrants can't get land to set up their domains, and competition for land is serious amongst them. One can imagine just how tempting the prospect of new lands is to them. That is the prospect that this invasion has brought them.

They don't usually see eye-to-eye, but they all came out today to fight. They were even more impatient than WRATH about the delay in the fusing of the two realms. So they were very happy when they noticed that something had destroyed the barrier for early access.

WRATH didn't meet scared defenders when he came through. The Tyrants were as prepared as they could be. Unfortunately, they were not prepared for a demon god. In fact, they were not expecting any demons, much less a demon god.

A shout went up as soon as the ocean cloud of boiling red energy broke through the realm rift.

"DEMON GOD!!!!"

It was a shout of panic and fear.

WRATH shouted at them, "Don't be afraid. Be angry."

But they didn't listen. The invasive power of its voice only made them more afraid. They screamed in fear, and ran around like headless chicken. Soon the shout of fear and panic was picked up by the other Tyrants all over the divine plane.

A/N: The moral of the story is that one should kill troublesome children when they are weak. That's what I was going with this. Learn this life lesson and don't be like the Amotekun.

Chapter 1599: Falling Like Dominos.

Every Tyrant that was confident a few moments ago became less confident immediately they knew that a demon god had invaded. Those without Supreme Power ran away immediately to avoid the demon god. After all, a demon god is a fatal weakness to Tyrants without Supreme Power to resist.

The sight made WRATH excited. It didn't bother to be conservative. It roared in excitement, "Fight! Fight! Fight!"

WRATH was cheering itself and everyone around it on. Its shout was inducing those running away to anger. Instead of escaping for their lives, they began fighting each other or rushing back to fight it.

They may have the power of Origin gods thanks to the boost from their POWER stat, but as long as they haven't fused with a concept to protect their existence, then WRATH's mere incitement will work on them.

The situation made the Supreme Tyrants with the power of the realm to stand up and fight. They also don't have concepts, but their connection to the realm protects them from WRATH. Unfortunately, being unaffected by the roar of a demon god is not nearly enough in this defensive battle. They have to do

more than that if they hope to defend their realm. So the 100,000 of them surrounded WRATH and tried to kill this body of its.

WRATH roared in laughter and boiled even more. Its form shifted to produce tentacles and whips. It met the attacks of the Supreme Tyrants with force. 100,000 is actually too many for it to fight at once, but it didn't retreat. It surged forward to drown them while the Supreme Tyrants were shouting to themselves, "Quickly destroy it."

They were succeeding in that goal. WRATH's large body was quickly dwindling as it was bombarded with attacks from all around. Unfortunately, they were not killing it fast enough. WRATH has invested about two-thirds of its total energy into this invasion. Its body is about the size of ten planes. 100,000 people, on the other hand, are insignificant compared to the size of a plane.

A million Origin gods didn't succeed in destroying the previous Virut plane because Mother High Heaven was healing and reinforcing it. WRATH is not a world god or world ender, but it is also not a defenseless plane that can only take a beating. It is a plane that is ten times larger than the normal one and can fish out as much damage as is delivered to it.

This situation put the battle at a stalemate. But WRATH is constantly losing energy in the fight, so they are winning. If they had 10 years, they might be able to kill WRATH with their continuous attacks or at least beat WRATH back to whence it came.

Unfortunately, all the time they had was less than 10 seconds before it left the realm rift. They couldn't kill it in 10 seconds, so another demon god could pass through the realm rift and join them.

The Supreme Tyrants felt despair at that point. They may have supreme power, but they are only sovereigns. This innate inferiority made them a little afraid of WRATH and despair at the sight of more demon gods joining the fight.

One of them asked, "What does a realm war have to do with you? You are a demon. You are supposed to sabotage your realm."

What it didn't say is that, even if WRATH was eccentric and decided to help its realm, it shouldn't be working with other demon gods. Even when the abyss of

the Tyrant realm was threatened, the demons still didn't work together, so this was very unexpected.

But WRATH didn't reply. It roared in triumph, "You will suffer! Your realm will burn, and blood will flow! That blood will boil and feed me. Behold, for I am the boiling blood, and I have come."

It declared grandly, but it didn't bother to fight the Supreme Tyrants. Instead, it went after the defenseless Tyrants. They don't have a concept to protect their existence, so their raw power is useless in the face of its false Supreme Law of Chaos.

Some Tyrants managed to dispel their clones in time to escape, but many more were not so fortunate. All WRATH needed was a touch. Just one touch, and their land domains, living hosts, and army of the dead are doomed. With one touch, WRATH infected their existence and sank into them.

WRATH shrank in size rapidly after making contact with many prey. This reduction is not due to the constant attacks on it. It is because WRATH was tunneling through matter with pieces of itself to the location of the domains of the prey it had touched.

WRATH was scattering itself into the realm through the Tyrants. The Tyrants were like tunnels for it to bypass the divine realm and enter the main realm directly. They were a network of roots, and it was a disease gnawing on those roots. The Supreme Tyrants couldn't stop it, despite doing their best.

The reduction in the size of WRATH reduced the amount of energy it had and its defense, so it was quickly destroyed. But WRATH didn't care. It prioritized invading the realm over fighting the Supreme Tyrants.

GLUTTONY complained behind it, "Leave some for me."

LUST and the other demon gods came after GLUTTONY. Aeternus came last. He left the barrier open behind him so that the other demons could enter. By the time he arrived, the divine plane was already in shambles.

He said to himself, "It is as expected. The Tyrants didn't stand a chance."

He expected this outcome since he had acquired information about the weakness of the Tyrants. It is not a weakness per se, as many races are weak to demons.

What happened to the Tyrants is what would have happened to Legion had Ragnarok succumbed to CARNAGE. The only difference is that Ragnarok is not the whole realm.

The Tyrant race has become the whole realm. This granted them a lot of power, but it also made it so that if they fall, the whole realm might fall with them. They are like the first piece of a stack of dominoes. The whole stack will fall once that piece falls.

A/N: Bonus chapter for the 200 golden tickets goal.

Chapter 1600: Time Is Money.

Aeternus made the demon gods arrive before the Tyrants could see the image of the abyss through the barrier and prepare for it. This ensured that the Tyrants were caught off guard, and the possibility of total realm destruction became a certainty.

But Aeternus couldn't take full credit for this achievement. He muttered inwardly as he saw the events happening in the Tyrant realm through Helios' eyes, "I am sure this is the main reason the realm lord offered the demon gods a deal. He might have made it look like he didn't want the demons to betray the realm, but I am willing to bet it was to achieve a swift victory in the era of conquest."

From the investigation that the tree father had done, he knows that the Tyrant race is a powerful race. Every inhabitant of the realm is at least at the titan of law level, while the top powers are at the Origin god level. The High Heaven realm had to remove the suppression of the realm and offer many benefits to get that kind of power.

And despite all of their abilities, the realm lord's plans ensured that they had lost before the era of conquest started. Their reinforcement of Origin gods was cut off, while the demon gods that they are weak to had already been recruited before the fight.

Unlike the demons of the Tyrant Realm, who didn't have gods to feed on or other races to eat, the demons of the High Heaven Realm didn't have a race that took over the realm, stopping them from growing stronger. Not only are

the demons and demon gods of the High Heaven Realm far stronger, but they are also more numerous.

Demons are known for their destruction. They don't create or protect. But the demon gods of the Tyrant Realm were so desperate that they had to rear their own livestock. The Tyrant Race had suppressed them to that extent.

Unfortunately, that is not a good thing for the realm. Having a single superior race with many strengths is not as good as having many races with fewer strengths. This is because once the single superior race falls, then the realm will follow.

Aeternus said with melancholy, "The weakness of a single race has doomed the whole realm." "Anyway. I better get to work too. I can't let the others have all the fun."

He was not attacked at all when he entered the divine realm. The Supreme Tyrants were far too busy attacking the other demon gods. All he knows is that the demon gods must be doing a lot of damage. This is reflected in the number of contribution points he is getting.

Mother High Heaven is rewarding him with 20% of all the points that the demons earn because he opened the barrier for them ahead of time. It is as they say, time is money, and the High Heaven Realm is short on time to defeat the Tyrant Realm. By bringing the invasion forward, he has increased the amount of time the High Heaven Realm has to destroy the realm.

He is earning all those points without doing much himself. And the other demon gods took the lead and distracted the Supreme Tyrants for him.

It is killing two birds with one stone. That's why he didn't close the hole he created in the realm rift. He wants all the demons to enter and farm contribution points for him.

Unfortunately, he has to pay the price for being late to the party. The divine plane is sealed, so he can't leave easily. There are no Tyrants for him to use to leave.

This is a price he couldn't avoid paying even if he had been the first demon god to enter the divine realm because he hasn't fused with his energy, so he can only infect people with his Chaos energy, not himself. He couldn't have used the Tyrants to leave the divine plane, even if they were around anyway.

If he wants to leave the divine plane, he has to leave by himself, not through a shortcut like other demon gods. So he took to the sky and flew towards the gate of heaven.

He knows where the gate of heaven is because the Tree Father passed through it when he entered the Tyrant realm earlier. This information ensures that he doesn't have to roam around the divine plane, wasting time.

He thought to himself on his way there, "I wonder what kind of seal it is. I hope it is very strong so I can earn a lot of contribution points."

The Tyrant realm had been caught off guard by the era of conquest, but they still managed to react after a while. One of the things the Tyrants did was to seal the divine plane. This made it so that the invaders that had lined up outside the realm and entered it to destroy it couldn't gain access to the main plane anymore.

Legion-8, whom everyone has taken to calling The Pathogen, saw the effect from the void. He saw that the Origin gods who entered the Tyrant realm were roaming around the void, unable to do anything. Some even had to return to the High Heaven Realm, and some fought him out of boredom.

The seal of the divine means that invasion of the Tyrant realm can only happen through the dungeons. If the Tyrants can destroy the dungeons, they will be able to prevent the invasion entirely.

It is something they can do, seeing as they have total control over every inch of the main plane. No dungeon, no matter how small, can escape their notice. So it is a good plan. That's why he should earn a lot of contribution points for breaking the plan.

Anyone who likes destruction like him would anticipate breaking the seal just for the fun of it. But he is also getting paid for it, which makes things better. It is a wicked hobby that pays.

