

## **GREED 181**

### Chapter 181 The End Of The Era Of The Gods?

But the son of legends didn't answer. The sky did instead. There was a bright flash of light and the sound of thunder. The sound rocked the world as the divine plane ripped itself away from the surface of the main plane and shrunk down. Then it began plummeting into the main plane like a meteor. The sight resembled the fall of a god. But the god must be very powerful to warrant disturbance of such scale.

The meteor struck the ground in one of the numerous forests in the Virut plane. The impact was oddly silent but the ripples of energy that tore the forest apart indicated how deadly it is for anything in the vicinity of the crash. At the center of the crash site is a glowing portal that led to places unknown.

The battle Leviathan controlled by the son of legends happened to be a short distance away from the crash site so they witnessed the entire thing. They had been camping at this forest for weeks but something finally happened.

The son of legends smiled. "To Manipulate the high and mighty gods to leave their safely ensconced location and be brought down to earth after a transformation into lowly beings. Manipulate them into becoming a divine dungeon. The era of conquest is coming and this is my contribution to the plane."

Those all-white eyes of the son of Legends remained locked to the portal. Now Guntu knew what the son of legends had been looking at all this while. He had been looking at an event that will happen in this location in the future.

"I told you that I don't know WHEN. I only know WHAT, HOW, and WHERE. But that is already enough. One step ahead is to always be ahead."

The transformation of the divine plane into a dungeon did not leave the main plane unscathed. The protective function of the divine plane disappeared, which left the main plane open to incursions from all sides.

The ones that took advantage of the absence of the gods the quickest were the demons. They invaded in droves but the racial council was ready for them. The presence of a vast and quick communication network allowed for quick reports of demon sightings and immediate responses.

Still, there are secluded areas within the plane that no one could monitor. As long as demons lay low in these corners, they will be able to amass a small army and wrought destruction before they are sent back. Even if everyone nook and cranny of the main plane is patrolled and scanned regularly, as long as a single demon gets into the plane, it will be able to set up a cloaking device that will obscure them from detection. They can then lie low before they attack in large numbers.

Invasion is an art to demons. They are experts in invasions and have had many opportunities to master the art of invasion. The gods couldn't triumph over the demons nor can it be done now that there is a bigger battlefield. They can pop up anywhere on the plane.

The best that the racial council can do is to keep them at bay. The war against demons can never be won. The demons were once the eternal rivals of the gods, now they have become the eternal rivals of those in the Virut plane. The once peaceful plane is thrust into war but the effect on its cities is minimal. Only villages and small settlements suffer the brunt of the demon invasions. Cities have strong defenses have ample refiners.

This situation will continue and people will adapt. It helps that the strong demons can't invade yet. Only the mid-rank and lower ranks demons are invading. These types of demons can be easily taken care of by transcents. It is a good thing that transcents are a staple in the Virut plane because the demons might be weak but they are in massive numbers that wreak destruction everywhere they go.

Even though the Virut plane is not so weak as to feel threatened by this level of attacks, they cannot sustain their defense without ample Origin energy. The demons attacked because the gods gave up their level of existence, so the Virut plane is suffering for it. But they haven't gotten the rewards of the end of the gods yet. The divine plane is yet to be destroyed, only transformed. Someone has to reach the core of the divine dungeon and liberate the plane.

Things cannot return to what they used to be even if the plane is liberated. There will be Origin energy for everyone but anyone can still invade the Virut plane. If A world god of the plane advocates for the advancement of the plane, then the plane will become able to withstand Sovereigns. This will also allow stronger demons to invade. Demon lords and demon kings will be able to come knocking.

The Virut plane doesn't fear demon lords and demon kings. A plane that can easily force its gods to such dire straits can take on anything the demons throw at them. Such a development will only allow the inhabitants of the plane to grow stronger.

Peace might be good but war sharpens people. And the people need to be sharpened in preparation for the era of conquest. So while most of the plane is focused on its defense, the high and mighty are focused on receiving the rewards of their efforts against the gods.

The divine dungeon must be resolved. But they soon came to the realization that it isn't going to be easy. The high and mighty of the plane are simply the various representatives from the families recognized by the racial council. This means each family represented here have at least a single Origin god ancestor. Some families are bigger than others with some having multiple Origin gods and even World gods. Still, no one sent an Origin god. The lower plane is considered a fragile sandbox to Origin gods. At most, they will send their clones.

It did not come as a surprise that the racial council did not move. They had already sent a representative that is more than capable of resolving all issues. The son of legends is one of the two Origin gods attending the briefing on the battle Leviathan in their main bodies. Guntu is the other one, and unlike the son of legends, he is much more sociable.

In a large hall containing the various Sovereign representatives sent by the families.

Most of the people here are battle sage monkeys but there are some other races here. The rock people, the beast people, the mole people, and the tree people. All these other races are the only sentient ones that could exist in harmony with the battle sage monkeys within the Virut plane.

They are also largely at peace with one another. The beast people are those whose ancestors were beasts that gained enlightenment. It is a common thing for plants and animals to gain awareness and sentience when they become transcedents. The plant people are descendants of plants and the rock people are descendants of the rock progenitor.

These three races survived and thrived in the Virut plane because they can't be gotten rid of and because they are peaceful. Beasts and plant people will continue to emerge unless the plane is destroyed and all life is killed. Rock and plant people are peaceful.

The mole people are another race that was part of this plane from the beginning, but they live underground. They are the largest race apart from the battle sage monkeys. Their area of influence doesn't overlap, that's why such a large race has been able to exist with the battle sage monkeys.

The battle sage monkeys stay above ground. The two races only fight about minerals in the ground but it has never escalated beyond that. The mole people also have a divine ability that is related to their eyes. Their divine ability allows them to see in 360 degrees without any blind spots both at night and during the day, but it is less effective during the day. That is just the basic power of their divine ability, it gets stronger than that.

Apart from that, they have no common interests or similar features. The mole people are much shorter than the battle sage monkeys and have shorter non-prehensile tails. They are mostly color blind. Refinement has changed the original race into a stronger more capable one but they are still inferior in physical aspects to battle sage. Their expertise lies in forging.

So people of all races from recognized bloodline families within the plane came to attend this meeting. They are all seated in neatly arranged rows of specially made chairs. Everyone is focused on the Son of Legends as he is speaking.

They are all here to determine and decided how the divine dungeon is going to be resolved, so that Origin energy can fill the Virut Plane.

Chapter 182 The Divine Dungeon.

The gods packed up and descended to the main plane. They took the protection of the divine plane with them. But the way they did it made the Virut plane unable to enjoy the benefits of the end of their era. These people are here to see what they can do about rectifying it.

"We have performed preliminary investigations into the workings of the divine dungeon. Coupled with my divination, we have very detailed information to work with."

No one questioned that they would have to take his word for it. The son of legends has been determined to be capable by the racial council, it is not their place to question his authority or reliability.

"Some of you might not have heard about dungeons and what they are since they have never existed in the realm of high heaven. Dungeons are natural, they are pockets of space created for a single purpose and a single purpose only, invasion. The reason you probably haven't heard of one is that the realm of high heaven has never been invaded by another realm. But that will change when the era of conquest begins."

Everyone listened with rapt attention. For most, if not all of them, this is the first time they are hearing about the mechanism of dungeons. They certainly don't know about a divine dungeon or the possibility of the divine plane becoming one.

"When a realm is trying to invade another realm, it will create a temporary passage between them. A small space will be created within this passage. The invasion won't occur instantly due to the different time flow within the two realms. For the invaders, it will be an instant. They will enter the passage and come out from the other side immediately if they face no obstruction."

"For the invaded, it is a different experience. A portal will be formed that will lead to a separate space. They can then venture into this passage and beat back all the invaders before full synchronization is done. They must then destroy the core of the passage in order to foil the invasion attempt. If the core isn't destroyed in time, the passage will synchronize and the invaders will have a passageway into the realm."

"The quality of the passage will determine the strength of the people that can enter the dungeon. This divine dungeon is different from how normal dungeons are. They have similar rules but this dungeon is for a different purpose. A normal dungeon is meant for invasion but this one is meant for defense. The gods have chosen to hide themselves away in one indefinitely."

His explanation was enlightening. It provided much-needed information about the nature of dungeons. Then the Son of legends began to explain the nature of a divine dungeon.

"It is a protocol that only Supremes know about. That means it is a secret only one person knows at a time. There are stringent requirements for activation of the transformation of the divine plane into a divine dungeon. The simplest requirement is the presence of celestials in the pantheon. But God kings are selfish with their power. They won't allow another being that can take their power to exist in peace with them."

"The number of celestials under the supreme also needs to increase to a large number for the supreme to have the necessary authority to activate the protocol. We can see why the occurrence of a divine dungeon is rare. Even if all the requirements are met, most supreme gods would rather lose their lives than leave their fates in the hands of a mortal."

People shook their heads. If it was such a secret, and its occurrence is so rare how did the son of legends know about it, plan for it, and achieve it? They knew the answer to that. It made them in awe of his

abilities and slightly afraid of him. The knowledge of the answer to the question also brought up another question. Why did the Son of legend bring about its occurrence?

"There are a lot of nuances that we will not talk about for now. We will focus on the challenges to overcome if we hope to destroy this dungeon and make origin energy flow through our plane. They couldn't beat us in outright combat and they won't be able to beat us while they cower away

The people listening cheered.

"The dungeon is split into levels. The number of levels is currently unknown for now. But what is known is the beginning the middle, and the end. The beginning level is a gorge within a canyon containing an army waiting for us. The army will swarm and attack whoever enters first. To take the first level, someone has to step in and remain alive before others join in. One must become two, two must become three, three must become four, and on and on. It is only when numbers accumulate in our favor that we can hope to route the army and establish a base. This is the first challenge."

The Son of legends went on to provide more information about the beginning and the medium levels.

"The last challenge can only be won by a single person. It will be at the last level, where the God King responsible for the transformation of the divine plane into a dungeon is waiting. At the last level is where the dungeon core is. The challenges seem simple enough but certain factors will make it difficult to overcome."

Then he began to point out some of the challenges that they will face in beating the dungeon.

"The first problem is the manpower that we get to work with. The entire power of the divine plane has been concentrated to expel mana entities and above. Only those of the vitality core stage can enter. I do not need to tell you how difficult it will be for someone of that stage to stand against an army of similarly powerful defenders."

The people considered the problem. It wasn't about strength. It was about age and experience. Due to the effects of royal bloodlines, most at the vitality core stage are young people. People who have never gone to war. They have never experienced war in their lifetime and have never needed to be prepared for it.

Their training regimen is geared towards building sturdy foundations for them to excel as transcendents when they go to the ancient battlefield or the tower of heaven. It isn't that their vitality core stage refiners aren't powerful when compared to those of other races or planes, they are just inexperienced.

"The worst part is that the final boss of the dungeon, the former God King of the Virut Pantheon will be at the mana stage. It will be a tough fight if not impossible for a single vitality core stage to defeat and kill a mana entity. I know what you are thinking. It isn't rare for skilled juniors of the vitality core stage to defeat a rather unskilled mana entity. This is a god King we are talking about. He was the celestial god of battle, he had multiple years to hone his craft and has mastered several weapons to at least the 5th step of formless weapon. He will not be easy to defeat even if he has been weakened."

They were all appalled by the difficulty of clearing this dungeon. The Son of legends' earlier explanations made it seem easy to beat the dungeon. They just had to send people in to break the dungeon core. But more and more challenges will make it a daunting task, if not impossible to achieve. Still, the son of legends wasn't done yet.

"Now, we have another problem apart from the strength requirements. We have secured the entrance of the dungeon to prevent random people from entering it. You might not understand why, so I'll tell you. There is another outcome for the divine dungeon apart from being destroyed. The person that reaches the last level and defeats the boss will be presented with two options. They can either destroy the core of the dungeon or they can allow the dungeon to be assimilated into our plane. The first option is what we want. The second option will return the gods to their former strength and transform them into landed gods."

The people bristled immediately. They might not know what a dungeon is but they have surely heard of landed gods. Landed gods are like heroic spirits. They will have the power of gods and still be able to roam the main plain without suppression.

Landed gods will lose access to their divine kingdom and the safety that comes with it, so they will be easily killed but the influence of gods will never end. Their freedom in using their full powers will affect the planes far more than the proxy divine wars that the gods used to wage.

And no matter how many gods are killed, more will be able to ascend if they are allowed to become landed gods. The war against the gods will never end then and their era will continue forever.

Chapter 183 The Child Of The Plane.

"Now you understand that this is a gamble for the gods. The portal can sense the hostility and intent of whoever enters it and more than that, the dungeon can sense the fate of whoever enters it. If someone

sympathetic to the cause of the gods enters, then they will face fewer challenges until they reach the last room. The boss might not even fight them and allow them to use the core straightaway."

"The opposite will occur to those that will destroy the core if they get access to it. The dungeon will throw everything in its way to stop them. Even if they succeed against all odds and reach the core. The dungeon will tempt them with the benefit of becoming the god-king of the new landed gods. Imagine that, the power of gods plus lordship of gods without the weakness of suppression in the plane. That is power equal to an Origin god without any problems."

They finally understood that the transformation of the divine plane isn't only for the gods to eke out meager lives but to have another chance at a glorious future. The gods hope to return as landed gods. No matter how many gods are killed, more will be able to ascend if they are allowed to become landed gods. The war against the gods will never end then and their era will continue forever.

They also understood that there is no guarantee that all their effort will bear the fruit they want. A child at the vitality core stage will no doubt be tempted with power. Someone might not lack money, influence, or control. Even if they did lack one of these things, power can help them acquire what they want.

The journey of refinement is filled with dangers and uncertainties. It is not certain that someone will have the talent or fortune to become an Origin god. But the reward of betraying the path of perfection for the path of divinity will grant them immediate powers.

So all their effort to clear out the dungeon might just benefit the gods instead. They had been disdainful of the gods until they realized the real extent of their plans. Now they were wondering why the son of legends allowed the war to turn into something like this.

The Son of legends smiled and said, "That is the extent of the problems we are facing. But not to worry. Yes, the gods have created a dilemma but it is not unsolvable. The gods have played their cards and this is all they have. The ball is in our court now. We have secured the entry point into the dungeon, so the fanatics and believers will not gain access to it. That means we get to screen and field only those we are confident of."

They relaxed, but only a little. The reason for securing the portal might have become known but it hasn't reduced the difficulty of clearing the dungeon.



"These youths will come from the recognized bloodline families here. You can warn them of the consequences of betraying the plane. Power at the level of an Origin god is only similar to that of one. It doesn't make one an Origin god. It doesn't make one truly immortal. Even if it does, there are ways to deal with one. That will warn off the greedy ones. It won't stop the foolish ones. That's why only the vitality core stage from vetted royal bloodlines will be allowed to enter. We can trust those to have the basic common sense to understand the repercussions of their decision."

The people agreed with the decision. Only their direct descendants could be trusted with such a responsibility. A vagrant vitality core stage might not be able to overcome the temptation of such a power.

Families without a royal bloodline will hold such power in high esteem. The worst part is that such a fool doesn't need to be strong. He just needs to enter the dungeon, be scanned, and then be granted entry towards the last level. How could someone who is aspiring to become transcendent and will be content with that achievement be able to pass off an offer to receive such power and privileged?

Some people don't even know what a titan of law truly is. They have only heard about that power level but have never made contact with one. A normal battle sage monkey without a bloodline has probably never met anyone above a transcendent. This is because such people are either on the ancient battlefield or in special cities with Origin energy. They don't usually come in contact with those without bloodlines. They are worlds apart.

"Restricting access to the dungeon will reduce the amount of vitality core stage refiners we can use to clear the dungeon. We shouldn't consider it a burden but see it as an opportunity for the youths of our family. The era of conquest will arrive soon and by that time we will need commanders for our army. Most of our fighting force will be transcentents and the vitality core youths of today will have reached that level."

They still weren't convinced. They have heard a lot about the challenges but no reward that would make it all worth it.

"I know some of you are wondering why we didn't storm the divine plane when we could. I wanted something that can only be acquired by completing this divine dungeon. There is a reward that will be given to whoever fights his way into the last level and liberates the plane."

They perked up. Everyone wanted to know why the divine dungeon will be worth its stress.

The son of legend continued. "It is beyond the level of a consolation prize. A rare gift that only a handful of individuals have ever won. The title of a child of the plane. It is the precursor to the position of realm lord but that seat has already been taken."

His declaration riled up the crowds immediately. They began communicating fervently. They were using their divine sense so the meeting was mostly silent. The mention of such a title moved them. Someone couldn't help but raise his hands for a question. The son of legends beckoned to him to speak.

A brightly glowing battle sage from the Sun Empire asked, "Does this title really exist?"

It was a thing of myth. The child of the plane is a title given to someone born of the plane by the will of the plane for contributions that will change the course of development for the entire plane. There can only be a single child of the plane for each plane. Few have ever had that title, so it is largely unconfirmed.

The son of legends answered with certainty. "Yes, it does. I have seen it. I'll keep the detailed information about the benefits of such a title a secret. It will up to whoever wins it if he or she wants to speak about it or not."

The brightly glowing Origin god clone still wasn't contented. The child of the plane might be real, but the difficulty of getting it is still high.

So he asked. "Can nothing be done to ease the difficulty? Even 100 vitality core stage cannot take on someone of that power and skill. It is simply impossible."

The son of legends nodded. "Yes, something can be done."

Guntu spoke up. "The divine dungeon is an intricately designed construct of energy and divine will, but it has lost its majesty. It has left its position on high. I can simply flood the structure with my energy and destroy it. That will make Origin energy pour into how plane."

Everyone's eyes lit up.

"Is that possible?" Another battle sage monkey asked.

"Yes, that's possible, but we will lose the chance of acquiring a child of the plane. And we will need one for the era of conquest. Brute force is not an option I would want us to take. But the availability of one proves my point. The gods have lost all leverage in this war. It is up to us to determine how we want to beat them

Ghoto would also have to pay a very hefty sum for causing damage to the plane. There's no way he will be able to destroy the divine dungeon without there being consequences on the pay. Frankly, he doesn't want to destroy it because of the hefty fee he has to pay for it.

"Then how are to beat them? They played a good card. It may be their last card, but it is their trump card. How do you propose we beat them?" Another one asked.

"There is another reward. It isn't as relevant as being a child of the plane but it is more tangible and will encourage the youths of your family. Every kill performed in the dungeon will provide the killer with a boost to their refinement. This means a vitality core can grow stronger and break through in the dungeon as long as they make enough kills. It will make the fight with the boss easier."

The declaration eased off most of the tension they felt about the dungeon. The dungeon can be used as a training ground for their youths. Fighting and killing things in the divine dungeon will cut down in their refinement requirement and also expose them to the art of war. And if things don't work out, they can pay a heavy price to destroy the divine plane.

It is a win-win situation for them. They can try to reap the rewards or just destroy the game entirely if they fail to clear the divine dungeon. They felt more confident now that they have nothing to lose. It wouldn't even matter if the child of the plane doesn't exist.

Chapter 184 Good Riddance.

Most of them didn't believe the dungeon could be cleared. Even if the strength and skill of the boss have been reduced, he will have the strength of a top-level mana entity and the skill of the third step at his disposal. There's no way a newly evolved mana entity can match that. So they would be content with simply farming the dungeon.

The son of legends then said something weird. "What we need now is a fragile platform."

They didn't understand him but they asked other questions and the meeting dispersed on a happy note. Then each family began to prepare their youths. The Ghastorix family is also one of them.

The creation of the divine dungeon happened a week before Soverick demolished SLEEP DEPRIVED DEMON. He was still training with SQUARESKULL and the Ghastorix family didn't want to risk him. But his performance made them rethink their plan to exclude him. So SQUARESKULL informed him and Soverick decided to participate.

But he met Ghaster and Litori first before leaving.

"So you are done with your training. Isn't that a little early?" Litori asked quietly.

Soverick answered. "Maybe."

"Enough of that. Why are you here? To rub your success in our face?" Ghaster didn't hold back his anger from his voice or his face.

Soverick leveled his gaze on him for a second before turning to Litori. "To ask about your Progress and to say goodbye."

"Well, I have finished the preparatory stage for both physical and spiritual fitness. So I move on to the second stage just a few days ago. It's all thanks to Ghaster. He gave me vitality medicine he got from somewhere and it sped up my rate of progress. He has also completed his physical fitness requirements but he is still lacking in the spiritual aspect. He has problems with Mind Division and Mind Pressure."

Litori did most of the talking while Soverick listened and Ghaster glared at him. They were standing in front of Litori's room.

"That should be it. I'll be leaving now." Soverick said to her exactly five minutes after they started talking. He had places to be and things to do. His objective was already achieved by asking about their well-being, he didn't need to listen to their problems for too long.

"Do you have any advice for us?" Litori asked and Ghaster turned his glare to her.

"Don't be stubborn. Question Everything. Be willing to learn. Be willing to adapt. Think and plan before taking action. Think outside the box. Master your body. To master your body, you must master your emotions first. Only when you have mastered your emotions can you change your habits. Habits are like emotions, involuntary and mostly independent of the mind. You must bring your mind to the equation. Remember, the Mind should be above the body."

"We know all that. You didn't have to tell us." Ghaster said.

"Why did you even come along if you were going to be like this?" Litori asked Ghaster but he couldn't answer.

"Don't mind him eldest. We have some thoughts and instincts due to our bloodline but we didn't know what they meant exactly. Your advice has given us something to aim for and we appreciate it."

Soverick shrugged. "Don't fall behind too much. You can see me off now because we are at the same academy. If you don't keep up, you will never be able to catch my trail much less overcome me. Isn't that right Ghaster?"

Ghaster pressed his lips into a thin line and refused to answer. But that's okay with Soverick. It was a rhetorical question anyway. He left them at that. His life at the battle academy has ended. He might return for tertiary education in the future, but there's no guarantee.

Ghaster and Litori watched him go.

"What an insufferable showoff," Ghaster spoke first.

"And you're an insufferable loud mouth," Litori shouted at him.

"Why else will he come to see us every time he is about to move on to another stage? He just wants to rub his talent in our faces." Ghaster shouted back.

Litori sighed. "I doubt the eldest values our opinion so much that he would that. You know the eldest doesn't care about what other people think."

That gave Ghaster pause but he came up with an explanation. "That's even worse. He doesn't think our opinions matter. So full of himself."

Litori gave up on convincing him and left, leaving Ghaster to his thoughts. Ghaster clenched his fist before sighing and unclenching them.

"It's not his fault. It's my weakness for being weak." He thought to himself.

It wasn't Soverick's fault that he was great. It wasn't Soverick's fault that people bother Ghaster to ask about his brother. Soverick never did anything wrong, he probably worked hard for his success.

Ghaster isn't jealous of Soverick's talent or his success. It's just Soverick's behavior that irritates him. It would have been okay if Soverick liked to brag. If Soverick were someone that liked to bask in his glory or if he was arrogant. But Soverick isn't any of those. Instead, he acts as if everything is beneath him, as if even his own great success is nothing and as if his progress is normal. Then what does that make Ghaster's progress? Less than nothing. Less than normal.

Soverick's neither humble nor proud attitude undermines everything he has worked for and Ghaster hates him for it. It's like Soverick has a gold coin while he has a silver one but Soverick doesn't value the gold coin he has. He hates Soverick even more because he knew that he wouldn't be so nonchalant about it if he were the one with the success.

Ghaster would have been okay with being that guy that is proud of his elder brother. He would have loved to brag about his elder brother to everyone that could hear. But how could he do that when that elder brother doesn't care and only works hard?

Soverick has set a high bar for what can be considered excellent. So he has to work hard himself and yet all his effort produces results that don't even come close to that bar at all. It's as if all his hard work is a joke. He would like to be unfeeling like Soverick but it is not in his nature.

"Good riddance. Out of sight and out of mind."

He doesn't know about Litori but he is thankful that Soverick is leaving. Then he won't know what Soverick is up to and he won't know how wide the gap between them has become. Ignorance is bliss.

Back To Soverick.

Soverick began to wind through the bland hallways. He was heading toward the portal that brought them in. Only at that point can he leave the academy and only if he has authorized access. He met someone on the way there. It was that battle sage monkey that had been beating Ghaster up. She had joined the third stage of training a little before Soverick. Soverick remembered Ghaster telling him her name.

Soverick smiled at her, "Viki is it?"

He continued on as he spoke to her. He didn't plan to wait for another chat. He wanted to reach the divine dungeon as soon as possible. He had heard that it has been open for more than a week and he doesn't want to be late for the party.

She stumbled when she recognized him. She righted herself and replied, "I was shocked a little. I thought I saw a ghost or something."

Soverick chuckled a little. People always say he looked handsome or cute because of his features. They might say he is odd looking but never scary. She continued to walk with him when he didn't stop.

"Dude, you're strong, like really strong. I heard from Ghaster that you and he are litter mates. Truly extraordinary. I witnessed that fight of yours. It was epic and scary, dude. You are my inspiration, I work harder anytime I think of that fight. But I still can't get that image of you impaling that girl out of my mind."

Soverick was a little amused. The first time he had met this person, she had promised to beat him up if he joined the third stage because he ignored her. But she seemed to have forgotten all that and was chatting with him like a long-lost friend.

"Do you want to spar? But you have to take it easy on me." She finally asked when he didn't say anything.

He answered. "I'm busy."

"Doing what?" Her curiosity was obvious in her question and on her face. She really wanted to know what he is busy with.

Soverick remained stoic. "Going somewhere."

"Where are you going?"

"Somewhere." He repeated.

"But where?"

Soverick turned silent. She was amusing. She is even friendly and her straightforward attitude is admirable, but he had no obligation to satiate her curiosity. He had given her enough hints to clue her into his unwillingness to divulge what he is busy with. The rest is up to her.

Chapter 185 Unforgettable And Imperishable.

He doesn't mind that she is following him. She can do whatever she wants to do. Anybody can do whatever they want to do. Everyone has that freedom. There is no good or evil. But there will be conflict if what she is doing is hindering him. So she gets to follow him only because he doesn't mind. He won't answer her because he doesn't want to and things might escalate if she becomes more of a nuisance.

"You are so cool. Do you know that? So heroic. I want to be like you someday." She said when he wasn't talking anymore.

"Anything is possible" Soverick admitted. It was because he admired the realm lord that made him become what he is today. He admired the realm lord, but then began to resent him when he found out that it was the realm lord that made the demons attack the high elves. But that resentment turned to the admittance of weakness. Then everything changed when he tried to overcome that weakness. He



dared to reach beyond his station to stand side by side as an equal or greater to the realm lord. So yes, anything is possible.

"Even the way you say it is cool. Gruff and manly. I will become manly too."

She continued to talk until Soverick reached the particular door that he came through. Wendy was waiting as usual. There was another person there. SQUARESKULL was waiting beside the golem.

Viki exclaimed, "You are leaving the academy? Were you expelled for impaling that girl? Did she die?"

Soverick ignored her. "Hey, Wendy." He greeted the golem.

The golem stepped forward with a tray like the one she always carried about.

"It has been pleasant working with you during your short time of training here. I wish you good luck wherever you end up. Now, I must have your wrist logger. Do make sure to remove your soul imprint on it."

"Noooo" Viki cried.

"Sure," Soverick said.

He undid the clasp of the tracking and assistance equipment. It had helped him navigate his way around the academy. He wiped his imprint off with his divine sense and placed it on the tray.

"Don't do it." Viki continued to be a nuisance but everyone ignored her.

"Then this is goodbye," Wendy said before opening the door behind her.

SQUARESKULL offered him something before he could go. "This is for you. I was told to give it and say, 'This is your reward, you greedy boy.'"

Soverick collected the small item and smiled before entering the small room while Viki pleaded with Wendy not to expel him. It was until Wendy told her that he wasn't being expelled that she calmed down.

"Goodbye and Good luck. I am sure you will do great things. It was an honor to teach you."  
SQUARESKULL called back after him.

"It's probably going to be the highlight of your life. Just make sure I don't ever see your face again or I'm going to cave it in." Soverick replied.

SQUARESKULL laughed. "We'll see about that."

Viki shouted, "I'll never forget about you."

Then the door closed and Soverick experienced a shift in space. The door opened but he has been moved somewhere else. He left the room and performed the proceedings for an exit. His uniform was taken and his former clothing was returned. He wore the white robe and white belt that Mihila got for him. He decided not to wear shoes anymore. His bare feet on the ground will make it easier to feel the momentum of the ground. He was already preparing for the future. But what Viki said still rang in his head.

She said, "I'll never forget you."

'I'm I unforgettable now? What makes a person unforgettable?' He asked.

He walked out of the administration building while he contemplated the question.

What makes a person unforgettable? Is it his deeds or the simple memory of it? If he does something remarkable like splitting the plane in half but no one knows that it's him that did it. Is the feat itself unforgettable or the unknown person that did it?

Witnesses are important to remember a person. A feat doesn't need witnesses, it can stand and speak for itself. The effect of an action can bear witness to the might of its creator. Still, the presence of a witness makes the feat complete. If there is no witness, who will know how the plane was split into two?

But how does the witness matter in making a person unforgettable? A body forging stage witness with poor memory and a short lifespan will not be a good qualification for a witness to have for someone to be unforgettable. That qualification improves until the witness becomes a sovereign of law but it is still inherently lacking. A sovereign of law has eternal life like the gods but isn't immortal.

What if the realm of high heaven is destroyed? All the beings within it will die, and the memories and the grand feats will disappear with it. What will happen to the memory of an act in the minds of its witness? Will Someone remain unforgettable when the entire realm of high heaven is destroyed? No.

Only an eternal witness can make someone truly unforgettable. Only an unforgettable existence itself can qualify someone to be truly unforgettable. That's why all his feats and achievements at this level will remain forgettable. Only the things he does that affect Origin gods can qualify to be unforgettable. An immortal witness will be able to remember you and what you did for all of eternity.

'So I'm not unforgettable yet. I can't wait for that to change.'

It is one of the reasons why he can't brag about his little achievements. They are inconsequential in the grand scheme of things. It is all perishable, but he aims for the imperishable.

He smiled as he came upon Mihila and Kayla waiting for him.

'It's time to pay the piper.' he thought to himself as he looked at Mihila.

Earlier Today At The Ghoto's Family House. Within The Training Room.

Mihila is currently sparing with Kayla. Mihila is still the same, but Kayla has changed. It's not a physical change but more of a spiritual change. Her spirit core had formed within her spirit realm and it had awoken her divine ability.

Her eyes are always glowing now, even when they aren't used actively. But then they increase in brightness when she activates them which she is doing right now.

Her mana core behind her eyes flares up and pumps mana into her eyes. They light up and the world slows down. Information comes flooding to her brain but her spirit core is there to assist. It provides a huge boost to processing power so that the brain doesn't have to fill in what it thinks should be happening into the images in her mind.

She can now see everything happening around her, unadulterated and unabridged. This makes the world seem slower and her reaction faster. Her perception of time becomes faster while things become slower. Mana is flowing and burning within her body to empower and amplify her physical stats so that she can react as fast as she can see.

There is a lot of reason why divine abilities awaken at the mana stage. The body and mind are enhanced by mana to take the burden. Mana also becomes readily available to fuel the usage of the ability. Using a divine ability at the vitality core stage will cause damage to the life force as the divine ability siphons it.

Kayla is wielding an intricately designed spear with flair and pomp while Mihila looks stiff in contrast. But those stiff spear attacks are still able to break Kayla's defense over and over again.

"Focus. I'm coming." Mihila barks as she turns a defensive movement into a devastating attack.

Her form is sloppy and her grip on her spear is casual. Yet she entwined her unadorned spear with Kayla's during her thrust. Then she twists the spear to attack the hand holding the spear. Kayla tried to pull back but a thrust is not so easily withdrawn, it can be transformed into another attack but it cannot be pulled back so casually.

Kayla's best attempt failed her and the spear blade comes for her head. She dodged the blade and it passes through where her head is a moment ago only to be slammed into her head by a flick of Mihila's wrist.

Her head is bashed sideways with such force that her vision is going blank. She has leaned sideways to dodge the attack, so the bash easily succeeds in tipping her stunned figure over.

"Disappointing. Absolutely disappointing. I told you to focus. I told you I was coming and yet what did you do? You attacked instead of defending. An admirable decision if you were not the weaker opponent.

Then what did you do? You pulled a thrust back instead of resolving my attack. You started an attack and you didn't finish it."

Kayla groaned on the ground while Mihila called out her faults. A kindness being done to her. She had been training with Mihila for almost a year now and had yet to make much progress. She hadn't even been able to fight Mihila at all until her fear of Mihila's influence over mana was resolved.

She didn't get over her fear of being hurt but they had bought an expensive array that locked all external mana manipulation in the room. It is an advanced type of the one she had bought to teach Soverick a lesson and so it hurt her more, but it freezes the mana and stops it from being riled up. Only then could she stand being in a locked room with a titan of law. Another kindness from Mihila.

Chapter 186 Think Ahead.

Mihila wasn't done with the criticism.

"Your skill with the spear is subpar. You are a mana entity and you have yet to reach the second step. You are just average among mana entities. Above average have mastered the second step. Geniuses have mastered the third step. Stop being a brute with momentum. You can harness momentum but it isn't enough. So you have to think."

Kayla groaned as she stood up. Her body ached from all the beatings. A kindness. Some bruises and cuts weren't healing fast enough because of the lock on mana in the room. She had improved. She was faster, her eyes better and her wits sharper. Improvements due to kindness showed to her by Mihila. But they aren't significant improvements. She hasn't been able to land a single blow on Mihila throughout the entire time that she has been training.

"You must think. Use that spirit core in your soul space to think. That's what it is for. Think before you act. Not everything is momentum. Every action must be a cog or a wheel in a greater machine, for a greater purpose. The aim is to outwit your opponent. Stand up. Again."

It is all a kindness but she couldn't help but groan. She could stand up but she didn't want to. Not with the promise of pain waiting for her. But what could happen that will get her out of this?

"Don't delay. Stand up." Mihila barked at her and Kayla stood up immediately.

Mihila might have voluntarily shackled all her connection to the world but her inherent power still scares Kayla.

"You just have to acquire Seamless. That's all. Then you will surely get into a good school. I am lacking as a teacher so you need to get to a better school. Prepare yourself."

Kayla prepared herself mentally and physically by assuming her stance.

"Now watch out for my attack."

Mihila thrusts with her spear and yet again, her form is skewed. Her body is not behaving like how a normal body should behave. The weight distribution, posture, and center of gravity are all wrong.

A normal thrust should make the person lean or move forward. But Mihila just stands there and extends her spear forward. Kayla knows that it is how transcents fight. They can shift the weight of their body and their center of gravity as they choose but she hasn't been able to get the hang of it. It makes predicting their moves dangerous and erroneous.

The signals and tells of Mihila's body don't help Kayla in predicting the attack. Now she doesn't know if that attack is a serious one or a feint. The worst part is that even if it is either, Mihila can transform it into another. That means she must have to prepare for both eventualities. She has to plan ahead and it is difficult to do when you know you're going to fail.

'Mana entities are not meant to fight transcents.' She thought to herself as she assumes a defensive stance.

A defensive stance shouldn't go wrong, right? That's only if you defend well.

Mihila's spear is moving at a slow speed and a straight line in Kayla's vision. Kayla's spear makes contact with the thrust. The attack is supposed to be deflected but it turns out the attack is a feint. The spear is deflected but it absorbs the momentum and speeds up, as a flame doused with fuel. Thankfully she is prepared and her spear targets Mihila's hand gripping the spear.

If you can't beat them, join them. If she doesn't know how to think ahead, then copy Mihila and learn from her. So what will Mihila do now to counter her own trick?

"Foolish."

Mihila's spear which is about to bypass her defense suddenly jerks sideways and slaps Kayla's hand. Her spear might not have reached Kayla's chest yet, but it is too close to her arm. Kayla's spear is knocked out of her hand and this time her arm is broken. She is beaten to the ground in moments.

Mihila started to berate her. "What do you do when you're outclassed by an opponent stronger and faster than you? Anything, but you must not have a direct confrontation. If there is a direct confrontation, make it a feint. Be prepared to fail and that means having a plan for when what you're doing doesn't work."

"You were so obvious with that attack. Being obvious is not a sin, being invested is. You can make an obvious move and it will be a feint if you are not invested in a short-term benefit. You could have forced me to move my hand through that attack if it was a feint. Instead, you were invested in it and waiting for me to act. That's just foolish"

"You don't just wait for an opponent to act, you must limit their options so that it becomes predictable. There are too many outcomes to predict at your level, so you must limit them and prepare to counter them. You didn't limit my options, you even prepared an easy out for me."

Kayla to her credit didn't cry even though she felt like it. She felt physical and emotional pain but she remained mute.

"Stop fighting like a child and start thinking like an adult. Start planning. It is foolishness to attack someone's hand while yours is unprotected. What were you thinking? You could have angled that attack so that I had to change my trajectory but that would leave me open to your thrust. That thrust will have been the real attack disguised as an aim for my hand. We are done for now."

Mihila deactivated the array and the mana in the room became agitated once again. Most of it flocked to Mihila like chicks to their mother. But some trickled to Kayla. She is a mana entity, after all, she deserves some attention from mana, no matter how little. That can change if Mihila instructs the ambient mana to stay clear of Kayla.

Kayla's hand began to knit itself back together due to the assistance of external mana. The cells of the body become capable of greater things when they embrace mana. It is like they are stunted before but now they flourish in the presence of mana.

"We are done for now. Heal yourself and start the spear dance."

Kayla nodded. It might be tiring but the spear dance is better than a spar with Kayla. Mihila watched as Kayla struggled and smiled. It is not an easy thing for those without bloodlines to acquire skills. They have them and only themselves to rely on. They must work hard and struggle. What they are doing might take years or it could be tomorrow but it will depend on Kayla.

Those with bloodlines won't have as much trouble with skill acquisition. Their talents aside, it is a certainty that they will learn particular skills. While those without bloodlines rely on themselves, those with one are remembering skills and abilities long forgotten. It will take time but they will surely remember.

'How's Soverick doing?'

The thought of hard work and struggling made her remember Soverick. Of the three of her children, she is more worried about Soverick. He has high intelligence and monstrous elemental affinity but he doesn't have forebears that could have shown him the way. He is alone in his path with no ancestor to help him.

Mihila had to struggle too in the past. She didn't use a spear though. She wielded a two-handed sword with a single hand with her monstrous strength and a shield with the other hand. She was hailed as the impassable wall and it was her path. A path based on the law of earth as the foundation to create an impassable bulwark, but it is all gone now. Her bloodline took it from her and gave her something unwieldable.

A notification called for her attention as she was deep in thought. She accessed her communication tablet. A revolutionary product really. It made people more connected than ever before. Goods and services could be acquired at the touch of a button. And she didn't have to receive messages immediately, a voice or text mail will preserve her messages for when she is opportune to look at them. She checked it anyway and found out it was information about Soverick from the battle academy.



"Oh no. What has he done now? It isn't even a year yet." She muttered in exasperation.

She hadn't checked in with their progress because they had only been gone for a short while. It hadn't even been 5 years yet. She planned to check in every 5 years or 3 years depending on her mood. She was sure Soverick would have caused trouble but she didn't expect it to be so soon.

As she continued to read on, her face changed from relief to disbelief and then to a look of incredulity. Her expression would have stopped in disbelief if they had said that Soverick destroyed the battle academy. But this?

"This is just crazy. Is someone trying to pull a prank on me?" She asked out loud.

Chapter 187 He Shouldn't. But He Can And He Did.

This had to be a farce of some kind. A stupid and easily unraveled farce since there is an easy way to find out and get to the bottom of it. All she has to do is go to the battle academy. It also happens to be the place that the message wants her to go to.

Then she turned to Kayla. "Let's go to the battle academy. Soverick is being sent out."

Kayla stumbled because of the shock. "Who did he offend?" She asked.

Mihila answered. "We will find out."

So they left the house and sped straight for the academy. It was only Kayla and Mihila, so they got there faster. They saw the record steles in front of the academy and Soverick's name had been added to it.

There were a lot of mentions and records of his name. His name was glaring and noticeable, they couldn't miss it even if they had poor eyesight. So they stood transfixed in front of the steles. Both of them trying their hardest to process their shock.

"Whaaaaaa?" Kayla exclaimed.

She seemed ready to fall over from the shock. She was tired mentally and physically. This blow is one too much for her to handle.

As Mihila's brain did quick calculations, she began to realize that maybe the message from the school wasn't a hoax after all. The impossible records that Soverick had set when added together explained why he was graduating in such a short amount of time. He might not be expelled after all. Or maybe this entire thing is a giant lie or an illusion.

Mihila moved their floating platform forward to inquire more from the Academy. They received her and gave her the information she needed and most importantly the records of past achievements. The more she read, the more unbelievable everything seemed.

Soverick finished the physical preparatory stage in 3 months while the last record was a year. Spiritual training in 1 month, the previous record was a year and a half. He completed the Footwork regimen in 14 weeks and the record he beat was 43 weeks. And more and more.

He blazed through everything as if he was playing. The difference in the time he achieved the same thing with the former records was too wide to be believable.

She returned to the record stele to watch and compare with the records she got. So that she could catch any little discrepancy that will unmask this entire facade for what it truly is. She ignored the part of her mind asking why anyone would do this. Why would anyone go to this length to fool her about Soverick's performance?

She couldn't find anything off, for now. So she waited by the steel. She didn't wait long. Soverick came out of the academy and spotted them. Then he began walking towards them. He had that apathetic expression on his face. As if he was immune to external stimuli.

The only thing that indicated that he is actually focused on the world is his eyes. Those multicolored gems of flesh scoured the world for information. It's just that whatever they relayed back to him wasn't enough to move him. He looks at the world, he sees the world, and he finds the world wanting. He is like a pompous young master unimpressed with the food being served at a less-than-perfect restaurant. She just wanted to punch his face so bad.

What finally convinced Mihila was Soverick's gait. She knew immediately that he could harness momentum and he could harness it well. There was also something off about him. He seemed to be moving with less physical effort than necessary to cover the distance he is moving. He seemed to be boosted by something. And only one thing came to Mihila's mind, World Momentum.

Soverick had somehow managed to tap into the world's momentum instead of his body and that of his weapon. Where else could he be getting the extra momentum? But that would mean the third step of spear mastery. It sounded impossible, just as impossible as finishing the secondary battle academy in a year.

He stopped in front of the two women and stared at them. Kayla's dull senses didn't perceive as much as Mihila but she could see that he was moving unnaturally. Anyone would be able to see it too. Soverick was walking as if he had springs under his foot that were boosting him. But there are no springs to see.

No one said anything. He arched an eyebrow and asked. "Aren't you here to pick me up?"

"Yes, we are," Mihila answered.

Kayla was still ruminating on the weird movement technique so she couldn't talk yet.

"Then let's go." He said to her.

Kayla pointed at the record steles. Soverick looked at what she was pointing at. He saw the records.

"Oh. I see."

Kayla screamed. "That's all you have to say to that?"

Mihila found herself nodding in agreement. She wanted to ask the same thing too.

Soverick did that shrug of indifference he always did. An indication that the world was still wanting and he didn't care. Mihila found it irritating. Then he said, "It is to be expected but it was out of my mind."

Kayla seemed to be struggling with what to say. So Mihila picked up the pace. "What could be so important, more important than your records?"

Soverick's eyes focused on her then. "It is funny that you would ask. Saves me the trouble of bringing it up myself. I have somewhere I have to be. I might be late already so let's get this over with as quickly as possible. Have you heard of the divine dungeon?"

"What's that?" Kayla asked.

Mihila asked. "Is it recent? If it's recent we wouldn't know. We have been sequestered from the world to train Kayla."

Kayla shuddered.

"It is the last stand of the gods. A defensive mechanism that only those at the Vitality core stage can attempt to destroy. There's something I need there. So I am giving you the opportunity to give me the permission to go." Soverick explained.

"Is this place dangerous?" Mihila asked.

"It's war so of course, it's dangerous."

"Then no." She rejected firmly.

"I see."

Soverick was calm at the refusal. He was always calm like this and it grated on Mihila. Her irritation was increasing. He never once had an outburst. He would just watch, listen to you, and still do what he wants anyway. And like she expected, he played the cards that will allow him to get his way.

"It is a bad thing that you feel that way. It is a good thing that I don't feel bad about what I'm about to do. I checked up on your kids, Mihila. I took time out of my very busy schedule and non-stop training to see if your kids were fine and I listened to their worries. I even advised them. You owe me."

Kayla wanted to keep quiet and watch the negotiation that will inevitably end in Soverick's favor. Like every time, she hoped he would fail and not get his way. But this time, she wanted it so badly. Because she suspects that her sparring with Mihila will become more violent if Mihila suffers a loss here. So she pitched in.

"But they are your siblings."

Soverick didn't even turn to her, "So?" He asked.

She asked as if it was obvious. "Isn't that your job to watch them, to protect them and Check in on them?"

Soverick answered. "It is not my job to do anything."

She didn't give up, "But you were born together."

"Irrelevant. Should I die with them too since I was born with them?"

His question threw her. "You can't think like that."

"I can. You meant to say, I shouldn't. But I can and I did." He corrected her.

"You won't be able to find a partner to love you and who will love you back if you continue like this."

Soverick didn't bother to reply to her anymore. She was wasting his time with foolish sentiments and nonsense. He is in a good mood, so he won't call her stupid.

"What is your answer?" He asked Mihila.

Mihila tamped down her irritation and tried to push him, to see how far he wanted to go. "Let's say that I owe you for checking up on your siblings. Asking for my permission to go to the front lines is too much a payment."

Soverick chuckled. Both Mihila and Kayla knew that chuckle. It's the chuckle of amusement. The one that adults have when they see children being cute. Soverick found something amusing. It is in no way an upgrade on his evaluation of the world. The world is still lacking, but he found something funny about it. He had only seen something funny, not worthy.

"You are mistaken. It is understandable but not excusable. I was not asking you for permission. I was giving you the opportunity to give me permission. I assure you that I can easily give that opportunity to someone else. I just need a titan of law to give me permission. It can be anyone from the family. Do you think I will have any problem acquiring one?" He asked her and also pointed to the record steles with his name written numerous times on.

All he needs to be permitted to the expedition for the divine dungeon is a permission from a titan of law of the family. Even if he had no amazing records, odds are he will be able to get one of the temperamental titans of law who are easily influenced by emotions instead of logic, to give him the permission he needs. His so called amazing records will make getting that permission very easy.

Chapter 188 He Is Still The Same.

Mihila sighed. What does she want? What could a mother ask for when her son is already this outstanding? But it seemed like nothing had changed. Soverick must have gone through hell, physically, emotionally, and mentally for him to make those records. She knew they weren't easy because she had a file on their training regimens. So how had Soverick broken all this record and just saunter up to them as if nothing changed? It was not natural and it was honestly starting to get to her.

She would have been more concerned about his behavior if he had not been like this before he entered the battle academy. He is the same gloomy, pessimistic boy that left. He still had the same annoying ticks and behavior. How had he not changed considering he had spent almost 50% of his life in the battle academy? He is just a two-year-old battle sage monkey not a disillusioned old man for mother high heaven's sake.

So what does she want? She can't even tell him she is proud of him because it wouldn't matter at all. He doesn't care if she is proud or not. A little emotional shift will be enough for her.

So she will prod him a little. But she mustn't push him too far because she knows he will do whatever he wants anyway. She starts with something he is very open to, a deal. Soverick considers most things in view of profit or losses. He checked up on his siblings and now he wants something for it. She intends to use that to lure him.

So she says, "I'll give you your permission if you promise to answer my questions honestly."

"I promise nothing. I don't owe you anything and I have paid my dues." Soverick said immediately.

"Why don't you humor me? You have somewhere you want to go and time is running out. This won't take long. Imagine going to ask another titan for help. It will take more time." She tried to convince him.

He finally accepted. "I will answer as I see fit."

"Of course, you will." Mihila rolled her eyes. It wasn't what she wanted but she understands it was what she is going to get from him.

"How was your training?" She asked him.

"Efficient."

"How do you feel?"

"Fine."

She noticed that she wasn't getting what she wanted so she decided to try something else that might get to him.

"How do you feel about not breaking all the records for the secondary stage of training?"

"Nothing."

She tried again, "I noticed that you have a record for a win in the first ranking battle. You fought someone around the 300th rank and won. Yet you didn't beat the 14th milestone fight. Did you fail?"

"No."

"What do you mean by no? Did you not try it at all? Were you scared of failure?" Mihila asked hopefully.

"They didn't want me to. They said, I'll make all the records too difficult for others, that I should leave just one for them to aim for in the future."

"Is that so?" Mihila couldn't believe her ears.

The school didn't want him anymore so they sent him away quickly. They didn't even give him a graduation ceremony but they have a resonable reason for it too. Should she be angry or should she be laughing? Someone began laughing beside her. Kayla was laughing hard. She was rolling on their platform and cackling. It was an unsettling sight.

'Maybe the training finally got to her?' Mihila wondered.

"Can we go now? I have some inkling about what you're up to but I don't want to deal with that right now. I have things to do and places to be." Soverick asked her.

She gave up. "Let's go."

Soverick got on the platform and sat down cross-legged. She took him to the family council to perform the proceedings for him to participate on behalf of the family in the war. They were given directions, authorization, and a means of identification so that they would be recognized at the divine dungeon. Unauthorized people are not allowed near it.



She got Soverick some necessities too. A spatial storage ring, some healing and recovery medicine. A very powerful spear for a vitality core stage and light armor. The armor is completely black and made with very tough leather. It will allow protection against cutting and slashing weapons but it won't do anything against blunt damage.

Weapons for the vitality core stage are usually unimpressive things. At the vitality core stage, you can't amplify the weapon with your mana yet, so weapons are just sturdy, sharp, and durable without any enchantment engraving. The weapons rely on their innate properties and craftsmanship, unlike mana weapons that can be enhanced with mana.

The spear that Soverick got is unadorned and could be called a pole with a sharp blade cast with very heavy black metal. The weapon was very heavy, so heavy that it could crush boulders with little effort. Of course, a lot of effort has to be spent in wielding the spear at all. It was even too heavy for Soverick to swing about, but he had waved away her worries when she tried to have it changed.

He had said, "I know what I'm doing."

She couldn't argue with that. He had to know what he is doing or he just stumbled into making so many records. That would be one heck of an impossible coincidence.

It's now that she understood Ghoto's unhappiness for being unneeded by her kids. She doesn't have much of a future on the path of refinement anymore. She only has her husband and her kids, but her kids don't need her in their life. She never wanted kids but she is looking forward to having more. It will be more difficult to achieve now that she has a body of law but she will try.

'Hopefully, they will turn out better than the first batch.' She wished secretly.

So they left the Ghastorix Main city and into the plane proper. Mihila didn't have to come with him, there is a transport system put in place by the family for their arrangements but she insisted on going with him. The fact that she would be leaving immediately while the family's arrangement will wait for others before taking off convinced him to humor her.

Soverick watched the plane intently as they passed by. He had never been outside of the Main city until now. He had heard a lot and had expected more but what he saw was a little disappointing. The entire

plane had lost whatever serenity it had in the past to the demon invasions. These little red-skinned creatures abound and could pop up anywhere. They had turned the plane upside down.

They are like a multitude of mishapen rats. Each one is insignificant and easily killed, too many of them and they had officially become a nuisance. Mihila killed them like stepping on ants. But she grew bored of the repetition.

Their platform was silent. Mihila was thinking about something. Soverick was meditating and simulating combat strategies. He found the mastery of seamless to be similar to the battle instincts of a mage. A battle mage has to use every little spell wisely by chaining their effects to achieve a grander goal. So he was figuring out how to chain the basic spear skills or thrust, deflect, and so on into a fighting style for when he becomes a mana entity. Kayla had been silent ever since her little outburst of emotions.

"Who do you think will win between us?" Kayla suddenly asked Soverick.

"You." He answered.

"Why?"

"Because you are a mana entity. You have awakened your divine ability and you have opened your spirit realm. You have too many advantages over me and that's just what I know. I know for a fact that you outclass me in raw power. I do not know your mastery of a weapon. Until I know more, I think you will beat me in a direct fight."

"Hmm," Kayla nodded. "But that's for now."

Soverick assented. "Yes, that's for now."

Then Kayla asked Mihila privately. "Who do you think will win between Soverick and me in a fight?"

Mihila considered the question seriously. "You are stronger, faster and your divine ability makes your perception better. So you are faster than him and his movements will further be slowed down by your eyes. Your fight will end in a draw at best."

Kayla's eyes flared up for an instant before dimming again. "Why a draw?"

"It is about mastery with weapons. You have raw power on your side and he has skill on his side."

Kayla was confused for a while. "Wait a minute. Do you mean to say he is more skilled than me with the spear? But he is only at the vitality core stage."

"He should be at the seamless step already and you must have noticed that buff in his steps. He is stronger than he looks. So a draw at best but a loss is still possible."

Kayla didn't cry when Mihila beat her physically and berate her emotionally. But Mihila's recent words stung deeper than she could tolerate. A tear leaked out of her eye.

'How?' She asked herself.

She couldn't understand why the boy that she watched grow up suddenly became better than her. Is the battle academy that good? Could they be feeding the students special food that makes them better? Or is Soverick that good?

She doesn't know so she asked Mihila. "How is he so strong?"

Chapter 189 Who Is To Be King?

Kayla asked. "How did he get so much stronger?"

"I know why he might draw in a fight with you. But I don't know how he became capable of such a feat. It is all in skills. The battle sages are a divine race well renowned on the ancient battlefield because of their mastery of weapons. The most iconic members of our race are the sages. They used their skills to bring down larger and much stronger foes. They created the pathway of weapon mastery that allowed mana entities to mimic the powers of titans and Sovereigns. There are other pathways of weapon mastery but the battle sage are the best at it. They were so good at it that the sages killed dragons."

She wasn't done yet. "I know what you're going through. You have an advantage to rely on and yet, your divine ability only gets you a draw. But you have to face kids like Soverick while your agemates with

bloodlines have gone far ahead of you. Still, you have to continue. It is not a race. Being fast doesn't mean they will finish fast, they might die faster than you. You will get there. as long as you persist."

The platform returned to silence as both physical and mental transmissions stopped. They rode the platform across the plane until they reached the location of the divine dungeon. They were noticed as soon as they entered a 10km radius of the dungeon. A sovereign's Powerful divine sense enveloped them.

"Stop right there." The Sovereign commanded.

The world congealed around them with the command. It would take a single thought from the Sovereign to turn the world against them. Thankfully there was no need for that. Mihila stopped and Soverick raised his identification token. It was a card engraved with encrypted runes.

"Wait a moment." The Sovereign said.

Then a wave of energy swept their location. When it met the token, it caused the token to glow.

"Confirmed. You are granted passage."

Then the divine sense was gone and the world returned to normal. They continued on and saw more patrols consisting of transcendents.

"This thing is more serious than I thought. They even have a sovereign scanning the premises." Kayla said.

"Of course it's serious. It will determine the fate of the plane. It is also dangerous." Mihila said to Kayla but everyone knew she was talking to Soverick. Soverick chose to ignore her.

"It is very dangerous. The little I heard about it on the web said that people are dying in there. Talent and potential doesn't mean strength."

She continued to say more discouraging things to change Soverick's mind. Soverick continued to ignore her. That went on until they reached the Leviathan Battle Star.

"Wow, so big. So cool." Kayla gushed when she saw the Titanic floating structure. It was levitating just about 100m above the ground. It was like a giant floating ship.

'Country bumpkin.' Soverick thought to himself.

It is people like Kayla that the racial council are stopping from entering the divine dungeon. They can be easily impressed. The offer of God king is highly likely to convince someone like Kayla who is only aiming for transcendence. Those with royal bloodlines won't be convinced easily because they are aware of a greater power.

Someone reached out to them and directed them to where to get off. It was a transcendent. Most of the workforce on the Leviathan Battle Star were transcendents and golems. A golem received them and brought them to a large towering building. Soverick performed registration and they were further directed to a large hall within the building.

"There is a meeting going on right now that you must attend. Here is the latest information we know."

The golem passed him a memory crystal on their way to the meeting. It contained detailed information about the dungeon, their attempts at clearing it, and their progress.

'Hmm. So this is what a divine dungeon is.'

He knew what a dungeon is. He had been given some information about the divine dungeon before he came here but it was mainly about why it was created and for what reason. He didn't know the inner workings and mechanism. That aside, they hadn't made any progress yet. The first step is always the hardest but this divine dungeon made it very difficult.

The first step required the forces of the plane to make a steady starting point on the first level of the dungeon. But the host of angels there will throw everything they have at the first person to enter the dungeon. They always killed that person before reinforcements arrive. It's like smashing eggs on a rock. The defending Angels were the rock and the attackers were the eggs.

The report stated that the angels might be more than a million in number. They can't all attack at once but a hundred at a time is very feasible. The youths of the families were having problems withstanding a barrage of attacks like that. These youths are the best that the plane can offer. They all have awakened bloodlines of high purity. Things would have been different if they were mana entities. They would gain access to instant spell casting and their divine abilities. Divine abilities can make a lot of difference.

The memory crystal crumbled when he was done with it. It was a single-use device.

"Aww, I wanted to read that," Kayla complained.

The golem explained. "It contains highly restricted information that only authorized individuals can read. You are not authorized."

Kayla turned to Soverick. "What does it say?"

The golem chimed. "You are not authorized to share restricted information with unauthorized individuals."

Soverick answered. "That they are not making any progress."

The golem didn't react because he didn't share the important stuff.

"That can't be all. Tell me more." Kayla complained again.

Soverick told her. "Sorry. But you are not authorized."

Kayla sulked all the way to the hall. She almost threw a tantrum when they were refused access to the hall. Mihila claimed that she was Soverick's mother, so they made her sign a contract and allowed her to view the meeting from above. She wasn't allowed to interfere in the meeting. Kayla sighed the contract too.

They agreed not to leak any information they acquire to anyone and anything, through anything. They also wouldn't interfere with the process in any way, beneficial or detrimental, voluntarily or involuntarily, unknowingly or knowingly. The contract was very thorough and binding.

Soverick entered the hall and he saw a sea of vitality core stage youths. It was a big hall, probably a kilometer long and wide.

"Of course, the space is enchanted. But how can the ship carry this many people?" He wondered.

There were hundreds of thousands of youths from various families here. The hall was demarcated into sections based on families. He followed the blinking direction in the token to trace the section for the Ghastorix family. Their section had about a thousand youths.

"This is all we can offer? Impressive."

A big family like the Ghastorix family has only a small proportion of their population belonging to the young ones. It's what happens when people don't die and fertility reduces with Strength.

It becomes even rarer to have more youths when the requirement for having kids in the family is becoming a transcendent. Being a transcendent parent will increase the chance of passing on the bloodline with high purity. But not all transcendents are allowed to give birth. Only those that have performed feats and have proven themselves are allowed. This will ensure only talented or hardworking people get to be parents.

People can have kids outside the family, but unless the kids are special or have high bloodline purity, they will not be accepted by the family. The kids won't have easy access to the academic facilities and the facilities of the family. That can change if the kids grow up and prove themselves worthy.

So it was impressive that the Ghastorix family could field a thousand high-quality youths. These youths came from all the cities that belonged to the family in the plane and on the ancient battlefield.

Soverick's presence drew attention. His golden fur and multicolored eyes always drew attention to him.

They assessed him as he walked by. The way he walked didn't make sense and the fact that he was here implied that he wasn't a pushover. No family will send a weakling to this event and risk embarrassing themselves.

He sat on the first seat he reached and paid attention to the argument going on at the dais at the center of the hall. There was a large screen within each section with audio that informed everyone of what was going on.

There isn't a single adult in this hall. Only youths and none of them have reached the mana entity stage. The adults left the decision-making to the kids. These kids from various families must make plans and decide how to clear the dungeon all on their own. That's why the hall is so chaotic.

The first problem they are facing is the problem of leadership. While most of these youths are content with sitting and waiting for orders, some youths believe they should have a say in giving out those orders. Imagine young battle sage monkeys, heavily influenced by their bloodline, proud and sure of themselves because of their ancestors, packed into a room without supervision. Then you tell them to choose a leader. The violent argument going on at the dais is just a mild reaction.

Chapter 190 Enough Attention.

The adults were patient enough to wait. The dungeon has only been around for a week or two. It is nothing compared to their immense lifespan. So they can wait while the youths set themselves straight and determine their leadership system, but Soverick couldn't wait.

The realm lord is about to become a world god, and the era of conquest is coming. Time is running out for him to achieve what he needs to participate in the conquest with proper standing.

He stayed in the Virut plane for a worthy identity. This situation is as good as any to begin to establish such an identity. He also had a need for the refinement resources in the dungeon which he won't be able to get with this farce going on.

So Soverick stood up from his seat and began to approach the dais. His movements drew more attention. Any youth here that believes he belongs to the central dais must believe he is above the rest in one way or the other.



One must have either confidence, pride, or arrogance to think that they should have a say in giving out orders. They must have it in loads, and be stupid or wise enough to actually stand up to see to it that they join the leadership.

He didn't go far before he was blocked by someone. It was a youth from the Ghastorix family. Soverick could tell because their identification token resonated and informed him of the other's family.

The battle sage monkey had bluish fur. He was bare-chested and wore a light armor that covered only his lower body. His body was toned and buffed like those of a warrior. He wore a red bandana with an inscription of SE on it. He was also carrying a blade. A long weapon with a single sharp edge.

"Do you believe yourself to be worthy of the central dais?" He asked Soverick with a grin.

Soverick remained composed. "What do you think?"

"Answering a question with a question, that's very rude."

Soverick retorted. "Blocking someone with a weapon drawn is more than rude."

He laughed. "You're witty, that's good. But it won't help you up there. Only Strength matters. I am SWIFTESCAPE. Let me give you a suggestion..."

Soverick interrupted him. "I did not ask for your name neither did I ask for your suggestion."

The battle sage monkey named SWIFTESCAPE maintained his smile. "And yet I am giving it. Consider it goodwill from a family member who wants the best for you."

"This conversation has gone on long enough. I am done entertaining you. Move now." Soverick ordered.

"Or what? I have seen a lot of enthusiastic youths like you. They go to the central dais with confidence and come back broken. They shame the family. If you can't overcome me, how do you plan to overcome them?" SWIFTESCAPE asked.

Soverick felt he should be angry. But he wasn't angry. He felt amused instead. A child was blocking his road because he thinks he knows better than him. But he made a good point. If Soverick couldn't overcome him, how does he plan to overcome the others?

The fact that SWIFTESCAPE made a good point didn't excuse him from the crime of blocking Soverick's path. If it were another family then Soverick would have taught him a brutal lesson in minding your own business. But that didn't mean he wasn't going to take action. He will just reduce the lesson to something less than brutal.

Soverick began walking forward.

His opponent grinned and readied his weapon. "Good. Action speaks louder than words. Let me see your action."

Soverick continued onwards.

"Draw your weapon." SWIFTESCAPE said.

Soverick picked up speed.

"So be it." His opponent attacked when he realized Soverick had no intention of fighting with a weapon.

It was either confidence or foolhardy. If it is foolhardiness then he was right to stop Soverick here and now. If it's confidence, then he will test the worth of Soverick's confidence. Confidence doesn't move the world and faith can't move mountains.

SWIFTESCAPE raised his blade and swung diagonally from top right to bottom left. The attack had range and covered more avenues of reaction. The movement was precise and timed to match Soverick's speed. It would have made contact with Soverick's if he hadn't stopped just outside the edge of the blade.

The blade swung close to Soverick's face and moved past him. Then Soverick burst forward before his opponent could recover his stance. He tapped into his gate of momentum just a little bit. His body became empowered and he moved into the guard of his opponent with a sudden burst of acceleration.

SWIFTESCAPE wasn't a novice and he wasn't flustered. He released one hand on his blade and punched Soverick while his blade turned with a twist of the wrist of his other hand. The punch would delay Soverick before his second attack with his blade arrived.

Soverick punched and they met fist for fist. His opponent felt like he had punched an immovable mountain before his world turned upside down. His world didn't actually turn upside down, he was the one tumbling up and down.

Soverick's fist had broken SWIFTESCAPE's arm and struck his chest. There was a sickening sound of flesh bursting and bones snapping as the chest caved in. Then SWIFTESCAPE was thrown for quite a distance, skidding and rolling on the floor all the way till he stopped face down where he lay bleeding.

"That's good enough a lesson for a family member with good intentions." Soverick thought to himself as he adjusted his black battle suit.

He held back. If the lesson was brutal then SWIFTESCAPE would have lost his arm. He is still alive right now and his arm can be healed easily. It was just a broken arm. It is something mortals heal from all the time. Things would have gone differently if SWIFTESCAPE wasn't a family member.

The quick battle had drawn even more attention. But it was just that, attention. There was a lot of fighting going around recently so it wasn't special. Their dismissal of his victory didn't sit well with him though.

Soverick wanted it to be special. He wanted it to be noteworthy, he wasn't here for less. He couldn't blame them. For a victory to be special, the stage must be worthy. That means he must find a worthy stage. Then he will be able to draw all the attention to himself. So he resumed his journey to the dais.

He walked by the battered and bruised SWIFTESCAPE and heard him say, "Nice Fight."

Even injured like so, his opponent could still complement him about the fight. Soverick nodded in acknowledgment. The boy deserved that much. His foundation was solid, he had gotten the basic skills of his weapon down to their nitty gritty. He is also close to reaching the first step of weapon mastery. If he was there then Soverick's trick of stopping won't have worked so easily. SWIFTESCAPE would have been able to stop too, but his body is still a slave to momentum. Soverick wasn't much stronger than his opponent, but he was carrying a lot of momentum even when standing still. So he blew his opponent away.

"This is about right. I should be able to nail it from here." He said after reaching a calculated distance from the central dais.

He stretched and began to run. This time he put in the full weight of his momentum in his every step. Each strike of his feet on the ground created a boom. The ground was sturdy so it didn't crack. Instead, it dispersed the force of his feet pounding on it into the surroundings. This process made the air vibrate and vibration creates sound.

So as he ran, it sounded like a behemoth was running or a herd of beasts was stampeding, or a giant was stomping.

His feet went. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom. Boom.

The sound echoed within the hall and drew attention. It wasn't so loud as to draw everyone's attention. Only a few thousand in the vicinity heard it and were drawn from their screens and the argument it was showing to the source of the sound instead.

"Not enough. But that will change soon." Soverick thought in anticipation.

He ran, picked up speed, and he crouched. Then he jumped. This time the sound was like thunder. The surveillance system stopped showing the events of the central dais and instead focused on the spot where Soverick had jumped. People were confused by the abrupt change, they couldn't see anything noteworthy on the screen. Only the people that had been tracking Soverick earlier knew where he was and these people had their necks craned up. Some of them even had their mouth dropped wide open.

Even the clueless could tell that there must be something interesting up there that a significant group of people are looking at. So more people looked up and they saw him. Then more people looked up. They pointed and some asked, "How did he get up there?"

Still, it wasn't enough. Not everyone's attention was on him.

Soverick flew into the sky, he reached the zenith of his jump. Then he began to descend.

"No way." Someone exclaimed in awe.

Then Soverick smashed into the central dais. The shockwave of the impact smashed into the hundreds of people there. The sound it made was like the culmination of earlier booms. He had dropped on them like a large boulder into water.

By now everyone in the hall, the hundreds of thousands of them had stood up. Those that were close to the central dais were watching it intently, while those that were too far had their eyes glued to those screens. They were all watching and waiting for the result of that stunt. He had finally gotten everyone's attention. What will he do with it?