

GREED 191

Chapter 191 Like A Fly To A Flame.

The dust slowly settled to reveal Soverick. The ground beneath his feet had cratered. The 100m diameter dais had been cleared by the shockwave. Cracks spread from the crater to the edge of the raised platform. But he was fine. He dusted himself and looked around.

"I am Soverick Ghastorix. And I will be your Leader."

Everyone heard his declaration.

"You are chaotic. So I am Order. You need a leader. You have gotten one. You didn't ask for me, but I have enthroned myself."

He created a throne of stone with a spell and sat on it.

"If you don't like it then come. I promise to beat that fact into you. I will break your spirit and I will break your body until it is accepted."

Then he beckoned to all of them with his hand.

"Come.

Some were filled with indignation, and a lot of them were in awe, Even more, felt fear. But most of them were in shock or confused. That was before the youths in the Ghastorix family section began to chant his name

"Soveeick! Soveeick! Soverick!"

Soverick's previous opponent was the one to start it but then more picked it up. SWIFTESCAPE led everyone around him in chanting his name, his pain and injuries did not stop him. He may have fought and lost to Soverick, but he is now a supporter. Those in the Ghastorix family section joined in first.

Whatever their feelings were or their reservations, Soverick was strong and he was part of their family. Strength needed to be honored, so they honored him.

More sections of the hall joined in the chanting and it increased in volume.

They shouted. "Soverick! Soverick! Soverick!"

The hall began to resound with the sound of his name.

There were some who didn't accept him though. It is only natural. Most of them were around the dais. They were the ones that Soverick had knocked over in the aftermath of his descent. The ones that survived the shockwave easily had all reached the first step of mastery. They were able to transfer the momentum of the shock wave so that they didn't take the brunt of it.

These are the group of battle sage monkeys who thought that they should have a hand in leadership and had enough confidence, pride, or arrogance to do something about their thought. They saw and felt a battle sage monkey drop on them from the sky. Still, it was not enough. They may be impressed, but they were not willing to submit. One of them stood up. He claimed back up onto the dais.

He was a towering brute for a monkey. He was already 1.6m tall and made Soverick look small with his 1.2m height. Such a height at the vitality core stage means he will grow much taller in the future. He was also heavily muscled. He looked more like a gorilla than a monkey. He had silver fur and what looked like boulders for fists.

He cracked his hands and said. "I am Strung SilverBack and I do not accept your leadership. Why don't you make me see reason?"

Soverick stood up from his throne. His body felt heavier but he moved lighter. It is due to absorbing a lot of momentum from that impact. His gate stores momentum and amplifies his power. He had increased the conversation rate but it has a limit to how much momentum it can accept at a time. That amount must not be greater than the total amount of momentum he has stored in it.

If he has 10 units of momentum, he can tank 9 units of momentum. Then depending on his conversion rate, his own momentum will increase. So if it increases to 11 units, he will be able to tank 10 units. If he

faces 12 units then the gate will be destroyed. In summary, he can continue moving as long as he doesn't face an opposing force greater than his own, but the moment he is stopped is the moment he will lose all his momentum. He has to continue moving forward or he breaks.

In theory, there is no limit to how much momentum he can store but in reality, that isn't true. His body is the link between external momentum and his gate. If his body cannot withstand the process of momentum transfer, then it will break before the gate can store it all.

That's why he sat down on a throne earlier. He had sustained so much damage that he couldn't stand properly. He sat down to let his vitality heal him.

He isn't fully healed, but he has to make this fight impactful. He had to show overwhelming strength that will outclass his opponent and deter the other challengers. Silence returned to the hall as everyone focused on the upcoming fight. The outcome of this battle will determine if Soverick is the real deal or a one-time wonder.

Soverick shook his head in pity. "I warned you. But you came nonetheless. Like a fly to a flame. You will burn all the same."

He really pitied the battle sage monkey. He is the only one that thought so, but that's only for now. He will show every one of them what will happen when they defy him. So that they will pity future brutes that stand up to him.

He moved and Strung SilverBack moved too. The two of them flashed towards each other with speed beyond the capabilities of normal vitality core stage refiners. It proved that their movement skills were exceptional. Their speed was equal. But Soverick was holding back.

Their fists met and there was a shockwave from the impact. Strung was strong, he had a bigger body and stronger bones. So he could match Soverick in power. But Soverick was holding back.

The two of them didn't move back at all. It was a comical sight for a small opponent to hold back a much larger opponent but it wasn't a strange sight. Size doesn't mean superiority in strength when it comes to refinement, but that only starts at the mana entity stage. They couldn't figure out how Soverick could show this much strength at this stage. But Soverick was still holding back.

The cracks on the dais enlarged. Strung's other arm swung for another punch as his first arm fell limp to his side. Strung's left fist which looked like a boulder hurled itself at Soverick's small figure. It is an admirable thing to not waver even when your first clash in a fight turns sour.

Soverick's speed picked up. He wasn't holding back anymore. He flashed sideways and dodged the second punch. It wasn't a close shave, he evaded the punch completely. The arm struck empty air where Soverick used to be. Then Soverick punched the outstretched arm as it sailed past him. His punch broke the arm and went on to shatter its bones. The arm exploded into blood, bones, and gore.

Still, Strung didn't cry or give up. His right leg kicked forward. He wanted to slam Soverick with his foot. Soverick flashed again moving at impossible speed. That's what happens when you have momentum even when you are standing still. Your potential energy is always high and a single outlet will make you spring forward as if you are a wound-up spring.

So he flashed around Strung. He was suddenly on Strung's right side. This time it wasn't about evading the attack. He didn't have to move from Strung's left side to his right side. He was toying with Strung now.

He struck Strung in his exposed side. His right arm was already limp from their earlier fist clash so it couldn't block this attack. Soverick's punch struck him like a wrecking ball and all the air in his chest exploded out from his mouth and nose. It brought a lot of blood with it. Now Strung couldn't cry even if he wanted to. His throat has been filled with blood and chunks of his internal organs.

Still, Soverick wasn't done. He flashed to his opponent's back and struck his spine. Strung's spine exploded into a shrapnel of bones and he was propelled forward. Strung's two arms were gone, and one of his legs was up in the air because of his kick, so he was off balance.

He was about to fall face flat when Soverick flashed to his front. Soverick punched his face and broke his nose. The force of the punch knocked back his head and halted his falling momentum for a while. It gave Soverick time to slam another punch into Strung's chest and this time his hand went through it to the other side.

The earlier punch to his back had destroyed the structural integrity of his bone structure, so this one finally shattered the barrier that is Strung's sternum and penetrated all the way to the back. There was no spine to stop the progress of Soverick's arm.

Strung hung on Soverick's outstretched arm. His blood gurgled in his throat as he struggled to breathe. Blood had splashed onto Soverick's nonchalant face. His golden fur was ruined by the silver blood of his opponent, but his eyes continued to glow.

He had shown them that he isn't a one-time wonder. Maybe now, they will pity the fool that dares to challenge him.

Chapter 192 How Heroes Are Made.

"Do you know why I didn't take your heart?" Soverick asked his incapacitated opponent, but he wasn't expecting an answer. Strung was in too much pain to cobble together an intelligent mental transmission.

"It is so that you can live to experience what's about to happen. I want you alive and well while I do what I'm about to do next. I assure you that it is not going to be pleasant."

He released Strung's figure to the ground and it fell with a thump. It will be too easy for Soverick to kill Strung but that will be letting him off easy.

Soverick looked at everyone else and said, "This is for everyone one of you as much as it is for Strung. Feel free to stop me if you want. Just know that I'll make you join in with him."

The entire hall was silent. The fight had taken less than 5 seconds. It looked like a mana entity had bullied a vitality core junior. It felt unreal that that kind of strength was displayed by another vitality core refiner like them. But Soverick wasn't done yet.

Victory in the fight was important. How the victory was earned was even more important. But what is most important is the impact of the fight on the others. What lesson has this fight taught them about him? He called himself their leader. But what kind of leader is he? There is only one thing that can control hundreds of thousands of entitled youths who believe in their superiority because of their bloodline. That is strength.

Strength can cause awe and worship. It can deter mutiny and acquire him the respect of his people. But he isn't their peer. Neither does he need their respect. He has to show them that he is beyond ordinary, beyond their level. He shouldn't ask for their respect, they should offer it. For that, he needs overwhelming strength.

Respect won't be enough for fools. They will see his strength and still fight back. They are fools that believe that effort and hard work are all that is needed to overcome challenges. They will take the risk to fight him as long as they believe they have a small chance of victory.

He has seen what a bloodline can cause in youths. Ghaster never admitted his inferiority even after the numerous feats that Soverick performed. When Ghaster was challenging someone out of his league and getting beat up, he didn't give up. He continued to challenge again and again. It's because he could take the consequences of failing. He just had to sleep and use the life force he gets from Hadrack and he will be good as new. He simply didn't fear defeat.

So Soverick will give these people the fear of defeat. He will show them the consequences of going against him and failing. He will display to them their future if they fail their revolt against him.

"I told you that if you don't agree with me being your leader. I will break your body and your spirit." He said to Strung as he grabbed one of Strung's legs. Strung was still conscious and aware of what was going on.

"I have broken your body. Now I will break your spirit." Then he broke his leg.

He made sure to let the bone pierce the flesh and break out through the skin. That will ensure it doesn't heal properly.

Strung convulsed and his chest heaved in an attempt to cry but only blood and flesh came out of his mouth. His lungs had been pierced by the bones from his shattered spine so he was suffering, but he was still alive.

Vitality can do a lot to a person especially if that person has an incomplete body of law due to a bloodline. Their healing ability will be enough to sustain them from dying to anything but the gravest of injuries.

Some youths winced and some puked. But most of them didn't shy away from the gore. They may be young, but they weren't innocent. Still, the sight impacted every one of them in one way or the other.

"Shout. It is bad for you, but go ahead and shout. Shouting will fill your lungs with more blood and move those bones deeper into them. It will make healing more difficult but it is what I want so go ahead and scream." He said as he walked leisurely to the other leg. Strung tried to scramble away but he was too weak to move.

His spine was broken so his legs were out. Only one arm wasn't broken. It was the one that had gone limp in their first exchange. The muscles in that arm had ruptured badly so it must hurt, yet Strung was trying to use it to move his battered and broken body.

Soverick grabbed the other leg.

"Prepare yourself." He said.

Strung tried to wave his somewhat functional arm in an attempt to plead but Soverick didn't listen. Neither did he listen to the many pleas with the divine sense. The fact that he could still beg with his mind meant that his spirit wasn't broken yet. So Soverick broke his other leg.

The youths watched as Strung cried. Tears fell down his eyes. They couldn't hear his mental transmissions but they could imagine the pain he was going through. Some couldn't take it anymore. They climbed over the dais and approached Soverick. They were the third set of people.

Some are smart and will be deterred by the strength he has shown. They are the first set of people. Some are headstrong and foolish, they will still challenge him even though they saw what he did. They are the second set of people. The fear of failure might deter these people. The next set of people are the proud and the principled. People that would rather break than bend. It is in their very bones to be prideful. It is their very nature not to give up. They have seen what he can do, they have seen what the consequences of going against him are, but it still will not deter them.

They have ideals or principles that they live their life by. It could be kindness, rebelliousness, arrogance, or pride. Whichever one it is will not allow them to watch Soverick perform his acts of cruelty to someone while they watch, or they simply will not bend their heads to another person. They will rather be broken than bend to him.

To these people, fear won't hold them back. Nothing can hold them back as long as they have that pillar that holds them up. That's why he will break that pillar. He will show them that there can only be one

ruler in a pride of lions. All other adult males will be killed or chased away. They either bend to him or they break. These set of people will give him the opportunity to display his overwhelming strength. That's what matters at the end of the day.

He regarded these proud people. They were more than a hundred. A hundred and three to be exact. They came in numbers and they came bearing weapons. These people were smart. If a single person can't take Soverick down, then numbers will. If numbers won't take Soverick down, then their weapons will do the trick. They came doubly prepared.

They don't know Soverick's level of mastery but they know he cannot be above the first step. It is common sense. But they recognized that he had a superior physique that outclassed them in strength and speed. Numbers might not be able to take him down, but all of them using their weapons and exhibiting their mastery of them should be more than enough to overwhelm Soverick.

"You have come to join him in being broken. I will stop holding back now." Soverick said as he released his black spear from his spatial ring.

There was no room or margin for error. He had to win and he had to do it easily. He had made a promise that whoever stood up to question his authority will be dealt with severely and these people still questioned his authority. He must fulfill that promise.

Facing a hundred talented youths that have achieved the first step of weapon mastery will not be easy. So he wasn't going to hold back at all. If they lived, then they lived. They were ready to die when they joined this endeavor anyway. It doesn't matter if they die here or in the dungeon. Their challenge was welcomed anyway, Overwhelming strength needs Overwhelming Obstacles or in this case, overwhelming numbers for it to be displayed very well.

They could see his resolve and they didn't doubt it. They saw his bloody figure covered with the blood of his former opponent, but they didn't fear him. They understood that they could die but they still wouldn't back down. Their heart wouldn't let them. They couldn't live with themselves knowing that they didn't try everything in their power before giving up. So they will face death and overcome it.

Isn't that how heroes are made?

Chapter 193 Not Heroes And Villains. More Like Wolf Among Sheep.

Heroes faced great opposition and won. It is all in their memories too. Of ancestors that didn't back down and eventually excelled. Every Origin god was once a titan of law. So it is in their bloodline to walk in the footsteps of their ancestor and fight against overwhelming odds. They already have a villain to conquer. The fire in their bloodlines pushed them to conquer. Then they all blurred into motion.

Soverick reached them first. His top speed is a little higher than any other battle sage monkey in the vitality core stage. But what really stood out about him is his acceleration which is beyond compare. He could reach his top speed in mind-boggling time.

In a flash, he was upon them, a grin on his face as his spear moved horizontally for a smash. The first three people he struck were sent flying. They hadn't seen him arrive but their divine sense had perceived him. Sadly it was too late already. It was like the attack of the titan frogs on the obstacle course. It was too fast to react to but not for these youths. They aren't ordinary youths after all. They managed to raise their weapons in time to block but the attack was overwhelming. It crushed all resistance.

Their weapons were crushed into their chest. Their arms were broken and their mind was still in shock at his speed as they were sent flying. It was only after they hit the ground did they feel the pain of their mangled form. Their arms, chests, legs, and other body parts that Soverick's spear touched had been crushed. By then, more were already sent flying, about to join them on the ground. Soverick was just that fast.

His spear was too heavy for a normal battle sage monkey in his stage to wield but he was twirling it about like a stick. Only his opponents knew what it really was and how it felt to be hit with it. The fight didn't need him to show his skill. He was too fast to be dodged. He was too strong to be blocked. He outclassed them in every way for them to withstand a single attack and he made to at least maim them if not outright kill them. Some didn't even react as lobbed off their heads.

His first horizontal smash turned into a whirling attack. He swung his spear around with wild abandon. The ones close to him exploded into blood and gore. They might be able to harness momentum, but there is a limit to how much they can manipulate. They came to him in large numbers and clustered around him but it was more to their disadvantage than an advantage. He was able to get a lot of them with a single attack.

Once he had thinned out the forerunners, space opened up around him for ranged attacks. Arrows came first. They were all fast and accurate even though he was so fast. They were just that good but they couldn't hamper him at all with their attacks. He saw everything around him. Nothing could ambush him and he had no blind spots.

He didn't focus on the arrows, that will be a bad move. He knew their ranged attacks are meant to limit his movements and force him into compromising positions. They were trying to make it easier for the close combat fighters to engage him. It was like mastery of seamless.

He sped up and targeted one of his opponents. An arrow came for him, he moved slightly and the arrow whistled past him. He went towards his target while that arrow struck someone behind him. He came close and was about to thrust when more arrows came. His spear moved to intercept the arrows in a whirling blur while he moved closer to his opponent. His other hand punched forward but his opponent was ready. He wielded his hammer and slammed them forward. One for Soverick's outstretched hand and the other for his head.

Soverick's punch fell and his body leaned with it. One foot lifted up while the other rotated in support of transforming his attack into a kick. His leg flashed forward and struck his opponent in the head. The longer reach of his leg gave him an advantage in the exchange. His opponent's neck broke then Soverick's spear thrust into his stomach and moved his body to block the arrows about to reach him.

Soverick used the body as a shield while he ran toward the archers. The enemies still alive realized his aim and moved to stop him. They couldn't reach him fast enough so they began to throw weapons at him. Soverick's makeshift shield could block arrows but it couldn't block a spear.

Still, the attacks were useless. They were more powerful but they were less accurate. The archers were already having difficulty tracking his movements.

By the time these people hefted the weapons and threw them, he was long gone.

He demolished the archers and everyone in his way. It didn't take 2 minutes for him to reduce their number by more than 50. Fear began to creep into their minds, just a little. They realized too late how powerful Soverick was. They were torn between grouping together or spreading out. Some grouped themselves together when facing him. They attacked and defended together. Some will strike at Soverick while some will defend against his attack. A group is troublesome to deal with, especially if they surround him and protect an archer from him.

It was just more troublesome. Their resistance was all an effort in futility. If they could throw weapons, so can he. And he can throw it farther and harder. He picked up weapons left behind by dead opponents and threw them be they spears, blades, brass knuckles, anything really. Anything can become dangerous

when it is thrown with enough force to shatter skulls. Their troublesome defense became less troublesome when his hand became an artillery cannon.

He was like a wolf among sheep. He was merciless and grim in his actions. Blood and bones flew around him. Arms and legs were lopped off. Heads were smashed and chests caved in. No one could stand against him. None could hold him back for a brief moment so that they could reorganize and form a stronger resistance. He hunted them down if they were alone, he smashed them apart if they were in groups.

They finally felt fear. Soverick was soaked in blood from head to toe. His fur wasn't golden anymore. It had various colors from the different bloodlines that he had spilled. His fur now matched his glowing multicolored eyes. Their numbers dwindled and the realization of impending death set in. Some began to beg him.

One of them. A battle sage monkey that looked like a lady but Soverick could never tell, fell to her knees and cried out. "We give up. I give up. You win. You win. Please let us go."

She was crying. Tears fell from her eyes. Her heart was pounding in her chest. She felt regret. Facing an enemy you cannot touch at all was a bad idea. She felt broken. She would never forget this day. She was scarred forever. She wanted this nightmare to end. She wanted to live. So she dropped her weapon and begged for mercy.

Soverick approached her swiftly like the grim reaper. His spear flashed and he impaled her 3 times in a second. One to the head which burst apart, another to her chest which splintered, and the last one at her head. But he missed. Her head wasn't there anymore.

That's how he usually attacks. If they get lucky and block the first attack, then a second one aimed at their chest will do the trick. If they are lucky enough to survive even that, then their head will surely be exposed and safe for the taking. He had been so caught up in the act of killing them that he hadn't considered her pleas.

It wasn't that he didn't hear her. He just never considered it. He thought it was a ploy. He ignored it and went for the kill. His mind had been focused on the kill and how to do it efficiently. Now that he missed, he stopped and considered his opponents.

They were cowering and shivering. They were broken. But it wasn't enough. He will show all the rest that didn't join the fight what happens when they question his authority or it will undermine all his previous efforts. Those that didn't join in defying him must feel themselves immensely lucky for showing restraint.

If he let these remaining people go it will reduce the impact of the consequences of failure. If there is a small chance of getting away with something, only then will you gamble. He will show them that there is a zero chance of surviving a rebellion against him. So he laughed. He threw his head back and laughed.

Then he resumed his hunt. He took down every last one of them. Even when they jumped down from the central dais and ran away. None could escape him. He hunted them down one by one and killed them. Then he dragged their bodies back to the dais.

They may have thought themselves heroes against a villain. He thought of them as weak and stupid. It is not a sin to be weak. You can always rectify that with training. But you must know your place. It is stupidity to fight someone that outclasses you because of principles. It is a sin punishable by death.

Chapter 194 The Start Of A Legend.

The hall was thick with silence. No one said a thing. They watched as the blood-soaked figure of Soverick dragged more and more bodies to a heap. He created a pyramid on the central dais made of the bodies of his enemies. It was a statement of his strength and brutality.

As he climbed on the dais with the last body the central dais finally broke apart. The damage from the intense battle had pushed it too far. It fell into ruins. The pyramid of flesh was destroyed and scattered. Funny enough, Soverick's throne was still there so was Strung. Strung was still groaning at the foot of the throne.

Soverick shrugged and went to seat on his throne. He placed his foot on Strung and addressed the auditorium.

"Is there any other person here that does not agree with me being your leader?" He asked as he relaxed on his throne.

No one said anything. You could hear a pin drop in the silence. They weren't silent because of fear. They wanted to hear the fool that will disagree clearly. So people held their breath and looked around.

"That's good. You have all seen what I can do and what happens to my enemies. If you follow me, I will lead you to do the same with our enemies. We will break them. They will not stand against us." His voice continued to rise as he spoke.

"We will walk over their corpses. We will bathe in their blood. We will be unstoppable. We will be victorious."

Then he raised his bloodied spear into the air and shouted, "For Victory."

And the hall echoed with him. "For Victory."

He shouted again. "For Victory."

Everyone in the hall raised their hands into the air and shouted again. "For Victory."

He said it one last time. "For Victory."

And the hall shook with their shout. "For Victory."

Soverick smiled. They had chosen to follow him. They continued to shout in agreement. They had never felt so impassioned right now. They had seen a single man fight against a hundred. He had fought against the best of them. He faced a hundred of the best of the best of the vitality core refiners in the Virut plane and he won.

His opponents weren't ruffraff, yet he had broken them and they had scattered before him.

He is the living embodiment of what they all desire to be, an incarnation of the first sage who led the battle sage monkeys to victory after victory. Only someone like that could lead them.

Soverick raised his arm and the hall returned to silence.

"Now that the matter of leadership has been solved. We will select the commanders. I want someone from each family to become a commander. I will give you one hour to make the decision. I do not want to tell you what bad things will happen if you don't select one in an hour. I'll leave that to your imagination. But I'll tell you that the last ten families to select a commander will be heavily unfavoured by me. Now get to it."

They took his words seriously. There is something compelling about a man sitting on a throne surrounded by the bodies of slain enemies and the ruins of what they used to fight on while using another broken man as his footstool. So when Soverick left his throne and began to leave the hall, they all hailed him.

"Soverick! Soverick! Soverick!"

His bloody figure marched from his throne to the exit of the hall and he was cheered all the way.

The dead battle sage monkeys are already forgotten. Longevity has made people insensitive to death. They have seen a lot of deaths to be hung up on every single one anymore. Of course, some people didn't hail or cheer. Some hated Soverick and were already planning revenge. But no one can deny that Soverick is truly a legend. If they are truly honest with themselves, they also wish to be Soverick.

Soverick left the hall and was received by a golem.

"I will be your assistant from now on." It said

Soverick nodded. Then it presented a familiar tool to Soverick.

"This is the communicator with the Authority of the leader. It will allow you to communicate with your commanders and make arrangements easily. They will be given to your commanders and those in the chain of command."

It was a wrist logger. Soverick cracked a rare smile and took it.

"I want to clean myself."

"Certainly, follow me to your quarters."

Soverick followed his new assistant while the youths in the hall selected their leaders. Except, this time there was no chaos or infighting. A lot of people wanted to become commanders so that they will be in close contact with Soverick but they understood that they had a deadline. They chose their leaders quickly through voting.

Meanwhile, Above the Hall. On the viewing stage where a few adults were watching the proceedings of the hall. The moment that Soverick entered the hall.

Guntu had been informed that Soverick would be coming. Soverick is a valuable person to the Ghastorix family. Most people in the family that had a say in the runnings of the family were against Soverick joining the divine dungeon clearing attempts.

They maintained that it was too risky. They understood that strife and danger are required for lasting growth but they also understood that Soverick didn't need it. The little they had seen of his abilities indicated that he can absorb knowledge as easily as if he were a sponge. So there is no need to risk his life in such a dangerous enterprise. Plus making him go will expose him to the entire plane and increase the danger to Soverick's life once they noticed his potential.

The others that were for it argued that a conflict of such scale is the proper stage for Soverick to show his greatness. They maintained that the greater the talent, the tougher the challenge needs to be to bring out his full potential.

The neutral ones were of the opinion that they didn't have the power to forbid the offspring of the family from joining something like the divine dungeon clearing effort. Clearing the divine dungeon wasn't illegal or for a rival family. It might be dangerous but it is for the good of the entire plane and the battle sage monkeys. It's like saying the members of their family cannot join a war summons called by the racial council.

It is their opinion that if Soverick wants to go, he just needs the permission of someone with sufficient Authority in the family to go.

Guntu hadn't listened much to the debates because it didn't matter. What he thinks is all that mattered and there is no way he is going to allow the family to start dictating what their family members can do and what they can't. The family has a lot of rules with appropriate punishment if broken. But they do not force anyone.

The rules are geared toward maintaining the interest of the family while the family rewards those that follow the rules with the benefits. Asking Soverick not to go isn't in the interest of the family. If Soverick died to something like this then he will not survive becoming a titan of law.

Frankly, Guntu would prefer it if Soverick died now so that the possible future where he is important to the family will be no more. They will be able to focus on something else and not be on tenterhooks all the time. So he declared that Soverick could go as long as he got permission from any titan of law that is part of the family.

He also said, "He's just going to be one among the crowds so he is going to be safe. There's no reason to worry about him."

He said that to alleviate the fears of those that were concerned for Soverick's safety. Still, Guntu was worried and had been keeping tabs on Soverick's location ever since. He knew when Soverick was first sighted and inspected. He knew when Soverick was logged in and brought to the meeting hall. He knew what entrance he was brought to, so he watched that entrance intently.

Yes, he would like Soverick to die early if Soverick will die in the future. But that's just so that the family won't be too emotionally invested in him. The family doesn't lack money, it is their hopes and dreams that are precious to them. The hope of surviving the end of the universe.

He would be alright if Soverick died but he prefers if he doesn't die. That's why his eyes were glued to that entrance and watched as Soverick walked in. He noticed the peculiarities about Soverick immediately.

His eyes lit up. 'It is as they said, he has acquired Seamless and the gates of momentum.'

He had seen the reports and the videos but seeing it with his own eyes was very assuring. It meant that Soverick's chance of survival will be very high.

He relaxed a bit and decided to brag. If Soverick performs well then he will be noticed by others but there was no need to wait for that moment. When you have something that others don't have, the value of that thing only increases if you lord it over others.

'Not a lot, just a little bit of bragging.' he reminded himself not to go overboard.

He didn't want to overplay his hands. Soverick may be well above a normal vitality core stage refiner, but a single person is useless in a grand situation like this involving hundreds of thousands of youths.

Chapter 195 The Child Of The Plane We Will Soon Meet.

So Guntu said to the clones of Origin gods around him. "See that? That boy is from my family."

The Origin god here that had it in with Guntu and had been antagonizing him was quick to jeer, "Look at who? I doubt your family can produce something worthwhile."

The others laughed but turned to look at where Guntu was indicating. Their mocking laughter soon turned to sounds of appreciation and surprise.

Guntu's antagonist finally commented. "That is actually not bad."

Guntu scoffed. "Of course, you will think it is not bad Jerome. You have bad eyesight."

Jerome didn't get angry. "I call it as it is. I may not know what is up with him but it is not that great. It's probably a movement technique I don't know about or how else would a Vitality core refiner move like that?"

"I see that you're getting senile in your old age. How can a vitality core stage practitioner use a movement technique with such a boost without mana? You're getting stupider by the day."

Jerome finally snapped. "It's you that doesn't know shit. Calling fine feces gold. Sure it came out from a dragon's ass, that doesn't make it gold."

They began to argue and the Origin gods around them joined in. They picked sides and bashed each other. Their argument occurred very quickly because of the speed at which they think and communicate, so a lot of name-calling had occurred before Soverick sat down.

Jerome was quick to point it out. "See, see. He sat down. The boy is smarter than you, I'll give you that. He knows his limits and wisely chooses to stay out of the matter of leadership. He is not a big boy and he knows that. Such self-awareness will help him stay alive longer."

"He is just collecting information and strategizing. He will show you up." Guntu immediately regretted saying that.

He didn't want Soverick to get into the messy business of leadership but he didn't want to admit defeat so easily. It would be good if Soverick keeps a low profile and goes with the masses. Fighting for leadership or more unlikely, actually becoming part of the leadership, will expose him to too much danger.

So he is torn now. He wants Soverick to go up and prove him right, but he also wants Soverick to stay out of danger. His warring feelings were not helped by the constant sardonic barbs that Jerome threw his way frequently. He decided to return his own specially selected barbs to Jerome's wonky ancestor. But Soverick started moving before he could smear someone else's ancestor.

He found himself sighing in relief. Not because he is glad that Soverick moved but because he is glad that he won't have to resort to besmirching Jerome's ancestor who offended a world god and was cursed for it.

"See, I told you. Collecting information and strategizing." Guntu glowed with victory.

That was before Soverick was stopped, by a family member no less. Jerome snickered and said. "I was wrong, the boy isn't the smart one. It is this new boy that came to stop him. It is not something you should be happy about though. There has to be one smart person in a family of foolish people. It's nature, not genetics."

Guntu fumed but wisely choose to remain silent. He realized that anything he says now can and will be used against him if it goes wrong. He was already about to make fun of Jerome's ancestor who has

become a weak old man that can never die. He doesn't want to bring up that sore spot or this jovial contest will escalate into something else.

He is a fan of destruction as much as the next guy. But causing trouble here will certainly draw the attention of some very powerful people and he doesn't want to become cursed that even death can't save him from.

So he was content with simply watching. But Jerome will have none of it. Jerome asked the AI of the Leviathan Battle Star to bring up their conversation. The mind transmissions between the two vitality core stage youths of the Ghastorix family began to play for everyone to hear.

Guntu gritted his teeth and swore inwardly. 'This Jerome is pushing me. He is truly pushing me and I am not one for restraint.'

He is fickle. Ancestor Ghastorix called him that. If they were in another place or in another situation, he would have let it rip about what a stupid Origin god Jerome's ancestor is. What else would you call someone who steals from a World god?

Because you can't die doesn't mean you should do anything you want. That's why Guntu is holding himself back from saying something he will probably regret. He would allow Jerome his fun since he was the one that started this?

They heard Soverick dismiss the other's concern. Then they watched them fight. More like they watched Soverick easily dispatch his opponent. The origin gods were cheering for Soverick now. But Guntu wasn't happy. They weren't cheering because they meant well for Soverick.

He wasn't surprised by the outcome of the fight. Soverick outclassed his opponent so he was sure to win in a fight. What he didn't know is if Soverick would back down and return to his seat. Soverick might have impaled a young girl recently but she wasn't part of the family. It is another thing to antagonize or hurt a family member in front of the entire plane.

Soverick did it though. He maimed his opponent in a single hit. Guntu wasn't sure if he should be happy or not. His anxiety was increasing as Soverick continued to walk towards the central dais. No one opposed him this time, so Guntu was wondering if he should intervene and stop Soverick before things went too far.

Then the Son of legends spoke. He had been quiet all this while, never joining in any conversation. He had been staring into space while his eyes flashed with multiple colors. But the eyes were white now. The Son of legends had locked on to a favorable future.

He said to them and his voice rang out. Only the Origin gods here heard him.

"The Drums of War have begun to Beat. The Child of the Plane we will soon meet. Among broken bodies and stones, his throne will be. Strength to bind them and victory he promised them."

They were thinking about what he just said when they heard the booming sound. The origin gods were silent earlier because of what the son of legends said but now everyone turned their attention to the source of the sound in the meeting hall below.

Everyone panned their viewing screens to the scene of Soverick matching towards the central dais.

Guntu groaned. "Why didn't you go quietly? You just had to make a scene."

Now things were out of his hand. Even if he hadn't drawn everyone's attention to Soverick, Soverick would have done it himself. He couldn't interfere now even if he wanted. Still, he grinned as Soverick matched as if to battle.

He loved stories, and nothing was more epic than a valiant warrior announcing his presence with a grand entrance. But things didn't end there. Soverick jumped. Guntu did a quick calculation. He winced when he realized where Soverick will land.

"It won't be too bad. The son of legends said that we should make the platform weak. Wait a minute." Guntu thought of something.

It was about what the son of legends said when they first had their first briefing about the divine dungeon.

The son of legends had said, "Now, what we need is a weak platform."

Guntu stopped thinking about the coincidence that the only structurally weak place in the meeting hall is the central dais because he was sure it isn't a coincidence. Soverick spoke then. He said,

"I am Soverick Ghastorix. And I will be your Leader."

"You are chaotic. So I am order. You need a leader. You have gotten one. You didn't ask for me, but I have enthroned myself. If you don't like it then come. I promise to beat that fact into you. I will break your spirit and I will break your body until it is accepted."

"Come."

The meeting hall erupted in cheers for Soverick. He had awed them with his stunt and speech.

Guntu watched as Soverick fought and defeated his first opponent. The Origin gods were silent. They weren't cheering, and neither were they jeering. Their eyes were all glued to the fight. The watching pavilion was also silent. No one had ever seen a Vitality core stage refiner with such power and speed. The prophecy of the son of legends rang in their ears and minds as they watched Soverick.

They heard his short speech and watched him proceed to break his defeated opponent. Then people rose to challenge his authority. He fought them and defeated them. He dragged the bodies of his enemies unto the central dais.

"Don't do that. The platform will break. It has reached its limit." Guntu whispered silently.

The platform had indeed reached its limit. It broke down and wasted Soverick's effort to create the pyramid of dead bodies. Soverick ignored the wreck and sat on his somehow still standing throne.

The prophecy of the son of legends came up unbidden in their minds. The Drums of War have begun to Beat. The Child of the Plane we will soon meet. Among broken bodies and stones, his throne will be. Strength to bind them and victory he promised them.

Every Every Origin god in the hall rose from their seats as they saw the spectacle. Soverick had marched forward and his feet made loud noises as he ran. The seat he erected remained while it was surrounded by ruins and the bodies of his enemy. He had shown them his unique strength and then he promised them Victory if they follow him.

Chapter 196 Army Commander.

Soverick shrugged and went to seat on his throne. He placed his foot on Strung and addressed the auditorium.

"Is there any other person here that does not agree with me being your leader?" He asked as he relaxed on his throne.

No one said anything. You could hear a pin drop in the silence. They weren't silent because of fear. They wanted to hear the fool that will disagree clearly. So people held their breath and looked around.

"That's good. You have all seen what I can do and what happens to my enemies. If you follow me, I will lead you to do the same with our enemies. We will break them. They will not stand against us. We will walk over their corpses. We will bathe in their blood. We will be unstoppable. We will be victorious." His voice continued to rise as he spoke.

Then he raised his bloodied spear into the air and shouted, "For Victory."

And the hall echoed with him. "For Victory."

Some Origin gods were gawking. Their mouth hung open in shock. What Soverick did was shocking on its own. What the son of legend said was the most shocking of all. Because if that prophecy is right, then Soverick will be the child of the plane. He will become a legendary figure of the plane.

Some people turned to the representatives of the Ghastorix family who were similarly shocked while the Origin gods turned to Guntu. Guntu in question was staring at the son of legends with naked jealousy written all over his face. 'I wish I had that eye. Then I'll be able to see stories before they happen and I'll be able to trick people better.'

The son of legend spoke again. "This child has come under the protection of the realm council of the Virut plane."

It was a simple statement with heavy meaning. Everyone here understood the heavy meaning behind that statement. No one misunderstood a thing.

"I want to know everything there is to know about that boy." The son of legends said to Guntu.

"Sure." Guntu agreed and sent Soverick's records over. He was still staring at the son of legends with jealousy but his target chose to ignore the weird looks.

Meanwhile Somewhere in the crowd of people in the watching pavilion.

"Wow, just wow," Kayla said after seeing the show that Soverick put on. "You think you know someone. Then this happens and blows your mind."

She had lived with Soverick since he was a few months old. He was just a smart-mouth brat back then. To see him crush his peers like he was an adult bullying children brought back memories of the times Soverick used to say that he is unique and that he shouldn't be compared to others. It turns out that he was right. He wasn't just spouting nonsense.

"So this is what it takes to break all the records in the academy, they even chased him out without an award ceremony." She shook her head.

"Did you see what he did?" Mihila that had been quiet finally spoke.

"Yes, he showed his strength and became the leader," Kayla answered.

"How did he show his strength?" Mihila asked.

"By fighting," Kayla answered quickly. The answer was obvious.

Mihila shook her head. "Do you think Soverick can fight all the almost 1 million youths here?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"No matter how strong he is, he will tire and be overwhelmed."

"So what did he do to become a leader?"

"He showed his strength."

"How did he show his strength?" Mihila asked again.

This time Kayla couldn't answer. The obvious answer wasn't the right answer.

Mihila answered. "He divided and scattered his opponents. He first scared them with a show of strength. Most of the youths were defeated by it and didn't want to disagree with him when he proclaimed himself leader then. But some were still willing to fight him even in the face of such odds. He showed this set of people what will happen if they fight him and lose. They chose to step back then."

"He had successfully whittled down the 1 million opponents to just 100. Then he broke all those one hundred in one fell swoop in another show of strength. Those 100 would have been able to rile up people against him in other situations. But they can't now and never will any other person like them because Soverick has broken the morale of his enemies even before the fight. Plus they like him. If you would follow a leader, then there must be something you admire about the leader. You must also agree with the leader's objective. These people admire Soverick's strength and they agree with his objective of victory in battle."

Mihila turned away from her screen to look at Kayla. "There is more than one way to fight. A fight involves the mind as well as the body. Do you see why I said the best you can get in a fight with him is a draw?"

Kayla nodded.

"Let's get back to your training. Soverick doesn't need us.

Back To Soverick.

Soverick whipped the unruly teens into an army. He had been part of an army in his past life. It was how he almost died and was almost possessed. He also gained a lot of military memories from the demon Lord's soul that wanted to possess him. So he had a lot of knowledge and experience with how an army worked.

Thank Mother High Heaven for it too, because the adults didn't help out. They were willing to see the youths fumble about for a while but it didn't happen. Soverick had an iron grip on these people.

He instilled discipline into them and beat them into shape with drills and military exercises. For 6 months the youths suffered his relentless harsh training. They were used to working alone but that changed. They learned to follow orders and to work well with others to achieve a greater goal.

They accepted his training because they believe in this greater goal. They have heard of wars and have memories of battles in their bloodline. But those are in the past. They have had peace for a long time. Those memories thrill them everytime it comes unbidden to them, it is another thing to participate in wars for the good of the plane. So they are looking forward to it.

A lot of things have been achieved in the past leaving the new generation almost nothing to do. Now the opportunity has arrived for them to have a hand in changing the plane, in liberating the plane and making origin energy flow. If they achieve it, they too will become part of the memories that future generations will see.

Soverick didn't have to try too much to shape them to his will. They took to whatever he taught them easily. They practices for days in a row with nothing more than occasional complaints, but they didn't stop. He even taught them a song to sing as they matched in formation. They were singing that song now.

To battle, we go.

For one thing, we seek.

We fear nothing.

We fear no one.

Only victory will do.

Bloody bodies of foes.

Rivers of blood will flow.

The earth will gorge on it.

But we trample on it.

Only victory will do.

Till our bodies break.

And our backs give out.

Till our souls wear down.

And our will gives up.

Only victory will do.

Even through stormy seas

Even through sundered skies

Even on our last breaths

Even on our last legs.

Only victory will do.

Soverick and his generals watched the marching soldiers. He made adjustments to them through his commanders.

"Squad T9B. Execute the Defin Manuvere. Squad T8B5. Hold back and support Squad T8A4." He said into his communicator.

He had broken the army into squads using a tiered system. The structure went from tier 1 to 9, from smallest to largest. Squad T9B is the second tier 9 squad with a hundred thousand soldiers. The Defin Manuvere is a delicate procedure that involved a blitz attack and a false retreat to lure the enemies in, only to surround and cut them off. Squad T8B5 is a tier 8 squad and is the fifth one belonging to the second tier 9 squad. Squad T8A4 is another tier 8 squad and is the fourth one belonging to the first tier 9 squad.

These maneuvers are difficult to perform with their large number but they aren't normal soldiers. They have been training with communicators in their ears directing them in order to familiarise them with the movements and also transmit orders to them. Soverick will send orders to the necessary squadron commander through the code name of their squad and the commanders will make sure to execute it.

His generals watched him work while they maintained their silence. They were selected by Soverick to take over his duties in case he is unavailable. Anything can happen in the divine dungeon. He could be separated from the army. So the army must be able to stand without him. These selected 10 have been around him, learning his habits and his methods. They know that Soverick likes to work in silence that's why no one was talking at all.

"Seems good enough. We will attack the dungeon tomorrow."

They could talk now that Soverick had addressed them.

One of them stepped forward. "With all due respect, are you sure that we should go with your strategy? Must you enter the dungeon first?"

Soverick continued to look at the marching army while he answers the general that stood behind him.

"Yes, I must."

"Can't we find another strategy?"

"There's no other strategy that can allow us to have a foothold in the dungeon."

"But if you die, the entire army will fall apart."

"Then I won't die. Do you not have faith in me?"

"No sir. I have the utmost faith in you." The general hurriedly shook their head.

Soverick didn't care if he was sincere or not. He only cared about one thing. Obedience.

"Then follow my orders." He said to the generals.

"Yes sir." The generals saluted.

Chapter 197 Only Victory Will Do.

"Any other concerns I should know about?" Soverick asked the rest.

"No, sir."

"Spread the word. Let the men start their final preparations. Then they should rest. We will set out at first light tomorrow. We will not be able to find time to rest in the coming days."

His order was sent out to the army. In this army, his words were the law. The army prepared vitality rations, equipment, and weapons. Then they slept. Vitality core stage refiners don't need rest but matching for 22 days straight carrying weapons and executing maneuvers will leave them needing sleep. So they slept.

Then they rose up before dawn. They finished their final preparations before the first light of a new day. As the sun rose from the horizon, the youths stood in formation, ready to do battle. The light of the sun illuminated them and what you could see were soldiers decked out in uniform armor. They were not the rowdy youths of yesterday, they were part of an army now.

A lot has happened since the time Soverick became the army commander. While most were accepting, there were some who wanted to rebel. There were schemes and plans, tricks and lies that some used to sow discord in the army. Soverick can't take full credit for putting the soldiers in their place. He has the army command system to thank for that. The availability of electronic communication and surveillance systems helped to keep the army in order and to prepare for this moment.

"Now, the time has come." Soverick's voice rang in everyone's ear.

His voice reached every soldier through the communication device in their ear just like the information about their overall performance reached his wrist logger from everyone else's wrist logger.

"We didn't prepare for a long time. But we are ready. We haven't been an army for a long time and we don't know each other well. But we have a common goal. What is that goal?" He asked calmly.

"Victory!" They shouted back in reply.

He nodded. "It is good that you know. It is said that on the other side of fear is greatness. But we don't fear anything. Since we have overcome our fears, greatness will be ours. We are of one mind in our pursuit of this greatness. Nothing will stop us. We must have what we came for. What is it that we came for?"

"Victory!"

He nodded again. Then he continued his speech calmly. "Through blood and tears. Even if our bodies are broken. Even if our souls wear down. Even when rivers of blood flow. Even when the very earth is gorged on the blood we shed. Nothing will stop us. We fear nothing. Only victory will do. We must have..."

"Victory!"

Then he began to sing the army's anthem.

"To battle, we go.

"For one thing, we seek."

"We fear nothing."

"We fear no one."

"Only victory will do."

The rest of the army joined in and their voice reached the skies.

"Bloody bodies of foes."

"Rivers of blood will flow."

"The earth will gorge on it."

"But we trample on it."

"Only victory will do."

He wore his helmet and took his spear which he gripped tightly. Still, the singing continued without him.

"Till our bodies break."

"And our backs give out."

"Till our souls wear down."

"And our will gives up."

"Only victory will do."

He grinned from within his helmet that covered his face but left his multicolored eyes open to the world. He had promised them victory and there is only one way to achieve it. He stepped into the glowing portal of the divine dungeon.

"Even through stormy seas."

"Even through sundered skies."

"Even on our last breaths."

"Even on our last legs."

"Only victory will do."

Even when he was gone, the song continued. They entered the portal squad by squad according to the plan. They had faith in their leader that he will hold the ground for them. But the job couldn't be completed without their effort. So the army funneled into the dungeon. It took days but the last one finally entered the portal. Even then, when it only remained one single person, that single person was still singing the army's anthem. Because only victory will do.

On the Leviathan Battle Star.

The Origin gods and all the people watching felt the weight of the army's determination. It was in their words and their actions. It sounded from their bones as it was voiced from their mouth.

An Origin god sighed and said. "Only victory will do."

Guntu was scowling heavily. Things seemed good but he had some fears. A lot of it actually.

"Let's hope that they don't experience defeat."

That's what Guntu is mostly afraid of. It was a grand thing to see so many youths of different bloodlines and creeds made into an orderly army. They had a grand momentum and a grand aim. If they failed, their failure will be grand too. And Soverick is at the head of it all.

He was feeling concerned but the son of legend was smiling ear to ear.

"Tell me again. Why shouldn't I just blow the divine dungeon to kingdom come?" Guntu asked.

"Because we need a hero in the upcoming era of conquest." The son of legends answered.

Guntu shook his head. He didn't like it one bit. The Ghastorix family needed Soverick for his bloodline. Soverick needs to become an Origin god for his bloodline to become eternal. But the plane also needs Soverick. The racial council has plans for him that they have refused to divulge.

Guntu can't refuse the racial council even if they had forcefully demanded for Soverick. The entire Ghastorix family can't either. They would have done whatever they can do to help the plane. But the racial council didn't make forceful demands. They made demands, but they also paid for the Ghastorix's help with an offer they can't refuse.

The offer wasn't one of violence. It is an object that any Origin god will be willing to give their all for. With that object, ancestor Ghastorix doesn't need to sacrifice his potential to become a world god. That means the family doesn't need Soverick anymore. But that only brought more questions. Why will a titan like the racial council pay that much for Soverick?

Soverick is definitely special and unique. He is a talented genius. But is he worth that much? Guntu doubts that the racial council will make such a bad deal. Something was going on that Guntu didn't know and he didn't like it one bit. He could smell a good story somewhere and he wanted to see it. He wanted to be a part of it.

"It is too much pressure to place the hopes of our plane on some youths. They have lived peaceful lives until now." Another Origin god said.

Many agreed with him. Most of the youths they brought came from their family academies. They train but they don't live the life of violence that they used to live in the past. The plane has been peaceful until recently. It didn't help that descendants don't need to go to the ancient battlefield anymore since some cities have Origin energy. That's why most families have made it a must for all their descendants to participate in the tower of heaven once they become transcendents. It will give them something to aim for and will weed out the weak.

"Yes. Things would have been easier if mana entities could enter. We will have many options then

"Our youths will have awakened their bloodlines. The scrappy angels will not be a match for them.

"You're going too far. We can simply flood it with golems."

"That won't work. The dungeon won't allow things with a mana core to enter."

They continued to talk and clamor as they watched the army disappear into the divine dungeon.

Guntu wasn't listening. He turned to the son of legends again and asked.

"What exactly do you need Soverick for?"

He wanted to know badly.

The son of legends smiled and said, "Refinement makes a man capable of doing what a thousand men can do. It is difficult and dangerous, but it is possible. What is even greater is making a thousand men perform as a single man."

Guntu didn't understand the answer.

The son of legends wasn't done. "Let me ask you this. Who can break a mountain with a single strike, a single transcendent or a mana entity?"

Guntu answered. "A transcendent."

The son of legends asked again. "What about if we have a thousand mana entity?"

"Then it's possible for the mana entities to break the mountain."

The son of legends rephrased the question. "Is it possible for a single strike each from one thousand mana entities to break a mountain?"

"Yes, it is possible." Guntu answered.

Small drops of water makes up the seas.

"But what if only a single strike from a single mana entity is allowed?"

Guntu didn't have to think too much about the answer.

"Then it is not possible no matter how many mana entities there are."

As long as only a single mana entity can strike, the number of mana entities is irrelevant.

The son of legends nodded. "That's what we want Soverick for. To make it possible."

Chapter 198 Abnormal And Peerless.

Guntu asked. "But how?"

It sounded inconceivable to him.

"You should know the answer by now. I've given you all the clues to it." The son of legends said smugly.

Guntu thought about it. He still didn't know the answer to it. How do they plan to make Soverick capable of utilizing the combined power of several mana entities into a single strike as if all of them were striking the mountain? But he had a suspicion. And it had something to do with the title of the child of the plane.

Within The Divine Dungeon.

Soverick entered the dungeon running. His leg cracked the ground as he bounded forward like a predator seeking prey. His divine sense spread around him on high alert searching for what was to be his prey. There was a boom as he surpassed the speed of sound. His acceleration was that insane. His body and mind were in sync and of a singular purpose. He was prepared for whatever would be thrown at him.

The defenders were also prepared for him. He was greeted by a barrage of attacks that were sent toward him even before he entered. They had somehow anticipated or predicted his entry into the dungeon. All types of attacks were sent his way from the defending angelic army. They sent arrows and javelins. This is the first challenge to overcome to clear the divine dungeon.

"Weather through the attacks, hold your ground, and wait for reinforcement," Soverick said to himself as he raced forward.

He formed magical barriers upon barriers upon himself while he simultaneously started prepping a fireball spell. That's how far he could push his mental prowess safely without getting his body damaged. Still, he was able to create, maintain and replenish 20 barriers while he pumped a ball of fire hiding behind him full of mana.

The defenders were prepared. Their attacks were numerous, but that's all. They weren't magical attacks and they weren't focused, or else he wouldn't have stood any chance whatsoever. The dungeon had placed a limit on its attackers but that limit also works on the defenders. The angels couldn't use powers and abilities above the vitality core stage.

That didn't mean there weren't angels currently prepping their spells, it was just slow. If their spells had been prepared and fired. That would have sealed the fate of any attacker as they carpet-bombed the portal into the dungeon with spells. But it would be too late now for it to be effective on Soverick.

The entrance of the dungeon isn't located in the center of the army. It is instead located within a tunnel. It limits how much of the angelic host is to be faced upon entry into the dungeon but it also limits the choices of the invaders. They won't be able to run or hide, they will have to face the attacks here and now.

If the invaders get lucky somehow, the tunnel limits the number of reinforcements the attackers can accumulate even if they succeed in getting a foothold within the dungeon. Like a sage once said, when you make plans, plan for the failure of your plans. The gods had planned for everything, even their failure.

It would have worked seamlessly had Soverick been a normal vitality core stage refiner. But he wasn't at all. He was a wolf among sheep. He could face a hundred of his peers and demolish them. To try and limit him by the rules that bound his peers is foolish.

He came through the portal in the tunnel like a bull and ran straight for the army. He didn't stay in place to defend. No, he took the fight to the enemy. Standing still will make him an easier target and staying close to the entrance will make his reinforcements also endure the attacks. His job was to prevent the reinforcements from being decimated as soon as they enter the dungeon.

So he took the entire attention of the defending army and focused it on himself, away from the portal. He leaped and swerved through the attacks. He knocked the ones he couldn't dodge aside and the ones that he couldn't knock aside slammed against his barrier. His barriers shattered but he replenished them immediately.

His vision was blurred because of the multiple stacks of his barriers. He had used barriers that can only defend against physical attacks because that is what he will need for now. His divine sense helped him to patch up the lax in his perception. He was like an unstoppable comet as he raced towards the army. He crossed 30 meters in mere split seconds.

The defending angels were indeed prepared, but they were not ready for him. They had attacked before he entered fully but he was on them before they could blink. No vitality core stage refiner can accelerate that fast. They were unprepared as he slammed into their front lines. One moment he was at the portal, the next he was in contact with the defenders.

There was a muffled boom, then the front lines disintegrated. The angels at the front line had defensive shields but they were energy constructs. Their bodies couldn't withstand the momentum that slammed into them. The force of the collision ripped through their existence like a hot knife through butter. They would have broken their arms had they been made of flesh and blood.

The opening in their defense was what Soverick needed. It was like the farmer left the door to the chicken coop unlocked. It wasn't intentional, the farmer must have forgotten about it, but the wolf will appreciate the oversight nonetheless. They were not prepared for him, it wasn't intentional, he is beyond extraordinary after all. But he will appreciate their oversight nonetheless.

Soverick entered the army and began decimating them. He swung his spear like a club as he steamrolled through the army. Everywhere he went through, angels disintegrated. Their bodies broke down into flashes of light and energy. They might as well be fragile ceramics and he is a wrecking ball. A simple clash with him is a clash they don't return from. The energy released when they break apart wound its way into Soverick's body which made him smile.

"This is what I came here for."

The angels were figures of light. They had a similar appearance to battle sage monkeys except that they had wings and wore celestial armor. They were also organized into an ordered army. If the vitality core stage refiners had attacked them as a mob then they will be decimated by the coordinated attacks of the angels. But their coordinated defense wasn't working on Soverick.

First, the physical attacks came. But Soverick had a strong defense. He was also fast enough to dodge most of them. They knew an invader was coming so they prepared. They didn't expect the invader to be so fast so their preparation came too late. Still, they didn't falter. Two seconds into the battle, their magical attacks were ready.

"What are you going to do now?" He laughed as he killed to his heart's content.

He was already deep within the army. Magical attacks will not be able to differentiate between friends and enemies. If they choose to attack him then they will also damage the army. The angelic host did not hesitate. They attacked Soverick with a hail of celestial magical attacks.

'Too bad.' he said before he began to switch his mana barrier into ones that will block magical attacks instead of physical attacks.

Magical barriers only block magical attacks but they do it very well. Physical barriers do the same but for physical attacks. These two barriers are beyond what vitality core stage refiners are capable of because of the complexity of their structures. What a vitality core stage refiner should be able to perform is the mana barrier, a multipurpose shield. But Soverick is an anomaly.

He remained unconcerned as a rain of attacks assailed him. How do you nail a fast target with a projectile? In the case of a concentrated ranged attack, like an arrow, you have to anticipate the position of the target and it needs perfect accuracy. In the case of a broad attack, accuracy requirements will be lenient but the damage will not be focused. Of course, there's a third option, you can use a ranged attack that can track the target. The army doesn't have the third option. If they go with the first option then they will surely miss.

So they went with the second option but it wasn't effective against their opponent. Soverick was still roaming the battlefield killing as he went by. The magical attacks wiped out those around him so he ventured deeper into the canyon, into the heart of the army. The attacks were spread out and he could replenish his shield faster than it was being shredded. No normal vitality core stage refiner can do that. So yet again, their plan failed.

He was a single attacker against a thousand defenders. It was the thousand defenders that caved and made way for him.

Chapter 199 Unstoppable, Untouchable, And Inexhaustible.

Logic dictates that he should be getting weaker but that's not how the divine dungeon works. The energy of the dead will fuel the killer. In a way, it's like the rising momentum of a boulder rolling down a slope. Once it starts moving then it becomes more difficult to stop.

This mechanism was put in place so that the defenders will be able to remain undefeated the more they kill. So if they were one step ahead, they will remain forever ahead. Whoever planned this defense prepared for almost everything. But they didn't expect to start losing from the very start. Their boulder wasn't rolling, it was being pushed back right from the start. Soverick kept pushing them and the army kept giving ground. Nothing worked, nothing could work against the abnormality that was Soverick Ghastorix.

He was a blur capable of transitioning from being stationary to top speed instantly and then stopping instantly. Dodging was a piece of cake with that speed. Attacks would miss him narrowly. There was no attack impossible to dodge for him. His attacks were deadly, precise, and fast.

The defenders will only perceive him coming at them with their divine sense, their senses will scream impending doom, but all that warning is for naught. Their consciousness will disappear before they can do anything worthwhile in evading their demise. He advanced like that, Unstoppable, Untouchable, and Inexhaustible.

Almost like a god among mortals. He was an unfathomable existence. The lowly mortals could not understand or phantom how he does what he does. They only saw flashes and heard thunder. They couldn't fathom how large the storm was or where they were in it. They were adrift, lost, and directionless, so Soverick swept them all away.

The energy of the slain angels entered Soverick's body like a constant stream of provision. It was invigorating and addicting. Still, he held himself back from chasing the army as they retreated in defense. He had pushed them to the entrance of the tunnel.

He laughed out loud and shouted at them.

"I'm laying claim to this place in the name of the Virut plane. Come and take it from me if you refuse."

Then he returned to the portal.

The tunnel was narrow. It could only allow about 30 battle sages to stand side by side. The angelic army had stuffed the 100 meters long tunnel full of more than a thousand soldiers. It was their job to snuff out any sign of an attack before it can become something relevant. They had failed, but he was sure that that wasn't all they had.

Soverick returned to the portal to find one of his generals and 39 other soldiers. The portal can only allow a single person to enter per second. That means the army will take more than 11 days for them to assemble in the dungeon completely.

They can do it, they just need the space to do so. After all, he didn't make them struggle for 22 days straight for nothing. His earlier fight took less than a minute so there weren't a lot of reinforcements yet. But one hour is more than enough for them to get enough manpower to secure the canyon.

The soldiers were already arranging themselves according to the plan. They saluted the army commander as soon as they saw him. His golden armor was spotless because his enemies weren't flesh and blood and because he had his shield on most of the time. But they could see the traces of the battle that occurred here.

The ground was cracked in several places. There are deep craters formed by the impact of his weapon on the ground. The signs of the usage of multiple spells could be seen in the scorched and upturned surface. The struggle must have been intense. Yet their commander had come out on top. He had fulfilled his promise. He had gotten them a foothold. Now, they had to keep it.

"At ease. We have days ahead of us. We need to remain sharp." He said to them.

He was right. The tunnel opened up to a canyon. The gorge within the canyon is in the form of a cone. It expands out from the tunnel into a wide but short plane. The gorge is more than 10km long and it is full of 10 million angels. This is where the main army of the defenders is. Each god could field more than this in the past but most of their powers have been lost and used to transform the divine plain.

The conical shape of the gorge between the two mountains is to limit the options of the attackers. The gods know that sometimes, numbers aren't the most important factor in a battle, but the mobility of the army. The gods don't know how much manpower the main plain will send at them but the gorge will limit how much they can effectively use. It's the tunnel strategy all over again.

Things were still in the favour of the defenders but that is only if there are no more attackers like Soverick. Even if Soverick is unique they couldn't allow him the freedom to do whatever he wants to do within the tunnel. So they sent more of their soldiers to attack the tunnel and disrupt the activities of the attackers.

"Gotta get to work," Soverick said when he heard the matching of the incoming attackers.

The sound rang out within the tunnel like the promise of defeat but Soverick didn't feel fear. How could he fear prey? Chickens can't organize a coup against their butcher no matter their numbers. He only felt anticipation and the hope that they won't run away quickly.

He released some of his momentum as he stepped forward. Then he blurred to meet the attackers. They couldn't be allowed to come near the portal right now or else they will kill the few that have come through. The reinforcement needed time before they can defend themselves.

Chapter 200 Grinding In The Dungeon.

"Just 30 minutes should be enough." He said to himself as he rushed forward.

That should be enough time for the army to get a foothold in the dungeon.

Meanwhile, he is to face the hordes of angels. It wasn't a chore for him. He had a smile on his face as he decimated every attack sent into the tunnel. He was like a little giant. Even his very steps created shockwaves that destabilise the enemy.

Things were not like the first time he entered the dungeon. They couldn't anticipate him this time around. One moment they are matching into the tunnel in an imposing manner, the next moment something slammed into them and then they feel nothing.

His attacks ripped through them and their defenses. His mind-boggling speed made him evade most of their attacks and the barriers around him protected him from the stray ones. His heavy armor was not seeing much work. It was only there to increase his weight and his momentum. It gives him a little boost that makes him hit harder and run faster.

The angels finally gave up after two attempts to reclaim the tunnel failed. They didn't respond no matter how much Soverick taunted them. Soverick raised his head to the sky of the divine blue sky of the divine dungeon. Then he grinned and said. "I can see you."

He shrugged when he didn't receive any response. and returned to the tunnel. He was sure he was being watched, he had felt numerous gazes on him.

"That sucks. It wasn't even 5 minutes. What do I do now?"

The army had given up too early. Still, the earlier fights were not in vain. He had acquired a large amount of energy in his body. This energy was gotten from his slain enemies.

Soverick rubbed his hands in anticipation. "I might as well build my second gate."

Few things can make him happy or show emotions. The thrill of battle and growing stronger are the two most important ones. It is better when he can have the two of them at once by grinding in this divine dungeon.

Within the Final Floor of the Divine Dungeon. Before Soverick began his rampage.

King Ode and the remaining celestials were having a small dinner party. They were chatting happily. Things have been good. The gods had been angry at the abrupt changes to their way of life at first, but they changed their minds and settled into their new life. It helped that they didn't have a choice. They couldn't even fall anymore. You can't fall from ground zero unless you lose your life too.

The gods had peace, they had their life and they had a future. It is a good future too. Their defense was almost perfect. Ode had used his former authority to set up the first stage of the divine dungeon. He had the utmost confidence in his various plans to withstand whatever the main plane could throw at them. He isn't the god of battles for nothing.

The gods just had to wait for the one that will set them free. What's not to like? So they settled in. The celestial gods were chatting and having a nice time. They hadn't received any attack in months and the attacks that came before had been foiled easily.

The absence of action on the part of the main plane for so long made King Ode feel uneasy. The main plane had sent attacks soon after he had activated the divine dungeon. But then they stopped all of a sudden. Could the main plane have given up? He would swallow his shoe rather than believe that. He knows that the first thing any army will do before they attack with their full force is to gather information. Then they plan and execute their plans.

Was the main plane planning now? If so, how could they have gotten any information about the divine dungeon? The last day's protocol was a secret known only to the supreme god. It was a knowledge that only one person could know at a time.

Considering the secrecy of the matter, its abrupt execution, and the different preventive measures he put in place, there should be no way for the main plane to gather information about the divine dungeon.

The earlier attempts of the main plane were foiled easily and he had made sure to separate the divine dungeon from the main plane with that portal as the only connection between them.

According to his understanding, there is no way for the main plane to sneak in or interfere with the workings of the divine plane. It is why they can't connect their communication devices to the main net of the plane. He was also sure that that terrifying Origin god of destruction will be helpless against the divine dungeon or why else hasn't he done anything?

Everything seemed to be going in the favor of the gods except he couldn't be at ease knowing who their enemies are. Could the racial council lose? Yes, but highly unlikely. But they wouldn't give up without a fight.

'So what are they cooking up?' he asked himself.

Ode had faith in all his preventive methods but he knew that the forces of the plane are unfathomable. The powers and abilities of the sages are inconceivable. But why were they scouting if they have information? Why would they even allow the divine plane to transform into the divine dungeon if they knew his plan? They could have stormed the divine plane and ended it all. So what is he missing?

Then the dungeon core flashed and blared an alarm. An invader was coming and it was one that isn't favorable to the fate of the gods. There would be no special treatment allowed for this invader.

"We have an attacker? About time. Let's watch the failure. It's short but epic. It is nice to see the little shits explode into gore." A celestial said in excitement.