

GREED: ALL FOR WHAT?

Chapter 20 20-The Promise Of Chaos.

The Gods of High Heaven use the power of faith to strengthen themselves, they use divine energy which although special, is weaker than Origin energy. N0v3lTr0ve served as the original host for this chapter's release on

Divine energy is will-infused mana. If ordinary mana was a wire, divine energy is like a needle. So although it is more powerful than conventional mana it is weaker than Origin energy.

People become capable of wielding origin energy which is the energy of laws when they become transcendents. Laws are the rules that govern the operation of the world.

The main reason that gods have been able to keep up with their counterparts on the path of perfection is that they can use their domain, divinity, and divine energy to subvert laws. But they ultimately fall short because the path of progress for gods is cut off after becoming a celestial god.

Even though celestial gods are more powerful than sovereigns and grand gods, they are weaker than Origin gods. That's why when those on the path of divinity become grand gods they participate in the trial of heaven to acquire the Origin essence to convert to the path of perfection by becoming origin gods.

He sometimes wonders why the realm trees in the void universe still propagate this flawed path of power, nevertheless, he had added the power of gods into his grand plan because it matched his view of perfection, the act of subverting laws.

His match with the grand goddess of lightning is bad for him. Lightning in its natural form destroys life. Gehaldirah can face lightning in its natural form as a sovereign of life but divine lightning is another matter entirely.

If they were outside the trial and he had his defensive artifacts and his weapon he wouldn't have been defeated so wretchedly. At the very least he could protect himself while he escaped unlike now that even his hair was singed.

Too bad the trial wants to test the excellence in training and battle wits without external influence, the clash between concepts that the sovereigns mastered or domains of grand gods and also luck.

When they reach their level of power they don't use fancy spells or gimmicks in a one-on-one fast-paced duel, their very thoughts and actions invoke the laws of the world. It's just a pity that he didn't use a fire-based concept to become a sovereign, if he had, his flames would be way stronger. It is a bad match-up to face a grand god with the domain of lightning, it was simply asking for a beating.

He decided to leave this near-death experience behind and continue his hunt. By this point, he had expended his first mark but still possessed five of them. He checked his status while he ran forward within a thick forest, and he saw that he was in the 800th place already.

"Good, good" he felt happy. "At the very least, things are going my way a little. I didn't suffer for nothing, I just have to maintain my winning."

It was too early to celebrate but he indulged himself and he paid for it. Soon he met his next opponent. He immediately tried to turn back so he won't be noticed but it was all to no avail.

It was a dragon, the giant lizard was just floating about. How could he not look up when he saw a large shadow moving across the ground? He just had to look up, it was instinctual.

"Fuck you. I hate you. Just wait, I'll get you for this in the future, I'll make your entire race pay one day." he cursed as soon as he was teleported to the sealed arena.

Then he admitted defeat quickly to prevent the dragon from making a move on him. But through it all the dragon was grinning, it loved the feeling of seeing ants scurry for safety in the majesty of its presence. While one of them was still cursing after being teleported away the other was in a good mood as it continued to roam the skies.

Gehald resumed his hunt in a bad mood. He was filled with vigor and vengeance. As the fighting continued, the fights were getting brutal and more people were dying.

The fights might have started as a spar or an exchange between people because it was difficult to kill someone early into the trial, but now even if someone was at a disadvantage he would still fight to the death, especially gods.

They don't fear death because they would be revived upon death, they would be seriously weakened but they would survive, so they always try their best till they die.

Gehald didn't back down in the face of their desperate struggle for survival, he met their ferocity with equal bloodthirst. It was unseemly for a high elf to behave in such a way and it was something increasingly fewer people will live to tell.

After fighting and killing for a total of 8 years the number of participants reduced to the necessary number of 4500. Gehald was able to reach the mid-500s with two marks remaining.

He shook his head as the will of the realm descended to inform them. He shook his head because with all of his effort the best he could do was rank lower within the top 880, and the odds are that there will be some people above him in rank with more than two marks, even some outside of the first 880.

But his confidence wasn't shaken because he knew that no matter how good you are, there would be someone better. He was just glad that he finally made it.

Then they were teleported to another world for the last section of the trial. The world they were teleported to was a bigger version of the sealed arena they fought in. A total of 4500 surviving participants were teleported to the seats. Here they would watch the challenge between the top 880 and those qualified within the top 2000.