

GREED 201

Chapter 201 The Aberrant.

They all agreed and crowded the dungeon core in anticipation. Ode was not at ease but he too was curious. He changed the view of the dungeon core to the tunnel for them to watch. The main plane had been silent, but now they were finally moving. What could they have planned for them? They wanted to see.

To an invader, it only takes a second for them to enter the portal and appear in the dungeon. But to the defenders, it feels like 10 seconds. They get notified as soon as the invader enters the portal, so they have time to prepare and wait before the invader actually appears. So they prepared and waited.

Ode didn't give any orders to the defending army. It was routine at this point. Nothing unusual had happened since the creation of the dungeon. The attacker would enter the portal and come face to face with numerous attacks that will shred them apart. Then something unusual happened. It was so unusual that the gods were stunned.

"Huh," Ode exclaimed.

But his voice was drowned out by the sound of the collision.

The attacker was an aberrant. Whatever it was didn't know what acceleration is. Then they watched as the attacker reaped through their defenders.

"This should be impossible." A celestial god complained.

They had bet their entire lives on this enterprise and yet they were failing right from the start. It was like betting on all the horses in a race except the one with an amputated leg. Then you watch as the three-legged horse beat out the other horses. A bet where all the outcomes are favorable to you except the impossible one. Soverick was making the impossible possible. Except he isn't three-legged but six-legged. He is a mutant, an outlier.

The battle ended quickly. The defending army was cleared and pushed back from the tunnel in less than a minute. Then the vision of the tunnel went dark. The gods became incapable of seeing what is going on there because that portion of the dungeon has been claimed.

It wasn't claimed because the outlier had said, "I'm laying claim to this place in the name of the Virut plane. Come and take it from me if you refuse."

It is claimed because the gods have lost their influence in that portion of the dungeon. The darkness of the tunnel made them panic. They turned to the one that had forced them into this bet.

"You have to do something."

"This can't be happening."

"We can't let that thing, whatever it is, out of our sight."

"We have to know what's going on there."

"Make the dungeon core show us."

They clamored and complained to Ode.

"Silence." He shouted at them.

They all became silent. He might not be the god-king anymore, but they weren't complete gods anymore too, so he still had power over them.

"I can't control the dungeon core. I can only use it to give orders and monitor the dungeon. We will just have to send in angels to recover our influence." He said to them.

So more angels entered the tunnel at the bid of their gods only to die again. It wasn't working. That six-legged mutant was not going to go down.

"Enough of this. We are just feeding him. The more we send to die at his hands, the more he will be able to fight. We still have the main army. We will stop them at that point. The outlier will be overwhelmed by numbers. There has to be a limit to how many he can take on at a time. His usefulness will reduce in a large-scale battle."

What Ode said made sense. They agreed with him. But it still grated on them that a wench had been thrown into their plan.

"What is he anyway?" A celestial god asked.

Yes, what is he? He looked like a vitality core stage battle sage monkey. They could see that much. But he wasn't behaving like one.

"Could he be an aberrant of refinement?" Another asked.

There are some people, for one reason or another, that can break the conventions of refinement. One such convention is that a vitality core stage cannot fight a mana entity. No matter the difference in skills, the power of a mana entity will overwhelm the vitality core stage.

One of them asked shakily. "You mean like the sages?"

The first sign of an aberrant is being undefeatable by anyone in their stage of refinement. It was the first definition of an aberrant. The Sages were the first aberrant of the battle sage monkeys. They were undefeatable by anyone in the transcendent stage.

"No, I mean like the dragons. Or even worse, the realm lord." The celestial god answered.

There are some who could go beyond fighting someone above their stage. They can even defeat them. The existence of these people made the first definition of aberrant obsolete. The effect of a royal bloodline can also make a transcendent undefeatable in that stage by others without a bloodline. So that definition was scrapped. Now aberrants refer to those that can even beat those with royal bloodlines and those above them without a bloodline.

"Could he be the descendant of a sage?"

"Did you notice his eyes? Isn't it similar to those of sages?"

"Even if he is, they only begin to show their prowess in the mana stage. That's why we limited the entry into the dungeon to the vitality core stage. Could they have broken that rule somehow?" Someone asked Ode.

The children of sages are also one of the reasons why the first definition of aberrants was scrapped. Still, they wouldn't be able to do what Soverick is doing at this stage. No vitality core stage refiner, aberrant or not should be able to do what he is doing.

So have the main plane managed to fool the divine dungeon by making a mana entity look like a vitality core stage refiner? Has far-fetched as it sounds, they would rather and easily believe it than believe that Soverick is a vitality core stage refiner.

Chapter 202 Level Up.

Has far-fetched as it sounds, they would rather and easily believe it than believe that Soverick is a vitality core stage refiner. It may be ridiculous but it is more believable.

"Enough of these speculations." Ode put an end to the sour conversation. "Aberrant or not, it won't matter. He will be overwhelmed with numbers."

Someone piped up shakily, "But the sages also couldn't be overwhelmed by numbers."

"It doesn't matter. I expected something like this. The canyon will reduce his mobility and make it very easy to surround him. There is a limit to what a single vitality core stage can do against millions of enemies." Ode said with conviction.

Back To Soverick.

Ode was right of course. There is a limit to what Soverick could do against millions of enemies. His single gate of momentum could only take him so far. But he is lifting that limit. How about two gates then?

What can the empowerment of two gates of momentum allow him to do against millions of enemies?
Not a lot.

"But it's just the start," Soverick said as he completed the second gate.

It didn't take him weeks like the first one. He had already mastered the process, plus he didn't have to tax his vitality core to provide the energy to create the gate. The energy was freely available courtesy of the angelic host. It took but minutes with the amount of control he had over his body and energy. He didn't feel stressed out by the process either, even the ball of fire he was prepping was still nice and dandy.

The gods were right to stop sending enemies to him to provide him energy, but they are wrong about the reason. The energy wouldn't make him untiring. It will make him stronger. At this stage, he doesn't need the gods to send soldiers to their deaths, he can bring death to them himself.

He stood up from where he sat in the middle of the tunnel. He felt heavier as the second gate burdened him. He shouldn't be able to make another gate because his vitality core, no matter how special it was, couldn't provide enough sustenance for the creation of another one. The divine dungeon has changed that.

He has already pushed his vitality core to its limit by making it create something beyond its stage. Asking for more of it is unwise and futile. But the energy from the slain angels helped bypass that requirement. All he has to do is to utilize the external aid to construct another gate. His body still has to bear the stress of another gate though.

Still, there were advantages to having more gates. He could store more momentum now. He might feel heavier but he is getting faster. The effect is slower but it is surely showing because he can absorb twice as much momentum now. The ground cracked beneath his feet from simply standing up.

"Not bad, but we can't have that in the tunnels. It will make the ground uneven and difficult for the troops to march on."

The tunnels couldn't be destroyed. The defenders had tried and he had tested the limit of the structural integrity of the tunnel. But the ground could be messed up.

So he adjusted his stance and activated his fleet foot technique. This time his leg didn't crack a small location, instead, the force was distributed onto a large surface. The grounds still cracked, but wider and shallower cracks were created in his passing.

"Better." He commented as he returned to the portal.

Reinforcements have almost filled the first half of the tunnel.

Then he said to one of his generals, "I'll be going ahead. We start major engagement as soon as the tunnel is filled to the brim."

"Yes, sir."

He reached the exit of the tunnel and examined the canyon.

"The tunnel can only take 3000 thousand of us at most. That means we have to fight them or remain stagnant. Stagnant is bad. We will be sitting ducks for them. But to attack is not easy either."

He had noticed the expanding gorge. It meant that the attackers will be hedged in while they fight against greater opposition. The defenders were all that filled his vision.

"They have at least a million, probably more. A single god can have an army of 100 million angelic soldiers. Let's hope their strength has been reduced but let's plan for the worst. That means they will continue to hit us and constantly expand our strength. So we have to be efficient about this. Thankfully, I don't need to innovate much about war tactics. The battle sage monkeys are not called that for no reason."

There is already a wealth of knowledge about various battle tactics due to the various wars that the battle sage monkeys have had and participated in. So he just had to modify their strategies to fit the situation. He took a lot of factors into consideration. Which includes the terrible war machines that he could see rising from the opposing army. They weren't anything sophisticated but it was more than enough to decimate the attackers.

He clicked his tongue in distaste. "Catapults and ballista. They just have to aim forward and we don't have anywhere to run or hide. They will rain rocks on us like hail in a storm."

He smiled and said, "Something is to be done about them. This sounds like a job for me."

He was looking forward to the battle and didn't need much reason to let loose. A reason just makes letting loose much better. Then he was gone. He informed his generals over their communication devices as he left.

There was a 100 meters space between the exit of the tunnel and the front lines of the defenders. They probably left that space there so that they will have ample room to pelt the attackers with projectiles and attacks. This space is three times larger than the small one they left for the ambushing attacks in the tunnels but he still reached them in less than a second.

Chapter 203 Desperation To Stop The Unstoppable.

He is faster and stronger. A new gate has a bigger impact than the little boost he gets from his armor. He reached the army quickly and caught them off guard. Even though the space was still larger, they didn't see him come at all.

They only heard a boom as he broke the speed of sound and then another boom as he smashed into their frontlines. But this time he didn't stop. He slammed into the army and continued as if they weren't there.

His spear was thrust forward as he met the army. They parted like the waters of a sea as if he were the rudders of a ship. He cut through them and continued cutting. He was heading toward the catapults and nothing seemed capable of stopping him.

The defending army responded. The catapults were ready and prepped so they just had to aim. They didn't care for their comrades implicated in their attacks, they had orders from high up to "Stop that Aberrant Mutant at all costs."

"As if that will work," Soverick smirked as he saw the rocks and the ballista shot at him.

He was too fast. Something like that couldn't catch him. He was long gone as the huge rocks crashed into the ground and exploded into shards. Even the shockwave didn't touch him. Only the angels were decimated by the attacks.

"Maybe I should do that instead," He remarked as he watched the damage the catapults were capable of.

He was wavering on destroying them. If they continue to use the catapults against him like this then they will do far more damage to themselves than he could do to them. But destroying the catapults is also important for the progress of the attackers. He was thinking about what to do when he suddenly slowed down. The angels had clumped themselves together in his path like sardines in a tin.

"This won't stop..." He sensed danger before he could finish his taunt.

He flashed backward immediately but he was still caught by the edges of an explosion. The angels had aimed their catapults within his path, he should have evaded them but the blockade they made with their bodies was enough to slow him down. Still, he was unharmed.

"This won't stop me, but I have learned a good..." His jaw dropped this time when he noticed the new arrangement of the angels.

They had clumped themselves together as far as his eyes can see. The change wasn't just in his immediate surroundings. They were determined to end his progress by whatever means. It is the result of their desperation to stop the unstoppable.

Their new formation had turned the water he was cutting through easily into rock. They also had their spears ready like the spikes on a porcupine. He could go no further while catapults were working overtime to pelt him with rocks.

"Fine, have it your way. This makes it all better." He said after failing to find any weakness in their body blockade.

He brought the fireball behind him into the palm of his hand.

"I am not a one-trick warrior. I have more I can do."

The ball in his hand whirled into life. It was like the engine of a golem given life by its creator for a single purpose. The ball became a flame in his hands, a big roaring flame. But it wasn't burning his hands. He turned his palm towards the army and unleashed the flame on them.

The flame burst forth into a pillar of fire that tore through the blockade for about 20 meters which is the limit of his divine sense. That would have been the end of it but Soverick began running again. This time the flame pillar led the way for him instead of his spear.

The flame pillar had a longer reach than the spear and more explosive damage. But it wasn't as flexible as a spear and it need a lot of time to accumulate the energy needed for it. It also had another glaring weakness. The energy wasn't finite. The ball fizzled out after a while.

Soverick snorted. "Nicely done. I'll be back."

He said before he turned around to escape. The army didn't want him to leave. They had already clumped together and hemmed him in. They would hold him back with their bodies and lives until he is smashed to bits.

Still, he was carefree. "I didn't want to do this. But I guess I have no choice." He said as he bent down and leap up.

The ground beneath his feet cracked as he jumped. He soared in the air like a bird. It was a pleasant feeling of flying. But the part he dreaded began as soon as gravity finally got a firm hold of him. He began to fall.

"I hate the landing so much." He complained before he slammed into the ground.

It was like a bomb went off. He created more destruction than the one he had created before.

"That wasn't so bad." He said.

He checked his body and found that it fared better than he expected. There was still damage though but it wasn't anything that he couldn't deal with. His second gate has made him more tolerant of the impacts of collisions.

He took off running, smashing into the disoriented army before they could recover. Then he would jump up when they try to hem him in. He did this until he returned to the tunnel.

"Things would be so much easier if I can become a mana entity." He grumbled as he sat down.

If he were a mana entity, his spell power would make him more unstoppable than his physical might. As he is, he is already pushing his mind to acceptable limits with the barriers he had constantly put up. His body can't take any more.

A normal vitality core stage won't be able to manage 2 barriers but he is handling 20. He could handle more but he is spending the bulk of his mind on holding the fireball spell. He has reached his limits in power output.

Chapter 204 Good Old Fashioned Grinding.

As it is right now, the gods had succeeded in hampering him a little. Something had to change or he wouldn't be able to make much progress in destroying the catapults.

The spell he had used was enhanced by amplified and delayed casting. The two spell techniques are tasking on their own but to use them simultaneously is too draining. He can handle it better if he were not creating and maintaining barriers. He is extraordinary for a vitality core stage refiner but he has reached his limits. He has reached the limit of what he can do against an army of that size.

But the ranged war machines have to be destroyed or all the attempts of the attackers to push into the dungeon with the army will be nullified and their current expedition will go to waste.

The only good news is that he has the energy to become a mana entity right now. The killing spree he had just gone on paid with a bounty of energy. Now he has a choice, become a mana entity or create another gate.

If he becomes a mana entity his spell power will improve. The quality and resistance of his body will skyrocket. Most importantly he will be able to walk in the air and fly. It is not something a normal person

will be able to do immediately after they become a mana entity but he isn't a normal person. So he won't need to jump to escape being cornered. He will be able to walk on air just like he can walk on water or land.

Making another gate will improve his momentum and he has a feeling that it will make him a stronger mana entity. That is if he can become a mana entity. His knowledge of life and energy is enough for him to realize that having more gates will mean an exponential increase in the need for energy to break through to the next level. He runs a risk of being stuck in this stage forever.

'Hail Legion.' he thought as he began creating another gate.

It wasn't a dilemma at all. He had become a mana entity before, but he hasn't become one with these gates. He had to explore the possibility of the gates to their fullest extent if only to acquire information. His progress can be sacrificed for the great collective that is Legion.

He doesn't live his life for himself but for the glory of Legion. Legion will be able to supply him with as much energy as he needs once the 9th clone awakens. Even if Legion cannot help him out then he will just reincarnate. It will cost a lot to reincarnate again but it will be worth it to get to the bottom of organ creation through the transformation of vitality by mana.

He created another gate and attacked the defending army once again. Their body blockage almost broke when he rammed into it but it held. He realized he still couldn't take them on right now. Their bodies were somehow bleeding him of his momentum faster than he can accumulate it.

So he remained content with just causing mayhem and destruction instead of trying to get rid of the catapults. He would just do some old fashion grinding, but even that wasn't allowed. The defenders consider him an eyesore and are always trying everything to kill him.

"That was close." He said after he dodged a harpoon.

The defenders had realized that no space must be allowed between themselves, not even to attack him. So they stood side to side and back to back. This restricted his movement and made it difficult for him to take advantage of his speed. The soldiers may not be attacking but the ballista and the catapults kept on shooting.

"I have to get rid of those catapults." He said before he got rid of more soldiers before he returned to the tunnel.

The tunnels were the only safe place where the projectiles wouldn't be able to get to him but he is quickly running out of time.

"The reinforcements are coming in. We need space or we have to return."

The tunnel can't take the entire army. He is running out of time before this place is stuffed full of soldiers like the angels stuffed themselves.

"One more after this, if it doesn't work then we will have to abort this expedition and return later." He decided on their plan.

Even though he had said only victory will do, he wasn't so bullheaded and stubborn as to walk right into an unfavorable situation. Victory is only won with preparation, hard work, and a situation that favors it. The attackers are already up against huge odds in terms of numbers, the catapults will increase that odds and make their failure all but certain.

Also, technically they haven't failed. They succeeded in getting a foothold in the dungeon. That counts as a small victory. They can use that to achieve greater things in the future.

He also wasn't going to sacrifice his future potential by becoming a mana entity now for the main plane. He came to the dungeon mostly for the energy that he can get here to create more gates. It was the option SQUARESKULL gave him so that he will leave the academy early.

His aim has always been to find out the usefulness of the gates to their fullest extent and to see if they will really turn into a new organ when he becomes a mana entity. For that, he must make as many gates as possible so that he won't face any regrets later on.

Deciding to break through to become a mana entity will give him a boost but it will mean he will be stuck here forever until the dungeon comes down. It is not a decision he can take lightly. The dungeon won't allow anything at the mana stage to enter or exit the dungeon portal. He can still break through

within the dungeon, but then he must achieve victory in this dungeon clearing or he won't be able to ever leave.

Chapter 205 The Responsibility Of The Leader.

There is still a lot he doesn't know about the dungeon to make such a commitment. So he focused on what he can do.

He made his fourth gate and returned to the battlefield. He was getting stronger and stronger but only slowly. The gates need time to accumulate momentum. They aren't for instant power-ups. He can choose to sacrifice his first one to enter a godly state of power that even mana entities won't be able to stand against him but he will lose that gate forever.

Instead, he is using the gates to empower himself gradually. What's worse is that the energy he needed for each consecutive one increased exponentially. He needs to struggle more and more to get the required energy.

He just stayed around the exit of the tunnel and killed the soldiers there. It was a decision he made when he realized that the dungeon will heal damage to itself by reverting changes to its constructs and environment. It's probably a defense mechanism to prevent itself from being destroyed.

It was another new thing that Soverick found out after fighting deep within the army for a long time. He didn't want the giant rocks to block the paths of the attackers or the exit of the tunnel. But then he realized that he was seeing less and less of the rocks that had been thrown at him. They were disappearing, and so were the giant arrows and harpoons.

"That's good news and all but that also means nothing can be done from within the dungeon to damage it unless the dungeon core is destroyed."

This fact was stated within the reports but he didn't know that it would work out like this. The dungeon was reverting all physical changes to its terrain. He just shook his head and returned to the tunnel.

It was almost full now with soldiers and more are still marching in.

"What's the word, Army commander?" His first general asked him.

They were asking if they will need to abort this expedition.

"I have tested their defense multiple times. It has allowed me to become familiar with their attack patterns and various reactions. Let me rest now before I go and take out their catapults. Their presence on the battlefield means our doom. So I have to destroy them." He answered brusquely before sitting down to create the fifth gate.

He didn't tell them that he had tried several times to destroy the catapults but failed. That would shake their faith in their army commander. Still, his general got the severity of the situation. If the catapults don't go, then we can't move forward. That will mean a return. So the general asked.

"Will you be able to take out the catapults, sir?"

Soverick nodded as if it was natural. "I will. Just let me rest my body and mind."

It is his job as the leader to show confidence. His confidence will boost and keep morale high. Morale is a very important thing to an army.

He also didn't tell them that he was doing something very important that could damage him severely if he fails. He doesn't trust anyone in the army. They are just tools, his tools. Tools can cut you, just like a knife you use for cooking can injure you. The moment a dictator relaxes around his underlings is when death starts to come for him. so he didn't ask them for protection or quiet.

To them, he is just resting. It will take the senses of a sovereign to determine what is going on in his body. A normal vitality core stage refiner will not be able to move when creating a gate, unlike him. Then again, a normal vitality core stage refiner won't be able to create a gate at this stage without the body control, energy manipulation, and the understanding of life that he possesses.

His back arched and his spine complained with the increased load of the gates. The gates were situated on his spine which is making it complain, but he hasn't reached his limit yet. He didn't show any sign of his pain too. Only a grim determination to perform what is needed for the progress of the arm was shown on his face. The tunnel was full by the time the fifth gate was finally constructed.

He looked back at the soldiers in formation. They stood side by side and arranged in order. They were 30 in a line. That is how wide the tunnel is and how much it can't take.

"I'll tell you if we will march forward or postpone our advance through the communication network." Soverick declared.

"Yes, sir." They all saluted.

He blurred like the wind and he was gone.

'Will he really be able to get rid of the catapults?' The general asked himself.

Their front lines could see the canyon and the army of angels waiting for them. They could also see the towering catapults in the distance. They knew that crossing the space between the exit of the tunnel to the front lines of the defenders will be deadly with the presence of the catapults.

So they were all hoping for Soverick's success. Their hearts were hammering in their chest. The sound of their beating heart was loud until they saw what Soverick was doing and their hearts dropped with their jaws. They didn't know what Soverick's aim was but it looked humiliating at first glance.

Soverick shook his head at the angelic army as he approached. They didn't take up arms against him. He was too fast for them to track and fend off. So they were content with just blocking him with their bodies. It was the action to the words, "if you want to pass, you will have to go through me."

It is laughable that an army will be forced to do this just for a single person. But it is what it is. It is all they can do to stop "The aberrant mutant," and it has been working so far.

Chapter 206 The Moment Of Truth.

To trump this tactic of theirs, the addition of his fifth gate had better be enough to overwhelm their blockade or he had better try something to make sure it will overwhelm it.

That's why he turned from attacking the defenders. He turned around and ran back towards the tunnel. He didn't run straight back too, he took the long way by running along the edge of the bottom of the cliff. Then he returned to the defenders when he reached the exit of the tunnel. Again, he didn't take

the straight way, he curved and ran along the edge. He repeated this again and again. He was running in circles.

The defenders were stunned as much as the attackers. The attackers were perplexed by the actions of their army commander. They didn't know what he was doing but they didn't think it would resolve the problem of the catapult. The defenders also thought so. So did the gods.

"Has he gone mad? What will that do?" A celestial god mocked.

"Well, it is understandable. He has tried all else but it has failed. Running in circles isn't so bad." Another one jeered.

The gods laughed and joked. Soverick had given them a big shock but the timely orders of Ode had put him in his place. Ode wasn't the celestial god of battle for nothing. He is the one commanding the angelic army. It was his orders to employ the body blockade tactic. They had sacrificed a lot of their soldiers just to immobilize Soverick but it is worth it if it keeps him away from their ranged war machines.

The gods are rich and could afford better war machines, but the restriction that only vitality core stage refiners can enter also works on them too. That restriction prevents the main plane from trying to flood the dungeon with golems and machines of war, it also prevents the gods from doing the same. So they can only use these archaic instruments of war that don't use mana at all.

It is all they have, so there's no way they will let Soverick reach the catapults. They would rather watch him rampage about on the front lines and kill as much as he wants. They were even willing to encourage it. It would be a good thing for them if Soverick becomes a mana entity. The dungeon will transfer him to a more appropriate place. He will be transported to the lower levels of the dungeon and it can be considered progress for Soverick. But it will also allow them to use more powerful means to get rid of him.

The sight of him literally running in circles was encouraging. It showed how frustrated he is. They could still see him through the dust he was picking up. It was still an enjoyable sight when all that dust began to gather. It began to become startling when the dust and the disturbed air formed a small cyclone. Things became confusing when that cyclone became bigger.

"What's going on?" One of them asked the very question that is plaguing all of their minds.

What is Soverick doing? What does he hope to achieve by kicking up so much dust? Is he really just throwing a tantrum? If he is, then it is one heck of a tantrum.

"This child is really fast." One of the pointed out.

"Isn't that obvious? We have seen his feats of speed before. That's why we employed that tactic."

"It is obvious. But I didn't know he could be so fast."

Ode was listening absentmindedly, he was also trying to figure out what was going on.

Another celestial god asked. "Was he this fast or did he get faster?"

Ode had had enough of their constant muttering. They were not helpful, it was only distracting him from thinking. So he started to berate the gods.

"What does it matter? How is that even relevant? Fast is fast..." He stopped mid-sentence.

It all clicked. The little incomprehensible details he had been seeing finally came together to paint a picture. Somehow, Soverick was getting faster, not slower the more he ran. It was illogical, unless...

"Quick stop him, he is getting faster." Ode shouted to the angelic army.

The catapults and ballista were already locked and loaded. So they fired at that growing cyclone.

Soverick smirked when he saw the approaching boulders. "I might as well start now."

It was all too late. Soverick had accumulated enough momentum. It is a wondrous thing to have 5 gates of momentum constantly empowering you. Imagine what they can do if you let them absorb a lot of momentum. Things can quickly escalate.

There were two cracks of thunder as he went straight for the angelic army. He had broken the sound barrier twice. The air howled and screamed as it announced the feat to all that could hear. The sound of the boom was almost deafening. It certainly is louder than the sound of his feet striking the ground like hammers.

Breaking the sound barrier is a feat that mana entities display. Breaking it twice as a vitality core stage refiner is unimaginable. Soverick had to dedicate all the mental prowess he could express to creating, fortifying, and replenishing physical barriers to protect him from the repercussions of his speed.

The speed wasn't stressing his body. He will experience this same amount of stress if he were standing still. What warranted the protection with barriers is the very friction from the air and all it contains. But most importantly is the force of impact he experienced when he smashed into the lines of the angels and tore through them.

In the past, when they were still loose and had space between each soldier, he would simply cut through them. But now that they had debased themselves and become clothes packed tightly into a suitcase, he tore them apart into shreds. They clumped together for protection, they will die together now that the reaper has arrived.

Chapter 207 The Cry For Battle.

Action creates an equal and opposite reaction. The impact of the collision is the reaction to his momentum. He had protection so he was safe from the impact. The angels on the other hand didn't fare so well.

As unbelievable and unexpected as it is, he had no choice. What else could he do? He wanted to pass but they made it so that he would have to go through them. He can't pass through them or phase through matter. He doesn't have that power yet. So he crushed them and trampled over their destroyed bodies. Nothing could stop him this time, their blockade did nothing to hold him back.

The thing about motion and friction is that once the initial friction against motion is overcome, it becomes easier to continue moving. Soverick had broken that threshold of force needed to overcome the barrier that they created with their bodies, so it became much easier to trample through them.

The spectating gods could do nothing as he rammed into their ranged weapons of war. One by one he destroyed the first lineup. There were still farther ahead. The gods had placed them in rows, just in case, something like this happens. They planned for their failure. So if he wants to destroy them all in one fell swoop, he will have to go deeper into the canyon without the support of his army.

"Another time then. I don't need to take them all out now." He said as he turned back.

Soverick felt unstoppable but he wasn't without caution. He chose to hold back and return to his soldiers. The remaining catapults are out of range too. Placing them that far back also made them ineffective threats. But he will need to destroy them before the attacking army moves into their range.

His soldiers had already begun to file out from the tunnel. They arranged themselves into their squads and ranks. They cheered when they saw the fast-approaching dust cloud that he left in his wake. They banged their blades against their shields in salute to their commander.

He stopped in front of them. Then he raised his hand and silenced them.

"It is time for battle. It is time for you to shine. It is time for you to show your determination to achieve victory. Some of you will die. But you will die knowing that you fought for the interest of the plane. You will die as heroes. Who here wants to die as a hero?"

"Heroes!" The army shouted once.

He continued, "As heroes, your names will be enshrined within the hall of heroes. Who knows, you might return in the future as a heroic spirit. Your tales will not be forgotten. But you have to make great tales first. Who wants to make history with me?"

They shouted and banged their shields in agreement. Battle sage monkeys are battle lovers. It is not by chance that all other species on the Virut plane with the smallest conflict with them have disappeared. Only races that they can't fight properly or can't eradicate remain with them on the plane.

It is not by chance that their GodKing has the domain of battle. It is also not by chance that they are not sages of knowledge, sages of strategy, or sages of peace. They are the battle sage monkeys. Their

excellence is shown on the battlefield. So these people are anxious to do battle. It is simply in their blood.

"There is no rush. Our brethren are still coming in. We will move forward when we need to create more space for them. No need to hog all the glory for ourselves. We have enough glory to go around"

They cheered again.

"But if the angels are anxious and can't wait to enter our gaping maw then they can come. Glory is forged through the bloodshed of battle. So we will take as much glory as they can give us. We will stand strong. We will be unbreakable. We will be unstoppable." He raised the spear in his hand and shouted. "We will be victorious."

The army echoed the sentiment. "Victorious!" "Victorious!" "Victorious!"

Their voice rose up and echoed through the canyon. Their voice is the very sound of battle. Anyone that hears them will know that they are ready for battle. They are practically crying out loud for it.

"Shields up." He shouted and they obeyed.

Each member lifted their shield to protect themselves. The shields locked together and turned the army into a turtle in a shell. The rain of arrows clattered harmlessly off of the shield. If the projectiles had been giant boulders then the result would have been different.

"Hold it together. We have days to go at this." Soverick encouraged them.

The attackers did not intend to rush forward to meet the defenders. They were currently outnumbered, doing so will spell their doom. The fact that they will have to spread apart as they go further from the exit of the tunnel means that it will be easy to pick them off. So they will rather wait and advance slowly. They weren't in a rush. Holding their shields up like this will not be the end of them. Soverick had drilled them for weeks at a time without rest.

The angelic army also didn't tire easily. They could continue firing arrows for ages. Except that the arrows aren't working. They also didn't have unlimited arrows. Which left magical assault as a means of causing ranged damage. But that will mean moving closer to the attackers before their magical spells will enter the effective range.

Odds are that magical attacks won't work either because of the shielding, so they might as well engage the invaders. The other viable option is standing there and doing nothing until the attackers swell in numbers and initiate the attack themselves. That couldn't be allowed to happen. So they rallied and moved like a torrent hoping to smash their enemies apart.

"First ten-row prep axes," Soverick commanded.

"First row throw."

His shout marked the start of battle.

Chapter 208 Advance And Scorch.

The front row of the attackers threw one of the axes strapped to their armor. Then they switched with the ones behind them. The axes whistled through the air and cut down the angels, but more replaced their downed comrades.

"Second row throw."

"Third row throw."

More and more axes flew forward and found purchase within the enemy ranks. Some of the attackers were caught by the arrows but they were easily rescued and replaced. The bastion that they created with their shields remained unbroken.

"Tenth row throw."

The last ranged attacks finally flew. A lot of the angels had been cut down but they were about to reach the attackers.

"Front row Brace for impact. Second row prep spears. Third to thirteenth row prep axe."

He sent out orders quickly.

"Hold. Hold. Hold."

The angels smashed into the front row like a wave against rocks. The front row stood their ground under the impact.

"Second row impale."

The soldiers in the second row used the small space between shields to attack the enemies.

"Third row throw."

The axes cleared out the front lines of the angels. The arrows were still incoming so some of the attackers were caught. The angels don't care about their comrades and kept firing arrows. They don't feel pain and they have a larger number. They could afford to exchange some of them for the lives of the invaders. The angels are energy beings, an arrow to the head won't kill them, it will only reduce their energy and weaken them. Only a heavy attack will kill them. The invaders on the other hand are flesh and blood, an arrow can kill them or at least injure them.

Then the army moved as a whole. The front row stepped over the bodies of the downed enemies and pushed against the ones still standing to move forward. They used the blades in their hands to kill the ones beneath their feet while the second row used their spears to reduce the resistance against the front row.

The angels are a difficult opponent to fight. They don't feel pain or tire out. They can heal from small injuries at least once before their form disperses from more damage. The one good thing about them is that it is easy to know when they are still alive. If they still have a form, then they are alive. A dead angel is a dispersed angel. Only when there's no corpse left can you be sure that an angel is well and truly dead. So the attackers can safely determine the situation of their opponents.

"Fourth row throw. Advance and scorch."

The army moved forward like so. They turtled up and minimized their losses. Though the enemy showered them with arrows and beat them with swords, they couldn't break their defenses. They were truly unbreakable. Even though their pace was slow, they were unstoppable. They would move a single step at a time, clear out nearby enemies, claim that ground, reinforce their numbers, and rotate their front lines with fresh soldiers. Then they would repeat it.

"Slow and Steady." Soverick encouraged while he ran amok the angels, running interference.

There is little he can do against the numbers of the enemy but that increases when he is being backed up by his soldiers. The angels might have stood a chance against him if they used their body blockade tactic but they couldn't because it will leave them vulnerable to his soldier's attacks. So now, he can kill them very easily.

The attackers fell into a rhythm. They matched in tune with one another. Their actions and their minds were in synch. They began singing the song of the army as they matched forward.

"To battle, we go."

The defending army was like a swarm. Unrelenting and in large numbers. They felt no pain and they moved with a purpose. But they are ultimately mindless, incapable of higher thought. Angels weren't supposed to be this weak. The changes to the divine plane siphoned energy from them which reduced their quantity and quality. The lowest of angels used to be transcendent, capable of emotions, thought, planning, and full of might. Now they moved to the orders of their superiors like mindless drones or dungeon mobs. They are the enemies that Soverick and his army are facing in battle.

"For one thing we seek."

Their enemies might be unfeeling, but the attackers were also stoic. Their enemies might be in large numbers but the attackers were a mass of many working as one, for one purpose, of one accord. There is only one thing that unites them in body and soul.

They sang as they matched in tune.

"We fear nothing."

There is nothing to fear. They can say that because Soverick made them go through illusion arrays meant to mentally torture people until they let go of their fears. No matter what they face, they will not scatter, they will not run, and neither will they abandon their brethren. They will remain together with a bond forged by a single purpose and face all enemies together. It is this bond that made them hold steady and march forward under pressure.

"We fear no one."

This isn't exactly true. There is a lot that they fear. They fear Soverick, a lot. It is because of their fear of their army commander that no one will consider desertion. They also fear defeat. So they grit their teeth when a stray arrow finds them, or when the blade of an angel finds a weakness in their defense into their flesh.

"Only victory will do."

They do all those things because only victory will do. They won't accept any less.

"Bloody bodies of foes."

"Rivers of blood will flow."

"The earth will gorge on it."

"But we trample on it."

On and on they marched. The battlefield was filled with the sound of clashing weapons and grunting soldiers. Metal against metal and metal against flesh. But the only ones bleeding are the attackers. It started as a drop here and there from the smallest cut until it escalated into something more.

Chapter 209 The Song Of War.

The cuts soon heal.

But the bigger lacerations of flesh continue to bleed. It doesn't help that they are in constant motion, always swinging their blades, always moving their legs, always matching forward. So their blood falls to the earth which they stood upon, only to be trampled upon by the comrades that follow behind.

"Only victory will do."

Nothing else will do. It is what Soverick has sculpted them into. They simply repeat that chant in their mind as they matched forward. "Only Victory Will Do." It's what Soverick told them to think of when he forced them to match under the aura of a titan of law. That titan had released the full might of her aura on an entire army. They were shivering where they stood unable to move a single muscle. Even their dull senses could feel the threat to their lives.

The repetition of that chant didn't make them suddenly able to move, but it helped ease their fear, especially when they could hear the soldiers next to them also chanting it. They might not be able to handle the aura of a titan of law but they can take the overwhelming numbers of their enemies. Only Victory Will Do.

"Till our bodies break."

"And our backs give out."

"Till our souls wear down."

"And our will gives up."

For days they continued matching. For days they continued to stand strong as they weathered the attacks. For days, they bled, they fought, they sang and yet, they didn't tire. Each one of them is a vitality core stage refiner. They are greater than a normal man in healing and stamina. But even days of constant, non-stop fighting could break a man. They had experienced days of practice before coming here but it is nothing compared to what they are facing.

"Only victory will do."

They are not perfect. They wear and tear, but it doesn't matter. They are but a wheel or a gear in the clockwork that is the army. Their bodies may break, their backs may give out, their very souls might wear down and their Will give up, but the clock keeps running. The wheels and gears turn, they are tuned by the orders of their army commander, and they are replaced by their brethren when they wear out. They all know that they are not alone.

"Even through stormy seas"

"Even through sundered skies"

"Even on our last breaths"

"Even on our last legs."

"Only victory will do."

Still, they held on. They helped their fallen brethren up. They replaced their worn-out comrades. It is difficult to kill them because of their vitality. But many of them have died. They simply matched on and continue in the pursuit of what their comrades died for. The Virut plane must be free from the gods and must have origin energy.

Such is the life of a soldier. No matter the weather or the situation, no matter the odds, a soldier follows orders. A soldier is a weapon to be wielded in the machination of victory.

The gorge within the canyon continued to expand. From a width of only 50m to 200m over a distance of 100km. It took them 15 days to make that distance. They had to shed blood for every inch that they faced. It didn't help that the increase in width meant that the enemies they faced increased and they had to fight extra hard to defend the grounds they have already claimed.

Soverick stood overlooking what was left of his army and their enemies. His soldiers had reduced from 1 million to about 700 thousand. Their enemies have been reduced from 10 million to 100 thousand. The victory that they sought was in sight, it is all but certain.

He had been highly significant to their victory but that significantly reduced as they moved further within the gorge until his major contribution was just removing the ranged weapons of war. Even the amplification of the total eight gates he has didn't make him stand out more than usual. That left the army to do most of the work. They had scraped and sacrificed but they have finally reached this step.

Beyond the last of the resistance is a massive gate. It is their target, the gate to the next levels of the divine dungeon. The defending army didn't want them to reach this step but they are here finally.

"We are almost there. Don't slack now." He encouraged them.

They just had to wipe out these remnants and they would be free to do whatever they want to do.

'Maybe we shouldn't overwhelm them.' He scratched his chin as he considered what to do with this remnant.

They already had these mobs cornered. He could use them to grow his army so that a lot of them will be able to reach the mana entity stage. The opponents they will face behind that door will be of that stage. He is already having trouble getting the energy he needs to create another gate, which means he can't break through either. Since he might not be reliable for the next stage of the expedition, it would be more assuring to prepare others that might fill in.

He was still considering what to do when something changed with the angels. They stopped fighting, made contact with one another, and melded into one. Then they repeated the process. Each time they were getting bigger.

"They are fusing?" He asked in astonishment.

"Stand back." He yelled at the army.

The army stopped attacking. He gave out more orders to make the army withdraw to a safe distance. He didn't know what the angels were doing but it is obviously a last-ditch effort. It also had to be something they didn't want to do or couldn't do easily, or they would have done it right from the start.

He has two choices, attack and try to stop whatever they are doing. Or they could stand back and watch, and assess the situation before taking the appropriate actions.

Chapter 210 Desperate Times Call For Desperate Actions.

The first option is incredibly risky, it might end in the interruption of whatever the angels are doing or it might lead to a large death in his soldiers because they jumped head first into an unknown situation.

He decided not to take the risk. Victory is already in their hands, there's no reason to take risks. It's the gods that need to take risks, they have nothing to lose either way. He had them pressed against the wall. They have nowhere to go. They can't escape their fate. This is why they are executing this last-ditch effort.

The last ditch effort of a cornered enemy is mostly desperation but also highly dangerous. Many a foe has fallen to the desperate acts of cornered enemies. The moment when victory is about to be had is another moment when defeat is possible. So Soverick kept his guard up and decided not to interfere in whatever was going on.

He stood confidently in front of his army. They stood confidently behind their army commander. Even though their arms and legs were shaking and their muscles were sore, they still stood strong.

They were not spotless like Soverick, and their armor wasn't gleaming like his but they had confidence on their side. Their armor was damaged in various parts here and there. The blood on their armor belongs to them and their comrades. They may be tired, bloody, and broken, but it is the gods that are desperate.

The angels completed their transformation. The 100 thousand of them had fused into one colossal entity. It was a massive worm more than a kilometer long and 20 meters tall.

What they transformed into wasn't a snake. It didn't have scales, a sleek body, eyes, or fangs. It was just a long mass of energy in the form of a giant blue worm with a circular gaping maw.

Soverick didn't underestimate the worm at all. He could feel the immense amount of energy within it and something with that much energy couldn't be underestimated.

It raised its head and shrieked soundlessly. It was silent but everyone could hear it in their mind and feel the soul attack within the mental transmission. It was incoherent nonsense that felt like a heavy blow to the head. The soldiers tried to remain still and in battle formation but they were rendered mentally incapacitated. They stood frozen like helpless lambs before a predator. Some could still move but it is safe to say that the army is done for if that creature can make those deliberating shrieks regularly.

Then the worm began sucking in air through its gaping maw. A wind picked up that would have pulled the soldiers into the mouth had they been close to it. Only rocks and stones were swallowed. But that wasn't all. It glowed brightly before regurgitating what it had swallowed in the form of a beam of energy that headed straight toward the army.

Soverick was in the way since he was in front of his soldiers. He began creating magic barriers in the path of the attack. The beam struck the barriers and was stopped. It was tearing through them but the barriers were being replaced just as fast as they were destroyed.

Soverick stood behind his barriers while admiring the attack. All he could see was a bright light from the blue energy beam. The attack ended five seconds after.

"Fascinating," Soverick said in appreciation.

This creature created from the fusion of the angels is still in the vitality core stage but the amount of energy it has pushed it beyond that to have the power of a mana entity. The gods had found a way to bypass the restriction on power in the divine dungeon. The creature is technically a vitality being, it doesn't have any mana in it but it has power as if it has mana.

"It is large. It has a soul attack to render its enemies helpless. It can swallow them if they are close to it and if not, it will destroy them with its energy beam. It is not a bad desperate action but it has a terrible price to pay."

The worm is a good enemy but there are disadvantages to its existence. It's something that cannot escape his acute senses. This creature is in an unnatural state, it cannot sustain itself. No vitality core

being can be that big and powerful. So it is reverting but in a bad way. It is breaking down itself to continue remaining in that state. If left alone, it will die on its own.

He shook his head and said. "Foolish gods.

Then he shouted it to the sky. "Did you hear me? I called you foolish. You gods are foolish."

The more he examined this monstrosity, the more disappointed he became. The gods were indeed scraping the bottom of the barrel for a way out but he would have done better. There's so much he could have done to remedy the disadvantage or at least reduce it.

"What did I expect from a desperate action?"

Some other people might have been foiled by these developments but his senses picked up on it. A person that doesn't know the true state of this creature will order the army to stay together, stand their ground and fight the creature as one.

Scattering in the face of a foe is the first step toward defeat. It is a smart decision considering the amount of information that the person has. But that decision will make them easy to round up by that gigantic hole for a mouth that the monster has. It is a gamble that the gods played.

But he knows that they don't have to do anything and they will still get their victory. A lot of the soldiers will die during the chase. Still, they will have their victory. They just need to hold out. But he is bitter. He is bitter because leaving the monster alone will make them miss a big opportunity.