

GREED 21

Chapter 21 21-Joy Or Sadness.

Before they were teleported away, the will of the realm had frozen everyone and delivered a message. Gehald heard her voice in his head, just like everyone else. She said

"Congratulations Gehald Oakstein. You have performed well, I saw your efforts, you deserve to have survived. You even did more than just survive, you are among the top 880 and are eligible to receive a bead of origin essence. You should be proud."

Gehald didn't think so, he thought more about it. "Sure, I did well but it isn't anything special. At least not yet, when my plan goes through, then I can be proud."

As much as he revered mother High Heaven her acknowledgment couldn't make him proud, but it was nice to be noticed.

"You still have marks left over. One of them will be used to waive the challenge so you will receive your Origin bead. The last one will be used to give you a discount of 10% when you turn your points into rewards of your choosing. There is a 10 points bonus for surviving this stage, 20 points for surviving with two marks, and 644 points for defeating 22 other participants, which brings you to a total of 674 points. Make sure to get something good with them and Goodbye."

Usually, there would be no audience when people fight in the arena, but the arena had been unsealed for viewing. The list of participants had also been fully unlocked, you could only see your name, position, score, and marks before, but now you could see the information of the other participants except that in the place of names you will only be to see race.

The 4500 that have survived are the best of the best or at least are supposed to be. They are the 20% that survived this Origin cycle's trial of heaven. So they will be rewarded after the challenge has ended.

The basic range of emotions after the ordeal is pretty easy to analyze. On one hand, some feel like they were truly lucky to survive, to them just being alive is more than enough for them. They might have even been traumatized but being alive will grant them the opportunity to get over it.

On the other hand, are those who see surviving as a matter of course. They hadn't expected anything less. Their very existence has been validated as the best of their peers. No matter the opinions of the survivors, it doesn't remove the experience of surviving such an ordeal. The result of this trial will lead to immense effects across the realm.

But for now, they just have to get over this last section before they will be moved to a private place where they can exchange for treasures based on the number of points they have. They will wait out the remainder of the 200 years in their private rooms, then they will be teleported to the planar gates of their home planes or just outside the tower of heaven.

Gehald is among the happy ones. All his effort will soon pay off and he would be able to set his plan into motion. He couldn't wait to leave the arena, he just wasn't in the mood for more fighting, just watching is also unbearable for him. He is tired of the fighting and killing, it will be difficult to not be after 132 years of it.

He decided to look through the list of participants to entertain himself. As he was scrolling through the list, the person beside him who had been sniveling had finally decided he couldn't hold it in anymore.

"Jeera, Jeera is gone. Jeera is gone." He kept screaming as he wept loudly. Gehald didn't give him any attention.

Gehald was in too good a mode to care, he wouldn't allow this crying giant to ruin his mood. But the giant didn't let up "Oh my Jeera, my poor Jeera."

On the other side of the giant, someone shouted "Will you shut up you big oaf."

This only caused the giant to increase his voice. When Gehald heard the voice coming from the other side of the giant he paused, the voice sounded familiar but it was muffled by the loud crying voice.

He turned to look but he couldn't see past the 15 meter tall sobbing mess. He let it go and decided to pay more attention to the ongoing of the arena.

They had all been frozen after the meet and fight section of the trial, during that time when the will of the realm was talking to him, the challenged and the challengers had been decided. Mother High

Heaven had collated the results of each participant and informed them of their various circumstances, the ones that would be challenged had been informed and the ones that wished to challenge had expressed their intentions to do so to her.

So when they were teleported here to the sealed arena, the ones eligible to challenge had been decided by the will of the realm based on the number of marks they have, then she would pair fighters up according to her will. Deaths are not allowed during the fighting.

Currently, in the arena, a beautiful lady in bright red and yellow dress was facing a grand god with a disaster domain, a burly ogre garbed in only loincloth. The god is huge compared to the little lady, he looked barbaric to her elegant demeanor which didn't diminish as the fight continued.

She is the challenger and people could see she was probably one of those who didn't take the trial seriously because she wasn't taking this fight seriously too. She floated there, her hair of flames gently waving back and forth as soft flames resembling water washed around her and destroyed everything in its path.

It is a simple move that has managed to stifle the ogre god. He has a domain of disasters, he could cause catastrophic environmental damage. He has used earthquakes, landslides, tornadoes, tsunamis, and meteor strikes to get this far, those around him would experience bad luck and mistakes even in simple actions like walking. He was a walking disaster.

Gehald had to admit that the god had a repertoire of truly useful tools. But all of his tricks didn't work on the lady, she was destruction incarnate. Her flames destroyed everything and anything thrown against it, the god was tempted to move closer to her to engage in a melee but he threw that idea out of his head. Earlier, he had thrown a meteor at her to bypass her flames but it had disintegrated before touching her.