

GREED 29

Chapter 29 Model Hosts.

The realm Lord's speech reverberated through the floors of the entire tower of heaven. The survivors stood up when his divine sense descended. They held the utmost respect for the realm lord. It wasn't an easy achievement to beat out the geniuses of the entire realm and become the realm lord.

Those who are in the know are aware of the hunt that was started in the past for the young Monarch High Heaven when it became obvious that he was going to become the realm lord with the terrifying rate of his improvement.

Even though the realm lord didn't project his voice to the entire ancient battlefield, those with powerful senses could hear him if they strained their senses enough. It is because the message was not entirely passed through sound waves, there were fluctuations in origin energy and laws too.

Most transcendents may have a hard time hearing his message but beings with at least the power of a lord of law could hear him no matter where they are on the ancient battlefield, all the gods that bothered to pay attention could hear him too.

In one of the top-class restaurants in the city of wealth, a city built for the wealthy on the ancient battlefield, by the wealthy, and for the convenience of the wealthy. Dylganihl sits in one of the private rooms of this restaurant, stuffing his face with meat and all manners of delicacies.

"The food here is just excellent, and you people are so generous, so hospitable. I think I don't have a choice but to come here again and again. I'm telling you, this place will always be my first choice, honestly." he said before taking a swig of the very expensive wine on his table.

There were attendants around him and they are being led by the very chief chef of the restaurant. Dylganihl's comment didn't sound like a compliment to them but more like the little Tyrant challenging himself to try and make them bankrupt.

"Thank you, your excellence for your divine favor," the chef said through gritted teeth.

"It's the least I could do. I can't just come to your place, eat free food, drink free wine and not compliment the host. I wasn't raised that way, I was taught proper manners." Dylganihl proclaimed honorably.

The chef cursed in his mind "What shitty manners?"

He could only swallow his words and thoughts, he wouldn't dare to say them out loud. Even the owner of the restaurant and the leaders of the city cannot do anything to this maleficent entity.

Dylganihl doesn't pay for his food. This offense is something that most Sovereigns don't dare to do. They cannot even do it and get away with it if they dared, because the properties in the gigantic city of wealth are backed by a superpower or the other.

Even Origin gods cannot escape after committing a crime here because the Origin gods are in charge of the security of the city. So it is too much of a hassle for an Origin god to steal especially with the irritating suppression of the plane.

Origin gods can handle other origin gods, but they can't handle Dylganihl. Dylganihl also seems to be immune to the effects of suppression as he ate the food with gusto.

The problem isn't a matter of power, the highest strength anyone can use inside the realm tree is sovereign level, but this disadvantage to other origin gods is more of a perk to Dylganihl.

The first time he came to the restaurant and was asked to pay, he simply disappeared and popped into the treasury of the restaurant. He could have escaped with his Spacial talent, but he went through the treasury, took one or two things that he fancied, and returned with money from their treasury to pay them.

The alarm had gone on in the treasury to indicate an intrusion, Dylganihl allowed it to let them know where he had been. Since then he had been able to have his way in the entire city of wealth. His reign of terror didn't end when several Origin god powerhouses tried to ambush him.

He had simply entered the treasury of the city because they were in cohort with his assailants. He claimed some treasures from the city treasury as a salve that will heal his poor damaged heart, a reasonable claim. Everyone knows how precious a dragon's heart is, but no one knew his is so fragile.

So there he was, trying his best to eat this particular restaurant out of business when he heard the speech of the realm lord. He stopped eating to listen. He truly admired the realm lord for his superior talent and resolve.

The message exhorted him. He rose from his seat when he was done, his power flared around him, and space around him seemed to become layered, one could see places kilometers away from his current location within the folds of space as if he could just reach out and appear there.

His subconscious release of power made space become distorted around him. He was like a volcano rearing to explode, the attendants around became scared for their lives. They didn't hear the speech, they only saw Dylganihl stop, stand up, and flare up.

"Please, your excellency. Mercy, mercy, I'll change anything you don't like." The chef pleaded.

If it were someone else he wouldn't be afraid because of the laws of the city. But the laws meant nothing to Dylganihl, he is a free spirit, unbound by the fetters of the world.

Dylganihl didn't pay attention to the people around him, "Time to train" he muttered inwardly. He leaped into one of the folds of space, it felt like he merged with it like he was being enveloped, then he disappeared.

The people around him nearly choked, whenever Dylganihl disappeared like that he was about to throw a tantrum. That meant he would go through their treasury again.

"That's it, I'm dead. I'm done for. My father told me not to focus on cooking. He must be rolling for joy in his grave right now." the chef continued to mutter, his eyes unfocused while the various possibilities of the disaster that could happen swirled through his mind.

They waited for the disaster but Dylganihl was gone.

The reason Dylganihl became uptight was because of a piece of certain information that the realm lord had told them during the meet-up. Dylganihl thought back to that scene. The realm lord sat relaxed as he said "I'll like to inform everyone here that I have met the minimum requirement to become a world god."

This tidbit was met with a myriad of reactions. To the new origin gods, they were simply astonished, to them it was simply a wonderful achievement, nothing else. But to the more knowledgeable ones, he was inconceivably too young to become a world god.

Sure the requirements to become a world god are lax for realm lord and they had suspected as much when they noticed his single domain of power which signifies that he has achieved unity. But they were shocked nonetheless.

Monarch High Heaven is currently known as the youngest to achieve sovereign power, then the youngest to become Origin god. Now he is telling them he would become the youngest to become world god in the entire void universe.

They were simply horrified, then they became excited. The excitement wasn't for his success but for the fact that the era of conquest would soon start.