

# GREED: ALL FOR WHAT?

## Chapter 4 4 For Blood And Glory, Or For Some Other Stuff.

In the heaven-reaching tower at the center of the ancient battlefield, in a certain room atop this tower is a creature. In that certain room, with a rather elegant throne in it, is where this even better elegant creature likes to sit.

This creature is of otherworldly beauty, with pointy ears which makes him out to be of Elven lineage. An astute eye will be able to tell that this creature is a male High elf, because of the tall height, lean stature, green hair, and eyes the color of gold which is unlike their female counterparts with wheat-gold hair and green eyes.

As impressive as that astute eye is, it will also note that even though it could see this creature, it can't sense its existence. Only law-sensitive senses will be able to notice the congregation of Origin energy towards him, which formed a cocoon of sorts around him, embraces him and merges with him. This gives the effect that he is one with the world.

Mind you this isn't because of the high affinity with mana his race affords him, it is much more than that. It is the effect of the combination of his power as an origin god and his access to the realm heart of the high heaven realm.

This creature is the Realm Lord of the High Heaven realm. His name is somewhat long in the Elven tongue but we will skip it and move on to important things. We also won't bother with the fact that before he came into this world he used to be called Jason on the small spherical rock he called home, for now.

Since he isn't the main character of this story we will call him what he likes people to call him, we will refer to him as Monarch High Heaven from henceforth.

Before he was the realm lord, Monarch High Heaven was a truly talented young member of the high elves. Even with the highest affinity of any race with magic that his race possessed he was outstanding among the elves. And with this outstanding talent did he become the youngest person in the history of High Heaven to become a sovereign, and later to become the realm lord.

He beat the old monsters of the realm to it after walking a path of slaughter and supremacy. In another 10-100 Origin cycles he could become a World god, so needless to say he is also proud of himself and happy with his achievements.

He was woken from his long period of meditation by the will of the realm. She whispered in his mind and told him that it was another Origin cycle.

"I don't care what anyone says, it is exactly like Christmas from back on earth"

He smiled and rose from his levitating and exquisite throne, a throne that was made from a branch of the guardian tree of his home plane as a sign of honor. This throne ensures that whoever sits on it will maintain his or her youth for eternity and always be full of youthful vigor, which frankly isn't anything to an Origin god, but then he sits on it because he respects the trees that ensure the survival of the Elven race.

The throne is the last thing on his mind right now as he stepped down from it onto gentle ripples that appear in space beneath his feet that bear his weight. He is thinking of the Origin essence he would receive after the conclusion of the trial of heaven.

Different things come to the mind of different people during the advent of the trial, but Origin gods from High Heaven always feel intense jealousy. Which they sometimes admit, but world gods would never admit to being jealous.

The realm considers all of her children adults when they become Origin gods, so she doesn't cater to their needs anymore. Especially their need for origin

essence, which every sovereign needs to break through to become an Origin god and subsequent breakthrough to the World god level.

But that isn't the situation with him, he is the realm champion, the special child of the realm, the lord of the realm. Only he is still pampered like a child, pampered with protection and Origin essence.

Realm lords are not common in the Void universe, you would think it ought to be considering that a realm tree just needs a single one of her near uncountable children to reach the requirements for a fusion with the realm heart. But this requirement is a tall order, especially if you have to do it faster than others, there can only be a single realm lord. The origin of this chapter's debut can be traced to  $n(0) \vee (b)(j)(n)$ .

A realm tree with time will have a realm lord eventually but the earlier the better. Since the trillions of years since the beginning of the universe, some realm trees still don't have realm lords. Realm lords protect the realm tree, uphold the laws of a realm, make the processes that go on in the realm proceed without any problem, and someday when the universe ends, will ensure the realm tree's survival.

But a realm lord has to be strong for all that, that's why the realm always pampers its realm lord.

He is in a good mood, so he put in some extra elegance in his usually over-the-top elegant gait. He walked over to a wall that opened when he reached it.

It opened to nothing but an endless view of the ancient battlefield. From here he could see into every plane, active or inactive, for in his realm he might as well be omnipotent and omnipresent. He can do whatever he wants as long as it's not against the will of the realm.

Maybe to others, the origin cycle is a call to blood and glory, but to the will of the realm, it is a culling ritual. She uses this opportunity to reduce the

population of extraordinaries by enticing them with goodies. She then weeds out the weak and rewards the strong.

He doesn't care about any of that, after all to him, it is time to receive his allowance from mother High Heaven, and he couldn't be happier. Then he burst into laughter when he thought about the various messengers and representatives that will come when the trial starts.

His laughter rang out like singing, it could make weak minds lose themselves. He could imagine all the jealous gazes directed at him, and he became even happier.

Precious things are rare and scarce. They are even better if they are unique. The position of the realm lord and the rewards that come with it are certainly unique in the void universe.

This event will also allow him to meet some old friends and do some chatting with his peers. After all, it isn't very often that they have a reason to meet, the path to perfection is a lonely one. Not to forget the auction that will be attended by the representatives of the supreme races and individual powers.

The trial of heaven means different things to different people, especially to merchants and slave masters. These business-oriented class of people aren't mortals, far from it, especially those that have witnessed more than one origin cycle. The trial of heaven is an opportunity to make money for these people.

To do business on the ancient battlefield at all will need either personal strength or extraordinary backing. And to experience more than one origin cycle you must be a mid-god powerhouse on the path of divinity or a lord of law on the path of perfection. The period of the trial of heaven causes a boom in profits for businesses because of the influx of people from all the planes of existence.

People from all planes will gather at the tower of heaven, it is almost like animal migration or a pilgrimage. 600 years from now, you will see a multitude of creatures here as far as the eye can see, creatures of various races standing around the tower that reached the sky of the ancient battlefield.

It is a sight that will boggle the mind, and more will arrive in the next 200 years to burgeon the numbers present here to unimaginable levels. You will be able to see flying animals and levitating magical constructs of various sizes and shapes.

Most notable is palpating sense of power that is infused into the atmosphere. From it, you can sense the Titans of the path of perfection, and the Sovereigns of law. There is visible tension in the air, the only thing stopping fights from exploding is the sense of propriety at such a sacred event. There's also the promise of death for showing disrespect in the presence of the realm lord.

That's why there are demarcations based on race, power level, and social standing. But the most powerful participants won't be here until it is near the time for entry into the tower.