

GREED 45

Chapter 45 You And What Army?

Legion one saw a stone skin origin god approach him. He waited patiently for the origin god to approach but when he was a distance from him the origin god stopped and asked.

"Did you kill some stone-skin juniors 11 days ago?"

"Yes, I did. What about it?"

"So it is you. You pretended to be weak to hunt some juniors."

"What's is it to you? What is the matter with all this chit-chat? Are you fighting or not?" Legion one asked impatiently, he truly didn't understand the sort of allegations he was being accused of, but he didn't care anyway. The strong are supposed to eat the weak. He just wanted to fight and vent so this guy came at the right time.

"I killed all of them so what? What are you going to do about it?" He asked unworried. He wasn't worried at all because he would be able to escape and it would be difficult to kill him as an origin god-level world beast.

The origin god facing him turned gloomy. Legion one could perceive the face of the man fall because of his disregard for him, but he was also trying to measure the worth of his opponent.

It is very difficult to determine the strength of an opponent at the origin god-level especially if the person is not doing anything. This difficulty becomes exaggerated because of the wide range of the power level of origin gods, from one-star to fifteen-star and beyond, there is almost no limit.

It is even more difficult to estimate the prowess of origin gods that focus on their bodies. Unlike those that nurture their souls, those that nurture their bodies are like dormant volcanoes, you won't know what they are packing until they hit you.

Identification of power levels can be achieved if you have detection abilities like some ocular energy seeing ability. But whatever the case might be, Legion was not afraid. "Strong or not, I'll either fight or I'll run. No one can stop me from running" He thought reassuringly.

"I'll make you pay," the origin god said through gritted teeth.

"You and what army?" Legion one laughed.

He doesn't think much of this guy, but then his expression changed from a laughing one to a careful one. His six eyes blinked to ascertain the sight he had just seen.

Unlike other races that couldn't see in the void, a world beast's six eyes have been adapted to the absence of light. So when perception from his other senses fails him, his eyes wouldn't.

He could see many figures blazing in energy through his energy vision and he realized he was being surrounded. The figures had used cloaking devices to mask their presence but he could still see the power coming off of them as they came closer, they were like touches in the dark.

"Ah, shit" he cursed then he turned tail.

"You coward, don't you dare run." The origin god that was distracting him said when he realized the ruse was up. He stopped pretending and chased after the evil, sneaky, and conniving world beast that ate almost 100 origin cycles worth of effort in raising their precious descendants into sovereigns.

Legion one ran. He ran for his dear life. It wasn't a matter of pride but a matter of life and death. When he boasted about being nearly unbeatable by an origin god in the early stages, he only meant in one-on-one fights.

"Cheating, sly bastards." he cursed.

"You guys have no honor. Why don't you face me in a single row and I'll show you what true strength is." he broadcasted widely.

"You are the shameless bastard without honor. How dare you slander us?" Someone sent back, fuming with intense anger.

Legion one had run in the opposite direction, even though someone was blocking him from escaping in that direction, thankfully the blockade hadn't been finished so he had the confidence of escaping if he could get past the origin god before him.

Soon he drew near enough to identify the person blocking him. It was a female in some sort of armor, she had her hair tied in a bun on her head and was less than half his height. Legion didn't underestimate her so he mustered all his strength within his body and punched out.

His opponent was undaunted, she faced the punch calmly and punched out too. Their fists met in the void, there was no explosion of energy at all, Legion one's fist continued unabated and went through her arm and shoulder. Her right side was blasted apart.

The female was shocked and so was Legion one but he didn't wait to chat. He had left their circle of confinement, he wasn't about to let himself be surrounded again. But before he left he dropped a snide comment.

"What are you made of, some twigs or a bag of dried bones. Hahaha." Then he was gone.

He couldn't teleport yet because he wasn't that proficient in space laws. He could only speed up by manipulating space. He does this by merging with space and letting it push him forward. It was not a full merging but it would do for now.

Behind him, the female stone-skinned had stopped. Her wounds were already healing, she was visibly regenerating lost flesh. She would be fine and dandy in a few seconds. If he had used a magical attack, that kind of damage isn't something that could be healed easily but he didn't use his spells because he wasn't sure of his spell power compared to his body.

Also, world beasts hardly use spells to fight, they rely on their body more. He would have to be content with making her lose a lot of vitality.

"Quartzite, how are you?" The first guy that approached Legion one met up with the lady and asked in concern.

"I am fine. But that world beast is special. Its body is too strong. It destroyed my body and my high-grade armor in one hit."

"I saw," the man said "his body is comparable to top-grade treasures. We must get him. He will pay for his transgressions with his flesh."

He informed the rest of his group about the significance of this hunt. And so a ten-decades-long pursuit started. The severity of this pursuit is a result of some events that transpired from the moment he killed that origin god.

Some days ago somewhere in the upper realm very close to the entry point of the realm of high heaven. On one of the numerous floating continents. This continent is the image of a picturesque paradise.

It is a true paradise to origin gods not because of its beautiful landscape but because of the abundance of origin energy and the librating atmosphere that origin gods crave for.

To them, this atmosphere is the opportunity to scratch their previously unable-to-reach itch. This particular continent belongs to the stone skin race of high heaven.

In a particular room in one of the towering castles, the stone skin race has built for themselves. This room is safe, the entire room has been fortified with defensive arrays, formulations, and barriers. At the center of the room, is a soul fragment placed within a soul nurturing array.

This particular soul-nurturing array is sub-par because it is powered by High-grade origin stones instead of soul stones. A good soul-nurturing array will be powered by soul stones, or at least, top-grade origin stones. The ideal soul-nurturing array will be powered by beads of Origin essence.

There is a sudden flash of light within the soul-nurturing array. The inactive soul fragment started to move. It changed shape from an irregular form into the form of a little stone man. This form is completely identical to the novice origin god stone skin junior that was eaten by Legion one.

After a few minutes, the soul form gains clarity and opened its eyes. Terror could be seen within the eyes of the soul form but soon the terror changed to hatred followed by determination.

The soul form grabbed into the void to retrieve his communicator from his personal space. He then sent the information about the entire series of events including images and accurate descriptions to a contact of his within the communicator.

The series of actions made the soul form dim down before it fell into slumber. The soul array couldn't replenish the soul fast enough to maintain its consciousness.

In another building on the same continent. This particular building is different from the tower, it is a castle meant for luxury living. This castle has more than a thousand floors.

The external dimension of each floor is at a height of 10m, a breadth of 100m, and a length of 1000m. But the space within is easily twice what it looked like from the outside.

This modest space of each floor is because the Origin gods of the stone skin race are average-sized, they don't reach 2m in height, there is also the incredible difficulty of enchanting a building with ten thousand floors to have such internal space for each floor.

Suddenly a voice filled with rage shouted from within this particular room. "You are so dead."