

## **GREED 561**

Chapter 561 6 Is The Lucky Number.

Events seem to happen randomly but some things can be predicted. If by chance a debt collector comes to collect his debts from a debtor who has a gambling addiction in a period of time when that debtor is working on completing his own part of a big project that both of them are working on. Is it a thing of chance if the debtor chooses to bet again since it already bet on who will finish their part of the project earlier and it also has a good chance of winning?

It is not by chance. Gambling addiction plus the need for money plus the opportunity to bet plus a high chance of winning is equal to a definite possibility of betting. As the maths have shown, it is not by chance. It was carefully engineered. Either way, that gamble escalated into betting on the outcome of Project DISPLACEMENT. Now the battle sage can win 6 times the amount of the previously humongous debt. That is of course if his side wins.

He nodded in satisfaction after reviewing everything. It looked down in its hands where is holding 6 sheets of paper.

Then he said, "I guess 6 is my lucky number. I have been encountering it lately and I will be encountering it soon."

This event happened many years ago before the meeting with Soverick.

The Present. Competition Time.

Time went by and the time for the competition drew near. It has been named the Unified Skill Index League. It is an opportunity for greatness. More than that, it is supposed to be an equal and fair opportunity for greatness.

Everyone between transcendent and king of law can participate and test their mettle against each other. The ranking of the competition will determine the placement around the tower of trials. The better the performance, the closer the participant will be to the tower of trials.

The number of people that chose to participate in the competition increased in size once the news that the child of the plane will be participating was announced. The number of participants increased from a hundred thousand to more than 3 million in less than a year after his participation was announced.

Many people just want to see him up close while others have less pleasant aims. His participation will give numerous people the chance that they have been waiting for to compare themselves to him or to humiliate him. The plane became abuzz with excitement as the day drew near.

The racial council is more than prepared for the number of participants. They have put special pillars in different places within the plane which will serve as entrances to the competition ground. Rules and regulations of the competition have been announced to the populace too so people know how to join the competition and how to prepare for it.

The day finally came. A sound like the ringing of a very loud bell spread throughout the plane and signified the start of the registration for the event. The special pillars placed all over the plane lit up and created a pillar of light that reached the sky. The light show revealed their positions to make it easier to find them throughout the plane. Participants will then make their way to the pillars, touch them with their divine sense, complete their registration, and be whisked away to the competition location.

Some families were able to get a pillar for their personal use so that their family members won't have to wander around looking for pillars to use. The Ghastorix family was able to get one too. They are influential enough to get one but they got this for free thanks to a certain special someone. The perks of having the child of the plane in the family just keep on coming.

Most of the Transcendents of the family are going to participate in it, especially the ones that haven't become accepted adults yet. There is a tradition in the Virut plane that requires transcendents to attend the trial of heaven and return alive for them to become accepted members of the family. This tradition weeds out the weak and helps to keep the population down. It is a tradition that achieves two things.

Only those that have returned alive from the trial of heaven can be accepted into the family as adults and will have the privilege that comes with it, such as the right to bear children. If you bear kids without permission, then your kids won't be allowed to use some of the family's amenities like free schooling, accommodation in the main city, protection, and many more unless your kids have an awakened royal bloodline.

Becoming an adult is a very important matter in the Virut plane but it isn't time for the trial of heaven yet. The last trial of heaven was a few thousand years ago so there are still more than 80 thousand years

to go. This Unified Skill Index League has been endorsed by the racial council to be used as a substitute instead of the trial of heaven. The best 30% will be endorsed for adulthood.

This announcement made most families that don't need Origin energy take the competition seriously. The competition has become more useful than simply gaining access to plots of land with high concentrations of Origin energy. Transcendents prefer the Unified Skill Index League to the trial of heaven because there will be no death.

The world gods of the racial council assured everyone that there will be zero casualties. Every participant will be saved from death by a rather innovative system put in place on the competition ground. The racial council did not tell them how it is done but everyone believes them.

The promise of zero casualties is all it took for the ones that want to confront the child of the plane but are still wary of him to decide to participate. No one wants to be a part of another Calamity of the Child of the Plane but now they have nothing to worry about since they can't die.

Chapter 562 An Abyss Within Soverick.

The assurance of zero casualties went a long way in alleviating the fears of various individuals. One of those individuals is Mihila. She has some reservations because all 3 of her children are going to participate in the competition. She would have been a wreck if there was a risk of death. The death of Kayla has only just happened recently. But then the competition turned from a risky game into a harmless game. Now she can comfortably send them off.

She kissed Ghoto's head and ruffled the blue fur on his head affectionately when it was time to send him off.

"You go champ. You do your best and I'll be satisfied. I will always be cheering for you."

Ghoto complained, "Mum! You're embarrassing me."

They are standing some distance away from the pillar that will serve as the entrance. They are not the only ones around. There are a lot of people going and coming. A lot of people are saying farewell to their kids but very few are as cuddly as this pair of mother and son.

Mihila feigned being hurt. "Are you so big now that you find me embarrassing?"

Ghoto hugged her and buried his face into her chest. Mihila smiled and patted his back. Then he disengaged and ran off to the pillar. He touched the pillar and then disappeared. Mihila grinned as she shook her head.

She turned to the silent battle sage monkey beside her and asked, "What about you? Do you want a hug?"

Litori shook her head. "No, I don't want a hug."

"Are you sure?" Mihila insisted.

Litori nodded. They returned to silence after that rejection. The silence dragged on for a while until Mihila felt compelled to ask.

"What are you waiting for?"

"I don't know. But I'll wait and see. I am not like Ghaster who runs headfirst into a situation without thinking. I'll watch and decide." She replied as her white eyes focused on the pillars.

There are 3 black rings within each of her white eyes that separate her eyes into different layers around the black pupil at the center. Most of her eyes are white with the pupil as a very small point at the center. The three black rings expand and constrict as she focuses on different things. Right now she is focused on the pillars.

Even her dull uncomprehending eyes can tell that there's something special about it. But no one is stopping to check. It makes almost no difference either way if they check or not since they can't comprehend anything from it. Even Litori that can see spirits and souls just knows that there's something odd about the pillars but she doesn't know what.

Sometimes, the ability to see things is not so good. She noticed something attached to Soverick. It is an unidentified spiritual object or entity. She has never seen something like it before. The more she looked, the more her mind was strained. It is as if she is looking at something too massive for her mind to understand.

What she saw in Soverick resembled a deep abyss with some sort of hideous demonic monster at its depths. She doesn't know what it is but she knows it is very big and what she is seeing is just a part of it. That thing is connected to Soverick and extends to places far beyond her sight.

Soverick honestly scares her. It has always been that way ever since they were babies. His weirdly powerful soul is strange enough but what she saw almost caused a backlash to her eyes. If not for her inability to feel emotions, she will be shaking and mentally traumatized by what she saw. But it is a good thing that she saw what she saw. She knows now to stay away from him and fear him. She won't be like a certain foolish person who wants to pick a fight with Soverick.

There are some things that shouldn't be gazed upon but knowledge is good. With knowledge, someone can make informed decisions. So Litori is hoping to see something about the pillars that will dissuade her from participating in the competition. She wants a location with a high concentration of Origin energy but participating in the same competition with Soverick might be a bad way to go about acquiring what she wants.

Another bell rang throughout the plane signifying that the registration is about to end. Litori wasn't able to see anything odd or out of place.

Mihila expressed her concerns. "You have to go now if you intend to participate."

Her daughter replied emotionlessly. "I know."

Litori wanted to say, "Tell me something I don't know." But she changed it. Mihila might think she is being helpful but Litori thinks she is just stating the obvious. She didn't do so because she is not Soverick. She can't fight Mihila so she better behave. She doesn't have enough strength so she must be servile for a little while longer.

Litori waited patiently for a while more but she couldn't see anything useful about the pillar so she gave up.

"Goodbye then."

Litori said her farewell and walked into the range of the light on the pillar. Then she extended her divine sense tentatively to the pillar instead of touching it physically. Something pushed back from within the pillar. She accepted it and her divine sense was branded. The brand traveled to her body because she is a transcendent and marked her. It also marked her soul since the two are fused together.

The brand passed on some information to her and a mark appeared on the palm of her hand. The brand is invisible to everyone else but her. She doesn't need to look at the mark to see what it means.

NAME: Litori Ghastorix.

POWER: Zero Step.

DESIGNATION: SOLDIER.

SCORE: 0

RANK: 4,112,317

The brand began to resonate with the pillar after marking her. She activated it and her entire being turned into a stream of energy that flowed into the pillar and into the competition grounds. She too disappeared from the Virut plane.

Chapter 563 The Young Replaces The Old.

The brand that marked Litori would have failed to make the connection between divine sense, soul, and body if she were a mana entity. Those parts of existence are still separate at the mana entity rank. Then the brand wouldn't resonate with the pillar which means she won't be able to enter the pillar.

The minimum requirement of transcendence to participate in the competition was not made on a whim. It is the minimum requirement to enter the competition ground through the pillar. Any mana entity that tries to worm its way into the competition will find it impossible to do.

Mihila sighed after seeing off her two kids. Then she turned to look at the other pillar within the city. That other pillar is restricted to a certain person. It is not for public use like the one that Ghaster and Litori just used. It is where Soverick should be.

She smiled as she thought of that particular child of hers. "What a troublesome child. He beat me. Hahahaha."

She began to laugh. She couldn't stop laughing as she thought about their fight. She returned to her house laughing and thinking about the fight.

Mihila has mixed feelings about Soverick. Soverick is eccentric. It is his normal behavior. He doesn't go by the common sense that bounds others. He is an outlier and she understands that. She also understands why they had to fight. It is because Soverick has no reason not to fight her. He just doesn't care.

He didn't fight her to gloat about his strength or to show off. He has had the power to beat her for a long time but he didn't seek her out. She came to him and they fought. He fought her because he wanted something from her and he didn't care about the repercussions of his action to her. He didn't care about the physical or emotional damage.

She understands all that but that doesn't mean she is happy about it. She is undoubtedly proud of her son. He is strong and doing well for himself. A child beating the parent is not a rare occurrence. It happens a lot and she had expected it. She didn't think it will happen so soon but she expected it and she is proud of Soverick for it. But while she is proud, she is also angry. She is not angry that they fought. She is angry that she lost.

She lost to her son. Another parent may become agitated or excited and decide to work harder so that they can catch up with their child, but Mihila can't do that. She knows that she is at the end of her road. There's no path forward for her. She can't catch up even if she tried.

To that, she just sighed and said, "That's just the way of the world. The new replaces the old."

The new replaces the old. The old should have the advantage of time but they can be overtaken by the young for different reasons, talent and luck being two of the major reasons. It all boils down to relevance. When someone or something stops advancing and loses superiority and relevance, they get replaced with something or someone more superior and more relevant.

In nature, it is the trend for newer better adapted species to overtake and eliminate older species. Bloodline has made it possible for better variants of a race to eliminate those without bloodlines. It is also normal for the young with bloodlines to perform better than their parents and ancestor. A race evolves and some things become easier to achieve for the younger generation due to the effort of the predecessors.

But Age doesn't matter. The fact that you're younger doesn't give you an automatic advantage over the older generation. You have to have a better potential and the time for that potential to manifest. You can be killed off by the stronger older generation during that time.

No one can replace the realm lord no matter how young they are. They just don't have the superiority and excellence in everything that he possesses. It is not like he can be replaced no matter how excellent the younger generation is. But if it were possible for the realm lord to be replaced, no one can still come close to his brilliance no matter how young they are.

pαndα---nove1,coM Mihila can't make progress on the path of perfection anymore. So she will just have to settle with the knowledge that it is highly likely for Soverick to become stuck as a titan of law. She is intimately familiar with the obstacle she is facing as a titan of law and she knows how proud Soverick is. So it is highly likely that he will bite more than he can chew and become one of those talented fools who think they have what it takes to replace the realm lord.

She will go home and watch the live streaming of the competition through her entertainment and communication device. She could also watch it on the sky screen that the racial council has set up to display the competition but she wants the privacy of her own home.

Back To Soverick.

He sat in front of the pillar as his eyes scanned through it over and over and over again. His four eyes are moving about quickly in different directions as if each one is chasing after a different erratic bug flying about in their vision. That might as well be what they are seeing.



The pillar is a cylindrical object with a black material. But it doesn't look black. It looks like the various wavelengths of light that it reflects at that particular time. In other words, its colors are shifting constantly.

There are a lot of variables on the pillar. Even the runes engraved on it are constantly shifting. They wiggle, waggle, and stretch about causing their size, shape, and position to change. The only constant about the pillar is its overall size, dimensions, and volume. Its mass and volume change too.

Chapter 564 And So It Begins.

The matter that makes up the pillar is strange, to say the least. It is as if the pillar isn't complete and that he is only seeing half of it and yet the other half is also here in this plane of existence but just inaccessible by any means of determination. The pillar is both tangible and phantom. The state of the tangible pillar is being mimicked by the phantom pillar in an undisclosed situation through a link of entangled matter.

He has been scanning the pillar ever since messengers from the racial council brought it a few weeks ago. He knew it was special the moment he saw it for different reasons. For the first reason, his eyes could pick up on the specialness of the pillar. He figured out what the pillar does immediately after he saw it. In layman's terms, it converts beings with soul bodies into energy that is transmitted to a destination where they are then reconstructed. The pillar is both a processor and a transmitter.

He didn't need his eyes to know what it does. He knew already because of the second reason. It is why he knows that the pillar is special. He has seen this pillar before. It is not him exactly but another clone of Legion that saw it. The circumstances around that event are linked to the realm lord. Anything linked to the realm lord must be special.

He had grinned when he first saw the pillar. He thought to himself, "So this competition is a ruse. There has to be something going on about it that they are not telling us. It must have a hidden agenda. It is just like the first sage to be two-faced. But I am on to him now."

This second reason is more important than the first reason because it gave Soverick suspicion of a greater purpose for the competition. The first sage already said the competition is not simple. He didn't understand back then but now is not so clueless.

The pillar is a piece of hardware that boggles the mind of best forgers of origin artifacts. It is a top-grade artifact just like Aeternus Claymore but its makeup is as close to a world fragment as possible. In order words, anyone that can forge this pillar needs a law of order.

The sage could have made the pillar and he is certain it is the sage that made the pillar. He can see the traces of the First Sage's law of order on it. If it wasn't for the phantom state of the pillar then he wouldn't attend this competition anymore. He will just sit here and look at the pillar. Unfortunately for him, the phantom state makes it useless for him to observe. He also wants to see what one of the realm lord's artifacts doing in a competition within the plane.

He said eagerly. "I can't wait to see what this is all about."

His find also improved his mood. The clone of Legion that saw the pillar first didn't have his eyes to bore into its secrets but he does. He is always eager to see more truths of the universe and this pillar is a condensation of such truths. He has been unsure of his decision to participate in the competition but now he wants to be a part of it and see what it is all about.

He sat down and analyzed the pillar since then never moving once. The phantom state is making the pillar have more than one property. It is scrambling what he is seeing so much that even his law of casualty can't create meaningful links but he didn't give up. Anything can happen and he might see something interesting. So he sat there and didn't move until the last bell signaling the end of registration started to ring.

"This isn't over." He promised the pillar as he used his divine sense to start the registration process.

He completed the registration and was swept into the pillar. The pillar shook and strained to transmit him to the competition world. He might have a soul body that meets the minimum requirement but his soul body is as strong as a Sovereign's body of law so the pillar had a little difficulty doing its job. Thankfully, the workmanship of the pillar is impeccable considering who its manufacturer is.

Soverick appeared in a white world. The ground and the sky are white. Everything is white so he looks like he is in a giant white box. He smiled when he saw where he is.

He thought to himself. 'I was right. They are linked.'

He wasn't surprised by where he ended up. He had gleaned enough information from the pillar to know where he is right now plus he has been somewhere like this before. It was against his choice but it was useful and it is continuing to be useful.

This place is an exact replica of the first Sage's mind space. It is not a coincidence. The internal world of a world fragment in its basic form is similar to the mind space of its creator because of the law of order that was used to make it. He counted on this similarity, and that's why he decided to participate in this competition.

Salvini came to him with a lot of things that could persuade him to join this competition. All those things didn't persuade him. It was when he heard that the competition will take place in an artifact built by a world god that he decided to participate. And now, he is in that artifact created by the world god. His knowledge of how world fragments are made has also not disappointed him. What he came looking for is within reach.

He looked around and noticed that he isn't the only one around. The world is filled with others who were transmitted here. They are to be his competitors. There's only one person that can win the opportunity to ask anything from the first sage.

Chapter 565 The First Challenge Of Four.

The people in the arena are large in number and crowded the space but they all gave him a very wide berth. In fact, they moved as far away from him as possible when they recognized him, forming a wide space around him. He has his reputation to thank for that and the glowing crown on his head.

The crown designates him as someone that they shouldn't mess with. He checked his brand for his information.

NAME: Soverick Ghastorix.

POWER: Zero Step.

DESIGNATION: KING

SCORE: 0

RANK: 4,321,369.

A figure appeared above the crowds. It looks like some sort of spirit. It has a head and two arms but the torso ends at a narrow point like a short tail. The figure clapped and the noise of the chatting crowd died down. The clap drew all their attention to it and it also activated something that silenced the crowd. No one can talk no matter how much they want to.

The figure said to them, "Hello everyone. I am Candor, the spirit of Arena 28. Welcome to the first Unified Skill Index League. I am here to welcome you and introduce some things that you should take note of to you."

"This arena is one of the locations where the competition will be held. Arena 28 is a world fragment just like the other 46 arenas. It is a small world under my control and it contains 100 thousand people out of over 4.5 million participants. So all of you here are not the only ones participating in this competition but the people here will be your closest Competition for now."

"There will be 4 challenges during this competition. Your performance within each challenge will serve to determine your final outcome. You can always check how well you're doing by looking at and reading your brand. Take note that only the best 10% out of you can hope to get any reward. Since there are approximately 4.5 million of you, you need to be in a rank above 450,000."

pαndα---nove1,coM "The best 30% will be endorsed by the racial council for adulthood while the best person among every one of you will get the opportunity to make a request from the first sage. It should also be noted that only the best 3 million of you can participate in the final challenge. The rest of you will be sent home. So you should all work hard."

"You might have noticed someone with a crown on his head. That person is the one with the highest odds of winning among all of you in Arena 28. All of you have been designated SOLDIERS but these 46 KINGS were given a special designation right from the start. Designations are more important than ranks. You can earn high designations by performing feats in the challenges."

"To summarise, the two most important things to take note of. The first is ranking which can be acquired by performing well in challenges and earning high scores. It is your performance relative to others. The second is your designation. It can only be acquired by going beyond the requirements for

each challenge and making feats. Your designation is more valuable than your ranking but you can waste your time chasing feats and risk falling behind with nothing to show for your effort."

The spirit clapped again. This time, the world changed. The crowd was separated and scattered throughout the world. Then color began to appear in the world. Green grass grew out from the ground, clouds formed in the sky, trees sprouted from the ground and grew to colossal heights in seconds, and streams appeared spontaneously within the forest that was created. Everything happened in a blur to transform the blank world of white into a world full of wonder and activity.

Soverick whistled appreciatively. The power of the spirit impressed him. Its control of this world is perfect since the world fragment is its body. It can silence people as easily as it can displace them all over the world and it can morph the world to create a new environment.

He has been placed in a random spot within a thick forest. He can see various plants and animals all around him. There are birds flying about and calling to each other. There are ants and caterpillars moving about. All of these and more were created in a very short amount of time.

It all seems like a real world. Some might suspect it to be an illusion but it is not. It is as real as what you can see, smell, or touch in the real world but the mechanism that produced them are imitations of their real world counterpart. In other words, the caterpillar he is seeing is real but it is not the same on a fundamental level as a caterpillar in the outside world.

It doesn't make much of a difference to a mortal either way because it doesn't matter to them. This caterpillar will eat leaves and excrete just like the real ones do. It will pupate and become a butterfly. It can be eaten and it will provide the same amount of nutrients as the real one. It is almost indistinguishable from the one in the real world.

The only difference which only the powerful can find is that the Laws that make it up are different from the one that makes up the world but even that doesn't make one more real than the other. Who's to say this is not how the "real" world was created?

There are some native creation myths that describe the world to have been created in a matter of days when the world seems to be much older than that. And yet, here's a forest that should take hundreds of years to develop but was created in mere seconds. The trees even have rings that show their age to be hundreds of years old. Who's to say the universe of billions of years old wasn't created in 6 days? Then the creator rested on the 7th day. It might as well be hogwash but one thing is certain, time is relative.

## Chapter 566 The Survival Challenge.

Powerful beings experience time differently and they are capable of creating wonders. They perceive time differently compared to lesser beings. They can do in a second what a lesser being needs a thousand years to do. Power makes anything possible.

This world fragment is a creation of a world god and it shows just a fragment of their power. A Transcendent can discover the difference between this world and the external world. Some might just think there's something weird about it while the more observant ones will discover that the laws of this world are the cause of the difference. He on the other hand can see farther than that.

He thought to himself excitedly as he analyzed the world. "It is certain that the first sage built this world fragment."

He was ecstatic when he got those filaments of order from the first sage. Now he has been dropped into an ocean of that order. He is certain that this world fragment was built by the first sage. He can sense echoes of his law of order everywhere. It is not the pure law of order but its derivatives but it is enough for him. In his own opinion, he has already been rewarded for participating in this competition.

This world fragment and its creation may simply be the effect of the law of order not the real law of order but it is of immense value to him.

He smirked to himself. 'It is like an all-you-can-eat buffet. The meat might be tough and gamy but I have a cleaver and a large one at that.

This world fragment is more complete than what he got from the filaments of order after his meeting with the first sage but it is also much more difficult to decipher. Those filaments he acquired were unprotected and loose. He had the leisure to analyze it to the best of his capabilities but this world is under the control of a world spirit. It is next to impossible for him to parse the makeup of the world without explicit permission.

Unfortunately for the arena spirit, he has the key to this lock. He already got the password to gain access to the world from the filaments of order that he got from his meeting with the first sage. It will be

enough for him to look around the law matrix of this world. The arena spirit won't be able to stop him until he tries to have a look at the core of the world.

The voice of the spirit reached every one of them.

"Welcome again to the Unified Skill Index League. The first Challenge is survival. You have been placed in this forest and are to survive for 1 year. There will be predators and prey in this world. Your activities will earn you scores such as killing, fighting, winning battles, and for each day you survive. You will earn a feat if you complete the challenge of surviving for the entire year without dying at all."

"The problems you will face in this challenge will be different and random but I'll continue to increase its difficulty if you overcome it. So you will encounter increasingly stronger monsters as the competition progresses. They will push you to your limit and test your full capabilities. Just remember that your aim for this challenge is to survive without dying once."

"You have all been suppressed to the starting point of transcendence. You can improve your strength by killing the monsters of this world and by killing other competitors. There are other methods to increase your strength but that's up to you to find out. I'll send important things to take note of to your brand. Good luck with your survival."

Soverick received the necessary information he should have about the challenge through his brand. It contained things like monster classification, guidelines for the challenge, and the power system of this world. This world is different from the outside world. It means that all the laws that they have comprehended won't work here.

The different laws removed the most significant advantage between kings of law, lords of law, and transcendents which is Authority. That leaves the strength of their body which the world has suppressed to make them all on an equal level. Even the ability to fly has been suppressed.

They all have equal strength under the suppression but strength can be acquired again. Either by killing monsters or other competitors or through a less obvious alternative which is comprehending the laws of this world. Comprehending the laws of this world fragment is an alternative to gaining strength.

Comprehending laws is what transcendents do to become lords of law and kings of law in the real world. It should be possible in this world fragment because the laws are only different, not non-existent. Then

they will be able to mold the world to their will through their divine sense to create spells and spell matrixes.

The arena spirit didn't mention this obscure alternative. It is for the smart ones to figure out. It is also a trap for the smart ones who are not capable enough. They can either kill monsters and acquire quick strength and high scores or they can hole up somewhere trying to learn laws and get feats. Learning laws is not going to be easy even for such a small world like this world fragment.

"So we have a year of this stuff. Let the games begin."

He clapped his hands and got ready to have fun. He has been busy these past few years so it will be good to let off some steam. He knows that this competition probably has serious significance but that doesn't mean he can't have fun. Besides, he has to let loose a little bit if he wants to snag that first prize.

9 golden orbs came out of his back. They piped out of his body like tumors then they hovered behind him in a circle.

Chapter 567 Suppression And Momentum.

He grinned happily. "I didn't expect that I'll enjoy participating in this competition but I think I'll enjoy this."

He has been wary of this competition ever since his meeting with the first sage but he has changed his mind now. The derivatives of the law of order of the first sage present in this world fragment have improved his mood and his opinion of the competition.

So he won't settle for survival or for chasing feats. He will do all of those and also have fun. Then he will make a request from the first sage. The golden orbs reacted to his mood and became excited. They began rotating furiously. They are trying to assimilate the momentum of this world into themselves.

The momentum inside of them has been reset during his transmission into the world fragment. He has lost his accumulation of momentum so he has to restart them from zero power. The reset affected everyone including him. It removed any augmentation that they have done to themselves and it



prevents everyone from coming into the world fragment with any artifact. The only thing that can enter this world is something that is innately part of your body and your knowledge.

While everyone is on an even field of power due to the suppression of the world, there's actually a lot of difference in the competitors because of various divine abilities, weapon Mastery, and other skills. There is more to power than pure cultivation so the competitors will not be equal. It is that extra power that makes them above others even under this suppression that will make them shine.

He has been horribly suppressed. About 99% of his prowess has been robbed from him just so that others can have a chance of beating him. His divine sense has been crippled and his special barrier that retaliates automatically cannot be set up because of the crippling.

It is like he has a big burden on him that he has to resist before he can do anything. The suppression is like friction. It is resisting all of his actions. He needs 99% of his power to overcome that friction just to move. The friction doesn't disappear too after he overcomes the friction so he is constantly under oppression.

He is generally not in a good condition but he still has his 9 golden pillars, his eyes, and his skills. So he can still shine. There's also his ability as the child of the plane which is sure to make him shine the brightest.

The 9 golden orbs are part of his body. They were created when he was a vitality core stage refiner. They were simply momentum gates back then but they became momentum vessels when he became a mana entity. They upgraded further when he became a transcendent by using the divine life energy of the tree father.

He isn't sure if they would have remained if he broke through normally but it doesn't matter now. What matters is that momentum is relevant no matter the rules of the world. Momentum is a byproduct of entropy. An active world creates entropy and therefore creates momentum. If this world were static and unchangeable or if it were fake then there won't be any momentum.

Since there is momentum, then it can be taken or manipulated. It may need some requirements for it to be used. Some will use it with their skills but he will use it with his 9 pillars of momentum.

First, they harmonize with the world by spinning in a circle on his back. The way they are spinning is not random. They are trying to find the harmonic resonance of the momentum of the world fragment. There is a certain frequency where they become indistinguishable from the world. They then gain access to the momentum of the world since they are one with the world. Next, they gained control of the momentum. Then they began to siphon momentum from the world into him.

His suppressed body began to strengthen rapidly as momentum empowered him. It helped him to resist the suppression on him. That lets more of his existence to escape from the suppression. Nothing seemed to be different about him apart from the film of solidified momentum covering his skin like a shell.

The momentum barrier is the basis for his automatic retaliating barrier. Any force that hits him will get a backlash of power. The limit and the capacity of his barrier are nowhere close to what he had before he was suppressed. The barrier can't retaliate but it will protect him.

To others, momentum might be a tool. But to him, it is a part of his existence. Momentum is breathed in and breathed out from him into the world in a smooth fluid flow. It is an extra limb that he controls perfectly.

He exerted some control of the momentum in his body and broke the shackles of flight suppression over himself. He has reached the milestone of power needed to levitate in this world. His body rose from the ground and began to levitate. He received a message from his brand immediately.

\*PERSONAL MESSAGE\*

-(CONGRATULATIONS ON COMPLETING A LOCAL FEAT)-

YOU ARE THE FIRST ONE TO ACHIEVE FLIGHT IN ARENA 28

-(CONGRATULATIONS ON COMPLETING A GLOBAL FEAT)-

YOU ARE THE FIRST ONE TO ACHIEVE FLIGHT IN ALL ARENAS

(YOU HAVE ACQUIRED THE ATTENTION OF THE WORLD SPIRIT)

(PREPARE FOR INCREASED DIFFICULTY)

eaeglesnovel "Ha ha ha." He laughed and said, "This is going to be fun."

The lifting of the suppression gave him a feeling of euphoria. It is like some of his burdens have been lifted. He feels like he has overcome an obstacle and can finally breathe. There is also the smug feeling of beating the world with its own power.

He used the momentum of the world to fight against its suppression. He hasn't won yet, but it is a step in the right direction. His efforts are also being rewarded with a feat. They are all good reasons to be happy.

Chapter 568 Uncivilized Ravens.

His feat of breaking the suppression of flight so quickly has drawn the attention of the arena spirit. It is not a good thing since it means things will start to get increasingly difficult for him from now on. It made him laugh. He doesn't know what purpose the warning was supposed to serve. Is it to scare him or to make him more careful? If the warning is for any of those two reasons then it has failed because he found it funny instead.

He shouted to the world, "Bring it on."

His loud voice echoed through the forest and scared some animals. Birds flew into the air in fright and small rodents hid in burrows. Every weak creature knew then that a predator is in their vicinity. So they ran for safety. His voice also informed the strong monsters in the vicinity of the presence of a strong foe. They will begin to converge on his location if they view him as a challenger.

The messages didn't end there.

\*LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENT\*

eaglesnove1,coM (THE CHILD OF THE PLANE HAS COMPLETED THE FEAT OF BEING THE FIRST TO ACHIEVE FLIGHT IN ARENA 28)

\*GLOBAL ANNOUNCEMENT\*

(THE CHILD OF THE PLANE HAS COMPLETED THE FEAT OF BEING THE FIRST TO ACHIEVE FLIGHT IN ALL ARENAS)

His achievement was announced to everyone in the competition. The first one is for everyone in his arena and the second one is for everyone in all the arenas. Now participant knows that he has achieved a feat and they know what feat he achieved.

He wasn't surprised by it because it was mentioned in the competition guidelines within the brand. No reason was stated for its purpose so he doesn't know why it was done. He shrugged and moved on.

First, he flew above the cover of the trees to know what kind of environment he is in. The trees are tall gigantic things with some reaching more than 100 meters but it didn't take more than a second to rise above them.

The sight that welcomed him is breathtaking. It is a very large forest full of love and activity. He can only see trees as far as his eyes can see. He focused a little and saw the edge of the world. It has been made to look like more forests so it isn't obvious that is a wall. He looked around and saw a mountain.

"I'll go there."

He needs someplace to stay for the next year and the mountain will offer him a good view of the forest. The major reason why he chose it is that he can see a pillar of light at the top of the mountain and some monsters around it. Whatever is there is worthy of his attention since it is worth a feat.

The guidelines of the competition state that the final boss of this challenge will be at the top of the mountain. Whoever defeats it gets a feat. Whoever defeats it first in all the arenas gets two feats. The pillar of light is a beacon to draw in all would-be challengers to that last obstacle.

He began his journey to the mountain. He didn't go far before he faced some enemies. A flock of birds appeared in his path. They are giant black Ravens to be exact and they number in the thousands. They blocked his way like a dark cloud of dangerous creatures. They suddenly appeared in large numbers as if they were previously invisible.

He was flying above the trees when saw them appear. His eyes widened and he stopped. It isn't the fact that they suddenly appeared that worries him. It is not even their giant form that dwarfs his that worries him. It is all of that and the fact that he can't see the end of them. They are too much to count.

"Where to go now?" He wondered.

He was wondering which direction to take. The cloud of Raven is massive so it will take a long time to try and bypass them. The shortest distance is through them but he doubts that they will be reasonable and let him pass. What are the odds that they are civilized ravens that he can reason with?

It turns out that they are very unreasonable. He was still trying to decide what direction to go when the cloud flew straight at him. The way they screeched as if calling for blood hinted at their aim for him. The menace and the red tint in their dark soulless eyes made him realize that they might not be coming up to him for a chat. He decided the best course of action for himself.

He dove for the ground immediately. Their glistening metallic feathers and long, curved claws the length of his arms are not an encouraging sight. It made him determined to stay away from them. The birds had other ideas totally different from socializing.

The giant ravens were not created in such large numbers and in such dangerous forms on a whim. Their mission is him and only him. They want to carve huge chunks out of him and feel the way his body will separate into pieces under the encouragement of their claws. So they pursued relentlessly and followed him down into the forest.

Soverick flew into the tree cover but he knows he isn't safe. He can still hear their screech and the sound of their body tearing through the air. He knows that they are close to him. His intuition warned him before he felt something fast enter the range of his divine sense. He managed to dodge a metallic projectile that flew past him revealing it to be a feather. The metallic feather struck a tree and sank into it without much difficulty. It was then that he heard the sharp whistling sound of something small and sharp passing through the air.

The tree exploded where it was struck. Then it began to fall. It didn't go down quietly. It roared unhappy because of the unjust treatment.

"That must not touch me." He said when he saw the damage to the tree.

#### Chapter 569 ANGRY BIRDS

The treatment of the tree is truly unjust. It was standing there, just minding its business when its truck was pierced through. Then its truck was shattered by the metallic feather as it drilled out of it. A trunk about 5 meters thick shattered. The thickness of the trunk is even more than his height. He will not get away unscathed if one of those feathers finds its way into his body. Those feathers are lethal and also silent. They make for very deadly projectiles.

Anyone using sound to track the birds would have received a nasty surprise when a feather pierces their body only for them to hear its sounds of movement after the act. The feather projectiles are faster than sound. The Ravens are capable of shooting out their metallic feathers as projectiles with speed faster than sound itself. With the way the feather penetrated that tree trunk, whoever gets hit by it would have something more important on their minds than the sound of its passage.

More projectiles came after that. It became very dangerous to be a target for them since his divine sense has been suppressed to 200 meters. 200 meters can be crossed in less than a second by something moving faster than the speed of sound which is at 340 meters per second. So he took a long way around to avoid them by using the trees to block the projectiles. The trees suffered as they took the brunt of the attacks. Explosions occurred regularly and trees fell down en masse.

He protected himself with the trees but it slowed him down for the first bird to catch up to him.

A large claw embellished with sharp metallic blades in the same black color as the feathers swooped down on his back as he flew. He would have let the claw try itself against his shield but his intuition of danger told him it will be a very bad idea. Unfortunately for him, it is not his decision to make. The birds are much faster than him so there is no escaping the physical intimacy that the raven is offering him.

The giant evil Raven swooped in on him and opened up its claw. The blades on it spread wide into a sort of umbrella capable of covering him. It is as if the bird wants to hug him in a deadly embrace. He decided to confront the problem since he can't avoid it. He swung around and twisted his body to try and avoid the blades.

He didn't avoid the claw entirely. The blades of the claw ripped into his shield. It was a mere glancing touch but the shield of momentum tore open as if he clad himself in wet paper. The terrifying image of what could happen to his own body if that claw reaches it flashed in his mind several times and in very high resolution. He didn't let that unnerve him as he turned around quickly and grabbed the leg of the bird that sought to shred him. His grip on the leg crushed it immediately. The flesh and the bone within were crushed into paste by a terrifying strength and the claw was rendered useless.

The Raven cried. It raised its beak into the sky and screeched a painful scream. It became understandably furious and it tried to cut Soverick with its wings and its other claw but he pulled on the leg and swung the bird to the side. The bird slammed into a branch of a tree with a satisfying crunch.

The trees are not weak or soft. The metallic feathers might have made them look like that but the collision of bird and branch redeemed the image of the trees. The bird broke its back and couldn't fly anymore. Something about a broken spine disagreed with its rage and need for revenge.

The broken spine blocked most of the damage so not a lot of ribs were forced out of its rib cage. Only 5 blood-covered rib bones protruded out of its chest into the air. Unfortunately, that is more than the bird can tolerate. It died with its red-tinted eyes trained on Soverick. That red tint faded away as it drew its last breath.

Something flew out of the dead bird to him. He couldn't dodge it and he didn't need to. His brand absorbed the thing and it empowered him a little. He heard a chime in his ear notifying him of something. He went over it quickly as he faced the repercussions of his actions.

More birds bore down on him with increased fury for killing one of them. One of them sailed headfirst and tried to peck him with its beak. Its head flashed downward to gorge him with it. He dodged to the side and grabbed the neck of the bird. He had to wrap both of his hands around the neck like he is hugging it to get a good hold of the neck. Then he twisted the neck by moving his entire body and broke its spine. Another thing left the bird's body and entered his brand.

He swung around with the same twisting motion that he used to snap the neck of the bird and threw the bird against his next assailants. He had to heave but he managed to throw the heavy bird. He threw the bird so hard that its head came off from where he broke the neck. Then he flew back up to strike the one that became disoriented with the head in his hands.

He wielded the detached head like a club and smashed it against the head of another Raven. The two heads exploded in a shower of blood and flesh. Then a high-speed scuffle took place in the air. Soverick and the birds moved so fast that it looked like they are glitching. They become invisible and difficult to track when they are moving. Then they suddenly become visible when they stop for anything.

Chapter 570 The Art Of Life.

Soverick tried and tried. He gripped and punched. Each of his moves dealt lethal or critical damage. The Ravens are larger than him but they can't match his strength, but he is too outnumbered. More birds start to surround him the longer the fight lasts. The fight hasn't lasted 5 seconds and he is already about to be surrounded by 100 birds. If not for the trees then he will be easily overwhelmed. He has to do something because all it will take is one good hit with their claws to rend him apart. It is an unpleasant outcome that he hopes to avoid because he very much likes to be in one piece. Who doesn't?

He slammed into the underbelly of a raven and punched it. The collision knocked the bird backward while the punch pulverized its chest. Soverick flew closer to his stunned target and dug into the wound. He hurriedly spread the soft tissues in the wound apart and entered it. The Ravens are very large so there is room for him. He had to wiggle and struggle a bit but he got in. Most importantly, he got in before the other Ravens can get to him.

The Raven he entered didn't think highly of his resourcefulness. It screeched and cawed in pain. It floundered about but it couldn't do anything to the guest within its body. Soverick tore into it from the inside out. He reached up into its chest and killed the bird by crushing its heart. He crushed anything that looked important because creatures can have several hearts.

The raven became limp after he crushed the single heart. It seems the Ravens didn't evolve to have many hearts. It fell to the ground creating a loud crash. The other ravens cawed angrily while circling the corpse. They were wondering where Soverick is or if he is dead. They won't leave until they see his corpse. They will tear it apart to make sure.

Soverick burst out from the back of the corpse and struck the closest giant Raven. He caught the bird unawares so he was able to close in on the bird before it could resist. He grabbed one of the wings of the startled bird and pulled it with all his strength. The raven made a sound of pain like no other as its wing was torn from its body.

That cry of pain crossed language barriers and could be understood by everything, even souls. It was a pure transmission of the emotion of pain that anyone can empathize with. But to Soverick, it was a pleasant sound. It sounded like music to his ears. Like the wonderful voice of choirs and the beautiful



sounds of instruments. It is certainly better than the sound the flesh made as it was forcefully and unnaturally separated.

He grinned and admired the sight of his work.

The bone of the wing was torn violently out of its socket. Ligaments and muscles were ripped. Pink blood poured out of torn blood vessels from the wound. The blood scattered in the air and splashed on him. None of it actually touched him. His barrier stopped it. That's the only thing the barrier is good enough for right now. That glancing blow with the claw is enough to know that his barrier cannot withstand the sharp edges of the bird's feathers, claws, and beaks. One hit and he is good to go.

Chaos descended after that. The birds tried to overwhelm him with numbers but he will foist their plan by seeking abode within the safety of a bird's body. Then he would rip the bird apart and start the cycle again. It became a blur of violence. The birds are bigger than him and very dangerous too but he is stronger than them individually. All he needs to do is get his hands on them. Once he is in contact with them then he can separate their body parts into gory pieces with his bare hands.

He crushed bones, tore wings, punched through an entire bird, broke their backs, and snapped their necks. Their corpses piled up and a small stream of pink blood began to form but the Ravens refused to retreat. They cawed and fought him relentlessly. The forest echoed with their shouts intermixed with the occasional sound of his fist pulverising flesh and bones snapping.

The trees helped to reduce the numbers that can face him at once but the birds are simply endless and unrelenting. They refused to give up despite the gory death of a lot of them because they have nowhere else to be. They were made to put him down and put him down they will even if it takes all of them. Besides, he has not managed to kill 1% of them. That is not enough for them to lose morale just yet.

eaglesnove1,coM Not that he is complaining. He is enjoying the experience. There's a feeling of euphoria that you will experience when your fingers dig past flimsy skin into the muscles that lay beneath. You will feel the heat of life and the rhythm of the heart beating to pump blood through the entire body. Life is a beautiful work of art. Multiple organ systems working together to keep it going. The height of euphoria comes when you render that work of art useless.

He defaced the art of life by destroying the body and he did it one piece at a time. He did it by digging his fingers into their bodies, grasping hold of flesh, and ripping it away. Then he repeated it. His hands moved in a blur of motion as he subtracted more flesh from a body. He grabbed everything he can grab and pulled it away be it muscle, organs, or bones. He deconstructed life and he enjoyed it.

What he is doing can be considered art too. He is remaking their bodies. He found it not up to his taste. His taste being that he wants them dead. So he is rearranging their body parts to meet the requirements of his taste.