

GREED 631

Chapter 631 Stumbling Up A Mountain.

She really did fall into his consciousness. It is not an impotent excuse because it happened and it happened like that. Plus he has witnesses. He wouldn't have allowed it to happen if he wasn't going to take advantage of her but that isn't the point. The point is that her death is of no fault of his own.

He was sitting there on the mountain top alone with his thoughts and completely out of the way so it cannot be said that she stumbled into him and fell into his consciousness. No one stumbles up a mountain. They can stumble down but stumbling up is not possible. Not as long as gravity is still a thing. So this entire thing is her fault.

He allowed her to enter his consciousness because of the knowledge he acquired from the law matrix of the world fragment. The law matrix is but the result of the permutation of the original law of order of the sage. He tried to infer from it but it is lacking. He has been looking at the footsteps of the sage, not the foot. But now he has found traces of the law within the core of the arena. These traces are like the pure law fragments of false order that he retrieved from the rank 10 monster. Except that they belong to the first sage.

It is exactly what he came to the competition for but it is beyond his reach. He doesn't have access to the core so he can only attack it to gain access. The obstacle of the core would have given him pause before. He was not willing to violate the operations of the arena and offend a world god before but it just so happened that he met with the sage as soon as he was done with the law matrix. Now, he doesn't have misgivings about tampering further with what he found.

Beyond the law matrix and his reach is the core of the arena. The law matrix is the front end of the system that operates the arena. It can be likened to the user interface of the world fragment. He shouldn't be able to change the user interface but he did thanks to the codes he got from the Sage's first meeting. He can rob others of their rank and raise his rank without doing anything but it is not enough for him.

The core is the back end of the arena. It holds all the authority of control of the arena. It is where the arena spirit lives. If he can control it, then he can tweak a lot more things such as having as many artifacts as he wants. Unfortunately, the core is not so welcoming to intrusion. The back end controls the front end, not the other way around. He as a user, even one with his acquired control over the law matrix cannot influence the core at all. For that, he will need root access or administrative privileges.

He doesn't have root access since he is not an administrator so he has been trying to gain access through brute force. His progress has been abysmal because he is not fighting against some static defense. The arena spirit is aware of his actions and it is constantly shoring up the defenses of the core. If not for the key that he got from killing the rank 10 boss, then he would have no chance at all.

The rank 10 monster released a key after being defeated. That key passed through the law matrix to the core and to another network behind the core. He was able to gain meager access to the core when a vulnerability opened within that brief moment and he was able to catch a glimpse of the network beyond it. It is how he knows that the next challenge will involve several arenas. If he can gain control of this arena, then he will be able to understand more about the law of order and gain access to the larger network behind it.

He is on a deadline to take control of the core too. He is sure that the network will be able to reinforce the core of this arena if he is still trying to intrude into it when the second challenge begins. Unfortunately, he is already doing his best with what he has. He can't make any more progress. The challenge he is facing in getting access to the core made him realize that the sage never intended to give him a lot of his law of order. He was given a taste as bait, now he has been given the opportunity to look on but not partake in the main dish. He is not discouraged though. The fact that he has not been given just means that he has to steal it. If he wants something, all he has to do is to take it.

He is like a robber within a compound. He has gotten past the gate and the walls but the house is sealed tight. In fact, the house doesn't have windows or doors so he can't pick any locks to get in. If he wants to get access to the house, he has to break down the very sturdy walls themselves. It is very inefficient but he doesn't have much of a choice.

He will be able to get easier access to the core if he is able to create more vulnerability in its defense. But the only way he has seen that can create a vulnerability is the key he acquired from the last boss. If his conjecture is right, the only ones that have the keys are the final bosses of a challenge. So he has to keep winning the challenges if he wants more keys, and more vulnerabilities and to ultimately gain control of the core.

"This feels like I am falling into a trap." He had muttered to himself when he determined what he needed to get the law of order within the core.

Chapter 632 Volunteer For Legion.

He realized then that his train of thought might have been planned out. It is just like the sage to present a problem to him and also give him a way out. It is so that he will have to do what the sage wants if he wants more law of order. And in this case, for some weird reason, the sage wants him to win this competition. He doesn't know why the sage will care so much about some Unified Skill Index that will be held every 10,000 years.

It is strange that the sage will care about the competition enough to offer Soverick some of his law of order even if this competition is the first of its kind. It was then that he became suspicious of the competition but he has not been able to figure out what is unique about the competition. He is unwilling to be led around by his nose through the promise of more knowledge but he certainly doesn't have a choice.

He was willing to slowly grind down the defense of the core by winning the challenges and acquiring more keys to create vulnerabilities in the defense of the core of the arena. That was until Madame seducer/hypnotist volunteered herself to go to where no man has ever gone before. She volunteered to help him crack the core of the arena.

She attempted to do something impossible like enslaving him. He, in his infinite magnanimity allowed her to do it and will also offer her something difficult but possible to do after the failure of her attempt to enslave him. Succeeding in this difficult mission should bolster her confidence and repair whatever damage her ego took because of her failure. He is generous and magnanimous that way.

Her consciousness is like a piece of data. What's special about this piece of data is that it has the brand of the arena in it and her consciousness does not have her body to protect it from change. So Legion-7 changed her consciousness into a program using the little he knows of the law of order of the first sage. It helped that she has comprehended a law of the matrix before so her consciousness is not a stranger to the law of order. Then he thrusts her into the core.

The core recognized her consciousness to be part of itself so it accepted her. A gap opened in the defenses of the core so that it can accept her consciousness. The modified consciousness slipped into the wall of the core. Then the arena spirit changed its mind after performing an in-depth analysis of the program and tried to push it back out. The debut release happened at N0v3lBiin.

Unfortunately for it, there's someone on the other end that is intent on keeping the makeshift program within the core. The world spirit pushed on one end and he did on the other end. He can't make any more progress and the arena spirit can't eject her consciousness. So the intrusive program which is her consciousness became lodged with the defense of the core.

He thought to himself, "This will have to do. I can't complain."

It is not the vulnerability he wanted. A door or window didn't open up for him. It is more of a crack in the wall. It will have to do. It may not be what he wanted, but it is what he got. The crack has improved his intrusion efficiency by 100%. It doubled the results he is getting in trying to break through the defense. It is not so drastic as to mean he can crack the core open immediately. It only means that he has a hope of gaining access without jumping through all of the Sage's hoops. It is better than having no hope at all so he can't complain.

"I wonder if the sage planned for this." He asked out loud.

He shook his head when he didn't receive any answer. He didn't expect an answer anyway. It would have been weird if he received one. He might not even believe the answer if he receives it. He was just asking to get a reaction. Any reaction would do but he didn't get any. So he has to continue to stew on his thoughts.

The advantage that the lady's consciousness gave him seems coincidental. It is not something that can be easily replicated. There has to be someone in the arena with her kind of ability and that person has to willingly enter his consciousness to be sacrificed for the greater good of Legion.

In the case of this lady, she was foolish enough to believe that she could control him. It seems coincidental but he can't trust himself enough to believe that. It might as well be planned by the sage. He has to question everything since it is related to the first sage.

His question set off other suspicious thoughts in his mind. He realized that the core might be a trap. The sage is dangling knowledge in his face and it is predictable that he will try everything to get it. But the sage decided to make acquiring the knowledge difficult so that he will not be suspicious of it at all. After all, people cherish what they have to work hard for.

Then the sage created a lucky break for him in the form of the suicidal hypnotist. He will think it a mere coincidence and not bother much about it. His suspicion is further lowered when the lucky break doesn't immediately grant him access to the core. Then he will manage to gain access to the core only for his consciousness to be trapped within the core. Then the sage can force him to do whatever he wants Soverick to do instead of coercing him with benefits. His suspicions make everything seem like a scheme.

He sighed and said to himself, "There's no use thinking about it. I'll just follow the knowledge. If I die, I die for Legion."

Chapter 633 End Of The First Challenge.

There's no use overthinking about it because overthinking about it won't do him any good. He just has to make a decision and stick with it. If he could see the future then he might be sure of his decisions and their repercussions but he can't. He can read the past, unfortunately for him, this world doesn't have a past. It was created instantaneously. It doesn't have a history for him to base his decisions on.

If someone unrelated to Legion can volunteer to help Legion and even go so far as to sacrifice her consciousness, then he can surely offer himself to die for Legion. If his decision turns out to be bad, then he will pay the price for it despite knowing how bad the price might be. It is a risk that is worth it.

The law of order that he is acquiring will help every Legion form their concepts and become titans of law. That is just the basic use of the false laws of order. They have more targeted and specific use based on race. In the case of the dragon clone, it will help him gain better control of the immense power that he has acquired. Everything he does, he does for the good of Legion.

He disregarded his safety and continued trying to gain access to the core with the remaining time left in the challenge. Unfortunately for him, he was not able to succeed by the time the challenge ended. The world spirit appeared one year after the challenge started. It appeared in the sky and clapped. The world froze and every competitor froze with it. Every competitor apart from Soverick that is.

Soverick opened all of his eyes when he sensed the freezing of the world. He looked up and saw the world spirit. The world spirit was also looking directly at him. The frown on its face transmitted enough information about its opinion of Soverick. It does not like him at all. Not one bit. It has better things it wants to do than to engage in a mental battle with Soverick for control of the core.

Soverick grinned when he saw the frown. He stood up and yawned. Then he began stretching just so that the world spirit's frown will increase. And it did. The frown deepened as if to crack its smooth flat face. Soverick has become an anomaly in the system. He is not supposed to be still aware of his surroundings and moving now. His very existence has become an eyesore to the world's spirit.

It turned away from the invader and moved on with its job. The forest was removed and the world was scrubbed clean into its base form as a white canvas. The arena became an empty and ridiculously large white room once again. The competitors were then released.

The Arena spirit spoke to them, "Congratulations to those that survived this challenge. You have earned a feat for your efforts. And thanks to the effort of the child of the plane who defeated the final boss, this arena has qualified for the second challenge. We will now proceed to join the other arenas that qualified."

The white room became larger all of a sudden and more competitors appeared in the added space. Other arena spirits appeared in the new sections too. They are addressing the new competitors just like the world spirit of Arena 28 is addressing them. From their own perspective, it is Arena 28 that was suddenly added to their Arena.

'It seems like the arenas have merged. I was right after all.' Soverick observed to himself.

He noticed the network of Arena attached to Arena spirit when he got a glimpse through the gap in the core of the Arena formed by the key released after he killed the rank 10 monster. The key ensured the qualification of Arena 28 for the 2nd challenge so it was combined with some of the other arenas that qualified. Without that key, Arena 28 will be relegated to something else.

The world spirit continued. "The next challenge is the last man standing challenge. You have proven that your skills are enough to survive out in the wild while surrounded by threats. Now, you have to prove that amongst everyone here, you will be the last to die."

"This challenge will have elements of luck and fate. It might not be fair but it is the way of the world. Nothing is fair in the real world. Still, the playing ground will be leveled by removing the power and artifact that you have gained from the survival challenge. You will have to rely on skill and luck to win this Challenge."

"On a last note. Feats are very important. If you kill someone in this Challenge, you can take half of their feats. You will need the feats for the next challenge. You will be eliminated once you are killed in this Challenge. There will be no respawn and the challenge will continue for a maximum of a week unless everyone else has been eliminated. The goal of this challenge is to stay alive to the very end because only the last person will win this challenge and gain the benefits of the entire challenge."

"I wish you all good luck."

The combined arena changed again. Buildings appeared in different sections. Forests in some and ruins in others. The competitors were randomly teleported to different locations. Soverick was teleported to a grass plain. The rules and guidelines of the challenge were transmitted to him through his brand.

His brand flashed with his updated information.

NAME: Soverick Ghastorix.

POWER: 0.

DESIGNATION: EMPEROR

SCORE: 53,327,494

RANK: 1.

FEATS: 27

He took a while to reorient himself. The teleportation didn't disorient him. He is tougher than that. It is the bombardment of information from the addition of the other arenas and their attacks that is causing his mind to swoon. The law matrix of Arena 28 fused with the law matrix of others. And just like he suspected, they tried to purge his influence from Arena 28.

Chapter 634 The Battle For The Arenas.

The cores of the other arena hoped to overwhelm his mind with data from their law matrix while they remove his hold over his own law matrix. It took less than the time for him to blink an eye to process the new information. He does not have a weak mind so they failed to overwhelm him.

Next, he had to fight their combined effort to remove him. He can't beat them so he didn't bother to fight them. He dug his mind into his own law matrix and stayed on the defensive. They have the

advantage of numbers. Unfortunately for them, he is not some virus or an outsider. He has inside information that granted him access to the law matrix in the first place.

He knows how to manipulate the law matrix thanks to the snippet of the law of order of the sage that he got from their first meeting. Knowledge is power and he has in-depth knowledge of the law matrix of arena 28 so they couldn't purge him. He managed to secure his position in his law matrix. Then he turned on them.

The situation turned against them when he began hacking the law matrix of the other arenas. He might as well take their law matrix since it has become interwoven with his. So they turned their efforts into pushing him out of the core of Arena 28. That didn't work out either because he has one foot in the crack in the defense of the core. They can't purge him unless he is eliminated from this challenge. His death will make him lose his hold of the crack in the core and enable them to successfully push him out.

It is all good news and bad news. His brute force intrusion into the core of Arena 28 ground to a halt due to the reinforcement. He stopped making any progress whatsoever. He will need a good vulnerability such as the one he will get if he wins this challenge to continue making any progress.

The bad news is that if he is eliminated in this challenge, then he will lose all his progress with the core of Arena 28 and the law matrix of the others. The world spirits know that and will try to eliminate him by making things difficult for him. He has angered the world and it will be out to get him.

He said smugly, "It is a good thing that I have the law matrix then."

He could have thought of it and kept his thought to himself but he said it out loud so that the arena spirits can bear him. It must grate on them to know what he plans to do and yet be unable to do anything directly to foil his plan. He can almost see their frowning faces and it brings him joy to frustrate them.

The arena spirits are powerful and they have vast mental prowess but their wisdom is childlike. He finds it fun to bully them. Their attitude towards his intrusion is making an otherwise boring process to be interesting.

He stopped smiling smugly and began examining his environment. His only chance of success is to leverage the privileges that having control of the law matrixes will give him. Everyone is supposed to be

on an equal playing field with equal power but the element of luck will favor some and doom others. He is certainly one of those that will be doomed.

The world spirits are in charge of spawning monsters and loots for the competitors. It is obvious that they will target him to eliminate him. There's a limit to what they can do but he will get the largest monster attacks possible and the smallest loot possible in return for his effort.

So he didn't rush forward immediately. He spent a few hours assimilating the law matrixes of the other arenas before he started moving. It was easier to do since he already had control of one. Each law matrix should be different since they are different derivatives of the same law. Fortunately for them, they stopped being different.

It would have been difficult but possible for him to assimilate them had they stayed different. They are made from the same law of order after all so cracking them is still possible. But they became similar to each other in order to facilitate the merging of arenas for the 2nd challenge. So he didn't have to try and crack all of them all over again the way he cracked Arena 28.

He checked the map on his brand and his location on it to figure out which direction he should take.

"Typical." He scoffed. "They put me at the very edge of the plane in the first ring."

The map was sent with the guidelines of the challenge by the world spirit to his brand. He noticed that he was teleported to the very edge of the circular map. In fact, he is very close to the barrier that surrounds the entire arena. They could have teleported him to anywhere within the 7 rings of the combined arenas but they put him in the outermost ring. So he has to make his way to the Zeroth ring at the center of the map if he wants to win. No doubt that they will produce enemies to fight him along the way.

"Nothing can stop me from winning this challenge. I will have the key." He said as started walking towards the central ring.

The last man standing challenge is taking place in a large area with various environments. The map is circular and cut into 7 rings. A ring and everything on it will be destroyed every day of the competition. The destruction will start from the outermost ring and those on it will be eliminated if they still haven't

made their way to the 6th ring by the end of the first day. This will funnel the competitors into smaller areas where conflicts will eliminate more of them.

Chapter 635 Feats.

To win the 2nd challenge, one has to reach the 1st ring by the end of the 6th day and be the last one on the central ring by the end of the 7th day. Hiding to ensure survival will not work. You will be eliminated when sections of the arena get destroyed so you have to continue moving forward. Some will be lucky to have been teleported straight into the 1st ring so they won't have to face the challenges that come with crossing the map.

He met one such challenge soon after he started walking. He would have loved to fly but a no-flight ban has been hardwired into the law matrix so he can't fly. He also doesn't have the empowerment of the world in his brand so can't do something like making himself a rank 10 immediately.

There are no steps of power in this challenge so no one will have any augmentation of the world. So he is back to being suppressed by 99% to the same level as others. These are all limitations of being in control of just the law matrix. He can only manipulate what is allowed in the law matrix. He can't change anything fundamental at all unless he gets access to the core.

He can't complain about these limitations since he isn't supposed to be in control of the law matrix at all. The only edge he is supposed to have is his skill just like every other competition in this challenge. So he should be equally stumped by the loot box that he came across. The empowerment of his body by momentum will not be able to help him in making up his mind about the loot box.

"To open or not to open." He muttered as he examined the large cube made of fragile black wood.

The loot box is a large cubic box with sides of 1 meter. It can contain good things like weapons, armor, healing pills, and storage rings. It can also contain a monster. You can't know. You can only break the box and hope for the best. It is called a loot box even though it might be containing a monster that will enlarge and hound you after the box has been broken because if you kill the monster, you will get your loot inside it. So either way, you will get loot. It will either be easy and immediate after you break the loot box or after engaging and winning a fight with a difficult monster that popped out of the loot in the box.

He knocked on the box as he crooned, "What do we have here? What do the arena spirits have in store for me?"

His question is meant to tease and annoy the arena spirits. He already knows what's inside the loot box. It is a monster. He just asked that question to mock the arena spirits. His control over the law matrix enables him to know and see through what's around him. He knows there is a monster in the loot box just like knows that there are 10,452 people in a 10-kilometer radius around him with the closest person being someone hiding within a burrow in the ground some 473 meters away.

He knows all of these and the arena spirits know that he knows it so his question was to mock the futility of their efforts. The rules of the competition and the limits they enforce might have robbed him of power but they can't rob him of information. Information is powerful. In the right hands, information is good enough.

He left the loot box and headed for the nearest one. He knows that there is a monster within the loot box so he won't be caught unprepared for it. He can easily kill the monster so he is not leaving because he is afraid of it. He is leaving because even though he can see the monster within the loot box, he doesn't know what the monster will give him after he kills it. The only thing he is sure about is that the loot will not be something worthwhile. That's why left the loot box.

The things contained within the loot box are set when the world was created but what they will drop is not set. That is up to the arena spirits. They decide what will drop. If there's uncertainty, then it is not worth the effort for him to kill the monster because the odds are literally against him.

He is also leaving the smart fellow that hid within the burrow in the ground when he saw Soverick. It takes some applaudable self-awareness to decide to dig into the ground and hide at the first sight of a predator. He is not letting the person go because he cares but because killing the person will be a waste of time too since that person doesn't have any feats. The person is worth the same to him as the loot box, almost nothing.

The need for feats is the driving force of conflict within this challenge. Their use has not been stated but the arena spirit said they will be needed for the 3rd challenge. Winning the 2nd challenge is a fanciful dream for a lot of competitors. Many are smart enough to not think of themselves as powerful or lucky enough to be the last man standing among thousands of competitors. So the bulk of the competitors will hunt others for feats. It is a more realistic goal and it is very achievable.

The return for killing someone with a feat is very high. You get to take half of their feats as long as they have more than 1 feats or almost half in the case of an odd number of feats. But there's a catch. You can't know who has feats and who doesn't. You have to kill someone to be sure. So the quest will cause most of the conflicts within the competition.

Chapter 636 Loot Box Dilemma.

It is only after their death will you be able to tell if they have feats or not and the approximate amount of feats. So Feats will be the proverbial bone of contention within the competition, not the position of last man standing.

Feats will be the main thing that people will be fighting over and they will need every edge that they can get. They will need weapons, armor, and healing pills that will be able to get them back into fighting conditions quickly. It is where the Wild card of the loot box comes in.

Do I break the loot box or not? Do I fight that person or not? These are the pertinent questions the competitors have to ask themselves occasionally during this challenge. This is also an open world with open rules of engagement so anybody can take advantage of a fight by stalking the fighters.

You can't fight someone or a monster from a loot box and believe that no one will interfere. So it becomes important to ask yourself who to fight and which loot box to break. A loot box can produce weapons that will give you the edge to kill more people or it might produce a monster that will attract attention, chase you down, and generally be the end of you.

There are so many uncertainties. But not for him. He is certain that if he goes northeast by 15 degrees and walks for 117 meters he will find another loot box. This loot box is unlike the 20 or so around him with monsters inside them. That makes the ratio of good loot boxes to bad loot boxes become 1:20.

An uninformed person may be surprised by the ratio of monster loot boxes to actual loot boxes in their surroundings but he is not uninformed and he is not surprised. He knows that it is not a coincidence that he was teleported to this very section of the 7th ring. He can put the pieces of the puzzle together and come up with the idea that the arena spirits are hoping to drown him in monsters. Unfortunately for them, he won't fall for their bait.

"A space ring. Not bad." He said when he saw the loot box.

He can already see what is contained within the loot box from afar so he went close to it and cracked the box open with a punch. The box fell apart easily. He picked up the ordinary silver ring levitating above the ruined box. The ring will not increase his fighting prowess but it will be useful for holding other stuff that he finds. He wore it and started for the next loot box with loot in it. He didn't go too far before he stopped.

He paused and said dryly, "Another space ring."

This time, he is not so excited after seeing what the loot box contains. He already has a space ring. Having another one is redundant and outright useless when his first one is not doing anything.

"Another one isn't so bad." He managed to say.

He decided to get it. It is always good to prepare. An extra one means versatility. Besides, it is free of charge and it is not a monster. He broke the box and continued to the nearest loot box without a monster in it. What he saw made him frown.

"I have a bad feeling about this." He muttered.

There's another space ring in the loot box. That makes three in a row. He is either very lucky or something else is at play here. He left the loot box and went after another one in his vicinity without a monster within it. Only to find it has a space ring in it. He wasn't surprised at all by the outcome.

He smiled and said, "I see. That's what their game is."

They dropped him in an area very far from the first ring and filled the surrounding with loot boxes containing monsters. But there is a limit to the number of loot boxes with monsters that they can create per zone. They can't just make every loot box contain monsters. The rules dictate that they have to make loot boxes with actual loot at some point regardless of their unfavorable opinion of him. So they decided to make loot boxes that contain space rings.

"I wonder what they planned next. Whatever it is, it had better be good because this is not." He said out loud to the arena spirits who are no doubt listening to him.

Then he continued his search. There's a limit to the amount of space rings that they can make per zone too. There must be something after that. Seeing as their plan is to eliminate him, then whatever they are planning must be serious because what he has seen is not enough to eliminate him. It is impressive that they placed all of these here before the challenge started but it is not effective yet.

He tried a lot more boxes after that and found the next thing that they are willing to give up. He found healing pills. They aren't the powerful ones either. It is the least powerful one that will help him to maintain his fighting prowess after being injured.

"It is useless. It is not a surprise." He said as he examined the pill.

It is a white tablet-shaped pill with concentration-enhancing properties and there is only one of it within the box. A loot box can contain more than one item but not the ones around him. The ones around him seem to have decided to have the least amount of loot within them and also pretty useless ones too.

The arena spirits gave him healing pills after running out of monsters and space rings. It is the worst kind of healing pill and there's only one of it. It is lacking in both quality and quantity. He doesn't need to think too much to know that it is not by chance that he found it within a loot box close to his position.

Chapter 637 A Not So Coincidence.

The pill he found won't actually heal him. It will only make him feel as if he is uninjured and help him continue fighting by being unaffected by his injuries.

The pill is useless normally but he is not injured at all so it is more than useless to him. If he had weapons and armor, he might not need pills. Unfortunately for him, the forces that be of this world are against him and they have decided that he is better with pills than armor or weapon.

'I expected things to work out for me but it seems that even the sage cannot modify the rules. Either that, or I was being completely paranoid and the first sage doesn't care about the competition. I hope it's the second option.' He thought to himself.

He postulated that the sage is teasing him with the false law of order so that he will work hard to win the challenges. He expected the sage to make things go his way to that end but they haven't. Instead, things have been difficult for him. The arena spirits are currently doing their best to eliminate him despite being made from the false law of order of the sage.

He faced some problems in the first challenge too. The dragon had a fake weakness. He thought it was normal but the antagonistic arena spirits are making him realize that either the sage doesn't care about him winning or the sage cares but can't make things easy for him.

He finds it difficult to believe that the sage doesn't care about him winning considering everything the sage has done to make him participate in the competition. The sage told him during the first meeting to win the competition and during the second meeting to go ahead and pick up other threads. So if the sage wants him to win and yet, cannot make things easy for him, then something about this competition has tied the hands of the sage.

It means this competition is bigger than he expected. He doesn't want that. It could also be that the sage is using this competition to test him. It could be anything when it comes to the sage or it could be everything because the sage can achieve numerous objectives with one move.

He asked himself. "I wonder what this is all about."

Then he shook his head. "I'll find out when I win. I just have to focus on that."

He knows he might be overthinking things. This competition might just be what it is, a Unified Skill Index. It is just a simple competition to decide who gets the plots of land around the tower of trials and he is here to endorse the competition or something. He might be targeted because of what he did with the law matrix since it is technically cheating. The reality of the situation could be that simple.

Besides, a good victory is one where it is earned against a good enemy. Maybe that's why things are being difficult for him. There might be sages currently watching the competition and accessing him. It could be that he is supposed to impress them or prove to them that he is worthy of being a sage.

There are a lot of conjectures that he can come up with so he decided to give up on speculation and focus on what he cares about which is winning. Everything will become clear when he wins. It is also the only thing that he can act upon and change. So it is a better use of his time than worrying.

He moved on to look for loot boxes. He found more useless pills after that. Just one of them in many loot boxes.

"They are officially wasting my time." He muttered to himself.

He was in the midst of breaking a loot box just for the fun of it when he sensed someone approaching him very quickly. He paused to look in the direction of the person. This person is running straight for him. He moved away from his position but the person also changed their direction to head directly toward his new position.

"Interesting. So this is what they are up to." He commented dryly.

He found it interesting that someone is after him specifically and that person can also track him with high accuracy. There are thousands of competitors around but he has been singled out. He can tell that someone is coming at him through his control over the law matrix of the arena. It extends his senses far beyond their normal range. Even then, he doesn't know who the person is because he loses accuracy the farther out he senses, and yet, this person can track him easily.

It cannot be a coincidence. He can't be having the worst luck in loot and then have someone randomly choose to hunt him when he is at his weakest. The arena spirits must have planned it or they at least had a hand in it.

He shook his head. "It can't be a coincidence."

His conjecture was proving to be right when he sensed armor and a weapon on the person coming for him. He doesn't have any weapon and hasn't found anything to increase his power or help him but this person is fully decked out. It can't be a coincidence and he refuses to believe otherwise.

He shrugged and said, "This should be interesting at least. And if it goes well, I will get some good things from the enemy."

Then he continued towards the next loot box while his enemy closed in on him. The grassland he is in is very large. There are no trees or structures to block his sight so he can see very far. He can see a tiny dot rushing toward him. The presence of an enemy didn't stop him from appreciating the grass on the

ground though. He felt no need to be anxious or afraid. His intuition is not raising any alarms. The person is not a danger to him.

Chapter 638 An Eye For An Eye.

The person finally came into a clear enough view through his use of the law matrix.

"Boring." He drawled after recognizing who his enemy is.

He took one look and continued his fruitless journey. He wasn't concerned about his enemy before but he was at least looking forward to the encounter. It would have been interesting at least. But he doubts he can get that much from who his enemy is.

His enemy is Jarkon the stupid guy that rants about justice. He has the title of Unrelenting Justice. Soverick knows how the guy was able to find him. It seems he was wrong about the arena cores setting them up to fight. Jarkon would have found him anywhere as long as they are close enough to each other. The battle sage monkeys with his bloodline can find their targets for justice as long as they have been marked.

"I am not a mad warlord or something. I kill thousands of people once. Just once and you decide to make it your life's mission to piss me off just because your brother was also killed. You can kill my brother if you want to get back at me but no. You just had to target me. What a nuisance." He complained to himself as he walked without care.

He is a very reasonable person above all else. He can admit that what he did is bad for some people. In fact, he is willing to offer up compensation for his offense by allowing Jarkon to kill Ghaster. An eye for an eye should be more than enough for Jarkon. But no, Jarkon is being completely unreasonable like some stubborn uncivilized thug.

Jarkon has a different opinion of the situation. He seethed when he finally laid his eyes on Soverick. His fury blazed hot like a furnace within him. His face became rigid with a stone-cold expression. The golden fur that forms his mane straightened and made his face and head look more threatening. His yellow eyes focused on Soverick as his target. His heart of justice cried for justice and his body acted to deliver it.

His blood sang within him. It said, "Today, the blood of the defiler will wet the ground. He shall receive his comeuppance and justice shall be served."

Those that have the bloodline of the lion of justice are very determined battle sage monkeys. They hunt their target with a dogged determination like no other. They are more like dogs rather than lions when it comes to pursuing their target. It is not a conscious thing. It is largely due to their bloodline. Justice is blind and unyielding. And those with this bloodline have the blood of justice flowing within them.

Bloodlines affect their possessors. A transcendent has a modicum of independence from a bloodline but you are never really free until you become a titan of law. Those that have the bloodline of the lion of justice don't have that modicum of control as transcents. Their bloodline calls to them. It sings to them and they must listen. If they don't, then it will roar to them and they will be compelled.

It is why Jarkon is after Soverick. So thousands of people died. Surely he has something better to do than to come hunting after the child of the plane. This is the child of the plane that we are talking about, not some ordinary opponent. The death of a million people by Soverick's hands won't have been enough for him to jeopardize himself.

So his brother died. A lot of people die all the time. Nothing he can do can bring his brother back. He knows that, and yet, here he is picking a fight with the child of the plane whom he fears a lot. He could at least bid his time and make smart plans for retribution but his bloodline said no and here he is.

You have to be smart in the void universe or you will die. Picking a fight with a clearly superior opponent just for the sake of justice is stupid. Heroism is stupid. Who has enough time and effort to solve the problems of others if it doesn't benefit them in any way? Are you so free with your time that you have nothing better to do than to chase after someone that can kill you? Jarkon knows that heroism is stupid, and yet, here he is. It is because his bloodline will not let him rest until he has delivered justice.

He is seething at the sight of Soverick because of resentment for his ancestor. And he is furious because of his lack of control. Anger and self-righteousness make his bloodline stronger. He doesn't have self-righteousness and his anger may not be directed at Soverick but it is what he has so it will have to do. He needs it to serve him well in the upcoming fight that he has no choice but to partake in. And he had better partake in it wholeheartedly or he will receive a backlash for shoddy performance.

The backlash wouldn't be the only consequence he would suffer if the fight were to take place in the real world. He will die if he fights Soverick in the real world. It is not as if his full wholehearted

participation and exceptional performance in the fight will change the outcome of the battle between them but his bloodline expects the best from him so he must give his best.

His major reliance in any battle is the empowerment of his bloodline based on the amount of evil that the target has committed. Unfortunately for him, he won't be getting it. This is a fight where he doesn't have the right of way. Again, it is not as if having the empowerment of his bloodline will change the outcome of the fight but not having it has made sure he does not have any delusions about what the outcome will be. He understands that he will lose and he will badly.

Chapter 639 Good Karma.

He knows that he will lose and that he will lose badly. Unfortunately, his bloodline doesn't think that so he is here. If good men don't act, then bad men will get away with their sins. Every possessor of the bloodline of the lion of justice is a good man. So he must act no matter the situation. It is so that Soverick won't get away with his sin. Justice does not sleep, and neither does it get tired.

The moral high ground is very important to those with the bloodline of the lion of Justice. It strengthens them in varying amounts depending on how morally depraved their target is. There is no right or wrong so Good and Evil is relative. The major entity that decides if someone is evil is his bloodline and it does so based on karma. Doing more good than evil gives you positive karma. An evil person has negative karma. They have done more evil than good.

Objectively, a person with good karma has done less evil than a person with negative karma. They might have even killed more babies than someone with negative karma but they are positive as long as they have done a lot of good. Does that make a person with positive karma good? Maybe not. It is uncertain. But what is certain is that Soverick Ghastorix has a lot of positive karma. He is glowing brightly like the sun in Jarkon's vision. This means that Soverick is the one with the moral high ground in the upcoming fight.

"Look at me. The unrelenting Justice. Heading to his defeat without a care in the world, like always." He mocked himself.

He is called the unrelenting Justice because of how determined he is when he is chasing after evildoers. He does that because of his fear of the backlash. It pushes him to chase after his target with unmatched determination. Those that accept the bloodline for what it is and move into action without being compelled to fight evil get a lax treatment from their bloodline of the lion of justice. They have some freedom in how they act or when they act. They aren't compelled as much and even if they are, they don't feel the difference because it is something they would do without being coerced.

Those ones will have a choice in the length of preparation and the angle of attack. They can get allies and form teams to hunt a target. But not him. He has to start chasing after Soverick as soon as his bloodline sensed him. His bloodline knows that he won't go if he is not compelled so he didn't get time to prepare. If he hadn't been lucky enough to meet some loot box along the way that contained weapons and armor, then he will be here empty-handed.

Weapon or not, he is not confident about taking on Soverick. He would rather be somewhere else doing something productive and worthwhile, not here on a suicidal mission. It is not a pleasant feeling to go into battle knowing full well of your impending defeat. And all of this because his ancestor was a goody two shoes who somehow managed to become an Origin god. He cursed his descendants with his foolishness. Now Jarkon has to follow in his footsteps and fight someone with positive karma all the while knowing that only a miserable end will become of him.

He shouted as he closed in on Soverick. "This is your fault too. This is your fault."

He has a lot more that he cannot say. He can't say them mainly because it is too long and it is stupid. He is very angry at Soverick because this situation is his fault too. Soverick could have not killed those people. Soverick could have not killed his brother that had made the compelling force of his bloodline so strong. If there's a victim here, it is him. He is the one that doesn't want to be here but has to be here and has to fight only to suffer defeat.

"You killed all those people. You killed my brother. I hate you. I hate you." He cried out as he slashed his blade at Soverick from afar.

He shed a tear in each yellow eye. He has dreams too. He has things he wants to do and places he would rather be. He has hobbies that he would rather spend his time on. He is a person with hopes and dreams too. But he can't have anything that he wants just because Soverick killed a lot of people with impunity. If his brother was spared, his bloodline will not be so incensed and thirsty for vengeance. It is both Soverick's fault and his stupid ancestor's fault.

He infused his blade with all the energy that he can summon and swung it multiple times at Soverick from afar. Thin yellow strips of light flew forth from his blade. The strips brightened the world and are difficult to look at directly because of how bright they are. They look pretty but the strips split the ground apart and caused the air to howl as they sailed forth to split Soverick in two.

Soverick moved his hands absent-mindedly and deflected the sharp vertical waves of energy aside with quick slaps. His movements were clumsy as he slapped and backhanded the attacks. Jarkon increased the frequency of his attacks. The sharp thin strips carved the ground wantonly in their quest to overwhelm Soverick but they couldn't harm him. His hands moved in a blur as he knocked them aside.

More of them came seeking to have a taste of his flesh as Jarkon swung his blade in a frenzy all the while screaming about how much he hates Soverick.

Suddenly Jarkon cursed, "Shit."

He was swinging his blade at Soverick from a distance to keep himself somewhat safe. He didn't feel surprised that his attack did nothing but he continued nonetheless. It is better than getting close to Soverick. However, the world is wicked and unfair to him. Soverick became close to him and he doesn't know how.

Chapter 640 The Roar Of Justice.

Jarkon cursed because he suddenly lost his target. Soverick had suddenly disappeared from his vision. He wanted to accept the inevitable defeat. If he had his way, he would turn around and run right now as any smart person would do, but his bloodline will have none of it.

He can't have his way, not when Soverick is so close to him. He moved against his will to try and counter the incoming blow. His eyes might not be able to track Soverick but his divine sense can. Soverick suddenly appeared within the range of his divine sense like a flicker of light. He also has his fist clenched together for a punch and that said fist is traveling very fast toward his face.

Jarkon saw the incoming blow and tried to block it. Unfortunately but not surprisingly, he failed to block the blow that struck his temple. Soverick's fist smashed into his head and lifted him into the air.

'I knew it would happen.' He sailed through the air thinking that to himself.

The blow was mighty. A shockwave blasted out from the point of impact between the fist and Jarkon's face. Soverick punched with the intent to kill. He would have died if it were not for the barrier that came with his armor. Without armor, his body might have shattered then and there.

As it is, the ground he was standing on was cratered because of the residual force of the blow that the barrier diffused into the surrounding. He would have become pulp if not for the armor. He knew that. He also knew that there was nothing he could have done to stop it. Soverick was just too fast for him to react to.

He hadn't sailed too far before another force struck him. Then another struck him. Then another. Soverick kept punching him in the air. He would catch up to him and deliver blows meant to shatter mountains on him. The shockwaves of the punch did a number on the environment. Thunderclaps rang in the air and the innocent grasses were uprooted down to the soil that held their roots as the ground was forced to flip.

The punches disoriented Jarkon and made him dizzy but no more than that. The armor kept him largely safe from the avalanche of destruction occurring around him. He would have been content with doing nothing and staying safe within the armor. But his bloodline thought otherwise. Jarkon began to glow. His golden fur lit up with golden light. The light traveled far and quickly. Then a shock wave passed through everything the light touched.

The shockwave stimulated the air to create the sound of a lion's roar. The roar spread far and wide rather harmlessly. But the shockwave that created the roar disintegrated everything it touched. Stone turned to dust and dust scattered into the wind. It was the agitated wind that formed the roar. Jarkon stood in the air like a shining statue while his divine ability destroyed everything around him in a sphere.

Matter lost its structure as the bonds that held it together were broken through the liberation of energy. Solids turned to dust, liquids to steam, and gas into heated gas. A crater formed around him as the shockwave dug into the ground. For that brief moment, he was unstoppable. He was destruction incarnate capable of annihilating everything. Then the light on his body faded and the shockwave died down.

Jarkon fell into the crater when he lost the levitation granted to him by his divine ability. He looked around for signs of Soverick. He was hoping he got the child of the plane or at least hurt him badly. He searched but he couldn't find a body. It is a good sign but Jarkon held his happiness back for now.

Soverick was about to punch Jarkon when he activated his divine ability, the roar of justice. Soverick stopped and tried to retreat but the light reached him quickly. The golden light was not harmless. It is a spiritual attack meant to stun whoever it touches. The spiritual attack slammed into his mind.

It felt like thousands of pins were jabbing into his consciousness. The pins broke when they struck the defense of his mind so he was able to retreat successfully before the shockwave reached him. A puny spiritual attack like that can't affect him more than being a nuisance.

Soverick stood at the edge of the shockwave after escaping its range of effect. He watched it destroy everything. His eyes observed the event with interest and captured the mechanism of the divine ability.

"Deadly but slow." He commented.

The light was meant to stun him so that the shockwave will be able to get him because the shockwave is slow. The shockwave is only moving at the speed of sound and all transcendents are faster than the speed of sound. It is deadly but it can be evaded. But if the transcendents are stunned by the light, then the shockwave will wreak havoc on their body. It might even destroy them completely.

"Time to get to work."

The shockwave died down and he bolted forward like a blur. He entered the crater to reach his prey.

"Not again." Jarkon's grumbled to himself. "I guess that failed."

He was standing at the bottom of the crater looking for any sign of Soverick. Using his divine ability left him weak. So he was hoping that Soverick took a big hit from his attack. It will make the fight swing in his favor even by a little bit. He needs that little bit because his current weakness has reduced his chances of success even further.

He didn't see Soverick coming but his divine sense spotted the incoming threat. He roused his energy again and used his divine ability again. It is the only thing he has that can injure Soverick. Golden light bloomed around him again and it was followed by the shockwave. The shockwave created the signature roar of a lion. Except this time, instead of one roar, there were two roars.