

GREED 641

Chapter 641 Clash Of The Roars.

Jarkon didn't get to figure out why there is another roar because of the explosion that occurred between him and Soverick. He was thrown by the force of the explosion and the crater was expanded. Soverick was also thrown back by the explosion. He landed gracefully unlike Jarkon who was thrown about like a rag doll. He expected the explosion so he wasn't caught off guard by it.

"Not bad for an amateur." He said as he roused himself from the pain he felt.

He caused the explosion. It wasn't the explosion that hurt him. He had to sacrifice some of his divine sense to replicate Jarkon's divine ability and it hurt him a lot. The explosion is what occurs when two energy-carrying waves of vibration with the same frequency, amplitude, and wavelength but in opposite directions meet. The energy they are carrying gets released haphazardly into the environment.

His roar clashed with Jarkon's roar and created the explosion. But he didn't get away with copying the ability. His divine sense was torn by his action. It is expected since Jarkon himself was weakened by the divine ability. He has a pretender should suffer more.

He scoffed when he noticed Jarkon trying to stand up after the explosion. Then he gave chase again. Jarkon sensed him just like last time. He has become weaker than last time so he would very much like to let things take their course and accept defeat but his divine ability activated again without his control further siphoning energy from him. And again there was an explosion.

He sailed into the air helplessly. He thought it would be like last time but it wasn't. Soverick burst through the explosion and punched him hard. The punch slammed into him with a force far greater than the explosion. He was catapulted backward with a speed far faster than he could achieve on his own.

"How are you so strong?" Jarkon shouted in indignance.

It is true that Soverick is stronger than him despite the suppression. He expected it and he expected his defeat. But the strength that Soverick is showing is vastly superior to his best estimate. It shows a vast

disparity between them that he doesn't understand. So he shouted in indignance. But Soverick didn't answer.

Then he stopped moving all of a sudden. He was flying through the air one moment and the next he was stationary. The sudden loss of momentum made his consciousness flip exactly like the demolished grassland has become. It took a while to come to. When he did, he saw Soverick staring at him intently.

Those four unnatural eyes were staring at him. They have golden pupils and are surrounded by a multicolored ring that shifts like a kaleidoscope. One might call them beautiful but he can't appreciate the beauty of Soverick's eyes. Only one of them is actually focused on him. The other eyes are busy with something else. It looks very weird and honestly intimidating. They make Soverick look cross eyed. But he doesn't find it funny. The intensity of the single eye is already unnerving. He would be terrified if all four of them focused on him.

The two of them are standing within a giant misshapen bowl in the ground. Their fight had shifted the soil all around them.

The child of the plane smiled at him. "Lucky you. You have barrier armor. One of the best that can be found in this entire challenge. It is complete and it also has a large supply of energy. What are the odds? I bet you stumbled upon them didn't you?"

Jarkon had a lot of things that he wanted to say as Soverick held him like a child.

He wanted to say, "You could have not killed all those people but you did. You could have not killed my brother, but you did. You could have not attended this competition but you did and now I am here. I hate you. I hate you so much."

There is so much that he blames Soverick for one of which is Soverick's decision to attend the competition. He was tasked to follow and guide the three sages when they went to convince Soverick to attend the competition. He was there when Soverick decided and said that he would participate.

Soverick was being persuaded to participate in the competition but he ultimately made the decision of his own volition and free will. He on the other hand did not attend this competition of his free will. He had to attend it once he found out that Soverick will be attending. His bloodline will not let him sit still and ignore an opportunity to safely deliver a blow to the child of the plane. So he wants to curse

Soverick for the part he played in ruining his life. Unfortunately for him, his bloodline had other ideas. He was forced to say something else.

"You are not worthy of being the child of the plane and you are not worthy of the power that comes with it. I will hunt you and I will continue to hunt you till the day I die."

Jarkon's eyes can see more than Soverick's giant glow of positive Karma. He can also the potential that has been bestowed to Soverick by the plane through the title of a child of the plane. There's a power behind that title. It is not limited to infinite energy. Jarkon can tell it is a great power. He feels awe and fear for it. It is the major reason why he can never be talked into fighting Soverick for anything.

Only those that don't know the full meaning of Soverick being the representative of the plane will attack him. He knows the meaning, and yet, here he is against his will. While he feels awe and fear, his bloodline only feels disgust and righteous indignation that such a power is bestowed on someone like Soverick. He will do whatever he can do, impotent or not, to get rid of Soverick.

Chapter 642 WORLD HAMMER.

The positive karma cannot discourage the bloodline of the lion of justice to let Soverick go. He must atone for his sins with his own blood. Nothing less than that can appease the compelling need of his bloodline for justice to be served.

Soverick waved his other hand dismissively at Jarkon's speech. "Yes, yes. That's a standard issue. I guess you hate me. I understand and I also don't care. A lot of people hate me. You're just another insignificant one that forms the community of haters. I can wipe thousands of you with a wave of my hand."

Jarkon gulped in fear. He knows that Soverick was boasting about the ease at which he can dispatch his haters. Soverick doesn't care about Jarkon. He cares more about the armor that he is wearing. So he is paying more attention to the armor. His right hand is holding Jarkon up while he examined his armor with 3 of his eyes.

The armor is nothing like the Origin artifacts in the real world. It is based on different rules and so works differently but he is still able to analyze it. He is looking for a way to crack it open so that he can access

the soft weakling within and end this fight. He has to kill Jarkon or the determined shit won't leave him one. His eyes roamed over it looking for a weakness he can exploit.

He frowned the more his eyes inspected the armor. The armor is made up of many pieces of equipment and Jarkon has all of them so the armor is at full power. The armor is special in that it is not sturdy or durable. It instead uses the divine sense of its wearer to create a barrier around it to block all physical and magical damage.

This barrier is very strong and it is fuelled by energy cells within the armor. The energy cells are also at maximum capacity. This Jarkon is one lucky guy. Both his armor and the barrier are at maximum power. Either he found all the pieces for the armor and its energy cells in one spot or he found them in different places and they just happened to be what he exactly needs. It all reeks of favoritism and he knows who is favoring Jarkon.

Soverick said, "You're one tough tortoise. This shell you have on you will make things difficult. Fortunately, I have just the right thing to use."

"You will never be able to overcome justice," Jarkon yelled at him.

"We'll see about that?" He said.

Then he flung Jarkon into the air. It gave him time to set up his move. He activated WRAITH OF DEATH: WORLD HAMMER. All of his eyes glowed and focused on a spot. The gravity field at that spot began to twist and churn as it resisted his control. It buckled and moved as he willed it. It began to flow in a circle. Then it formed a whirlpool. Space twisted and warped in that spot. Light refracted and twisted because of it. That spot has become very dangerous already but he isn't done yet.

The whirlpool began to suck in momentum and world power. The twisted space became rigid but it continued to flow. World power formed teeth within it like the edges of gears within the whirlpool. The teeth ebbed and flowed with the constant push of twisted space. Soverick finished just in time for Jarkon to fall in. The whirlpool snapped shut around him like a trap.

His armor saved him from being crushed to death immediately. It formed a barrier to protect him. All the teeth began to go to work and began grinding rhythmically against the barrier. It's like the world is trying to crush him from every direction. The energy of his energy cells in the armor began to deplete at an exponential rate.

Soverick nodded appreciatively. "That's how you get into a tortoise. You crush its shell with a hammer."

Jarkon tried to free himself. He activated his bloodline ability. His golden fur began to glow with a golden light. The light spread out from him but it was stopped by the jaws of the trap. The destructive shockwave was released. Unfortunately for him, its effects were muffled by the whirlpool.

The whirlpool held on and continued to crush him.

Jarkon couldn't do anything to defend himself within the world hammer. His divine ability is not strong enough to affect world power. That didn't stop him from mouthing off though.

"Coward. Why don't you use the power of the child of the plane to kill me? Or are you too ashamed to use it? Have you realized that you are unworthy of it? It is too late now. You have been condemned."

Soverick just shook his head at the rubbish that Jarkon is spouting. He didn't feel the need to explain himself to a weak fool blinded by hatred from within his bloodline. And neither will he use the power he recently acquired from his title. His privilege as the child of the plane increased when he became a transcendent. It is a great power that he doesn't want to use. He certainly doesn't need it to crush a bug.

So he watched with contentment as Jarkon's armor caved in after its energy cells ran out. The barrier it created was destroyed and Jarkon was next. His soft squishy body became compromised immediately. He was saved by the brand on him. It saved him from the fate of being ground to death.

Soverick nodded. His eyes dimmed but he didn't go blind. He can manage this without over-exerting himself. The whirlpool died down with an explosion. All that energy and world power within the confines of twisted space and gravity went rogue when he let go of his control of them. It is the last effect of the move.

Anything within the whirlpool will be hard-pressed to survive that explosion if they survived the initial crushing force within the whirlpool. Jarkon is not one of the special ones that can survive the first phase of the attack. It is just as Soverick thought of him. He is simply a nuisance. The armour that the arena spirits decked him in didn't change that about him.

Chapter 643 Hound Dog.

Jarkon's armor saved him from the twisting forces within the whirlpool which would have rent him apart. If he survived even that, then the explosion would have sealed his fate. He would have been stretched apart by the pulling force of the whirlpool as it tries to regain its normal state.

It is one thing to withstand external pressure. It is another thing to withstand internal expansion. You need to be durable and sturdy for you to withstand the first but you need to be elastic and capable of expanding into a great size against your will near instantaneously for you to withstand the second effect of the WORLD HAMMER. Those two qualities are different if not opposite to each other and rarely do they exist in the same person at the same time. They certainly won't appear within a simple nuisance like Jarkon.

Soverick came to examine what was left after the explosion.

"It's just as expected. They gave him something I can't use if I manage to defeat him." He said when he saw the tiny pieces of the armor scattered about.

What's left of the armor is unsalvageable. It is just bits and pieces crushed beyond recognition. He had to break the armor open to kill the person within but that also removed the option of using the armor for himself after killing its previous owner. It might just be a coincidence but he has decided to err on the side of caution and believe that it was intentional.

He shrugged and said, "No use crying over broken armor no matter how top-grade it is. I'll just have to find my own."

Then he jumped out of the large crater and resumed his journey across the grassland. He is sure that he will find something soon because there is a limit to how much manipulation the arena spirits can do to deprive him of good artifacts. He just needs to move to two zones away from where he is. The zones closest to him might also have been rigged against him but he is sure to find good things two zones out.

They won't be able to deny him from getting something good for long. This means they will be trying other things to stop him soon. More fights like the one he just had with Jarkon will probably happen soon. He will welcome them because the fight will not be entirely fruitless. Anyone that can resist him so

someone that has to be astounding or at least above others in skill. That also means that they will likely have feats for him to take after killing them.

Jarkon had feats and he acquired 3 feats from Jarkon after his death. It means Jarkon had at least 6 feats or 7. If it were 8 feats, he would have received 4 feats instead of 3. Or that's how it should have gone if he were a normal person who doesn't have access to the law matrix. Soverick took everything that Jarkon had to offer.

That's how he knows that Jarkon did in fact, have 7 feats and not 6. It is because he extracted 7 feats from Jarkon when his brand was saving him. That moment of vulnerability in the brand caused by the need to save Jarkon from death created a window of opportunity that he was very quick to exploit.

"I'll take the extra 4 feats as the payment of my services. I taught Jarkon a lesson. I should get paid for it." He thought to himself happily.

The thought of Jarkon brought to mind their bloodline.

He said with mirth, "Probably gained his feats by actively hunting criminals. He just doesn't have anything better to do. Everyone with that bloodline is like that. They surely have a weird bloodline. They must be very lucky or they won't have survived."

The rule of society in the void universe makes it that the bloodline of the lion of justice should have been wiped out long ago. They made a lot of enemies by putting their noses where it doesn't belong and interfering in matters that don't concern them. Being a hero in the void universe is not a healthy lifestyle.

They should have all been killed and would have been wiped out If not for the support of the racial council. It is ironic that an eternal bloodline, one that is supposed to last forever, is the cause of death in its own lineage. It isn't exactly a rare situation. It happens in bloodlines where the ancestors are suicidal, manic, and crazy.

The ancestor of the lion of Justice was crazy about justice to dangerous levels. Fortunately for them, they have the right type of crazy that the racial council needed. They have the qualities that one will favor in a breed of hound dogs.

The racial council wanted a policing force to give a semblance of order to the plane. Anyone can do anything in the plane, but they must not go too far or the plane will become too chaotic. There has to be a force for reckoning if balance is to be kept. Who best to use than the suicidal fools hell-bent on upholding justice?

So the racial made them their hunting dogs and established an empire for them where their bloodline can proliferate in safety. It helped the bloodline to continue despite the self-harming tendencies of its possessors.

It is without a doubt that their bloodline is strong. It would have been stronger if it were not so focused on hunting evil and delivering justice. Their eyes lost the usual power of the battle sage monkeys in favor of identifying criminals and locking on them.

Once someone with the bloodline of the lion of justice locks on to someone, it is near impossible to escape their hunt unless you leave the plane. Even then, there's nothing stopping them from leaving the plane to chase after you. The racial council saw this and was impressed.

Chapter 644 A Boon To The Entire Race.

They can find criminals and their targets of investigation easily with their eyes but they lost every other ocular ability that could have strengthened them. But that's okay. After all, that ability to track and find the target through any type of environment or situation is what is really needed in a hound dog.

The roar of the lion of justice makes them difficult to be ganged up on and overwhelmed with numbers. The wave of destruction that they produce is a large area of attack with strong crowd control effects. It grants them the confidence to always go forward without the worry of being overwhelmed. The divine ability is powerful with few disadvantages. The slow shockwave is complimented by the fast spiritual light attack.

The most glaring disadvantage of the ability is that it weakens them. Even he wasn't exempted from it. He had to pay the price of using MIND OVER POWER to simulate the ability by sacrificing some of his divine sense. He can regenerate it with time but it is painful to lose it.

They have a good set of abilities but it would have been better if they set out to be destructive in the first place. For example, if their divine ability could be concentrated on a single target. It would have a

longer range and it would cost fewer resources to use so they won't be weakened as much when they use it. Then their bloodline will be more powerful.

He shook his head as he thought of the possibilities of their bloodline ability, "What a moron for an ancestor. He condemned his descendants to stupidity."

He knows about the compelling that their bloodline exerts on them but he doesn't care. Only action matters and Jarkon tried to kill him. It is difficult if not impossible to discern if he really wanted to do it or if he was compelled to do it. But one thing is sure, and that is that Jarkon tried to kill him. Jarkon's bloodline will not exempt him from the repercussions of what he tried to do.

Besides, it is a good thing to try and kill stupid people. What he did with Jarkon is a boon for the battle sage monkeys. Stupidity ruins the potential of a race to survive. In a normal situation, stupid people rarely live long because of the survival of the fittest. But the descendants of the lion of Justice are not weak so they survive longer than they should.

The bloodline of the Lion of Justice needs to be wiped out for the good of the race. Their bloodline should be eliminated for the stupidity it imposes on others. If he manages to wipe out the entire bloodline of the lion of Justice, then no one will be forced to do something stupid like being a hero. So Soverick was being a saint as usual. The real evil entities are the bloodline of justice and the Arena spirits.

Jarkon might have been used by his bloodline but was definitely used by the arena spirit. He was a tool for their agenda. The arena spirit also took advantage of his doggedness to try and eliminate Soverick. They made a mistake choosing Jarkon as their tool. He was faulty and stupid.

Jarkon was a tool used to attack him. A tool is not inherently evil. It is the wielder that is evil. Even then, the tool has to be capable of what it is being used for or it will hurt itself. Jarkon was not capable of what he was being used for and he suffered for his incompetence.

Soverick can't be blamed for not showing mercy just like a rock cannot be blamed for shattering a blunt axe. It doesn't matter even if he is blamed for it because he doesn't care. He killed thousands of people because they wanted to fight him. What's one more nut job who is way over his head?

The competition continued like so. People meet each other, fight each other, and kill each other. It was a chaotic free for all with an element of order. The objectives are clear. They are to try and reach the center of the arena or acquire as many feats as possible before they die. They can achieve these objectives any way they want.

The objectives add the element of Order to the challenge but the numerous ways of achieving them created Chaos. The Unified Skill Index is not a competition with organized fights. People don't face one fighter once in an enclosed ring and try to beat them to reach the next stage. The real world is not so orderly. The real world is chaotic. The real world is not fair most times and the competition should reflect that unfairness.

That unfairness showed in a very glaring way. The last man standing made it fairly obvious that only one person can win but some people thought it is a good idea to join forces. This idea is not unique to certain people and neither is it limited to a special set of people. A lot of battle sage monkeys thought of it and did it.

The idea to combine forces became adopted pretty quickly because it wasn't suggested during this challenge. The idea for corporation was recommended last challenge because of one person. Very few are like Soverick that are competing alone. And many are those that believe they need to band together to defeat him. It just so turns out that cooperation is a good idea to fight others apart from the child of the plane so many people banded together in this challenge.

Cooperation is a common thing that happens in the world. Banding together to augment your strength is how society is formed. So it is not cheating when people form teams. It is just the way of the world to seek strength in numbers. A team of 2, 4, or even 10 is alright. It is acceptable. But an army of a thousand is cheating. Unfortunately, there's nothing stopping people from forming an army.

Chapter 645 Daylight Robbery.

It is definitely unfair that some created an army when everyone is supposed to be working on their own. It doesn't matter that some created an army with their divine ability by enslaving or coercing people to work with them. It is still unfair but such is life.

The female battle sage that tried to take control of Soverick surely would have been able to gather a sizeable following. She did it in the previous challenge and could have done it again. It is her current predicament that has saved the world from her scourge in this challenge.

The competitors have Soverick to thank for this good deed. But does he get the thanks that he dubiously deserves? No. Instead of giving him all their precious stuff, he is attacked by one such army as soon as he leaves the 7th ring and reaches the 6th ring. The ungrateful bastards.

Soverick was walking towards the center of the arena calmly looking for a good loot box when he sensed a lot of competitors in the distance. A lot of competitors means a lot of loot and a higher chance of possessing very good loot. So he veered in their direction.

"Surely they must have something good. That many people cannot be useless." He said to himself in encouragement as he sped towards the army.

So maybe they didn't attack him. Maybe he attacked them to get what they have. Maybe he wanted to rob them of their hard-earned loot. But it is their fault for not handing it over to him when he asked them for it nicely.

Soverick bolted to meet the army. He suddenly appeared before them standing a short distance from their front lines. The army froze. First, the frontlines froze. The ones behind them had to stop when they couldn't go any further. Some of them even stumbled. The entire army stalled immediately. There was no movement or talking. One can hear a pin drop and sense the chill that spread throughout the army.

He declared to them. "Hand over all that you have on you and I'll let you go."

So he didn't exactly ask for their things nicely. It still doesn't matter. They should have allowed him to rob them and be on his merry way doing more good for the race. If these people had been in Arena 28, then they would have folded like paper dunked in water. The structural integrity of their body, will, and mind would have caved at the mere sight of this walking Calamity. They would have done everything he asked for in less than a heartbeat.

Unfortunately for these people, they didn't witness the catastrophes he caused. It is one thing to hear of his feats and it is another thing to be around him when he earned those feats. These people have only heard of his notoriety and have been spared numerous traumatizing experiences so they are still willful.

They know of the child of the plane and the black obsidian crown on his head indicates that he is beyond a King. But they are thousands and he is just one. If they as an army can't stand up against the oppression of a single man who should be their equal, then of what use is their blatant cheating?

He is one man trying to rob an army. Will they just roll over? Will they allow him to rob them and be on his way? No, they are not. The arena spirits spawned people of like minds who have not been exposed to him and fattened them up so that they can dispose of Soverick. It is their next best option. They understand that one person cannot eliminate Soverick even if that one person has been made near invulnerable with powerful armor complete with full-energy cells.

The arena spirits would have loved to let the other kings gang up on him but those champions are notorious lone hunters. The next best thing is a bunch of riff-raff decked out in artifacts and in possession of several high-quality healing pills. Their pills will actually heal them and keep them in the fight much longer.

They have prepared this army as best as they can. This is not an army that can be taken out by destroying its leader either. They were not hastily made into an army. They were a group before the competition so they can adapt very quickly to a loss in leadership. Soverick will have to fight if he wants to get anything from them.

Soverick watched the army for their reaction. None of them made any movement despite his very reasonable ultimatum. They don't want to give in but they know it is a bad idea to fight the child of the plane so they don't want to make the first move. They would rather he left them alone. Unfortunately for them, he is hell-bent on robbing them. Stuff like this happens in real life too. It may not be fair but it happens so it is also allowed.

"I will take your silence as a no." He sighed and said. "I wanted to avoid a confrontation. But you have left me no choice."

He had been genuinely hoping that these people would simply surrender. It is unlikely but one can surely hope. What he wants is a good weapon and some armor if he is lucky. He doesn't want a fight. A clash with him is likely to leave armor destroyed and in pieces. He is a killer and his skills are ill-equipped for harmless incapacitation. He doesn't have skills that can disable the army without damaging his future loot.

Gravity manipulation would have been very useful. He will be able to make them submit with ease. But it is not an option right now. It is on lockdown because of the no-flight ban in this challenge. Gravity manipulation is a good way to fly so it is not currently allowed. That leaves very little option for harmless incapacitation.

Chapter 646 Freedom.

"I guess I'll have to make do with just their weapons." He said out loud to himself.

His words drifted into their minds like the whispers of a ghost. It is like that because none of them can pinpoint where the voice came from. They heard his words but he has disappeared from their vision. The army panicked and began looking about for him but no one can see him. That didn't make them relax though. They brought out their weapons and the special consumables that they found. They prepared for an altercation despite the absence of an enemy.

"Look there." Someone said and pointed in the direction of what they saw. "What's that?"

It didn't take long for them to spot an oddity. Something appeared a short distance beside their flanks. More of it continued to appear. It is especially glaring when it happened after a confrontation with the child of the plane. It is too late to stop though. Clumped as they are, they made easy targets for the phantom spears that suddenly appeared around them and started to shoot at them.

Soverick is running around the army while forming thousands of mind weapons. Numerous golden spears surrounded the army and impaled them like the bolts of a ballista. More spears were formed to replace the expended ones in a circle of unending attacks. They are being attacked from every side with nowhere to go. He has successfully cornered an army of ten thousand and is whittling down their numbers.

The leader of the army shouted to everyone. "Quick, defend yourselves. Prepare ranged attacks and shoot something."

They can't just sit back and accept their fate. Orders were sent throughout the army and it roused them to withstand the incoming threat. Those bearing shields were sent to the perimeter of the army to defend against the spears while ranged attackers were ordered to shoot at something. The army just needs an opening in the constant all-encompassing attack for them to be free.

A lieutenant asked their leader, "What should we shoot at?"

Their leader had no answer. They still can't see their oppressor. Soverick is too fast to be sighted much less targeted. They might as well be targeting the wind and hope that they are lucky enough to hit a fly with their arrows. In fact, they will be better off hitting an imaginary fly in the wind because a fly can't catch an arrow and fling it back at them as Soverick can.

Ranged attacks aren't the only failed response. The shield defenders are failing too. Their shield might be strong but their strength is not enough to stop the spears. The spears push them forcefully into the army or knock them off their feet. Then the spears resumed the carnage on the undefended army. Everything is falling apart around them.

A desperate lieutenant asked the leader, "Should we use the explosive consumables?"

The leader yelled a reply, "You're still asking me that? When are we going to use it then? This is the child of the plane. Do you hear me? It is the child of the plane. Use everything we've got. Use it all damn it."

There is no use holding back. The spears are whittling them down from the edges inward. They should have run before Soverick finished setting up his attack. There's no escaping it now. They have to use everything they have including dangerous consumables that they found in loot boxes.

Explosions began to rock the grassland as the consumables were used. Small primed devices were thrown randomly around them. The small devices exploded after being triggered, throwing up dirt and destroying the spears. There are also explosive projectiles used to target the spears. The explosive projectiles would fly forward and explode when the explosive payload at the top of their arrow-like head is triggered through a collision.

These explosions occurred en mass and they succeeded in disrupting the onslaught of spear attacks. The phantom spears were destroyed by the explosion faster than they could be replenished which created escape routes for the army.

"Run for it. Run for it." The leader shouted himself hoarse ordering them to escape. "Run for your lives."

He didn't need to have bothered. They can all see that they have to take advantage of the short reprieve they have gotten. So everyone ran for it without his encouragement. They scattered in different directions. The army became an unruly mob of people trying to escape for their lives.

The leader himself chose a direction and ran all the while shouting to everyone else to run for it. The leader moved beyond the range of the explosions. It was a little difficult to transverse the ruined grassland without sight. The explosion created smoke and dust that reduced visibility while the uneven ground required careful threading but he did.

"I can't believe it. We escaped. I escaped." He said in disbelief.

He can't believe that they escaped a violent encounter with the child of the plane. He doesn't know what Soverick is capable of but what he has heard of the child of the plane indicates that it will not be unusual for them to all die to Soverick. He felt elation and relief like never before that his expectations didn't come true.

The leader thought to himself, "Maybe the child of the plane is not as strong as feared. He is suppressed after all so it is understandable that won't be able to take on ten thousand of us."

He is not mocking Soverick for being alive. He understands that Soverick is suppressed. So it should not come as a surprise that at least one person escaped from an army of thousands being besieged by one man. It might be unfair for an army to fight a single person but it is only fair that at least one person should escape in a situation where the one man is victorious. So he will excuse Soverick's failure to kill all of them.

Chapter 647 Counting Chicks.

Soverick is certainly victorious. He won against an army. It is a great achievement that should be more than enough for the child of the plane. The leader thought it is. Unfortunately for him, things haven't quite ended yet. They say that one shouldn't count their chicks before their eggs have hatched. It is so that one wouldn't run head first into a wall of fire that suddenly sprang up moments after celebrating their freedom.

The leader escaped the zone of low visibility. Then he stopped because he ran into a wall of fire. His eye widened when he saw it.

"This is too much." He lamented.

The wall is the only thing he can see as he looked forward. It is too tall to jump over and it extends all the way around the army. The leader knows because he looked around for a break in the wall but he

found nothing. The army has been surrounded by a wall of fire. It is literally blocking their path to freedom.

"This can't stop me. Surely it can't be that thick." He said as he ran forward.

He decided to brave the flames. Fire is dangerous but that's if it has enough time to burn. He intends to create a barrier around him with his solidified divine sense, rush through the wall of fire, and come out on the other side before the barrier is destroyed or before he dies.

He isn't fortunate to have barrier armor. Those are very rare. So he will be injured by the flames but he might escape. The damage will be minimal if he is fast enough. Surely the wall of fire won't be that thick considering its incredible length. It is only reasonable for one to hope for that.

He ran head-first into the fire with the determination to escape. It takes a brave person to do what he did and a brave person deserves to escape. He couldn't see where he is going in the flame or through his divine sense but he continued to run forward. When there is a Will, there is a way.

He ran forward through the blazing wall and he was rewarded for his efforts. He was right about his conjecture. The flame wall isn't thick. It seems the child of the plane couldn't create a wall of fire that long and also thick enough to burn them to death. He was wrong about escaping though. He was right about the inadequate thickness of the wall of fire but then, he ran face-first into an actual wall behind the wall of fire.

Beyond the wall of fire is an earthen wall. This earthen wall is obscured by the flames so they didn't see it. Only those that ran into the fire and reached its end get to realize that it is there. For many of them, they don't even know what they ran into. They were running forward very quickly one moment as the fire burned them and the next, they have fallen on their butt from colliding with something they cannot run through. It is rather unfortunate.

Things are not over for those that were able to quickly recover from the brief setback. They have to run back the way they came from to leave the wall of fire. But who can easily remember the way back after being disoriented by the collision? Even if they did, the earthen wall has effectively doubled the thickness of the wall of fire. It is enough thickness to burn them to death. So no one escaped.

The leader experienced excruciating pain as the fire went to work on him. He resisted as much as he could which slowed down his death. It was painful to experience but he didn't do it because he believed he could escape. He had the presence of mind to relay what happened to his lieutenants over the soul talisman. It is important that his death informs others about the danger of the obstacles to their freedom.

He shouted through the mind link as he died, "Something is blocking the way out of the fire. Don't run into the flames. Use consumables! Use consumables!"

He warned them until he couldn't maintain his consciousness any longer and was removed from the competition. He is a good leader. Brave and dedicated to his army. He might die but his followers must live. He sent the information to all of his lieutenants so that whichever one is still alive can take charge.

The fire hadn't done as much damage to the army as the spears. Not a lot of people are brave enough to run headfirst into the wall of fire so there is still a lot of them alive. It is not cowardice but rather a sign of sanity.

A lot of lieutenants were sane enough not to jump into the fire. They were alive to receive their leader's message. They got the information he acquired at the cost of his life and rallied the army. It came at an opportune time too because the wall of fire is closing in on the army. Sane or not, in time, they will have no choice but to be roasted in the flames.

The explosive consumables were used again. The army has a lot of it but they decided to be more efficient with it this time. They targeted a single point in the wall of fire to break through instead of scattering their ammunition.

Their effort bore fruit. A section of the wall of fire and the earthen wall behind it was destroyed by the explosions. They were able to see what was behind the obstacle and what they saw made their heart sink. There's another wall of fire a short distance from the first one.

"Try another direction." A lieutenant ordered quickly with a shout. "Try another direction now."

They can't lose hope yet. It could be that Soverick healed this broken section of the wall as soon as it was breached. If so, then they just have to destroy it faster than he can heal it. It is their only chance. The alternative is worse.

Chapter 648 A Healthy Attitude.

The soldiers perked up at Lieutenant's order. Their dwindling hope rose and they rushed to bombard multiple sections of the flame barricade with explosives. They destroyed it easily enough but it did them no good.

Someone dropped to their knees and wailed to the skies, "We are doomed."

A lieutenant kicked the doomsday crier and rebuked him. "Shut your mouth. You have to maintain a healthy attitude and keep the morale up."

Another one said in awe, "How can you make two walls of this size and still maintain it?"

This person's words drew the attention of others.

"That is one hell of a healthy attitude." The doomsday crier marveled at the one who spoke.

The lieutenant that rebuked the doomsday crier said to him, "I don't mean him. Don't be like him. He is crazy."

The one they said was crazy because of his so-called healthy attitude just shrugged. They are doomed but that doesn't mean they can't admire what doomed them. She is just being open minded enough to appreciate the work that has gone into putting them in this situation.

The first barricade of fire and earth is almost a kilometer long. It formed a circle around the army of the ten thousand. The second wall is larger than that and yet Soverick can create and maintain them simultaneously. The breaches in the first wall are being healed as they watched and the wall is creeping slowly toward them.

This is not some fireball that will explode after being released. It is a constant torrent of flames being channeled in two different locations. Then there is the earthen wall behind them. So Soverick is manipulating two different elements, keeping them going, and doing all that in two different directions.

"Shut up every one of you." Someone shouted to get everyone's direction. "We are not dead yet. We can't give up until we are dead. We must continue forward."

That roused everyone. This feat of the child of the plane is impressive but it is bound to fall apart if they put more pressure on him. Could he be capable of creating and maintaining a third wall? If he is, then they will accept defeat. They will give up if there is a third wall. But they will continue to fight until then.

"Let's go." Someone shouted and the army responded.

They roared as they funneled through a single section of the broken wall. They decided not to disperse their efforts and instead focus in one direction to breach both the first and the second wall quickly.

The first barricade began to fall and wasn't replenished when everyone funneled out of it.

Someone pointed at the breaking wall of fire and said, "You see that. He can't keep it up. Continue rushing forward."

That's the last thing this person said before going up in flames.

Soverick was running in between the two barricades he set up so one of them is on his right side and the other one is on his left. Creating the walls was easy. Maintaining them on the other hand is very difficult. His divine sense has been suppressed so it is not enough to maintain a channeling of this size. What he did to replenish the depletion of the first barricade is by employing swift addition.

That's why he is running. He is constantly adding more to the barricades. It looks like one intact structure because he adds more flames to it faster than it can deplete. At first, he only set up one barricade. He set up the second one when he saw them preparing their explosives.

"They haven't given up huh." He chuckled to himself.

He can see whatever they are trying to do through his eyes and the law matrix. He saw and heard the speech. He also saw them deciding to push him to his limit. They were right about something though. He

can't maintain more than two barricades at the same time. But he doesn't need to since they have funneled themselves in one direction. So he stopped replenishing the first barricade and began bombarding them with fireballs.

Balls of fire flew from him towards them. Everyone in between the first and second barricades got a load of fireballs to their face. Sure, they can pressure him. And sure they will get their freedom if they breach the second barricade. But they have to get past him first and reach the second barricade before they get their freedom.

Explosives are great for those that can't use laws in this arena but those that have mastered the laws of fire in this law matrix don't need them. The army found out the wrong way how effective natural explosives are. The first ones to exit the breach in the first barricade were blown to bits. Soverick threw enough fireballs at them to drown them. They would have drowned if it was water that he threw at them in such a large amount.

"Scatter." Someone shouted before being scattered into the wind by another ball of fire.

The ones behind him heeded his advice and scattered in different directions. The rest decided to take different openings in the first wall but they were met with the same thing. The problem with their escape is that they have to funnel themselves through the first wall. It made them perfect targets for elimination by explosions.

If they are too slow, then Soverick will be able to replenish the first barricade and attack them. If they are too fast in funneling out of the first barricade, then Soverick will ignore the first barricade and contrate all his firepower into eliminating them. They have literally been caught between a rock and a hard place. Or in this case, between a wall of fire and another wall of fire.

Soverick ran around the army between the two walls of fire and punished anyone that tried to escape the first wall. Fire bombarded them again and again until the first wall healed and sealed the breaks within it. Then he made the first barricade shrink to corner those still within it.

Chapter 649 Stealing Is Good.

The survivors within the first barricade have to use more explosives to break the wall if they want to escape the rapidly shrinking wall of fire. They do that only for them to be rewarded for their efforts with more flames to the face in the form of a carefully formed and strategically tossed ball of fire.

Some of them tried to give Soverick trouble. They have some understanding of the laws of this world. They used earth, water, wind, and even fire to fight back. It all ended in their defeat. There may be a lot of them but they are not fast enough to be a threat to Soverick. He could already move faster than some mana entities as a vitality core stage refiner. He has maintained his advantage in speed through his progression in refinement.

He is currently moving at the speed of a king of law despite the suppression while they are moving at the level of transcents. That's a difference of two levels of refinement. He has the empowerment of momentum through the 9 golden orbs on his back to thank for that. His mind is also much more versatile than theirs and he has better control.

They can create spells of the same power as him because of the suppression but he can create 20 times more than anyone of them can in the same amount of time and control them so well that he is already creating more spells before the previous ones are extinguished. So they were too slow to react to his bombardment of spells and too slow to fight back. They are the proverbial sitting ducks.

He overwhelmed the trouble makers fire and he went on to ground the army down little by little. The first ring of fire shrunk and crushed the last bit of the army. Then he went about picking up the things they left behind. Their generosity was unwilling and involuntary. But he is not picky. He will accept it anyway. He found a lot of good things inside their space rings and he had as many weapons as he wanted.

"Killing people for their stuff is always better than looking for your own stuff." He said cheerfully as he raided the things his dead enemies left behind.

He can see what's inside loot boxes and where loot boxes are but it is not better than simply taking other people's stuff. He earned more than 20 feats from killing all of them. Their leader has two feats which is impressive. Only a few had 1 while the rest were featless.

Getting a feat in the survival challenge is very difficult. Only 18 out of 10,000 managed to survive the challenge and receive the survival feat. That's a much better survival rate than his own arena.

Those with just 1 feat should be safe from him but he took everything they have when he killed them. The stuff they have more than makes up for the time he wasted because of their refusal to let him rob them blind without fighting back.

He doesn't need to worry about feats anyway. He will get half of the feat of every competitor in the challenge as long as he is the last man standing. Acquiring feats is the drive for the challenge but it ultimately ends with becoming the last man. If you can kill someone and take half of their feats, you will lose half of all your feats if someone kills you. Everyone will eventually die until half of everyone's feats reaches the only person that is not killed. That means the last man standing will get half of everyone's feats.

The only way to leave this Challenge with more feats than you came in with is to kill and acquire more than twice the amount of feats that you came in with before you die. That way, the loss of half your feats after your death will leave you with more feats than you had originally. Ultimately, it is the last man standing that will benefit the most. It is why he mustn't die and why he must have a weapon. Preferably a high-quality weapon that will grant him access to world power. Unfortunately for him, he didn't get one.

"Seems like the arena spirits know what they are doing." He muttered as he rifled through the loot of his now-dead foes.

He spent almost an hour going through the many space rings that he found but he didn't find a high-quality weapon. Jarkon's blade was good but it didn't have access to world power. It might be good enough for Jarkon but it is not for Soverick. He doesn't need a weapon that is not an upgrade of his fists.

His body and mind are already deadly to those with armor and weapons. Those same armor and weapons will not strengthen him. He can forcefully manipulate world power with his eyes but it will be more efficient if he has access to it. He was hoping this army will have one.

It is a matter of percentage. He was hoping that at least one in 10,000 people have what he wanted but it seems that the weapon he wants is rarer than that. Either that or the arena spirits made it so that none of them will have it. He won't be able to get it from them in case he manages to kill them.

He shrugged. "I should have seen this coming. No matter. I'll get one soon enough."

None of the soldiers used a weapon with world power against him. If they had, then he would have singled that person out and taken the weapon. There was the possibility that the person that had it didn't know how to use it. The only way to be sure is to kill every one of them and check out their weapons. It's not like asking them will work. He already tried asking them for something and they didn't listen to him. That's what caused the fight in the first place.

Chapter 650 Surety In Strength.

People call themselves civilized but become deaf or unwilling to understand spoken language at certain times. For example, when you ask people to give up their stuff without a fight. Selective deafness occurs which leads to the exhibition of acts of barbaric violence.

It is fortunate that he is well-versed and very convincing in the acts of barbaric violence. Action speaks louder than words anyway. And a strong gist speaks the loudest. So Selective deafness is not a bad thing for him since he has the strongest fist. The debut release occurred at N-ov3l=B(j)n.

The fight was an efficient use of time for him at the end of the day. He got feats out of it and a lot of high-quality healing pills. There are some other consumables like the explosives but he doesn't care for those. The explosives will be useless in a one-on-one fight with him. He is too fast to be caught off guard by it. He might even be able to kill his enemy before they can bring out the explosive and use it.

He resumed his journey across the arena for a weapon. It is his major goal right now. It will empower him beyond his current level. He knows he is unprecedentedly strong but he also knows he is not perfect. He has weaknesses that can be exploited. He might not be aware of such weaknesses but that doesn't mean they don't exist. The only way to be sure that he remains the strongest is to get stronger. Those that are stagnant become irrelevant.

Putting his weaknesses aside. There might not be a single person that can beat him, but there's a high possibility of a group of strong individuals ganging up on him. As the child of the plane, he is a verified threat to those that want to become the last man standing.

He is an obstacle that they must eliminate if they want any chance of being the last man standing and everyone that sees him will know the threat that he poses. The black crown on his head makes his threat level pretty obvious. It will not be far-fetched for the kings in this arena to gang up on him in order to eliminate him.

He could escape from a fight if he were in the real world. Unfortunately for him, he is not. The arena will shrink as the days go by. His mobility will reduce until he has no choice but to fight. So he has to be ready for that eventuality. He can't march towards the 1st zone without a reliable response for what he might meet there.

In this challenge, he can't run away from any threat. He has to face it, overcome it, and become the last man standing. If he doesn't become the last man standing, then he will lose half of his feats and the last man standing will become the person with the largest number of feats.

That also means he might lose the next challenge too since feats are very important for it. So losing this challenge might cost him two vulnerabilities of the core. He understands his situation very well and is highly motivated to win. The arena spirits also understand and will try to make sure he doesn't win. He can only find surety is more power.

The days went by as the challenge progressed. The external rings starting from the 7th ring were destroyed one for each day that elapsed. The ring to be eliminated is first covered with a miasma of corrosive gas. The gas breaks down everything on the ring both organic and inorganic. Everything on the ring is melted down before the arena is made to shrink into nothingness. The process takes one hour so whoever is still on the ring when the miasma comes gets some time to escape before they are doomed.

Some competitors didn't wait for their rings to be eliminated before they made it to the 1st ring. Actually, most competitors didn't wait for the deadline before vacating a ring. But these few that rushed towards the 1st ring as quickly as possible believed that they could actually win the challenge and be the last man standing. There are some that rushed there just to watch the fight for the winner but they are in the minority.

It could have been baseless or founded confidence, delusion, or simple curiosity to see the cool fights that made these people rush toward the 1st ring. Whatever it is, only those that went there to satisfy their curiosity actually succeeded in their endeavor. The rest had their expectations subverted because all of them had to stop at the 2nd ring.

They stopped because they couldn't go any further. Something is blocking their path to the 1st ring. This something was created by the sole person in the Zeroth ring. This thing has cut short the progress of everyone who wants to enter the 1st ring.

They will have to go through what's blocking them if they want to go any further but they are not eager to brave the barricade. Their unwillingness may be due to the fact that they have seen many people try to enter the first ring and give their life for the failure of their efforts.

The person blocking the way wasn't the first to reach the 1st ring. Salvini was the first person to reach the 1st ring. She was lucky enough to be teleported close to it but she didn't go straight for it. She first looted the loot boxes around. She didn't need to see what was inside it to know if it contains loot or not. She can see what will come out of the loot box before she breaks it.

Sometimes, she will break boxes with monsters inside them because she can see that killing the monsters will give her good loot. That happened a lot too. She must be really lucky. That's what she thought. She has no reason to think otherwise. Not everyone is as familiar with the workings of the arena as Soverick. And only one person in the entire competition has earned the ire of the arena spirits by doing something they shouldn't be doing.