

## **GREED 751**

### Chapter 751 Threads Of Spirituality.

It is a surprise that they found someone of Soverick's caliber among their opponents. It is unexpected but it happened. It is also unexpected and furthermore, unlikely, that there is someone else that is very strong among the furries. If that were to happen and if they have focused all their top-level strength here, then they will look like fools. They will be very surprised but they will also be fools.

The speedster drew their attention to something very important, "We also have to save Vitain. He is not dead yet. It will not do for a paragon to be killed by a furry even in a game."

"That's true." They all agreed.

The entire battle is being shown in two planes, not one as they thought. It's being shown in the sky for everyone to see. Vipers are not the only species alive in their plane. Furries are there too and they are also watching the show.

The fact that they are being watched wouldn't have mattered if they were winning easily. It would have been a good thing. It also would still be okay if they won strenuously, but it will be very bad if they lose in front of everyone. The furries will see a paragon get killed by another furry. That is a shame to their entire race. And it might also give the furries wrong ideas.

The paragon that dies and brings such disgrace to their race had better hope that they stay dead forever. The rest of them that did nothing and watched as a paragon was smashed to bits will also share in this eternal shame. So they have to rescue the speedster whom Soverick has inserted his foot into and is wearing like a shoe.

They were planning amongst themselves while Soverick was busy with something else. The lull in battle has not lasted 5 seconds despite everything they were talking about. Their minds are very fast so they have a very fast transmission of information.

The paragons planned to bring in the spell tower. She is at the center of the arena leading the Vipers into battle. She is much closer to them than the other paragons defending the flag and she is much more useful for what they need. The immortal link is weak, the defense buff needs to defend the flag while the attack buff needs to lead their army so she is the best for their situation.

It is the best option since she is the only one that managed to comprehend the laws of this world. The other paragons hadn't cared enough to make any effort in comprehending the new laws whereas she has an advantage in comprehension, concentration, mental processing, and spiritual power. She had to stop bombarding the battle sage monkeys with spells so that she can help them but it is a worthy trade.

Soverick was not idle while they planned. Three of his eyes focused on the victim at his feet while the last one was watching the others. He bore into the body of the Viper down to its cells and past that to the energy flow of its existence. He saw the makeup of the connection within the body of the Viper.

They are like threads that fill up every part of their existence. The threads are spiritual in nature. They can't be interacted with or severed in the physical realm but they are capable of effecting changes in the physical world. Another clone of Legion has seen something like this before. It is the clone that is the expert in soul matters.

"Legion-7 will be able to take advantage of this if he were here." Soverick thought to himself. Then he smirked. "Of course, he is here. He just can't show himself."

Legion-7's expertise with the soul will enable it to take advantage of the spiritual threads. Unfortunately, this is not a random hidden location. As far as Soverick knows, there are at least two world gods watching his every move. There could be more. So Soverick will have to focus and deal with this problem on his own.

He can't risk Legion for anything. But that doesn't mean he can't acquire more information about the Paragons work. It won't help the clone of Legion that is a paragon since his ability is different from the Vipers. But it will certainly help Legion-7 in taking better advantage of the false law of order of the serpentine world god.

The threads in the incapacitated speedster's body are twitching threads. They have a potential difference between them that enables them to transmit energy and information nearly instantaneously.

This empowers the muscles and makes them fast. It empowers the nerves and makes them faster at sending impulses and information. It also empowers their energy delivery and utilization system. The twitching nature of the threads is what makes the speedster fast.

He diverted two of his eyes to inspect the other vipers after his inspection of the one at his feet. One of his eyes is still watching the incapacitated Viper. He is comparing the data about their connections. He found out that the behavior and structure of the threads in the different types of paragons are different.

He is content acquiring more information while they wait because it is good for him. The paragons weaken the more time passes. He can even see it happen within his vision. Some threads loosen and suddenly disappear from their bodies when one of the normal Vipers dies.

"Interesting." He muttered to himself.

He was enjoying the sight when he noticed that one of the paragons was rushing from the battlefield toward his direction. That urged him to action.

"I guess it's time to move." He said with a sigh.

They all focused on him at that moment. A bad feeling rose within them. The other speedster even swallowed nervously.

"I wonder what will happen when I do this." He said and loped off the head of the Viper at his feet.

The paragons cried out in dismay. The most vocal one was the speedster. Soverick's act of killing the paragon is like something out of a nightmare to him.

Chapter 752 Play Time Is Over.

His movements were quick. It happened so fast that they couldn't react or do anything to stop him. His blade cut into the neck of the Viper and it disappeared. The head of the Viper didn't come off since it was saved by the world fragment but he wasn't disappointed. He saw all the threads snap off at once. The sudden disconnection of that many threads created a type of energy that would be imperceptible in lower quantities.

This energy existed in the brief window when the connections were disconnected. The threads are exposed to the physical world during that instant. It had escaped his notice before because it was too small to notice but now he saw it and he also knows that if he has the right tools he can snatch these threads and take them for his own.

"Very interesting." He mused out loud amidst the cry of the Vipers.

They are very unhappy about what he did. They were hoping to rescue the Viper and save him but Soverick dashed their hope. He ignored their cries of anguish and focused on the behavior of the threads. He saw them dip down into their spiritual state and then disappear. He doesn't have the tools to take the threads for himself. He is not a paragon. He doesn't have a heart that the connections can attach to. So he watched as the immortal link took the connections.

He rubbed his chin and said, "I am learning more and more today."

The spectacle of the Viper's death gave him some ideas about how to use the boost from his title as child of the plane. He found the behavior of their threads to be similar to his connections with the plane. He knows the true state of the connection with the plane but the Vipers and their connections enlightened him further.

His connections are for whatever he wants to do with them. They are malleable, unlike the threads of the Vipers. The only one with malleable threads like his is the immortal power. The immortal power even has better control of the threads than him. The immortal powers are capable of using the threads to keep their existence anchored to the world. That's how they gain immortality. He is far below that level of control.

He cracked his neck and swung his blade twice as if testing it.

He told them, "Playtime is over."

The speedster took a step back in fear. He smirked. Then he took three steps forward and disappeared. The vipers briefly saw his body split three times into 8 figures before he disappeared. Then he appeared in their midst. Only the other speedster was able to react to his sudden appearance. I think you should take a look at

The Speedster's eyes widened when he suddenly appeared among them. It took more steps back. Soverick took one quick glance at it and ignored it. He turned to the brute on his left and his blade flashed multiple times as he struck the brute over and over again.

The speedster managed to take two steps back before the reality of its situation caught up with it. One step was okay but two steps is not. Two steps are too much for it. The second step stressed its body past what it can handle considering its new state. Two lines appeared on the face of the speedster after it took the second step. The two lines extended from its head to its torso. The Viper split into three when the two lines expanded. Then it disappeared as the arena saved it.

There is a saying that one shouldn't take two steps after being slashed with a blade two times. Actually, one shouldn't move at all if they can help it. Most people can't move after suffering such injuries but the speedster was too fast for its own good. It is so fast that it moved faster than it can feel pain and realize that it shouldn't move. Maybe it wouldn't have moved if it knew what Soverick had done to it.

Soverick ignored the speedster because it was already dead. It just didn't know it yet. He has to be the mature one if one of them is going to be foolish. He already killed the speedster with a DANCE OF THE SPECTRAL WIND before he activated WORLD BREAKER. That's two targets that he took care of before appearing in their midst. So he focused on the third target. The white brute will be the focus of his wrath.

He moved with a flicker faster than the wind itself. In fact, he can cut the wind itself with how fast his blade moved. He was fast before but employing his boost from the plane to speed himself up made him much faster. It also made him attack faster.

His hand moved like lightning and his blade struck his opponent with the force of a hammer. Each strike between his blade and the flesh of the brute created a sound akin to thunder. An explosion of force took place as the blade made contact with flesh. Shockwaves battered everything around them.

He expected to split the brute apart into gory chunks but he was disappointed. His blade cut into the brute but it was like he was cutting into metal instead of flesh. His blows are as heavy as a hammer but the brute is as durable as a mountain. It will take a lot for a mountain to be broken.

He managed to cut deep furrows into the brutes so that the brute became tattered but he won't be able to kill it before the other brute finally reacts and interferes. The brute's white pristine scales have been marred. Deep lines spread across its body like the valleys of mountains. But the bulk of the mountain is still standing.

He kicked the misshapen carved-up brute away from him while he turned to the brute that just realized that something is terribly wrong. The brute is a little slow but it has not been a second yet since he appeared in their midst. The black-scaled brute threw a punch which Soverick disabled by pushing his arm aside with his blade. Then he switched his boost to strength and punched the brute in the face.

## Chapter 753 The Brutes.

His hand smashed into the black-scaled brute's face. The two body parts made violent contact with it each other. A spark was created, which was followed by an explosion. The black-scaled brute was knocked flying by the force of the explosion. He flew just as the other brute landed on the ground in a heap of broken flesh. Soverick flexed his arm as he turned to the first brute that he attacked.

"That is not good." He muttered after observing his hand.

He didn't come out unscathed from the short exchange of blows. He was the one that did most of the dishing out but his hand suffered for his generosity. His hand was crushed. He had damaged his arm simply by punching the black-scaled brute.

On the other hand, the brute that he punched came out of the collision without any injury. The brute was disoriented and was sent flying but that is all he suffered. Soverick isn't surprised though. Brutes are very durable and very strong. He can boost his defense, speed, strength, perception, spirit, and vitality just like an immortal power, and just like an immortal power, he can only do one at a time. So he can't have improved strength and defenses at the same time. He has to choose one.

Brutes have the advantage of having two enhanced attributes at once. Their fixed connections grant them both strength and defense. So while he might be stronger than them, he will face the consequences if he punches them because his defense is lacking. He knew this, but he did it anyway. It was to give him the opportunity to finish what he started.

He turned to the white-scaled brute just in time to see it already regenerating. The bone-deep injuries he caused were already knitting themselves back together and all his work will be rendered useless soon.

"This is also not good," Soverick observed to himself.

It turns out that the threads of brutes enhance three attributes, not two. It also seems like the brute has gotten more threads. He has killed two paragons already so the rest will get stronger. The available connections will be shared by 7 instead of 9 so there's more power for each of them now.

He groaned, "Now they will heal faster too."

Now that they have more connections, they will be stronger, have increased defenses, and they will also be able to heal faster. Brutes were built to be able to take severe punishment to their body and also have the ability to return from near-death conditions. He has to hit them faster and harder than they can recover.

So he activated WORLD BREAKER again and took three steps toward the healing brute. He split himself into 8, recombined, and entered the law matrix. He found his target in the law matrix. Then he smashed into the brute there. He was rebuffed as if he hit an elastic surface. Then he rematerialized in the world of manifestation.

"I'm not going to do that again." He complained as he stumbled. I think you should take a look at

His injuries are so bad that he can't even stand properly. He came out of the law matrix without one-third of his body. Large portions of his body have disappeared exposing the white paper-like material that makes up his body. This injury extends from his head down to the half that is left of his right foot.

He groaned. "I should have just stuck with punching them in the face."

He groaned and this time he really felt some pain. That attack didn't work out as he thought. It turned out badly. In fact, it turned out worse than when he punched the brute in the face. Using world breaker on the brute was a bad idea. He failed to do any damage to the brute itself despite injuring himself. He did damage the threads on the brute but that's only because they covered him like a cocoon and protected him.

It was like the pyramid in the third challenge. The threads formed a layer around the brute that he must overcome if he wants to damage the brute. He failed to overcome the defense of the threads and was rebuffed. It caused a backlash that hurt him. The brute was already injured but he still managed to make Soverick suffer.

"Now what?" He asked himself.

Splitting himself into more specters will not be a good idea either. It will be like the dragon situation all over again. He already injured himself using just 8 specters. He will have to go into a coma if he pushes himself to 128 specters. 8 specters should have been good enough. It requires little energy from him and it can be activated quickly. It leaves behind a tear in space that is almost imperceptible and heals instantly unlike the tear he created when he fought the dragon.

8 specters are good enough for people with a soul body. They don't have the defense of their concept manifestation that the body of law that a titan has to protect themselves. 8 specters were good enough for the power immortal. That guy's body unraveled like soggy noodles when Soverick smashed into him. He was Soverick's second target after he dealt with the speedster.

"Speaking of my second target..." He said as he looked at the spot where the immortal power was still standing.

The immortal power hasn't moved despite all the action going on around him. He isn't doing so well after the first WORLD BREAKER was used on him. That was after the DANCE OF THE SPECTRAL WIND was used on the second speedster. Soverick dealt a fatal blow to him but he is immortal. He should have disappeared but his existence remained anchored to the world despite his existence becoming warped beyond what a living being should be.

So he is dying and resurrecting over and over again. He has been afflicted with this problem since Soverick appeared in their midst so he is too busy to bother with anything else. Soverick saw all of these and smiled. The paragons on the other hand had differing opinions when they saw what has become of their once intact mate.

Chapter 754 Immortality Can Be A Curse.

The immortal power finally lost his shape. The speed of resurrection couldn't keep up with the effects of the damage to his existence anymore. His body folded upon itself in ways that are surely not comfortable. Even an unfeeling cardboard box should not be folded, wrinkled, creased, and compressed into a ball like that. It is simply inhumane.

He is in so much pain that he can't think straight. He is dying over and over again. He feels the pain of his death each time he dies. The only thing he is experiencing right now is that pain. If there is a fate worse than death, then this is it. But he can't end it. His immortality has become his curse.

"At least something is going well." Soverick nodded appreciatively.



The immortal power has been effectively neutralized despite the fact that he can't die. The problem is that he can't heal the damage done to him. He is not a titan of law with a body of law so he is always resurrected with the damage to his existence. His body keeps collapsing under the pressure of what Soverick did to him.

The best thing is that a Viper in the arena dies each time he dies and resurrects. It is the best of both worlds for Soverick. Now he could hold on for the Vipers to wipe themselves out trying to resurrect their fallen immortal power.

"I don't envy you anymore." He commented as he watched the collapse occur again and again.

He can't use the connections he has with the plane to be immortal since the connection is just being shared with him. He is not the heart or node of the connection. The will of the plane is and it shared its connection with Soverick. Soverick is not the host of the connection. He is a guest and guests can't use the connections to remain immortal. If he dies, he dies for good.

Meanwhile, the will of the plane will exist as long as one of its inhabitants is still alive and as long as the plane still exists. But Soverick will surely die if the plane is destroyed. The destruction of the plane will lead to the demise of the will of the plane and it will drag Soverick down with it. So he is a guest that might have to pay for the power lent to him with his life in case the host dies.

He used to envy the immortal power because of its control over its connection but what the immortal power is going through right now is not enviable at all. In fact, no one should be made to experience the collapse of their mind and consciousness over and over again. It is just cruel. It is also nice to watch.

Soverick smiled to himself. He let the sight of the carnage that he has wrought soothe him as he boosted his regeneration. His missing flesh returned swiftly with the boost to his regeneration. He knows he doesn't have a lot of time to heal and relax before he has to get back into the fight so he decided to enjoy this while he has the opportunity. It is the little pleasures that make life worth living after all.

Soverick's happiness was cut short when he noticed that more threads were being infused into the immortal power. The increase in the connection increased the Immortal power's resilience and slowed down his collapse. I think you should take a look at

Soverick turned toward the direction of the Immortal link and scowled. "Troublesome little shit. Disrupting my fun."

Each paragon has an average of 333,000 connections. The immortal link gave up all his connections to the others so they each had 375,000 threads. The death of two Paragons increased their allotted connection to 500,000 threads. That is a huge boost. But that still wasn't enough to save the immortal power.

So the Immortal link reallocated all their connections and added the bulk of it to the Immortal power. It safely removed some connections from the other paragons and grafted them temporarily to the immortal power. The Immortal power's collapse slowed down and eventually stopped when he got more than 2,000,000 threads infused into him.

"I can work with this." Soverick shrugged and accepted the situation.

He does not like the change. He finds the Immortal Link's meddling to be troublesome but he accepted the situation because it is to his advantage. Adding 2 million threads to a single paragon is to limit the rest to 1 million. The paragons have effectively been weakened just to prevent one of them from dying.

The Immortal link has removed his fun but he can still work with what he has. He will just have to turn his attention to the other paragons. They will be more fun now that they are weakened. They have no choice in the matter. He will squeeze out the fun from them.

The immortal power finally stopped dying. He is still collapsing since he can't heal what Soverick did to him but its body and form have stabilised. The rate of collapse has been reduced to a crawl. It is cause for celebrations but the immortal power has other ideas.

A cry tore out from his throat, "Ahhhhhhhhh!"

The cry spread far and wide. It was loud and it was bone-chilling. If they had blood, his cry would have cuddled it. The immortal power's deformed existence was finally straightened out. He is no longer crumpled up like a piece of discarded paper but all he wants to do is cry in pain.

He appeared in his spot, whole and hearty, and he screamed in pain. He hasn't been able to scream and express the pain he felt all along through an emotional outburst so it all came out now that he has the chance. He screamed and screamed without end. He would have continued screaming for all of eternity if he was allowed to. His scream ended when Soverick put a blade through his neck.

Chapter 755 Crybaby.

There was the option to cut off the immortal power's serpentine mouth. But he went for the neck. He didn't just stop after shutting off the cry. He tried to remove the power immortal's head completely from his shoulder. The immortal power died because of Soverick's overzealousness in shutting him up.

"What a crybaby," Soverick muttered. "I'm sure it wasn't that bad."

He is speaking from experience. The consequence of his fight with the dragon in the first challenge is the most painful thing he has ever experienced. But he still had the mind to sneak into the law matrix and decode it secretly while he healed. So he knows what it feels like to have the framework of your existence crushed. Then again, he and other clones of Legion have been unnaturally comfortable with pain.

The cry of pain ended but Soverick didn't leave. He enjoyed ending the misery of his enemy so he stayed close to the immortal power to do it again. The immortal power resurrected soon after. He had a good look as Soverick swung his blade and beheaded him again.

That happened several times as he waited for the brute he punched to catch up to him. Having speed makes time seem slow. He can do a lot of things while others are slow as if they are moving through tar. It hasn't been two seconds since the immortal power was stabilized, but he has done a lot in that period. His injuries healing nicely and he has beheaded the immortal power 4 times already.

The immortal power resurrected again. But this time he screamed to the immortal link through their connection.

"Kill me." He roared. "Please kill me. Kill me now."

He didn't ask for help or to be saved. He asked to die. Even that was a struggle to say through all the pain. And the pain is so much. It is all he can feel. It is an overwhelming sensation of excruciating pain. So it is not a wonder that he wants his ordeal to end through death.

It is as if there is a crack in his mind which there is. The crack is supposed to expand and kill him but it can't now that his existence has been buffed up and made more resilient. But the crack is still there. It hasn't gone so he is still feeling the pain caused by it. It is like an itch that he can't scratch. Except this itch is a fracture in his existence.

The crack has rendered him useless. He can't think straight or use his abilities. He has become a liability on the Vipers so he wants to die for two reasons. He wants the pain to end and he wants the 2 million threads to be put to good use.

"Goodbye." The immortal link said. I think you should take a look at

The immortal link used the permission he had to the immortal power to reduce his connection back to 500,000. That made him succumb to the crack in his existence. He collapsed and the immortal link used that opportunity to sever all his remaining connections. The loss of all his connections made the immortal power collapse for one last time. He didn't resurrect anymore. Soverick's fun ended abruptly.

"I really hate that immortal link," Soverick grumbled before he turned his attention to the brutes.

The black-scaled brute is rushing towards him while the white-scaled brute is still injured and nearby. He kicked the white-scaled brute away. Then he rushed towards the black-scaled brute and he began the arduous process of cutting it down. His blade flashed. There was a bang. Then a small groove appeared on the body of the brute.

Soverick just sighed and resumed his work. He wasn't discouraged by the low return for his effort. He needs to chip at the brute like a wood carver slowly chipping away at a block of wood. That's what he needs to do to bring it down and that's what he is going to do.

His blade flashed several times just as he flashed into different positions around the brute. The brute couldn't react to him at all and was helpless against him. But that's where his advantage stopped. The explosions and shockwaves caused by the impact of his blade striking the brute are like empty barks without a bite.

The defense of the brute increased again with the death of another paragon. So it will take at least 5 seconds to chop up the brute into pieces. That is a lot of time for him. It is frustrating that he has to spend so much time just cutting away at someone to kill them. Fortunately, he is not the only one frustrated in this situation. The black-called brute in question is not having such a nice time either.

The brute roared angrily. It is the only thing he can do successfully in this situation. It turned occasionally to try and catch Soverick but his tormentor is already gone by the time the brute moves. All he can catch are the fleeting afterimages that Soverick left behind.

"Help me." He roared.

He couldn't help but ask for help despite the fact that there is no one close by to help him. The second brute is still healing and the spell tower is still on its way here. Soverick is so fast that he is even managing to bombard the healing brute with spells to slow down its regeneration while still attacking him. Fortunately, he is not alone, he is connected to a being that can help him. So he received help immediately.

Soverick frowned when his blade slashed into the brute but only made an even more shallow wound. The defense of the brute has suddenly become stronger. His attack cannot cut as deep as it used to be. In fact, he is only creating surface wounds now instead of shallow grooves. It will take at least a minute of constant attacks before he can break down the brute. And that's only if the brute doesn't heal at all.

Chapter 756 Interference Of The Immortal Link.

Soverick saw what caused the sudden empowerment. The connections with the brute suddenly ballooned in number. It is not the increase in threads due to the death of the immortal power. The immortal link is messing with him again by increasing the threads of the black-scaled brute to 2 million.

"This is just not fair." He grumbled.

He is not one to care about fairness. But it seems to him that he is fighting more than one person at a time. And he can't harm the other person that is assisting the one he is fighting because they are at a safe distance. It wouldn't be unfair if he could also use the assistance of Legion in this fight. Unfortunately, he can't, or he will be creating trouble for Legion. After all, it will be very odd for him to

have a domain. Not to mention that it is the domain of a world beast. That will surely turn some heads. But it is fine if the immortal link assists the other paragons at a safe distance.

"So unfair." He grumbled his grievances one last time.

He scowled and pretended to continue to attack the brute. Others won't be able to tell what the immortal link is doing so they won't know what to do in this situation. He continued to strike the brute but half of his attacks were redirected to the fallen brute through the use of DANCE OF THE SPECTRAL WIND.

His sneaky move yielded abundant results immediately. The poor brute was diced into pretty quickly by the sudden attacks that appeared around it. The redistribution of power to the black-scaled brute left him weakened and ready to be taken advantage of.

The period of abundance didn't last long. It was interrupted when the immortal link became aware of the danger. The white-scaled brute would have died had the immortal link not hurriedly allocated more to him. That made the black-scaled brute vulnerable so it got injured again. Soverick capitalized on this weakness for a while until it was also rectified by the interfering immortal link.

The interference of the immortal link created a situation where he couldn't finish off any of them. In fact, things turned against him. Power was redirected from the other paragons that don't need it to the brutes. Instead of getting more injured, they became better. They healed and even began fighting back.

Their fighting back was ineffective though. Four of them couldn't hold him back so just the two of them are lacking. He can run circles around them and he did. He couldn't hurt them significantly but he didn't let up. He can strike them again and again. So he did.

He became a whirlwind around the two brutes as he ran around them and cut into them. His form couldn't be seen and neither could his blade. The only indication of an attack is the spark of light that is created when his blade makes contact with the skin of the brutes.

Their skin has been hardened into some kind of metal that protects them. So there is no explosion or shockwaves when he strikes them. Just the high-pitched ringing of the impact of metal against metal and the flash of light from the sparks. I think you should take a look at

The three of them were in this stalemate when the spell tower joined them. She flew forward and stopped above them. Then she began constructing spell matrixes. She didn't construct one. She constructed 10 at first. That increased to 20 when she added 10 more to it. She continued to add more until there were more than 100 spell structures in the sky and even were still increasing. She is capable of casting more than 100 spells simultaneously.

Some people are proud of their ability to cast two spells simultaneously or Double cast. Some can triple cast and more. What they can do is already impressive for ordinary spells. Spell matrixes are different from normal spells. They are more taxing. They require maintaining a constant connection with the law matrix. The debut release occurred at N-ov3l-Bin.

Spell matrixes are permanent structures of law and divine sense. They will stay in existence and continue to work as long as divine sense is supplied. That means that they exert constant pressure for their existence to be maintained. You can't just create a spell matrix like casting a spell and forget about it.

One will be exceptional to be to maintain 2 spell matrixes at a time but the spell tower can create and maintain 100 at a time. Her spiritual threads help her to make the calculations, adjustments, and maintenance of the spell matrixes for her. It is frankly cheating. All the paragons cheat in one way or the other but the spell tower takes cheating to the next level.

Her concentration and consciousness have been boosted to abnormal levels. Origin gods can cast powerful and massive spell structures that can do more damage than her but they can't cast as many spell matrixes at a time as her. She may not have quality on her side but she has a lot of quantity on her side.

"She should be called the one-man army, not Salvin," Soverick said in appreciation.

Even he had to admit to being impressed. A spell caster is a cannon of destruction. They are capable of spewing forth destruction in waves upon waves. The spell tower is capable of doing that multiply by 100 times. This entire place will be thrust into the center of a Calamity if she is allowed to fire her waves of spells. It will be unending carnage and he can't allow that.

He used his gravity control on all of them. The atmosphere became heavy and pressure settled on all three of them. The world became their enemy so all of them fell to the ground. The brutes managed to keep fighting despite the heavy gravitational force slowing them down.

They couldn't fly anymore because of the increase in gravity but they were able to keep standing. Their thick muscular tail coiled with unmatched strength and kept them upright. Fortunately for him, the spell tower doesn't have a muscular tail coiled with unmatched strength.

Chapter 757 The Spell Tower.

The movement speed of the brutes slowed down to a crawl but it is of no actual consequence. It is not as if their speed was useful before. They were sitting ducks to Soverick before and they are still sitting ducks now. They have just become slower sitting ducks.

The same cannot be said about the dainty spell tower. The abrupt increase in gravity tore her from her lofty height in the sky. Her mind is very powerful but it could do nothing against the hostility of the world and the increase of her own gravitational field. She smashed to the ground where Soverick was already waiting for her. His eyes twinkled in anticipation of the slaughter that is to come.

It was until his blade neared her that he realized that it was futile. He was still a meter away from her when her hundreds of shields activated. They flickered into existence and blazed within his vision like layers of shiny blankets. Hundreds of these shiny blankets have formed the most secure defense that he has ever seen. They formed a crystalline protective cocoon around her.

His blade struck the barriers around her and managed to get 11 of them with a single attack. He rushed to attack quickly in hopes of overwhelming her defense before it can regenerate. Unfortunately, he was pushed away when the barrier suddenly increased to thousands.

"What the fuck?" He groaned. "This isn't fair."

He thought he had complained about unfairness for the last time but he simply had to complain now. What he saw caused him to complain. The paragons are already this strong as kings of law with just 3 million connections. How strong will they be if they were in their plane where they can get access to billions and trillions of connections? Who can defeat that?

Granted that they were specially chosen for their talent so these 9 are excellent paragons amongst others. Also, the competition within the plane wouldn't allow them to have these many connections to



themselves. Even so, this is too absurd. It will need a sovereign with real concepts to kill these paragons. And they are just kings of laws.

"This is pissing me off." He growled in frustration.

It is not a surprise anymore why the first sage decided that their entire race must be wiped out. They are too dangerous to have around. There's no way the first sage can feel comfortable or at peace with Vipers in the plane. If it were him, Soverick will also wipe out their race. He will do it out of petty anger and sheer jealousy. He doesn't need a good reason. He will wipe out their entire race just because they are pissing him off.

If he were not under the suppression of this world fragment, then he will wipe the floor with these amateurs. The world fragment shackled 99% of his body and mind. Most of the boost he got from the plane is being used to break the suppression on him.

If he were not suppressed and he had his normal power at the Sovereign level then these paragons would be gone by now. His boost from the plane will be put to better use. Then he will show them that he can cheat better than them. If he could get the assistance of Legion, then he will show them that there is no one that can cheat more than him.

The battle raged fiercely. Soverick's eyes darted about independently and swiftly as he kept track of everything going on around him. Nothing escaped his sight. Not the way the brutes are feinting in order to deal him a heavy blow and certainly not how the spell tower is modulating her spiritual fluctuations to fool his sense.

He sneered and said, "Silly tricks."

She thinks she can pretend to create false spell matrixes in different locations spread apart from each other by increasing the alpha waves of her divine sense. It is a good trick that might fool others. But not him. He can see when her divine sense actually forms a connection with the law matrix and also when it is simply pretending to form the connection.

As for the brutes, they have a different fighting style that is very different from the steps of momentum. They believe they can use his unfamiliarity with it to fool him. It will certainly come to them as a surprise

that he knows the underlying principles of their own skill system just after seeing it being used for 30 seconds.

He rolled his eyes at the brute and he advised with good intentions, "Don't bother." "I think you should take a look at

The black-scaled brute didn't listen to him. He continued with his punch toward Soverick. Soverick dodged. He can move away from the brute easily but he decided to teach him a lesson. The punch made contact with flesh. Then the scales on the arm used to punch shimmered and suddenly dispersed the force that they have been storing. This force exploded in the face of the white-scaled brute who was too slow to evade.

"See," Soverick said as he slammed their head against each other. "See what you did. I told you not to bother but you didn't listen."

He knows when a simple punch is actually a loaded punch. He knows that they use their scales as anchors to store and redirect force. It is a pretty clever skill system. It is a pretty clever system. And he also knows that the gravitational field on them has slowed them down and also made their punches deadly because they can redirect some of the force slowing them down into their attacks.

So he only made sure to use his blade to make contact with them when he made them trip over themselves. Then he used his blade to beat them as they lay there. It is truly beating because he is not doing any noteworthy damage despite the sharp edge of the blade and the fact that his blade is infused with world power. Some bruises that heal are the best that he can get from them.

Chapter 758 The Right To Be Frustrated.

He beat the brutes while also tampering with the spell towers' efforts to cast spells. He would rip apart her spell matrixes before they formed by using his own divine sense to disrupt their connection with the law matrix. They have about the same spiritual power but she is the one that needs order to cast the spells. All he has to do is sow discord and Chaos. That is easy to do because destruction is easier than creation.

Again, that's the best he can do to her. The immortal link will redistribute the threads and boost the spell tower so that she can form more shields if he tries to do more. It is frustrating him to no end. He isn't fighting 3 paragons. He is fighting 4 of them at once and he can't do anything to hinder the 4th one.

He has to watch helplessly as the immortal link makes things difficult for him. The meddlesome paragon will immediately switch the target of the boost to whoever he focuses his attention on next. He needs to focus his attention and damage output on a single one normally for him to kill them. But the immortal link is making it impossible to kill them one at a time.

"Just you wait. I have just the thing for all of you." He promised with his four eyes blazing with the metaphorical flames of anger.

Then he kicked the spell tower to relieve some of his anger. His foot didn't make contact with her. Her several barriers protected her like blankets. She bounced about because the force of his kick is enough to break her had it made contact with her. But it didn't so she is fine and dandy. Just a little disoriented from all the kicking and disruption of her spell matrixes.

He didn't let that get him down though. He can see them and what makes them powerful. He also knows how to bring them down. It's just not ready yet. In the meantime, he will press them more and more. The immortal link's interference in his fight has weakened the other paragons. That will make them easier for the other battle sage monkeys to handle. It is just a matter of time before the Vipers fall. This is only delaying the inevitable.

"I take it back. Maybe Trisklil was on to something about taking this furry seriously." The spell tower said to the others.

She didn't think there was anything to fear about any furry, child of the plane or not. But certain pieces of evidence have surfaced to indicate otherwise. Maybe, just maybe, that whiny and clearly traumatized speedster was on to something. She admitted, "Maybe, this furry is a nightmare brought to life."

"You don't say." One of the brutes said sarcastically.

The immortal link yelled at them. "Stop talking. I need to concentrate."

It is not so difficult to admit that the speedster was right in light of the current situation. Soverick continued to attack the three of them and forced them to be on the defensive. And this is despite the assistance of the immortal link. They know that one small mistake on the part of the immortal link can cause their death so they stopped using the immortal link's channel to communicate. They need him to concentrate on keeping them alive.

As they are, they have come close to death several times. This nightmare of a furry would always capitalize on any mistake that they do. He would zone in on any opening and rip it open with his blade. Sometimes it happens without them even knowing what mistakes they did in the first place.

Only the timely assistance of the immortal link has brought them back from the brink of death time after time. They live on the edge. Their hearts are practically in their throats. If Soverick is angry, then they are so angry that will murder his family and anyone related to him for what they going through. They will do so at the drop of a hat if they get the chance.

He would destroy the spell matrixes of the spell tower with his divine sense as soon as she starts to create some and increase his attacks on her to force her on the defensive. Then he will switch to the brutes and harry them. It is as if he has eyes everywhere. He was a blur of motion that could attack them from any direction either through direct attacks, phantom blades, or even invisible attacks.

Their fight is honestly spectacular. Both parties are bringing out their full potential and fighting to their best capabilities. But one party is a single person and the other party is 4 paragons. They understand that he is a child of the plane, so he should be strong but logic and emotions don't really go well together.

Understanding doesn't change the fact that they are being played around by a single person. He literally kicked them about like balls but he is the one that is frustrated. He has no right to be angry for not being able to kill them. They are the offended party here. They should be the frustrated ones. Only them have that right. I think you should take a look at

Four paragons. Two brutes, one immortal link, and one spell tower. They are being pressured into passivity by a furry. And the best the paragons can do is eke out a measly stalemate. It is a shameful reality that the paragons have to suffer. That shame only increases the longer their stalemate continued. Their stalemate continued like that for a while.

On the frontlines

"Has it really been less than 2 minutes?" Salvini asked herself as she looked around.

Her sight is filled with scenes of utter and complete carnage. The battle has not started for more than 2 minutes but she had to ask herself that question. She needs to remind herself of the time because she doesn't want to believe that the amount of damage that she is seeing was created in such a short amount of time.

Chapter 759 A Useless Death.

Things have not been going well for the battle sage monkeys. Things have been bad in that only the battle sage monkeys have suffered carnage and destruction. It looks like meteors and stars have fallen on their side of the battlefield. The spell tower decimated them in the tens of thousands. She really did a number on them. And in less than 2 minutes too.

She didn't know what to expect from the paragons of Vipers despite the fear that has been ingrained within her. She expected them to be fearsome. That is to be expected because the first sage is not someone to be easily scared. There had to be something to make the sage fear for the survival of the battle sage monkeys. She knows what those concerns are today because she has almost died several times in the span of two minutes.

First, it was the speedsters. Those Vipers lashed through their army like whips. She was in the direct path of one of them. It would have been a sure death that she didn't see coming because she couldn't see the speedster at all. If not for her future vision warning her, then she wouldn't have jumped away at the last moment before the speedster reached them.

She saw something hit her in her future vision and then there was darkness. Every fiber in her being screamed danger then, and she jumped sideways and kept running. She warned her company to run. She yelled to them to run. If not for the fact that she is their superior officer and they have to listen to her they wouldn't have obeyed her.

She must have looked really silly running around and shouting for others to run when the two armies hadn't even met. The ones that didn't listen and the others that didn't hear her must have been bewildered.

They must have asked themselves, "What is going on there?" Or "What are they running from? There is no enemy or attack.

Then they would have thought nothing ever again because a lightning bolt of a green-blue color lanced through the army leaving nothing but dismembered body parts in its wake.

The ones that died were saved at the last moment and placed in stasis until they healed. Then they were ejected from the competition. That would have been her fate had she not moved. But she would have died if they were in the real world without any assistance.

She stood no chance whatsoever despite knowing that it was coming. The speedster is just too fast for her to react to. It reminds her of fighting with her brother Salvos. Sometimes, seeing a threat doesn't change the fact that you can't resist the threat. It brings a feeling of hopelessness.

Such a hopeless situation rarely happens to her. But when it does, it makes her feel humble. You can get easily carried away when you can see the future and predict outcomes. All it takes is a dose of inevitable destruction to remind you of your mortality. I think you should take a look at

The threat of the speedster was flitting. It came quickly and passed just as fast. But next came the spell tower. She flew above the battlefield where she set up shop. Spell matrixes after spell matrixes materialized in the sky above them. They formed so fast that Salvini thought she was imagining things. Her eyes boggled at the sight. It almost made her miss the brutes and the Immortal power.

These paragons did not create the ruckus one will expect from beings of their size as they rushed forward. Their passing was silent despite their humongous size. The brutes towered above every battle sage monkey. Their arms were as thick as some battle sage monkeys and they had four of them. The muscles of their body strained beneath their black and white metallic scales.

You would expect such calamities made flesh to be as loud as rocks as they passed by but they didn't. The wind didn't howl as they streaked through the air. If not for the sound of flesh impacting flesh as they struck the battle sage monkeys then you wouldn't know that these giants walked among them.

They were big but they were also very fast. So even though they were seen, they couldn't be avoided by the common battle sage monkeys.

The speedsters cut through the army and took a thin slice out of it but these ones bulldozed their way through and took a chunk out of them. A battering ram couldn't have done a better job. That is if it were fitted to be used against small moving targets instead of large unmoving obstacles.

Fortunately, they didn't focus on the battle sage monkeys. They were just passing through. Even that thought didn't calm her down. They were just passing through but the damage they did is already sizeable. What if they decide to settle on them? What will happen then? What kind of destruction will they wreak?

Salvini didn't need to look further for the answer to that question to come to her. The spell tower finished her arrangements in the sky and rained down calamity like no other upon them. Fire fell from heaven and consumed them. Rocks dropped on them and crushed them or buried them alive. Water and ice sliced into them and froze them. Wind buffeted them and chopped them apart. Worst of all, there was no end to the calamities. It happened again and again over a large area.

The spell tower came and took them all on and Salvini was helpless. The wave of cascading spells was a threat that she could see but could do nothing about. Soverick had said that they should avoid the paragons and focus on the normal vipers instead.

He said that they shouldn't waste their effort and lives on something so futile. He said the lives of everyone will be worth it if they can kill at least one normal Viper. That's what he asked of them. It is so that they won't die a useless death.

Chapter 760 A Simple Request.

Soverick didn't ask for heroics or special performances. It was a simple request that bristled some people. He even told them not to mess up his simple request. He had said that he wasn't asking for something difficult from them. They are to aim for normal Vipers and only normal Vipers. He made to emphasize what he wanted them to do.

His request was simple but they were not happy with it. After all, he was asking them not to take on the more difficult enemies. They thought that he was exaggerating the power of the Paragons. They thought he was underestimating them. They thought he was too proud and full of himself to believe that he could handle the Paragons that came his way on his own.

She herself thought he was overacting. Now she knows that they all thought wrong. She can see what will happen to her if she flies up to confront the spell tower. She will be shredded to nothing. Soverick was right, for them to face a paragon is to waste their life away. It is to die in vain.

She has seen the truth that they can't fight a paragon at all. The sky is obviously not the path of salvation. She stuck to the ground and hid amongst the normal troops. She is literally using her soldiers as defensive materials but she is barely surviving. She is using the best of her foresight just to keep herself alive. Asking anything else of her is foolishness. So Soverick was not foolish when he made his simple request.

The spell tower has made both her, someone with the power of an emperor, and her weak crown-less soldiers equal. They are all scrambling for their life on the ground.

In the face of death, every mortal is equal. Only the strength to overcome death can separate the mortals. Salvini doesn't have the strength to overcome this death. So she is a weak mortal just like the rest of them. She is running and scrambling for her life just like them.

She is staying alive just so that she will be able to fulfill the request of killing a single Viper. But there is a problem with that. It is true that she can't take on a paragon but she can't do anything else since the normal vipers are not here yet. The paragons ran ahead of their army. They are much faster than the normal vipers so they left them behind. The problem is that she may not be able to survive in this hell where she has found herself before the normal Vipers reach her.

The world was booming. There were thunderclaps and thundering explosions. There was fire and brimstone. It was hell on earth. Battle sage monkeys were dying everywhere. They are being mowed down in the thousands. The spell tower was on a roll. She might just finish them off before the normal vipers arrive. Then it all stopped. The world returned to silence.

Salvini saw it before it happened and had to hold back the impulse to sigh in relief. It was until the spell tower actually left that she allowed herself to sigh in relief.

She asked, "Has it really been less than 2 minutes?" "I think you should take a look at

The end of the world has been abated. The spell tower stopped bullying them and left them alone. Salvini looked around at the destruction that she can see and she had to ask herself if it has only been 2



minutes. If anyone had been in her shoes then they too will ask themselves that same question. It is especially pertinent when your sense of time is warped by your ability to see the future. You have to make sure you're still sane and not just seeing things.

"To think they have a soul body like I do." She observed.

She had to compare herself to the paragons. She has a soul body like them. She is just a transcendent and they may be lords or kings of law but they have all been rendered somewhat equal. The paragons aren't even using any crowns while she on the other hand is already empowered to the limit of the world. They have no augmentation from the world like her and yet the difference between them is so massive. She can only imagine how powerful they will be in the real world without the limitations placed on them.

Then she looked back at the direction that the spell tower left in. It was the direction that they came from. It is where their flag should be.

She shook her head and said, "I hope that he will be alright."

She wished him well. That's the best that she can do for Soverick. She hasn't seen the full capabilities of the paragons but what she can see is enough to know that they are very tough to deal with and Soverick has to deal with 6 of them. 2 speedsters, 2 brutes, 1 immortal power, and 1 spell tower will all focus on him.

Salvini is not envious of that sort of attention. She has seen what happens when one of the Paragons focuses on something and it was disastrous. So she can only imagine what kind of calamities will be spilled forth upon Soverick with the 6 of them focusing on him and hope that she doesn't have to experience the calamities herself.

She doesn't envy him at all. In fact, she wants no part to do with it at all. She used to think that if the paragons were so powerful, how come only he should defend their flag? She still doesn't think that Soverick is capable of handling every one of them but that doesn't mean she will go and help him. There's no way she will join in on the carnival that is playing back there. If he can't defend their flag then they are done for and that's that. There's nothing she can or wants to do about it.