

GREED: ALL FOR WHAT?

Chapter 8 Messengers And Representatives.

On this day 800 years after the light started shining from the top of the realm tree, the tower of heaven will finally be open to the masses. After waiting for 800 years since the call went out within the realm tree, males and females of various races can fully prove their mettle and get some precious treasures for it.

People have been waiting and soon they will have what they've been waiting for. The amount of people standing in waiting around the tower has reached a number too much to count. They have divided themselves into different strata based on power levels.

The transcendents and below don't dare to fly or levitate, they are stuck to the ground in groups of friends or races. Next are the lords and low gods, they floated by themselves or used artifacts that fly to stand above those on the ground. Followed by kings and mid-gods. After that are Titans and then sovereigns.

Even though the number gets reduced drastically from layer to layer, the suffocating aura of power only increases with height. Nobody dares to create any disturbance or disrupt the order here, this is the way things have been for ages.

The various heights are because of the various entrances for different power levels into the tower. These entrances are present on different floors of the tower. So when the barrier around the tower is removed, the participants can have easier access to their various floors.

Gehald himself stood in the air calmly among the Sovereign band. There are hardly any other Elven sovereigns among the ten thousand or so sovereigns

because the fertility of most elf races is low and they don't think highly of such a brutish act as the trial of heaven.

Besides they don't need to be here. The Life trees of high elves produce life essence that can be used as a substitute for Origin essence. But he is here because he needs Origin essence.

He is standing alone because he is not a people person. The aura of slaughter around him also deterred anyone that wants to approach.

Gehald could feel his heart beating wildly in anticipation. He had been waiting for a long time. He clenched his fist and steeled his heart for what was to come. The hurdles to overcome during the trial of heaven aren't a mystery, well most of it isn't. So he is confident of victory. Only the last hurdle could be somewhat difficult because it will be a challenge opened to the manipulation of the will of the realm.

He tried to calm himself down but failed again and again. Suddenly his body went taut and his beating chest calmed down. A threatening presence washed over him like cold water. The danger sobered him up, but he wasn't alarmed too much, it was just an instinctive reaction of his body.

He knows there will be Origin gods coming to the tower today. They aren't here for the trial but the meet-up with the realm lord. He had heard about this because it is a well-known tradition. Every supreme race must send a representative but the invitation is extended to all origin gods from High Heaven.

A Supreme race is a race that has produced a world god. The supreme races must have an origin god in attendance as a representative while all origin gods can come or send a messenger.

Origin gods substitute for world gods because world gods can't descend into the realm tree. No one wants a visitor that can destroy your home as a guest.

The hierarchy in the realm of heaven is based on race. A family is the smallest unit in the society of high heaven, but it is by no means small. Longevity has made the bonds of blood remain through the years and royal bloodlines have made those ties of blood eternal.

On a wider scale, especially when you consider conflicts across a plane, a racial council is used to represent the interest of a race.

Next after a supreme race is a royal race. A royal race needs a member of the race to become an Origin god. Only by producing an Origin god can a race protect their interest on the ancient battlefield. They will also be able to get access to the Origin store that the realm lord set up to foster race growth. Origin gods would also be able to streamline the efficiency of training using the path of perfection for the race.

"Today will see numerous Origin gods coming in." Gehaldirah thought and adjusted himself with this knowledge in mind, he decided to feast his eyes on them.

Being around Origin gods as a lower lifeform is like being subjected to a muffled sense of calamity. Such wanton release of their aura is enough to quiet the populace around the tower, but for a rare moment since Gehald's arrival at the tower, his eyes showed emotions, emotions of longing. He promised himself again that with time he will reach their level of power in time.

Up at the top of the tower, visitors from afar continued to arrive. A large hall has been opened for this special event. Origin gods would descend to the landing pad right outside the hall, a short distance from it.

They exchanged greetings and laughs. The realm lord is currently absent and the main event hasn't started, so these powerful individuals form circles based on friendship and interests.

It was this cordial atmosphere that Dylganihl met with on his arrival. He had taken his time on his journey to the realm tree but still made it early. He decided to meet up with some of his friends and check on the dragon race because he still had a little more time.

After checking on the well-being of his race, he decided to come to the tower with the representative of the dragon race. By then he had changed to his humanoid form. Except for his crystal clear horns, crystal scales on his face, red iris, and very tall height he didn't look that much different from a young giant of Order.

As soon as he landed at the tower, someone shouted

"Ohh, here comes the little tyrant"

He grinned and shouted back, " I know it's you Yudalf, don't let me see your face here"

"What will do little Tyty, Kiss my ass?."

A burly humanoid with a small flame burning between the two black horns on his head stepped forward. He stood 10 meters tall the same height as Dylganihl. He is dressed in a bright red regal robe that covered his full figure.

This yudalf had a wide grin that exposed his sharp teeth. Dylganihl recognized him as a particular dragon friend of his in a humanoid form.