

## **GREED 81**

Chapter 81 Nouveau Riche.

They left the evaluation room and were brought to another room where they would pick the refinement techniques to train in. The information acquired by the machine will be used to query the database of techniques and compatible ones will be selected to train in. Refinement techniques are unique training methods with stringent requirements but will provide a faster rate of improvement. These refinement techniques have many advantages over the mainstream training methods because they have been modified by Origin ancestors of the family. The modified refinement techniques are perfect for those with royal bloodlines because with them, the bloodline will be fully utilized. Some refinement techniques will even purify the bloodline within those that train it. After all, there is no one more familiar with a bloodline than the source.

The Ghastorix family has a relatively long history, so it has acquired numerous refinement techniques. They are the treasures of the family because they are the condensation of the refinement experience of Origin gods. But the selection of a refinement technique to train in is a very important matter. The wrong one can butcher the future of an incompatible user.

Ghaster was found to have a god-level talent for the lightning element and a top-level talent for the law of destruction. His bloodline was a perfect match with that of the Ghastorix ancestor.

"There are multiple compatible options for your young boy here. But the best one will require the use of special materials. It has been revised by ancestor Ghastorix and many other great ancestors that came after. It is just very expensive to use. The special materials are not easy or cheap to acquire." The supervisor displayed the various compatible refinement techniques for Ghaster, he explained the advantages and disadvantages of each of them. The possession of multiple talents will allow for faster training options, only if all the talents are made use of. The lightning element is a pretty common talent in the Ghastorix family, so there were a lot of suitable options. The law of destruction in his bloodline made things more difficult. The best refinement techniques for him are those that work in tandem with both lightning and destruction, but the law of destruction is difficult to train in. It would be costly to train in destruction.

"Don't worry about that. Just show us the best ones." Mihila demanded unfazed. Soverick was secretly surprised by their extravagance. The refinement technique they chose for Ghaster will cost an arm or leg.

Litori was determined to have a god-level talent for fire and a top-level talent for the law of the soul. She didn't have a lot of options because of her second element, only one option could take advantage of her two affinities. Her bloodline was rare, it came from an external source and had a low rate of awakening

in the family. Such cases were not rare, bloodlines will often mix up because of inter-family mingling. The most suitable refinement technique for her would incur even more costly than the one selected for Ghaster because of the rarity of soul materials.

The cost of training in these refinement techniques is due to the use of external materials that can supplement and augment the bloodline. It is not due to the cost of the refinement technique itself. The refinement technique is very expensive but it is given freely to privileged children of the family with awakened bloodlines. Soverick and the other two have been accepted by the family and granted this privilege because of two reasons. Their father is an honored member of the family and they were also granted their privileged status when the sovereign inspected them in the womb.

Materials that can help to train destruction and soul are very rare and difficult to purchase. But Mihila and Ghoto weren't worried at all. They only asked where they could get these materials, and were unconcerned about the cost.

Things went well until it got to the turn to select a refinement technique for soverick. There was no optimum technique for him. The available techniques can only cater to three affinity combinations at most, while he had nine god-level talents.

"His case is unique in the plane, probably in the entire realm. He will have to use the base training method." The supervisor explained the lack of options.

Ghoto and Mihila didn't blame him, neither could they in their right mind, but that didn't mean they were happy. Mihila had been hoping that something good would come out of the evaluation for Soverick. The base training method is the original one that the ancient ancestors used even before the era of transcendence. It is the same one that those without bloodlines use. The efficiency couldn't be compared with the weakest refinement technique.

Soverick didn't care, the lack of suitable refinement technique for him didn't come as a surprise to him and he was unconcerned about it. Even if they had been able to find something for him he wouldn't use it. He is the source of his bloodline, as an origin god, he knew what was best for himself. He had been able to manipulate mana as a baby because of his powerful soul. He nurtured the bloodline fragments when he was still in the womb so he was sure he would be able to do something about his situation. Refinement techniques use the bloodline as the foundation to draw more energy for growth using the combination of talents as the source. He will just his soul as the foundation and he will be able to beat the best refinement technique for his stage.

"That will be all. It was nice having you here today. You can always return if you have any questions. It will be my pleasure to be of service to you, but I'll recommend that you go to the training academy. You will get better service there." Soon it was time to leave, the supervisor escorting them away failed to hide the eagerness in his voice. He wanted to be rid of them as soon as possible.

"Thank you for your service. It wasn't that bad at the end of the day." Ghoto said.

"We'll be going." Mihila was also eager to leave. She materialized her divine sense to create a platform. Everyone but Ghoto got on to it, then she turned the platform into a bubble. The bubble rose from the ground before accelerating steadily. Meanwhile, Ghoto left to acquire the item with life energy.

Ghaster seemed reluctant to go. He kept glancing back at the building of family affairs. Mihila asked.

"Is everything alright Ghaster? Did you forget something there?"

The question startled Ghaster.

"No, I I I was just just looking at the building. Yes, I was looking at the building." He was stuttering so bad everyone knew he was lying.

"Is that so? Alright."

Soverick guessed what was bothering Ghaster. He knew a very possible reason for the boy's reluctance to leave. It couldn't be the building because Ghaster was also reluctant to enter the building when they first got there. Ghaster was distracted back then by something outside the building. The only thing he could be sure was distracting Ghaster would be the forest or something in it. He decided to confirm it when he returned home.

"Whoa, this morning was a rollercoaster. I knew you guys were talented but I didn't think it would be this much." Kayla suddenly said.

Ghaster and Iori shrugged while Soverick ignored her as he always does. Most of the things they found out today weren't new to them but they did learn some new things. Ghaster for example already knew

he had a god-level affinity for lightning before today, his affinity with it made it very easy to figure it out. His ancestral memories also confirmed it. He knew that he had a second affinity but he didn't know what it was, not until he became a transcendent. Only then would he be able to actively come into contact with destruction.

Litori is the same too. Everyone knew she had a strong affinity with fire but they didn't know about her talent for the soul. Only Litori knew but she didn't know the level of her talent.

The advantage of finding out early is that he would be more prepared for that day and his training will also be faster. Training in the refinement technique as early as possible will make it easier for him to use his second element as a transcendent.

Their ancestral memories contain information about refinement but it's outdated and cannot compare to the updated ones in the family archive.

Kayla shook her head. Their reaction indicated that what she counted as extravagant was just normal to them. Her highest affinity is at the High level, and that is for a single element. Yet she was considered as very talented in her small family. She had been informed that she will experience things that will broaden her horizon, but this was bordering on blowing her mind.

Chapter 82 A League On To Himself.

"I have to say, I am jealous of you guys. You won't have any problems trying to reach the transcendent level while I might die if I attempt it."

"Don't feel bad aunty Kayla, we also have a chance of dying when we try to become titans." Litori tried to encourage her, "But that doesn't mean we will give up. Immortality is our aim and the threat of death cannot stop us." She gripped her tiny hand tightly and raised it to the sky.

Litori was resolved to achieve immortality. It may not be her true thoughts but it doesn't matter. The royal bloodline has that effect on its descendants. Rarely does it occur that the offsprings of an origin god are mediocre. They don't have a choice, as long as they awaken the royal bloodline they will also inherit the will and the motivation of their ancestor, the bloodline aims to create another origin god after all. All the subtle and obvious manipulation that the bloodline performs is something that cannot be subverted, it is eternal across the generations of descendants. The only way to break free is to become a titan of law, but then you will have to deal with your emotional problems. The path of power is filled with danger for everyone.

"Yeah sure." Kayla didn't feel much encouraged.

Ghaster also tried to help. "Plus if you successfully become immortal, your descendant won't have to worry about becoming transcendent and you can live forever. That's good right?"

Kayla shook her head again. What did she expect from these people? Here she was bemoaning her chance of becoming a transcendent while they are wondering if they will become titans of law. She realized that they belonged to totally different worlds. Soverick is on another level on his own. His case is a mythical one. Unheard of, unprecedented, probably impossible to replicate. They are just some of the words that she could use to describe how unbelievable his talent is.

'He was already proud before today. I'm sure his pride will have ballooned in size due to the recent revelation.' Kayla thought to herself. Then she turned to Soverick and asked.

"How are you so talented?"

"Don't disturb me, I'm very busy," Soverick replied.

"Busy with what? It is not even a challenge for you, you can casually perform the passive and active stages at the same time. All your future breakthroughs are in the bag until the titan level, even these other two too. So what are you worried about?"

"You're wrong. Ghaster and Litori will definitely become titans of law. My matter on the other hand is none of your business." Soverick said.

"What do you mean it is none of my business?"

"If I were to spare your feelings, I'll say 'you and I aren't that close,' if I were to disregard your feelings, I'll say 'you'll probably be dead by then so stop thinking about it.' You pick whichever one you're comfortable with. Just stop disturbing me." Soverick closed his eyes and ignored her.

The two options that he gave her were because he was being considerate. He was destined to become an origin god so he is a league on to his own. The things that worried them could not move him at all.

Even his so-called parents cannot compare to him. He aims to become an origin god in as little time as possible. While Kayla is looking up to Ghaster and Litori, he is looking to beat the realm lord's record. He knows that he won't be able to beat the time record of the realm lord because of the number of requirements he would need to fulfill to become an origin god. It will be another legion's responsibility to become an origin god in two Origin cycles.

Kayla looked like she had swallowed something unpleasant. 'I'll probably be dead so I should stop thinking about it? Who says that to a person?' She was about to let loose when she heard Mihila's voice transmission.

"Leave him be, Kayla. What he is doing, for whatever reason, is incredibly dangerous."

"Yes, your majesty." She could only let go of her grievance.

"Don't lose hope. We are pioneering, you and I. We have to pave the road for ourselves just like the ancient ancestors that became immortals. A lot of them died along the way but you haven't reached that stage yet. You don't have to worry too much about your progress towards becoming a transcendent. Ghoto and I will give you our full support."

With the resources they had at their disposal, Kayla's chances of becoming transcendent were high. Mihila wasn't worried about Ghoto and Litori's chance of becoming titans either. The person she was concerned about is Soverick. He has a difficult path ahead of him, a path even she did not have the confidence of overcoming and the worst part is that he doesn't have anyone to pioneer the path. He is severely disadvantaged on many fronts.

In the past, during the period when royal bloodlines were absent, the chances of becoming a transcendent were as low as one in a thousand peak saints. But now things have changed to an acceptable level of risk. As long as one fully prepares, the chances of breaking through without a bloodline are 50%. Those with bloodlines will have that preparation and the actual breakthrough process done for them. They can sleep all day and still become Transcendents. They may be weak Transcendents but their ancestral memories will help them.

The return trip was uneventful, except for Kayla sulking the whole way. Soverick went straight to his room as soon as they got back.

"Don't worry too much about your future. Just continue to try your best each day." Mihila said to him on his way.

"I'm not worried." That was the response she got. She sighed and turned to the others that were waiting. They were not as willful as Soverick that they would leave her presence without permission.

"Ghoto will be back soon. He will bring materials that will speed up your training. You should familiarise yourself with your training manuals. You have to become mana life forms as soon as possible. Ghoto and I have decided that you will attend the family academy for specialized physical and spiritual training. We will support you with whatever you need, we only ask that you show diligence. That will be all."

Soverick entered his room and closed the door behind him. He scanned the room with his divine sense to check for anything out of bounds. He had already checked the room this morning before they left, but anything could have happened to his room in his absence. He did not put it beneath Ghoto to do something fishy like creating a backdoor for secret access and surveillance. He was willing to pay the price for using his divine sense with a splitting headache to make sure he was truly alone. His current body is too weak to bear the power of his soul.

"Stop being so cautious." An ancient asexual voice reached out to him through a special communication method.

"There's no one here you paranoid boy." The ancient voice sounded like the rustling of leaves.

"It's not being paranoid but being cautious." Soverick smiled, something he rarely did.

"It's the same." The ancient voice maintained.

"Old thing, I thought you said this family has average wealth."

"Hmm, let me think." The ancient voice became silent for a while. Soverick is already used to this. He climbed onto his bed to meditate while he waited. The ancient voice belonged to the new friend he made in the city, the forest beneath the inner city. As a former high elf, he knew how to communicate with trees. The two of them had a good impression of each other and would usually talk through the window of his former room. That's why he always sat there. The tree's name is Ha'dout touqu hif tep

and some twenty other additions but Soverick calls it Hadrack for short. Hadrack hadn't had people to talk to for a long time because not many people can communicate with a tree.

"Yes, I did. But there was a new development yesterday." The tree finally spoke. It took some time before he completed the sentence because the tree always drawled. The communication was going on with a variety of the divine sense known as plant speak, it could be faster but old trees speak slower the older they get. It is because their sense of time becomes skewed.

"Yesterday? Mihila returned yesterday too. It is either a coincidence or she had something to do with the newfound wealth." Soverick said.

Hadrack agreed. "Yes, she does. She was given a lot of money yesterday."

"How much money?"

"How do I know, but I think it is a lot. She smiles whenever she looks at the chest. Ghoto was very happy too, he said it was a huge amount of money."

Soverick shook his head. "Never mind Ghoto, he is just a king. What would he know about true wealth?"

Chapter 83 Cowardly Tree.

Hadrack sighed. The sound of his sigh was like the whistling of the wind. Then he said, "A king can still squash you."

Soverick sneered, "I can become a king of law as soon as I reach transcendence. A king is nothing to me."

"If you say so. I must admit that you are very talented. I knew your soul was special, but I didn't think you were this talented. Maybe a little too talented, but it doesn't mean you are strong. Don't let your potential get in your head." Hadrack warned him, but Soverick didn't think there was much to worry about. Hadrack didn't know what he was truly capable of. If he makes a huge sacrifice, a king of law will not be able to threaten the current him, not to mention when he becomes transcendent.

Soverick just shook his head. He decided to move on to more productive things. He changed the subject of their conversation.



"I have secured the room, so you should be able to send a part of you over."

Hadrick refused. "Never mind that. It's too risky. If something goes wrong I'll be struck by lightning. I can't do it."

Soverick smirked. "You coward."

"I maintain that it is an admirable quality. Cowards live longer." Hadrick said without shame.

"But you can't move around. You're more like a prisoner here."

The tree sighed. "It is the price to pay for long life."

Elves like trees, they like speaking to them, touching them, and being around them. His former house was in a forest on top of a tree. He was able to be around them as much as he wanted. He would like to replicate that environment by making the tree grow in his room but the ancient tree is too scared of lightning tribulation. There's another thing he wants from the tree that can speed up his growth but the tree will refuse because of his cowardice.

The inner city is built on top of the forest, but the houses and buildings don't come in contact with it. There is a layer of barrier that separates the inner city from the forest. This barrier dips in several places so that tall buildings can be built directly on the ground. It is the second protection put in place in case the secret realm happens to be breached. The tree would have a layer of defense to fend off the tribulation until the secret realm is fixed. The tree has so much protection but it is still timid.

"If I had the bloodline of the Ghastorix ancestor you will do it for me?" Soverick asked

Hadrick snickered. "Too bad you don't."

Soverick shook his head, then he remembered something. "Was the surprise you said was waiting for me at the evaluation room that prank?"

"How was it?"

"It was lame," Soverick said.

"It was my idea." The ancient voice sounded as if it was sulking.

"Then it was fantastic. Truly efficient. I can see why such an idea would work, it is because it comes from an enlightened sage like you."

They both laughed. Soverick could be free and casual with this tree because he respects the tree. In the realm of high heaven, and probably in the entire void universe, only when people have similar strength and influence can they talk as equals. The tree is the only person he has met ever since he was born that could be considered his equal. He respects the tree because of its strength and its ability to transform Origin essence into origin energy. It is a unique ability among trees with very high potential.

The tree usually talks to people with the original bloodline because only them among the battle sage monkeys inherited the ability to communicate with it from their ancestor Ghastorix. But those people have become rarer and rarer because of the influence of other royal bloodlines. His brother, Ghaster, happens to be one of those rare people with the bloodline of the ancestor.

"Does that mean you will help out my brother instead of me?" Soverick asked, seemingly disinterested in the answer.

"Look at the time. It's nighttime already, I have to sleep."

Soverick wasn't surprised by Hadricks' attempt to evade the question. The tree is a coward after all.

"You this shameless tree. I thought old trees are good and honest trees."

"I didn't lie. I just avoided answering the question. It is a completely different thing. Besides, I am an ancient tree, anytime is nighttime for me."

"I didn't think I'll ever envy that boy but I do right now. It is alright anyways, I can make do without your help."

The major reason he wanted the tree to break the barrier is so that the tree would be able to transfer life force to him. Elves can heal trees and can also be healed by trees. The amount of pure life present in an ancient tree of such size and strength as Hadrack is like a huge reservoir. With its help, he wouldn't need to rely on Mihila and Ghoto for their wealth. This is the major help that the original ancestor of the family enjoyed back then, which helped him to reach the transcendent level quickly. Soverick had a difficult path ahead of him which will become easier for him if he had the tree's help, but the tree isn't willing to risk that much for him. Apparently, they aren't as close as he had thought. The tree was only willing to help those with the bloodline of the ancestor.

Hadrack tried to console him. "If you can come to the forest I'll help you."

Soverick shook his head and said. "I doubt that is possible, not with the level of protection you have around you."

He had tried to break through the barrier but he had failed. The barrier has reached the origin grade and it was probably set up by an origin god with a significant level of expertise. The barrier is enough to stump him and there could be more obstacles that will stop him from breaking in. Clearly, the Ghastorix ancestor had put in a lot of effort in preventing something like that from happening.

Their conversation lulled into a brief silence before Hadrack spoke again.

"Speaking of your brother, I tried to reach out to him today but he couldn't understand me.

"I noticed his odd behavior today. I thought you would only reach across to him when he awakens his soul. Why did you change your mind?"

"I was impatient."

Soverick shook his head. "I thought trees are the most patient creatures. He will only be able to communicate with you when he unlocks his divine sense."

Hadrack sighed. "I know. I was just testing the waters."

"Look at you, an ancient tree chasing after the attention of a small boy." Soverick mocked.

"I am just desperate for company." Hadrick tried to defend his dignity.

Soverick didn't let go. "Am I not enough for you? You have lost your self-respect old tree."

"I just miss my friend and his descendants remind me of him."

"If you had broken through your limit, you would have been able to follow him. You would have been able to create a new race with him too. Your descendants will become forest monkeys."

"Maybe, I could have also died."

Soverick stopped messing with him. The tree might not be able to win an argument but it will remain adamant. He had a lot of experience to know that trees can be stubborn more than earth elementals. If the tree had transformed back then, there is a chance that a new race or at least a variety of battle sage monkeys with incredible plant affinity like elves will appear. That's how most elves were created too. Two powerful trees had transformed and produced offsprings known today as wood elves. The high elves have a slightly different origin but all elves have at least one plant ancestor.

"Shouldn't he have a clone around here? It is easy for an origin god to create one." Soverick asked.

"Ghastorix is about to break through to the next realm. He needs his full concentration for that."

"He is about to become a world god? From the little, I know that is pretty fast. He must be highly talented." Soverick said in admiration.

Hadrick snorted. "If you said this last origin cycle, I would have been proud of his achievement too. But now? I can only say he isn't too slow. The realm lord is also about to become a world god."

"What?" This time soverick was appalled. "Isn't that too fast?" He asked

"The realm lord is too talented. It is impossible to catch up to something like that. He just leaves people in his dust and makes people despair." Hadrick lamented. Soverick could only agree and lament too. The realm lord is widely known to be talented in everything he does. No one can compare to him in any aspect.

Chapter 84 Threaten The Coward.

The stark difference in the time it took to achieve the same thing is just overwhelming. He thought about the records of the realm lord which made him shake his head in resignation.

The realm lord spent less than an origin cycle to become a sovereign, he became an origin god an origin cycle later. Now he is about to become a world god in less than 100 origin cycles. For comparison, some sovereigns are almost 1000 origin cycles old and have not been able to become origin gods. The fact that the ancestor of the Ghastorix is about to become a world god in about 10,000 origin cycles becomes mediocre when compared to the achievement of the realm lord.

"Just how does he do it? High elves are not that talented." He asked out loud. He couldn't fathom how such a thing could be done. The realm lord is an enigma

"Maybe it is because his soul is special or something. If there's anyone that can do what he did, it has to be you. Your soul is special too." Hadrick tried to explain.

"My soul is not that special. Let's just forget about the realm lord and return to your situation. If your Partner succeeds in becoming a world god he will come to take you away right? Will the city disappear with you?"

"The city will not disappear. An artifact will take over my job. It's not like anyone will miss me here. I can't wait to leave this place and go with my partner. He will have his world, it will probably be bigger than this entire plane. I'll be able to follow him and be of help to him once again."

Soverick suspected that the relationship between Hadrick and the Ghastorix ancestor is far more than a simple friendship.

"Those are all good things, but they don't change the fact that you're lonely right now. I can help you to solve that."

"How so?" Hadrick asked, his tone dripping with suspicion. He was instantly on guard. He had seen Soverick make sketchy deals in the past with his father and Soverick would always rip the man off.

Soverick smiled. "I'll help Ghaster train so that he can awaken his soul early. Then he will be able to communicate with you quickly."

"Sounds good, but what do you want in exchange? I don't think you are willing to do this for free." Hadrick asked.

Soverick's smile became wider. "It's simple, I'll just ask him to make you break the barrier so that I can get the life force that I need. I'll be able to convince him either through reasonable or violent means." Soverick explained patiently.

Hadrick immediately understood that Soverick was threatening him using Ghaster. "Gee, thanks. Your help isn't really needed but I suppose that even if you don't help him to contact me, you will still force him to help you."

Soverick shrugged. "It is what it is. The strong take what they want and the weak just have to bear with it. There is a middle ground, Ghaster and I can share the life force."

Hadrick became silent, he began to think. Soverick returned to his meditation. He didn't want to threaten his friend but he had to. In the past, he would have been content with going slow if he didn't receive help. Ghaster and Litori could leave him behind but he wouldn't have cared, but the information about the realm lord created a sense of urgency. His main body is currently unavailable because of the ongoing chase, and legion nine, the life tree clone will not be ready for at least the next 100 years. If he had the support of legion 9 then he will be able to get all the life energy he wants. Too bad that life trees grow too slowly.

"I'll think about it." Hadrick finally said.

"Take your time."

Soverick didn't have much hope even with the threat. The tree might care about Ghaster but it is also incredibly stubborn. It wouldn't want to bend to someone's will, but Soverick doesn't mind. As long as the tree isn't able to assist Ghaster with life energy then he will count it as a win too. If Hadrick can risk danger just to give Ghaster life force because of his bloodline and refuse to give Soverick because he doesn't have the bloodline, then Soverick can be petty too.

Hadrick finally gave in. "How long do I have to brave the danger to my life, if I decide to help you?"

Ghaster is like a cute baby that it cares about and Soverick is a predator set on devouring that cute baby. It just had to save the baby.

Soverick smiled. "Just until I have my vitality core. I promised earlier that it will be completely safe."

"Will you be able to make lightning tribulation unable to sense me as you said? The last time I tried to cross the barrier it caused lightning to target this house. It was on the day of your birth, I wanted to get a closer look at your brother." Hadrick still wasn't sure about his safety.

"You can trust me on that. Nothing bad will happen."

"Hmm, you win." Hadrick gave up. The ground in his room split apart and a plant shoot grew out of it. The shoot grew into a flower stalk, and the petals of the flower fused to form a jug.

"It's your fault if I get hit by lightning and die."

Soverick's lips twitched. "How can you even die? You are more like a cowardly turtle than a plant. At most, you will lose this shoot. Even if lightning does come, you can easily abandon this outgrowth and be safe. So stop complaining."

He approached the stalk and sat beneath it, then he placed his right hand on it. Elves are stealthy in a forest because of their ability to blend with the forest. He intends to protect the tree from being detected by its tribulation by utilizing a high-level application of such an ability. He would make the tree blend with him instead, a method that elves use to safely delay the tribulation of trees. It is usually done

to allow the tree to get older so that the lightning tribulation will be stronger. High elves consider the tribulation as a good thing.

Seconds turned to minutes as he used his ability in the stalk. There was no thunder or lightning. The sky was free of any sign of a tribulation.

"That worked." Hadrack was elated.

"Yes, but it will only work as long as I maintain contact."

"This is good enough. I'll be able to reach Ghaster better."

"Sure, you do that. I will only allow contact with him once a week, for now, I want my payment."

"You're just stingy," Hadrack said, then he transferred life energy into the flower jug. A small spring of liquid life force appeared within the jug.

"There you go."

"Thank you very much," Soverick said before he reached into the jug with his divine sense. His divine sense solidified and grabbed some life energy. He brought the small sphere of liquid closer to him then he swallowed it. The liquid diffused immediately into his body and was absorbed. The incredible amount of life force was then channeled into his brain where he was constructing the vitality core to speed up its growth.

The location of the vitality core is heavily affected by the divine ability of a species, hence it is different for each species. The divine ability of battle sage is focused on their eyes so the vitality core is located within the head, between the eyes, and behind the forehead. The vitality core will evolve to provide the heavy power requirement needed for the eyes to function and for the brain to process the information from the eyes properly.

"Not bad," Soverick said.



Just the small amount of life force he swallowed shortened the time he needed by a week. If he hadn't been a high Elf in the past, he would be impressed. But he had experienced better, so he wasn't moved. Baby high elves are fed life force like this in the place of milk that some other species feed their young. This is because high elves can't produce milk but they have access to a lot of life force from trees. High Elves don't differ in physical form, they will assume the role of male or female as needed for reproduction, but there is no specialized organ to cater to their young. The act of feeding their babies pure life force ensures that they grow up quickly and that they will remain pure. The effect of this upbringing is why high elves are also called Eternals, they have a very long lifespan. The lowest limit of the lifespan of high elves is one origin cycle, the same amount of lifespan that transcedents have.

Chapter 85 Petty Mother.

Soverick took the remaining liquid life force and said to Hadrick. "You can go now. I can feel that you're still afraid."

"Freedom," Hadrick screamed.

Soverick chuckled before reminding him. "This should be enough for now but I'll call you if I need more."

Then he began to wholly concentrate on building his vitality core, the high influx of life force demanded it. It would take a day before he uses up the vitality in his body, then there is still the extra he has. He might falter in his concentration and cause the tribulation to descend. So he could let Hadrick go, for now, there was no use bearing unnecessary risk. It will be better for him to focus on his breakthrough instead.

The rate at which soverick and his siblings are growing is not normal. In the ancient days before the advent of bloodlines, the time it took to reach the vitality core stage could be up to 10 years. Even the fastest method which entails the use of life energy will still take 2 years at the minimum. The stage before the vitality core is called body forging and the normal training method is to perform exerting physical activity that will push the cells to the limit. There is mana in almost everything around us but the cells of the battle sage monkeys don't have the innate ability to process mana, they are more inclined to use spiritual energy. This spiritual energy isn't referring to the modern-day energy of the soul but the by-product released by plants from the processing of mana. In most planes, animal life isn't equipped to process mana, plants are the first to utilize mana for their growth. The plants will then release certain energy that animals can utilize. Animals can then break their limits by imbibing this energy either indirectly, such as staying around places with it, or directly by eating the plants. But this is a temporary solution, this energy can only take them so far. So they pushed their cells to the limit to enhance their metabolic capacity in the hopes that the cell will try to rely on other sources of energy. In the best scenario, the cells will be pushed to adapt to mana directly because mana is a very abundant source of energy. In this case, the body will become a mana body, this is the first major step on the path of refinement.

In most cases, such a leap in life order is much too difficult for the cells to take. Instead, the cells will opt for the much easier vitality core stage. The cells will fail to adapt to mana but the exertion they have gone through will increase their cell activity and potential until they come to possess excess vitality. This process will continue until the body has accumulated enough vitality, and it is the first stage in breaking through to the vitality stage, the passive stage. Taking this route will enable the organism to create an organ specifically for the metabolism of mana. It will elevate the capacity of the organism but it still cannot compare to the acquisition of a mana body.

In the case of those with awakened bloodline, the entire process of making cells adapt to mana is skipped. Soverick and his siblings were born capable of it, that's why they didn't need to eat at all. Their body is an incomplete mana body, or to be precise an incomplete origin body. Their incomplete mana body allows them to speed up their growth process and refinement. The advantage will not end until they become titans. Titans of law also possess an incomplete origin, it is a by-product of their breakthrough. The fact that kids with royal bloodlines have this type of body means that the chances of them succeeding in becoming titans is at least 50%. The reason why they don't just skip over the vitality core stage is that their ancestors didn't skip it, so they can't. The bloodline cannot help them do what their ancestor cannot do at all, it will only help them do what their ancestors did easier and better.

Soverick can skip the vitality core stage but he doesn't want to because there is an important ability that he wants to gain from it. He hopes to lay the foundation for an exceptional transcendent existence.

The ability of his cells to convert mana to vitality is why he can acquire enough energy for his big vitality core. Unlike other children the process of mana conversion is passive, they can't control the output so they can't have a big core like his. It is why the officers at the department of family affairs were startled at the sight of the energy reaction going on in his cells. He has full control of the conversion because he is the source of the bloodline and can thus provide as much energy as needed for his breakthrough.

The addition of pure life force only expedites the process and makes faster progress in his breakthrough until he had to stop a few minutes later. Someone rang the alarm for his door.

He opened his eyes in irritation. He could use his divine sense to communicate with whoever is at door but he had been hiding the fact that his soul was awakened. No one knew he had a divine sense. So he would have to stand up and open the door which irked him.

"What is it?" He asked impatiently as soon as he opened the door. Kayla was on the other side of it.

"King Ghoto is back. He brought the items with life energy." She replied.

"Right," Soverick remembered that they promised to provide him with life energy to speed up his breakthrough. He smirked inwardly. He had a better option now but there was no need to turn them down. It will also mask how huge his vitality core is if he pretends to rely only on the small amount they will give him.

"Let's go then." Soverick Said.

They soon reached the living room. Ghoto and Mihila were there, no sound was coming from them but one could tell that they were communicating through their body language.

"It's nice of you to grace us with your presence," Ghoto spoke sarcastically.

Soverick decided to play along. Two can play the game. "You're welcome. It's good that you know how honored you are."

Ghoto's face fell. "I was joking."

"I wasn't," Soverick said as he found a seat to sit on. He was finding being on his feet more difficult to withstand. It was like he was straining himself with heavy exercise.

"Enough joking around." Mihila cut in quickly. She indicated to a container. "This contains your portion of life energy."

"Couldn't you have given it to Kayla to bring to me? Walking around is too stressful." Soverick complained.

"I made an announcement earlier. We wouldn't have called you over if you had listened to what I had to say before you went to your room."

Soverick rolled his eyes. "Fine. What did you say?"

"Your brother and sister have both formed their vitality core. We will wait until you have all awakened your soul, it is the requirement for entry into the second stage of the training academy. The three of you are too ahead for the first stage. You are currently behind on your refinement, you have to work harder so that you won't hold your siblings back. We will enroll you when you are all ready."

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"I didn't have to come here for that. You could have made Kayla tell me that."

"I could have, but I wanted to. If you get to do whatever you want, why can't I?"

"Fair enough."

Soverick decided to end their exchange there. It seems that three can play the game. He understood that she was being petty so he got up and picked up the container by its handle. The container was cuboid in shape and made from a heat insulating material.

"The amount of life energy contained within should be enough for you. You must use it well, it is very expensive." Ghoto called out to him.

"I know how to use them, old man."

He returned to his room and opened the container. A cold fog escaped from the box as soon as he opened the lid. The fog cleared away to reveal plant body parts in small transparent sealed sachets. The inside of the container is cold and serves to preserve its contents. Items that contain life energy are very fragile and difficult to store. The challenge comes from the difficulty of keeping away all forms of life from the items, even the items that are holding the life energy are also enemies to overcome. Life energy is impossible to exist in nature without life. So they will need to achieve the impossible, separate Life from life energy to create pure life force.

Chapter 86 Worthy Or Not?

The plant parts are sterilized and placed in the sachets, then some ghone rocks are placed in the container with them. The container is sealed and then subjected to a dissociation wave that breaks down the structure of living matter in the container. The ghone stones react to this wave too by breaking apart and freezing the contents of the container. The cost of this storage method probably accounts for a tenth of the total cost of production.

The alternative to storing them will be to convert the materials to pills but the need to preserve their purity makes items with life energy difficult to work with and can be more expensive. The advantage of pills is their quick-acting properties. As they are right now, the materials will be eaten raw. The advantage of that is the high utility per unit of the materials while the disadvantage is that they will need to be digested which takes more time.

The plant matter started to liquefy as soon as they were exposed to a source of energy such as the light and the heat of the natural world. They turned into globules of life force within each sachet. Soverick looked them over.

"They will all probably amount to a week's worth of work. Just one mouthful of life force from Hadrick." He estimated.

"They must have butchered a lot of plants to create such an amount," Hadrick said.

Soverick shrugged. "What does it matter to you? It's not like you care about them."

"I don't care that much. I can't care about every plant, but it is still sad to see. They are my kinsmen after all."

"You're right, but this is the way of the world. The strong eat the weak. Even you are not completely safe. Something can still happen between now and the time your partner becomes a world god. This is the period when you're weakest. I hear that ancient trees with unique talents like yours are incredibly important to world gods."

"Well, they can try. I am not so weak and I will not go down without a fight." Hadrick's voice was steely.

"You also have a host of strong descendants to protect you so you would have reinforcements in case of a fight." Sovericksaid before closing the container. He is currently full of life energy and wouldn't be able to utilize them efficiently. They will be difficult to digest so he plans to take them after another dose of Hadrick's life force, which will be tomorrow. He sat on his bed and continued to meditate

"So there's no way to lose," Hadrick spoke with confidence.

"You are wrong about that. There are many ways for you to lose as long as it is worth the effort. If a world god decides that you're worth the effort then you will lose."

"A world god cannot descend to the lower realms."

"Your origin god descendants are out of the picture too. It is common knowledge that origin gods don't like to stay in the lower realm. Even if they do, they prefer to stay on the ancient battlefield and not the planes. Sovereigns don't even stay in the planes either. What your attackers need to do is bring a group of origin gods to ambush this city in a blitzing attack. They will only need to destroy the secret realm and your protective barrier, your tribulation will help them finish you off. By the time your reinforcement comes, they will have made off with a large portion of your body. I doubt you can split your consciousness, so that means they will have effectively taken you away. Soverick explained slowly.

"But we have defenses put in place to face origin gods," Hadrick argued.

"Ni, you don't. Your defenses can hold an origin god at most. What about two of them or three."

"Why would three origin gods attack the city?" Hadrick asked.

Soverick laughed. "The problem is that you never considered your worth. It is because you're ignorant of your worth. If a world god determines that you are worthy of it, then a thousand origin gods can attack the city."

His words sobered Hadrick up, it lost a lot of confidence immediately. It knew that a world god can command more than a thousand origin gods. The Ghastorix ancestor isn't a world god yet but even he can command a force of hundreds of origin gods. Just imagining the force of such an attack made him so much fear that it could compare to his fear of its tribulation.

"I'm calling for an origin god immediately. Only an origin god can utilize the city's defenses to stall for reinforcements." He shouted anxiously.

Soverick regretted his words a little. He didn't want an origin god to come here. It was already rare that some sovereigns were in the city. He knew they were sent here to monitor him but he hadn't cared about them. An origin god on the other hand is a serious matter, he won't be able to use his soul's power without attracting attention.

"I am just joking. It is not that serious. You don't have to call an origin god over. What are the odds that a world god will set its eyes on you at this moment of all times." He tried to laugh it off.

"No, you're right. I have been so full of myself. I have to be sure and I'll call more origin gods." Hadrick insisted, then he went silent. Soverick shook his head in regret. 'Probably calling for origin gods right now.' He thought.

He had forgotten about the fact that he was speaking with a cowardly plant with an immense influence in a big family. He was sure origin gods will be running over with a lot of clones as soon as Hadrick makes a fuss. These are origin gods we are talking about, the true immortals, one with laws, but they will come running immediately because of Hadrick. It is one of the advantages of creating a family, your influence and power will increase with time. What's worse is that he won't be able to bully or threaten Hadrick anymore. Soverick could only sigh and return to his refinement.

He was right about the danger though. The High Elves also were invaded in the past for their Life trees. Their forests were burnt down, their ancestral trees were stolen and desecrated, and their people were massacred. All of this because they were targeted by world gods. Not a single world god, but a host of them set their eyes on the high elves.

They won the war and pushed back the invasion of their plane at the end of the day after they rallied the entire force of their race. Things would have been worse if the realm of high heaven could accommodate world gods or if the home plane of the High elves could accommodate transcendents. Thankfully the highest limit of power allowed in a plane of existence is Sovereign, and that is only in special planes, most planes can only allow transcendent as the limit. This restriction was critical in achieving their victory.

After the win came the pressure, the high elves were not allowed on the ancient battlefield or allowed to ascend to the upper realm anymore. They were hunted on sight by the alliance forces of the enemies. The enemies couldn't beat them on their home plane but they could harass them till they lose their edge.

It was until the High Elves accepted defeat and made a truce with their enemies that they were allowed to prosper on the ancient battlefield. But they were still being hunted in the upper realms. So even though the high elves let go of their pride and opened the trade of their ancestral life trees to world gods, they still couldn't thrive in the upper realm. It ultimately gave them peace for a while until the realm lord came along from the high Elf race and shattered all common sense to seize the throne of realm lord. It is the tale of a hero and the salvation of a race.

Hadrick may be special but it still cannot be compared to a Life tree. Even world gods will agree that life trees are a miracle of existence. Life trees are not supposed to exist in nature. According to clear historical records, life trees came about due to a unique circumstance of a mixture of ancestral worship and unique opportunity. In ancient times before the era of transcendents, this era is also the time when races of different types warred for supremacy in their various planes. Usually, the first race to create a transcendent will win, but there was a process that influenced this certain victory. This process is ancestral worship which leads to the creation of heroic spirits. High elves also participated in this tradition, except their target of worship is the body of one of their direct ancestor. High elves descend from two transformed trees, one of which sacrificed itself to create a home for the high elves. The worship of the tree husk left behind by this ancestor created the very first life tree in the entire void universe.

Chapter 87 Transcendence Should Count As Something.

This life tree came into existence as a heroic spirit that continued to cater to their race even after death. Its unique ability of energy conversion and resurrection due to ancestral worship made it gain the ability to create life essence. It became capable of converting energy to the very essence of life. That heroic spirit became the ancestor of all Life trees and each Life tree that exists today represents the will of that ancestor. They are of incredible importance to the High Elves.

It is also the reason why the path of Godhood has been cut off in the home plane of the high elves. Who will dare to elevate him or herself to the same level as their ancestor and accept worship to be deified? No one. Any other answer is a blasphemy on the honor of the ancestor. All demigods are hunted before they can become gods.

What Hadrick has is the potential to become something on the level of the life tree. He could become something lesser and he could also become a Death tree which is on par with a Life tree. Legends say if the tree of death is created, their combined power can allow anyone to be resurrected.



The story of High Elves is an example of what could happen to the Ghastorix family. The High Elves' story ended on a happy note all thanks to that special individual that went on to become the realm lord of High Heaven. He gained the eternal gratitude and support of the high elves when he saved them from the humiliation of selling their ancestor's body parts to others.

Soverick would have also been eternally grateful if things ended there but the realm lord refused to stop, he went on to create even more unbelievable things. Right now, his feelings of admiration for the realm lord have morphed into a need to overcome. The realm lord is like a giant casting a shadow over everyone else.

"One step at a time. After all, it isn't a race. Even if it is, I started too late." He said to console himself.

Somewhere else in the inner city.

The supervisor of the department of family affairs was just concluding his report concerning Soverick. He is slightly torn about the act, on one hand, he didn't want to spread the secrets of a family member without their explicit permission. He wanted to ask for permission but meeting Mihila again and asking something from her scared him too much. On the other hand, he believed that Soverick had a lot of untapped potential which must not be wasted and so he wanted the higher-ups of the family to know about it too. As a direct descendant of the family, he felt it was his responsibility to look out for the general good of the family.

He knew that such a report could bring down scrutiny and supervision upon Soverick. It could bring abrupt and unpleasant changes to Soverick's life and those of his immediate family members so he had even prepared himself to suffer Mihila's wrath in the future if she ever found out about his tattling. There's no way that much sudden attention will not be linked back to him, so Mihila is sure to find out.

"It is only a matter of time." He said nervously.

The report he is writing is far from complete but there was no way he could get Mihila to allow him to perform further examination. It will be the end of him if she finds out what he is trying to do with the information. He will only be content with dying after he writes and sends the report, no matter how incomplete, not before. Soverick might also reject the inspection at the end of the day. Children with awakened royal bloodlines have a lot of rights in the family. They are little ancestors after all. He was

about to finish up and then submit it when he received an important notice. He left the report to read the announcement on the notice.

The notice informed him that an origin god would be coming to the city soon for an inspection. It rarely occurred that one of the ancestors will return to the plane, especially a restricted plane like theirs, the suppression they will face will be too uncomfortable. It was good news to the supervisor.

He patted his chest and said. "How lucky, just when I was about to resign myself to fate a door opens up to me."

He felt relieved that he wouldn't have to send the report now. He can just find a way to slip it to the origin god. Since the ancestor is already around for an inspection, it won't be suspicious that Soverick's matter was divulged. Even if Mihila becomes unreasonable and gets angry at him he wouldn't be afraid anymore because he will have a very strong protector. He might have been willing to sacrifice himself earlier but now that there is an alternative method all his bravado left him.

Somewhere else in the city.

Kroft junior was having the worst day of his life. The famed son of Haden Kroft had become penniless. It was only yesterday that he became homeless, but today he has also become penniless. He had thought it was a joke when yesterday he was refused entrance into his father's house. But he didn't worry too much, he had a lot of money in his bank account. Then he was informed that his permit to stay in the inner city had been revoked. He would have to live in the outer city from then on. Still, he wasn't worried, because as long as he could buy a property in the outer city, he would still be able to make a comeback.

But now he is very worried. He found out that all his accounts had been frozen. He is completely broke. He had been trying to contact his father all to no avail. He had less than a day to figure something out or he would be sent packing out of the city. Then he would be transferred to a satellite city. He is still a descendant of the bloodline of the family, he will always have a place in the family. But he didn't want that, he didn't want to be relegated to an irrelevant way of life. His life took a turn for the worst.

He tried to ask for help from his father's friends. He thought for sure that something good would come out of the endeavor because his father had a lot of friends and they were powerful people too. He was very wrong, nothing good came out of it. While it is true that his father had a lot of influence and friends, those friends of his father had less than a favorable opinion of him. They weren't willing to help him at all. Their excuses were something along these lines.

"You shouldn't be in the main city in the first place. The main city is for transcendents with potential who have proven themselves to the family. Do you need money? Why don't you try and make some yourselves? You must have learned one or two things from your father all this while. It will come in handy. Besides you are transcendent, that should count as something in this plane right?"

He didn't want just something. He wanted to return to his hedonic lifestyle, but all the perks and luxuries he used to enjoy because of his father disappeared in a flash. All the friends that he used to drink with abandoned him. They were only there to suck up to him and hear him complain about others or rant in jealousy. Now that there was no benefit in hanging around him, they left him.

He became terrified when the reality of everything hit him, a feeling he was experiencing for the first time in his life. What was he going to do? He wasn't a fighter. He may be transcendent but his actual strength is at the bottom of the barrel. Times have changed. This isn't the era of transcendents anymore when the entire plane can be grasped by a handful of transcendents. Transcendents are everywhere now and he could die.

For the first time in his life, he felt how truly weak he was. He needed strength and he needed it fast.

He left the city at the end of the day. He had gotten a tip on how to acquire the strength he needed in his desperate times.

He had three options. The first one is to buckle down and go into seclusion to become a lord of law. He disregarded this option because he is lazy and because it is too late for him to become a lord. Even if he overcame his laziness, his lifespan was running out to achieve something relevant.

The second option is to make a contract with a powerful demon. He would gain strength and extra lifespan but at the cost of his soul. His transcendence should be worth a lot.

Chapter 88 Fickle But Strong.

He would become a slave to the demon in exchange for the gifts he will receive. History has shown rather vividly that it will not end well for him if he selects that option. Even if he had a chance of a blissful ending, he still won't choose this option until he is desperate and at his wit's end. He didn't want to be someone's slave after having enjoyed a life of luxury. To become the slave of a demon will be worse than having to live in a second-rate city

The third option is to spread faith in himself and become a god. As long as there are enough people who believe in him, he could become a god right now. He would also be able to enjoy eternal life unlike those on the path of perfection. It is just that Godhood is frowned upon on this plane. He would be hunted down if his information was leaked to the right people. This option appealed to him because he would finally have his sphere of influence, unlike the unreliable one that he got through his father. Plus things were not completely hopeless, he could go to the rebel nations and join the divine alliance.

He decided to choose the third option. So he sold off what he couldn't carry and packed the rest for a trip to the divine alliance. He was optimistic because in any case, he still had the second option. He had a way out no matter the outcome.

Somewhere on the ancient battlefield.

Earlier today within the territory of the Ghastorix family. In a particular hidden space where four origin gods were chatting. It was more like one of them was chatting while the rest were listening. Only two of the rest could listen, the third one on the ground had lost the capacity to listen. He was even glowing strangely. It didn't look right.

The two that were listening had resigned themselves to the fact that this ordeal won't end for another decade or so until ancestor Guntur got bored with storytelling or found something interesting to do. It had only been a day since his arrival, but they were already bored, they couldn't wait for the decade to be over.

The talking origin god is the only one wearing black simple robes and matching trousers. The other three were wearing blue robes with black stripes.

"So there I was, infuriated and overcome with righteous justice. The flames of inspiration lit up within me and a poem came to my mind unbidden. I'll tell you about it later, it is one of my recent masterpieces...." Guntu's voice was passionate. It was like he was back there when it happened but his two listeners didn't share his enthusiasm. They groaned inwardly whenever he promised to tell them about something later, the story just kept piling up with no end in sight. They will be here for a century at this rate.

Then Elder Ghoto stopped. His face turned serious as he received a message from his communication talisman. It wasn't the new type that was circulating throughout the realm of high heaven. This type of communication only allowed for soul-to-soul communication but it was unrestricted by distance. The message came from the original ancestor of the family, and it could be summarised in two words.

"Protect Hadrick."

The message invigorated Guntu. It seems he might see some action. Something or someone is threatening their family. Now he has something even better to do than telling stories, he gets to create more stories. No matter how fun telling others about his experiences are, he preferred making the experiences even more.

The two listeners noticed the abrupt changes in the demeanor of ancestor Guntu. He was telling them some story about how he cheated another Origin god out of some money before he stopped all of a sudden. Then his face became serious, and he stood up. They could tell that something important had happened or is happening. They waited in silence for ancestor Guntu to inform them if it pertains to them.

"The Forefather just contacted me. I have a job to do back home." Guntu said to them.

"You mean at the home plane?" One of them asked cautiously.

Guntu picked up his wine gourd and replied. "Yes, and I have to go immediately."

"How come we weren't told? What happened?" The two of them were confused. Things that happened in the plane were supposed to be reported to them first before it reaches the higher-ups. They were the acting patriarchs after all. How come the chain of command was skipped like that. It even reached the forefather without reaching them. Only a few individuals can do something like that and if the forefather responded, then it must be a serious matter.

"This matter concerns the ancient creeping dwarf. It is of the highest priority that's why it evaded you guys." Guntu replied before picking up the knocked-out origin god and carrying him over his shoulders. "He will go with me. He is a true man. Unlike you people that can't embrace your fears. You won't be able to create good stories that way."

They were glad he didn't pick any one of them. But they had a sense of responsibility and asked "Are you sure? Maybe you should let us two go instead."

Guntu shook his head. "I have to go. The Forefather wanted someone strong and you guys are not."

What he didn't say is that the forefather wanted someone reliable but could only settle for Guntu because of his proximity to the plane. The forefather had said, "You may be fickle but you are strong. You must not fail."

Guntu took the forefather's words seriously. He wasn't going to fail. His job isn't difficult anyway, he is to standby at the main city and stall any enemy until reinforcements come.

"I can't allow you to steal my spotlight. Don't worry, I'll tell you all about it when I return."

Guntu said to the two Origin gods that were secretly sighing in relief. Then he bid farewell and began his journey to the home plane. The territory of the Ghastorix family is very close to the plane portal so it was a short journey. The neighbors of the Ghastorix family are other forces from the same plane, most of them are battle sage monkeys. The Ghastorix family acquired their territory through their strength, influence, and most importantly because they had the permission of the race council. This permission will only be granted after a thorough vetting of each force. The minimum requirement that must be met before a force requests permission is a verifiable identity. Identity can only be verified if it belongs to a traceable family line from ancient times. This and many other requirements will prevent the infiltration of nefarious forces. This matter is taken very seriously because it pertains to the safety of their entire home plane.

Guntu soon reached the main city.

Guntu didn't take any detours and all obstacles were plowed through. He went through the danger zones in the plane with his aura flared up to warn off any animal or plant stupid enough to attack him.

When he got to the main city, he was swiftly received by the three sovereigns stationed there. Notice had been sent to all the relevant personnel of his impending arrival. The aim of his visit was hidden behind the guise of an inspection.

The sovereigns were the only ones that came to greet him, there was no use bringing others or a need for much fanfare. The three of them were like little chicks around a mother hen. Guntu is probably ten times older than them and a thousand times stronger. They surrounded him in the sky and escorted him towards the inner city. They also chose to ignore the origin god that he was carrying on his shoulder.

"Welcome back, great ancestor." They chorused.

Guntu looked around and nodded his head. "Not bad. The city has prospered since I was last here."

The three of them had only just come to the city a short while ago so they were not responsible for its growth, but it didn't matter. They took care of the city too when they were titans and considering that the last time Guntu came to visit was 200 origin cycles ago, there was nothing wrong with taking credit for the prosperity of the city. Their past efforts counted after all.

"Thank you, Great ancestor. You're so kind."

"We appreciate the fact that you recognize our effort."

"Follow us, Great ancestor. We have prepared for your visit."

Guntu took another step and frowned. He realized that he failed to bend space. It is a feeling he was having problems getting used to.

"I don't like being here. It is frustrating. How do people leave like this?" He complained.

The suppression of the plane has weakened him to abysmal levels.

Chapter 89 Something Big Is About To Happen.

Origin gods are very powerful beings. If a titan can be likened to an exploding star and a sovereign is someone that has gained control of the star such that they can control the intensity of the explosion, then origin gods have gained perfect control of that star. They have perfect control of the star because they have become one with the star, so the matter of control is a foregone conclusion. The amount of energy they contain is something that is above the safety levels of a plane, that is why they face a huge amount of suppression in planes. If an origin god were to explode, it might lead to a catastrophe powerful enough to wipe out all life forms in the entire plane. That is if the plane isn't destroyed. Origin gods are that dangerous, even the ancient battlefield suppresses them but not as much as the planes.

With this suppression comes a feeling of sickness. The feeling of sickness is also accompanied by the loss of control. A titan can be likened to a driver that doesn't know how to drive a vehicle. The driver must somehow learn how to drive that vehicle before it crashes and the driver dies. A sovereign has mastered the art of driving, such that he can make all manners of manoeuvres, stop the vehicle to refill its tank so it doesn't run out of fuel, and hook up a carriage or control a tool attached to the vehicle. An origin god has become the vehicle itself. To suppress the vehicle is to make some parts malfunction. Hence the feeling of sickness and loss of control.

Guntu had been used to the world bending to his will but the plane was not going to have any of that because to allow that, is to permit its own destruction. In no way is the plane going to have such unstable elements get loose within it.

The Sovereigns were understanding but the situation wasn't that bad for them. They just drive the vehicle, after all, they will only get frustrated if the vehicle malfunctions. It is still an unpleasant feeling, that's why sovereigns don't stay in planes.

"It is still bearable for us, but barely." They replied.

Ghoto decided to find something to distract him. "Let's get this over with then. I can't wait."

The feelings of frustration reduced significantly when Guntu remembered that there could be a fight. He was itching to destroy something.

"Yes, great ancestor. We are almost there."

It took them seconds to transverse from the point of entry to the inner city. It seemed fast to cross kilometers in a matter of seconds but to Guntu it seemed like the world was too slow. He could have covered that distance in a single step if he were allowed to move freely. The top speed he can move at has been lowered to that of a transcendent. He still retained his superior acceleration but even that has been slashed to barebones.

They all arrived at the family headquarters in the center of the inner city.



"I'll meet ancestor creeping dwarf first," Guntu said to them. The Sovereigns nodded in understanding. Only they knew why he was really here.

"We have no problems with that. We will wait here. You can reach us through this Rune." They replied.

An ancient voice intruded on their conversation. "Is that you Guntu boy?"

Guntu's face twitched.

"Greetings ancestor. It seems you haven't lost your hobby of snooping on people. I didn't think you will notice me this soon."

The creeping dwarf usually monitors the entire city. The large size of the city coupled with its slow thinking speed makes it very difficult for it to notice and single out a person quickly. It just so happens that Hadrick had been on edge recently so much that he had been putting extra effort into monitoring all the movements within the city, but he wouldn't say that.

"Are you calling me slow?" Hadrick asked.

"Yes, ancestor," Guntu replied. The Sovereigns were appalled.

Hadrick snorted.

"You have lost your cuteness ever since you became an origin god. I remember when you used to cause trouble throughout the city back then and I had to ground you. You were such a cute troublemaker, now you have the guts to say I'm slow."

"I remember that clearly. You always whipped me." Guntu complained. The Sovereigns listening at the side wished they could disappear. "We will be going now." They said hurriedly before actually disappearing.

Hadrick sighed. "Good times. Those were good times. Now I hardly have anyone to talk to."

Guntu grew up in this city like all the children with the awakened bloodline of the family. But unlike other children who awakened to transcendent lightning affinity, he awakened to transcendent destruction affinity. Its impact on his personality was immense. While other kids were full of energy and rash, he wanted to see destruction and more destruction. He wanted the world to be drowned in fire, water, storms, landslides or whatever was disastrous enough. He would always play pranks that cause damage to life and properties. The only way to scare children like him was to prank them with a realistic illusion of the taboo race. Even that only worked temporarily on Guntu.

Guntu's face began twitching more. "We will talk about that later ancestor. Where are the enemies?"

"Which enemies? Where are they? Are they here already?" Hadrick asked in a panic.

Guntu's face fell. "I came all the way here to protect you from some attackers and you don't know them?"

"Oh that. Don't scare me. I said I might be attacked. There is no attack yet. Wait, are you the only one that came here?"

"I'm not the only one that came, see I brought this guy too. He is a true man." Guntu indicated to the origin god on his shoulder.

"That is a living thing? I thought it was a weapon or something with all that erratic energy coming from it. I honestly thought it was a bomb. That doesn't look natural at all. How could an origin god become that? Is that even safe to have in the city?"

"Forget that. You mean to say I came here and there is no fight happening."

"There might be a fight. That's why I asked for some strong people to come here. I am hoping no fighting will actually occur. You just have to be patient and we will find out."

"Patient my ass. Did someone threaten you? Let me go and finish this right now." Guntu asked earnestly. He didn't want to spend more time in this sickening place.

Hadrick paused. "How do I put this? I have information from a reliable source that I might be attacked during this period of time."

Guntu didn't believe one bit of it. "Is this your paranoia acting up again. No one will attack you. No one ever does." He sounded exasperated.

"This is not paranoia but reliable Intel from a reliable source. The city might be attacked and I don't want harm to come to the precious descendants living here. I'm a caring ancestor that way."

"I call Rhineshit. Who doesn't know that you're scared for your life? Can't I just leave a clone?"

"No. I want real protection. Come and tell me stories of your adventure while we wait. I am sure you have a lot to tell me since the last time we met. When was it again? Something around 200 cycles. Time sure flies fast."

"You're right. I have so much to tell." Guntu relented. If there was only one thing that he inherited from his ancestor, it is the ability to engage in long chats. They derive joy from talking. It is why Hadrick became fond of Ghastorix and why some descendants in the family have trouble controlling their voices.

Hadrick became excited immediately. "Let's start with how that thing you are carrying is a person and not a bomb that is about to blow up. I need reassurance that it is safe to be anywhere near me."

Guntu could only accept for now. He brought the "true man" with him to an entrance that led to the center of the forest. But this arrangement didn't last long. Guntu couldn't take it anymore. Even his beloved storytelling couldn't get rid of the ache in his body, mind, and soul. The drink in his gourd didn't taste right anymore too, it had been tampered with by the laws of the plane. The plane doesn't want a bottled-up star around after all. In a perfect environment, Guntu could tell stories for decades at a time but now, all it took for Guntu to break was 3 days. History has shown that when Guntu becomes bored, something big must happen. Guntu's boredom as a child is the prelude to widespread destruction. It is a wonder what he will get up to as an Origin god.

Chapter 90 The Era Of The Gods Must End.

Guntu excused himself from the forest after he couldn't take the boredom anymore. He loves to tell stories but it just wasn't the same with the annoying suppression he was feeling. It made everything feel

wrong, even his beloved storytelling. He needed something more actively interesting to take his mind off the irritating suppression. So he called the sovereigns.

"Gather all the various heads of department. We will have a family talk." He sounded like he cared about the workings of the family, but he was just hoping that something would come up to make him cause trouble. His order was transmitted quickly and the heads of department gathered in the council room. They were already prepared for an inspection. The talks and reports went on for a few hours before Guntu couldn't take it anymore. He groaned due to the headache he was feeling. Transcendent don't get sick but he was feeling worse than sick and these people were not helping with their talks of market trends and economic relevance.

'They were actually talking about serious things and nothing fun.' He thought to himself.

"Are you saying there is nothing interesting going on? Is everything really going well? Is there no place that needs violence?" He roared at them. His irritation was rising and he needed an outlet for release.

He glared at the 3 sovereigns when no one in the council answered him. He said to them. "This is all your fault for operating this city so well."

The three sovereigns wanted to say, "Actually we had a lot less to do with the city, much less than what you think." But they just remained mute. They had enjoyed the compliment earlier, it was time to suffer the consequence.

The supervisor of the department of Family Affairs had been quiet all along. He had been keeping a low presence because he was surrounded by a lot of stronger people. His department didn't need a strong force like most of the other departments did. Departments like those for intelligence, security, diplomacy, and resource acquisition are larger and need a stronger combat force to run their operations. It is because of that, that these departments are headed by titans of laws. Thankfully all the natural force in the area was busy suppressing Guntu or so many titans in one place would have suffocated him. He felt like a shrimp among sharks. So he had to summon a lot of courage for him to call attention to himself.

He raised his hand above his head slightly. He wanted the upper echelon to know about soverick. What better opportunity is there than when every department head is gathered? An origin god is also here so he felt he must go through with it and report the information he had about soverick. He was also thinking about how to ensure his safety afterward. Mihila is sure to come for him if his actions lead to any negative consequences for her son.

"Be quick. What do you have to say?" Guntu asked immediately. Everything was just irritating him, especially the fact that everyone else is moving in slow motion from his perspective. They moved like snails.

The supervisor started. "I came across an anomaly during the last life evaluation. A child came to..."

"Give me the important part. I don't want the rest." Guntu interrupted.

"Okay great ancestor. The child has 9 god-level talents."

The information could have caused an uproar if the heads of the department were someplace else, but they could only bottle up their shock. No one dared to cause a ruckus in the presence of an easily irritable origin god.

Guntu was immediately interested. "Is that so? Who is this child?"

"He is the son of a Ghoto and Mihila." The supervisor answered with trepidation. The gaze of the origin god numbed his mind, he felt like a dazed animal before an oncoming vehicle.

"Is that so?" Guntu grinned. "Wasn't it only recently that I was listening to the report of this mutant? No wonder he spent that much time in the womb. This is some juicy matter." He thought inwardly. Guntu could see the beginnings of an epic story. He wanted to see how it would end. Would soverick be able to achieve eternity? Would soverick even be able to become a titan? Is his immense talent a boon or a shackle? He wanted to know. He had to know. Too bad that it was a future matter. He had a more pressing matter to deal with.

"That is truly interesting. But it won't do for now." Guntu praised the supervisor before he turned his attention back to the other heads of department. "I don't have to say this but nothing untoward must happen to this child. The ancestors have plans for him." He warned with a steely voice.

The matter of the mutant had been kept secret from most of the people here. Even though the report alleviated his boredom a little, he also recognized that it placed the child in danger.

"I don't expect you to cuddle him or be biased toward him, the child has to face some difficulties if he is to grow stronger. But I want him to be monitored and protected from spies and saboteurs. Is that understood?"

"Yes, great ancestor." They all echoed.

"Good. Any other interesting titbit?" Guntu asked.

'Just say you're looking for tantalizing gossip.' One of the sovereigns thought to himself.

No one answered again.

He grunted and said. "Fine, I'll find something to do."

'What to do that's fun? Fun and big. I'm not a child anymore. If I do something, then it has to match my status as an origin god. I want to let loose and destroy something. It also has to be something that won't cause me a lot of trouble but it has to have a large impact. It should be an event that will gather attention, and yet, won't get me in trouble with the racial council. Fighting is good but who will fight me? Who can I even fight in the plane?' Guntu thought for a while before his eyes lit up. He had an idea that met all his criteria. It was so good he could barely wait.

"How about this? I'll lead the charge to get rid of the pests that plague our dear home plane. How grand, how epic." He rose from his seat as he soliloquize. He could practically see the story narrating itself.

"Inform the race council. Gather all the origin gods and sovereigns available. It is time to purge the divine from the great plane of Virut. No more will we suffer their presence in our home. We shall eradicate them and usher in an era of peace and progress for our people."

"What?" This time the heads of department caused a ruckus. They were too stunned to care. This was a war summons. A war summons because you don't have something to do?

"You heard me. Do I need to repeat myself? We will suffer the existence of gods no more. I shall usher the end of the era of gods and repair our dear home plane. This is what a hero like me ought to do." He liked the way it sounded, so he said it again.

"Yes, great ancestor." They clamored.

"I will head to the headquarters of the divine alliance for a quick reconnaissance. I'll lay down my life to acquire information for our operation. With mother high heaven's blessing, I will be back with good tidings." Guntu's voice peaked before he disappeared. It is clear that he is going to find trouble and have some fun regardless of the approval of the war summons.

Everyone dispersed to prepare for the incoming war. A war meant to entertain an origin god.

"What a day. What a monumental day." The supervisor was reeling in shock. One moment they were talking about soverick and the next they were going to wipe out the gods in the plane. It was a rollercoaster, one that will be noted down in the history of the plane if the racial council agrees with it. Even if they don't agree with it, Guntu had already gone ahead to cause trouble and destruction. It will still be noted down.

Little did they know that Soverick and the Start of the war are linked more than can be expected from a small boy just a little over a year old. Soverick spooked Hadrack. Hadrack called for backup. Guntu was around so he was called. Guntu came but he was bored. Guntu found something to cure his boredom. The end of the era of gods began. Guntu is truly the eye of destruction. Destruction was always accompanying him wherever he went.

The war summons to besiege the gods was sent out with multiple appeals prepared in case it was rejected. The Ghastorix family seemed ready to battle and they were not going to take no for an answer. The era of the gods must end.