

GREED 901

Chapter 901 Heavily Burdened.

Her hair is blown aside by the wind to reveal her face. She has brown fur with small white dots on them. Her eyes are also brown. And they are full of fear. She is very afraid. She is not running for the pleasure of it. She is running because she has to. And she is also running out of time.

The most notable feature about her is the large udder attached to her lower abdomen. It is an indication that she is very pregnant. The mammary gland of the Warrogs is usually small in size when they are not pregnant. It is empty when not needed but becomes full when the female is pregnant.

This arrangement allows females to not be impeded when they are not pregnant. Their fighting strength is not hindered by the extra weight. But it is not so for Cuthalin.

Cuthalin is currently heavy-laden. She is full of children and her stomach has bulged to show how far along she is. As if that isn't enough, her udder is also full and it is attached to her already bloated stomach.

It is obvious that a pregnant Warrog should not be running. It is not safe at all. But she is running. She is running quite fast despite the load that she has been burdened with. She needs that speed right now or the ones chasing her will catch up to her. While it is undeniable that she can be faster, this is the best that she can do.

Cuthalin ran as fast as she could. She ran both for her life and that of her unborn children. She didn't let the cold deter her or let the unstable ground stop her. She didn't let the bleeding injury on her back stop her. It is painful to run but she ran tirelessly with the strength that only a mother can possess and trailed blood as she passed. This world is cruel. It doesn't care for anyone or their circumstances.

The world is not fair and it doesn't care about what someone deserves. A pregnant mother shouldn't be running for her life alone under the dim light of the blood sun in a thin forest filled with fir trees and on a ground that is heavily laden with snow. Even if she was, she shouldn't be escaping alone. A Warrog without a pack to run with is one that will soon meet with death.

But that is the situation for Cuthalin. She has to escape to where she doesn't even know, to survive. Unfortunately, she lacks the strength. They will catch up to her soon. She can hear the faint sound of

howls behind her. Her pursuers are gaining on her. They are not burdened by her special situation. And they are in a pack.

As if all their advantages are not enough, the blood she is leaking will lead them straight to her. They don't need their sensitive nose to track her. Their acute eyes are enough to keep her within their sights. So she can run. But she can not hide from them. If not for the sudden inexplicable strength that she began to gain when she got pregnant, then she wouldn't have made it this far.

She was running when she saw her salvation. It was a dark spot almost indiscernible in the dim lighting. But she saw it very clearly. It is a hole in the ground. It is a tunnel that leads to the Underdark.

She dashed towards the hole as fast as her hooven feet could carry her. She reached the hole quickly and hurriedly went in. She didn't think twice about her decision to enter despite being warned all her life about the dangers of the Underdark.

The entrance to the tunnel was at the foot of a hill nearby and continues downward. So the tunnel is slopey. She managed not to skip and fall. Her hooven foot helped her to keep her balance but it is her skills as a warrior that helped her to navigate the rocky uneven floor of the tunnel.

The tunnel entrance led to a series of other tunnels heading in different directions. She doesn't know which direction to take so she just took whichever one is easiest to navigate. She runs and runs until she can't run anymore. It is not because she is tired down to her bones. It is because she has run into a dead end. She can't run forward anymore.

She tried to turn when suddenly a pain ran through her body. It shocked her more than anything else. It left her rooted where she was standing. The pain came from her abdomen. So she exclaimed, "My babies."

She hurriedly felt her body for anywhere that it might hurt. It is as if her babies heard her cry. Her water broke and the muscles of her abdomen contracted again. The contraction brought with it a pain that she couldn't deny this time around.

"Arghhhhhh." She screamed as a cry of pain tore unbidden out of her mouth.

Her babies are coming. It is not good news at all. She isn't ready and the conditions are not safe. Her environment isn't even clean. She is in a dark cold tunnel running for her life. This is not the condition that she wants to give birth. But her babies don't know that. They are coming now no matter what.

She is already late into her pregnancy and the vigorous exercise that she just engaged in finally kickstarted the birthing process. The contractions increased in strength and intensity. This is not false labor. Her kids will come now whether she likes it or not.

She rested on the wall while cradling her bulging stomach. Then she sat on the ground slowly despite the stinging pain of the wound on her back. The sharp surface of the rocky wall scraped against the cut on her back and sent spikes of pain through her.

It is something that will cause her to jump in pain at any other time. But her attention is somewhere else right now. There is a source of greater pain in her body.

Chapter 902 Laboured Labor.

Her labor has started in earnest. Her muscles contracted and relaxed in waves to push her babies out. She tried to encourage the process but she is too tired. She is supposed to be breathing hard and in a pattern that works well with the contraction.

Unfortunately, she can't. Running for her life is finally taking a toll on her. Her lungs want air but her muscles are too tired. Her breath has become shallow because the muscles of her ribs aren't doing their job. All she feels is a pain in her chest instead of the satisfaction of a deep breath.

She began to sob. Tears fell down her face when she realized that she couldn't push. She tried and tried but her muscles were not listening to her. They are too fatigued. Her contraction began to weaken so the pain of labor reduced drastically. Her babies won't be coming out after all. But it isn't good news. She sobbed as life slowly left her.

"Why?" She wailed in sorrow.

Her body is still trying to get rid of the matured parasites within her but she is too tired. She has nothing left to give. So her vitality began to drop. She is only a vitality core stage after all. There is a limit to the amount of Vitality that she has in her body. Running around pregnant while bleeding and going into labor when tired and wounded will have repercussions. She knows her fate is sealed so she wept.

She went to the heavens. Her every son carried forth her deep sorrow. Her pain echoed through the tunnel in waves. She hoped for a miracle then. She hoped for salvation. But the heavens didn't listen to her. All her crying is a waste. There is no salvation to be had. Her body weakened until her chest stopped rising completely.

She muttered with her last breath. "Life isn't fair."

That's what she managed to say before her death. If there was any doubt about the unfairness of life, those doubts have ceased to exist at this moment. She has just lost her partner and her tribe. She needed to continue his bloodline. But now she will lose her babies and her life.

Life isn't fair. Only the fittest will survive. Apparently, her partner is not fit enough. He couldn't protect her. And she is not fit enough. She will die with her unborn babies within her. Their weak bloodline will end here to make the world a better place for the strong. The weak will cease to use part of the limited resources so that the strong can grow. That is what the heavens want to see. It doesn't want to save her.

Her lamentation rang hollow through the dark tunnel. At least her pursuers aren't chasing her anymore. They probably fear the Underdark and are not desperate enough to go in after her. She will be able to die alone in peace. That is a silver lining.

But Legion-6 had other thoughts. He is the first to be birthed because he actively jostled for that position. He has been ready for a long while in the womb. The pregnancy didn't have an elongated duration because his divine ability didn't need much augmentation.

It is a divine ability that used only one law and it was augmented by the law of Slaughter to make two laws in total. So he only spent a couple of years in the womb, unlike Soverick. The only problem he faced was the contamination of fragments of the law of life in his divine ability.

The fragments diluted the budding concept of the divine ability but it was of no issue for him. He has fully comprehended the law of life and even formed a concept based on it. So he used the law fragments of life to enhance his divine ability. It didn't delay him much but his siblings in the womb did. So he is very eager to escape from the womb. Unfortunately for him, the birthing process stopped short.

"What's going on? Is my mother lazy?" He asked no one in particular when he stopped moving.

He was within the birth carnal when the pushing force began to weaken. He stopped moving forward. He became stuck within the birth carnal. He also noticed the dwindling blood flow from his mother through the umbilical cord. He needs vitality from her or his body will die and he will die too.

He became agitated. "This is bad. Something is wrong with the female vessel I am using. I can't die like this. I have big plans."

He is an unborn child without the support of his mother in a tight space that is supposed to squeeze and eject him but is failing in its purpose. There is no air for him to breathe here and he very much needs air. He will die here if nothing is done about it.

He is not willing to die so he drew support from the soul force of Legion-1. Legion-1 is the only support he can get right now since he was born even before Soverick Ghastorix. Soul force passed through the soul sphere into his soul where he redirected it into his divine ability.

His body is currently too weak to withstand the power of such a level. The connection between his powerful soul and weak body is tenuous at best. Reckless use of soul force will lead to damage to the Origin connection to his body. It is not an injury that can be healed by anything he has access to currently.

He could die if things go out of hand and his connection to his body is severed. He can have irreparable injuries if he is not careful but he doesn't have a choice. It is either this or certain death. He chose to risk it. Anything is better than certain death. So soul force from his soul entered the divine ability in his body and he activated it on his small claws.

Chapter 903 The Rising Hunger.

The claws on his tiny paw arms suddenly elongated. They glowed a dark light that he couldn't see. He redirected them to his surroundings and applied them to the wall of the birth carnal. The 10 claws tore every obstacle to shred.

He didn't need to use force at all. A simple touch of his claws and flesh parted easily. Blood poured forth as a consequence of his actions. It tried to drown him. But he held his breath. His body rebelled against him. It wants air so it wants to breathe.

Actively stopping himself from breathing is counterproductive toward that aim. He may not drown from the blood but the absence of air will still kill him. He needs to breathe and soon. But not blood.

He has control over his body. It is not perfect but it can surely stop himself from breathing in blood. He used his claws to dig his way out into the world. His arms shook because of tiredness but he continued without rest. The next struggle that he faced was squeezing himself through the path that he dug.

His claws are sharp but he is very weak. He is also tired and hungry

"I am so hungry." He complained.

There is no food or air down here so he pushed his head forward and stretched his neck as much as he can. He struggled until he finally breached the surface.

The first thing he did as soon as got out was to breathe in air. His small nose stuck out from the bleeding injury as he breathed in and out. He regained his strength before completing the last leg of his journey. It took a few minutes of struggling. He didn't mind because he was not in any danger of suffocating within her anymore. The hunger on the other hand has only gotten stronger.

A tiny Warrog pup was born that day. He wasn't technically born since he came out of his mother's lower abdomen instead of through the birth carnal. He also came out himself by his efforts and not through the assistance of his mother. Either way, he was finally born.

No one took him to care for him when he came out. There was no applause for his victorious struggle against death. He looked around and found no one except the vessel he parasitized for the past couple of years.

There is a large injury on the stomach of the vessel that is bleeding out. It was caused by his actions. It is also the true cause of her death. She would have died but his actions expedited the process.

"So this is my mother." He said as he examined her. "She seems dead. This is not good."

He stood on top of her belly and observed her. Her eyes are closed shut and there are still trails of tears down her cheek. He knows she died pretty early and it was probably due to his actions but he feels no remorse. It was either him or her. He is a selfish and greedy person so he chose himself. It is the survival of the fittest.

He is more concerned about why he needed to dig himself out of her. It might be natural for other races for the young to dig out of the mother but it is not natural for Warrogs. It is problematic for him.

"What do I do now? I am very hungry." He mused to himself.

The hunger within him has increased further. It is like a twisting feeling within his stomach. It is only a mental compulsion from his body to eat. It is not actually harmful. But it is getting worse and worse.

If there is a regret that he has about killing his mother, it is that she won't be able to feed him. He is very hungry right now. The act of using his divine ability took its toll on him physically in more ways than it should. It is because his divine ability affects his stomach. Activating it is making him very hungry.

"Where are we? Is there anyone around? Why is a pregnant Warrog in such a dark dangerous tunnel?" He asked himself.

He has so many questions. There are a lot of odd things about his current situation. He can shelve his hunger for now but he doesn't know anything in this new environment that he has been born into. He doesn't even know who his mother is. Most importantly, his instincts are warning him that he is in a dangerous environment.

The tunnel is dangerous somehow and he shouldn't be here if he wants to keep his life. He has a feeling of being watched. It is an unpleasant feeling that is making his back tingle. It is tingling only because the fur on his back is too wet and slick to straighten in alarm.

"First things first. I have to leave this place. I'll just find my way around. I am sure I can survive on my own."

He decided to stop worrying about the unknown and focus on what he knows. He knows that this place is dangerous. His intuition is tingling and buzzing with a warning. He knows he has to leave or risk death. So he began his journey to salvation.

He is sure that unless he is unlucky, he should be able to survive. Fortunately, he didn't have to roam blindly about. His nose picked up a recent blood trail that led outside.

"This is good. The first problem has been fixed. I won't get lost now."

He dropped from his mother's belly and began making his way toward the only exit in the tunnel. His tiny paws stepped gently on the ground as he tried to walk. He stumbled several times before he got the hang of walking. It was an arduous process that he only managed to do by walking on all fours.

He can't manage two-legged walking yet. That is something that his currently weak body cannot do. No amount of control can achieve it.

Chapter 904 Food For Thought.

It is a funny sight. A small Warrog pup struggling to walk. He is still clumsy even with crawling on all fours. His fur is covered with blood and fluid but there are small isolated patches of white fur that can be seen beneath the grime. He has two small black nobs on his head. They are his ungrown horns.

He left the corpse of his mother and his unborn siblings behind. He can surely rescue his unborn siblings but he doesn't want to. He has no need for them and any effort he puts into them will be unlikely to be worth it. What does he want with four weak troublesome pups?

Besides, the effort needed to free them is not something he can do easily. It will require damaging his body or divine ability further. He is not willing to do that for some people that he doesn't know or care about.

But he had to return to the corpse pretty soon. He hadn't gotten far before he returned. His stomach was growling strongly. He has a royal bloodline of his own so he shouldn't require sustenance. He should be able to subsist on only mana in the environment but his divine ability which is the very basis for his royal bloodline is demanding food. It is a repercussion of using it so early.

He can control the urges and continue moving since he can force his body to do what he wants because of his powerful soul but he doesn't have full control over his divine ability. He can forcefully activate his divine ability and deactivate it but he can't escape from its repercussions. It is not exactly a bad thing. Eating will appease his divine ability and reduce the damage to his body. He knows that. That's one of the reasons he returned.

"At least you're still good for something." He said to his dead mother before he began the rather enjoyable process of eating her.

He began to eat his dead mother who he killed. His teeth tore into her easily and he gulped down her flesh. He wasn't reluctant about it. He needed to eat and food was available. So why shouldn't he eat? Morals and ethics don't bind him. Those don't matter to him. The goal to achieve perfection is supreme to him.

He was being pragmatic when he decided to eat her but his mind changed as soon as he began. Her flesh was divine. It tasted succulent. Her blood felt like nectar in his mouth. He knows it is due to his divine ability but he has to admit that eating her tasted wonderful.

The divine ability of Warrogs is the major reason why they were rabid and violent. They always feel hungry anytime they use it and flesh tastes good when they satiated that hunger. Eating felt so good that it was pleasurable to do on its own.

The compelling of the divine ability is two-sided. It uses the stick-and-carrot approach. The stick is the unpleasant twisting feeling in their stomach while the carrot is the enhancement of the taste of flesh. When eating feels so good, then there is no reason to starve themselves. They have to use their divine ability whenever they want to acquire worthy prey so it makes them send themselves down a spiral of addiction.

Legion-6 knows that violence feeds their addiction to eating so they are always fighting. They fought other races and amongst themselves. If not for their paragons who brought order to their society, they would have eliminated themselves a long ago.

He said to himself, "I hope I can get in touch with the ruling class of this plane very early. They should protect me since I am so weak. No paragon will watch me suffer."

He has his hopes of safety on getting in touch with the paragons. As long as it is as he remembers, the Emperors of the Warrogs have strict rules about the treatment of new paragons. He won't be bullied so early because of his weakness. It will give him a chance to get his footing and the opportunity to fulfill why he was reincarnated as a paragon.

Legion-6 ate his mother completely except her bones. He didn't spare his unborn siblings within her. He ate everything. Nothing was left out. It was just too good. His unborn siblings weren't of use to him before but they have fulfilled some usefulness to him now.

His stomach continued to crave more food despite him paying back the price for using his divine ability. What's strange is that his body didn't get bigger than his 10-centimeter form. He ate and ate until there was nothing left to eat anymore. His stomach accepted it all without complaining. No one will believe that he just ate someone at least ten times his size and many more times his weight.

He licked his lips after he was done eating. Then he remarked. "That tasted better than I thought."

He has never eaten flesh before. Gehaldirah didn't eat anything apart from life essence. He didn't need to eat anymore after becoming a mana entity. So this experience is very new to him.

He has never considered eating flesh before. But he didn't need to. He will do whatever it takes to acquire power. It is a plus if what he has to do is pleasurable. Eating his mother is one of those things. Her flesh was pleasurable to eat.

He sat down with a distended belly. He has engorged himself very well. It brought a lot of changes to him. He felt a rising heat from within his stomach. It wants to erupt throughout his body but he can control it.

"What should I do now?" He wondered.

The heat within his stomach is very important. He can stop it from doing what it wants to do but it will be beneficial to him to let it do what it wants. The problem is time and place. He isn't sure he has the luxury of time in such a dangerous place while the heat erupts. He won't be able to move while his divine ability does what it wants so he will be in a vulnerable situation if he lets it.

Chapter 905 What Comes After Eating.

He said after thinking about it. "Let's do it. I need all the strength I can get right now."

If he were a single entity whose entire life depended on this decision, then he would decide against allowing his divine ability to do what it wants. But he is not alone. His death will not be the end of Legion. He can take risks that he would be too cautious to otherwise.

He lay on the ground and stopped impeding the heat in his abdomen. The heat spread throughout his body wantonly. It filled every inch of his body to bursting. His body became full of so much energy and vitality. It is the energy and vitality that he got from his recent meal. Then his divine ability got to work on modifying his body by using that energy and vitality.

"Hmpf." He groaned as the first tear appeared on his small body. "This is going to be painful."

Cracks began to appear on his body as his skin tore. His body cracked due to his divine ability. One needs to tear down something before rebuilding it so his body is being torn down. His muscles tore open and his bones broke. His organs shifted as they enlarged within him. Blood pooled beneath him from all the injuries that he is suffering.

"This had better be worth it." He growled.

His body is going through excruciating pain. It shouldn't be so in a normal situation. In a normal situation, his divine ability should only awaken when he becomes a Mana entity. A Mana entity's body will be more malleable to change so the upgrade will be less painful. But he activated it early and he fed his divine ability too. So his fragile body is being made to go through the pain of an upgrade now.

This pain is something that will kill any other cub. It will also traumatize mana entities with weak will. But he isn't any simple cub. He is special so he must do special things and endure special pains. After all, there is no gain if there is no pain. And there is no special gain without special pain.

The pain will be worth it. He is growing stronger and it is visible. It is all he needs to see to know that he made a good decision to allow his divine ability to get to work on his body.

His little body enlarged quickly. He went from being 10 centimeters in length from neck to rump to increasing to a meter long. Everything about him grew bigger and stronger. His divine ability digested the food he ate and empowered his body with it.

This is the major reason why he decided to indulge his hunger and eat his mother. It is not because of the twisting hunger in his stomach. He is better than that. It is because it will not only alleviate the symptoms of using his divine ability. It will also make him stronger and he will do anything for strength as long as he can do it.

His ancestors were addicted to violence because of the taste of food but he won't be like them. He is not a base creature that can't control himself. That doesn't mean he won't get addicted to violence. But if he does, it will be by his choice and because of his strength. Violence will be a tool to further his goal, not the goal itself.

Strength above all else is supreme. If one is to be the fittest, then one must be the strongest, or one won't survive. He reincarnated to acquire strength and he will pursue it even if he has to doom an entire plane to Oblivion. It will all be worth it as long as he becomes stronger. So what's a little pain? It is nothing compared to what Legion-3 is currently going through and has been going through for years.

The thought of Legion-3 distracted him from the pain of his body. He wondered to himself, "It is probably a mistake to create a demon clone. We had no idea that Chaos is attracted to demons. Where does Chaos energy even come from?"

He allowed himself to think about the conundrum of Chaos energy while his body broke apart and was reformed several times. Finally, he went through the last change. His broken bones fused together and were covered by muscles that reattached themselves and healed. Then all of them were covered by a layer of skin and fur.

The pain ceased then and his body stopped breaking itself. His horns have grown out on his head. They are black, straight, and very pointy. They look quite dashing even though they are small. He stood up and was able to stand on his two hooven feet.

"What a wonderful surprise. I am at the Vitality core stage already." He said in amazement. "That's good. This will make things a whole lot easier."

He examined himself and felt the vitality core within his stomach. His divine ability formed one for him. He skipped the body forging stage and jumped to the vitality core stage immediately.

He expected to strengthen himself to the peak of the body stage. That is more than enough strength to move better. Walking around in an unfamiliar and dangerous environment as a baby will lower his chances of survival drastically.

His current strength surprised him a little but it is also understandable when he thought more about it. The flesh he ate was from someone at the peak of vitality core stage so it is reasonable that he was able

to form his own vitality core from eating all of her flesh. It is just strange that it formed in his stomach instead of his heart like normal races.

"Let me unlock my spirit and check the stat screen."

Unlocking the status screen requires an awakened spirit. His new form can withstand the awakening of his spirit so he decided to do it.

Chapter 906 Not Bad For A Day Old.

It was easy to do too. All it took was a thought and a tiny portion of his soul leaked out into his body and into the environment. He gained a divine sense immediately.

NAME: Legion-6

RACE: Warrog.

BLOODLINE: Unknown Royal bloodline.

POWER LEVEL (BODY): Vitality Core (1% Conversion)

POWER LEVEL (SOUL): Soul Awakening

PHYSIQUE: Body of law(Incomplete)

HP: 100%

STAMINA: 100%

ENERGY LEVEL (BODY): Vitality

ENERGY LEVEL (SOUL): Mental Energy

VITALITY: 100

ENDURANCE: 93

STRENGTH: 82

AGILITY: 113

PERCEPTION: 1,000,000,000

SPIRIT: 200

LIMITER (BODY):55%

LIMITER (SOUL):0.0000002%

DIVINE SENSE (GRADE): 20(A)

OTHERS

MANA AFFINITY: 35%

LAW AFFINITY: 50%

ELEMENTAL AFFINITY (GRADE): LIFE (DIVINE), DEVOUR (DIVINE), SLAUGHTER (DIVINE).

STATUS: Healthy

"Not bad for a day old." He said appreciatively.

The stats for a Vitality core refiner is between 100 and 200. Only his Vitality and Spirit have reached that point. His other stats are still lacking. His stats are well below what a normal vitality core should have but it is extraordinary that he gained this much power in a single day of being born. It shows how impressive the divine ability of devouring is.

"It is time to get out of here."

He checked himself one last time before he began to run. His recent upgrade has made escaping from this place easier. He could hardly crawl before but now he is running. It took a while to get used to his body but he soon became able to bolt at full speed.

His white fur was ruffled by the wind as he ran. It was a wonderful feeling. He is not a weak stumbling pup anymore. The upward slope of the ground doesn't give him any problems anymore.

"Finally, there is a way out. It seems it is nighttime outside." He said excitedly when he spotted the opening.

It was easy for him to navigate the maze-like tunnels to find a way out. He just had to follow the blood trails. His nose is very sensitive like his eyes. He can see and smell very well in the dark. So he doesn't need light and isn't bothered by the darkness in the tunnel. But that changed when he left the tunnels and appeared under the sky.

"What the heck is that?" He asked in surprise when he saw the round blood moon in the sky.

He expected it to be nighttime since he didn't see light shining into the tunnel from the entrance. But he didn't expect to see a blood moon. A blood moon is not natural at all. It is something that he has never seen before.

A feeling of dread filled him the more he looked at the blood moon. He feels that what he is looking at is very unnatural. There's also the constant feeling of being watched. He thought it was due to the danger he felt in the tunnels but that feeling hasn't disappeared. It is as if he is being observed by something and it might be the unnatural blood moon.

He asked in bewilderment. "What is going on here?"

The plane he is supposed to reincarnate in should not have a blood moon. Gehaldirah has been to the plane to pick the materials for his reincarnation. All Gehaldirah had to be careful of were the paragons. There was no ominous moon hanging over his head.

He is not the only one with the questions. There are others in his vicinity who are also very perplexed by the situation. They are a squad of Warrogs. They are stationed here to watch the entrance and make sure that the female Warrog that entered earlier doesn't come out again.

She might have used the tunnel as a tactic to discourage them from chasing her before she returns and runs away. Their pack leader doesn't want that at all. They might be reluctant to enter the Underdark but that doesn't mean they will allow her to fool them.

Their pack leader wants to make sure that she dies and that every trace of her partner is removed from this world including his descendants. That's why the pack leader positioned a squad here to watch the tunnels. They were expecting a brown-furred female Warrog, not some strange white-furred Warrog speaking in another language.

They are already jumpy by staying close to a place so dangerous. The sudden appearance of an anomaly has put them on high alert. They have a lot of questions that they want answered.

"Hey, who are you?" The squad leader of the pack asked with a shout.

That drew Legion-6's attention. He didn't notice them earlier because of the short range of his divine sense and he was preoccupied with the strange red moon.

He observed them carefully. "These are Warrogs. That is good. I am not entirely lost."

He identified their race immediately. He is relieved to discover that they are Warrogs. They are 6 in number as far as he can see. They are not holding any weapon of any kind. It is not as if they need it. The best weapons that they can make are not better than their natural weapons.

They have a piece of leather clothing tied around their waste to hide their private parts and they are adorned with several pieces of jewelry made of bones and teeth. The jewelry is in the form of necklaces worn around the neck or just woven into their hair. Some of them have tattoos on their bodies.

He thought to himself, "They are a squad of 6. The biggest one must be the alpha. The others will be her betas. I must be careful of her."

There's one Warrog amongst the six of them that is distinct from the others. She is a female but she is more physically endowed than the others. She is taller and her muscles are bigger too. Even her horns are longer. She has a bigger presence than all of the rest and she threatens him the most so he paid more attention to her.

Chapter 907 Truly Lucky.

This female Warrog has braided hair that reaches her waist. There are a lot of teeth and bones braided into her hair. The rest of the Warrogs are a mixture of males and females but they are smaller than her. He can feel that all of them are stronger than him though.

He examined them and they examined him in turn. They saw that he has pure white fur with black horns. But most importantly, He is just a youngling. He is a little above a meter tall while the smallest among them is 1.5 meters tall. The Alpha is more than 2 meters tall. So he doesn't look dangerous to them at all.

He also smells weak and his posture is weak. He doesn't look like a warrior at all. Some of their fear was reduced immediately. They let down their guard and began to approach him.

"Are you deaf, young one? Who are you?" The leader asked again.

This time she asked with a calm voice.

Legion-6 groaned. He heard her the first time. He didn't answer because he doesn't understand her language. He is surprised that she is speaking a language that he doesn't know. Gehaldirah made sure to learn the language of the Warrogs when he collected the Warrog materials. So he used his divine sense to communicate with her.

He said to her, "I am a wanderer. An Omega."

He scrambled for an explanation from the information that he knows about the Warrogs. He knows a bit about their culture and behavior. The best he can say is that he is an Omega. It is the least threatening thing that he can say to describe himself.

His reply made the Alpha nod. She is an awakened Warrog so she has a divine sense. Everyone in her squad is awakened too so they understand what he said. She accepted his reply as a reasonable reason for why he is alone.

She didn't just believe him because he said so. She tested him by trying to draw out his inner beast but she failed. That means he is either an Alpha or an Omega. Whichever one it is is not a threat to her. An Alpha without a squad is at their weakest and an Omega this young is no threat at all.

So she asked about the other thing that she is concerned about. "Why did you come out of an Underdark tunnel?"

Legion-6 understood her question and what she was referring to from the way she asked it. Communication with the divine sense is not about words. It is full of meaning and emotions. What he said earlier was that "I am a wanderer. I stand alone in the hierarchy." Standing alone on the hierarchy means he is an Omega.

Her question about the Underdark is also full of meaning. When she said Underdark, she meant "the holes in the ground with the terrifying darkness." So he is able to understand that she is afraid of the tunnels. She has to be very afraid if she uses the meaning of terrifying to describe it.

She is probably terrified of it which means a lot. After all, she is a peak vitality core stage refiner. Whatever she is afraid of about the tunnel must be terrifying. He learned more from her questions about the world than she is learning from him.

He answered her question somewhat sheepishly and ashamed. "I got lost."

His reply gave her pause. She scrutinized him closely. Then she began to laugh. She walked up to him and slapped him on the back. He stumbled because of the impact. He almost fell over.

"She is truly stronger than me." He thought to himself.

The others laughed too. They surrounded him and smelled his scent. If they noticed anything strange about him, they didn't show it. They remained friendly with him. But he noticed that he has been completely surrounded.

"This can't be a coincidence." He thought to himself.

"You are one lucky youngling." The leader said after laughing.

He scratched his head innocently. "I can't believe that I survived. I am truly lucky."

The leader asked nonchalantly, "Did you meet a pregnant female by any chance? She has brown fur with white spots."

"No, I didn't." He shook his head and replied. "But I saw some blood trails. I followed them up the slope and found this entrance. It is my lucky day. I thought I was going to die."

Her question was nonchalant but that is only to downplay the severity of the situation. She smelled the scent of the pregnant Warrog on him. So it would be highly suspicious if he had said he didn't see or meet her. But his explanation assuaged any suspicion she has of him. Their target was bleeding. That's how they tracked her to this location. So it must be a coincidence that this youngling has her scent on him.

"It must truly be his lucky day." She thought to herself.

Then she said to him. "You are a youngling and an Omega so you must be on a pilgrimage looking for a totem pole to indenture yourself to. Why don't you come to my pack? I am inviting you."

"I will be honored. Thank you very much." He replied eagerly.

She made sure to point out, "I am inviting you to the tribe. As an Alpha of the pack, I have that right. That doesn't mean you will be allowed to indenture yourself to our totem pole or allowed to stay in the pack. That will depend on the pack leader."

He thanked her again. "This much is already enough. I am very grateful."

She nodded after making everything clear. Then she said to him, "These two will take you to the pack. Follow them."

Then she picked out two of her squad members to send him to the pack. The remaining four will continue to stand guard until another squad comes to relieve them. That's their mission given to them by the pack leader. The words of the pack leader are law so she will continue to watch the tunnel entrance for as long as they must.

Chapter 908 Caution And Brawn.

The Alpha watched Legion-6 go silently. She waited for them to leave her sight then she said to her squad, "Leno and Piar. You two should trail after them and watch them secretly. Don't show yourself unless you have to help. Protect them and kill the boy if he does something suspicious."

Leno and Piar bowed. "Yes, Tesrat. We will do as you say."

The two of them didn't question why their Alpha is sending four Warriors to watch and escort a weak Omega to the park. That is a lot of manpower to waste on a single harmless person. She ordered them and they simply obeyed. They left immediately.

Tesrat nodded. The first two Betas that she chose to take the white young Omega to the pack are the strongest after her. They are more than able to contain him if he decides to escape. The other two are precautions in case she has underestimated him.

She is clearly overreacting. Just one of her squad mates can subdue the young Omega. But it is hard not to overreact to anything that comes out from the Underdark. If Legion-6 is an Omega then he won't try to escape. Everything should be alright if he really is what he claims to be.

She can't tell if he is truly an Omega or an Alpha in disguise. That's why she feels she must be extra cautious. She can't tell what he is but her pack leader will be able to. So he must meet their pack leader at all costs. She doesn't mind sending four Warriors to make sure of it. If he is an Alpha then he will be in a lot of trouble.

She thought to herself. "He is young so the pack leader should be lenient with him even if he is an Alpha. I will get credit either way."

Then she returned to standing guard.

In her opinion, Legion-6 is very young so he will be treated kindly if he is an Alpha. He will be treated even better as long as he has not been inducted into the hierarchy of another pack. The pack leader will welcome him with open arms in that case. It will just require a show of force or the use of physical violence to compel him.

Everything will be alright if he is an Omega as he said. Either way, she will get credit for bringing new blood to the pack and strengthening the pack. They just went through a bloody battle so more strength is needed. So she has something to gain either way by inviting him to the park.

Still, she didn't let the reward that she might get cloud her judgment. She made sure to take precautions so that she won't be punished too much if this goes badly. She is a warrior and an Alpha. She didn't reach where she is today by being foolish and easily deceived. Life as a Warrior is very harsh, brawns are not the only requirement to survive. Caution is a very important quality to have as a leader. The severe punishments from the pack leader have taught her that lesson.

Legion-6 was flanked by two Betas. They are stronger than him so he kept his guard up. He acted nonchalantly but he is wary of them. His situation is not optimal. He is not in control at all. That means someone can subject him to their whims so he is not happy. He is wary because he doesn't trust them at all.

Being among stronger entities that might become hostile doesn't make him servile or make him give up. It does the opposite. His will to resist is prepared and ready despite being outmatched. He is alert more than ever before.

He doesn't plan to escape but that doesn't mean that violence still won't be visited on him. Everything seemed to have worked out with his encounter with the Alpha but that's what it seems like. He is not sure if everything is really alright. She said he is to be taken to a pack leader but who is to say that they are not kidnapping him for nefarious purposes?

He said he is an Omega and they should respect that so they shouldn't be violent with him but that's just the rules of culture. Rules and laws are meant to be broken. Rules bind the weak and subservient but the strong are above rules. These Warrogs are strong so they can choose to disregard the rules and kill him.

He should expect violence. That's according to the little knowledge he has about Warrogs. The Warrogs that he knows are incredibly violent. So it is just good thinking to prepare to fight. He is not entirely hopeless. He will make them regret fighting him even if he dies. It is the least that he can do.

"It must have been tough on you to brave the wild at such a young age." The Beta by his right said.

"Yeah. You even got lost in the Underdark and survived." The other one by his left said to him.

He nodded and agreed with them. "I am a very lucky Omega."

Then he thought to himself. "They are as disciplined as I learned. This is good for me."

The Betas did not talk at all since the time they met him. Only their Alpha and he spoke. That's because their Alpha hadn't permitted them to speak. The hierarchy in their society is very strict. That's what happens when there are paragons in a society.

Squads are led by Alphas and numerous squads come together to form a pack that is led by the pack leader. The orders of their superiors are laws so the Betas didn't speak despite the fact that squads are very close to each other. They waited until they left the vicinity of their Alpha before they spoke to him.

It is a good thing for him because it shows that they still follow some of the rules that he knows of. So he will not be entirely clueless about his current situation and he can seek refuge with the rules.

Chapter 909 Like Father Like Son.

They spoke to him more along the way. They wanted to know about his travels and the tribe he came from. He made something up to regale them with. They enjoyed his story very much. He made sure to keep it as accurate as possible and also to ask them questions about their tribe. This way he learned more about them. Along the way, he noticed that they were following the trail left behind by his mother.

"Is the lady you were looking for come from your pack?" He asked them. "Is she lost?"

They hesitated a little bit about answering his question. But they ultimately decided to tell him since he is an Omega. Omegas stand alone and are free from the conflicts of tribes.

One of them answered. "No, she is not from our pack."

"She came from the pack that used to control this territory. Our tribe attacked hers and took over the territory." The other one finished.

"I am guessing that the pack leader of her tribe didn't surrender." He said after making sense of what went on.

"No, he didn't." A Beta said with gritted teeth. "The bastard was very stubborn. He caused a lot of unnecessary bloodshed. We lost a lot of pack members because of him."

The other one interjected, "What's worse is that he is still alive."

The two of them began to rant and complain. They became animated because of the anger they feel toward the dishonorable pack leader. Legion-6 realized that they have a lot of pent-up feelings of anger and frustration at the pack leader of his mother's pack.

It is not as if these two are new to the violence of conflicts between packs but this particular battle between packs takes the cake in making them frustrated. They are very frustrated because the pack leader didn't surrender.

Conflicts between packs are very common. But like all societies with paragons, the fight is limited to the paragons. The Alphas, Betas, and pack Leaders fight. In the best situation, the fight is limited between the pack leaders. But sometimes it extends to the other paragons. In the case where a side is losing, the pack leader ought to surrender to limit the bloodshed and also to earn amnesty from the victor.

But this pack leader didn't surrender. What's worse is that he ran away while forcing the remaining paragons of his own pack to continue fighting. His paragons continued fighting because they had to obey orders. They fought to the last man standing while the dishonorable pack leader escaped. So the winners had to shed more blood than necessary for them to win.

"Let me guess again. That lady must be related to the pack leader in some way. Is she his daughter?" He asked.

"Yes, she is related to the park leader. But she is not his daughter. She is one of his mates. She is even pregnant with his children."

"You are very insightful. You were able to guess it easily." One of them complimented him.

He smiled in appreciation of the compliment. Meanwhile, his mind went through all the information he has about Warrogs. In a normal situation where the rules of engagement are obeyed, the conflict between tribes is supposed to make the tribes stronger. They are supposed to have more manpower.

In that situation, the pack leader is allowed to leave with his mates and children. The park leader will give up his or her park for the safety of themselves and their close relatives. But since the park leader flaunted the rules and refused to surrender, he is to be hunted and everyone related to him is to be put to death.

"What a dishonorable park leader. He disgusts me." Legion-6 joined in disparaging the pack leader who he has realized is his father.

"Yes. He disgusts me."

"So much unnecessary death."

Legion-6 insisted vehemently, "He should be found immediately and killed. All his family should be eradicated for his sin."

They agree with him. "They should all die. It will bring peace to our dead warriors."

It is not out of place for him to clamour for the death of his father and family. He is behaving like his father. Apparently, he inherited the traits of a traitor from his father. It is just right that he will sell out his family.

Their conversation continued after that outburst. Legion-6 led the topic of their conversation toward areas he wanted to know. He did it discreetly to avoid looking out of place or alien but he didn't have to be bothered. The two Betas felt closer to him after he joined them to insult the dishonorable pack leader. They felt a comradery with him so they spoke without restraint.

He is an adorable youngling who is also an Omega who might become part of their tribe soon. They feel that they have no reason to be careful with what they say around him. He was able to learn about the environment, the situation of the Warrogs, and the tree people.

His conversation with them helped him determine that this plane is not where he is supposed to be. He wasn't sure when he saw the blood moon but he is very sure now. It is either that, or the climate, society, and geography of the plane he aimed for as changed drastically. It is not good for him either way.

They finally reached the settlement of the pack. It is situated on a mountain that can only be easily accessed through a valley. So the tribe is located between two mountains. The entrance of the valley has a wall erected with piled-up rocks. There are sentries on top of the wall and guards by the gate. The valley can be accessed by climbing the mountains that flank it but it will be very difficult.

Ironical enough, Warrogs can climb mountains very well. So the wall is not a problem for Warrogs who want to access the valley. But the walls protect the tribe from other wild beasts that live in the forest. Warrogs are Apex predators but they have contenders. Legion-6 observed all of these as he approached the wall.

Chapter 910 Dangerous Situation.

He also noticed the signs of a recent battle. There are a lot of dead Warrogs around with missing body parts. There are blood pools everywhere and scattered body parts. The body parts probably belong to

some of the corpses who are missing some. The wall is largely intact but it is marked with blood in several places and the ground in front of the tribe has been wrecked.

"The battle must have been very fierce." He said to his company.

"It was. The two pack leaders are very strong, that's for sure."

"It is a strength that we will never possess." The other one said in envy.

His partner agreed with him. "Yes." Then he said to Legion-6, "You might become as strong as them if you live long enough."

Legion-6 smiled and shook his head. He said modestly, "I am still young. That's a long time away."

"But you have the possibility of gaining that strength. That is what is most important." One of them said with barely concealed jealousy.

The other Beta glared at his partner who immediately shut up. Legion-6 noticed the interaction between them. He is very surprised by what happened. He doesn't know why a Beta will be jealous of him.

So he asked. "Why can't you become as powerful as the pack leader?"

They looked at him strangely. "Do you not know or are you joking with us?"

He chuckled awkwardly. "Of course, I know. I just wanted to mess with you for messing with me. Who wouldn't know such a thing?"

The Betas chuckled too. "So you are a joker."

"I am not really a joker. I just wanted to liven the depressing atmosphere."

The jealous one said with a grunt, "It is clear that you are a bad joker. Your attempt sucked. It couldn't have worked. Who doesn't know that Betas can't become mana entities? Only Alphas can become Mana entities and become pack leaders."

The other sensible Beta rushed to Salvage the situation. He feels that they shouldn't anger an Omega. So he said, "It is not as if it used to be like this. I heard from the Shaman that every Warrog could grow as strong as they wanted in the past. But that changed around here. The ones that are not paragons at all can't reach the Vitality core stage while the paragons that are Betas can't become Mana entities. It may not be like so in every pack in the world so not everyone will know about it."

The jealous Warrog scoffed but he remained silent. The explanation for how the young Omega's joke might have worked is far-fetched but he is not going to refute it because he understands the underlying motive for the explanation.

Legion-6 on the other is very surprised by the information.

"If this is true for the whole race, then they will be very weak." He thought to himself. "What could have caused it? Or are the Betas testing me right now? Are they spouting false information to test my knowledge?"

He has a lot of questions but he can't ask them. He has already messed up by revealing his ignorance. He can't allow his ignorance to be confirmed as real and not a joke. So he didn't ask any more questions about why Betas can't become mana entities. He also chuckled when he heard the explanation. He didn't refute it or agree with it.

He became alert immediately and watched their reaction. But the two Warrogs didn't seem suspicious of him. If they are suspicious, then they must be hiding it very well so Legion-6 didn't let go of his guard against them.

"If what they said is right, then Warrogs are not influential in the plane. That is bad for me. But that is in the long run. On the other hand, if what they said is wrong and they are testing me, then things are very bad for me in the short run." He thought to himself.

"I don't know which one is better." He concluded. "I don't like this. Being weak is bad."

On one side is the weakness of an entire race. If the warrogs are struggling to become mana entities while the tree people are struggling to become titans of law and beyond, the difference between the two races will be too large which will make Warrogs second-class citizens in the plane. Second-class races don't live well in a plane.

It is unlikely to be the case since Warrogs have divine abilities. Races with divine abilities are always the contenders for Overlords of the plane so the Warrog race shouldn't have fallen so low but he is hoping for it to be true at this point because he will be in immediate danger if it is not.

The three of them moved closer to the wall. It was then that he noticed an oddity about the corpses.

"What happened to the other bodies?" He asked because he noticed that the amount of dead bodies is much less than what to expect from a single park much less two who fought and damaged themselves to a large extent. There are only 23 dead bodies here after all. That is too few casualties.

One of the Betas answered. "The deceased Warriors of both packs have been taken. These ones are the relatives of the traitorous pack leader that we could find."

"Oh." He nodded and said. Then he thought to himself, "So these are my family members. They are so unlucky."

He said nothing after that and they also became silent. It made the silence bigger and more prominent. He tried not to behave skittish but he is truly on edge. He feels as if he is walking on a ledge that can crash at any moment.

He doesn't know why they became silent but he doesn't like it. He is very sure of why he became silent though. He became silent so that he can listen better. He needs to listen very well if he wants to notice an ambush and react early enough.