

GREED 91

Chapter 91 Guntu The Trickster.

There are only two conventional paths of power that one can take after transcendence. The path of perfection and the path of Godhood. In some planes, practitioners of each side are hostile to each other for various reasons. In some other planes, both paths don't exist at all, maybe one or the other. For example, the path of Godhood doesn't exist in the home plane of the divine dragons. For one, they don't have any need for divinity because they are eternal, they live forever unless killed. The most important reason for the lack of gods is that no dragon will bend his head in the worship of another. They are proud and believe that faith is silly and stupid. They believe only weak and stupid races will worship a member of their own race and give him or her power over the rest.

The major reason why people hate gods is because of all the chaos they cause in their pursuit of faith. Faith wars, religious bigotry, and divine strife caused by different ideology is the major reason for war in this rather peaceful day and age. The strong people usually leave the plane because there's nothing here for them to fight for. The gods don't leave, they can't leave because their faith binds them to the plane. They stay here and cause wars among the people to further their agenda. The wars they cause create a need for them amongst weak people. Their presence is seen by the authority of the plane as a source of chaos.

In some other planes, the two paths exist in harmony without war and strife between each other. Each path has its advantages and disadvantages. Whatever the case may be, it is known that the minimum requirement to remove the limit on the power of the plane is to wipe out the gods. A plane cannot allow for pure power over the level of a transcendent, hence the suppression of those above that level. It doesn't mean that titans and transcents are equal, even with the suppression of the plane, the fundamental difference between them is too great to allow a transcendent a fighting chance. A transcendent can attack a titan of law all day and not be able to overcome the defense of the titan of law at all. But two titans of law will not be able to show their difference in power easily because they are fundamentally the same.

The limit of the plane can be lifted to allow for the release of powers up to the level of a sovereign. This will make the plane a higher plane but it needs a sacrifice. Only a single path can be supreme in a plane for it to become a high plane. That means that either the path of gods disappears from the plane or the path of perfection.

So Guntu's idea is to have fun while trying to get rid of the gods. He gets to fight, destroy things and let loose while being a hero for it. What's not to like about that. It's like killing two birds with one stone. It's a genius plan aimed at having fun and doing good for his race.

The removal of the limit will lead to a comprehensive upgrade of the entire plane, its size will increase and the quality and quantity of mana will improve which will make its inhabitants have a higher chance of breaking the barrier to transcendence. And most importantly, it will prepare the plane to accept the baptism of origin energy. This baptism will make Origin energy available in the plane, it will not be as abundant as on the ancient battlefield but it will lead to a sudden rise in the number of lords and kings. This baptism can only be carried out if a world god from that plane petitions and pays the price for it. If mother high heaven agrees to it, it will occur, but the plane must have removed the limit placed on it. And he, Guntu will be the pacesetter that sets off the wave of development.

"My name will be known for eternity for something good too. I won't be just the eye of destruction anymore. I'll be the battle sage monkey that brought about the downfall of the gods."

He could already hear the praises of worship and admiration.

"Honestly, this is my best decision so far. It is better than that time I tricked some titans into eating shit. That was so good." He laughed.

That occurred the last time he came to the plane. There were no sovereigns around so his target of trickery was the titans of law. He picked up the dung of some animal on his way to the city and told the titans that it was a medicine that will help them control their powers. They ate it up like the most precious pills. There was this particularly zealous titan with some power of illusion that was desperate for more.

"It was both sad and funny at the same time." He laughed even more

It is a common thing for him to try and trick his juniors into doing something embarrassing. He had gotten an origin god to drink from his sun wine this time around.

"I've still got it. But I'll take up the mantle of responsibility and be a hero." He thought in pretend solemnity. He knows that he mostly causes trouble, but the war will make be viewed in a new and better light.

What he is about to do will be difficult. It is why no one has attempted it yet and the ones that are strong like him spend their time on meaningful things. Certainly more meaningful things than pranking innocent titans whose lives were at risk into animal shit.

The advantages of removing the limit of a plane are immense but it is also difficult to perform. It is too difficult to kill all gods because gods are difficult to kill permanently. This usually leads to a drawn-out war that affects the plane as a whole. While it is a huge burner of resources and manpower, the endeavor will never fail as long as an origin god joins in. It will be an easier victory if the racial council endorsed the war.

The presence of a collective force called the racial council or the plane conference will ensure the mobilization of the entire force of the plane. The weakness of gods is their need for faith, it makes them easy to starve and besiege if they refuse to fight.

Gods dwell in a plane adjacent to the main plane called the divine plane. It is their home ground and can only be visited by transcendents. Gods have an advantage in the divine plane because they can use their full power there and will be able to suppress their counterparts on the path of perfection. Only demons, dragons, and some other unique races can unleash their full power in the divine plane. To end the era of gods, all the gods must be killed and the divine plane destroyed. The destroyed divine plane will then serve as fertilizer that will remove the limit of a plane. As long as the divine plane is destroyed, new gods will not be able to ascend and the era of gods will end.

While gods have an advantage in the divine plane, they can't even express power that reaches that of an ascendant in the main plane. This makes it possible for any transcendent to kill any god that dares to walk the main plane with his or her main body. The dynamics of the situation often lead to a stalemate, but as long as faith is banned in the entire plane and it is strictly enforced, the gods will be wiped out. Faith is the crux of the matter, it leads to the rise of gods, and can also cause their demise.

God's aren't parasites as some would like to think. They also serve a purpose. The presence of the divine plane defends the plane from invasion on all sides. For a plane to be invaded, it has to be done through the planar portal. The divine plane is like a protective bubble that limits access to this one entrance. With it gone, then people from other planes will be able to easily bypass the planar portal as long as they have the coordinates of the plane. Of course, some individuals will be able to bypass the divine plane but the gods will be able to track them down in the main plane. The divine plane also actively defends the plane from invasion from demons. The gods are in an eternal battle with demons and their removal will allow demons access to the plane. So the removal of the limit of a plane is a double-edged sword and must be seriously considered. But it must be done or the plane will never progress.

Chapter 92 Dinner Is Served.

It is the job of the racial council to determine if the race is ready to take on the risk that will come with ending the era of the gods. Their permission will make the difference between a quick success and a pyrrhic victory in the endeavor. But Ghoto doesn't care about all that. He just wanted to fight, and

fighting the other families of the race is not allowed. He learned that lesson the hard way. But no one was going to complain if he vents his frustration on the divine alliance.

The divine alliance is a renegade nation established for the spreading of faith in gods. There are only empires, kingdoms, or nations legalized by the racial council in the entire plane. Faith has been suppressed because the battle sage monkeys don't like it in general. They would rather worship their great ancestors and heroes, there is even an empire that was created just for that. Because of the long lifespans due to refinement, the people of the race have a good memory of the acts and sacrifices of their heroes, the fact that someone has dared to elevate himself to their level and allows others to deify him is just plain pompous and disrespectful to the real heroes who sacrificed themselves for the progress of their people. That's why the worship of gods is outlawed in the Virut plane, but it is not actively enforced in some areas. The divine alliance is such a place. It is dubbed the dwelling place of the gods. It will become the target of his ire.

"It is a good thing that they are bunched together. I won't need to crawl to each church at this snail's speed." He complained again as the plane constrained his speed. He actually has to physically move from one place to another. It was a hassle, really. He usually rides on the waves of destruction, which destroy everything in his path, even distance and space are no exception. But now he has to move himself. Even the wind was trying to buffer him.

"Truly kicking a man when he is down. Thankfully, there are some people stupid enough to cross the racial council." He muttered.

Not everyone in the race accepts the governing power of the racial council. It is impossible for there to be unanimous support for them because everyone has free will. Funny enough, the segment of the population that doesn't agree with the racial council are the people that the gods like to target. These people are generally weak, most of them possess strength that is beneath the level of transcendence. The bulk of them are not even mana entities, just people at the body forging stage or vitality core. The gods' ability to bless these weak people with strength is why the gods haven't died out yet.

The stronger the person, the stronger the quality of faith that can be acquired from that person, but those above the level of transcendence do not need gods, except to kill them for their divinity. This set of people agrees with the racial council in general too. The gods can't bless people above transcendence and these people won't bow to their peers, even if they are gods. So the gods make do with quantity over quality.

There will be some outliers but Guntu doesn't care. He hopes there are a lot of these strong ones to provide a worthy battle. He plans to go to the divine alliance and destroy all their churches. All of them.

It will probably take months to complete but he won't give up unless he is explicitly asked by the racial council to stop. Guntu is only troublesome, he is not stupid. That's why he fears the racial council as much as he respects them.

The divine alliance is located at the edge of the plane, far away from the control of the racial council, so it took Guntu a long while before he arrived. He hated having to limit his speed to ten times the speed of sound but he bore with it. When he reached the border of the region he found out that there was an army already waiting for him. The prey had already arrayed themselves before him. He smiled in glee.

"Dinner is served."

Earlier in the day. A few moments before Guntu made his declaration. In the divine plane.

The divine plane is said to encompass the main plane, but it is actually smaller than the main plane. It is about a hundredth of the total surface area of the plane. There is a single city on the ground, the divine city. The divine city is where people that come to the divine plane will appear, either believers or unbelievers. Above the city are layers of firmaments that hold the divine kingdoms of the gods. The believers and faithful petitioners are the only ones allowed in the divine kingdoms. The divine kingdom of a god is the personal territory of that god, it is also where the afterlife of their believers will be spent.

In one of the divine kingdoms placed higher above the sprawling metropolis below. The grand god of justice Xanc(Stone cold) was playing a board game with the High goddess of fate, Sito(Lazy ants). These two golden beings of light were relaxing and whiling away their time with a spirited game of Yudo within an opulent temple made from the most precious of materials. You can even taste the wealth in the very air. It seemed that gods and mortals don't breathe the same kind of air. Not that gods need to breathe, but the air around them is charged with power and authority. Sito stopped playing all of a sudden. Her eyes glazed over and lost focus.

Then she sighed and said, "I sense the convergence of destiny in the strings of fate. The end is near."

The god of justice, Xanc exclaimed. "Sito no cheating. You promised you wouldn't use your powers of prophecy. I can sense that you just did. Not fair.

Sito explained gently. "It's not about our game. I just saw something that will affect the fate of all gods. I sense a disaster is coming for us."

Xanc could sense that she was speaking the truth but he didn't believe her. "Is the god of trickery here somewhere. Are you trying to trick me again? I thought you promised that you won't cheat at all."

They had done something like that to him in the past. They would use the power of trickery to deceive his sense of justice and warp his ability to tell truth apart from lies. There was no way he would fall for that again.

"I'm not lying," Sito said.

"Yes, I believe you." Xanc snickered.

Sito sighed. "I don't need you to believe me."

Xanc brought out a golden sheet with some terms and their signatures written on it. "This contract here says otherwise."

Sito ignored him and brought out a piece of runic stone. She spoke to the stone. "By my authority, Sito, the Seer." Then she crushed the stone.

Xanc didn't try to stop her. "You are really willing to go so far for your ruse. I'll see how far you will take it this time. Is it so bad for you to accept your inferiority? It is shameless of a god to be a sore loser."

He was about to start his rant about the detriments of cheating when he received an emergency summons of the highest priority. This usually occurs when a god crushes the emergency stone, identical to the one that Sito crushed earlier. The same Rune on the stone started flashing around him but he was only mildly surprised.

'They are going so far for this con. But I won't be conned so easily.' he thought to himself.

He shook his head and said. "This seems so life-like. I am disappointed that you would go so far just to evade your responsibility."

"Why do I even hang out with you? Justice is so pigheaded. Believe whatever you want to believe. I am going." Sito said before tapping the similarly glowing Rune floating around her. She disappeared immediately.

Xanc was startled when she disappeared without a trace. He hadn't given her permission to exit his divine kingdom, so he should be able to retain her here considering that he is stronger than her. He started to believe her, just a little.

"Could this be another prank?" He asked uncertainly.

He examined the flashing Rune. It represents a call to council to all the gods about a matter of uttermost importance. Either it was real or they were pulling all the stops to prank him again. They enjoyed targeting him the most for some reason he didn't know. It was like an inside joke to try and trick justice.

There is a cabal of gods that have made it something of a past time to pester him. This entire thing reeked of them.

Chapter 93 Sito The Mood Killer.

The members of the cabal will pool their powers together to create and execute elaborate plans to trick Xanc.

It is something of a source of pride that so many gods are needed to thwart him, the grand god of Justice.

If he didn't know better he would think that Sith, the Grand goddess of Crime, Murder, and Trickery, had feelings for him. But he knew better enough to realize that she simply derived a perverse joy in subverting justice. They were destined to be arch enemies and not lovers. She wasn't his type anyway and he had eyes for someone else.

Even though he had his suspicions, he had to admit defeat because he could not bear the risk of being wrong.

"I concede." He said before tapping the rune. He disappeared from his divine kingdom and appeared within a giant colosseum. Other gods had already arrived. The colosseum was being filled with giant

figures of light, energy, and divine power. The authority in the air was palpable. They were all talking in hushed tones trying to figure out the reason for such a high-priority emergency meeting.

"Silence." A powerful voice proclaimed.

All the gods kept quiet and focused on the only seat at the center of the colosseum. This seat belongs to the strongest god of the Virut Pantheon. The Celestial god of battle. The God King, Ode.

"Now who is responsible for this summons," Ode asked.

Sito stood up. "I am."

Ode sighed. With his experience, he realized something really bad was going to happen soon. No one likes to be around Sito, because no one likes to be around the bearer of bad news. Sito has been dubbed "The bringer of Omens." It is something of a joke among the gods but it is not unfounded because it is part of her divine titles.

"What have you seen this time?" Ode asked.

"The convergence of destiny. The end of the era of the gods."

Her announcement got the gods talking. They became rowdy again.

"Silence." Shouted again. His voice shook the great colosseum. He continued when everyone had quieted down. "There's no need for fear. Nothing is confirmed yet."

Then he asked Sito. "How soon?"

"This origin cycle."

"That soon?" Ode was aghast.

"Yes, our downfall will start today."

Even Ode was aghast. He expected something bad to happen. He expected it to be soon. Soon could be in a century to a god. He didn't expect it to be today. It was simply abrupt. How had they not sensed the racial council moving against them all this while? Even if the racial council made the decision today, it will take some time to prepare and gather troops. So how had things escalated to this point?

Fear began to spread among the gods. The suppression of religion in the entire plane had made them realize that the end of gods will come at one point in time or another. They didn't think it will happen so abruptly.

"There is no need to panic. We all knew today was going to come eventually. We didn't think it will come so soon and without time to adjust but we have been planning for it so we can face it with confidence. We don't need the time. The racial council will call for a war summons and make a declaration but I move for us to take preemptive defensive measures. We can't wait for things to happen, we must be active. Let us move our prepared troops to the border. We will not go down without a fight. Who's with me?"

All the gods cheered and roared in agreement.

"Excuse me. I am not in agreement." This voice of dissent froze the heated atmosphere.

Ode looked at Sito and muttered, "As expected."

"Why not?" He asked with a smile. He wasn't shocked that she will disagree. Her church is centered on the belief that fate must be fought against.

"The times change and with it the change of eras. Nothing lasts forever, only change is inevitable. It is time for our era to end. It is the wish of the people. We are no longer needed. I think we should give up while we have the chance."

"I see." Ode said. He had the highest say in decision-making, but the council of the gods is not ruled by dictatorship. He had to listen to the opinion of others and put it up for a vote. Even if he had supreme

power, he would let Sito have her say and let her go peacefully. He didn't want a mood dampener around in these trying times. She would break them from within and cause their downfall if she is left alone. He had to get rid of her.

"If you are in agreement with the goddess of fate you are free to leave. You just have to sign a binding contract that you will not oppose us in this war and will not do anything that will negatively impact our chances of winning. The Grand god of Justice will take care of the details of the contract."

Xanc stood up immediately. "You can leave it to me."

"Is that agreeable to you?" Ode asked Sito.

"Fine. But I must say that you're all wasting your time."

"Please leave." Ode stopped her from spouting more of her doomsday speech. Sito disappeared with a flash of light. Ode noticed that some people disappeared with her too. "Good thing I got rid of her early or else she would have done more damage."

"Since that has been taken care of. I proclaim war, war to the blasphemers."

"War, war, war." Echoed throughout the colosseum.

Ode roused himself from his seat. It had been a long time since he last fought. The last time was when he defeated the grand god of war and the grand god of weapons to become the celestial god of battle. This time, he will have to fight to maintain the power and the responsibility that comes with his position. Unlike other gods that still have a way out, there is no going back for him. The other gods can fall, a very painful process where they lose their powers and position. It can be done voluntarily or involuntarily. It may save them from death but it will leave them weakened and near death. They will lose their immortality and can only live as mortals. At least they will be able to avoid this war and live the rest of their lives in relative peace and freedom. He doesn't have that option. He is a true God, and a true God can never fall. As a celestial god, he must go down with the divine plane.

Sito returned to Xanc's divine kingdom and was soon joined by Xanc.

"Who would have thought that you weren't joking earlier. Since you didn't cheat we can continue the game. Can you give me a minute, I have some contracts to draft."

"Are you not going to give up," Sito asked.

Xanc shook his head. "Justice doesn't give up."

"What if the people don't want justice anymore."

"Then they don't know what they want. Justice is unrelenting and uncompromising. I will not compromise even if the people I want to help refuse me." Xanc answered with conviction.

"I shouldn't have asked. Hurry up with my contract."

Sito decided to give up. There was no use trying to convince Xanc. His unyielding attitude is why they are friends. Other people can't bear putting up with her negativity. Only someone like Xanc that is naive and simple, someone with a stubborn and good outlook on life can be around her for long periods of time.

"Here you go." Xanc handed her a parchment made from the workings of the laws of the world. This particular type of contract is different from the rest in that if she signs it, she will be bound to every single term on it. She wouldn't be able to break it even regardless of her wishes. The other type of contract will only enforce the consequences of breaking the terms of the contract. This one will enforce the terms themselves and make it impossible to breach. She wouldn't be able to breach it if she were tortured, drugged, hypnotized, or manipulated either in life or death.

She had to sign it or she would be deemed a traitor. Traitors are silenced. It is one thing to give up on resistance, it is another thing to sabotage the resistance.

She didn't need to read it because she could see the changes in her fate as soon as she touched it, so she knows how it will affect her.

"Here I thought we were friends, you didn't even put in a loophole for me." Sito teased, but Xanc took her seriously.

"I can't. I am bound by my power and oath to enforce rules and regulations."

"Whatever," Sito said and signed the contract. It disappeared in a flash of flames.

"What do you plan to do now?" Xanc asked in a rare show of concern.

"I plan to fall. Why don't you come with me? Resistance against the tide of time is futile."

Xanc shook his head.

"Too bad. I'll miss you." Sito disappeared, and this time Xanc knew she had left his divine kingdom to return to hers. He might also never see her again.

Chapter 94 The First Engagement.

"Goodbye," Xanc said after she was gone.

He would miss her, she was his only godly friend. Sito reminds of a certain someone from his childhood days but that person didn't want to be his friend back then. But Sito and he had hit things off when they had met, they have a lot in common. No one likes to be around him too. People found him inflexible and boring. He had few friends as a mortal too because of these reasons. His status as a god has won him the admiration of countless mortals but they can't replace Sito in his life. Gods are above mortals in every way.

He would have liked to give up now and follow her but he had made an oath. It is this oath that pushed him to greatness. He rose sharply in strength as a god but he wasn't always this talented. He had struggled as a mortal without a bloodline. He had to compete with other kids who had bloodlines to help them. What took him years to grasp and master was achieved by those with bloodlines in months. He had seen and experienced the injustice that is bloodlines.

He saw bloodlines as an agent of segregation. It made things unfair for others. He made an oath to remove the cancer of the society that is bloodlines. He had yet to achieve his lifelong dream so he cannot give up now.

Did he think that the gods could lose? Maybe but he won't know without at least trying. The gods have prepared for this day and he will at least fight to uphold the dignity of the gods. He couldn't just run without fighting. That's how cowards behave and he is not a coward.

He also saw the path of Godhood as an alternative for less talented people and there was no way he would watch such an opportunity that creates a modicum of balance be removed so easily. He resolved himself to do battle and achieve victory.

The gods knew that a passive reaction to the threat of their existence will only lead to their eventual demise so they were not going to do that. They had prepared for this day and they were going to fight back.

The divine city below the various divine kingdoms began to bustle with preparation for battle. Messages were sent to the various churches in the main plane and various avatars of gods were descending. In the main plane, it looked like pillars of light were descending as the gods walked the earth with their avatars. The gods were for war as they moved their troops to the border.

Presently at the border of the divine alliance.

The troops of the divine alliance at the border made contact with their first enemy.

"All of this, for me?" Guntu grinned.

He could see a vast army of people and machines arranged in war formation. He couldn't believe it. Here he thought he would have to visit their church and notify them before they can put up a fight. But he didn't have to. More than a million soldiers were displayed before him.

"This couldn't have been a rushed job." He smacked his lips as he watched this army. They looked like a tightly wound and oiled machine of war.

They had gigantic towers connected with walls that blocked the entire border. At the top of the towers were sovereign-grade ranged weaponry. Energy bombs and annihilation artillery. Above the towers, up in the sky were hovering weapon cities. The floating weapon cities are called so because they were not built for inhabitation. They are floating weapon carriers, launchers, and deployers all in one gigantic

packet of the fusion between technology and magic. The numerous floating weapons also formed a shield between them that prevented Aerial passage. Both the sky and ground were blocked. Guntu marveled at the sight and couldn't wait to destroy all of these.

He felt like a VIP for him to be shown this much attention. He wondered how they had mobilized such a force under the nose of the racial council. The fact that the gods could muster this much will work in his favor in regards to the approval of the war campaign.

"Stop right there." A golem shouted from above the wall. It looked like a mechanical angel with halos of light shining from it.

"Interesting," Guntu said as he examined the metallic golem. He had never seen anything like it. He could feel Divine force from within the golem.

"It looks like it is being powered by divine force but it is actually a vessel to channel your full power in the main plane. What an ingenious idea." Guntu nodded his head in appreciation.

It seemed that the gods had found a way to circumvent the ban on divine power in the plane. They used a container that is fueled by their power. He could tell that this particular golem had reached the sovereign standard and it will possess this grade of power as long as its structural integrity holds out. They were clearly prepared for war.

"Good idea." He praised again.

"We know why you are here and we will stop you right here." The Sovereign golem said. It called other golems to it and they formed an enhancing array. The golems began to share energy between them, which formed a network that strengthened them. The more of them formed this network the stronger they became.

The sight of ten sovereign-level battle strength would have scared another person off but Guntu shook his head. "Multiple grand gods in golems and an array on top of that. It is a deadly combination and might be good enough to stop some other origin god but not me. You have outdone yourselves and have performed above and beyond my expectations for you. Sadly, you have met me." Guntu clapped as he spoke. The sound of his hands hitting each other felt like thunderclap instead. The world boomed with the sound of it.

The grand god in the sovereign grade golem spoke up quickly to maintain morale.

"It doesn't matter who you are, you will fall here."

He is the commander of the army and he immediately recognized the threat that Guntu represented, even though Guntu currently looked like a mischievous monkey in a simple black cloak. The wine gourd he had strapped to his back wasn't helping in building a fierce image either. Still, they could tell that Guntu was an Origin god, but the gods believed they had a good chance at victory since origin gods can't use their full power in the main plane.

The machines of war started to load in preparation for battle. Guntu could see giant barrels that seemed to be cooking up nasty presents, swerving to target him. He could feel the rising energy in the surroundings. All these feelings made him feel euphoria.

"Let me introduce myself." His voice echoed throughout the battlefield. The army didn't hear his voice with their ears. They heard him with their bodies. There was an unpleasant rumbling in their bones that brought them understanding.

"I am destruction." The people below the level of transcendent began to disintegrate as their understanding manifested into a reality.

"Attack." The leading grand god commanded. Range weapons fired and all sorts of spells, forbidden or allowed were unloaded unto Guntu. His body was torn apart by the attacks, but the disastrous effects of the explosions didn't dissipate. The destructive forces formed a cloud where Guntu used to stand. His voice continued to echo.

"I begat destruction." Transcendents and Everything with that level of strength started to become dust. Their entire existence was also found wanting in understanding the message contained within Guntu's voice.

The grand god realized that the voice was coming from the cloud and ordered the attacks to continue.

"Destruction begets me." The voice continued. The cloud began to become restless, it was as if it was fermenting something.

"Attack more." The grand god ordered.

"I embody destruction."

Everything at the transcendent level disappeared. Lords of law and low gods started to dissipate. The last thing that went through their mind was the meaning of the embodiment of destruction. Their lives didn't flash before their eyes as they faced death. It was understanding followed by darkness.

"Destruction is inevitable."

"I am inevitable."

"All will fall before destruction."

As Guntu spoke, rings of destruction emanated from the cloud. The rings were like silent killers that transformed whatever they touched into their base form. They disintegrated everything on contact. This reaction was accompanied by the release of potent destructive energy, but there was no explosion. The energy released from the destruction and the destroyed objects were subdued by the rings. They were then drawn into the cloud by the returning rings. The clouds increased in size and more rings were created which in turn expanded the range of destruction. Guntu became the personification of destruction as in inevitable force of nature.

Chapter 95 Bail Or Happy Jail.

The cloud began to boil and seethe as more forces of destruction were pulled into it. It became so powerful that the rings began to affect reality itself. Space and time around the battlefield began to ripple like the waves on an ocean.

Only the Sovereign level equipment was left standing by the time he was halfway done with his introduction. But those too disappeared as the cloud expanded into an explosion of light that ripped the fabric of reality to shreds. The ground and the sky disappeared into a zone of all-encompassing darkness. Everyone in the Virut plane knew at that moment that something bad had occurred because the entire plane trembled with the exertion needed to contain the explosion.

Destructive void energy poured into the plane from the ruptured barrier of space-time. The circle of destruction began to spread to the areas beyond the battlefield. A silent dead zone without any form of life began to form at the location. It started from Guntu's position and began to spread outward, bringing oblivion and destruction. At this rate, the entire plane could face its end.

You might expect destruction to be a process accompanied by flashes of light, energy release, and terrifying sound vibration. But Guntu has mastered destruction to utilize it in a way that is above the mindless behavior of normal destruction. He will harness destruction to create more destruction, he only has to act as the catalyst and energy source to make destruction something greater. That's why he is the eye of destruction.

Suddenly the world stopped. Everything in the plane stopped moving even the origin gods within it. An indistinct figure appeared. It was the only thing moving in this frozen world. It tapped on the frozen cloud of destruction. The cloud began to shrink to reveal Guntu with a big frozen smile on his face. The cloud formed into his robes and trousers. She tapped his forehead and his face became unfrozen. His eyes shook with recognition, a deep fear appeared within them. His smile faltered but was then replaced by an ingratiating one.

He gulped and said, "All mother. It is nice to meet you as always. You are looking even more beautiful than usual. You're positively glowing. What beauty treatment are you using recently? It is working very well. I would like to know so that I can try to look half as good as you."

He might be trying to soften her mood but he is right about her being very beautiful. He is also right about her glowing. While weak eyes will see only an indistinct figure because they can't comprehend what they are seeing, he can see the beauty of her existence. She doesn't have a distinct form or features but she is made up of swirling vortexes of light. He knows enough to identify the little dots of light as planes of existence. Each dot of light within the fabric of her existence is unique and a different color from others if inspected closely. A close inspection will also reveal that the light dots are a little over 100 thousand in number.

The indistinct figure remained unswayed by the complements. Her single eye of burning light and power remained fixed on him. She asked in that voice that sounded like all of existence, of creation and destruction, of light and darkness. "Are you having fun Guntu?"

He could see the mirth in her eye but he didn't dare answer in the affirmative. That's just asking for trouble.

So he shrugged and replied. "It is only so so."

"Is that so? Your standards sure have increased. One of my planes is not even good enough for you now. Guntu the big shot."

He realized that things were turning for the worse. He had to say something in his defense. But he couldn't skew the details in his favor because she knew everything occurring in all of high heaven. A lie will just dig his grave deeper.

"They started it. I just piled on." He pointed to the now vacant battlefield.

It's true. The army of the gods were the ones to unleash cataclysmic damage upon him. His technique, the rings of destruction wouldn't have been so powerful to that extent without their essential contributions. They attacked first and he only retaliated.

"I don't see anyone." The figure said.

He wanted to say. "Of course, there's no one, I destroyed them all. You also know that. So stop being sly with me."

Instead, he maintained his smile. He knew why she is here so he asked. "How much for bail?"

This is not the first time he had ripped a big hole into the fabric of reality. The planes are just too weak to contain something like an origin god. Even the ancient battlefield, cannot support the aftermath of an Origin god-level battle. A plane is not as stable as the ancient battlefield. Only when its limiters are removed and it is reinforced can it tolerate the existence of an origin god. Without this reinforcement, a plane will start to rupture when the power level reaches that of a titan.

He is not a first-time offender and has accumulated experience from the time he was a titan of law. Both the ancient battlefield and the plane could not take him because of his ability. Back then, it was the acting patriarchs of the family that paid for his damages. There were times he wouldn't be bailed out, those were truly bad times for him. He became one of the few people to ascend to the upper realm as a titan to avoid causing more damage.

The indistinct figure chuckled, the sound of it was like a collapsing star. He knew that because he had collapsed a star before and lived to tell the tale. He tried to break the conception that only a world god can pluck a star. Needless to say, he failed and he failed badly. Turns out destruction energy can destabilize the core of a star.

He silently repeated what he used to encourage himself with during the agonising moments when the energy of that star ripped through him, "This too shall pass."

That only worked until she answered. "100 beads of origin essence."

Guntu screamed. "That's daylight robbery. It used to be just 10 beads, how come it is so expensive? It isn't even the ancient battlefield. It is just some measly plane. You are robbing me."

The consequence of causing destruction to the plane depends on the extent of damage and the strength of the plane. The higher the damage the higher the payment for bail. The same goes for the strength of the plane. He had never done or heard about a case that cost 100 origin beads to pay for. It is simply an exorbitant price to pay. It was like she was asking him for an arm and a leg. In fact, he would gladly pay with an arm and leg rather than with 100 beads of Origin essence.

"I just learned about capitalism and monopoly. The rarer something is the more valuable it is. It is my measly plane, not yours, not anyone's." Mother High heaven explained.

"It is more like extortion. What happened to you? You used to be kind and so motherly. The realm lord is a bad influence on you." Guntu complained. He had heard such talk from the realm lord during one of their meetings.

"Should I contact Ghastorix to plead your case?"

Guntu paled immediately. "No don't do that. Please don't do that."

"Are you going to pay or not? Happy jail still has room."

Guntu gritted his teeth. "Fine. I'll pay. How about a discount, you know, for old time's sake."

"No cuts." The figure remained expressionless with an outstretched hand. The same hand she will use to repair the plane. Her hand can lift an entire plane but she is using it to take his lifeblood.

"Alright." Guntu paid in full. He could feel a pain that was equal to the pleasure he felt during his earlier destruction. Probably greater.

"I hope to see you next time." The figure said and disappeared. The world resumed its operation immediately.

Guntu felt his heart ache in his chest, a feeling he had long forgotten since he became transcendent. He looked around the battlefield but there was nothing to show that there was a battle. Even the blades of grass had been restored. He looked around and sensed carefully to make sure he wasn't being spied on. It's not as if it will really help but his poor heart needed the assurance for him to say this.

"I don't even have a battlefield as a memento. This is just cruel."

He sighed in relief when there was no response. He guessed the amount he paid should afford him the chance to be snarky.

"It was an expensive battle but I don't regret it one bit." He snickered when he thought about the earlier battle.

"The ignorant fools thought they can stop me with a bunch of people and weapons. Well, now they know half of my name. Oh I forgot, they aren't truly immortal so I get to introduce myself again." He laughed aloud.

Chapter 96 Narrow Escape.

Guntu could be considered as a vessel for destruction, a vessel that makes destruction sane. This sanity will make destruction act like a potent poison that will continue to replicate itself and spread. The only way to put him down is to overwhelm his tolerance for destruction. He isn't omnipotent after all, he still has a limit to what he can do. Overcoming his limit is a tall order because at his stage only world gods can one-shot him. As long as he absorbs destruction and propagates it he will be invincible and unstoppable. Once he reaches a certain level even world gods won't want him to go out of control or

else the aftermath will be a catastrophic disaster. He received a communication request from the Sovereigns he left behind.

"They probably want to tell me to quit." He grumbled before accepting the request.

"Great ancestor we have good news." The joy in the voice of the Sovereign was evident.

"Even more good news, great. What is it?" He couldn't say no to more good news.

"The war summons has been approved by the racial council. You have succeeded. The era of the gods will end." Guntu could sense an infectious and fervent excitement from the speaker.

"Good news indeed." Guntu became happier enough to alleviate the little dissatisfaction he had towards the realm lord. When news about the battle he had today spread to the masses, his mission as a pioneer will be completed. He felt the inspiration start to flow. He felt proud to his very non-existent bones.

"I'm not saying what I have done can be compared to the sages, but I should at least be awarded the qualification to start a heroic family by the racial council."

Unfortunately, the person he is speaking to does not agree. "I don't think so, great ancestor. The sages led us through battle after battle to finally clinch victory against our arch nemesis, only then were we able to live in peace and develop to become the overlord of the plane. Future generations will always remember their sacrifice and bravery. You on the other hand trampled some gods. I wasn't there but I know it was easy."

Guntu's eyes twitched. That last statement was right. The worst part is that they won't be the wreckage of the battlefield for him to show off. Everything around him had become destruction energy and they had been wiped away by Mother High Heaven. So maybe he won't have as much renown as he initially thought. "Fine. You didn't have to be so frank "

"Anything for you, great ancestor."

"Goodbye," Guntu said before cutting off the connection.

"Belittling my battle achievement. Is this what the youth of today have become? I won't mind it as a hero in the making. I am bigger than that." He muttered to himself.

"Which direction should I take now?" He asked himself. He wanted to optimize his trip but he can't scan too far because of the suppression of his divine sense.

"She took my money but she didn't give me freedom." He grumbled inwardly this time. One snarky comment might be allowed, two is just asking for a beating.

If he were not suppressed so much, his divine sense will be able to spread to every nook of the plane. He grumbled some more about the unfair treatment of origin gods before choosing a random direction. He could check a map but there was no fun in that. So he resumed his journey to create what will be called by future historians the trail of destruction.

The divine plane. After the first battle.

Havok and panic reigned in the entire divine plane. The atmosphere that was serious, confident, and expectant had turned to despair. Above the divine city, it crumbled and falling apart into the void beyond the plain. An emergency war council had been called, which the celestial god used to placate the few gods that remained for the war effort. The mortals were not the only ones panicking. A lot of gods did more than panic, they also gave up. If their chances of victory in the main plane were slim in the first place, now it is just non-existent.

Ode looked down below as the divine city was thrown into disarray. The confidence and faith that the worshippers had in their gods were dwindling. He was able to convince the gods that attended the war council to rally their forces in order to renew faith in them. It was easy to accomplish because the ones that came were the ones that weren't willing to give up their power. The rest had either given up after that battle or they had died. Yes, they died. It was the most shocking thing that happened due to their fast battle. It wasn't the swift defeat, it was not the fact that the battle ended abruptly and that cloud of destruction just disappeared in a flash. No, it was the fact that gods that were supposed to be immortal died.

The fact that they were steamrolled by an origin god was not surprising. Origin gods were so strong that the lower realm refused to allow them to throw their weight around. All the plans, conjectures, and traps all came to nothing in the face of overwhelming power. That kind of power is something only he could be capable of, maybe not so well done, so he wasn't surprised that they lost so easily. He was just fearful because the Origin god did not use its domain.

The impact of that first battle is far-reaching. All their years of preparation had gone to waste. The defensive walls that they built at the border were gone. Their precious troops with high-level strength were gone. The weapon cities and other massive weapons of war were gone. All that time, money, and effort in procuring them disappeared just like that, in a short burst of destruction.

The gods had planned to shift the location of the siege to the main plane. They knew they were going to be wiped out if they were locked away in the divine plane. Only when they could properly defend themselves could they even consider the idea of a counterattack. That's why they walled off the borders of their territory. The concentration of the bulk of their resources to a single point turned out to be a bad idea, a very bad and costly idea. But that's just the surface cost of their defeat. It was only after the end of the battle that he realized the full extent of the damage they had incurred. All the gods that were involved in the battle in the form of avatars died. All of them, without any exception.

Gods are very difficult to kill because of the system of avatars. Their avatars can release as much strength as their main body can in the same situation, and the gods will remain unharmed even if they lost their avatar. They may weaken slightly but they wouldn't be in any danger of losing their lives. Their avatars are not strong in the main plane because their main bodies cannot produce strength on par with a transcendent because of planar suppression. That's why they bought the golems that will serve as their vessels. They would be able to release greater strength as if they were in the divine plane. They didn't invent the golems but acquired them from the ancient battlefield. It is one of the many benefits of interacting with other races from all over the realm of high heaven.

They had planned to use the mechanism of the golems to plug the hole in their high-level troops but alas, they were wrong. They thought that at most, they will lose money and troops if they lose the battle. They were very wrong. They lost their very lives. It was the first time they had experienced something like this, where the death of an avatar led to the death of the god.

Ode watched as many divine kingdoms crumbled and scattered. Their Godhood fell to the main plain like shooting stars.

What hurts him the most is the irreplaceable strength he has lost. Weapons can be bought and troops can be conscripted. But Each dead god is equal to at least 10 avatars lost forever. A truly painful loss.

The only silver lining from the mass death of the gods is that more gods will be created. Gods may die but their godhood will remain. Those free Godhood can be used to replace the deceased gods, they

wouldn't be up to par with their predecessors but it will have to do. It's just that they may not have enough time to replenish the ranks of the gods with this method.

He had wanted to join the battle but there was no golem that could contain his power. So he stayed up here and watched the battle. What he saw made him thankful that he hadn't participated at all.

Chapter 97 Not Truly Immortal.

What they had faced in battle and what he narrowly missed was not a man. It was inevitable death and destruction. It brought with it peaceful oblivion and reminded them that they were not truly immortal. If even he, the Godking felt fear, then what about the others.

Still, something had to be done about the origin god. It was out of his expectations that the first combatant they will face is someone of that level.

Usually, after the announcement to eliminate the path of Godhood is made by the racial council of a plane, the forces that will fight are at the transcendent level. Only when complications arise will stronger forces be sent to suppress the gods. But this time around, the racial council didn't announce anything but decided to catch them off guard with superior firepower.

"It seems the racial council wants to get rid of us quickly and at all cost." He lamented.

It was evident that they were not the only ones that came prepared. The gods prepared golems to help them fight in the main plane and the racial council prepared the apex of individual strength. That's one advantage of the racial council, high-level strength, and they are using it right from the start. The blessings of the gods don't have any attraction to those at the transcendent level and above, so they can't match the racial council in that aspect. But to send an Origin god right from the start showed how dedicated to their cause the racial council is and made him wonder about what they considered a trump card if an Origin god isn't one.

The racial council might be determined but so is he. He wasn't going to just lie down and be killed. He will fight back for his way.

"Nothing to panic over yet. We still have many cards to play. We are not out of options yet. The gods have yet to be outplayed." He repeated what he had said to the gods. He wasn't sure he believed it but he had to encourage himself somehow.

It was moments like this that he wished he had not suppressed the growth of other gods. A god can only grow to the level of a grand god with just faith and hard work. They will need to kill and absorb other grand gods with compatible domains to grow stronger and eventually become a celestial god.

The number of domains one will need to advance varies from god to god. He had killed the grand god of war and the grand god of weapons and assimilated their domains to evolve to the level of a celestial god. Some other gods will need just two while others will need even more. He was fortunate to be the first celestial god in the Virut pantheon and had used his power with the excuse of preventing chaos to suppress the growth of other grand gods. Now he isn't so sure that he is fortunate to be the first Celestial god.

It is true that wars between grand gods would have set the plane into turmoil because of divine wars. By suppressing the gods, he bought the gods time to prepare for war because the racial council would have cracked down on them if their war affected the main plane too much.

But the period of grace and preparation turned out to be inadequate after he chose to sacrifice his progress. He knew that he wouldn't be able to improve without the creation of another celestial god, but he was okay with it, until today. A new celestial god is an opportunity for him to grow stronger but it is also a threat to him. He had wanted to avoid the risk of losing the authority that came with being the supreme god of a Pantheon, now he wished there was another celestial god to bear the burden with him.

It is because he is the Godking that he cannot give up and accept defeat. The Godking of the pantheon can only be the strongest celestial god in a Pantheon, it comes with a lot of benefits and authority. It also comes with the responsibility of safeguarding the divine plane at all costs.

As he was ruminating on how to proceed with the war, he began to hear desperate pleas from his believers in the main plain. He focused on the source of the pleas and his field of view changed with the effort.

His vision descended to the location of the pleas and he was welcomed immediately with scenes of destruction. He had descended onto a statue of his within a church. The clergymen were praying and beseeching him.

He directed his attention toward their source of terror. A silent black hurricane was racing towards the city. The hurricane reached the skies and stood like a rotating pillar of destruction. It left nothing behind it, not even debris from the destruction. There was a large trench left behind by the hurricane. He noticed that the hurricane was getting faster and bigger the more it destroyed.

He knew what it was immediately. He could sense the aura of inevitable destruction from the hurricane, the same one he felt when the resistance forces were decimated like a child destroying a doll house.

The aura was broadcasted beyond the range of the hurricane and it caused the people in the streets to freeze even before it reached the city. These people had given up because they felt at an instinctual level that there was no use resisting. Their end was inevitable and there was no escaping it.

Only the people in the immediate vicinity of the temples could still move. This particular set of people chose to pray to their gods for help. That's why he was here.

The faces of the clergymen lit up when he descended. They were filled with joy and relief. They thought they would be safe from the imminent catastrophe. They would have been right if the opponent was someone or something else. He couldn't help them. In fact, he had to make sure his avatar wouldn't die here because he couldn't guarantee his own life if that were to happen.

The hurricane continued undeterred by his presence. It reached the city and there was no pause in its movement. It continued unabated and wiped out everything on its path to the temples. People died to it and properties crumbled just like the divine kingdom of the dead gods. It ran amok creating a path of desolation in its wake until it was finally stopped by something.

The protective barrier around his temple prevented the hurricane from going further, but it was straining to do so. Ode noticed the precarious situation and decided to empower the barrier himself. The barrier began to heal and strengthen, it seemed to have worked because the hurricane stopped making any progress.

The people on the temple grounds saw this and started to thank their god for saving their life. This sight made Ode shake his head. He knew the fight wasn't over. For some reason, the hurricane only had the power of a titan of law, ridiculously lower than what it had used in the earlier battle. And yet he had needed to raise the durability of the shield to the sovereign level to stop the hurricane. The power was lower but the potency of the destructive energy contained within was still high.

Ode knew it was a temporary fix but there was nothing he could safely do. There were other options but he was content with staying within the barrier. He doesn't want to risk coming in contact with the destructive energy.

"Tsk. Who dares to stand in the way of I, Guntu, the eye of destruction. Soon to be named the hero of the people." An angry voice came out from within the hurricane. The people behind the shield were shocked by the fact that the hurricane could talk.

"Of course, it can talk. It is a sentient entity." Ode thought to himself.

They simply thought it was a natural disaster or a calamity. In a way, they are right, but they are also wrong in so many ways.

They didn't even realize that they would have died right now had they been outside the barrier. That voice alone will damage anything that hears it. Most of the damage to the troops at the border was caused by the voice. It is the sound of the beckoning of destruction.

As it is right now, it has wiped out every living thing in the city and it didn't spare the non-living things either. Just like that, the capital city of the divine alliance disappeared from the world. Only the shielded temple remained and not for long if the force of destruction within the hurricane decides not to let up. And by the looks of things, the hurricane wouldn't be content until this last bastion is also removed.

Chapter 98 When A God Needs A Miracle.

"I am the GodKing of the Virut Pantheon, Ode the celestial." Ode shouted with an imposing voice. He might not have the confidence to fend off the attacker but he had to look the part. That's what being a god is after all, who knows, maybe a miracle will occur.

A chuckle rang out from the hurricane. "Finally, a big fish." The voice said again. Ode started to feel uneasy. He could feel a vague threat to his life. He became vigilant and was ready to run at the first sight of an anomaly.

"Stop right there. I am the God of all battles. And I decree that you shall not pass." Ode postured grandly.

"Is that so? Your domain is irrelevant here. I am not here for a battle, I am just here to make trouble. But a battle is a side effect that I welcome with open arms."

"Why must we fight? You are a highly esteemed Origin god. What are you doing in this backwater plane? You deserve so much better. What will make you stay out of this war? I can help you achieve your goals if you simply state them. I'm sure that we can come to an arrangement." Ode tried his last card in his bid to persuade Guntu to leave.

The clergymen and believers within the shield looked like they had been struck by lightning. They could hear what they were talking about because the shield was preventing targeted mental transmissions. Only broadcasted messages could get past it and they couldn't believe that their most powerful god was trying to lobby the opposition.

It was a shameless act, but Ode didn't care. As long as it would get Ghoto to stop participating in the war, he would do anything. He certainly didn't care about the opinions of these weak people. If he fails in his negotiations all these people will die. They are just lucky ramble. What does their opinion matter?

"Wait. Are you trying to bribe me?" Guntu asked in astonishment.

"Yes. Yes, I am. Feel free to ask for anything." Ode maintained. He is the richest god on the plane and so he felt confident in bribing Guntu.

"Just wait right there. The best way to talk to someone of equal standing is face to face. It is a sign of respect." Guntu said with a serious voice as if he was really considering the option. Meanwhile, he was snickering to himself.

'Is this stupid god serious?' he thought to himself. Why would he accept a bribe not to fight? He is stuck here in the plane for the next foreseeable future and the gods are his playthings.

If he did accept the bribe, it would be the best method to get rid of him. But that's going to be a rather tall order because he doesn't lack money. The 100 beads of origin essence he spent for bail would have been able to hire the most expensive assassin to kill a celestial god ten times over. Normal origin gods cannot fork out that amount just for a fight in the lower plane. He is not a normal origin god, even if he lacked money he still won't accept the bribe. He would rather fight and will certainly appreciate it if they bring another army for him to knock around. He will take his time playing with them this time around.

People whose lifespan is still bound by time are exceptionally susceptible to his voice of destruction. Those people are going to die anyway, his voice only acts as the catalyst and brings that inevitable end forward. Only origin gods and divine gods can resist his voice of destruction because they have the privilege of eternal life. But divine gods can only put up a longer resistance, they will still fall if he uses his weakest technique, the ring of destruction. Only origin gods and celestial gods can make him bring out his domain, and that is if the opponent is truly powerful.

Guntu became excited that a celestial god had finally shown up. Could the celestial god make him get serious? He was looking forward to the fight but the shield was blocking his path. How would they fight if the shield remained? The shield had to go. So he examined the shield.

'This is troublesome.' He complained. The shield had no weakness he could exploit. He had to bring it down with brute force. But he was trying to limit his strength so that he wouldn't go off the rails and damage the plane again. He did not plan to have another encounter with the will of the realm, not so soon after she just bleed him. The suppression of the plane had also removed his control of the world. If he had it, he would have just made everything turn to ash with a single thought. Actual effort on his side is something that only origin gods deserve. But now he had to put in conscious effort to limit his power. It was a hassle, but not too much. Besides, it will only make their fight worth it if he has to work for it.

"No other option then." He said before glancing around like a thief. He was about to do something potentially criminal. The hurricane began to slowly condense. Too fast and it might rip the spatial barrier of the plane. It didn't stop shrinking until it became a tiny ball the size of a peanut.

"Just a little bit." He thought to himself as the tiny ball approached the shield. The shield offered no resistance at all and the ball penetrated it. The ball left a trail of cracks in the fabric of reality. Guntu watched the crack carefully and made sure they were not expanding. It was only until the cracks healed and disappeared that he breathe a sigh of relief.

"That was close," Guntu said. Then he turned his attention to the celestial god. He was ready to fight. Only, there was no celestial god.

"Huh, where is the so-called God King?" He muttered. Then he scanned his surrounding but he still couldn't find any god.

"He ran? What kind of God King runs?" Guntu was incredulous and angry.

He shouted. "To think I risked destroying the plane for you. I'll be coming for you. Ode is it. You have not seen the last of me. You have not seen the last of Guntu, soon to be called the hero of the people."

His voice reverberated and leveled the ground for miles around him. The clouds in the sky also dispersed and sunlight showed onto the ground revealing the desolate surface.

He would have gone to fight the God King in the divine plane, but he was afraid of being trapped. He was a trouble maker, not a fool. He never paid attention to the gods of the plane until recently so he doesn't know how many heavy hitters they have. If he rushes blindly into the divine plane and is ambushed, he might die and that will mean an automatic failure of his mission to protect Hadrack. Ancestor Ghastorix will have his hide. It is not the death that scares him but the consequence of failing his mission.

He grunted and gave up on the thought of immediate retribution for his blemished pride. Instead, he turned into his hurricane ground the formal location of the temple for good measure. Then he continued his trail of destruction.

Divine plane. The divine kingdom of God King Ode. The supreme of the Pantheon.

Ode's eyes widened as soon as he saw the hurricane condensing. He could feel the threat to his life rising rapidly. He chose to deactivate his avatar immediately. He might not have known how but he knew he would die unfailingly if that ball touched him.

He made a decision there and then, and called the gods for another urgent council meeting.

Ode went straight to the point when the gods had gathered.

"We have to increase our strength to weather this storm. So I have decided to bring back divine battles to create more celestial gods."

His declaration surprised the gods and it led to various emotions within them. They all had different thoughts in their minds. Some felt that Ode was being magnanimous and he was considering the greater good of the gods. Others felt he was a wise leader to allow the risk to his position just for the big picture.

But some others felt that Ode wanted to create more celestial gods so that he can kill them and absorb them to grow stronger.

"Truly farsighted, god King Ode. You are the best leader we could ask for." No matter what they felt or thought, Ode was still the GodKing, so they didn't dare say anything negative. They kept their thoughts to themselves and didn't voice their suspicions. Especially not during this precarious time of war. Every help they could get is welcomed.

Chapter 99 Vitality Core Formation Stage.

Ode watched the reaction of the gods impassively. He did not care about their opinion concerning his decree. He must have support and there's nothing they can do to stop it. Maybe a miracle will happen and a celestial god with a solution will appear. Even if there's a unanimous disagreement against his decree, all he has to do is stop policing the gods. The greedy ones will initiate the battles themselves. But he doesn't want that. More chaos will be counterproductive and wasteful of their limited manpower. Divine wars between grand gods will spread to high, mid, and low gods as they chose sides. That means there has to be modulation to prevent unnecessary deaths.

"To reduce chaos and unrest. All interested Grand gods have to apply to me. Only when it is approved by me will a letter of challenge be sent out. The challenged god will have a period of a day to choose to agree and do battle or refuse and opt to fall. There is no other option. I will not allow random fighting. If the challenge is accepted, then they will fight right here in the colosseum. Any questions." His stern voice rippled with power.

The grand gods that used to have nothing to do began to prepare with confidence or fear for their lives. The ambitious ones felt it was a welcomed change while the satisfied ones felt like it would divide them. Either way, they all knew that they could not loiter about doing anything anymore. Some of the less courageous ones decided to give up there and then. Better to risk the fall from grace than to die to make another grand god more powerful.

The inner city of the ancestral home of the Ghastorix family.

The war summons and its consequences had not affected the inner city much. In fact, the war was not taken seriously. The higher-ups considered it the pastime activity of a great ancestor of theirs while those below considered it an opportunity to show off or display their strength. A war that will change the course of history in the plane became something of a carnival.

The people of the great families and royal bloodlines believed that the war was going to end with only one outcome. It was just a matter of time and they weren't going to lose. They decided to use the short

time they had to contribute to the war effort before stronger forces move in and end the war. The Virut plane had been experiencing peace for a long time, not many had experienced war and they had long lifespans. They didn't know that a very strong force is already stirring up trouble within enemy lines.

Some people didn't even know they were at war with the gods. Nothing changed for them, not even the price of goods and services. They heard talks of it but they considered it rumors. War had become a distant concept to them.

While the entire plane had been set into a flaccid turmoil, Soverick's world had not changed much. It had been a week since he last spoke with Hadrick, his vitality core was just about to be completed. The size was big enough that the vitality core was beginning to stress his system. It seemed he had underestimated the cost of creating the largest core possible without the advantage of the innate mana affinity of a high elf. He doubted he would have been able to reach this final step without the life essence he swindled out of Hadrick.

Even with all the assistance he had, his body seemed bent on rejecting the strange organ. In a normal situation, the rejection will be minimal and the body will be able to safely accommodate the new organ. But in his case, he felt actual pain from the rejection process. It was why he was currently sweating buckets. His body was shaking and running a high fever but he couldn't relax one bit or all his efforts will be for naught. He realized that if he had taken things slowly, his body would have gotten some time to adjust and the rejection wouldn't be this serious.

"I blame Ghoto for rushing me. I blame the realm lord for being too talented." He complained. Ghoto and Mihila wanted him to create his vitality core as soon as possible but it was the influence of the realm lord that made him indulge their wish. He wouldn't have listened to them otherwise, because he knows better than them.

"I could have taken things slowly but no. I want to catch up to the realm lord instead. Now, look at me. Even my main body is still a far distance away from becoming a world god. I can only hope the realm lord fails his breakthrough but what are the odds of that happening?" He droned on and on to distract himself from the pain.

His door rang but he ignored it. It was probably Ghoto again trying to check up on him again. There was no way he would open the door and expose his current situation to that overacting man. He chose instead to concentrate and pull through the last steps.

A few minutes later the vitality core formed. Its formation was then accompanied by a burst of vitality. It was like he stopped carrying a heavy load and got into a relaxing hot spring. His shaking stopped and his fever began to cool. He felt his body become full of energy and vitality. It was like he could run forever.

"Finally," Soverick exclaimed. He moved his body about and realized it became easier to move. A thorough examination of his body showed that he will have a lesser problem with stamina.

The body is a miraculous thing. The increase in latent vitality within the cells will increase their activity, healing, stamina limit, and stamina recovery. The most important change is the relaxation of the upper strength limit of the body. In the body strengthening stage, the strength and durability of the body have been developed to the maximum limit that vitality-based life forms can reach, but the body cannot utilize this full strength. This limit is there for the safety of the body, it will only be removed completely when the mana body is achieved.

"Wow, what incredible vitality." Hadrick voice intruded without warning. Soverick didn't mind it because Hadrick was everywhere. The entire city was built for him and around him.

"It is nice of you to show up here." Soverick greeted him.

"Are you a tree? You feel like a tree. Is that what is special about you? No, that can't be right. I was there at your birth. Trees don't come out that way."

"How come you are out of your shell? I thought you would turtle up to preserve your life. An attack can happen at any time." Soverick decided to poke some fun out of the ancient tree while exercising.

"Not funny. I am a tree. I don't have a shell. Trees don't have shells. But you have a point there. I should get a shell. Why haven't I thought about that? You are simply genius Soverick."

Soverick rolled his eyes. "No need for thanks. Isn't the inner city your shell? What about the entire city? You don't need an extra shell."

"You are mistaken. They are my shields. It is different from a shell." Hadrick tried to set him straight.

"Whatever you say, you are the expert on cowardice after all."

Hadrick was not impressed. "Still not funny. But I won't forget your contributions."

"What contributions?"

"Your warning about my safety. It showed how much you care about me. You shall be rewarded for your reminder."

"Great." Soverick perked up immediately. The part about a reward piqued his interest. He couldn't look down on a reward from a family like the Ghastorix with a long history and multiple origin gods.

"What do I get?" Soverick asked with expectation.

"You are in luck because I'm feeling very magnanimous today. You reduced some of it with your earlier snide comments. Still, I give you a promise to protect you as long as you are in this city." Hadrick spoke with pride.

"What use is that? You can't even protect yourself in this city."

Hadrick thought about it for a while before conceding. "How about this? I will protect you from threats up to the level of Sovereigns as long as you are in the city. I will also throw in a talisman made from my leaf that can teleport you from anywhere within this plane to the forest below the city. Cool right?"

"Not cool enough." Soverick shook his head.

"What do you want then?" Hadrick asked.

"For a start. I want all of that and some more tangible benefits. Like weapons, first-class treatment in the city, and library access. I want access to secret archives and skills, Origin weapons. You know, the really good stuff." Soverick began to list what he wanted. He asked for items that will make even a behemoth like the Ghastorix family feel the pinch.

Chapter 100 Greed Is Better Than Cowardice.

"You are a greedy person, you know that?" Hadrick's tone became grave.

"It's your fault for asking me what I wanted. I want a lot of things. What can you give me then?" Soverick asked, unbothered by Hadrick's outburst. He was greedy and he knew it. He didn't think it was a bad trait to have. It certainly is better than cowardice. But he didn't say that. Best not to agitate the giver of gifts.

"My promise still stands. I'll add the talisman but you have to choose between a mid-grade origin weapon or unrestricted access to the normal family library." Hadrick didn't think much about Origin weapons or the information within the library. He is older than ten thousand origin cycles, so some things have lost their value to it, but that didn't mean it would give everything to Soverick. No matter how much it valued its life, it was too much as a reward for a tip.

Soverick fell into a pickle. The talisman will come in handy when faced with threats he can't handle. He will be able to escape readily. The use of power above his current level will require him to pay a price that might damage his body's potential so a way to avoid that is always welcomed. But he wanted to have the weapon and the library access. An origin weapon is a game changer for those at the level of transcents and above. In the era of the transcents, there was no weapon that could hurt transcents. They were considered immune to everything but origin energy. That was until the discovery of origin weapons. The value of Origin weapons cannot be understated. They are very difficult to make and it can make a lord equipped with one become able to kill a king without one. Ghoto has a low-grade one while Mihila has a mid-grade one. Even he had only two high-grade ones when he was a sovereign. But if he selected this option he wouldn't be able to make use of it immediately. He still has some ways before he achieves transcendence.

The other option for library access is also good, knowledge is power after all. If he selected this option, he would be able to gain an immediate understanding that will come in handy in various situations. It is just that only the normal library will be opened to him not the secret archives. The knowledge that can be found in the normal library might be useful or not, but it certainly isn't important enough to hide it. If the Ghastorix family decided not to hide it, then maybe he shouldn't bother with it. He ruminated for a while before making his choice.

"How about you get someone to teach me how to make origin weapons?" Soverick said.

"That is easy to do. I can teach you how to make Origin weapons. It seems you have a conscience after all." Hadrick said with appreciation.

Soverick shook his head. It wasn't that he reduced the value of what he wanted. He just wanted guaranteed useful knowledge and an Origin weapon. So why not learn how to make his Origin weapons. He knew that Hadrick was ancient and must know a lot of things. The odds are that Hadrick also knows a lot of secret knowledge and will be willing to divulge them as long as he asks him. Hadrick likes to talk after all. So he decided to eat his cake and have it by taking advantage of Hadrick.

"You can make origin weapons?" Soverick feigned surprise.

"Of course. I dare to say that I am the best Rune master in the entire plane. I can even make top-grade origin weapons. I can teach even a door knob to make origin weapons, as long as the doorknob is transcendent and knows how to forge the best mana weapons." Hadrick spoke proudly.

Soverick became appalled. The creation of top-grade origin weapons was not a small thing. It would cause a storm among origin gods if they found out. A lot of them will be willing to kidnap the creator at all costs. A bunch of Origin gods is currently hunting legion one for his body has material for top-grade Origin weapon. Even world gods will be tempted to secure a creator of one. The racial council might prevent planar invasions and outright battles within the plane, but other insidious methods can be used.

He chose to keep quiet and decided against warning Hadrick about bragging about such a thing. Mother High Heaven only knows how he will react to such a thing. His last warning brought him a reward, he would digest that first before trying to get another one. He might lose this one in an attempt to get more rewards. Hadrick is already considering the idea of a shell. He might just lock himself away if he finds out that he is in more danger. He decided to shift the conversation.

"That must be a very talented door knob. Able to become a transcendent even without a bloodline." Soverick voice dripped with sarcasm.

"Of course, it must be. I don't discriminate against the person who wants to learn. That's just how I am, I don't care about the background. As long as they have talent, I'll teach them. Only talent moves me."

"Sure."

"You must also prove your talent first before I teach you. I will get someone to teach you the rudimentary of runic weapon creation."

"Fine." Soverick agreed. He wouldn't be able to learn how to create Origin weapons without having the strength of a transcendent anyway. That level is the minimum requirement. Learning how to create mana weapons will give him something constructive to do while he is still growing.

"When will I receive the first half of our agreement?" Soverick asked.

"The promise of safety starts now and someone will bring the talisman over. You will learn other weapon creation techniques first before I can teach you how to make Origin weapon. It shouldn't take you a long time to reach transcendence with how many elemental affinities you have, it is a simple matter. What comes after that is a serious matter. Are you going to drop some of your talents?"

"Maybe. It will depend on what I face when I reach that level. There's no need to worry about that for now." Soverick shook his head. He would like to have a choice in the matter, but his path is already set in stone. What others didn't know was that his divine ability is the main root of his problem, not his bloodline.

"What was the family's response to your demand for safety?" Soverick asked. He was curious about the impact of his warning and he wanted to know how important the family views Hadrick. Their response will determine their stance towards any threat to Hadrick. He would also be able to decide if he should limit his extortion of the ancient tree.

"Thanks to your warning, my partner realized this was a dangerous period for me. He can't risk a fight right now so he sent two Origin gods for my protection. More sovereigns are on the way though." Hadrick replied.

Soverick was skeptical. He expected more since Hadrick is the partner of their ancestor. "They sent just two origin gods? What use are more sovereigns?"

"I know your doubt. One of the Origin gods is a new one. He became one about 3 origin cycles ago. He hasn't grown stronger because he has to stay behind in the lower realm to protect the family. The other one can only be said to be near unbeatable by any origin god. Even the realm lord couldn't beat him." Hadrick was practically beaming with pride. Soverick could feel it from across their mind communication.

"Is that true? The realm lord can't beat him? Then he must be very strong." Soverick was impressed. Someone that can fight off the incredibly talented realm lord must be a very extraordinary person.

Hadrick seemed to cough or whatever trees do when they are uncomfortable. "I said couldn't. The fight occurred 30 origin cycles ago. Things have changed since then. The realm lord is about to become a world god while this person is still stuck. The realm lord also didn't use the power of the realm either."

"Right." Soverick understood that the fight was just a spar. If the realm lord had used the power of the realm, then only world gods can resist. "But that is still impressive. To have fought the realm lord and bested him. Very few can claim that. It is even more impressive that someone like that was sent to protect you."

Hadrick explained, "He happened to be in the lower realm and he owes me a lot of money. Maybe it is impressive, or maybe it is shameful to be surpassed by someone ten times younger than you and even worse, when you could beat that person in the past."