

GREED 961

Chapter 961 Lamplad The Determined.

The pack leader turned away from him and continued speaking. "We will not be looking for the Emperor. We have the Nameless here that needs our protection. Are we to leave them here to fend for themselves? Who will protect them? They will die and it will be our fault. So we won't go looking for an Emperor that might not exist. That is a gamble that I am not willing to play especially since it will certainly cost us the lives of poor defenseless Nameless."

She paused to gauge their reactions. "I hope you can understand and sympathize with the Nameless. For the Nameless are blameless."

The Warrogs howled in agreement. To be specific, it is the majority of them that howled in agreement. Some were not in agreement so they didn't howl. Those in the majority are very glad with her stance. It is those in the minority that have some problems with it.

The pack leader's speech convinced some of those that wanted revenge and the feeling of being part of a pack convinced more of them. But there are some that remained stubborn and unconvinced. Lamplad is among those few.

The pack leader knew this. She can also see it in his behavior. His posture is that of submission but his eyes are that of defiance. It is clear to her that he won't give up until he dies.

So she said to them, "I am an accommodating pack leader. I understand that some of you are bent on revenge. I will not rob you of that chance. You can leave the pack right now and go looking for the Emperor. You can leave if the dead is more important to you than the living. You have my word that you have my permission to leave and that I won't do anything to you if you decide to leave."

Lamplad was quick to jump at the offered chance. He took one look at the pack leader and bowed. His gaze and his opinion about her have truly changed.

He said to her, "I appreciate the offer that you have granted us and I promise to return to inform you if we find the Emperor. You will remain my pack leader for the kindness that you have shown me today."

His opinion has changed. He doesn't think she is a traitor anymore, but his resolve has not been removed. He expressed heartfelt gratitude. Then he turned his back on her and left the pack. His squad followed him and so did the others who were bent on revenge.

The pack leader watched all of this happen without doing anything.

"What a fool." She thought to herself.

She is calling Lamplad a fool for his decision. He is not the only one to have lost someone dear to the claws of the Executioner. She lost people too. Her parents were killed by Ragnarok. That's why she wanted revenge.

Sauron, who was her hero was also killed by Ragnarok. But she didn't have the strength to defeat Ragnarok so she sided with the minority to look for the Emperor. That was until she became the pack leader. She got a taste of power and it brought her a new perspective.

What she said about the Nameless is true. She can feel them out there wandering and in danger. Their existence is calling to her instincts to protect them. The Nameless are blameless and that's true. The Nameless are also the major source of her power as a pack leader. They strengthen her which she in turn uses to boost her warriors.

Their existence has awakened a thirst for power within her. She wants to protect them and make them prosper so that she can become stronger. She wants to care for them like a shepherd to his sheep and watch them grow. She doesn't want to leave them to go wandering around aimlessly. Most importantly, she doesn't want to give her power to the Emperor.

What's more important than not finding the Emperor is actually finding the Emperor and having to submit or die. She might not find the Emperor, but if she does, then she will have to offer allegiance. She would have gone through the stress of searching for her power to be taken from her.

She knows that her power is not much in the grand scheme of things. It is not as large as that of Sauron so she knows it is definitely not significant when compared to Ragnarok who is just a mana entity like her. But it is her power and she isn't willing to give it up. If Sauron couldn't stand up to Ragnarok and live, then she would definitely fail to stand up to the Emperor and live.

All she wants to do is build a pack to the best of her abilities, build a great settlement, and maybe become the overlord of the mountain range just like Sauron. The people that want revenge will get in the way of that. Lamplad will not give up. He would sow dissent among her warriors and accumulate those of like minds. Then they will break away together. That will disrupt her pack.

She could kill him and those that are like him but she chose to let them go. Maybe it was their fear for her or her display of magnanimity or their reluctance to leave a pack, the ones that decided to secede from the pack are less than 10%. They would have been more had she allowed Lamplad and his ilk to have time to convince more Alphas to their cause.

She can afford to let go of some of her warriors. After all, the bulk of her strength comes from the Nameless. It hurt her strength in the short run but it is better in the long run. She lost some manpower but she has won the complete loyalty of the remaining 90% and more of the ones that ran away when they find out that she is the new pack leader. She even retained the loyalty of the ones who left including Lamplad. It is why she is so derisive of him.

Chapter 962 To Become A Farmer.

Lamplad didn't hide his emotions and he couldn't control himself when things didn't go his way. He could have pretended to be obedient. Then rushed back to his cave and broke through into a mana entity. He could then use his new power to bring away more of her warriors or even challenge her for the position of pack leader.

But he was foolish and impatient. She knew what he was up to immediately and was able to manipulate him easily. He didn't even suspect a thing and he still respects her. She had no choice but to be derisive of him.

To be fair, she isn't the only female who has been derisive of Lamplad in recent history. Tesrat was also derisive of him. He liked her but she didn't like him. He was too boring and thick-skulled. That's what Tesrat would always say about him.

Lamplad is kind and loyal. He is honest and humble. He is also strong but not as strong as Tesrat. They are all good qualities for one to have in a mate. But he was boring and mentally unimaginative.

He was also without ambition. He never considered becoming a mana entity and controlling his own pack. It is obviously a bad idea to consider becoming a pack leader with Sauron around but Tesrat didn't like the fact that he didn't even consider the possibility. His whole life would amount to nothing special with that kind of mindset. Tesrat didn't like that in a man so his love was largely unrequited.

Lamplad knew that. He also thinks that he could have changed her mind. But she is dead now and he will never get the chance to change her mind. So now he is wandering aimlessly for someone to help him get revenge. Some might call that foolishness. Others will call it being romantic. Those sorts of people will also say that Love conquers all.

As for the new pack leader. She believes that only power and wisdom conquer anything. So while she acts kind and understanding, she is screaming inwardly to herself, "It is mine now. It is all mine."

Ragnarok's existence and actions caused a lot of changes to the plane. The Iron Fur pack gained a new pack leader and began to rebuild their home. Some of them left to search for the Emperor in the myths. The wood elves are currently fighting the Vampires all over the plane. They are using their divine ability to control plants to rebuff the bloodsuckers.

The Warrogs bent on revenge are not the only ones searching for an Emperor. The vampires are also searching for this Emperor. Amongst them is a certain Primogenitor who is eating his way through the wood elves with a fiery anger and dogged determination that is unmatched.

The plane is in turmoil but Ragnarok is not affected by this turmoil. He is in a place where life is almost absent. Ragnarok chose to run northwards when he escaped. The north of the plane is mountainous. It has several mountains in long unending chains. The north is home to the tallest mountains in the plane.

The north is also a very cold place. It used to be cold before the sun was blocked. So now, it is frozen into an ice age. Life was already finding it difficult to survive there. There is nothing there now except frozen mountains and an Executioner on the run for unjust crimes.

"This plane is too stuffy. One cannot rear people as food. This is too harsh a place to live in." He complained.

If he had his way, he would create another pack and rear them for a hundred years. They will help him hunt for that period of time. Then he will kill most of them after a hundred years. He will leave just enough to create the next generation and proliferate for a hundred years. Then he will repeat the culling.

He dreams to be a farmer. It is an honest profession. The cycle of sowing and reaping will help him grow stronger silently. Unfortunately, he couldn't realize his dream because he couldn't leave the mountain range for other settlements without being discovered by the wood elves.

The wood elves were looking for suspicious characters and a lone Warrog that is also at the mana entity stage is mighty suspicious. He had to avoid the patrolling teams of wood elves when he tried to leave the mountain range in any other direction. The only direction he could take was toward the uninhabitable north.

"I miss the Iron Fur Pack." He said wistfully as he flew against the tempest of icy wind. "There was no stress or struggle in my days as Shaman."

He thinks fondly of his time as the Chief Shaman of the Iron Fur Pack. He was at peace and fulfilled. He is truly grateful for their hospitality. Unfortunately for them, he has a strong principle of not mixing business and pleasure.

His time with them was pleasurable but it was ultimately business. Business is all about profits and loss. He couldn't make a loss so he killed them. Still, it was a pleasurable experience being a Shaman so he thinks fondly of them as he battled the winds of the north for each step he takes forward.

There is a strong barrier around him that is protecting him from the environment. He needs it because he might as well be flying through a typhoon of ice. He would be frozen into a sculpture of ice without it.

The north is very windy in normal circumstances. Now the winds are heavily laden with snow and ice. They reduce visibility to no more than 1 meter. And that's because of his excellent sight as a mana entity. Lesser beings won't be able to see their hands if they stretch them in front of them.

Fortunately, he has a divine sense that can reach 1,000 meters. His barrier is also very powerful so it isolates him from the cold winds. He would have been frozen dead without his barrier a long time ago. So he is managing quite well despite the adverse conditions.

Chapter 963 Can't Complain.

Ragnarok was even able to smile and reminisce about the past. "Reminds me of the ice trial during the trial of heaven."

The monotonous environment of pure white reminds him of the first trial in the trial of heaven that Gehaldirah attended. He was supposed to keep moving through the cold temperature and bleak ice landscape for an unknown distance.

The temperature was much colder than this and he had to survive for years in that small world of ice. His current situation is similar to that ordeal but it is nowhere as difficult.

He said to himself, "If I could survive the trial of heaven, then I can definitely survive this. I will see where it ends."

He is no stranger to dreary and boring situations so he wasn't discouraged by the lack of stimulus in his environment. He continued to fly for months on end without stopping. It is but a fraction of the years he spent in the ice trial.

There is mana in the air so he doesn't need sustenance. His soul is eternal so he doesn't need to sleep. His mind is perfect so he can maintain his concentration and his body can continue to work under his control. There are no life sources in his surroundings so he can't feed but he still managed to grow stronger on his trip. Divine life energy from the tree father fed his divine ability and increased his stats.

NAME: RAGNAROK (Legion-6)

RACE: WARROG

BLOODLINE: Unknown Royal bloodline.

TITLE: CHILD OF THE VIRUT PLANE.

POWER LEVEL (BODY): Mana Body (98% Conversion)

POWER LEVEL (SOUL): Soul Reformation (Complete)

PHYSIQUE: Body of law(Incomplete)

HP: 100%

STAMINA: 100%

ENERGY LEVEL (BODY): Mana

ENERGY LEVEL (SOUL): Spiritual Energy

VITALITY: 20,124

ENDURANCE: 12,830

STRENGTH: 13,913

AGILITY: 11,100

POWER (DEATH ESSENCE): 14,500%

PERCEPTION: 1,000,000,000

SPIRIT: 10,000

LIMITER (BODY): 70%

LIMITER (SOUL): 0.00001%

DIVINE SENSE (GRADE): 1,000(B)

OTHERS

MANA AFFINITY: 55%

LAW AFFINITY: 50%

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

STATUS: Healthy

He has managed to digest the delectable food that he ate. Xigger's flesh can be said to be very nutritious to him. It was tough to digest the flesh of a transcendent but he didn't give up. He struggled with the indigestion for weeks before he succeeded and it caused his stats to balloon in size.

A normal mana entity's stats stop at 1,000 points while a transcendent's stats starts at 10,000. He is not a transcendent but he has stats above 10,000 points. His boost from his POWER stat further makes it so that no transcendent can match him.

He is very strong for a mana entity. Abnormally strong even. But that hasn't made him feel safe. His pursuers might be lords of law or Kings of law. He doubts the wood elves will send titans of law after a mana entity but he could be wrong.

Then there are the Vampires which he just made new enemies of. He is not afraid of Xigger coming after him. He is afraid of other vampires and the wood elves. Xigger is weak but there are other stronger vampires.

The wood elves must have Sovereigns of law if they managed to remain the overlord of the plane despite opening their planar portal. Lords of law can match his speed without using their Authority and Kings of law can overtake him without using their Authority. It is another matter if they use their Authority. So he is doomed without a Sovereign coming after him.

Besides all of that, he can still feel he is being watched. It is a constant unpleasant feeling coming from every direction so he believes he has a lot of reasons why he is not safe. That's why he doesn't plan to stop running at all.

He plans to continue running and running while strengthening himself as much as possible. He won't stop until he reaches the edge of the world. He doesn't know what he will do when he gets there. It will depend on how strong he is when he gets there and if he acquires more information about his situation.

For now, he will continue to grow stronger. If he didn't have a limit on how much he could grow, he would have broken through to transcendence immediately to acquire more strength needed to protect himself. But he doesn't have a limit, so he can't become a transcendent yet.

It is both fortunate and unfortunate that he doesn't have a limit. It is fortunate because it will allow him to build a terrifying foundation as a mana entity. With such a foundation, he might be able to kill Origin gods without being one. He cannot give up such a chance by being shortsighted.

It is unfortunate for him because he will remain a mana entity without a solidified divine sense and the ability to use Origin energy in the meantime. He has potential but not strength. But he needs strength to protect himself. So his situation creates a dilemma. He is to choose between improving his potential or gaining immediate strength.

He chuckled to himself and said, "It is what it is. And I can't complain. I must not complain."

He really can't complain. There are very few races that don't have limits to stats. Those races are legendary races with terrifying power. They are collectively called supreme races.

The one that comes to his mind most easily is the dragon race. Dragons don't have any limit but what's most terrifying is that they don't need to do anything to grow stronger. They can just spend years sleeping and they will continue to grow stronger without end.

Other lesser races with royal bloodlines can also grow stronger in their sleep. But they have a limit at which point their bloodline will indicate that it is time to break through. As for dragons without a royal bloodline, nothing can stop them from growing stronger as long as they have access to mana and origin energy. They will then break through when they feel like it.

Chapter 964 Dragon Supremacy.

Dragons with bloodlines are even more unreasonable in how they accumulate strength. Not only do they have ancestral memories they can also borrow power from their ancestors.

He on the other hand has to eat and get life force for him to grow his stats. He can't just sit somewhere and continue to grow stronger. He has to be proactive to take advantage of his lack of limits. A dragon beats him in that aspect.

What's worse is that a dragon beats him in the aspect of his POWER stat too. He can't even boast of that to a dragon because Dragons have that too. Theirs is even better. Normally, paragons gain a boost from external sources. Dragons are very different in that aspect. They gain their boost on their own by relying on their dragon heart.

A dragon's heart is their weakness and also their source of the POWER stat. It is like a core within the dragon. It is similar to the inner world of a world beast but it doesn't contain an empty space.

The dragon heart distills a force called the dragon force. It amplifies their stats and enables them to dominate mana and origin energy. They can use their dragon force to cast spells without the need for spell structures. That's why they are called the dominators of magic.

Dragons are better in everything. They would have been better than him too were he not a reincarnated being. A dragon his age cannot match him in power and strength. That is if the dragon decides to sleep instead of actively cultivating.

Dragons are on another level. They are not called the supreme race for nothing. He can't lay claim to having superior experience over a young dragon. A dragon descendent with a royal bloodline can give him a run for his money when it comes to experience.

They have bloodlines on top of their innate superiority. They also have something that other races don't get from their bloodlines. They have what is called an ancestral bestowal. It is possibly an ability unique to dragons in the entire void universe.

They gain this bestowal from any dragon in their lineage that is still alive. This bestowal is also more complete than the instincts gained from bloodlines. It contains clear and vivid memories. Its only weakness is that it doesn't give them instincts. But it gives them clear information about a wide range of things.

They gain skills and special abilities directly from their ancestors. And if that is not enough, they can be bestowed power from their ancestors for a short while so a young dragon cannot be easily bullied by someone stronger.

It is not an understatement to say that dragons are almost without weakness. They would be perfect if not for the weakness of their fragile heart. Even with that weakness, It is almost as if the other races are trying to catch up to them. If not for that weakness then no one would stand a chance against them.

Dragons are surely terrifying, but no matter what, a dragon his age can't match him in the power of the soul. That is something that is exclusively his. That is something he gained from the hard work of his previous self.

"No dragon can match me in the area of the soul. Unless that dragon is Legion-8. Then I am no match." Then he chuckled and said, "In my own defense, Legion-8 is not a dragon."

Legion-8 is the dragon clone. He has all the advantages of a dragon and more. He doesn't have the weakness of dragons and he also has Ragnarok's soul power. So Ragnarok can't compare himself to Legion-8.

He shouldn't compare himself to a dragon anyway. There are no dragons in this plane. What he can and should compare himself to are Vampires. Those are some of his strongest enemies in this plane.

Unlike wood elves who have a limit on stats, Vampires don't have limits on their stats. Sacrificing their origin has unlocked their potential. A young fledgling equal to a mana entity can engorge on so much blood that they can compare to a king of law in terms of raw stats. Vampires are terrifying parasites.

They are in this plane where he is and they will also be his enemies. This in itself is more than enough reason for him to cherish the fact that he doesn't have a limit on his stats either. He mustn't complain about it at all. Without it, he wouldn't be able to come close to the mythical races in potential at all. He is also better than Vampires in that his diet is not limited to blood.

He spent his days just flying and growing stronger. This continued for a few months. He didn't experience anything different until he came close to the edge of the plane. He is thick in the midst of the frozen tundra at that point. The air was frigid and all form of water was frozen including the vapor in the air.

It made breathing very difficult for him. The very air could freeze his nose, airway, and lungs. He had to create a domain of fire around him to heat the air.

"This is not a place for life." He observed idly.

It is also completely dark here. The light of the sun that reaches this part of the plane is sparse, to begin with. The eclipse of the sun has plunged it into total darkness.

There should be no life here and he likes things as they are. But it was here that he began to sense life. It made him pause his flight.

"There are signs of life. Am I in trouble?" He asked himself.

It is expected that this cold and dark location should have no life. So he was surprised that he sensed life. At first, he thought they were his pursuers. But he changed his mind when he sensed the life force to be very weak. They are also in front of him, not behind him. Their life force is too weak for someone that can overtake him. They couldn't be his pursuers.

Chapter 965 What Lies Beneath The Mountain.

"Let me see what this is all about?" He said and resumed his journey.

He decided to continue going forward since he didn't sense any threat or danger from the life forces. His fear melted while his curiosity peaked. He moved closer to the source of life and came upon a tall mountain.

He muttered thoughtfully. "This is weird. They are within the mountain and they are also calling to me."

He examined the mountain so he is sure that the mountain is the largest mountain that he has ever seen. He is also sure that the source of life is coming from within the mountain. It is coming from its

base to be precise. He can't find any entrance be they tunnels or caves into the mountain. It is one solid block of frozen colossal rock. He would have turned away if he hadn't sensed something calling to him from within the mountain.

"This isn't a trap is it?" He asked himself. "I can't sense danger. Also, what are Warrogs doing so far to the north?"

Someone is calling to him from within the mountain. It is a mental call using the connection unique to his race so the call seems to be coming from a Warrog. He is clear about the call but it doesn't seem right. Warrogs should not be this far north. He wants to know what's at the bottom of the mountain but he is weary of traps.

"I will just take a peek."

His curiosity won over quickly when he didn't sense any danger. He promised himself to run at the first sight of danger. Then he began tunneling into the mountain. He activated his Doom Chomp. A large and black phantom bony jaws materialized from his mouth. He directed it at the mountain and took a large bite out of it.

The phantom bony jaws carved into the mountain and crushed the rocks creating space there. He created more Doom Chomps one after the other to dig his way into the mountain. He made quick progress with his method of digging. But the mountain is incredibly large. It is almost 1,000 kilometers thick at the bottom. That means he has to dig about 500 kilometers worth of rocks if he wants to get to the center of the base.

It didn't help when the tunnel he created closed up behind him.

"Great. Now I have to dig my way up again. Maybe this is why some people got stuck within the mountain in the first place. This had better be good."

He thought about giving up and going back to his dreary life as a fugitive. But he didn't give up. The call was compelling him to come. He noticed the subtle effect of the call on his inner beast. He feels that it is very important to find out what is within the mountain so he decided to indulge his curiosity since there is no danger in sight.

Digging is more taxing work than flying. What's worse is that the mountain can heal itself. The crushed rocks reassembled themselves and filled in the tunnel. Then the cracks healed soon after. He has to continue digging or risk being entombed by the mountain. It is all very discouraging. But he didn't give up.

It may be clear to others that this mountain is not natural at all. No natural mountain heals itself. It didn't scare him though. Neither did it seem odd. He has seen more peculiar phenomena than a mountain that heals. It only made his curiosity increase. He wants to know what's at the base of the mountain and why some people are stuck within it.

So he continued digging even when it took weeks. The farther along he went, the more he couldn't give up without finding out because he would have to dig his way out again and all his work would be for nothing.

Fortunately, nothing bad happened to him during the digging. Nothing out of the ordinary occurred apart from the healing mountain. In fact, it was a boring and uneventful dig. It is all thanks to the understanding of the entities that he is digging through. These entities didn't move or make a fuss as he dug. They simply healed the damage that he did while continuing to watch him silently.

Ragnarok dug into the mountain unaware of the entities surrounding him. According to his senses, he is surrounded by no living things. He didn't consider that the mountain is a living thing despite the fact that it can heal.

The ability to heal is not limited to living things. Artifacts can be imbued with the ability to restore themselves and some natural substances have a sort of imprint or memory about their previous state and seek to restore it by healing, so his mistake is understandable.

Victory goes to the strong. He is strong and very determined so the victory of reaching the middle of the base of the mountain came to him after 9 weeks of digging. He found himself in a dark cavern.

He stepped out of the small shrinking tunnel he dug into a large open space. His examination revealed a rough surface of the inner side of the mountain. He also found the source of life that he has been sensing. The life force is coming from several giant beasts that have been shackled with numerous white chains. The chains are white like the frozen rock.

These beasts have horns on their head. They have protruded jaws that reveal some canines on both sides. Their fore limbs end in large clawed paws while their hind limbs end in hooves. The beasts all have different colored thick fur. They have also all been forced to lie flat with their arms and legs spread apart by the chains that pinned them to the ground. This is the most pertinent feature he observed apart from their familiarity.

His eyes shrunk at the sight. "This is a prison." He said to himself in understanding.

Chapter 966 Something That Should Be Long Dead.

The posture of these beasts doesn't look pleasant. Their current posture restricts freedom of movement apart from the less obvious pain from the stretched limbs. When this observation is combined with the sight of chains that forced them into this unpleasant position, it is safe to say that the beasts are imprisoned.

A voice said to him, "Don't be shocked. This is just a prison for Warrogs."

The speaker even chuckled at him.

He turned to the source of the voice. He saw a large Warrog beast that dwarfed him. This beast has black and red fur. It also has two black horns, black claws, and black exposed canines. Its eyes are trained on him right now.

All the prisoners are Warrog beasts. They have different shapes and sizes. They also have a different number of tails. The one that spoke to him just now is one of the smallest. But all of them have black horns and black claws.

"No." He said. "This is not a prison for mere Warrogs. This is a prison for ancient Warrog paragons."

His mind reeled with the implications. He couldn't help but ask. "How are you still alive?"

These beasts are all Emperors and Executioners. They are all transcendent too. And they are not ones without their complete divine ability. They are ancient paragons that have not been seen for several hundreds of origin cycles. That's tens of millions of years.

It is normal at all that they are still alive. Transcendents don't live past a single origin cycle. There are exceptions to this norm. Dragons don't have a concept of lifespan so they don't have any limit on how long they live.

In the early days of the realm, dragons thought they couldn't be killed too. They thought they were immortal. That belief has proven untrue. But those are dragons. These are Warrogs. These Warrogs have managed to live without origin energy for almost a hundred million years trapped under a frozen mountain.

He doesn't think they are immortal so it should not be possible. But that is not the major reason why he is surprised that they are still alive.

"Welcome, young Executioner. I was an Executioner too. I was a great one. That's why I could live till today and still have the strength to speak. You will find that we paragons will continue to live as long as our people believe in us." The speaker replied.

He shook his head at the reply. "That's not what I am asking about. I can infer that from what I have seen. I meant how is it that the wood elves did not kill you?"

He is surprised that the wood elves didn't kill the paragons. The wood elves can surely kill the paragons if they are strong enough to imprison them. After all, subduing and capturing is more difficult than simple killing. So why did the wood elves not kill them?

"Who are the wood elves?" The Executioner asked him.

He replied. "The tree people."

The Executioner chuckled. Then she said, "Let me show you."

Her divine sense interacted with his. Then she passed across a memory to him. He saw himself as a colossal beast of raw power. He trampled over the earth unmatched. He ate whatever he wanted to eat which were the tree people at that time.

The tree people were full of energy if a little bitter to the taste. But energy is necessary to grow stronger so he will bear with the bitter taste and eat them. It helps that they are easily digestible because of the high content of life force and vitality within them.

He was attacking one of their tree havens when something strange happened. An individual suddenly appeared above him. This individual had the green skin of wood elves. It even had green hair and eyes. It looked like a wood elf but it had wings. It is a weird sight. But he didn't laugh. He felt threatened by the weird flying wood elf.

The world came alive in the presence of this individual. Plants sprouted from the earth in every direction. These plants are as tall as mountains and as thick as boulders. They are certainly taller than him. He growled at the plants and activated his divine ability.

His 7 tails became straight immediately. They spread out in the shape of a fan on his behind so he looked like a peacock. He opened his jaws wide and regurgitated a black ball. The world darkened with the appearance of the black ball floating a short distance from his mouth. Then the ball began to pull on the world.

It was like gravity was warped. Space all around him bent into a curve. It created an expanding funnel that led to the black ball. Everything was sucked into this spatial tunnel and into the black ball.

Stones levitated and flew into the tunnel. Sand and trees too. Mana wasn't spared either. The trees were sucked into the ball along with everything. Nothing was spared. He was devouring the world whole.

But his situation didn't change. The flying wood elf could produce trees faster than he could swallow them. The tree branches and thick vines coiled around him and tightened their hold. They were like chains that bound him. His mouth was forcefully closed and he was completely sealed up within a giant ball of plants. He saw nothing but darkness for a long period of time.

Light reappeared after a long time. It reappeared when he found himself chained within the cavern of a mountain. He has been here ever since. There were others like him here. Each one of them was a powerful Emperor and Executioner. There were more at that time and more joined over time. But their numbers dwindled as they died. The memory ended there.

He spent a few seconds to break down the memory and imbibe it. He did it to avoid an identity crisis.

"So you're Gator." He said after reviewing the memory.

Chapter 967 Executioner Gator.

"Yes. I was Executioner Gator." She replied. "I was great. The tree people were supposed to be our prey. We could kill them any time we want. But suddenly some of them began to fly. The ones that could fly were also capable of using the energy of the world beneath. They were stronger than us. But they are still weak. They didn't kill us. They just imprisoned us and left us to rot and die."

He muttered. "I see. I understand how you were defeated. You were not weaker than them. It is just that you didn't have Origin energy to use your divine ability to its full potential. Meanwhile, they somehow got access to origin energy."

"What's origin energy?" Gator asked.

"It is the energy of the world beneath. It is an energy superior to mana. It can only be gotten on the ancient battlefield."

Gator asked again. "What's the ancient battlefield?"

"That's the place that connects all the planes. You get access to it when you open the Planar portal. Origin energy is very powerful. Unfortunately for you, it is not freely available in a plane."

"What's a plane and a planar portal?"

He explained patiently, "This entire world is a plane. It is just a small part of the entire realm. There are more than 100,000 such planes in the realm."

Gator asked in confusion. "What is this realm you speak of? Is it the whole of existence?"

"No, it is not. It is just one of an infinite amount of realm trees in this universe."

"Wow," Gator muttered in awe.

The Executioner was shocked by the new knowledge. It kept quiet for a while to process the realization that this plane is not the whole of existence.

"There is so much in all of existence. I never thought so. And you said, "In this universe." Could there be more universes out there?"

"We don't know yet. But we will find out in time."The debut release happened at NOv3lBiin.

Gator asked anxiously, "Tell me about this planar portal that leads to the ancient battlefield and the wonders of the universe."

He sighed before he began to explain. "It is a gate. It is circular in shape. It needs the solidified divine sense of a transcendent to open. You Emperors and Executioners are transcedents so you should be able to open it."

Gator was surprised immediately. She said excitedly, "I know that gate. We found it a short while before the tree people became stronger. The Executioners didn't care about it. We just want to hunt and grow stronger. But the Emperors wanted to expand. They were wary of the gate because they didn't know where it led. But curiosity and their need to conquer finally overwhelmed their caution."

"I don't like where this is going." Ragnarok thought to himself.

"So an Emperor opened it. I wasn't there when it happened. But I heard a great white beast entered through the gate. It was unlike anything that had been ever seen. It was as beautiful as the best of gems. It sparkled brightly like a star. It was marvelous. It..."

She began describing just how beautiful and special it looked. That continued for a while. He did not interrupt her or attempt to bring back the attention of the Executioner lost in recollection. Every detail in her description might be useful in identifying the entity that entered the plane.

Unfortunately, he didn't get anything useful from her.

He thought to himself in pity, "The Sight of the weak is blind to the wonders of the world."

The world that the weak see is but a small portion of reality. The fact that the Warrogs "saw" this entity doesn't mean they "saw" the entity. And even if their eyes were somehow capable of seeing this entity in its entirety, their minds were definitely unable to comprehend what they saw. The best that Gator can provide are abstract descriptions of what her mind used to relate to the sight.

She eventually returned to the main topic. "I myself was not there that day. But I heard that the beast was very strong. Everyone there cowered before it when it appeared. They couldn't even take a look at it."

"It was that strong?" He asked.

"Yes, it was. Even the Emperor was not spared from this suppression. The only thing that the Emperor saw about the beast apart from its immense beauty is that it is white. But the beast didn't kill anyone. It just said, "This place is mine now." Then it flew away and disappeared. It was never seen after that."

"Well, this is very bad." He thought to himself after hearing what Gator said.

Gator hasn't seen much of the world so she doesn't understand what went wrong. Gator doesn't realize the link between the entity that entered the plane and the sudden strength of the wood elves. He on the other hand now knows how the tree people got access to the Origin energy that they used to suppress the paragons.

He also understands why the wood elves suddenly gained the ability to control plants. From what he saw in Gator's memories, the tree people were common plant spirits. They were weak and attached to a tree that they called home. They were also almost ethereal like elementals.

They fell apart in the jaws of the Executioners so Gator is very familiar with just how fragile their body was. But they suddenly gained flesh and became wood elves after the entity that laid claim to the plane entered the plane.

The reason why he feels that he is in trouble is because the wood elves became stronger while the Warrogs stagnated. It is obvious that this great entity chose the tree people over the Warrogs. The reason why that was done is something he is not clear about.

If it were him, he would have chosen the Warrogs. The Warrogs are clearly stronger. Whatever the reason is, it means that the wood elves have a backer. It is also a backer that is capable of improving an entire race either through personal strength or through the use of a powerful tool.

Chapter 968 Freedom For All.

Either way, it means the backer is very strong. They had to be at least at the level of a titan of law if it was through personal strength. And that was hundreds of Origin cycles ago. That is more than enough time to become an Origin god over and over again. Even the tree people would have produced many Origin gods since then despite the fact that they started from scratch.

What's most worrying to him is that this backer is probably going to be his enemy since he is a Warrog. He isn't just any type of Warrog either, he is a Warrog paragon just like the ones that were imprisoned here.

Gator interrupted his musings. "You are the first free paragon that I have seen ever since we were trapped here. What happened to the Warrogs outside? Why didn't they send someone to come and free us all these years? We have been calling for help for many years."

He answered with a shake of his head, "There has never been any Emperor or Executioner with a complete divine ability since you lot disappeared. In fact, any transcendent Warrog is hunted and killed by the wood elves. The wood elves didn't kill you but that is not the same today. It seems that they have changed their no-violence strategy against the Warrogs."

Gator was shocked. "The tree people did that?"

"Yes. They subjugated the entire race. But didn't you hear what I said? There has never been any Emperor or Executioner since you disappeared from the world. The transcendent Warrogs didn't have your divine abilities. The divine ability of the Warrogs has been lost. I am the only Executioner that has appeared in millions of years."

"Why?" Gator asked in agitation. She tried to rise from her prone state but the white chains held her down.

He shrugged. "I don't know. I should ask you that. All I have heard was that we were cursed or something."

Gator slumped. "No wonder no one came to help us. Only Emperors and Executioners can hear our call for help."

"You were calling for help? Why have I never heard it?" He asked.

Gator turned sorrowful. "We called for help but no one answered our call. We became weaker as the years went by. There was a time when the support of our people fell drastically. It happened after we had all been locked up. Most of the Emperors died then. Only the greatest Emperor Fenrir survived."

"But Emperor Fenrir has become too weak to speak now. Even we Executioners who rely on ourselves were not spared from the ravage of time. The call became weaker as we became weaker until I was the only one left who could make the call. I thought we were doomed here but I didn't give up. It is fortunate that I didn't give up."

"No wonder I could only hear you when I came so close." He nodded in understanding.

"Couldn't you have killed yourself?" He asked. "Living in chained seclusion for all of that time couldn't have been easy."

A hundred origin cycles is a very long time. It is the lifespan of a king of law. That was approximately the time that the monarch of high heaven became the realm lord of the realm. A lot has happened in the realm in one hundred origin cycles but Gator spent all of that time imprisoned.

Some people go into seclusion for a long time to comprehend laws or to forge artifacts but Gator couldn't do all that. She is still a transcendent even after all this time. And she couldn't move around. He wonders how she was able to maintain her will to live all these years.

Gator grinned maniacally, "It was not easy. That is an understatement. It was very difficult. It was torturous. It was hell."

Then she crackled in laughter.

"Most of the Executioners became mad. But there was no end. The shackles that bind us prevent us from moving to inflict serious injuries on ourselves. The chains also prevent our energy from mobilizing. So we can't control our energy to commit suicide."

She laughed again. "But I survived. I survived."

The look in her eyes was that of glee and excitement. There was also a hint of madness. It is subtle. It is as if there is more of the madness lying underneath the surface of mental stability.

He sat down in front of Gator. His entire body is the same size as her head. She is many times bigger than him but he is not intimidated by it.

He said to her, "Sucks to be you that's for sure. So the wood elves just left you here to rot? That seems harsh." The debut release happened at NOv3lBiin.

Gator nodded eagerly. "It didn't seem harsh when they locked us up. The flying wood elves told us that we could free ourselves if we could. The restraints aren't particularly strong. We can surely destroy it if we have access to our divine ability or any modicum of strength. So an Emperor or Executioner who wasn't captured should be able to free us. That's why we called for help. We thought we had hope then. It turned out that our hope was a mirage."

She laughed. "It was a mirage."

This fit of laughter continued for another while.

He let her revel in her insanity for a while. Then he said, "You are lucky that I came by and decided to come here. I almost gave up several times. I should be able to free you when I become an Executioner."

That seemed to bring back her slipping sanity. Her eyes focused on him immediately. Gator became excited immediately. "Yes. Lucky us. An Executioner has finally arrived after all these years."

He smiled at her. "I can understand why you are happy. Your freedom is at hand. Your freedom will be good for me too."

He thought about it and realized that saving these Paragons would be good for him. He is up against an entire race with a powerful backer or maybe two races with powerful backers. Both the wood elves and the Vampires will not be easy to deal with alone.

Chapter 969 Why Not?

It will do him a lot of good to release the paragons who have a lot of pent-up aggression against the wood elves. They will help to draw attention away from him and also assist him in resisting the two races. He can use every help that he can get right now so freeing them is good.

Gator smiled in return. "So we just have to wait for a few thousand years more. I can handle that. Then I will have my freedom."

He nodded in agreement. "Yes, my breakthrough to transcendence can take a few thousand years. But there is a way to shorten it."

He can break through now if he wants. The major thing delaying him is his stats. He wants to acquire as much as he can now before he breaks through. That could take a thousand years or less if the conditions are right.

Gator became happier. "What is it? What can shorten the time it will take for you to break through?"

She became happier at the prospect of gaining freedom quickly. She can wait for a few thousand years more. After all, she has been here for millions of years. But gaining her freedom earlier is better.

Ragnarok replied with a smirk. "Isn't the solution obvious?"

Then he flashed her a smile. He made sure to expose his very sharp and good-looking teeth at her.

She got the hint immediately so she paled and shrunk down upon herself. Her eyes widened in fear. Her 7 tails straightened and spread out.

She tried to appeal to him, "Don't do this. I know you're an Executioner. But you have to think about the bigger picture here. You can't take on the tree people on your own. So you can't be selfish. We all failed by working alone."

Ragnarok nodded in agreement. She made a good point. But she wasn't done yet.

"The greatest Emperor is here and I am also the greatest Executioner. And yet we failed. Freeing us will earn you much-needed support. Eating us will only give you short-term benefits. We need to work together or you will fail."

That is another good point but she had even more to say.

"Besides, we are the same race as you. You can't do this to us. We have suffered a lot. Free us and let us work together towards achieving freedom for all of Warrogs. Think of the spirit of corporation between members of the same race towards a greater goal."

He nodded in agreement. "You're right. I am not foolish. I have thought about all you said. I think freeing you is good. But eating you will be better. Don't worry at all. I am not alone and I will be the greatest Executioner after I eat you. I will handle my enemies on my own."

Freeing the paragons is good. He can say that is true. But eating them is better. At least it is better for him. There are two options for him, both of which are good. But he doesn't make decisions with emotions. Camaraderie doesn't work on him or influence him. He makes decisions after considering the pros and cons.

The pro of releasing the paragons is that they might be of assistance to him. It is not definite that they will help him. He can't rely on gratefulness to keep them in line. He himself will kill someone who just helped him if it will benefit him. So he can't trust the paragons to be useful.

He knows that the original Warrogs are incredibly violent. They might just attack him to eat him. They have been locked up for many years so they will be very hungry and he is a good-looking morsel of flesh. A single bite from Gator here might kill him immediately.

The paragons are a danger to him. Releasing them might not turn out to be a good idea. An oath can ensure their loyalty but many of them can't make oaths at this point in time. They are too weak for coherent thought. That means they are currently too weak to be of assistance to him.

He will have to prep them up by feeding or giving them Origin energy. So they will just be useless burdens on him if he releases them. Worse still, they will be rabid burdens on him that he might have to put down anyway or they succeed in killing him.

After all, all they need is a good bite of him. They don't need a lot of strength to do that. So why will he go through all that much trouble and danger if he can just cut to the chase and choose the option that is assured to benefit him now?

There are a lot of reasons why eating them is more appealing to him. He does not like sharing so he doesn't want to help them. He is a selfish person who can only rely on his personal strength. The only use the paragons will be for him is to distract his pursuers away from him. That means he will release them only to let them go. That is just a waste of resources that he can use to strengthen himself now.

If he can only rely on himself, it makes sense that he should prioritize his personal strength above all else. Hence, he is going to eat them to shorten the time he needs to break through. Eating them will ensure that he becomes an Executioner the likes that have never been seen. He is also not alone, he has Legion, so he is confident in himself.

He rose from his sitting position and approached her. The debut release happened at N0v3lBiiin.

He said to her, "The only reason why I should save you is out of kindness and for the good of the race. But I am not kind. And I don't care about my race. So you will get my teeth."

"Please don't," Gator pleaded with him. She struggled to move away from him but the chains held her down.

Chapter 970 Free Things Are The Best.

"Don't bother resisting. You are chained. You wouldn't be of any good even if you were not. You are too weak to fight my enemies." He circled her and approached her neck from her side.

He said to her, "You should know what happens to the weak as an Executioner. They become prey to the strong. Isn't that how you managed to create 7 tails? You ate and ate to your fill. I am just following in your footsteps."

"Please don't," She pleaded some more.

His words didn't convince her not to fear for her life. He is right but she wants to live. She has suffered all this while for freedom. It is not fair that she will be killed instead of freed by the one and only chance of freedom that she will get. Unfortunately, Ragnarok didn't listen to her pleas.

He said to her, "Don't worry. I will try to make this quick. That's all I can promise. Your death will be painless if you don't resist. That part is up to you. But you will surely die. And I will become stronger for it."

"Rejoice! The wood elves will regret the fact that they didn't kill you. For they will have had a hand in creating the strongest Executioner that this plane has ever seen."

He made sure to stay away from within reach of her jaws. She is tied down without the ability to move her energy but that doesn't mean that she is harmless. A good physical bite from her will be devastating considering that her head is his total size. So it is a good idea not to tempt fate. It will be utterly stupid if he falls prey to her after talking big.

He approached her from behind. Then he produced a Doom Chomp. The black phantom's bony jaws opened wide and shut down on her back. She howled in pain.

He tore out a chunk of flesh from her back that was quickly withdrawn into his stomach. It made her scream in pain. It is a sorrowful cry of anguish and pain. He wasn't moved at all. He knows that she is a transcendent and she has perfect control of her body. So it was her choice to cry.

The only reason why she would lose control and cry is if the injury surpassed the limit of her tolerance. He hasn't done much damage to her. The Doom Chomp is large but she is much larger than him. The flesh he tore off is less than 1% of what she has to offer so her cry is a show to invoke pity and sympathy from him. Unfortunately for her, she is barking up the wrong tree.

The injury that he caused didn't bleed. It is because there is no blood within her. Her wound showed a black matter that was supposed to be her flesh. The flesh is uniform without any differences like bones or muscles. It is not surprising to see. She is a transcendent after all. It is also not surprising to see that she can't heal. She doesn't have Origin energy to regenerate. So killing her will be very easy.

"This is too good." He thought to himself.

He is both happy and cautious. He has checked the surroundings very well and there's nothing in the cave apart from the chained Warrogs in this cavern under the ice mountain.

Gator is like delectable meat on a silver platter offered to him. It is all very suspicious to him. But he can't find anything amiss. And she will strengthen him. So how can he resist?

The answer is that he can't resist and there's no reason to. So he continued the good work of feasting on his ancestors without fear. It is not the first time he is doing something blasphemous by eating something he shouldn't eat. The first time was good. It helped him survive. But this time will be better.

It is going to take hours to eat all of them but he isn't discouraged. If he can spend weeks digging down here, then he can surely spare hours to eat and digest the prize that he found here. He deserves it after all. He worked really hard for it.

The Cavern became loud. It has been a long time since any of its occupants made any sort of noise. They haven't moved or spoken in years. They don't have the energy to waste on it. But right now, Gator is bent on breaking the silence and she is doing the best that she can do with the little energy that she has. Her cries didn't change anything though. Ragnarok didn't stop and the others couldn't come to her aid. The other paragons can't even move at all. No one can save her.

"Free things are truly the best." He said to himself in pleasure.

His inner beast is experiencing boundless joy. Both his inner beast and rational mind agree with his current actions. It is for different reasons but the agreement makes the act even more pleasurable. He is both efficient and indulgent at the same time.

The feeling of killing two birds with one stone has added a unique flavor to the act of eating his ancestors. It makes him feel a little bad that he will lose his inner beast when he becomes a transcendent and takes complete control of his body.

He is enjoying himself but Gator isn't. It is not his fault really. He promised to make it quick but he is one little guy with a small bite size. There's only so much he can eat at once. He wishes he could eat her up faster for both their sakes. But he can't. So he just tried his best. That's the least that he can give her for her generosity.

He tried his best to gobble her up as fast as possible but it took a while. Gator suffered through it all. She was being literally eaten alive. It is a suffering that she has inflicted several times on others in the past. She just never thought that it would be her turn one day.