

## The Fall 278

### Chapter 278: Inheritance

"Great," Zac said with some excitement.

He had been looking forward to the inheritance for quite some time now, and it was finally time to see what one of the old powerhouses had left behind for future generations. It could affect his whole future in a sense.

Inheritances weren't as narrow as a heritage, who usually showed how to attain a certain class. An Inheritance didn't pigeonhole one's progress like that, but they were simply the treasures and insights a predecessor left behind. They could contain anything from a mountain of crystals to specific Dao insights. But the most common thing was that the things left behind were meant to nurture a possible successor from beyond the grave.

A successor didn't necessarily need to have the same class, but he would generally walk down the same path. The Umbra would no doubt be related to darkness and shadows, for example. So it would most likely be far more valuable for someone like Ogras than for Zac.

Perhaps the demon would receive a supreme Spirit Tool that would suit a certain fighting-style or some treasure that made his shadows stronger. The possibilities were endless. But before he could undergo the trial there were a few things to do.

"Keep up the good work," Zac said as he made to leave.

"One second, lord Atwood," Abby said, making Zac stop and turn back toward the Stargazer.

"I mentioned the wish of the Anointed to speak with you earlier," Abby said. "I relayed how busy your schedule was, and that you might not be able to visit in the near future due to heading to Westfort. So the Anointed came here in person."

"Nonet is here?" Zac said with some surprise.

The large Zhix had never left its hive since meeting Zac as far as he knew. That Nonet showed up now proved that it really needed to speak with him.

"Do you know what Nonet wants?" Zac asked.

"Not sure, it didn't say," Abby admitted. "But I believe the Zhix wishes to accompany you to Westfort."

Zac's brows rose in surprise, but after mulling it over for a few seconds he thought it might not be too bad an idea. There was a hive not too far from Thea's town, and considering that they had fought quite a bit without a clear winner it should be a pretty strong one.

He still wanted to come in contact with the so-called council of Anointed in order to start coordinating a response to the Dominators, and bringing Nonet himself would probably expedite that even more than even bringing Ibtep would.

"Make sure it's ready later. I plan on hitting the inheritance in a few hours, but according to Ogras it shouldn't take long," Zac said.

Abby bobbed in agreement.

"You shouldn't worry too much. The first trial of orthodox inheritances are usually largely based on suitability," Abby said.

Zac was reminded that Abby herself came from a species that excelled at information gathering, and quickly tried to fish out some more information while she was in a giving mood.

"What do you mean?" he asked with interest.

"Most who leave an inheritance are people with regret their path ended, and they want someone to pick up the mantle where they fell short. They hope that someone will reach grand heights using their Dao Vision. It's in a sense a way for them to prove to the world that their path of cultivation was correct," Abby started.

"So the first tests are usually a test of suitability and a test of talent," Abby explained. "You will need to prove you walk the same general path, and that you are talented enough that you have the potential to walk at least as far as the predecessor themselves."

"I'm a mortal," Zac said with a frown. "Will that be a problem?"

"Not sure, but I doubt they would test for that. A test for talent might be to kill something ten levels above you, or have enough points in the right attribute," Abby said. "The spirit might be a bit disappointed that you show up as a mortal, but they can't stop you. Inheritance sites are created with certain rulesets, and a Spirit usually isn't able to change those rules."

"Spirit?" Zac said with some confusion until he remembered Anzonil.

The old Supreme Elder had left behind a part of his soul to maintain the cleansing array for his disciple, so it wasn't out of the question that the powerhouses who left the inheritances did something similar.

Zac asked a few more questions, but in the end there was no strict form to an inheritance. Each one was designed by the predecessor according to their will and preferences. The largest risk was that they encountered unorthodox inheritances.

Unorthodox inheritances could take many forms, but entering one was seldom an opportunity. They were mostly left behind by sinister cultivators, and some were simple deathtraps to kill as many as possible. Some cultivators even tried to use an inheritance to find suitable people to possess or turn into puppets.

But there was almost no chance that the system would give out unorthodox inheritances as a reward, so Zac didn't worry too much about it as he hurried back to his courtyard. As soon as he got back he sat down and took out the jade boxes containing the attribute fruits.

He didn't waste any time as he stuffed one odd fruit after another into his mouth. They had all kinds of tastes and textures, and the only thing they had in common was that they were extremely delicious.

At the beginning of his feast, he only felt a growing warmth in his body, but when he had eaten half of his personal collection he started to feel uncomfortable. His body was wracked with chaotic swirls of energy, and it almost felt like his body would explode.

Normally one would eat these things slowly one by one, but Zac had no time for that. Besides, he had absorbed far more chaotic energies than this before, so he knew that his body could take it. The minutes passed and he was soon proven right as all the cells in his body started to absorb the energies, and after two hours he dared to start eating more of the fruits.

It was around 10 am he had completely absorbed the 33 fruits that he had put aside for himself, and the results were pretty good.

Name

Zachary Atwood

Level

73

Class

[F-Rare] Hatchetman

Race

[E] Human

Alignment

[Earth] Port Atwood - Lord

Titles

Born for Carnage, Ultimate Reaper, Luck of the Draw, Giantsbane, Disciple of David, Overpowered, Slayer of Leviathans, Adventurer, Demon Slayer I, Full of Class, Rarified Being, Trailblazer, Child of Dao, The Big 500, Planetary Aegis, One Against Many, Butcher, Progenitor Noblesse, Duplicity Core, Apex Hunter, Heaven's Chosen, Scion of Dao, Omnidextrous, Eastern Trigram Hunt - 1st

Limited Titles

-

Dao

Seed of Heaviness - High, Seed of Trees - High, Seed of Sharpness - Middle, Seed of Hardness - Middle, Seed of Sanctuary - Early

Core

[F] Duplicity

Strength

582 [Increase: 60%. Efficiency: 121%]

Dexterity

290 [Increase: 45%. Efficiency: 121%]

Endurance

715 [Increase: 71%. Efficiency: 121%]

Vitality

353 [Increase: 61%. Efficiency: 121%]

Intelligence

131 [Increase: 45%. Efficiency: 121%]

Wisdom

146 [Increase: 45%. Efficiency: 121%]

Luck

132 [Increase: 65%. Efficiency: 121%]

Free Points

0

Nexus Coins

[F] 296 516 043

He had gained 11 points in Strength and Dexterity, 10 points in Endurance and Wisdom, 9 points in Vitality, 8 points in Intelligence and 7 points in Luck from the fruits. Together with the 20 points in Strength and 4 points in Dexterity he had allocated from his free points he had made another pretty huge leap.

He was even closing in on 2500 attribute points, something that very few people in the F-grade would ever accomplish. He remembered that was would also give him another title, perhaps even an upgraded one since he would no doubt be the first on the planet to accomplish such a thing.

Satisfied, Zac closed the status screen and stood up and turned toward a shrouded corner of the courtyard. Zac had sensed that Ogras had appeared some time ago, but he had been busy absorbing the attribute treasures.

"It's time," Zac said, looking over at Ogras.

"Finally, I was going crazy over here," Ogras muttered with an excited gleam in his eyes.

The two walked over toward the towers, and Zac had to say that he was impressed with what he saw when they arrived. The repository now stood in the middle of a large square shimmering in gold and white, giving it an almost celestial feeling. Someone had even created or found several large marble statues and had placed them at the edge of the circular square.

In each cardinal direction there was also a fountain that continuously sprouted out glistening cascades of light. Since there was no proper plumbing in the area Zac could only assume the effect was somehow powered with the help of arrays.

It was a huge contrast toward the somewhat desolate area before, and Zac felt that even Brazla had to be satisfied with the change. The only slightly odd thing was that the square was not connected to anything at the moment. The placement of the repository was within his inner wall, and there wasn't anything else close-by. So the square simply ended after a bit and gave way to the inner wall on one side and forest on the other.

Ogras was suitably impressed as well judging by his expression. The tiles that Zac had snatched from the summit palace were truly extravagant, and Zac had a feeling it would be extremely expensive if he wanted to buy something similar for his own courtyard.

"Those craftsmen you brought from New Washington are really coming in handy," the demon said.

"Those people did this?" Zac asked with surprise since he had mostly assumed that the demons would have been responsible for the construction.

With all that had been going on, he had no time to focus on the artisans that he brought with him after the auction, but he was happy he took the chance with them all that time ago. If the engineers could produce something as impressive as this in just two days, perhaps the others had made as impressive strides in their respective crafts.

It was about time that his investments started to pay dividends. He was funding everything from inscribers to all kinds of artisans at the moment. He even offered free Nexus Crystals so that everyone could get a class without risking their lives against beasts.

"Yeah, they were a bit rambunctious in the beginning, but after a few beatings and a few incentives they settled in properly," Ogras shrugged. "I think they worked especially hard now that the Heritage is getting added to the merit list. This construction probably had pretty big merit incentives since we needed it done quickly."

Zac nodded thoughtfully. He had already heard that it was as though people had been injected with adrenaline after hearing about the treasures and heritages getting added to the merit list. People were working with an almost fanatical fervor to gain access to those things.

A large reason was due to the effect of the contribution store that the System provided during the monster waves. Those who had survived and racked up a lot of contribution had made huge improvements between the contribution rewards and getting access to a skill in the Repository. Many saw the effect of gaining contribution points and wanted the same for themselves.

Some had a hard time getting accustomed to this odd new reality, but most had started to come around. There were no safety nets any longer, but hard work could conversely bring untold benefits. Who didn't want to live a few hundred years longer for example?

The two stepped into the towers, and both's faces couldn't help but scrunch up when Brazla slowly descended from the roof, shrouded in a golden light.

"Your offering is passable, though barely," Brazla said. "But do not become complacent. This is just the most rudimentary improvements for the surroundings of the Great Brazla. But I recognize that your force is poor as paupers at the moment, and I will not be unreasonable."

Zac felt his blood pressure increase, but he forcibly kept his temper in check.

"Glad you like it," Zac tersely said. "We're here to take two of the inheritance trials."

"Oh? Finally," Brazla said, looking mostly disinterested. "Which ones?"

"I'll be taking The Umbra," Ogras immediately said.

"Unsurprising, you are a shady type," Brazla said with a dismissive shrug before turning to Zac. "What about you?"