

## The Fall 437

### Chapter 437: Struggle for Supremacy

Barely healed wounds covered Zac's whole body after hacking and slashing his way through the 7th floor, and he breathed out in relief when he saw that he wouldn't face the floor guardian of the 7th floor immediately. Not even the thick armor of [Vanguard of Undeath] had been enough to prevent him from getting hurt from the increasingly intense battles.

He had already spent a full day to restore his combat strength to its peak on the 62nd level, but he still could use some more time to rest up. His upper chest getting obliterated had cost him a second Zethaya Pill, but even then it had taken a couple of days before he dared to swap over to his human form.

Losing a lung and maiming his heart wasn't too bad when he didn't need to breathe or pump blood, but in his human form it might have proved lethal.

Zac looked down at his token with a sigh, seeing that only 27 days remained. He essentially knew that reaching the 72nd floor was not only a matter of strength by this point, but also luck. Twenty-seven days felt like a lot, but it was only 3 days per floor. Getting stuck just once would probably mean his climb was over.

The time constraints also made him hesitant whether he would be able to experiment any more with his Dao Implosions. Continuously wounding himself hadn't really delayed him too much so far since he was pretty used to fighting wounded.

But the enemies were becoming pretty strong by this point, and the 73rd floor entailed another steep boost in difficulty. He couldn't keep running around with maimed bodyparts any longer unless he knew he wouldn't encounter the guardian for another day or so.

Besides, Zac had started to realize that his goal of using the bronze flashes offensively was far far away.

Zac had hoped that he would be able to utilize the mysterious flashes offensively by the time he reached the floor guardian, but the past days had proven that it was simply impossible. For one, he had only managed to actually force four fusions over a hundred attempts. Worse yet, each of those fusions had been so unstable that they had exploded in his face before he managed to use them for anything.

The fact that it was somewhat working felt like an indication that he was moving in the right direction, but he started to fear that he wouldn't be able to create a working system before he evolved. The question was whether his current progress could be considered a 'creation'.

He felt it was unique enough as he had never heard of anyone doing what he was attempting, and it was also suited to his special circumstances. He had also arrived at the system mostly by his own effort, rather than following a heritage or a master. Yrial was a definite influence on the path, but not to the point that it could be said that Zac was following in his footsteps.

In either case, it looked like he would have to fight without using prototype Dao Implosions on this level. But he was still confident in his chances, especially in his human form. He felt that he would be able to take out almost anything with unrelenting ferocity as long as he utilized [Hatchetman's Rage] and [Hatchetman's Spirit] along with his supreme attacks, which is why he had already swapped over to his Hatchetman class.

Looking around made his brows furrow though. It looked like he was in the middle of a massive arena, one a hundred times larger than the slave ring he wound up in after completing the 4th floor.

Zac sat on a platform rising roughly half a meter above a floor made of large tiles, and he noticed there was an array ensconcing the platform. Zac hesitated for a second before he walked over to gingerly touch it, and he found that it felt like solid rock.

It looked like he was trapped like a beast in his cage, and a Dao-infused punch to the array indicated that breaking it was likely beyond his capabilities. He grunted in annoyance but quickly calmed himself down as he sat down in the middle of the platform and sat down to rest up and figure out what was going on.

The first thing he had noticed was that his was not the only platform in the arena. He could spot at least two hundred platforms around him, but just a few had golden arrays like his own. Indistinct shapes of other warriors could be seen inside, but he couldn't make out any exact appearances of the others.

He could however tell that they were likely humanoids just like himself judging by the size and shape rather than war beasts. Was this some sort of colosseum where he would be forced to fight other gladiators to the death? If so, why hadn't he gotten any quest prompt yet?

And who was the floor guardian in this scenario? There were no spectator stands or people visible in any direction, and the arena simply ended with a vast emptiness, like they were on top of a disk floating around in space.

Was this another riddle he was too stupid to figure out? It had been a humbling experience realizing that he couldn't complete a single one of the quests of the 7th floor, forcing him to fight against the guardians instead.

Mostly it wasn't an issue of figuring out how to complete the quest. The problem was that it would take too much time, or that he didn't possess the prerequisite skills needed. Almost all the quests either required some specific knowledge or treasures to pave the way.

Even the quest on the previous floor requiring him to unseal a tomb to acquire a treasure within was hopeless. The array had completely stumped him, and it was designed in such a way that brute force didn't work. But he had somewhat expected such a result.

He had been going in knowing full well he would have to rely on his strength above all. But even finding the guardians was turning into a chore, which is why he barely had enough time to complete the 8th floor now.

The fact that he was stuck inside an array at the moment didn't help with his impatience to get going.

Minutes passed and Zac started to realize what was going on though. One array after another flashed into life, and another cultivator found themselves seated on a platform in the arena. After just 15 minutes half the platforms were filled, and Zac started to mentally prepare himself for a messy battle.

The closest platform suddenly flashed to life, and Zac looked over with interest. A hazy outline of a humanoid youth could be seen beyond the golden wall, and his head swiveled back and forth for a few seconds before he sat down.

“Shit, how unlucky. A battle of fate. I should have postponed my climb a day,” the youth swore. “Better not be any Tower Breakers today.”

Zac sat some distance away from the one who had spoken up, but he could still make out the words from the guy.

His mind spun as he tried to understand the scenario. This level felt different compared to those before. The previous levels had all placed him in some sort of scenario, where he already had an identity and a clear mission. But Zac knew this was different as he looked at the indistinct shapes around him.

Were these people actually real?

But where did they come from if they were real? Were they teleported here like he was during his Hegemony quest? Or judging by the words of the youth next to him, were these people also warriors climbing the Tower of Eternity? If that was the case there was no way these people came from his sector though.

If he passed the 7th floor he would be the first to do so for thousands of years in his star sector, but the Tower tested the young generation all across the multiverse. Scrounging up a couple hundred of people reaching the 7th floor shouldn't be too hard, especially not if it included people coming from higher-tier sectors with B-Grade forces and even higher.

But that presented a problem. He knew nothing of the capabilities of such individuals or the hidden means they possessed. What if they threw out hundreds of peak-grade arrays to blast this whole world into pieces?

There was also that term; Tower Breaker. Did that signify people strong enough to climb the whole Tower? Such a thing was unheard of in his sector, but it wasn't necessarily that case in other parts of the multiverse.

Zac barely couldn't comprehend the strength required for that. Even the normal level guardians of the seventh floor all possessed various unique advantages along with at least one Dao Fragment. How would the boss two floors higher look? Would it have Peak Fragments? Something even higher?

Zac hesitated for a second before he turned back toward the youth on the platform next to him.

“Hey, what's going on?” Zac said with a high whisper.

“You don't know?” the youth answered after a few seconds of silence. “You better crush your token, buddy. When the walls come down, blood will fall like rain.”

“Do you know about the Tower of Eternity?” Zac probed.

“Are you trying to test me?” the man laughed. “Well, whatever. We're all real. We know of the Tower of Eternity. We're just unlucky sobs who the Ruthless Heavens took an interest in.”

“What do you mean?” Zac probed, praying the chatty youth wouldn't stop explaining the situation.

“This is a rare scenario. A convergence of fate, you could call it. The Ruthless Heavens noticed a lot of promising climbers in the Tower at the same time, and instead of a floor guardian we get to fight each other. Fun, huh?”

“Why would it do something like that?” Zac asked.

“To make the survivors stronger, of course. What better way to become stronger than a life-and-death battle amongst the elites of the multiverse?” the youth snorted. “Shit, I had a pretty good chance of passing the seventh floor as well. Now I’ll have to do this stupid climb one more time.”

Zac frowned when he heard the youth complain. What he said no doubt meant that it was a lot harder to pass a floor like this than to fight the normal guardian. This was obviously pretty bad news.

After having fought one tough battle after another in the earlier levels of the 7th floor he knew he would be in for a fight that would push him hard when he met the floor guardian, but he still believed it would be manageable.

But he was far less confident about the messy situation he was in right now.

“Got any tips?” Zac sighed.

“Have fun and don’t get killed. That’s what my dad said when he sent me off, has worked pretty well for me so far.”

Zac wanted to glean more information out of the man, but the array around him suddenly started to flash as a screen appeared in front of him. Zac blanched when he read the quest, and any hope of the young man next to him lying was dashed in an instant.

The wording in the quest was all too familiar, and nothing good ever followed seeing that line.

[Struggle for Supremacy.]