

The Truth 700

Chapter 700 Forgotten history

The Northern Edge Mountain Range is too huge, its size equivalent to the total area of several planets the size of Jura.

However, there is one mountain located at the northernmost point, and yet it can be seen from the borders of the mountain range, and it can even be seen clearly from space! The Great North End Mountain... How high is this mountain? No one dared to guess a number.

Naturally, all the brave and adventurous people set this mountain in their sights, it was the compass when they were lost, the drive when they felt weak... Yet no one ever reached that mountain, they did not even come close. That mountain is the heart of the northern mountain range, Reaching it means crossing an area of multiple planets where every breathing thing tries to kill you! Even entering a few kilometers within the borders of the Northern Mountain Range is considered suicide, so what about moving towards the mountain?!

There is another reason. It is said that the Lord of the Northern Mountain Range, the monster at the top of the food chain on planet Nihari, owns that mountain... Crixus The Great.

No one knows the age of this majestic creature, but it comes out every now and then and leads a beastwave himself to kill as many intelligent creatures as possible before returning to the mountain again... This is a normal thing for a beast, but what is unusual is that the first attack in which its presence was recorded 420 thousand years ago.... that is, approximately during the era of the first Heaven's Chosen.

As for the strength of that creature, no one knows for sure either. Its huge size and irrational longevity are enough to strike fear into the hearts of everyone. Every time Crixus The Great appears, all the people of the North think that death has come, but something strange always happens.

The wyvern always destroys, burns, and eats whatever it wants, with its army of beasts with it cleaning whatever it leaves behind, but when the experts from all the tribes gather and fight it, it shows great strength that makes it kill a handful of them, but in the end, it retreats in pain and full of wounds.

That is, throughout history and in different eras, the power of the wyvern Crixus has always been equivalent to the power of the elite from all the twelve giant tribes combined, whether the elite at that time were ordinary warriors, shamans, Martial Dragons, or even Martial Emperors, there is always a balance!

Some scholars said that the level of Crixus' power is always equal to the level of the strongest giant in existence, meaning that if the strongest person is at the top of an average emperor, then Crixus will be at the top of a middle-leveled Martial Emperor. As for its ability to fight them all, this is due to its huge size, long experience, powerful blood lineage, and deadly flame, which is why he was called the Great.

For example: Since his first appearance 420 thousand years ago, Crixus the Great has appeared several times, and each time he kills tens of thousands of giants and destroys hundreds of cities and colonies, and each time he fights dozens of mid-level emperors before killing a handful of them and retreating full of wounds, and the cycle repeats.

Things got worse after one of the giants broke through to be a high-level Martial Emperor for the first time. Crixus gained enormous power and it took them the addition of the armies of the Twelve Tribes in order to force him to retreat. The situation was getting bloodier and worse every time, but they were able to do it somehow, and every time they cursed the first giant who broke through to be a high-level Emperor, but at least he helped them fight back when Crixus appeared during his reign.

But the situation was different 7 thousand years ago... Crixus The Great invaded the northern region again, but when the Giants' Emperors gathered that day to stop him, they were surprised that the gap between them and the Wyvern was enormous. The power that the Wyvern showed had surpassed that of a mere high-leveled Emperor by a large margin, it was level 48 or 49 at the very least!

On that day, neither the numbers of the Emperors nor the divine equipment were of any use, everything was shattered in front of Crixus's massive body and his unstoppable flames... Within one hour of fierce fighting, almost a quarter of the gathered experts were killed before the rest were able to flee in different directions.

Crixus's roar resounded in the sky and shook the lands. After that battle, after the Giants' Emperors were forced to retreat, there was no one left who could confront it. Within one month of that battle, Crixus wiped out all traces of intelligent life from the vicinity of the northern mountain range and pushed the Giants and their slaves south

But the great Crixus was not satisfied with expelling them, but rather it hunted for the largest group of intelligent beings at that time and appeared above their heads, wanting to wipe them all out, Everyone thought at that time that the North was over, that it will all belong to the beasts from now on... until that man appeared.

He appeared to be an ordinary male of the Nihari giant race. He had long, thick hair with blue streaks, and no hair on his face other than his eyebrows... Other than his strong presence, there did not seem to be anything special about him.

That giant laughed out loud as soon as he appeared and said the first and last recorded sentence about him, the greatest and craziest thing that could be said, "Haha, you really made me work to reach you, today I will ride you!"

Crixus roared angrily at this insult and a massive battle actually began.

Unexpectedly, the crazy giant did not die immediately...

The battle continued for a few hours, during which most of the giants who were trying to escape were killed by the shock waves and stray attacks. They tried hard to beg that crazy giant to drag the wyvern away, but it seemed as if he did not hear them at all.

After more than nine hours of continuous fighting, Crixus roared again, but this time in pain, then he turned around and beat his wings, speeding towards the north... That crazy giant laughed loudly and jumped after him as well.

This was the last time the two were seen.

Some of those present that day decided to build a statue of that giant and venerate him as a savior and hero, and some cursed him and said that that giant was the one who achieved a breakthrough and caused an increase in the power of the wyvern, and therefore repairing the damage he caused was only right.

But whether the reverence or cursing, it didn't reach that giant, and it did not continue for long either... There is a habit among all intelligent creatures, which is that if a calamity befalls them, they do not talk

about anything else, but after which they get busy with their lives again and gradually forget, no matter how great that calamity is.

Seven thousand years of generational succession were enough to erase that incident from the public's minds, especially since the large beast waves had completely stopped.