

GREED 911

Chapter 911 The Pack Leader.

The sight of his dead family members didn't fill him with dread such that he became silent. It reminded him that he is in a precarious situation. He is related to the traitorous pack leader so he is one of the targets to be hunted and killed. His current escorts might become his attackers soon. The chances of that happening increase the closer they get to the pack.

They approached the gate where there are two Warrogs standing guard. He noticed a tall white segmented pillar inside the valley. It is so large that it can be seen from outside the walls. It is taller than the walls and it got taller the closer he got to the gate. The pillar has many things written on it. They are written with blood. They are indistinguishable words written on it and drawn figures but they are all red against the white pillar.

"Who is this?" One of the guards at the gate asked them when they got close enough.

This guard is a female Beta. She recognizes the other two accompanying him by looks and scent so she was asking about Legion-6. She asked in their local language. The two Betas who accompanied him explained the situation to them in their local language.

Legion-6 didn't get anything from their conversation but he didn't interrupt. He waited calmly, listened attentively to the environment, and watched their body language. They spoke for a short while before they were allowed to gain access to the valley.

They informed him after they entered the valley. "There is a burial ceremony going on. The pack leader will be there. So we are going to the burial ceremony. You should be solemn when we get there. You know how important burials are."

He nodded in agreement as he observed the valley. There is a worn path that leads from the gate to the base of the mountain. The path also ascends the mountain and leads all the way to the top. The worn path is the main road. There are other paths that branch away from it.

The two mountains on the side have been dug out to create several caves and caverns. Wood and stone are then used to construct external sheds and other structures attached to the caves. These are the living conditions of the Warrogs.

The two Betas led him across the main path towards the white tall pillar. The pillar is at the foot of the mountain and there is a large group of Warrogs surrounding the pillar. The crowd is formed of Warrogs of all ages and sizes. They are all scantily clad. The only piece of clothing on them is the occasional leather skirt. He didn't look at anything much once he laid his eyes on the pack leader.

"Wow." He said.

"Right?" One of the Betas grinned at him and asked.

He admitted readily. "Yeah. Your pack leader looks very strong."

He is not surprised by what he saw but it is an exceptional sight nonetheless. The three of them are still far away from the crowd but he can already see the pack leader. The titan of a Warrog is easily twice as tall as the Warrogs around it. The pack leader literally stands out of the crowd.

He expects the pack leader to be much stronger and he has even seen bigger Warrogs but the difference in their size made him fully understand and appreciate how tall the pack leader is. He reaches the pack leader's knees in his current state. That difference is not for show.

Not only is the pack leader tall, but he is also full of too much mana. That much Mana in his body should make him explode. It should at least make it very difficult for the pack leader to not grimace in pain with every movement. But he didn't explode because the Mana is tightly bonded to his existence through spiritual threads.

From what he can feel, the current amount of Mana within the pack leader is not his limit. It is about half of his capacity. That's why Mana is currently funneling into the pack leader furiously. So instead of feeling pain, the pack leader is still growing stronger and his feeling refreshed. This process of strengthening is happening as Legion-6 watched.

"This pack leader must be consolidating his newfound strength after annexing a tribe." He thought to himself. "It is impressive to see. I am in big trouble though."

He was a Sovereign of law when he first saw the Warrogs. Back then, he was mildly afraid of them. They were stronger and taller than him so he feared them. But he could escape if he remained careful. And

even though they could pummel him back then, they couldn't kill him easily. Gehaldirah's concept made it very difficult for him to be killed.

That is not the situation here. He is very weak in a situation where violence is very easy to come across. He won't have a say if this goes wrong and violence is visited upon him. It is a dangerous situation to be in since he is very killable. But he has no choice in the matter. He has to continue pretending and hope that his cover holds up. It is the fate of the weak.

He got to see more of the pack leader the closer they got to the assembly. The pack leader has mostly brown shaggy fur. There is also a sort of mane around the head and neck of the Warrog. It is his hair. He has a lot of hair. It is so long that it extends across his spine, and ends in his tail.

The growth of the pack leader's hair is not restricted to his scalp. It grows on his head, neck, and back before finishing on the tail. He also has a set of impressive curved brown horns. One of them is chipped at the tip but that does nothing to reduce how intimidating he looks.

Chapter 912 Burial Ceremony.

Legion-6 and his escorts joined the crowd. The crowd made way for them when they noticed the two Betas. They made their way through the crowd until they reached someplace close to the center where the pack leader was. They stopped there and waited for the ceremony to be over. The pack leader was speaking when they arrived. He noticed their arrival but he didn't stop talking.

"...and so we will lay our fallen warriors today in the embrace of their ancestors. They fought bravely and with honor. They have done me proud so I shall allow them to be in peace with our ancestors."

The crowd listened silently as he spoke. No one moved or spoke. Even the children were quiet and solemn. The entire atmosphere of the assembly was solemn. A lot of warriors died today so they are being buried at the totem pole. It is where all their ancestors have been buried. It is an act that is more than a simple tradition. There is some significance to the act of sending their warriors to their ancestors.

The pack leader ordered solemnly. "Carry them to the embrace of their ancestors. Let them be at peace."

Some warriors came forward and began carrying corpses to the pillar. A wizened old Warrog stood by the pillar. This Warrog is as tall as the Alpha that he first met but that's only if he straightened himself.

His back is bent and he has grey hair on his head. His fur is thin and aged. The skin beneath it is wrinkled too.

The wizened old Warrog is the shaman and the only Omega of the tribe. The shaman dug into the corpses of the dead warriors for their vitality cores. He used a knife and his hand to split open the chest cavity and remove their hearts.

The vitality core is within the heart. The hearts he dug out are larger than usual and very strong. The shaman then crushed the heart against the white pillar or totem pillar. It is as if he smeared the pillar with the heart. Then corpses are thrown into a fire that burns them to ashes.

The white pillar began to glow brighter the more hearts were crushed against it. It absorbed each heart as if it were made up of porous absorbent material. It soaked up the crushed heart leaving only the blood smear. These blood smears form a contrast against the white surface of the pillar.

The pillar absorbed the hearts and glowed brighter. The blood smears on its surface also began to move about on its surface. The speed of their movement increased as more warriors were buried in it. There are a lot of corpses because the dead warriors of both packs are being buried.

It is not the fault of the warriors of the opposing tribes that their pack leader didn't surrender. They would have been their fellow pack members now had the dishonorable pack leader surrendered. What matters is that they listened to their pack leader even when they had lost. They fought honorably to the last man standing and they will be honored with a proper burial.

The pack leader has given them that privilege because they obeyed orders even in the face of death. Besides, they have the right to be buried at this totem pole. Some of their ancestors were buried in it too. This totem wasn't this big earlier today. It is bigger because the totem pole of the two tribes has been combined. It has grown stronger just as the pack leader is currently growing stronger.

Only the family members of the dishonorable pack leader won't be given a burial. Their corpses are to be left outside the city to rot. They will never enjoy the embrace of their ancestors because of that decision to not surrender. It is a punishment that is part of the culture of the Warrogs.

Legion-6 thought to himself, 'It is as if it is alive.'

He is talking about the pillar. The pillar became very bright. It brightened the dim environment and shed light everywhere. Legion-6 felt spiritual fluctuations from the pillar. There is a lot of spiritual energy within it. The totem contains the accumulation of thousands of years of Warrogs. So it is able to display spiritual fluctuations that should only be seen in living things.

The pack leader continued to speak after everyone had been buried. "Our warriors have gotten peace. They will rest today and some will take over their mantle. The world moves in a cycle of life and death. We have lost some warriors today and we will gain some warriors today. Let us bow our heads in respect for our ancestors."

Everyone bowed their heads including Legion-6 when he noticed that everyone else was bowing. He felt the spiritual fluctuations of the totem pole reach a peak before it suddenly exploded. A wave of spiritual energy swept the crowd of ten thousand. The wave passed through everyone and even reached past the gate at the entrance of the valley.

He felt the spiritual fluctuation slam into him. It didn't clash with him as it should when spiritual power from two different beings meet. Instead, it drilled into his body like a fish in water. It reached within him to his core and tugged at his divine ability. It wanted to activate his divine ability but he restricted it.

Nothing happened for a short while. The surroundings remained silent. But the spiritual fluctuations finally took effect in others. He heard growls from several places in the crowd.

The pack leader shouted. "Secure them now."

Several warriors scattered into the crowd. They found the sources of the growls quickly. One of those sources was close to Legion-6. He saw a young female Warrog growl. Her teeth and nails began to grow out. They elongated into monstrous things.

Then she fell to the ground. Her body began to spasm and shake. It looked like she was having a seizure or a fit of epilepsy. Her body began to undergo more changes as she shook.

Chapter 913 A Silver Lining.

First, her fur grew wildly. Then she bent on herself. Her legs elongated and bulked up. Her arms also bulked up but they did after twisting around. The bones and joints of her arms changed rapidly. Her skin didn't break despite all the changes. It expanded like an elastic material to accommodate the changes.

But her muscles were not spared from the changes. They morphed and changed with her skeletal structure.

In a short while the female Warrog changed and became unrecognizable from the upright humanoid being that she was before the spiritual fluctuations acted on her. She became a gigantic four-legged savage beast. Her fur had grown out and her size had increased. She is much bigger than her previous form. Even her horns have increased in size. She is also feral. It seems the changes disrupted her consciousness. She reverted to instincts because of it.

She stood up on all fours and howled to the moon. Then she turned her attention to everyone in her vicinity. She has been given a wide berth but that is not going to be enough. She intends to inflict violence on others from the look in her feral eyes. She is very big so she will be able to cover the short distance between her and her closest target easily.

Fortunately, she didn't have to go looking for a fight. The warriors beside her began their work immediately after she was done with the change. Each changing Warrog was assigned to a squad. The squad surrounded them and the Betas began to beat them.

A fight ensued. The Betas punched and kicked her despite her being bigger than them. She fought back as best as she could but she was outnumbered. Each one of the Betas is also stronger than her. Her size is not doing her any favors. So she became wounded very quickly.

The Alphas in the squad watched the ill-treatment without interfering. They only moved after their charges had been beaten until they were too weak or injured to fight back.

The Alpha stood above the beaten beastly girl and roared at her, "Submit."

It was a command from one paragon to another. It is a way to determine hierarchy. Betas will obey and submit. Then the Alpha will force them to transform back to their previous forms. Most of the ones that changed because of the spiritual fluctuations of the totem were handled this way. They transformed back to their humanoid form after a round of beatings.

The changelings are not the same as they were before they changed though. Their humanoid form has been changed by the ordeal too. They have lost some weight and have thinned down. Some of them even have visible rib cages due to the loss of body mass.

Some others in the beast form didn't listen to the Alphas. They either roared back in defiance or resisted in other ways. They are Alphas too so they won't listen to another Alpha even if they are broken and bruised. Other Alphas have no hierarchical leverage over them. So the Alphas will beat them again and drag them to the center of the assembly where the pack leader is.

The beastly lady beside Legion-6 is one of the Alphas. She refused to submit so she was beaten again so that she won't resist while being dragged. She was dragged with 11 other potential Alphas to the pack leader. A single growl from him finally did the trick.

The growl reverberated through their bones and echoed throughout the valley. Those who are Alphas will listen to him. After all, he is the Alpha of Alphas. They are merely whelps and are nowhere strong enough to defy him so they will listen.

Only those who are Omegas won't listen. Omegas stand alone. They don't listen to anyone. In that case, they will be expelled out of the pack and into the wild. Most of them die in the wild. It is rare but some will enter the Underdark and never return.

But some of them will be lucky enough to survive in their savage state. They will transform back to their humanoid forms on their own and regain their senses. But they cannot return to their tribes. They have to find another tribe that will take them. It is called a pilgrimage for indenture.

All 11 of the potential Alphas transformed back to their humanoid form. It was a messy process that is no doubt very painful to experience. Their humanoid form has also become leaner. The activation of their inner beasts took its toll on them. None of them were an Omega so they all listened to the pack leader. Omegas are rare despite the special method that the Warrogs are using to evoke their potential.

The pack leader inspected the new paragons with satisfaction. He said to himself, "The harvest this time is good. Our ancestors have been good to us. I am satisfied."

They say that half-bread is better than none. This situation is half of a bread, but the pack leader is satisfied nonetheless. Warrogs didn't need this method to become Paragons in the past. Every one of them could grow stronger on their own while some were paragons. That was the full bread in which they had both the quality of paragons and the quantity of warriors on their side.

But now, most Warrogs can go their whole life without forming their vitality core. The invocation of the spirits of their ancestors is needed to forcefully awaken the dormant potential within them. This process has led to the creation of more Paragons than there were in the past but the Paragons are weaker than they used to be. There is only half a bread of quantity now.

The totem pole is an anchor for the spirits of their dead ancestors. It is a physical anchor for the connection between the dead and the living. The connection between the Warrogs is the spiritual anchor. The power of the physical anchor is then converted to real power through the spiritual anchor.

Chapter 914 The Cons Of The Awakening.

The dead warriors can awaken new warriors by transferring their own potential to the living and awakening theirs with it. This is possible because races with Paragons are beyond social creatures. They have a bond akin to a spiritual network that connects all of them. They can be connected even with their dead.

This method of awakening has ensured the existence of paragons within their race. The stronger the totem, the more paragons can be awakened. And since only Paragons can become vitality core stage and more, the Warrogs have been able to maintain some level of strength.

The fact that they are still able to awaken paragons despite the curse on them is a silver lining. Which pack leader will not be satisfied? But the harm has already been done. The Warrogs don't have access to their main divine ability anymore. Their Paragons are but empty vessels compared to the ancient paragons.

This process even has some detriments. The forceful awakening of the Paragons by the totem pole forced a Vitality core to be formed. That's not how a Vitality core should be formed normally.

The vitality of the body should become more than what the body can contain and then form a focused organ to store it when the vitality reaches a certain threshold. But by forcing the creation of a vitality core, vitality is siphoned from the body to create the core.

That's why the paragons are leaner when they return to their humanoid form. They will recover physically, but their potential will never recover. So they are not only weaker than ancient paragons, they also don't have access to their divine ability to eat flesh and empower themselves with it. But the pack leader is satisfied because the alternative is worse.

Legion-6 was perplexed as he watched the proceedings. He made sure not to show it on his face as questions whirled through his head.

He knows what the totem pole is. It is a semi-religious and cultural symbol for the ancestors of the race.

Other races have something similar to it. They form shrines dedicated to certain warriors and heroes. The worship of the shrines leads to the animation of their statues or spirits in the form of ancestral gods. Those ancestral gods then go on to become heroic spirits.

What the Warrogs have is a little different but it is essentially an anchor for past warriors. Other races strengthen themselves by using the powers of their ancestral gods. They turn their totems into actual fighting manpower. But the Warrogs are using the spiritual accumulations in the totem to awaken themselves instead of transforming it into an ancestral god. It all seems like a weird way to waste the potential of the totem pole to him.

He believes that it will be better for more sacrifices to be made to the totem pole and then it should be weaponized as an ancestral god. That's because he doesn't know about the unfortunate situation of the Warrogs. He doesn't know that they need this process or they will die out. He didn't ask any questions though. He remained quiet like the others and observed intensely.

The newly created Paragons were carried away. Then the pack leader spoke to them.

"Rejoice, for today we are joined by more brothers and sisters in arms."

"We have lost some comrades today and we have gained some more. But no matter what, we will always have our loved ones with us. They might not be with us physically but they are with us spiritually. And one day, we too may join them. And live forever in the embrace of our ancestors."

Then he raised his hand to the sky and shouted, "Glory to the brave and honor to the mighty."

Everyone else joined him in shouting. "Glory to the brave and honor to the mighty."

Then the crowd dispersed. Everyone went on their way leaving the shaman who was still busy with the totem and watching the fire. The pack leader also remained where he stood. Legion-6's company nudged him and began walking towards the tower of a Warrog. Legion-6 followed them with mild trepidation.

He feels only mild trepidation probably because he is not afraid of death. But his fur straightened the closer he got to the pack leader. It is not a reaction to his fear. He is not afraid of the pack leader despite being outclassed. That doesn't mean he will do something stupid because of pride. Pride and potential don't mean strength. He can die now whether he knows his potential or not, whether he believes he is in danger or not.

His body definitely knows that he is in terrible danger. It is reacting weirdly because he seems to be approaching a storm and not a living entity. The whirlwind of invisible mana around the pack leader is causing his fur to become charged. That's why it is straightening against his wish. If that isn't enough indication of how much danger he is in then nothing can be enough. He will be too foolish to be saved.

He was already struggling to breathe by the time he got close to the pack leader. He was struggling to breathe in because the air keeps being sucked out of his lungs. Then there is the pressure around him that is making it difficult for his chest to expand.

The little air he managed to breathe in was not even useful to him. It is ozonized and charged so it is more dangerous to breathe in than to risk suffocation. All of these are simply because he is in close proximity to the Alpha of Alphas.

He bowed with the Betas when they bowed. He doesn't want to disrespect this powerful entity and have his life cut short just one day into it. You have to respect someone who is so tall that you only reach his knees. Such a person just needs to sit on you or kick you to kill you.

Chapter 915 Defiance Is My Way.

The pack leader sniffed the air with his wet black nose. Then he said, "I smell an Omega."

He turned to them and asked, "Are you the Omega?"

Legion-6 nodded calmly.

"You look like an Omega. You are not suppressed by me. And it seems you are also stupid. You are not afraid of me. I smell no fear in you. Instead, I smell a determination to fight. Your body reeks of it. Do you think you can fight me? Should I teach you fear?"

Legion-6 panicked then.

"It seems that things are about to go bad." He thought to himself. "Either way, I will not go out without a fight."

Death is sure if they fight. That's what he believes. But he is not so outclassed that he won't fight. He can deal a blow to the pack leader at the cost of his life. And he could be wrong about the certainty of death. But if he doesn't fight, he will never find out.

He is in fight mode but he made sure to remain calm. He bowed and said to the pack leader, "My lack of fear for you doesn't change your might and power. I am an Omega. Defiance is my way."

The pack leader stopped looking at him intensely. He turned to the two Betas and said to them, "Speak."

"We were stationed at the entrance of the Underdark watching for the escaped mate of the dishonorable pack leader when he suddenly came out of the entrance. We examined him and questioned him. He told us that he is an Omega that got lost. He was lucky enough to find the blood trails left behind by the mate. It is from a wound we made on her back. Our Alpha instructed us to bring him to you."

The pack leader then returned his attention to Legion-6. He began to examine the youngling intensely. The silence continued for a minute before he spoke.

"What's your name?" He asked Legion-6.

Legion-6 coughed to clear his throat before answering. "I don't have one."

He didn't cough because he was intimidated. He wanted to lie and make something up but instincts told him that doing so would be very bad for him. There is something about the piercing gaze of the pack leader that tells him that it will be a bad idea to lie. He has to either speak the truth or don't speak at all.

The truth is that he doesn't have a name that people call him and he is also Legion-6. So he chose the harmless but still truthful answer.

The pack leader asked another question. "Why are your teeth, horns, and claws black?"

Again Legion-6 carefully chose the truth that he replied with. "I was born this way."

He didn't say that he doesn't know because he does know. His teeth, horns, and claws are black because of his divine ability. The Warrogs that he knows have these features too. Black teeth and claws are the signs of paragons. Their fur might be different but those body parts are always the same. They are always black.

So it should be obvious to any Warrog why he has black ones. But the fact that he hasn't seen any other Warrog with them and the pack leader asking him means it is odd here and that he has to be careful of what he says about it.

"Hmm." The pack leader said noncommittally.

Silence descended heavily on them since no one was talking. The Betas aren't saying anything and the pack leader is just content with glaring at him menacingly. The silence is double uncomfortable due to his difficulty in breathing. If not for his vitality core, then he will be tackling suffocation with the uncomfortable silence.

Then the pack leader nodded. "You are welcome to the Iron Fur pack. I give you this permission as the pack leader of the tribe. I know you are on a pilgrimage and you want to indenture yourself to the totem of the pack but I can't give you that permission."

"I want another Omega in the pack especially since the shaman is becoming old. But the right to indenture yourself to the totem can only be given by the Shaman. I am sure you know this. After all, you are an Omega too and defiance is your way." The pack leader said with a sneer.

"I understand and I appreciate you giving me the chance."

"I hope for your sake and mine that you have something worthy prepared. Do you have something worthy prepared?"

"Yes, I do," Legion-6 replied in affirmation.

"Good. That's good." The pack leader nodded. "I hope you gain a name soon. It will be a pleasure to give you one if the ancestors don't."

Then he said to the Betas, "Take him to the Shaman and return to your post. Tell your Alpha, Tesrat, that I will send someone to replace her squad and she should see me immediately after she returns to the valley."

The pack leader left them after giving his instructions. He began to ascend the mountain while the Betas took him to the Shaman. The shaman is still close by so they didn't need to go far to look for him. The shaman was sitting by the bonfire when they got to him.

He noticed something about the shaman when he got closer to him. There are a lot of tattoos on the body of the shaman. They are both on his skin and fur. The tattoos don't have any special or meaningful shape. The only odd thing about them is that they are the same color as the smears on the white totem pillar.

The tattoos are like someone scattered red paint all over the fur. Some of the tattoos are circular. Most of them have irregular shapes and none of them are squarish with straight lines as edges. They have no rhyme or purpose. But there is some beauty in their randomness.

Chapter 916 Blow Your Mind.

"The pack leader said we should bring this Omega to you. He wants to indenture himself to our totem." One of Betas said.

Then the two of them left him with the old Warrog.

"So you want to indenture yourself to my totem pole?" The shaman asked him with his divine sense.

He replied. "Yes. It will be an honor."

Actually, he doesn't want to indenture himself to some totem of some weak backward pack but he has to in order to keep up his cover. He is not like other Omegas. He is strong enough on his own and he has the law of Slaughter within his divine ability which he is intimately familiar with so he doesn't need the assistance of a totem.

The old Warrog spit into the fire. Then he grumbled and said grumpily, "I don't care if you will be honored or not. You have to be very convincing or I won't allow you to indenture here. You will have to look for other tribes if you disappoint me. I don't care that I am old and dying or that this pack needs a replacement, you better do a good job of convincing me or I will reject your request."

'Grumpy old coot that is already one foot into the door of death.' Legion-6 grumbled inwardly.

The Shaman can grumble and so can he. But he can't grumble outwardly or it will severely hurt his chances of getting an agreement from the old coot.

Omegas are like that. They are stubborn and don't like to listen to anyone. It is why the pack leader cannot order the shaman to accept him despite being stronger than the shaman. The way Omegas interact with others is different from the way Alphas and Betas interact. It is by mutual agreement, not a show of force. No one can order them around.

He thought to himself in resignation. "If I were in the plane I was supposed to be in, I wouldn't have to go through all of this. I wouldn't have to beg to indenture myself."

He said to the Shaman, "I am sure we can come to an agreement."

The Shaman warned him, "We better do. Or no indenture for you."

An indenture is a process whereby an Omega forms a bond with the totem of a pack. Omegas are exiled from their pack so they can't form connections with the totem of their pack. They have to look for someone else to allow them to form a connection. Hence the need for a pilgrimage.

Binding to a totem is not a frivolous endeavor done out of reverence or culture. Everything that doesn't give you strength or power is frivolous. Omegas are capable of enhancing their mental prowess with totems. So Omegas become more powerful when they bond with a totem. The bigger and older the totem, the more power they get from the connection.

In the situation where a pack doesn't have a totem, an Omega can start one with them. The sacrifices and burials made to the totem will strengthen it. So a new totem cannot compare with an old one with a long history of sacrifices and burials.

Omegas don't need a pack to make sacrifices. They can hunt on their own and strengthen their totems with what they kill. But a single person cannot compare to the power of a pack. The manpower of a pack will speed up the rate at which the totem is strengthened. So an already-established totem with a pack is always preferred.

But old and powerful totems with the support of a large tribe aren't just lying about waiting for someone to bond with them. It is highly likely that someone is already in control of it. New Omegas need the permission of the Omega in control of the totem to agree to share their power. So they must have something to convince the one in control.

"I have something here that will surely impress you. I dare say that it will blow your mind." Legion-6 told the old Omega.

The Shaman scoffed. "I doubt that. I very much doubt that. I have lived a very long and fulfilling life. I have seen a lot of things. Things that you have never seen or heard of. It will be very difficult for you, a youngling, to impress me. As for blowing my mind, it is almost impossible for you to do so. My spirit is reinforced by the spirits of more than ten thousand ancestors. My mind cannot be blown literally or metaphorically. I will eat sand if you... If you... If..."

The Shaman's words caught in his throat when he saw what was in Legion-6's clawed hands. His eyes boggled and his words caught in his throat. He swallowed before speaking.

"Am I seeing things?" The shaman struggled to ask.

Legion-6 smirked. "What do you think?"

He is holding a small whirlwind in the palm of his hand. It is a spell created by manipulating wind. Its authenticity can be easily verified by sensing with the divine sense that the shaman has. So the shaman should be able to know what he is doing and that it is real.

"I think it is real. I also think it is very possible. But it is highly unlikely. So it is more likely that I am hallucinating. I am old after all. Yes. That's it. I am hallucinating."

"Stop messing around and tell me what you think."

The Shaman came to his senses. Then he asked, "Where did you get this?"

"I found the spell parchment in the Underdark." He lied.

He can lie to the Shaman. The shaman is not a Mana entity with a weird intuition for sensing truths and lies. So he can lie. He chose to use a spell to dazzle the Shaman due to his observation of the Warrogs of this plane in the short period that he has encountered them and from the things he has heard from the Betas.

Chapter 917 The Totem.

He has seen enough of the Warrogs to know that they don't have spell legacies. They haven't studied the intricate control of mana. Their society is still at the tribalistic stage. He decided to use a spell to impress the old Warrog. It seems he was right.

Most races that delve into spell crafting have a large population of Mana entities. Mana entities are close enough to Mana and can perceive it better to know that it can be used for much more than strengthening the body. They will then make research into magic to strengthen the soul which will also benefit Vitality core stage refiners.

Vitality core refiners have limited lifespan, Mana perception, and spiritual resources to create spells. They are like the Shaman here. They will get old before they can make meaningful progress in the development of spells. This becomes doubly difficult if they don't have a written language and a method of knowledge preservation.

He has only seen one Mana entity from amongst the population of more than ten thousand so Mana entities must be rare around here. Warrogs aren't also good with spells because they don't need them.

Their divine ability makes magic useless to them. So he made the conjecture that spells are rare here. The way the shaman was surprised by his display confirmed his conjecture.

So he lied about where he got the spell. It will otherwise blow the Shaman's mind if he hears that it is a simple plaything that he came up with just now. Someone who has mastered several laws, who has wielded world power, who has created a concept, and who has a fragment of an eternal soul cannot have difficulty coming up with a whirlwind spell. Someone like that also doesn't need a totem but someone like that has to act like they need one to avoid suspicion. Besides, joining a pack will give him benefits in knowledge and manpower.

"You've been to the Underdark?" The Shaman asked in disbelief.

He said proudly, "Yes, I have."

"You must be one lucky Omega. And you even brought back up a spell. I wish I had half your luck."

Legion-6 wants to know what makes the Underdark so terrifying but he curbed his curiosity.

He said to the shaman. "You can also try your luck and go to the Underdark. You never know if you're lucky enough until you test your luck."

The shaman laughed. Then he smiled and said, "Alright. I find you very convincing. Show me the spell information and I'll give you access to the totem."

Legion-6 smiled too. "That's not how this will work old man. You add me to the totem first and I'll give you the spell. Note that I have nothing on me. So the spell is in my head. This is the only way you will get the spell. That is unless you plan to take a trip to the Underdark and test your luck as I suggested."

The shaman's smile broadened. "Good youngling. You're not as naive as you look. But see, there's a problem with that arrangement, what if you give me fake information and I can't cast the spell? What do I do then? You would have cheated a weak and nearly senile old man. That's too bad."

Legion-6 rolled his eyes. "You will have to take the gamble old man."

The Shaman shook his head. He doesn't plan to cheat Legion-6. He would have allowed him to gain access to the totem after verifying the spell. But that would have taken time. Legion-6's way involves a gamble. It is a gamble that he is willing to take. He is not insulted or feels disrespected that Legion-6 doesn't trust him. Omegas are like that. They trust no one but themselves.

So he said, "Go ahead. And be quick about it."

The shaman urged him so Legion-6 extended his divine sense to the white pillar. He let his mind touch the totem. Then he ventured into it with his divine sense when he didn't face any resistance.

His divine sense met with an ocean of spiritual energy. Within that ocean are several little stars. The inside of the totem is like a dark night with the atmosphere made of spiritual energy that can be felt. The little stars flow about in this ocean of spiritual energy like a school of fish or a swarm of fireflies.

There are two large stars within this school of fish. They produce light that overshadows the light of the other little fireflies. One of the stars is the connection of the Shaman. This connection has a swarm of tiny lights revolving around it. There are many more tiny lights in this dark world but the little swarm around the star is the limit of what the shaman can handle.

The other star is the connection of the pack leader to the totem. There are no swarms around the star of the pack leader. It is because the pack leader gains his empowerment as a paragon from the living while Omegas gain empowerment from the dead.

"So these are the so-called ancestors." He thought in wonder.

The little stars are what's left of the warriors that are buried within the totem. They won't empower an Alpha of Alphas. But the presence of the star of the pack leader gives him the right to deny the admission of some people both living and dead to the totem. That's why it is important for the pack leader to grant warriors the right to honorable burials or they won't be able to rest with their ancestors.

If the pack leader doesn't agree then the remnant of the warrior will not be accepted into the totem. This right is of no consequence to the dead. The dead don't care if they are buried or not. It is the shaman that this restriction impacts the most. After all, the shaman is the one who needs more remnants of the dead to gain power. A limit on his supply of those remnants will affect him negatively to a large extent.

Chapter 918 A New Name.

Despite the Shaman being largely autonomous, he has to do some of the things that the pack leader asks for in order to remain useful to the pack. The shaman must be valuable to the pack. Give and take must occur between the two parties or the pack leader will begin to oppose the Shaman in every way.

The pack leader doesn't gain anything from the little lights but he has more control over them than the Shaman. This is because the little lights are remnants of warriors and warriors always listen to the pack leader. In this way, the pack leader will be able to affect the source of power of the Shaman to a large extent if he is dissatisfied with the Shaman.

"This can be considered a symbiotic relationship between the paragons and the pack," Legion-6 said in understanding.

"Will my presence here be welcomed?" He asked. Then he smiled. "I can only come back and teach them a lesson if it is not."

So the totem is a common ground for cooperation between an Omega and the pack. The totem belongs to the pack and can strengthen an Omega, so an Omega has to work for the pack. Legion-6 is now joining this cooperation. The two of them, both the pack leader and the Shaman can work against him now. They can refuse his attempt to bond with the totem pole but he has their permission so everything went smoothly.

If his spirit is strong enough, he can overwhelm their resistance and add himself to the totem forcefully. It just so happens that his spirit is strong enough. Fortunately, he doesn't need to. It is both for his good and for theirs that he doesn't need to force his way into the totem.

He let his spiritual energy flow into the totem through his divine sense. There was no pushback so a third giant star appeared within the totem pole. Many little lights flocked to the new star. They swarmed around it and began rotating around it. His star became a whirlpool that is sucking in all the stars. The stars aren't resisting either. They are rushing towards his star eagerly.

"Whoa, easy there," he thought to himself when he noticed that almost every little star in the totem wanted to start rushing in the direction of the new star.

He can allow all of them to come but that will show more than necessary of his capabilities. He will infringe on the benefits of the Shaman if he reduces the number of lights rotating around the Shaman's star and he will also make the pack leader suspect him of being more than what he seems.

So he reduced the strength of his soul even further. This cut down his influence in the totem. The whirlpool around his star settled down immediately. The fuss around his connection died down. The number of lights that swarmed his star is about half of the Shaman's.

The little lights swarmed his connection the way that flies are attracted to light. They came because he is living so he can supply them with spiritual energy. But his spiritual energy also attracts them to him because he is an Omega. The little lights circled his connection excitedly as they guzzled on his spiritual energy in exchange for granting him power. They whispered a single word to him.

"Ragnarok! Ragnarok! Ragnarok!"

They repeated it again and again. It is what they are calling him. His soul is so strong that he can end their world within the totem by attracting them and pulling them out of the totem. So they called him world ender. He can end their world by wishing to.

The Shaman said to him, "I see that you have been named. Congratulations."

He smiled and replied, "It is a pretty good name."

The name pleases him.

"Good for you." Then he urged Legion-6 again. "Hurry up and give me the spell."

"Here you go, old man." He said and passed the spell framework to the shaman through the divine sense.

The Shaman became lost in thought. His eyes became unfocused for a while. Ragnarok used the time to observe the changes that forming the connection with the totem has made to him. The little lights didn't

make his soul stronger but they increased the malleability of his spirit. He has become capable of creating more Mana threads for lesser spiritual power.

His soul is very strong but he has to limit how much of it he can use currently. If he couldn't perfectly control his soul then his body would be pressured by the burden of an overpowered soul and explode. The limit he put on his soul also affects how well he can control Mana.

Mana is not controlled as a whole entity. A point of contact is made between Mana and the divine sense. This creates a single thread of control. Many people can create many threads at once. They will just have poorer control the more threads that they create.

So there is a choice to be made between the quantity of threads and the quality of threads. He can create 10 threads of Mana that he can create perfectly. Any more than that and he will start to lose control or risk breaking the limit he placed on his soul. But the influence of the little lights helps him to maintain perfect control for up to 20 threads without burdening his body.

It is a significant improvement that will improve his spellcasting. The cost is the spiritual energy that the little lights are siphoning from him. He has a lot of spiritual energy so he doesn't mind the loss. It is a worthy exchange for more power.

He was brought out of his musing when he heard the sighing of the old shaman.

Ragnarok thought to himself, "It seems he is done assessing the spell. I wonder if he will know that it is a fake spell."

Chapter 919 Country Bumpkin.

If the Shaman is not familiar with spells, then he should not be able to tell functioning ones apart from defective ones. That's what Legion-6 thought when he gave the Shaman a faulty frame for the spell. The spell looks authentic but it can't be cast.

A little spell like that is nothing to Legion-6 so he should be able to give it away. But the fact that he should and can doesn't mean he will. They are two separate things. It is in his nature to always maximize benefits. The right to indenture himself to the totem is not enough benefits to grant the Shaman a working spell.

He thought to himself in amusement, "It doesn't matter if he can tell it is fake or not. I will deny it if he says it is fake. He can't do anything either way. I have already bonded with the totem."

"So. How was it?" He asked the Shaman.

"It was enlightening. It was very enlightening. I can't cast it yet but I can tell that it is very profound. It has also answered some of the questions that I have about the life-giving energy around us. I am in awe of this spellwork. It is really beautiful to look at." The shaman praised it.

Ragnarok resisted the urge to roll his eyes or make fun of the old shaman. The best way to describe the Shaman right now is a village boy who is seeing a city for the first time in his life. The worst way is that the Shaman is an uncivilized person seeing glass for the first time and marveling at it.

He doesn't even know that the glass is faulty and might break any moment. The broken glass can cut the Shaman and make him bleed just like the faulty spell can cause a backlash on his mind if he tries to cast it. Legion-6 might become the only Shaman of the pack if that happens. That event will surely maximize the benefits of indenturing to the totem.

He thought to himself without shame or guilt, "It will be an unlucky mishap that has nothing to do with me. If anything, the Shaman will have me to thank for the life lesson of not messing around with spells of unknown origin. I am generous that way."

This is a lesson that is inevitable in the endeavor to discover the power of spells and when researching spells. He is not going to deprive the Shaman of that lesson by giving him a functioning spell. That's just cruel.

He did not make fun of the Shaman. Instead, he asked about something more important. "Why is there nothing like the spell above ground?"

The shaman sighed again. This time he sighed in sorrow. He became silent before answering the question. "It wasn't like this in the past. There are some stories and myths that tell of a grand and prosperous time for Warrogs. In those times, Warrogs roamed the lands with impunity. Warrogs pillaged and burned however they wished. We had a great civilization back then. It was full of powerful emperors that threatened to take over the world. We were prosperous."

The Shaman became silent again. A look of nostalgia appeared on his old, wrinkled, and tattooed face.

"What happened?" Ragnarok asked impatiently.

"We fought the tree people and we lost. Our race fell from grace. It is said that we were also cursed. No one knows what really happened. But the tree people who defeated us are still present in the world. They have spells like the one you showed me but they prevent such knowledge from getting into our hands. Our race is being oppressed. Only the emergence of an emperor can save us."

The shaman lapsed into another fit of melancholy.

He roused the shaman again with another question. "Then why is the spell in the Underdark? Shouldn't it be above the ground?"

He was the one who lied about finding the spell underground but the Shaman is the one that believed him. The Shaman even rationalized that the spell must belong to the tree people. He wants to know why something that belongs to the tree people should be in the Underdark.

The Shaman shook his head before replying, "You're so young. I should tell you our tales and myths before I die so that you can pass them on to the next generation. As Omegas, we are free from the conflict between packs, so it is our job to be historians. We are to save our stories and history so that they won't die out."

"So why is the spell in the Underdark?" He asked again.

"Youth and impatience. I was once impatient too. Those were decades ago. I have become subdued and old now. Time has not been kind to me. If only I could break through to the next stage. I would be able to prolong my life. Unfortunately, I am too old. Death is coming for me soon. I will never..."

It was Ragnarok's turn to sigh. He asked for the third time, "So why is the spell in the Underdark?"

The Shaman tsked. "I envy your youth. The tree people that defeated us have a terrible power. Some say that it came from a great artifact and others say a great being granted them the power. Either way, that power is great and precious. It caused a rift between the tree people. They were undecided on how they should use it so they divided. Some of them went to live underground."

"The underground used to flourish too but it was hit by a terrible calamity hundreds of years ago. The underground civilization has long since become a place of taboo and perilous danger. The spell you found is probably from one of the tree people that went to live underground."

The shaman sighed again. Ragnarok didn't bother him anymore since he has gotten the answer he wanted. He began to ruminate on the things he learned.

"It is certain that the underground is dangerous. I felt it. But what can make an entire underground civilization become a taboo?" He asked himself."

Chapter 920 No One Is Special.

"Those tree people are also elves. The way that the shaman described them looks very similar to elves. So some elves went underground because of some great power. What is this great power? I should find out since I don't really have any priorities."

He has been going with the flow since he reincarnated. It is necessary for one to be flexible and adaptable in a strange unknown environment to survive. He went with the flow and he will continue to go with the flow because he doesn't have any major aim apart from becoming an origin God again.

He reincarnated for the purpose of understanding the secret of the power of paragons. That is something he can achieve by simply being alive. Then he will become an Origin god if it becomes necessary to add the power of paragons to the repertoire of Legion in order to achieve perfection.

This great power that the elves have is a good distraction that might benefit him or Legion so he wants to find out. He also wants to know why there is a red circular object with a demonic influence blocking the sun.

"There's also the constant feeling that someone is watching me. I must get to the bottom of that." He told himself.

He first had the feeling of being watched as soon as he was born. That feeling hasn't disappeared. He has a very strong perception so he should be able to tell if he is being watched with a divine sense but he can't feel the fluctuations of any divine sense locked onto him.

The fact that he is unable to pinpoint who is spying on him cannot be good. He is being constantly spied on so his situation is not safe at all. As if that isn't enough, the fact that he can't determine how he is being spied on indicates that whoever is doing the spying is stronger than him. That means the spy is at the Origin god level at the least.

"It is just one problem after the other." He thought to himself.

The shaman said to him, "Come to think of it. It is said in those stories that the ancient Emperors had black horns, black teeth, and black claws."

Ragnarok replied by pointing at himself. "You mean like my own?"

He first expressed shock. Then his expression changed to that of excitement. He asked in excitement, "Do you think I am special? Do you think I can become an emperor too?"

His questions cracked the shaman up. The old coot began laughing. He even hit his thigh and held his stomach as he laughed wholeheartedly. Ragnarok put up an insulted expression.

"What is so funny?" He asked sullenly.

The shaman wiped away tears from his eyes. "Oh, youth." He said wistfully.

"Stop saying that." Ragnarok insisted.

"I have to say that. What other reason is there for you to think that you can become an emperor? It has to be youthful innocence and confidence. Your black horns don't make you special. No one is special."

"Oh, youth." The shaman said again to spite Ragnarok.

"It isn't that funny."

"Everyone thinks they are special and meant for great things when they are young. So in a way, you are not even special in having false confidence." The shaman said then he began to roar in laughter again.

Ragnarok sat on a log by the fire. He looked pissed off but he isn't. He knows he is special. He just doesn't want others to know that. But one has to be smart about how to hide. Sometimes, hiding something in the open is better hidden than some secret location.

That's why he didn't reject the Shaman's suspicions about the color of his horns. Instead, he acted like a hopeful and naive youth who doesn't know the danger he is in. His claim that he might be special became ridiculous. The fact that he confirmed the suspicion reduced the authenticity of the suspicion.

The shaman laughed his old heart out. Then he became serious. "You are officially a shaman now. I will teach you the ways of a shaman. You must have felt the boost from the totem. It is truly something, isn't it?"

Ragnarok replied with false excitement, "It is wonderful. I have never felt so powerful."

The Shaman nodded in pride. "The totem just got bigger today. I can't even use its full capabilities. It is because Sauron successfully annexed another tribe. The fusion of totems is a boon to me and you."

"It is truly a boon. This way, we won't be weaker than Alphas." Ragnarok agreed. Then he said, "I heard about the recent fight. It was a fight to the death because the pack leader of the other tribe was dishonorable."

The shaman's face darkened. He said seriously, "Don't always believe what you hear. Nothing is as it seems on the surface."

His interest became piqued immediately. He asked, "Why don't you enlighten me? What really happened?"

"I will. After all, it is something that you should know as a new Shaman of the pack. It all has to do with the political situation of this mountain range we live on. There are 11 large packs in total living on this mountain range. The iron fur pack that we are part of is just one of the large packs."

The shaman began explaining the situation of the pack and the mountain range. Sauron, the pack leader of the iron fur pack is young and ambitious. He just replaced his father as the pack leader. It was an amicable succession. His father got old and sacrificed himself willingly to the tribe's totem to strengthen the pack.

Sauron took over the pack but he wasn't satisfied. He wanted to empower himself further by annexing another pack and increasing both the living space and the population of his pack. That made him target the sharp tooth pack.