

Supreme Lord 1

Chapter 1 Prologue - Calamity Record

High in the air above a bloodied battlefield, countless streams of energy were slowly gathering in one place.

The streams intertwined with one another, weaving a large and all-seeing eye that watched over the entire battlefield beneath it.

Thus, the record of the calamity began.

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Tightly clutching the blood-soaked spear and clad in black leather armor that had been torn to shreds, a man stood facing his opponents with a mocking smile.

His jet-black hair was disheveled, and his body was bruised and battered. However, he paid no heed to the wounds and instead let his gaze roam over the vast expanse. His vibrant eyes and his fierce gaze observed the enemies that surrounded him from all sides.

There was no way out.

The man knew that he would die here.

But even in the face of imminent death, his expression did not falter. It was filled with mockery.

"To think that the oldies left their reeking caves to fight next to the young prodigies of the Origin Expanse. I would have never expected to be that popular amongst the young and old," The man chuckled with a hearty smile on his face, "I can even see some archenemies putting aside their worthless pride to ally against me. That's so sweet~"

The Elven Empress was present, and so were the Asura Emperor, the Demon King, the Dwarven Lords, and many more esteemed figures who hardly ventured outside their territory. However, today was different. Today's action was a necessity to ensure their survival and the end of a vexing cockroach.

Instead of facing each other with their grand armies to tear their enemies apart, all archrivals stood united, their blades pointed in one direction.

The man could hear the roars of some oldies, while others sneered, but his smile never ceased. They looked confident; however, their eyes exposed the true feeling they held in their hearts; uncontrollable fear.

Despite being heavily outnumbered, he did not make a move. Everyone was wary of the man's final attack, their weapons poised to strike the coiled serpent the moment he bared his fangs.

The stand-off continued for several hours until the sun set behind the horizon. The last rays of sunlight shone upon the battlefield, and the effect was catastrophic.

At that moment, it was as if the battlefield turned into a sea of blazing flames.

The man finally turned his body.

Alerted, the powerhouses surrounding him took a big step backward.

By now, the man's surrounding was stained with his blood. His face was deadly pale, and in the glow of the descending sun, it held a brilliant glisten.

Watching the setting sun, he chuckled lightly.

"My Fangs wi—...Hmm?" The man stopped in his movements, and he stiffened as he realized something.

"This..."

He gazed at a certain spot in the air above him, and uncontrollable anger swept through his body.

"Who are you? How dare you use a spell on me?!" The man's eyes narrowed, and he changed his stance in an instant.

His abyss-like eyes shone, unveiling something that was hidden from the rest of the world.

Twisting his body, he threw the black spear without hesitation, cutting through the emptiness that unfolded in front of him.

And the moment the spear made contact with the void, space twisted and the scene changed.

What was left behind was a horrified young man writhing in endless pain after having been pierced by a razor-sharp blade, a spear blade.

Clutching his chest, the young man shot up from his seat, feeling dazed.

However, the only thing he saw when he looked down at his chest was a familiar old, tattered book.

'What the hell was that?'