

## ~ Day 66 ~

"So? How about it old bud? My path ain't that half bad." - The Undaunted

Snapping out of my stupor by the sudden intrusion of his words, I shook my head, slightly animated.

"Hold your horses, I've got seven others I have to check." - Me

"Tsk, fine..." - The Undaunted

Not sparing the disgruntled projection of me another glance, I continued on to the next figure. Standing before a version of me that was almost double my height, and five times my body mass in muscles, I could only incredulously stare at his body.

*This is vitality and magic, right? Not strength and vitality?*

Apparently, the hulk before me took the stunned gaze I shot him for awe rather than confusion, and with a self-satisfied smirk, he began flexing his massive muscles in multiple show-off stances. Staring even more dumbly now, I was about to speak, but I was interrupted by the hulk 'me's deep and sonorous voice.

"You don't have to tell me, I already know. I really am just that impressive right?" - ???

The overly narcissistic tone in his words caused me to cringe visibly. I knew that I had become increasingly arrogant with each evolution I went through, and I had even started to worry that the path of evolutions I was walking down was affecting my mind at a fundamental level, however, even for me this was a bit over the top.

Coughing awkwardly, I decided to just dodge the comment.

"-Ahem... uh, so? What path do you represent?" - Me

He seemed displeased that I didn't indulge in some praising and fawning of his inflated ego, but luckily he dropped it and stopped his posturing.

"I represent the path of the Sanguine Juggernaut." - Sanguine Juggernaut

As before with the Undaunted, he simply lifted a meaty finger and tapped it to my forehead. The serene landscape of the spirit realm disappeared, now replaced with a vast open expanse of lush rolling plains. Standing to my side was the hulking me. He was staring out into the distance, his fists and muscles flexing in bated anticipation of something.

Only a moment passed before my attention was suddenly drawn toward the same spot in the distance he was staring as a low rumble shook the earth beneath. A faint cacophony of roars and a shudder of the ground was the only precursor to the stupifying sight that entered my eyes.

In the distance, cresting the hills like a thundering tsunami, were a vast horde of beasts and monsters. From as small as a horse to as big as a two-story house, the beasts came in every variant. Some flew, but most ran on the ground with the tidal wave of monsters trampling the landscape unrecognizable.

The sight was horrifying, and I had not the faintest clue of just how many beasts there were. It was endless. Glancing hesitantly to my side, I recognized the inundated battle lust and fervor burning deep in the eyes of hulk me. The sight of this endless beast horde seemed not to discourage him in the slightest, but instead, he was literally itching for a fight.

Crouching down like a tiger ready to pounce, his massive muscles bulged as a slight haze of sanguine mana started to radiated off him. With an earth-shattering leap that left a small crater behind him, he exploded into the air like a cannonball. Within a moment, he appeared

above the horde, and like a meteor descending from the sky, he utterly crushed any in the vicinity of where he landed.

It was almost like the whole horde had come to a standstill in that moment, but it didn't last for more than a blink of the eye. Carnage. Blood, viscera, and body parts standing flying in every direction and take long arcs into the air. Like a juggernaut, he simply ran each and every single beast down like an indomitable and unstoppable force.

Ripping them to pieces with his bare hands like they were paper and punching others that collapsed in on themselves, he laughed boisterously, his deep baritone voice causing widespread horror in the eyes of every single beast.

I was still confused as to actually why he looked and fought exactly like some kind of strength path, but after some pondering, I realized what he really was doing. He was indeed a vitality and magic power combination path. However, he technically specialized in physical prowess.

With his overwhelming vitality, he had forged a body capable of withstanding just about anything. It was an indestructible vessel. With that, he actually flooded his entire body with his raw magic, something that would most likely utterly destroy oneself if they attempted it. But with his unnatural constitution, he could acquire physical power much greater than any normal warrior.

Magic wasn't rare or powerful for no reason, and literally flooding your body would definitely give it overwhelming power. Although I could see some drawbacks with this method as mana definitely wasn't infinite, it was a terrifying strategy and intrigued me deeply.

The scene of utter carnage slowly died down with the remains of the horde dispersing from terror, with the Sanguine Juggernaut standing in a sea of blood and gore. A ferocious and pleased smile on his lips. Appearing before the hulk again in the spirit realm, I looked into his eager eyes.

"Bwahahaha! Know you understand the might of the Sanguine Juggernaut! Good, good. So all you have to do is to pick me n-" - Sanguine Juggernaut

"Sheesh, why are you all so impatient, I haven't even gone through half of you yet." - Me

Grumbling displeased, he just looked away, as if offended.

"Hmph! Fine little me, but hurry back when you realize this is the only real path." - Sanguine Juggernaut

"Sure..." - Me

Sighing at the odd eccentricities that these projections apparently had, I moved on.

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The rest of the paths were all increasingly odd and unnerving. While the Undaunted, the first path I met, told me that these projections of my possible futures down their respective paths were anything but accurate, I couldn't help but worry if I picked one of these that I would end up like them.

The remaining six combination paths were as follows; The Changeling, The Undying Abomination, The Crimson Fiend, The Devourer, The Leech, and The Paragon of Eldritch.

The Changeling was a deceitful and stealth-type path. It had the capability to completely change the structure and appearance of its own body in split seconds. I saw a vision of it assassinating kings and bringing havoc to a rebellion by foiling both side's plans. Although it specialized in sneaky and less confrontational situations, that wasn't to say that it had any disadvantage out in the open.

You could be accosting a simple peasant for being a spy and within a blink of an eye, you're suddenly face to face with a behemoth monster that's the size of a multiple story building. While this path seemed to have almost endless utility, the slightly unhinged look in the

Changeling's eyes gave me goosebumps. I wasn't sure, but it seemed that constantly changing between forms and body took a toll on his mind, and I heavily doubted that I could myself endure such things and still stay the same.

Next up was The Undying Abomination, the one figure that had actually given me the most apprehension when I first looked at all these versions of me. It was extremely unsettling that I could recognize myself in this version of me, especially since it truly was an abomination. A mountain of flesh, rot, and several other things that would have me puking out all the contents in my stomach if I had to even attempt to identify.

Luckily, I was in the spirit realm, so there was nothing to throw up. However, that didn't lessen the sickening visage of the abomination that was somehow still resembled me. It was a path of depravity. Like the giant Rangore I had fought in the arena, all of the Abomination's vitality points went towards mass and health.

It used magic to fuse with other masses and creating an increasingly large and overwhelming body. Although this body was easily chipped away at, it had an even easier time acquiring more flesh and mass by the fallen bodies of its victims. I had seen a vision of it being in the heart of a city with some red-skinned furry-looking humans, where it caused utter pandemonium and chaos.

The sight was truly horrifying, and the massive abomination simply tore down the city with each of its habitants being added to its body of horrors. Although I could definitely spot a lot of drawbacks and weaknesses with the path, it definitely was one of frightening proportions.

The path of the Crimson Fiend was a breath of fresh air, to say the least. It was the projection that looked like me the most of those I had met so far, the only variance being his slightly taller and thinner stature. This path was actually a lot like the Sanguine Juggernaut whereas it used an overwhelming amount of vitality and magic power to create immense physical strength.

But instead of strength, the Crimson Fiend created a result of immense agility and dexterity. During the vision, I didn't even have a chance to catch the Crimon Fiend's after image when he sprung into combat. I only saw people dropping dead, one by one.

Moving on, it was the most unnerving one of them all. The Devourer. While the Undying Abomination was clearly the most disgusting and revolting, the Devourer was clearly the one who was most fucked up. Utter insanity and madness could be glinted in his predatory eyes, even worse than the daemoness, Asial, whose clutches I had once fallen into.

His limbs were kind of elongated, reminding me of the crimson ghouls I had once fought, but it was clearly his face that caught all the attention. His mouth was way too big for his face. Curved up into an enteral smile, the lips of his mouth literally almost reached his ears from side to side.

In the vision, I saw how that mouth could be opened way beyond anything that should be possible. It seemed that his mouth was his primary weapon as it was infused with mana to increase its deadliness. Equipped with a maw that could bite through anything, high speeds, healing any wounds by simply consuming flesh, and a penchant for eating his foes alive, the Devourer was truly a horror on the battlefield.

Next, the path of the Leech. His appearance, I actually never managed to see. He was cloaked in a cloak of darkness, much more than simple cloth. It completely obscured his appearance except for his face. His face was like mine, but just as a decrepit and old man instead. But although I couldn't see his body and just his face, the shape of his body told me that he had long since discarded the semblance of any humanoid shape.

In his vision, I saw him having taken over a whole city of dozens of millions. The inhabitants were diminutive blue-skinned humanoids, almost reminding me of hobbits, just with blue skin. But all these inhabitants acted like mindless zombies as they milled listlessly about, streaming into the center of the city.

Delivering their blood and what seemed to be some kind of mystical essence that held their souls together, the leech took it all. He had seemingly implanted not only mind domination in their heads but also injected them with parasites of corrupting shadow tendrils that marked their blue-skinned bodies in streaks of darkness. It was almost like they were in various states of necrosis, but they simply moved onwards like zombies, unheeded of their own decrepit states.

Shaking my head at the dishearteningly mad paths presented to me, I sighed. While all of the paths were promising and looked overwhelming powerful, most and if not all seemed to carry the luggage of depravity, insanity, and corruption. However, that all changed once I stood before the last and final path.

## The Paragon of Eldritch.

He actually looked pretty much exactly like me, with only some slight differences. His hair was more vibrant, the platinum-silver locks mesmerizing to the eyes, and his eyes seemed to speak with some inviable truth deep within not only my soul but also my life. But other than his appearance, what really set him apart was the aura of unadulterated life potency radiating out from him in waves of undulating pressure.

It seemed like his body was an invaluable treasure, containing the very essence and truth of life itself. A light flashed in both of our eyes when we met our gazes, but instead of saying anything, he simply smirked and sent me into a vision.