

Devil World 1181

[Chapter 1181: The Powerful Mech Emperor!](#)

Within the Devil Domain, the manifestations lunged at the Mech Bugs and bit down viciously, however, as their sharp teeth came in contact with the armor of the Mech Bugs, it only caused a loud metallic sound, and no harm came to the Mech Bugs.

The 5,000 Mech Bugs opened their mouths, and the strange runes on their back glowed, as they began to take in the Devil Qi.

These 5,000 Mech Bugs were the result of spending on a whole load of precious D-Grade Alloy, each one powered by a Type 8 Mutant Beast Nucleus. For the sake of these Mech Bugs, Zu Yuan Ting had expended many Type 8 Mutant Beast Nuclei, that was why there had been so little Type 8 Mech Lords that invaded Earth.

Their defenses were incredibly tough, even Type 9 powerhouses might not be able to pierce through. At the same time, they could absorb all sorts of energy.

Yue Zhong's expression turned ugly, as he waved his hand and retracted the Devil Domain.

The 5,000 Mech Bugs then turned into silver beams as they shot towards Yue Zhong.

On the other side, Zu Yuan Ting waved his hands, as a number of nano cells flew out from his body, entering the skies.

Those fist-sized cells quickly transformed as they flew, turning into military satellites equipped with D-Grade particle cannons.

When those military satellites soared up, they began to fire out beams that were 2 fingers-wide, as they transformed into a fire net under Zu Yuan Ting's control, blasting towards Yue Zhong.

The particle beams were not large, but when gathered and focused, they were enough to cause a wound on even a half-step True-God expert.

Under the assault of those beams, Yue Zhong waved his hands, tearing multiple spatial tears that exerted a suction force on those Mech Bugs.

In a flash, hundreds of the particle beams and a dozen Mech Bugs were swallowed up by the spatial tears, not causing Yue Zhong any damage.

A Type 9 powerhouse could utilize spatial laws to his advantage, opening spatial holes as he willed it, and it was one of the strongest trump cards in a Type 9 expert's arsenal.

"Space manipulation? I will seal it!!" The eyes of the 9-head Dragonhawk flashed coldly, as he grabbed out and channeled his own laws, breaking apart the spatial tears caused by Yue Zhong.

As the spatial tears crumbled, the remaining Mech Bugs surged towards Yue Zhong, while numerous D-Grade particle beams continued to fire out.

At the same time, the Mech Emperor Zu Yuan Ting opened up many holes on his body, as Type 7 Mech Beasts flew out, forming a huge army. They activated some energy shield and began to launch into an assault at Yue Zhong.

While a single Type 7 powerhouse would only be killed in a second by a Type 9 expert, numerous Type 7 experts gathered together could get into formation, and make use of circumstances to threaten a Type 9 powerhouse.

Zu Yuan Ting was a Type 9 A.I., and his speed of evolution was much stronger than Bai Yi's. His strength was not in close combat, but in producing numerous Mechs and Mech Beast armies to form a perfect combination to lockdown his enemies before killing them. After he was injured heavily by Yue Zhong in close combat, he immediately adjusted his methods, switching to his common style of fighting.

All around the smart chip of Zu Yuan Ting, there was a precious constellation space crystal, containing numerous Mech fighters, as well as large amounts of nano cells. It allowed him to produce over 10 million Mechs easily.

Surrounded by such numbers, many Type 9 powerhouses had fallen, turning into Zu Yuan Ting's trophies.

A cloud of black nano cells shot out from Zu Yuan Ting's body, turning into a clone of his, charging through the Gates of Hell that connected the Mech Empire to Earth.

Yue Zhong turned into a shadow, braving the numerous D-Grade particle beams, as he executed the Cosmic Finger, as a large cosmos appeared, slamming into the 5,000 Mech Bugs and particle beams.

Pressured by the cosmos, the 5,000 Mech Bugs withdrew slightly, forming shields on all fronts, spitting out silver energy to link themselves up, as they combined into one body.

The powerful cosmos energy swallowed the D-Grade particle beams and struck the shield in a loud explosion.

The terrifying shockwaves that resulted shot outwards in all directions, directly vaporizing the Type 7 Mech Beasts that were flying out of Zu Yuan Ting's body.

However, before the shockwave dissipated, the joint form of the Mech Bugs released their transformation, as they quickly shot towards Yue Zhong once more.

The military satellites soaring towards the stratosphere continued to fire out at Yue Zhong.

Zu Yuan Ting's body was still churning out numerous Type 7 Mech Beasts that pounced towards Yue Zhong.

At the same time, more Mech Beasts were pouring out from the Gate of Hell.

Even the 9-Head Dragonhawk who was trying to attack Yue Zhong was filled with slight fear, "This Zu Yuan Ting fellow is truly difficult to deal with. Seems like I'm weaker. However, his base body is weak in terms of combat. I should be able to make use of this in the Tower of Babel."

The 2 Type 9 monsters from the Mech Empire were just making use of each other to enter the Tower of Babel. There was no trust, it was just a temporary alliance. After all, they were still competitors.

Yue Zhong punched out, forcing the 9-head Dragonhawk back, as he frowned and thought, "The Mech Emperor is really strong! Even half-God Aji Hong would not be his match. With the God-Devil Physique, I'm barely forcing a stalemate, it's difficult to defeat him! With 2 half-God powerhouses attacking me, there's a chance of perishing here! I can't drag out anymore."

"Armor!"

With a thought, the radiant Gold Battle Armor appeared on his body, as a holy and archaic aura surged out from him. At that moment, he seemed to have become that powerful True-God expert, invincible and indomitable.

As the numerous D-Grade particle beams from the skies slammed into Yue Zhong, they were deflected towards the 9-head Dragonhawk.

Caught unprepared, the 9-head Dragonhawk was pierced by many beams, and he became grievously injured.

The 9-head Dragonhawk retreated, eyeing the armor on Yue Zhong with shock, "What is that? How come it's so overpowered? Is that one of those legendary Gold-Grade Treasure?"

Yue Zhong swept a cold look at Zu Yuan Ting, and with a flash of his body, he shot towards the Mech Emperor.

The 5,000 Mech Bugs gathered quickly, forming into a huge silver shield, blocking Yue Zhong.

Without pausing, Yue Zhong sent a fist into the silver shield, his terrifying strength exploding out, blasting out a hole as he continued towards Zu Yuan Ting.

"Gold-Grade Armor, damn bastard!! I will be back!!"

Seeing Yue Zhong shooting over, Zu Yuan Ting's face fell, and he quickly split apart into 2,000 clones that attacked Yue Zhong, while another 2,000 quickly scattered in various directions.

The 4,000 clones all had strength at the Type 8 realm, and Zu Yuan Ting had to expend a huge amount of energy to execute this skill, their combat strength not at the peak.

The 2,000 clones that pounced towards Yue Zhong lit up and exploded.

The self-detonation of 2,000 Type 8 powerhouses was a force to reckon, exceeding even the resulting devastation from 200 million tonnes of nuclear weapons.

The terrifying explosion blasted outwards in all directions, leveling everything in its path. It caused the ground to split apart and shook violently while buildings within the vicinity of 1km collapsed and crumbled.

The blast even enveloped the 5,000 Mech Bugs and the 9-head Dragonhawk.

Faced with that terrifying explosion, the countenance of the 9-head Dragonhawk fell, as he reverted to his original form, a huge Dragonhawk of over 2km in size, his 9 heads snarling, as he activated a green energy to cover himself.

However, his body was still ripped and shredded due to the force, as light-gold blood splattered, and deep gashes and cuts appeared on his body, where the gold bones could be seen.

He screamed out in agony and fury, "Damn you Zu Yuan Ting!! I will not let you off!!"

Zu Yuan Ting's decision to self-explode without caring for his allies or foes had cost the 9-head Dragonhawk heavily, and he likely needed a few dozens of years to recover to his peak.

[Chapter 1182: Subduing Zu Yuan Ting!](#)

In the aftermath of the explosion that could heavily injure a Type 9 powerhouse, Yue Zhong shot out, still decked in the Gold Battle Armor, his breath steady and calm, and his vitals still strong. Evidently, he had not been injured.

"This armor is really too sick, if I did not have it, I would have been heavily injured."

Yue Zhong sneered, and swept out with his gaze, instantly locking onto his target. With a flash, he appeared in front of the Gate of Hell, grabbing out at thin air as a transparent ball fell into his palms.

The transparent ball immediately transformed back into a mini-version of the Mech Emperor Zu Yuan ting. However, his current aura was only at the initial-Type 8 realm. He had a look of fear and shock as he shouted, "How is this possible? I had already hidden all traces! No scanners could have picked up my trace, and any divine sense would not be able to detect me! How did you do it?!"

Self-exploding, before making away in stealth, this was the final trump card of Zu Yuan Ting. He had not expected Yue Zhong to see through his real self and grabbed him. This sort of shock was even more than that when he saw Yue Zhong emerge unharmed from the explosion. Since Yue Zhong put on the Gold-Grade Armor, he knew he could not harm him.

A Type 9 expert with a Gold-Grade treasure, allowed Yue Zhong to be almost invincible among all Type 9 powerhouses. Only those with a similar treasure or those old freaks that were half-step True-God experts could possibly harm him.

Yue Zhong spoke indifferently, "To my God-Devil eyes, there's no use employing any illusion or stealth skills. Unless you have a Gold-Grade treasure to hide your aura, otherwise, it would be a waste of effort. Zu Yuan Ting, submit to me and work for me. I can spare you from death."

He was after all a Type 9 Super A.I., much stronger than Yue Zhong's Bai Yi. Zu Yuan Ting alone could control countless Mech Beasts and Mech fighters, engaging on multiple battlefronts without exhaustion.

In fact, if Yue Zhong did not have the Gold Battle Armor, he would have been defeated by Zu Yuan Ting. This long-time Type 9 Mech Emperor had any means at his disposal and was difficult to deal with. Once Yue Zhong could subdue Zu Yuan Ting, he could control more resources as well as a terrifying Mech army.

Zu Yuan Ting regained his composure in Yue Zhong's hands as he roared out, "Hahaha, Yue Zhong, if you want to subjugate me, you're still lacking! Just kill me, I've lived for over 30,000 years, it's enough!"

"Fine!"

Yue Zhong's voice turned chilly, as he shot towards the 9-head Dragonhawk, and sent out a Cosmic Finger towards the 9-headed beast.

"Yue Zhong!! I've no grievances with you!! Why must we kill each other?! Let me leave I'll head back to Galastar, and as long as you're on Earth, I will never step foot here, nor make you my enemy!"

The 9-head Dragonhawk let out a shrill howl, as he conjured a true-dragon claw out of one hand, the other a hawk, and each of his heads began to spit out 9 different laws. There was darkness, flames, lightning, light, ice, water, poison, destruction, curse, as they all slammed into the cosmos energy.

The 9-head Dragonhawk was also a powerful existence, wielding 9 different types of power. Since reaching the Type 9 realm, he had comprehended 11 different laws and did not fear Zu Yuan Ting until he saw what the Mech Emperor was capable of.

The 2 opposing energies struck each other, and the 9-head Dragonhawk's attack instantly disintegrated, while the huge cosmos still continued to press down on the body of the Dragonhawk, suppressing his heads and causing his flesh to split and bleed.

After injuring the Type 9 Dragonhawk, Yue Zhong slammed into the body, his right hand like a blade as he slashed out at the body, tearing numerous bloody wounds, as the Dragonhawk bled even more profusely.

He then grabbed out at the Type 9 nucleus within the 9-head Dragonhawk's body, pulling it out with a cold laugh, "Back then, you had treated me like an ant, and almost killed me. Today, you've died at my hands! What a refreshing feeling!"

The life force of a Type 9 powerhouse was extremely strong, even as the source of his life and power had been snatched away, the broken 9-head Dragonhawk continued to stare at Yue Zhong hatefully, gasping weakly, "So it was you! That weak, puny human near the Mech Empire!! Damn it, I regret not squashing you to death!! I curse you, I curse you!!"

Yue Zhong stepped forward coldly onto the remaining head of the Dragonhawk, immediately squashing it in a shower of blood.

With the death of the Dragonhawk, an abundant amount of energy surged through Yue Zhong, helping to accumulate with his body.

Seeing how Yue Zhong slaughtered the Type 9 Dragonhawk without any mercy, the body of Zu Yuan Ting within Yue Zhong's grasp trembled uncontrollably.

As the most outstanding of AIs, Zu Yuan Ting was basically no different from a human. He had the emotions and feelings of humans, and as long as he willed it, he could even copulate and bear children. Likewise, he feared death.

With a thought, a powerful energy shield covered Zu Yuan Ting, covering all contact between him the outside. He then raised his watch and asked Bai Yi, "Do you have the ability to consume Zu Yuan Ting?"

Bai Yi was the strongest A.I on Yue Zhong's hand, if she could consume Zu Yuan Ting, then she could immediately evolve to the Type 9 realm, and become the strongest sentient A.I. there was.

Bai Yi replied swiftly, "No, my core's potential is too low. If I were to come in contact with him, I would become his puppet in 5 seconds, and become his clone entirely in 30 seconds."

"Since that is the case, although it's somewhat of a pity, you can go and die, Zu Yuan Ting!"

Yue Zhong shook his head, and grabbed out with his right hand, squeezing tightly. The pressure forced the smart chip to be revealed, hidden within 4 Type 9 nuclei, engraved with numerous runes.

This was the true body of Zu Yuan Ting, and on it, were his consciousness, his memories, and the numerous principles and laws that he had comprehended.

The 4 Type 9 nuclei were the power sources, and because of them, Zu Yuan Ting was able to suppress Yue Zhong with his numerous means.

Right under the 4 Type 9 nuclei, there was the constellation space crystal, with the abundant resources and treasures Zu Yuan Ting gathered over the millenniums, and it was much more than what was in the Mech Empire.

At that moment, the cells quickly regathered to form a mini Zu Yuan Ting once more, as he pleaded, "Yue Zhong don't kill me!! I'm willing to submit and work for you!!"

Zu Yuan Ting was pleading on the surface, but he was secretly plotting, "A great man knows when to yield and when not, now I can lie to him first. When the time is right, I will flee. As long as I can flee back to the Mech Kingdom, he would have no way of capturing me!"

Zu Yuan Ting was the Mech Emperor, and he might be fearful of death, but there was still a pride in him. He would definitely not be willing to be Yue Zhong's subordinate.

Yue Zhong relaxed his grip, revealing a bemused expression, ordering "Oh? You're willing to submit? Fine, open up your chip and let Bai Yi absorb your source code, allow her to evolve."

"Sure! Sure! Yue Zhong, I will open up my source code now." Zu Yuan Ting spoke in a submissive manner, at the same time, his chip began to open up, revealing the important source code within.

Inside the chip, there was a strange structure formed by 8 fine inscriptions intertwined, containing the mysteries and wonders of artificial intelligence.

Yue Zhong looked at it and his eyes brightened, "These Super A.I is truly interesting. It's too bad that I'm not too well-versed in this area. It's impossible for me to replicate such an intricate program."

As Zu Yuan Ting released his source code, he thought viciously, "When the A.I. of yours come in contact with me, I will swallow her and make her my clone, and plant her beside you. Yue Zhong, since you humiliate me to this extent, I will not let you off."

Zu Yuan Ting had come across Bai Yi the moment he descended on Earth and knew Bai Yi's grade. There was no threat from her at all. He was sure he could consume Bai Yi without anyone noticing, turning her into his clone.

"Zu Yuan Ting, you've fallen for it!"

At this time, Yue Zhong shot him a cold laugh, and with a thought, the Radiant Battleship in the void glowed and fired out a beam directly at the source code.

[Chapter 1183: Gathering of the Various Races!](#)

There was a scream from the chip, "No!! Damn you, Yue Zhong!! You lied to me!!"

The Radiant Battleship was a product of a True-God expert, and the computer on the ship was more powerful than Zu Yuan Ting by many times. However, as the previous intelligence of the ship had been wiped out in the battle between the True Gods, its remaining strength had no way of invading a smart chip of a Super A.I.

However, once Zu Yuan Ting opened up its smart chip, revealing the source code, the Radiant Battleship could directly hack it and control it, laying down all sorts of restrictions.

Under that sort of assault, Zu Yuan Ting struggled maniacally. However, it was barely a short moment before his internal workings were grasped entirely by the battleship, and his resistance became weaker as he finally slipped into peace.

By the time his consciousness was quiet, the Radiant Battleship fired once more into the source code of Zu Yuan Ting before disappearing.

Just as the glow from the Radiant Battleship disappeared, the smart chip closed up once more, as numerous cells poured out, forming a human-shape, without the slightest discourtesy as he bowed, "Your slave Zu Yuan Ting greets Master. In the past, this slave has offended Master, please punish me as you deem fit."

Yue Zhong looked at Zu Yuan Ting and was pleased. He released his grip, "Very good, Zu Yuan Ting, go gather your forces from the Mech Empire and wipe out all enemies of humans on Earth."

"Yes! Master!"

Once his chip landed on the ground, a number of high-quality cells shot out from his constellation space crystal, forming around the chip and becoming the humanoid shape that he had come to Earth in.

As he was reforming, he grabbed a few Type 8 nuclei and threw them into his mouth, allowing his strength to rise back to the initial Type 9 realm.

Zu Yuan Ting was considered a powerful expert even among those of the Type 9 realm, with numerous means and a powerful combat strength. He was only lacking a Gold-Grade treasure.

"I will now go and gather the forces of the Mech Kingdom and deploy them to Earth." Zu Yuan Ting bowed to Yue Zhong and immediately shot into the Gate of Hell, heading back to Galastar.

Yue Zhong heaved a sigh of relief. With the Type 9 Mech Emperor defending Earth, even if Yue Zhong were to fail in the Tower of Babel, China would not be wiped out by those foreign species.

The Tower of Babel was the only way one could become a True-God expert, and escape from this cage-like world. Yue Zhong would not give up on it.

With the Mech Emperor Zu Yuan Ting defending, China would be steady as a rock, and the threat of the aliens would decrease.

To humans, the aliens were their strongest and deadliest enemies. However, the Mechs did not have to fear becoming hosts, the aliens were just prey to be hunted down.

The multiplying of the aliens was extremely terrifying, while the Mechs could also be produced on a similar scale. Thus, it was no problem for them to deal with the aliens.

When Zu Yuan Ting returned to Galastar, he sent many Mech Beasts and sentient Mechs towards Earth continuously.

All the Mech Beasts and sentient Mechs were under his orders, and sent to the various battlefields on Earth, fighting against the Mutant Beasts, zombies, aliens, and under enemies of the human race.

At the same time, many of those sentient Mechs and Mech Beasts were stationed at the Gates of Hell, focusing on dealing with the non-human entities that descended upon Earth.

With such an army guarding the Gates of Hell, any low-level being that tried to invade Earth were instantly taken care of by the Mech army.

Among the 800 worlds, there were strong worlds and weaker ones. Of those strong worlds, they had half-step True Gods guarding their worlds, while the weaker ones were like Earth prior to the Apocalypse.

With the Mech Army guarding the Gates of Hell, all those weaker races would just pass through the Gates of Hell, before being blasted apart.

Since Earth itself was going through a strange mutation, even the weakest human would be able to evolve slightly as long as they survived long enough. There were 800 worlds, and it was no surprise that many of them had their own capabilities. As long as they could enter Earth, then there was a chance to evolve within a short period of time, to a point where they could threaten humans. Thus, Yue Zhong did not permit any low-level races to come and vie for such resources with the human race.

Of course, there were numerous races with Type 9 powerhouses. Yue Zhong had no way of preventing them from descending upon Earth.

After all, there were definitely experts who had their own share of miraculous encounters and possessed Gold-Grade treasures. For the sake of entering the Tower of Babel, many had arrived.

With the flow of time, more races and species were arriving on Earth through the Gates of Hell. Those large races did not seem to have the intention to go to war either, as they all headed for the Pacific Ocean.

Soon, many strong existences and races were gathered at the Pacific Ocean, some of them causing even Yue Zhong to feel some sense of threat.

With this large gathering, it was inevitable that some savage races and species would be unable to control themselves, as they began to get into fights. However, the Type 9 powerhouses maintained their cool.

All of them were clear, once a Type 9 expert acted, then the 2 races would enter a life-and-death battle, where it would not stop until one of them was wiped out. Furthermore, the main objective of the expedition was to enter the Tower of Babel for a chance to become a True-God existence. No one wanted to waste their strength on in-fighting before entering.

On this day, from a Gate of Hell near Guizhou in China, there was a bright flash of light, as a number of 10,000m-long battleships flew out.

As those battleships flew out from the gate, an even larger fleet of smaller ships followed behind, covering the skies, forming a huge cloud.

Most fleets would only have about 12 battleships, and yet, this fleet exceeded a thousand ships, 90 times that of a normal fleet. Furthermore, they were made out of materials that did not lose out to the Mech Empire and were at the C-Grade at least.

The remaining 36 10,000m-long battleships were actually D-Grade, their main cannons capable of killing a Type 9 Mutant Beast with a single blast.

On these thousand battleships, each and every one of them had the insignia of the Holy Heavens, representing that they were from the Holy Heavens.

If such a fleet were to go all out, they could easily suppress most of the 800 worlds. Even Yue Zhong would not be able to fend off such a force.

"They've indeed come, the main force of the Holy Heavens." At the moment they fleet arrived on Earth, Yue Zhong had already known.

With a thought, he made his choice, "Since it is unknown what will happen within the Tower of Babel, it's too dangerous for me to act alone. I'd better follow the Holy Heavens in, to be safe."

There were too many experts trying their luck for the Tower of Babel, many of which much stronger than Yue Zhong. Going in with the Holy Heaven's forces would be better than proceeding alone.

In a flash, he charged through the skies and shot towards the fleet.

The fleet, capable of destroying everything in its path, flew directly to the Pacific Ocean, stopping about 5km away from the Tower of Babel.

The moment the Holy Heavens fleet appeared, waves of commotion broke out among the other species and races. Many of them looked at the battleships fearfully, putting as much distance as they could between them.

There was also a number who were not too affected by the appearance of the Holy Heavens battleships.

Not long after they came to a stop, Yue Zhong appeared and flew towards them.

4 silver-armored guards immediately flew out, barking at Yue Zhong with wariness in their eyes, "Halt! Who are you! This is the region of the Holy Heavens, intruders will be eliminated without mercy!"

Yue Zhong waved his hands, throwing his identity card over, "I'm Divine Envoy Yue Zhong from the Central Temple, this is my identity card!"

The 4 of them took out a scanner, confirming his identity, before throwing it back and replying in neither a servile nor overbearing tone, "You're definitely Yue Zhong. Come with us."

A Divine Envoy's position was high, but it was not high enough for these silver-armored guards to be fawning over him. Unless he was a Holy Son or Holy Lord-level expert, that would make them be respectful.

Yue Zhong responded, "Yes!"

Under their lead, he flew towards the 36 D-Grade Battleships.

The moment he landed on one of them, he could sense incomparable pressure emitting from the battleship. There were actually 6 Type 9 experts and over 200 half-step Type 9 powerhouses.

[Chapter 1184: Holy Lord Yue Hua!](#)

The might of this D-Grade Battleship was incredibly terrifying, enough to conquer an entire world. The strongest of the humans on the Great God World was truly something else.

Under the lead of the soldiers, Yue Zhong came to a deep hall, and in it, there were 2 people sitting on a sofa. One of them was the Master that Yue Zhong had acknowledged back in the Holy Heavens, the Holy Lord Tian Dou, while the other was Yue Zhong's senior brother, Zhuo Nan.

"Yue Zhong, you're back." Holy Lord Tian Dou saw Yue Zhong walking in, and his eyes were filled with surprise. He scanned once and his face changed, as he exclaimed, "AH! You actually rose to the Type 9 realm!!"

When Zhuo Nan heard that Yue Zhong had broken through, he was thoroughly shocked, "What?! Type 9?! He actually reached the Type 9 realm, in such a short time?! How is that possible?! Are those who can trigger the Tiger-Dragon image this freakish?! Impossible!! Even those existences years ago had to spend decades to break through the Type 9 barrier!! How did he do it?!"

A Type 9 powerhouse could be said to be no longer mortal and was halfway into the God realm. They were typically invincible existences, able to tear through space freely, and even bring about catastrophe upon a world. A person could eradicate an entire race.

A Type 9 expert, in this universe where experts were aplenty, in the human race of the 4 main races in the Great God World, had a high status.

Within the Holy Heavens, the number of half-step Type 9 powerhouses had accumulated over time, reaching over 300,000. However, the true Type 9 powerhouses were little in number. Each of them had high authority and terrifying combat strength.

Although Zhuo Nan had guessed that Yue Zhong would likely rise to the Type 9 realm when he saw the triggered image of the tiger and dragon during Yue Zhong's initiation, he had not expected it to be this fast. Subconsciously, he was filled with envy and jealousy.

Yue Zhong laughed mildly, "I encountered some fortuitous encounters in the Merlot Battlefield, and managed to become a Type 9 powerhouse."

Holy Lord Tian Dou had an appreciative look, "Good, good, Yue Zhong, I was right about you. You have fortune and fate on your side. To be able to reach the Type 9 realm in such a short time, this is the first in our Holy Heavens. I will go report this, and you will soon become a Holy Lord in our Holy Heavens."

After that, Holy Lord Tian Dou pressed a round plate beside him and sent a report towards the rest of the Type 9 powerhouses.

Any Type 9 powerhouse was a huge thing for the human race, thus, all the Type 9 experts had to be notified.

"Yue Zhong? Who is he? A Divine Envoy of the Central Temple? How did a Divine Envoy become a Type 9 powerhouse?"

"Yue Zhong... wasn't this that kid that triggered the tiger-dragon illusion? He had just joined us for a year and already became a Type 9 powerhouse? Terrifying! His latent potential and encounters are truly amazing!"

"..."

A number of those Type 9 powerhouses quickly went to research on Yue Zhong through their means, and when they saw how fast Yue Zhong was, they were thoroughly shocked.

When Holy Lord Yue Hua heard the news, she was filled with regret, "Damn it, if only I had invited him faster, and got him to join the Northern Temple..."

The 5 temples were dedicated to protecting the human race, but internally, they would still compete for resources and prestige. With an additional Type 9 powerhouse, it would mean that the Temple would be stronger.

Holy Lord Tian Dou then smiled at Yue Zhong, "Yue Zhong, the Heavenly Lord had decided to organize a banquet for you, and all the Type 9 powerhouses will be there. Go and get to know them."

Yue Zhong replied, "Sure!"

"Come with me!" Holy Lord Tian Dou stood up and headed out.

Yue Zhong followed after Holy Lord Tian Dou out.

Soon, 2 people flew from this D-Grade Battleship and headed to the central one.

Upon entering that ship, Yue Zhong could that even the most ordinary guard was a Type 8 powerhouse, and countless strong auras were abundant on this ship. There was not a single Type 7 expert. Apparently, they did not even have the qualifications to be on board this ship.

As they proceeded along, they came to a lavish palace that was made out of the most exquisite of precious stones. Inside, many good-looking Holy Sons and Maidens wore waiter and waitresses uniforms, handling and serving in a busy manner.

Here, the Type 9 powerhouses were the main characters, and they formed their own cliques as they engaged in private conversations.

To them, such a gathering was extremely rare. Most of the time, they would be cultivating back at their own hideouts, taking advantage of the abundant energy and time. If it was not for the upcoming trial of the Tower of Babel, risking their lives for a chance to become True Gods and obtain treasures, they would not even head out to meet the best of their friends.

"Yue Zhong!!"

As Yue Zhong stepped into the palace, he immediately heard a surprised cry.

Yue Zhong turned around and noticed 3 of the waiters and waitresses, who were Jody and his siblings.

Seeing familiar faces, Yue Zhong also felt a sense of warmth, as he walked over immediately.

Beside the siblings, there were other Holy Sons and Daughters. When they saw Yue Zhong and Holy Lord Tian Dou walking over, they were slightly nervous.

A Type 9 Holy Lord expert was a huge character of the Holy Heavens. They had unimaginable authority, and these Holy Sons and Daughters were still a long way. Other than a rare few who had heaven-defying talents, most of them felt the distance between themselves and the Holy Lords to be heaven and earth.

Coming to Jody, Yue Zhong asked curiously, "How come you guys are here?"

Inside this palace, the weakest was also a Type 8 powerhouse. Jody and his siblings were as weak as ants, compared to the rest of the service crew.

Jody looked at Yue Zhong with shock in his eyes, as well as a hint of greed and envy, but he quickly dismissed those emotions. He laughed lightly, "We're not too sure ourselves. The upper brass gave some orders and here we are!"

The big-breasted loli Bisiya stared at Yue Zhong with her large eyes, asking curiously, "Big brother Yue Zhong, have you already become a Type 9 expert?"

Hearing that, Jody and Lina also looked at Yue Zhong with a curious gaze. They knew that it had not even been a year since he joined the Holy Heavens, and to think that he would actually break through the barrier of mortal and a half-God, he was truly a freakish existence.

Yue Zhong chuckled, "That's right, I'm already a Type 9 powerhouse."

Although they were already mentally prepared, Jody and Lina could not help but be shocked, their gazes complicated.

The few Holy Sons and Daughters beside Jody and Lina also looked at Yue Zhong with a hint of envy.

Although the difference between a Type 8 and Type 9 was only one realm, it was all the difference between a half-God and human, a truly tough bridge to cross. All the Holy Sons and Daughters of the Holy Heavens were dragons amongst men, yet, those who could truly surpass that limitation, were rare and few.

Bisiya continued to stare at Yue Zhong with her beautiful eyes, as she asked expectantly, "That's great! Big brother Yue Zhong, can you ask for Bisiya to be assigned to you? Bisiya has learned many skills in this period, and is a very good attendant!"

Yue Zhong chuckled, as he waved his hands and handed 3 powerful Mech equipment to them, "Alright! I'll try to think of ways to get you 3 assigned to be with me. These are your gifts!"

Once Yue Zhong became a Holy Lord character, he would be someone with status and authority. It would be easy to arrange for some minor characters to be by his side.

Bisiya played with the Mech equipment, her face full of joy as she exclaimed, "Thank you!"

At this time, there was a soothing female giggling voice that rang out like chimes, as the Holy Lord Yue Hua came over, "Bisiya and the rest are people from our Northern Temple. Yue Zhong, if you want to transfer them, you should let us know, right?"

"Your Highness!!"

Seeing Holy Lord Yue Hua come over, the Holy Sons and Daughters all paid their respect, while Bisiya and her siblings also became solemn and greeted.

Yue Zhong chuckled, "So it was Holy Lord Yue Hua, the 3 of them are my friends, and I hope Holy Lord Yue Hua can bear the pain, to let me have them."

"Alright, alright, I will transfer them to you." She did not make things difficult for Yue Zhong, as she smiled coyly, "Yue Zhong, you actually managed to become a Type 9 expert in such a short time. Truly formidable, your potential is limitless."

[Chapter 1185: Pledge of Friendship!](#)

Yue Zhong laughed humbly, "You're too kind!"

Holy Lord Yue Hua continued to gaze at him, "Yue Zhong, you've rushed back this time, I'm assuming it is to try the Tower of Babel as well?"

Yue Zhong laughed lightly, "That's right, after all, isn't that the goal of every Type 9 powerhouse here?"

If it was not for this mysterious Tower of Babel, there would not be so many Type 9 powerhouse gathered here.

Holy Lord Yue Hua nodded slightly, her face flashing with a serious look, "There indeed is some secret contained within the Tower, allowing us to evolve to a True God. There are many Gold-Grade Treasures as well, but likewise, the risk and danger are extremely real. 90% of experts that enter would fall within. Only a small percentage would survive and make it out alive, or evolve to the True God stage. I hope that we can form a team and help each other out inside the Tower."

Every single Type 9 powerhouse had astonishing capabilities to suppress an entire world. However, the Tower of Babel was truly too terrifying, where even Type 9 powerhouses would fall. Holy Lord Yue Hua had no choice but to be prudent and seek allies.

Holy Lord Tian Dou, who had been silent all these while, spoke up, "Indeed, in order to live within the Tower, not only would we need lucky, but allies as well. Holy Lord Yue Hua, count me in."

The Tower of Babel was too dangerous. Those who knew some intel on it would not underestimate it. Therefore, most of them were being careful.

Yue Zhong chuckled, "Count me in as well!"

After the 3 of them came to a consensus, this small group was formed.

With that, Yue Zhong was led by Holy Lord Tian Dou through the banquet, to meet a number of Type 9 experts of the Holy Heavens.

Every single one of them was interesting characters, a few of them with strange personalities. However, they knew that the journey into the Tower was going to be dangerous, thus, making one more friend was better than one more enemy, thus, they still treated Yue Zhong somewhat friendly.

Time passed, and all of a sudden, the banquet became quiet, as the Central Temple's Heavenly Lord Lei Huang stepped onto the podium.

Yue Zhong gazed at Lei Huang, and was taken aback, "Strong!! This fellow is truly strong!! He's really a half-step True God powerhouse, and I'm not his match right now!"

In Yue Zhong's eyes, he could clearly see numerous strong strands of laws circulating around Lei Huang, dense and impenetrable. Although he just stood there, he was like a fiendgod that exuded a terrifying suppression on all around him.

"Today, our human race has a new Type 9, half-God expert, and he is Yue Zhong from our Central Temple." Lei Huang's gaze swept towards Yue Zhong, with an appreciative look evident in his eyes, "Yue Zhong, come on up."

Yue Zhong walked up and stood beside Lei Huang.

Lei Huang handed a white-gold card to Yue Zhong, and clapped, "From today on, Yue Zhong will be the Dragon-Tiger Holy Lord of our Central Temple. Come, everyone, applaud for our new Dragon-Tiger Holy Lord."

The rest of the Type 9 powerhouses below also wore smiles as they clapped and congratulated Yue Zhong on his appointment.

Lei Huang then smiled at Yue Zhong, and shot him an encouraging glance, "Come, say something to everyone."

Yue Zhong chuckled, and stepped up to the podium, as his face turned solemn, and his voice rang out, "I, Yue Zhong, vow to give my all for the sake of our human race."

His words were just right, not too outstanding, nor instilled with truths, and the old foxes below only responded mildly, clapping for him.

Lei Huang clapped Yue Zhong's shoulder, and gave him another encouraging smile, "Go and relax."

Once Lei Huang left, the rest also did not maintain their attention, immediately separating back into their own groups to exchange treasures and intelligence, preparing for the Tower of Babel.

After Lei Huang left, he stepped through a spatial gate, appearing in another room. There, the other 3 Heavenly Lords were awaiting.

Other than the Holy Lord from the Eastern Temple, the rest of the peak experts in Holy Heavens were gathered here.

At this time, Heavenly Lord Yan Tian frowned, his voice full of displeasure, "Lei Huang, that Yue Zhong was obviously an Oracle of this generation, why did you not bring him over?"

The power of the Holy Heavens was large, and their intelligence network vast. The moment Yue Zhong had shown up on their radar, they had gone to investigate all there was to him.

After all, this was Earth, and he had left so much of his traces here, it was impossible for him to hide his past.

Lei Huang turned solemn, "I know what you mean, Yan Tian. He might be an Oracle, but he's one of us, a human. I'm not going to let you make a move on him."

As the figures of the authority of the Holy Heavens, these 4 knew that Yue Zhong had the God-Devil Imprint, the Nucleus, the Physique, the Blood. These were all precious resources. If a half-step True God expert were to consume Yue Zhong, it would allow them to break through and reach the Type 10 realm, breaking out of the cage.

That was the wish and hope of every single half-God expert. Even the 4 Heavenly Lords could not resist such an allure.

Heavenly Lord Lu Lie's voice turned frosty, "Are you intending to devour him for yourself?"

The moment Lu Lie spoke, the other 2 Heavenly Lords also turned to look at Lei Huang, their eyes cold. The tension became colder.

"Devour? Myself?" Lei Huang swept them all a gaze, his eyes filled with sarcasm. He sat on the sofa, stretching out his hands to make himself comfortable while laughing, "He's already a Type 9 expert, and has a Gold-Grade armor, who amongst you can kill him? If there's no chance to kill him in one blow, and when he becomes stronger again, we will end up as his prey and food. Haven't the lesson from ten thousand years ago been harsh enough?"

Hearing Lei Huang's words, Lu Lie and the others fell silent, as they reminisced about the past.

They were all clear how strong an Oracle was, one who had reached the Type 9 realm and possessed the God-Devil Physique. It was likely that only the half-step True-God powerhouses like the 4 Heavenly Lords could actually deal with these Oracles. However, against one with a Gold-grade armor, it was likely they could only defeat the party, but not kill for sure.

Furthermore, if a Type 9 Oracle were to flee, the entire Holy Heavens would be a risk.

An Oracle possessed the God-Devil Imprint, a heaven-defying treasure, and was basically Heaven Chosen. Their evolution speed was meteoric, and there had been such a character over thousands of years ago. He had been hunted by the peak experts of the human race, and in his rage, he had retaliated, and within 30 short years, almost all the human experts had been killed. In the end, he evolved into the Type 10 stage and broke through, escaping the confines of the cage.

If that Oracle at that time had not slaughtered the other experts of the other races as well, then the human race in the Holy Heavens and Great God World would have long become the slaves for other races.

Heavenly Lord Ogani spoke up after a while, "What's Yue Zhong's attitude toward our human race?"

Lei Huang replied, "He declared that he was willing to give his all to the human race. Based on my judgment, when he spoke this sentence, he meant it."

Heavenly Lord Yan Tian also spoke out, "In that case, forget it. However, I still reckon that we need to keep an eye on him. Before the Tower of Babel opens, nothing else is more important."

The rest nodded silently.

The Tower of Babel was their biggest hope, after all, plotting to take down and devour a type 9 Oracle with a Gold-Grade Treasure was simply too difficult. Even if they did, there was no guarantee of a breakthrough. This was just a legend from thousands of years ago. In comparison, the Tower of Babel had more opportunities for them to break out of the cage and leave the world.

After the 4 Heavenly Lords came to a decision, things became peaceful.

With the passage of time, there was a dark palace enveloped by Devil Qi, seemingly devouring all light as it burst out of a Gate of Hell. It was over 200,000m in length and soared to the skies quickly.

When the palace shot out, it flew straight for the Pacific Ocean.

The moment it arrived in the airspace above the Pacific Ocean, it began to descend while applying harsh pressure on the weaker races below.

"Damn!!"

"Break for me!!"

"Bastard, break!!"

"...."

A number of soldiers from those races flew out, bellowing with rage as they executed their strongest moves, blasting towards the palace.

Under the pressure of the palace, many of the attacks were just destroyed, and the palace continued to press downwards, directly crushing the camps below, while turning the experts to minced meat.

After that, a huge and terrifying whirlpool appeared, sucking in the experts of these weaker races into the black palace.

[Chapter 1186: Dragon Mantis Beast Horde!](#)

Seeing how vicious and savage the black palace was, many other races were alarmed and immediately felt hostile and guarded towards it.

"The 10,000-Devil Altar has arrived! The region of 20 li shall be our domain, those who trespass will be killed!!"

At this time, following a cold and insidious voice, the aura of half-step True God experts shot out, filled with violence and savagery.

When the experts heard that voice, many of their faces fell. Some of the weaker races near the 10,000-Devil Altar looked even more horrified as they fled as far as they could.

A half-step True God expert was a mighty character, and it was extremely easy for them to wipe out the weaker races. These weaker races did not want to die.

There were all sorts of races and species that had gathered at the Pacific Ocean, with many half-step True God warriors among them. Many were offended at how the Devils had barged in and acted in such a domineering manner, but no one stood out to challenge them.

The choice of the Devils was also extremely crafty, taking out weaker races, where the strongest were at most Type 8. They did not take on those who had Type 9 powerhouses, and those other races would not fight it out with the Devils for the sake of races different from their own.

After they caused a short commotion, things settled down and went back to normal.

Not too long after the 10,000-Devil Altar arrived, another Gate of Hell flashed, and a huge cocoon soared out, its length over 500,000m and it was a sickly green in color.

The moment this green cocoon soared out, it also shot towards the Pacific Ocean, and in a similar fashion, terrorized some of the weaker races.

This time, the weaker races were prepared, the moment they saw the cocoon, they scattered wildly, and gave up their own positions.

The cocoon descended and exuded a terrifying pressure.

"The Man-Eaters Divine Temple has arrived. The region of 20 li will be our domain, anyone who trespasses will be killed without mercy!"

With that savage roar, a half-step True God's presence exuded out, filling the lower-races around with fear.

As with that, there was no further commotion from them.

A 100,000m-tall pyramid flew out from a Gate of Hell, descending upon the Pacific Ocean.

Following that, a 200,000m-large black nest flew out from another Gate of Hell and landed at the Pacific Ocean as well.

With the passage of time, stronger races were appearing, landing at the Pacific Ocean, and filling up more of it.

There was no lack of enmity between certain races and species, but here, while waiting for the Tower of Babel to open, they maintained control and did not start a wanton slaughter.

Across the Pacific Ocean, there was a strange balance, as everyone waited for the Tower of Babel silently.

Yue Zhong had tried utilizing the satellites he had to observe it, but the result caused him to be astonished. The Tower of Babel actually stretched past the Milky Way, extending for light years to the vast universe way beyond.

As everyone waited expectantly, the day finally arrived, as the huge doors that were the entrance finally opened up.

"It's open!!"

"It's finally open!!"

"Go go go!!"

"..."

Seeing the opening of the entrance, everyone became excited and fought to enter it.

The originally quiet factions also began to move out, getting into their agreed groups as they headed to the huge gates.

Before entering it, all of them did not intend to clash with any of their competitors.

"What thick energy!! Is this the Tower of Babel?! Truly a sacred ground! If I just stay here for a year, I can definitely breach the Type 8 realm!"

"That's a True-Dragon Fruit!! Legends have it that it's only found on a true dragon corpse, and it takes over a thousand years to bloom!! Amazing!!"

"..."

Inside the Tower of Babel, the energy was abundant, and rare treasures and herbs could be seen almost immediately upon entering. It was even more magical than Earth, and many of the experts who were at the peak of their own bottlenecks, charged in, took some of the resources and within a day, they had broken through.

Many experts soared through on their various battleships, castles, cocoons, absorbing the energy, fighting for the treasures.

Yue Zhong, Holy Lord Tian Dou, Holy Lord Yue Hua as well as the Holy Lord Yin He, Holy Lord Wu Shuang, and Holy Lord Bing Feng, the 6 of them formed a small team and flew out of the battleship, taking in the abundant energy in the Tower.

With a wave of Yue Zhong's hands, countless Mechs flew out and began to harvest the numerous precious fruits, delivering them to his hand.

The other Holy Lords also had their own means to pick up and keep the treasures.

At the entrance of the Tower, most of these precious herbs and fruits were also beneficial to Type 9 powerhouses. These Type 9 experts would naturally not pass over them.

Yue Zhong frowned slightly, as he asked, "Is the Tower of Babel like this?"

Holy Lord Yue Hua had a similar expression, as she chuckled bitterly, "The Tower is extremely mysterious, each time, the experience is different. Our previous experience was not like this."

All of a sudden, there was a cry of shock, "Mutant Beast horde!! It's a Beast horde!!"

Yue Zhong's heart turned cold, as he channeled his vision, activating his God-Devil Eyes to observe ahead.

About 10 li away, there was a huge horde of Mutant Beasts flying over. They were 2m in size, each of them possessing dinosaur heads, huge wings, front limbs resembling praying mantises, and powerful velociraptor-like hind legs.

"Type 8 Mutant Beasts, Dragon Mantis Beast, a terrifying fast creature, the innate attribute is speed. Its destructive abilities can even cause spatial tears. The only weakness is low defense. A horde of 3,000 beasts could easily surround and kill a Type 9 powerhouse."

The moment Yue Zhong saw those beasts, the information flowed to his consciousness, and he knew all there was to know about them.

The 3,000 Dragon Mantis Beasts had the ability to slaughter a Type 9 powerhouse. They were rushing over both in the skies and on the land, their numbers endless. Even if a half-step True God were to barge through, he or she might not survive.

The speed of those Type 8 Dragon Mantis Beast was extremely terrifying, even exceeding that of some weaker Type 9 powerhouses.

A Type 7 expert had just turned around when a Dragon Mantis Beast shot past, and the front limbs slashed out, slicing him into multiple pieces.

Behind, the other beasts lunged at the corpse and gobbled up the pieces within an instant.

The terrifying beast horde surged forwards, and any expert of the Type 8 realm and below were instantly eliminated, without being able to resist.

The countless Type 8 experts of other species tried to retaliate, some of them even activating their domains, but they were also killed without putting much of a resistance.

By now, many Type 9 experts had already rushed in, and they all operated their powerful domains towards the Dragon Mantis Beast Horde.

Faced with the numerous domains, many of the Dragon Mantis Beasts immediately burst apart in a shower of flesh and blood.

However, the beasts were formidable, their front claws containing some principles of Slashing, and they continued to surge towards the Type 9 powerhouses, their claws slicing out.

With the relentless assault, some initial-Type 9 experts were also sliced apart, and even when they tore open space to swallow these beasts, they would be sliced by the retaliating forces. Soon, they fell into a disadvantageous situation as well.

Under the assault of the Dragon Mantis Beast horde, many life forms were sliced apart amidst screams of pain and agony, which rang throughout the first level of the Tower.

"Ah!!! How could this be?! How could I be killed by these lowly beasts?! They're just Type 8 Mutant Beasts!! I'm a half-God expert!!"

Near a mountain of Dragon Mantis corpses, one Type 9 creature that looked similar to a Dino-warrior had countless wounds, his body bleeding profusely with gold blood. His legs had been sliced off, and he was roaring with unwillingness.

Before he finished, numerous Dragon Mantis Beasts pounced onto him, and sliced him apart in a second, before proceeding to consume him.

"A Type 9 expert had actually fallen!!"

Seeing that, many were shocked and felt a chill. A Type 9 powerhouse could easily be an overlord of a world. And yet, one had been killed in this horde. The Dragon Mantis Beasts were truly terrifying.

When the first Type 9 expert died, before long, more began to fall under the constant barrage and unending numbers.

[Chapter 1187: Fight!](#)

Seeing the terrifying horde of Dragon Mantis Beasts, everyone's countenance turned ugly as they retreated madly

"Ah!!"

"We can't go out!!"

"Shit, we can't go out!!"

"..."

Many of the weaker races tried to leave the Tower of Babel, however, when they slammed into the energy shield, they were immediately vaporized, leaving behind screams of misery and unwillingness.

Those human experts who were still picking up the precious fruits outside were horrified and fled back to their battleships.

From the human battleships, Heavenly Lord Lei Huang's voice rang out, "Attack, kill our way in!!"

The thousand-strong fleet immediately got into action, maintaining a steady speed as they opened their throttles and headed towards the swarm of Dragon Mantis Beasts.

In that instant, countless beams of lights blasted out at the Mutant Beasts. With the joint effort of the humans, over thousands were being slaughtered every second, and pieces of flesh and blood splattered all over the ground below, nourishing the soil.

The horde of Dragon Mantis Beasts was being cleared in large numbers, however, there were still groups of them that managed to weave through the rain of firepower, flying towards the battleships.

At that moment, the Type 8 Holy Sons and Daughters appeared, donning their enhanced armor, as they clashed against the Dragon Mantis Beasts.

The human fleet was in a formation, with every battleship being the nucleus, with numerous experts providing constant support, cursing and weakening the Dragon Mantis Beasts, while blessing and buffing the Holy Sons and Daughters. With their support, the gap between the two sides was gradually widened, and the Dragon Mantis Beasts were being taken down easily.

However, due to the ferocious nature of those beasts, in their retaliation, there would be unfortunate human experts that got torn apart.

Witnessing the might of the battleship fleet, many of the experts of the other races and species quickly gathered near the formation, in order to live on, as they resisted the beasts with their own formations and arrays as well.

Likewise, the human fleet needed the foreign races to help take on some of the pressure, hence, they did not act against the foreign races.

"Chance!!"

Yue Zhong took a look at the Dragon Mantis Beasts and felt excited. He flew out of the battleship, and grabbed out at thin air, as the atmospheric energy congealed to form a huge claw, and squashed 10 Dragon Mantis Beasts in a flash.

The pure streams of life force surged into his body, refreshing his Spirit, and he grabbed at the 10 nuclei as well.

The Dragon Mantis Beasts had high offense and low defense, with Yue Zhong's current strength, he could easily take out 10 in one go.

After that, he waved his hands, and the 5,000 Mech Bugs that he obtained from Zu Yuan Ting flew out, pouncing towards the Dragon Mantis Beasts.

As the 5,000 Mech Bugs clashed against the Dragon Mantis Beasts, they began to devour the Mutant Beasts, leaving not even any nuclei behind.

The Dragon Mantis Beasts were savage as well. Their blades were incredibly sharp, capable of even ripping space, and many Mech Bugs were torn apart.

When Yue Zhong released the Mech Bugs, he waved his hands and revealed another 105 Fighter Mechs, equipped with C-Grade particle cannons, which immediately began firing at the Dragon Mantis Beasts in the sky, tearing them apart.

After he had deployed the Mech army, Yue Zhong started to grab out at thin air, congealing multiple claws that grabbed out at patches of the Mutant Beasts, crushing their bodies, and keeping their corpses as well as nuclei into his Storage Ring.

As the horde of Dragon Mantis Beasts was being wiped out, Yue Zhong's accumulated Life Force was also growing rapidly.

These Dragon Mantis Beasts might be nightmares to other powerhouses, but to Yue Zhong, they were a treasure trove for him to increase his strength.

If it were outside, other than the Holy Heavens, it was impossible for so many Type 8 Mutant Beasts to appear. Furthermore, it was likely that other Type 9 experts might be aggravated outside, causing an all-out war between the humans and Mutant Beasts. However, there was no problem slaughtering so many Type 8 Dragon Mantis Beasts, nor any consequences that he would have to worry about.

Holy Lord Yin He, who was surrounded by what seemed like a replica of the Milky Way, eyed Yue Zhong's slaughter of the Dragon Mantis Beasts and frowned, "Does this fellow not know how to

conserve some energy? This is just the first level, and if he were to expend all his stamina, what will he do later?"

Holy Lord Yue Hua laughed in a charming manner, "I think he knows what he's doing. Look, he hasn't even activated his domain yet."

The strongest trump card of most Type 9 powerhouses was usually their domain, once activated, most life forms within the domain would be slaughtered.

However, with the spatial laws on the blades of the Dragon Mantis Beasts, while the domains might be able to eliminate many of them, the domains stood the risk of being sliced apart by these Beasts.

Once a Type 9 powerhouse's domain was sliced or damaged, their strength would suffer a drop for a short period. Hence, other than those who were caught in a swarm of the beasts, few would actually utilize their domains to deal with these Dragon Mantis Beasts.

A single Type 8 might not mean much to a Type 9 powerhouse, but with enough numbers, a Type 9 powerhouse would have to be careful.

As the human fleet of battleships charged through the Dragon Mantis Beasts, their cannons fired out constantly, while the experts constantly executed their techniques to take out as many as they could.

With every second passed in this chaotic battleground, many experts fell due to the savage and vicious nature of the Dragon Mantis Beasts.

"What is this?!"

"Ah!!"

"Help!!"

"..."

There were still experts from the other worlds entering the Tower of Babel, however, before they could even pluck any fruits on the ground, they would be torn apart by the Dragon Mantis Beasts that had swarmed at the entrance.

One black-caped man who was shrouded in dark qi stepped into the Tower of Babel and was instantly met with the assault of 10 Dragon Mantis Beasts.

The black-caped man swept them a gaze, his brows furrowing slightly as he muttered, "Damn, so many Dragon Mantis Beasts. Seems like if I don't expend some energy to take care of them, I can't pass through."

The Dragon Mantis Beasts had gotten to within 20m of the black-caped man, when their bodies started to rot, melting into puddles on the ground.

With a wave of his hands, a golden flag, engraved with a true dragon, qilin, and a vermillion bird, 3 mythical beasts, appeared. He waved it, causing it to glow, and a True Dragon emerged from the flag, roaring to life as it pounced into the horde of Dragon Mantis Beasts, exuding a powerful might, tearing apart the weaker Mutant Beasts into pieces.

The black-robed man flashed, and stepped on the head of the golden true dragon, channeling his energy as the beast slaughtered the Dragon Mantis Beasts in its way.

Initially, there were some experts lying in wait, hoping to fish in muddied waters, had no choice but to release their techniques and charged at the Dragon Mantis Beasts horde. The only way to survive was to attack and proceed.

On the other side, although the Dragon Beast Horde was still terrifying, their numbers were diminishing.

The fleet of battleships had paid the price of 5 ships, forcefully forging ahead for over 10,000 li, slaughtering a bloody path out, before they came to another domain, filled with countless precious fruits, their fragrance thick and heavy, and the atmospheric energy abundant.

"Those are Dragons of Vitality! It's rumored that only sacred grounds where energy was thick enough could produce such items!! To think there're so many here!!"

"That's a 9-Leaf Primordial Fruit! Eating one can increase the chance of a half-step Type 9 powerhouse breaking through by 0.1%! There are so many!! There's at least a 100 of them just over there!! They're mine!!"

"..."

Inside this region, the thick Dragons of Vitality floated through the air, while precious herbs and fruits could be seen everywhere on the ground. These were world-shaking items, empowering half-step Type 9 characters. Not even the Holy Heavens had so many resources.

Many people turned mad with glee and greed at the sight of those precious resources. They quickly soared out, pouncing towards the items they liked. These were important items for their breakthrough. It was precise because of such opportunities that many Holy Sons and Daughters were willing to risk their lives.

Even the Type 9 powerhouses, including Yue Zhong, were extremely moved when they caught sight of the treasures and resources. They quickly soared out and helped themselves to the collection as well.

There were many other fruits that were beneficial to those of the Type 9 realm as well.

At one particular patch, there was 10 9-Leaf Primordial Fruit, and a Type 8 Goose-man flew over, waving his hands and kept the fruits.

Another Holy Son dressed in a silver battle armor landed in front of the Goose-man and barked out, "Hand over those 9-Leaf Primordial Fruits!"

The Type 8 Goose-man snapped back, "Why should I? I obtained those first!"

[Chapter 1188: Bull-head Dragon Devil!](#)

The human Holy Son had an icy look, "Lowly mutant life forms if it was not for our human race, you guys would be dead. You still dare to snatch resources, are you looking to die?"

Many foreign races viewed the human race as pigs and dogs, treating them as one of the lowest life forms. As for the human race, many of them also looked down upon the foreign races.

The Type 8 Goose-man surveyed the surroundings, and held back his fury, "The items here belong to no one. Whoever is capable enough to obtain them deserves so. Your human race might be powerful now, but you cannot be unreasonable."

Here, the human race with their fleets and arrays were the strongest. As for the foreign species, they were like scattered sand grains, although they had the numbers, if they were to fight against humans, they would be wiped out 9 times out of 10.

"Hong Ji, why bother wasting your breath with this type of trash? Since he's not willing to hand it over, just kill him."

There was a sound of light laughter, as a flash of light appeared, and the Type 8 Gooseman was sliced in many parts. In the middle of the gory scene, was a golden-hair man with a huge blade.

Hong Ji's eyes also flashed, as he laughed savagely, "I got it, this trash are enemies of our human race, it's best to wipe them out."

The young man then held up the storage bag of the Gooseman, and offered it to Hong Ji, "Shall we share?"

Hong Ji nodded, "Sure!"

From afar, 5 Goosemen saw all that had transpired, and they were filled with rage as they lunged over, "Bastards!! Go to hell!!!"

Hong Ji's eyes flashed with a look of viciousness, as he charged towards the 5 Goosemen, "A few more have come looking for death!"

The young man with the gold hair also laughed out, flying beside Hong Ji.

Although there were many precious fruits over here, to the huge crowd of people, it was not enough. Thus, the situation quickly escalated to a fight for resources, with many slaughtering their competitors.

Those foreign species and races that had followed behind the humans to enter this land were also quickly dragged into the brawl, as both sides became even more savage.

With Hong Ji and the gold-haired fellow being the ignition spark, the entire situation escalated quickly.

Yue Zhong stood to one side, frowning as he observed their slaughter. He had no intention nor wished to see both sides engaging in a slaughter.

The fact that the humans could push through the horde of Dragon Mantis Beasts, was partly due to the efforts of the foreign races as well. It was because many of them were cannon fodder, that the fleet of battleships could proceed with lower casualties. Without the cannon fodder, the humans would have suffered a greater loss.

"Courting death!" All of a sudden, Yue Zhong frowned, and barked out furiously, as he sent a fist towards a patch of space.

At that instant, there was a sudden shower of blood, as a humanoid-chameleon corpse fell out of space, hurtling towards the ground.

Yue Zhong swept the corpse a glance, and made his decision, "Seems like I have to make my move!!"

Currently, the conflict was extremely brutal, with both sides red-eyed from the killing, as though they would not rest till the other side was wiped out. Even if Yue Zhong did not attack the foreign races, they would not hesitate to attack him.

With a thought, Yue Zhong waved his hands, and the remaining 4,000 Mech Bugs soared out, pouncing towards the foreign species.

The 4,000 Mechs were impervious to normal melee attacks, as well as most elemental attacks. Furthermore, when they consumed their prey, there would be nothing left. As the foreign races were being killed one after another, their life force would be absorbed by Yue Zhong, consolidating within him.

Having made his choice, Yue Zhong charged into the midst of the foreign races, blasting outward with his palms, blasting a number of them. At the same time, he continued to consume many of the precious herbs and treasures that he swept up.

The countless treasures here were extremely beneficial to Yue Zhong. He had harvested quite a number, thus allowing him to fight and eat at the same time.

"Go to hell!!"

When Yue Zhong had just killed a half-step Type 9 Devil-head and absorbed his life force, it ignited the rest of the accumulated energy, and they surged through his golden nucleus, turning into a golden color.

As the gold energy surged through his consciousness, it formed into a golden child, who looked identical to Yue Zhong.

Yue Zhong looked at the kid, and had an understanding, "This is the Nascent Soul formed by my soul. When it has evolved into an indestructible soul, I will be able to become a True God warrior.

Most Type 9 half-step experts would have condensed the golden blood and bone marrows, and the only step left for the final breakthrough was the soul.

A True God who possessed an indestructible soul would be able to recover his body even if there was only a sliver of will left.

With an indestructible soul, a True God had much more control of the energy around them, together with the higher laws and principles comprehended, a Type 9 basically had no chance in front of a True God.

At the moment when Yue Zhong congealed his Nascent Soul, Yue Zhong finally broke through to the mid-stage of the Type 9 realm.

It was a tough journey for Type 9 experts, most stuck at the initial-Type 9 realm. If it were outside, for Yue Zhong to reach this stage, it would have been an arduous journey as well. However, with the abundant energy here, together with the life force and resources he was sweeping up, he had evolved once again, increasing his strength.

When he reached this stage, he kept silent, pressing his power level down back to the initial-Type 9 realm, as he continued on his slaughter and obtained many precious fruits.

Even if he did not need them, He could give them to Luo Qing Qing, Yin Shuang, Ji Qing Wu, Chi Yang, Hu Yi and the rest, helping them to improve faster.

As the slaughter continued, all of a sudden, the ground shook, as a 100m-tall Bull-head Dragon Devil appeared, his hands wielding a golden ax, and his body covered with scales. Each step he took caused the ground to rumble.

"Are you all damn intruders?! You can go to hell for me!!"

The half-step True God Bull-head Dragon Devil's eyes were bloodshot, as he roared out and channeled a powerful energy into his ax.

At that moment, the surrounding seemed to change, as the atmospheric energy gathered on the ax in his hands, as it burst forth with an intense, destructive aura.

"Die!"

He roared out, and sliced out, as the green aura around his ax formed into a lightning web that shot towards Yue Zhong and the rest of the tower challengers.

The lightning web seemed to have materialized out of nowhere, catching many of the Holy Sons, Daughters, as well as the experts of the foreign races, by surprising, vaporizing them.

"Damn it!!"

"Bastard!!"

"..."

Many of the Type 9 human experts that could not resist the allure of the resources below and had flown down below, when faced with this sudden, destructive force, immediately channeled their shields, domains and all sorts of defensive abilities.

"Ah! Save me!!"

Under the assault of the green thunder, one particular Type 9 expert had his energy shield, Qi shield, and even his domain, broken through, and his body was blitzed by the thunder, turning into a golden skeleton, as it fell and became nourishment for the herbs and flowers below.

"No!! Ah!!"

"Help!!"

"..."

As the miserable screams rang out, 7 initial-Type 9 human experts, as well as 4 Type 9 experts of the foreign races all turned to dust.

The thunder net was mainly cast in the direction of the human fleet of battleships, and under that assault, a number of C-Grade Battleships and their shields disintegrated immediately, while the people within died.

A single strike from this 100m-tall Bull-head Dragon Devil had cost 11 Type 9 experts and over 2 million lives, be it from the humans or the foreign races, as well as 200 C-Grade Battleships.

"That's a Gold-Grade Axe!!"

"Damn it!! A half-step True God, with a Gold-Grade Battle Axe, this is basically an invincible existence!"

"How do we defeat such a thing?!"

"..."

Turning to look at that Bull-head Dragon Devil, the expressions of the numerous experts turned into despair.

A half-step True God expert, coupled with a Gold-Grade weapon, was already a peak-existence on this plane, and could easily devastate many of the powerhouses present.

An even more terrifying scene then occurred. Behind that Bull-head Dragon Devil, another 99 similar monsters of varying heights all appeared, each of them wielding a silver ax. They were all exuding an aura at the Type 9 realm.

The moment the other Bull-head Dragon Devils appeared, they joined the half-step True God powerhouse leader of theirs, charging straight for the humans.

[Chapter 1189: Bull-Crusher Devil!](#)

The might of these Type 9 Bull-head Dragon Devils were terrifying. In an instant, they had charged into the fray and were slashing out with their axes at the humans and foreign species alike.

Under their assault, a huge number of human experts and foreign species powerhouse were sliced apart, their blood splattering everywhere.

"Damn it!!"

"Everyone, let's join forces to defeat these freaks!!"

"..."

Forced by the Type 9 Bull-head Dragon Devils, the conflict between the humans and foreign races were discarded, and they joined hands once more to clash against the Bull-head Dragon Devils.

However, the strength of the half-step True God was no joke, as he waved the gold ax about, slicing out in a frenzy, channeling the thunder and vaporizing many experts in an instant.

Faced with those devastating attacks, many initial-Type 9 experts could not withstand them and were wiped out.

"Beast, I'll take you down!!"

At this moment, Heavenly Lord Lei Huang wielded his Gold-Grade Scarlet Halberd, charging through the skies. His half-step True God aura exuded out, and the Halberd also consumed the surrounding qi, forming a small, dark whirlpool, as he thrust out at the Bull-head Dragon Devil.

"Right on time!!"

The Bull-head Dragon Devil let out a sharp howl, raising his own Gold Battle Axe, and fired out numerous lightning strikes at the whirlpool.

Hong!

Following a loud, earth-shaking roar, the ground split apart, and a powerful shockwave shot outwards in all directions.

Under the terrifying shockwave, a number of Type 6 experts who had followed the main force in, hoping to fish in muddied waters, were instantly jolted dead due to the powerful vibrations coursing through their bodies.

Although many knew that the Tower of Babel was dangerous, even so, many were willing to take the risk in the hopes of ascending beyond their current strength. However, just the shockwaves from the battle between 2 peak experts were enough to kill them.

Many Type 7 powerhouses were also affected by the terrifying blast, as they spat out blood, their body in disarray, and they almost lost control of their bodies.

After that initial clash, Heavenly Lord Lei Huang immediately charged at the half-step True God Bull-head Dragon Devil.

Both of them were half-step True God experts, using Gold-Grade treasures. Both sides engaged in a tough clash, causing the space to rock itself.

With Heavenly Lord Lei Huang holding off the Bull-head Dragon Devil, the battleships took the chance to soar up into the air, firing at the group of Bull-head Dragon Devils.

There were a number of D-Grade Battleships, with their cannons capable of taking out many of those Type 9 monsters.

However, the retaliation of the Bull-head Dragon Devils was also swift, as they charged and destroyed whatever ships they could lay their hands on.

Under the assault of the group of Bull-head Dragon Devils, many of the human battleships exploded and the human experts within were vaporized as well.

Facing the Bull-head Dragon Devils, the human side sent out many Type 9 experts to clash against them.

Hong!!

A loud explosion occurred, as a Type 9 Bull-head Dragon Devil waved his ax, cleaving out at a C-Grade Battleship.

The C-Grade Battleships was instantly sliced in two, causing a terrifying explosion, which instantly consumed everything around it.

Watching the explosion, the Bull-head Dragon Devil revealed a cruel and savage smile.

Suddenly, he felt a sense of danger, and swung his battle ax as he turned, slashing out at the void.

"You're too slow!"

There was a cold voice, as Yue Zhong appeared on top of the Bull-head Dragon Devil like a ghost, his fist swinging out with a radiant gold light, slamming into the devil's head.

With a loud blast, Yue Zhong's strength burst out, instantly crushing the head of the devil into bits.

Holy Lord Yue Hua, who was taking on a Type 9 Bull-head Dragon Devil with her moonlight techniques, saw how Yue Zhong took down one with shock in her heart, "What a terrifying fellow, the physique of

the Bull-head Dragon Devil is so tough, yet he actually destroyed it with a single punch. What a freak! The time he took to evolve was short, how is he even stronger than me?!"

After killing that Bull-head Dragon Devil, Yue Zhong dug out the Type 9 nucleus in the head, and immediately used his Stealth, disappearing entirely.

In a frontal clash, the Stealth Armor was not of much use to a Type 9 expert, however, combined with Yue Zhong's own Stealth ability, in this chaotic battlefield, he was like a fish in water.

As he continued to weave through the area, more Type 9 Bull-head Dragon Devils fell at his hands. The abundant life force coursed through him, accumulating within his body.

Each time he killed one, the benefits that he obtained was a hundred times better than swallowing a hundred tonnes of the treasures below. After all, a Type 9 expert was a half-step True God expert, their life force extremely close to God, and was the best nourishment for Yue Zhong.

After 20 of the Type 9 Bull-head Dragon Devils were killed by Yue Zhong, he finally attracted the attention of the rest of the group.

"Human, die!!"

One of the 80m-tall devils, with a peak-Type 9 realm flapped his wings and appeared in front of Yue Zhong. The silver ax in his hands glowed brightly with the thunder energy their race was proficient in and sliced out viciously at Yue Zhong.

Yue Zhong frowned, and pulled out a silver ax himself, channeling the powerful might of his God-Devil Physique, slashing back at the Bull-head Dragon Devil.

With a loud blast, the peak-Type 9 Bull-head Dragon Devil was knocked back a few steps, each of his footstep causing a deep indent in the ground.

Yue Zhong was also sent flying a few hundred meters by the rebound.

There was shock and disbelief on the face of the devil, as he thought, "What terrifying strength, he's just an initial-realm Type 9 expert, how is he capable of such might?!"

The Bull-head Dragon Devil were known for their tyrannical physique and strength, and of those in the same realms, few could take them on. That was why he was so shocked when he was knocked back by Yue Zhong's blow.

"Damn it, it's not good to engage too long with this freak!"

Yue Zhong swept the peak-Type 9 Bull-head Dragon Devil a look and frowned. He then flickered and disappeared, not willing to engage with the monster.

The Bull-head Dragon Devil was enraged, as he roared out madly while chasing after Yue Zhong, "Where do you think you're escaping to?! Human!! I will tear you apart!!"

As he ran, Yue Zhong continued to observe his surroundings. Suddenly, his eyes brightened, "That's the Devil Clan, they're engaged with the monsters of the Tower as well. Good, time to unleash a massacre!!"

About a thousand li away from the human battlefield, the 10,000-Devil Altar experts were similarly engaged with a bunch of spear-wielding Goat-head Dragon Devils.

The strength of the Goat-head Dragon Devils was not far off from the Bull-head Dragon Devils, thus, when they surrounded the Devils of the 10,000-Devil Altar, the slaughter was one-sided.

With a thought, Yue Zhong opened up his Wings of Hope, flapping his wings and charging right towards the 10,000-Devil Altar experts.

The Bull-head Dragon Devil continued to chase after Yue Zhong.

When Yue Zhong shot forward without holding back, he quickly traversed the distance of a thousand li like a meteor, slamming into a Type 9 Black Rip Devil, whose body was covered in thick Devil Qi.

The Black Rip Devil had also sensed Yue Zhong, instantly opening up a spatial tear in front of him to divert Yue Zhong's attack.

Yue Zhong grabbed out, instantly dispersing the tear, while his body slammed into the Black Rip Devil like a shooting star.

The impact caused the Type 9 Black Rip Devil to split apart, as blood flowed everywhere.

"Damn human!! I will drain you of your blood!!"

Seeing that scene, a Type 9 Blood-sucking Devil, whose looks were handsome, roared out in rage, and channeled his blood energy, shooting towards Yue Zhong with a specter-like speed, slashing out at Yue Zhong's heart.

"I'm sorry, you don't have that ability, break for me!!"

Yue Zhong laughed coldly, his fist containing a terrifying might as he punched out. At that moment, the Type 9 Blood-sucking Devil's Blood Law disintegrated, while the expert himself became a corpse that hurtled to the ground.

The God-Devil Physique evolved from the system was the strongest physique in the world. After Yue Zhong reached the Type 9 realm, his physique alone had even surpassed some weaker True God experts. His body was his strongest weapon, and unless the opponent of the same rank had a Gold-Grade weapon, they would not be able to take on a single fist from him.

"Lie Hong is dead!"

"He was actually killed by that human!!"

"Damn it!!! Kill him!! Kill that damn human!"

"..."

Seeing the Blood-sucking Devil killed by Yue Zhong in a single fist, the savage Devils did not shudder not shrink away with fear, instead, they pounced towards Yue Zhong, fueled by their intense desire to kill.

[Chapter 1190: Red Jade Mantis Horde!](#)

Yue Zhong had an icy and cruel look, his fists slamming out at those Type 9 Devils.

Those who were at the initial-Type 9 and mid-Type 9 realms, as long as they got struck by Yue Zhong's fist, their bodies would burst apart.

After 4 of their experts fell under Yue Zhong's hands, none of them got close to Yue Zhong any further. Instead, they channeled their laws and began to execute their techniques from afar.

At that instant, numerous black beams containing laws struck towards Yue Zhong.

Right behind Yue Zhong, the peak-Type 9 Bull-head Dragon Devil also roared out furiously, the silver ax in his hands covered with countless green lightning bolts, striking at Yue Zhong as well.

"Armor!"

Yue Zhong barked out coldly, and the Gold-Grade Battle Armor covered his body, radiating brightly while the 9 Type 9 nuclei behind shone, and a powerful strength coursed through him, pushing his strength to the peak of the Type 9-realm.

After obtaining that fearsome strength, Yue Zhong charged through the sky, dodging most of the lightning, while some struck his armor, and bounced off, striking the Devils.

The attacks of the Devils slammed into Yue Zhong and was also deflected off to hit the other Devils by the side.

The lightning attack of the Bull-head Dragon Demon was extremely powerful, striking the Devils, immediately causing them to go numb, and they went into shock.

At that instant, Yue Zhong charged through the Devils, punching out like he was passing judgment, immediately blasting their bodies apart.

As for the attacks of those Type 9 Devils, when they were deflected off, they did not manage to harm Yue Zhong much.

The peak-Type 9 Bull-head Dragon Demon was like an assistant to Yue Zhong, his lightning attacks completely bouncing off Yue Zhong, striking the rest of the Devils, causing them to be stunned momentarily before Yue Zhong finished them.

The Gold-Grade Armor was able to reflect most Type 9 attacks, and in such a chaotic battlefield, it was extremely effective. Yue Zhong continued to weave through the battlefield, invincible and everywhere he went, the Devils would be killed, heavily injured, and those who could flee far to avoid him.

Following Yue Zhong's wanton slaughter of the Devils, the inner life force in him was accumulating swiftly. The life force of the Type 9 experts were the most precious ingredients.

"Audacious human!!"

As Yue Zhong was going on a slaughter, the half-step True God experts hidden with the Heavenly Devil Palace let out an enraged roar. A burst of Devil Qi churned out, as it reformed into a hideous-looking expert, who had deep-set eyes, a hooked nose, and 8 spider legs behind his back. This was an expert from the Heavenly Spider Devil race.

The Heavenly Spider Devil race had a terrifying strength and loved to devour all sorts of life forms. There were some who were even able to take on and consume Type 9 powerhouses while they were still at the half-step Type 9 realm. Their combat strength was formidable. Of course, they were low in numbers, with only a few hundred, however, each and every single member of their race was a terrifying existence.

The half-step True God expert began to threaten Yue Zhong, "Human, hand over that armor to the mighty King Jeffery. I can pardon your offenses and take you in as my servant. You will be allowed to reign over 150 million people, and become their king, and partake in the pleasures of life. Furthermore, as long as I can break through this cage and escape from the world, I will help you to become a true Devil-level expert, immortal and invincible!! If you choose to decline, when I capture you, I will tear you limb from limb, sinew from your tendons, and throw you into a pit of worms, to be fed to those bugs!"

When the human race broke through this cage, they would consider the Type 10 experts as True God warriors. However, to the Devil Race, they called them the True Devil warriors.

"Oh! I choose to take down your head and flush it down the toilet bowl." Yue Zhong chuckled coldly, and his body flickered, transcending space as he made for the half-step True God Jeffery.

"Fool! The might of a half-step True Devil expert is nothing the likes of an ant like you can understand!! I shall show you the distance between the both of us!!"

Jeffery shot into the sky, eyeing Yue Zhong as he laughed coldly. With his fingers outstretched, black lines containing laws shot out, assaulting Yue Zhong.

Facing those countless lines, Yue Zhong directly executed his strongest technique, the Cosmic Finger, as a cosmos suddenly appeared and pressed down on the lines.

"A True-God technique eh? It might be powerful, but you are still too weak!! You can't even bring out 30% of its power!! What a waste! Let me show you how I'll break it!!"

Jeffery looked at the cosmos and laughed coldly. His black lines trembled slightly, and stuck onto the cosmos before a huge suction began to exert through them. The cosmos then began to shrink at a pace visible to the eye, before finally disappearing.

At the same time, the lines continued to surge forwards at a frenzied speed, spinning around Yue Zhong.

The black lines did not specifically attack Yue Zhong, instead, they stuck onto him with some strange sticky law, and wrapped around him, turning into a black cocoon.

There was no offensive strength in those lines, thus, the Gold Battle Armor had no way of reflecting anything, and could only allow the strings to wrap around Yue Zhong.

Inside the cocoon, Yue Zhong's face fell as he struggled. The lines seemed to have a life of their own, continuing to wrap around him. At the same time, they exuded a sweet scent, causing one to slowly go into a stupor.

Yue Zhong only took a whiff and he was starting to become drowsy. His thoughts slowed slightly before he regained clarity, and he was taken aback, "Not good!! What a terrifying half-step True God expert. This fellow did not even utilize any Gold-Grade treasure, and I almost fell at his hands. If it was not for the Battle Armor, I would have been captured!"

A single second to a Type 9 powerhouse was enough to let them execute over 100,000 fits, and capture Yue Zhong a hundred times over. If it was not for the Battle Armor still protecting Yue Zhong, he would truly be ensnared.

These black lines were called the Black Devil Silk, and one of Jeffery's strongest techniques. Once caught, a half-step True God expert would lose control over his body, and be captured.

"Burn for me!!"

With a thought, Yue Zhong channeled his Flame Domain with all his might, and the terrifying God-Devil Flames burst out with him at the center, incinerating everything in its path, burning up the Black Devil Silk as well.

The Flame Domain was the bane of all silk and strings-related domains. Under the burning of the God-Devil Flames, the Black Devil Silk around Yue Zhong began to disintegrate, turning into flames as they floated away.

At the same time that the silk was burning up, Yue Zhong charged through the broken cocoon and retreated explosively.

In this battle with Jeffery, Yue Zhong had seen clearly the difference in strength. Even if he had the Gold-Grade Battle Armor, against a half-step True God-expert, it was still possible to be defeated. He had killed many Type 9 Devils and had earned plenty of life force. A retreat was the best option for him right now.

If all the half-step True Devil-experts of the 10,000-Devil Altar were to act, then Yue Zhong might not even be able to escape.

"Fleeing?"

Jeffery had not expected Yue Zhong to actually escape from his Black Devil Silk and he was full of shock. With a flash, he immediately turned into a beam of light that chased after Yue Zhong.

After equipping the Battle Armor, Yue Zhong pushed with all his speed, even surpassing some half-step True God experts. Jeffery went all out but was unable to close the distance between the both of them.

Yue Zhong chose to head towards the direction of the Goat-head Dragon Devils and Bull-head Dragon Devils. After more than 50,000 li, there was a huge black nest on the ground, reaching over 500m in height, and there was a powerful ring of light that seemed to radiate outwards, containing spatial laws.

Yue Zhong stared at that huge ring of light and sensing the pursuit of Jeffery, he gritted his teeth and shot towards the light, "That is the definitely the door to the next level of the Tower of Babel!! There's no time to think, I'd better head up first!"

Just as Yue Zhong was nearing that huge nest, out flew numerous Type 9 Red Jade Mantises, each of them looking like scarlet crystals, shooting towards Yue Zhong with insane speed.

In an instant, over 50,000 of them had flown out, lunging for both Yue Zhong and Jeffery.

"Damn it!!"

Seeing the 50,000 Type 9 Red Jade Mantises, Jeffery's face fell, and he quickly retreated.

As a half-step True God expert, he could easily kill 10 of them. However, faced with a figure of 50,000, it was definitely impossible for him to make it out alive.

"Chance!!"

Yue Zhong was not afraid, instead, he charged right through, and started to pummel them one by one, absorbing their life force.