

## Chapter 2715 Trump Card

He did not fight back or avoid the incoming attack. Only the disdainful look in his eyes intensified.

The vast gap in abilities between Celestial and King Class warriors couldn't be compensated with mere numbers.

Even three hundred King Class warriors wouldn't be Zeke's match, much less thirty.

After all, the two differed by two cultivation levels. One level was already a significant distinction, not to mention Zeke was two classes above the Northern King.

Zeke thought, A baby can never win against a boxer. Does he think three hundred babies will be able to defeat a boxer? What a joke.

Under the crowd's watchful gazes, thirty Legatuses released their energies at Zeke.

Boom!

A more thunderous explosion erupted.

At that instant, multiple cracks appeared in the sky and ground. The chaotic space turbulence swept across the whole area.

Countless stones disintegrated and scattered everywhere, following the movement of the tornado.

Everyone experienced tinnitus as the booms almost rendered them deaf.

The Northern King chortled in satisfaction. There's no way you can survive this regardless of how strong you are, Zeke.

He stared intently at the spot Zeke had stood earlier.

At that moment, he couldn't see the area ahead of him clearly as dust clouds lingered in the air.

Nevertheless, the crowd noticed a fissure approximately five or six meters deep nearby Zeke.

The force of the collision was as great as a meteor crash. There was no way a human could withstand that immense impact.

At long last, the clouds of dust finally settled. Everyone craned their necks in anticipation, and they were met with an utterly astonishing sight.

Zeke remained rooted to his spot. There wasn't a speck of dust on him. His clothes were neat, and his jet-black hair was smooth. He wasn't even slightly affected by the explosion.

Even the ground beneath his feet was intact, and the grasses growing on the patch of earth were unharmed.

“My god! Tell me this isn't real!”

“This is so ridiculous. What the heck is going on? Is he still a human?”

“He stood there and allowed thirty Legatuses to gang up on him without even retaliating.”

“This is outrageous!”

“Who can tell me which class of a warrior he is? Are the Camp Masters of Camp North and Camp South on Theos Island as formidable as him?”

Meanwhile, the people from Zeke's camp laughed out loud.

“Ha! Aren't all of you embarrassed to call yourselves Legatuses? You can't even triumph over a Centurion. I suggest you all reshuffle to the most outer perimeter as Decani.”

“Alas, our commander stood still and allowed you all to kill him, yet you failed to inflict even the slightest harm on him. Aren't you ashamed?”

“Not only did they fail to harm our commander, but the backlash also injured some Legatuses.”

“Haha! If I were them, I'd bang my head and end my own life out of embarrassment.”

The Northern King's face darkened. Heart-wrenching pain and a sense of defeat overwhelmed him at that moment. He wished the ground could open up and swallow him whole.

He knew Zeke was strong, but little did he expect him to be that strong.

The Northern King had thought the combined effort of over thirty Legatuses could at least inflict some damage on Zeke and make him appear pathetic.

Little did the Northern King expect their attacks to be completely futile.

Who on earth is Zeke?

Terror filled the Legion members' eyes as they gazed at Zeke. Some of them even staggered backward uncontrollably.

The Northern King had no doubt his troop would fall apart and escape in fear if Zeke took one step forward. No. I cannot admit defeat just like that. I haven't lost yet. I still have a trump card!

The Northern King took a deep breath and wiped away the sweat on his face.

Only then did he notice his face was covered with blood.

He had pushed his body to its limit when he exerted his full strength earlier, causing him to end up in a weakened, wretched state, with blood seeping through his skin.

The Northern King bellowed, “Zeke, don't be too full of yourself. You left me no alternative except to use my trump card.”

Zeke stared at him in amusement. I've already displayed to him my overpowering abilities, yet he's still unwilling to surrender and is even resorting to brandishing his trump card.