

## Chapter 0456

Yevgen's assault sent Yewspire Mountain into turmoil. The Yanker family's young warriors, fueled by a shared rage, raced from the mountain's base to its peak. They quickly formed a defensive array, trapping Yevgen in a tight siege.

Meanwhile, the alarmed Yanker elders hurriedly led the women and children away from the mountain, seeking refuge in the surrounding valleys and ravines.

The tyrant seemed unstoppable. Even with Zane, a supreme grand martial, holding the line, no one underestimated Yevgen. Every Yanker knew the stakes: that battle would decide their fate. Any slip could spell doom for the entire clan.

"Heh, heh," Yevgen sneered, confronting the Yanker's defense array. A dark aura of power shrouded him, the hallmark of a supreme grand martial's might, his martial prowess on full display.

A shield of dominant strength surrounded him, impervious even to the world's most cutting-edge sniper rifles. It could fend off the mightiest of weapons, rivaling the protective plating of an armored tank.

One man, with the power to topple a small army—that was the fearsome might of a supreme grand martial master!

"Have all the Yanker men gathered? Excellent."

Yevgen's wild hair veiled half of his grimacing face, his expression hidden from view. As he spoke, his form blurred momentarily, then snapped back into sharp focus.

In that fleeting instant, he struck seven times.

Each strike claimed a life. 1

Before the Yanker family shrine, seven young men lay with their necks broken, their lives snuffed out by Yevgen's swift hands.

His assault was lightning-fast, brutal, and direct, with no need for finesse—just raw power crushing the Yanker kin beneath him.

It was an onslaught that left no room for defense.

"Yevgen, you're a dead man!"

A Grandmaster at the peak level bellowed from behind Zane, his eyes a fiery red. Among the fallen was his own son.

Driven by fury, the Grandmaster charged like a berserk bull, leaping from Zane's shadow. He spun through the air, his arm lashing out like a whip of alloyed steel, aimed with deadly intent at Yevgen's head.

"A Grandmaster peak level? You're nothing but trash!"

Yevgen sneered, his feet barely seeming to move, just a blur

in place before he became sharply defined again.

The fight was over before it had really begun.

In that split-second clash, his right claw had torn through the chest of a Grandmaster, his blood-soaked hand protruding from the man's back, heart still pulsing in his grasp.

Then, with a cruel snap, Yevgen crushed the Grandmaster's heart.

The sound of gulping filled the air.

In front of the Yanker family's ancestral hall, over 300 descendants stood shivering, their throats quivering uncontrollably, a chilling dread racing from their feet to their skulls.

He had killed a Grandmaster with a single blow!

That wild, fierce-looking brute was so terrifyingly strong, so merciless in his attack, he seemed less like a man and more like a demon.

Completely devoid of humanity!

"Is he... Is he a killing machine?!"

"He took down a Grandmaster in one move! Is he a heavyweight with peak level or has he reached the heavyweight ultimate level?"

"With his strike, our Yanker family's ten Grandmasters are

now down to nine..."

Panic surged through the Yanker descendants, their eyes all turning to one man.

Zane, the head of the Yanker family.

If there was anyone who could face that demon, it had to be Zane, the supreme grand martial. Only an overlord could take on another overlord, and Zane was their last beacon of hope.