


Chapter 0457

"Yevgen!"

With the crowd's eyes fixed on him, Zane stepped forward, determination blazing in his gaze. "Banishing evil is our calling as warriors. Today, I'm willing to risk the entire Yanker family to ensure you don't leave Yewspire Mountain!"

"Take positions!"

With a series of swift movements, nine Grandmasters sprang into action behind Zane, each claiming their spot. They struck various poses: one balanced on a single foot, another sunk into a deep stance, some bent in a bow stance, while others sat with legs crossed on the ground. Nine warriors, nine stances, all distinct.

They formed the legendary Nine Palace Divine Ape Array, the most formidable strategy derived from the ancient Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist. 

Even Zane, facing such a daunting foe, was not certain of victory. That magical formation, a legacy of the Yanker ancestors crafted to take down the mightiest of foes, had not been revealed in nearly a century.

Once activated, the nine moved as one entity, their coordinated advance and retreat, coupled with Zane's strategic guidance at the core, could ensnare even a

heavyweight with major level.

"Heh, heh."

Yevgen, confronted with that formidable strategy, was far from intimidated. His grotesque face twisted into a sneer of blatant scorn.

In a blur, he vanished and reappeared.

With a mere flicker, he seized a Yanker scion by the neck and taunted, "Has the Yanker family really fallen so low that they hid behind a magical formation to face me?"

"Let's not kid ourselves about whether your fancy spellwork can hold me," he scoffed. "Even if it's got some kick, you really think I'd just stand around waiting for the end? What a joke!"

His wrist snapped with lethal precision, crushing the neck of a Yanker heir with ease. He pulled back swiftly, a predator among prey, and snatched up two more Yankers, his grotesque grin wilder than before. "This isn't some friendly sparring—it's kill or be killed!"

"Any point to your little magical formation now?!"

The air in front of the Yanker family's hall turned heavy with silence—a deathly hush.

Yevgen was right. This was not a practice bout but a battle for survival. The Yanker's spell might be tough, but Yevgen was a whirlwind, never caught in their web. Their magical

formation was a joke, pointless.

If that kept up, the Yanker youngsters would just keep dropping like flies. Even if Zane and the nine hotshot Grandmasters made it out alive, what good would it do if there was no one left to carry on the Yanker name? They would be finished.

"I've been a fool."

Zane finally faced the music, no more delusions. He gave a slow, resigned shake of his head to the Grandmasters, signaling them to pack up their magic show. Then he flexed, and the 25 black iron rings on his arms clanged with a sound that meant business.

"Yevgen, how about we settle this, just you and me? Are you up for it?"

Was he trying to rile him up?

Yevgen's face remained impassive, his gaze on Zane as distant and detached as if he were staring down a ghost. His eyes narrowed, filled with a sudden ferocity, as he lunged at Zane like a predator in full hunt.

He gave it everything he had.

His attack was a blur of motion, fierce as a tiger pouncing, swift as an eagle diving. The power in his hands screamed through the air, and in the blink of an eye, he was upon Zane, aiming for his chest.

"Watch closely, Yanker kin!" Zane bellowed. "Bear witness to the essence of our Yanker family's Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist. Learn it well and leave at once, so our martial legacy will endure!"

The air thundered with their collision, a testament to their formidable might!

Yevgen was a whirlwind of brutality, his hands striking like savage claws, relentlessly targeting Zane's chest and back.

Zane, his weathered face set in grim determination, moved with the precision of a master. The black iron rings on his wrists clanged sharply as he unleashed the Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist, move by powerful move.

His fists echoed like iron; danced with the swiftness of the wind.

Struck with the force to shatter mountains; shook the very earth beneath them.

Released raw, unbridled power; their roars filled the heavens.

They charged with the force of a cannon blast.

'For the Yanker Family, forever and always!'

Before the grand entrance of the Yanker family's hall, Zane's fists danced in a blur, each strike faster and more ruthless than the one before, echoing like a river reversing its course, thunderous as it surged on and on.

By then, even the least skilled among the Yanker kin could tell that Zane was not fighting to win. He was ready to lay down his life, showcasing the pinnacle of his boxing skills for the younger disciples to witness and ensure the legacy of the 'Divine Ape Backbreaking Fist' would endure through the ages.

"Are you done showing off your moves?"

Two minutes into the clash, Yevgen's claws whipped through the air at breakneck speed. Narrowing his eyes at Zane's barrage of punches, he snickered. "Nice technique, but you're not there yet. You haven't reached the heavyweight major level.

"As for me, I've been rock-solid at that level for ages, a whole tier above you!"

In an instant, his claws reversed course, his left hand knocking aside Zane's defense, his right hand shooting out like a bolt of lightning to seize Zane's wrist.

Crash!

Up until then, Yevgen had fought solely with his claws, never once employing his legs. However, at that moment, his right leg shot up like a war ax cleaving the air, aiming a devastating blow at Zane's gut.

He was out for blood—Zane's life was on the line!