

Chapter 2460 Turning the Tables

Some people in the world always have mouths that have been blessed.

Once the Great Octavian stopped complaining...

Up on the martial arts stage, Doe was roaring with anger and bloodshot eyes.

The intense pain coupled with the rapid depletion of his nimbus made his vision hazy.

However, at this moment, memories of when he first entered the Southcloud Temple as a humble disciple suddenly appeared in his mind.

He recalled the faces of the powerful figurines that had terrified him back then.

At this moment, there was a faint sense of familiarity in his consciousness.

He could not help but close his eyes.

The nimbus around his body instantly retracted into his body.

"Heh. Are you giving up?"

"If you had done this earlier, you would have saved yourself from so much suffering."

Seeing the opponent's appearance, Zech smugly commented.

However, just when he thought he had victory in her grasp, the iron chain in Doe's hand suddenly shook.

"How is this possible?"

He had always been confident in his secret technique.

Not only was the Soul Chain Strangling Technique a very strong restraint, but it was also very corrosive.

Most importantly, as long as his prey was caught by the iron chain, their nimbus would rapidly be drained away.

However, the iron chain continued to shake even more.

He suddenly felt a sense of foreboding.

There was no time to hesitate any longer.

With a tight grip on the sickles in his hands, he rushed toward his opponent.

Meanwhile...

Doe looked like someone who had completely given up on struggling.

There was no longer any trace of power fluctuating around his body.

At this time, all the spectators on the scene had already lost hope.

Even those who did not understand martial arts could tell...

This match had been lost, for sure.

The referee was also prepared to intervene at any time for a medical emergency.

The target of Zech's attack was clearly Doe's hara.

If Doe's hara was destroyed...

The Martial League would be greatly humiliated.

After all, this person was a disciple of the key figure of the Fo Sect.

In this tense atmosphere...

Zech's sickles swung closer and closer to Doe's abdomen.

He could almost envision the celebration that would ensue over his victory.

"The ten islands now belong to the Anbe Family."

As he said that, he crossed his sickles to form an X-shape that stabbed straight at Doe's hara.

The referee was about to make a move to stop a tragedy.

Just as things were going to turn nasty...

A strong burst of golden light suddenly exploded from the center of the arena.

The dazzling light blinded everyone.

Zech, who was closest to Doe, noticed the anomaly.

Without any hesitation, he slammed his eyes shut. Still, his sickles did not stop moving.

Unbeknownst to him...

At that moment, Doe was protected by a layer of golden light that took the form of a warrior, an Arhat.

When Zech got close to Doe...

The golden figurine's closed eyes suddenly opened in fury.

In an instant, Zech, who was still charging with a murderous rage, was sent flying.

Like a kite with a broken string, he fell heavily to the ground.

"What kind of power is this?"

Zech spat out a mouthful of blood.

He gasped in shock.

After standing up, he found that his hands were trembling uncontrollably.

When he looked down, the palms of his hands were already a bloody mess.

However, what frightened him more was the fact that...

His incredibly sturdy soul chain began to creak as tiny weblike cracks appeared one after another.

In the blink of an eye, the entire soul chain exploded into pieces.

"This is impossible! That's impossible!" Zech cried out.

"My soul chain!"

In pain, Zech fell to his knees.

He stared blankly down at the iron scraps in his hands as if he were in a daze.