

### **Chapter 751 - 746: Soldier of War, Declaring War**

Guan Yu's excitement was enthusiastically explosive, but his mouth and heart had acted faster than his mind. The sheer promising prospect of dual cultivating with an Ascended as a mortal had driven him to speak out his willingness. That said, it didn't halt his brain from processing the implications of the mysterious woman's words.

Guan Yu blurted out, "You're an Ascended?" His expression noticeably paled as he stepped backwards a few times, his eyes glinting with traces of fear. As if to seek verification, he stared at the unsurprised facial expression of Wei Wuyin. His heart was doused in cold water and he felt a chill flow through his spine.

While not betraying his emotions through his expressions, Wei Wuyin was considerably surprised internally at the offer he was given. While he didn't understand Ascended culture very well, he did comprehend Astral Core Realm culture towards those lesser cultivators, especially amongst females.

The benefits of being with a woman of far higher cultivation base than their male counterpart provided an ungodly level of benefits to the male. Primarily, Primal Yin contained the essential insights of cultivation, including a vast quantity of pure, high-end yin energies. The former needed no explanation, while the latter could strengthen one's physique, foundation, and spiritual aspects. There were a few specific dual cultivation methods to use yin energies to elevate a Spirit of Cultivation's Mortal State retroactively.

The usage was numerous and the value was unimaginably high. It created such a divide that a woman's purity was held in the highest regard, especially if they were talented, with many women refusing to be with lesser cultivators, and many men refusing to dual cultivate with women who've lost theirs to others. The latter was even more so as the first yin and yang merging process would guide the dual cultivation process, so the next male that entered would receive less than a tenth of the benefits that was originally possible.

While all this has been said, it must be noted that women too had tangible benefits and reasons to preserve their Primal Yin for their cultivation. The Primal Yin contained pure energies that they themselves could use to internally cultivate, elevating the state of their Spirit of Cultivation, refining their physique, or heightening their comprehensive abilities.

Qin Rui, a former Grand Imperial Sage of the Myriad Monarch Sect, now a member of the Eternal Monarch Sect, had kept her purity intact, allowing her to push herself to be the strongest female in the Myriad Monarch Sect. She was tangible proof of the benefits that a Primal Yin could provide.

These were only surface level benefits of the Primal Yin, yet there were far more long term benefits, and issues when not doing so.

The Primal Yin's and innate yin energies growth would forcefully halt at the moment a female cultivator lost it, except in unique Yin Physiques. This meant that, if a female lost their Primal Yin at the Qi Condensation Realm, even if they reached the Astral Core Realm eventually, their innate yin energies for dual cultivation would stagnate. These innate energies were extremely useful for long-term dual cultivation efforts. While their innate yin energies might be better than Qi Condensation Realm

cultivators due to being refined by their own powers, it certainly wouldn't be remotely comparable to women who waited with similar cultivation bases, or even some Qi Condensation Realm cultivators.

This only elevated the belief towards the importance of maintaining your purity in certain societies, especially amongst male cultivators. Yet it was still extremely difficult to do, since breaking through to the next level wasn't a guarantee, in any stage or realm. To wait your entire life to be intimate with another, was it worth it?

The topic of Primal Yin for higher level cultivators was extremely s?ns?t?v?, but also extremely rare.

Guan Yu was extremely aware of all these details, which was why he was unable to hold himself back when an Ascended offered herself. Even back home, unless his grandparents decided to nurture a few female servants of astonishing talent to the Ascended level before he was even born, just for his own cultivation, it was impossible to even consider being with a female Ascended as a mere mortal.

The mysterious woman ignored Guan Yu. To her, Wei Wuyin had b?r?ly met her standards. Barely. While he was a mortal, his handsome appearance was almost otherworldly, like a masculine demi-god depicted in fairy tales told to children, even causing her long-dried heart to stir. From the Essence of War armor he wore, he had infused his World Heart Intent into it, and he was willing to face the Obelisk of War despite knowing what it entailed.

At first, she thought he was an ignorant mortal about to commit suicide, and while she still believed his act was a suicidal one, it wasn't an ignorant decision. Even knowing that she was an Ascended, warning her to leave for her safety, and still showing no fear in her approach in a Battlefield where most mortals thought everyone was their enemy, unlike that other fellow beside him.

Even at this moment, Guan Yu kept distancing himself out of fear and caution. Yet Wei Wuyin's emotional and mental state was perfectly tranquil.

Unfortunately and woefully, almost to the extent that numerous wails of fallen men cried out in a ghastly manner, Wei Wuyin's response was not what one would expect from a mortal being offered the endless benefits of a Demi-Mortal Lord's Primal Yin.

"I'll have to refuse." Those four words had taken both Guan Yu and the mysterious woman by surprise. Guan Yu became flummoxed and speechless. His first instinctive thought was that Wei Wuyin preferred the same gender, but even those types of cultivators would unhesitatingly put aside that preference for this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity.

The mysterious woman's first thought was different, directly saying: "So you have a Dao Companion." Her voice carried a wisp of disappointment. In her mind, this was the only possible reason to refuse.

Guan Yu was enlightened. The Dao Companion's Heavenly Oath was quite peculiar and iron-clad, and without your spouse's permission, sleeping with other women could lead to catastrophic consequences.

Wei Wuyin shook his head, "I don't."

"..." Now they both were rendered speechless. Unable to comprehend the reasoning for refusing this godsend opportunity! Guan Yu felt an urge to viciously shake Wei Wuyin until he got an answer. Fortunately for his life, he didn't have to resort to that.

"If I was younger, I wouldn't have any issue with accepting desperate women, like yourself, who were driven to the brink by their circumstances. I've done it a few times. But I've understood myself more since, and I refuse to take advantage of women in such a way again." Wei Wuyin's experiences since becoming an Inheritor of Sin had changed him, not just his mindset, but as a person.

Whether it was Na Xinyi, Jiao Ning, that girl from the Violet Moon Sect, Xue Yifei, Long Chen, Yuan Longshi, Lin Ziyang, the Heavenly Daos' influence, Ai Juling, or Yue Songli, his experiences with them each had slowly evolved his own principles and morals, establishing a strong, very strong foundation of his own self-confidence as a person, as a man, and as a leader, including what he wanted from his women. He didn't want nor need to take advantage of fragile, desperate, or despairing women to satisfy himself or his ego. He had developed his own unique sense of pride.

This was especially cemented when he met Ai Juling. While they had only met once in the Four Extreme Continent, she had the most impactful reflection on his insight into what he wanted. Despite being kidnapped and taken away by force, after revealing his intentions to court her, she wasn't terrified or repulsed, and she even wanted to be with him due to his revealed value and personality.

This thoroughly instilled into him the understanding that he didn't need to take advantage of women or place them in precarious positions. His life, his strength, his means, personality, wealth, and just his overall value was sufficient to court and obtain a woman he desired. It was absolutely beneath him to do anything else. If his value wasn't enough, then it wasn't enough. It just wasn't fated.

In a way, he wanted to be their choice.

Not their only choice.

"How about this," Wei Wuyin reached out and grabbed the mysterious woman's hands, realizing her skin was quite smooth and exuded a comforting warmth, and touched her spatial ring. This startled her, but as an Ascended, and a Demi-Mortal Lord at that, she held no fear towards any of Wei Wuyin's actions. So she watched on curiously.

Wei Wuyin exerted a little bit of spatial power, shifting 10,000 War Souls from his Spatial Ring to the mysterious woman's. This was enough for her to leave. He calmly continued, "If you still want to after this, I won't refuse."

Wei Wuyin wasn't able to see the woman's expression, wasn't able to determine her exact appearance, or anything about her, yet from the vigorous shaking of her body leading to her hand. He felt all her intense emotions. He could feel her gaze on his face, so piercing and suffused with incredible shock, extreme confusion, an entire array of emotions, that it seemed as if it tried to penetrate his Sea of Consciousness.

Wei Wuyin revealed a smile. He didn't say anything but let her hand go, proceeding to walk towards the direction of the Obelisk of War. As he stepped closer, he could feel a faint wave of cascading pressure battering his face. The sounds of clashing weapons, blood-curdling screams of agony, roaring shouts of rage and bloodlust, and blood splashing endlessly into the world. The hymn of war echoed out endlessly.

Guan Yu watched, confused by what just happened. He glanced at the mysterious woman and felt tempted to once more express his willingness.

However, the mysterious woman moved. She was shockingly swift, arriving beside Wei Wuyin in almost an instant. She reached out and grabbed his hand with her own, causing him to halt his steps and turn around. While he was unable to see her, she had undone her facial concealment, revealing herself to Wei Wuyin.

"..." There were faint sounds of breathing escaping from the woman's mouth, but not a single coherent word. She wanted to ask how, why, and who, yet none of it came out. She had never felt so incapable before than in this moment. Her greatest life wish had been fulfilled without any reasoning that made sense to her, overturning her entire understanding of the world in seconds, and in men as a whole.

Wei Wuyin was still inundated by the hymn of war, facing the waves of pressure, yet he answered her unspoken questions: "I earned all of them myself, and I gave them to you because I don't want anyone to choose me because I'm the only choice available. I want to be chosen because I'm the best choice. Now, you have an entire world to choose from."

Be it the Ascendants, Valkyries, those three Ascended from the United Source Starfield, the crew of Vanishing Colossus, or the Golden Life Pavilion, his approach towards them has always remained consistent. They had the agency to decide. Those he courted were no different.

"Now, am I still an option?" Wei Wuyin revealed a bright smile.

"..." The woman found herself enlightened. The sheer degree of confidence to take such a bold action and allow it to be her choice, not out of bleak desperation that she was going to die here, alone and barren in a hellish world, but because she wanted to. There was certainly no mortal man in this world who she thought would ever do anything like this, refusing her, giving her back her agency, and then asking her that question.

They would've first taken. Then, they would've left her here to slowly die in despair, or as she planned to do—take her own life to end it, but only after taking everything that they needed from her. Everything she readily offered.

Clench!

She pressed heavily against Wei Wuyin's hand, grabbing so tightly it seemed as if she didn't want to let go even if the sky collapsed.

Wei Wuyin felt the stinging pain, but his expression didn't change. "I'll take that as a yes," he nodded while grabbing her hand and slowly moving her fingers, freeing himself. "We'll talk more after this; for now, step back."

After saying this, he continued walking forward and felt the pressure reach another level! With a heavy breath, he held his right hand to the direction of the pulsating waves of pressure.

"I DECLARE WAR UPON THE NEXUS!"

### **Chapter 752 - 747: Soldier of War, Army of 10, 000**

DZZZZT!

RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

The entire Nexus Battlefield trembled vigorously, as if subjected to a violent, city-collapsing earthquake in terms of magnitude. Regardless of the environment, regardless of what was in it, be it trees, mountains, lakes, volcanoes, or even the rain clouds within the air, all environmental conditions were adversely affected.

The trees fractured or snapped. The mountains began to crumble. The lakes leaked out or drained slightly. The volcanoes erupted, spewing out copious amounts of molten smoke and falling ash. The rain clouds released heavier drops of water that pierced the ground.

"What the hell is happening?!" A Soldier of War wielding a blade plunged into the skull of another, couldn't help but find himself unsteady. Wiping the still-wet blood from his face, he looked beyond the horizon to the chaotic walls to see a change that turned his heart cold.

Another Soldier of War, a long-time fighter, had finally claimed sufficient War Souls and then some, killing nine others to do so. The quaking began just as he was about to touch the screen, a bright, contentful smile on his face, yet only death by execution awaited his fate.

Fortunately, just as he was about to touch the wall to exit, its colors immediately drained from it and the animated manner at which it moved halted. Soon, an obsidian wall formed of seemingly the densest material imaginable in its place. As his hand touched it, ready to announce his departure, the rumbling pushed him forward and he collided with the heavy wall.

With a pained grunt, he held onto the wall as he felt his entire body tremble ceaselessly. He looked upwards in shock and confusion, and what he witnessed caused his eyes to constrict further than it had ever before.

The Soldiers of War were all attracted by this change, regardless if it was the caged Ascended hermits or the hopeful mortal soldiers, they all were drawn by this evolving phenomenon.

Guan Yu and the woman were at the center of this change, and the hymn of war unleashed by the Obelisk smashed against their bodies as explosive soundwaves. Their expressions paled.

The woman clenched her fists as she watched Wei Wuyin challenge the Obelisk of War. This wasn't her first time witnessing such changes. There have been other Ascended since she arrived, those elites amongst the elites like her, talented and fierce, yet subjected to an impossible situation. Forced by their circumstance to live out their lifespans here or challenge the Obelisk of War, a few inevitably chose the latter.

The result was obvious, but if it needed to be said: None of them survived.

She, too, had wanted to challenge the Obelisk of War at one point, even considered gathering other Ascended and Soldiers of War in a fierce challenge against the 10,000 Spirits of War Army, but the mortals would certainly unhesitatingly flee at the sight, and the enemy Ascended numbers were simply too high to match. It was purely childish to think of being victorious in the face of such terrifying odds.

It was impossible.

Thus, she could only wait with her hope burning until it was inevitably doused by cold, heartless reality. Left with no way to escape, she wanted to experience womanly pleasures for once in her unbearably long life to someone she saw worthy, and then end it on her own terms. However, everything changed.

While she knew that Wei Wuyin, a mere mortal, was intending to challenge the Obelisk of War, she found herself unable to stop him after receiving the 10,000 War Souls. She now had her ticket to go home. She would even have 10,000 War Souls to use after escaping, an incredible amount of War Souls for trading.

She tensely bit her lower lip in anxiety, recalling all of what Wei Wuyin had said. While he had considered her silence as a yes, her thoughts were spiraling uncontrollably that she couldn't even process all of it. The fires of ambitions and desire had been reignited, and she now could see the light of her cultivation path once again.

Yet she was extremely conflicted. However, it didn't matter what her feelings were like. Wei Wuyin had already declared war against the Obelisk of War, so he must either lose or win. Even if he sought to escape, those 10,000 Spirits of War will hunt him down relentlessly until his death. She couldn't fathom why a mere mortal would make such a foolish challenge.

However, she was beset by a choice.

She could retreat, wait for Wei Wuyin's demise, and then escape.

Or...

She could stand with Wei Wuyin to face 10,000 Spirits of War and die alongside him.

In her mind, there were only these two choices. She didn't believe Wei Wuyin had any semblance of hope in coming out victorious, no matter how powerful his World Heart Intent was. He was just a mortal; a measly little mortal man in a chaotic world that restricted them fiercely.

Her delicate hands clenched so tightly that she felt her heart in her palm, feeling the pulsing of her heartbeat. She took a deep breath, and then took a step forward. This step fully displayed her intentions. While Wei Wuyin barely met her qualifications as a man, even though he was hopelessly suicidal, she decided to stand with him.

At worst, they died together.

While she wouldn't be able to experience the pleasures of a woman, her dreams and hopes shattered once again, at least she was at peace with this decision, acting accordance to her heart.

Wei Wuyin was currently experiencing immense pressure as his Mark of Annihilation formed on his palm, emanating out faint rays of light that seemed to directly challenge the Obelisk of War. Despite this, he heard the faint footsteps of someone approaching. When this reached him, he was extremely shocked.

He turned to the side, holding out his other hand towards the direction of the footsteps, causing it to halt. The woman was noticeably confused by this gesture.

"Thank you, but you must leave! Now!" Wei Wuyin shouted urgently as the hymn of war kept escalating in volume. The woman was taken aback, unsure what to do. She was internally struggling. If she had just a little bit of confidence in Wei Wuyin, this choice might not be so difficult, but how could she?

"Guan Yu! Take her!" Wei Wuyin shouted loudly, gesturing out an order. Guan Yu was deeply shaken by the hymn of war, his face became thinner and thinner. The pressure was unbearable. He wanted to flee. He wanted to run with all his might. The grip on his bident loosened. Was this the terror of ensuing war?

Struck by this feeling, he was lost for a moment until the explosive shout of Wei Wuyin gripped his heart and dragged it back to reality. His eyes widened as he saw the woman standing a few meters away from Wei Wuyin. Instinctively, he rushed forward after tightening his grip and grabbed the woman, causing her to frown, but her eyes never left Wei Wuyin's concerned expression.

He seemed to be troubled by her presence, striking her with a strange sensation she'd never felt before. They had just met, so why was it like this?

Guan Yu glimpsed at the woman's face and body for a brief moment. His eyes widened and heart raced uncontrollably.

Was this...? Holy shi-

"Go!"

His thoughts were interrupted by Wei Wuyin's commanding shout, acting on instinct once again as he dragged her away with swift steps. The two retreated far away, but the woman's gaze never left the shrinking figure of Wei Wuyin, lost in her own confusion and feelings.

Wei Wuyin turned back around, sighing after hearing the receding footsteps. He was unable to see what was before him, but he could feel the terrifyingly ferocious pressure developing.

Soon, stars in the ceiling of pure chaos above started to manifest. Most were small, some medium, a few large-sized, and a single star that eclipsed the right that was gargantuan. It was the brightest star in the chaotic sky. These stars faintly gave the chaos some semblance of order and unity.

An Ascended commander, aged to his limits, hair as grey as possible, body almost entirely skin and bones, and with sunken eyes as dim and dark as death itself, glanced at the sky with pity and sadness in those dim, deathly eyes. "Was it her? I didn't think she would take this route to end her life. I wish I had the courage...I wish I..." The man slowly said, lowering his head as his breathing slowed. If one were to observe him, they'd realize his state was very similar to hibernation, and he consumed the b?r? minimum of lifeforce.

SHOON!

A strange, bursting sound resounded, and the hearts of the old Ascended shook as they watched the stars break out of the chaos and shoot down like blazing meteorites. They all shot towards the center of the Nexus Battlefield, directly before the Obelisk of War.

BOOSH! BOOSH!!! BOOSH!!

Explosive landing that shook the mind resounded out endlessly, almost resembling a musical symphony with their timing and different volumes. A wave of gushing wind swept across the entire Nexus Battlefield!

Wei Wuyin was at the forefront of this wind, feeling his skin get pressed against his flesh and bones, and his legs drag across the ground. If he wasn't so inherently heavy, a product of his extremely refined physique, he would've been sent flying for thousands of miles.

Guan Yu and the woman, however, were directly propelled backwards uncontrollably, distancing themselves for a few miles. It was only when the woman acted, grabbing Guan Yu, did they land to observe the Obelisk of War that was thrumming with sound.

The only one that truly stood out in these rows of beings, armed to the teeth in body armor and weapons, was the tall figure that wore the most impressive set of plate mail, encased in golden-colored metal, and wearing a dragon head-helmet that exuded faint sounds of bloody smoke. They rode a skeletal-like warhorse with black flames emanating from its hooves. They stood at the forefront of their entire legion, unleashing an incredible aura far beyond Mortal Limits.

Wei Wuyin hadn't moved since his declaration, but he was only a few dozen meters away from the great legion of armored Spirits of War. Just their presence could cause the collapse of many brave minds. This was especially so when a single man suffered the violent and forceful gazes of ten thousand Ascended!

Wei Wuyin stuffily coughed, causing all their gazes to become sharper and unleash devastating levels of killing intent. The figure at the lead, the absolutely most terrifying presence on this battlefield, that seemed to be the Legion Commander, looked at Wei Wuyin's figure from above his horse.

"A mortal?" His voice was low, but the entire range of a hundred miles could hear it. An absolutely terrifying power, crucial in commanding armies from far distances with ease. Since spiritual sense was gutted here, this gave this legion commander an undeniable advantage.

Unknown when, Wei Wuyin's expression had become pale. Then, it started to become healthier. He sighed out a little bit of relief.

With his closed eyes, he lifted his head towards the most terrifying pressure.

Guan Yu watched this from afar and felt his heart lurch. If he was before that great army, at such great distance, he would've pissed himself. He might have even begged for his life.

The woman's eyes narrowed. What was this man thinking?

"A blind mortal?" The legion commander said, a trace of incredulity within. The army of 10,000 all realized that they were challenged by a single person. This had happened quite a few times, so they weren't too surprised. Those who sought to end their lives and were far too cowardly to be unable to do it themselves would seek their hand, and they would unhesitatingly give it.

Moreover, a blind mortal?!

"That's interesting, you all feel alive." Wei Wuyin commented softly with awe, but then he revealed an insufferably arrogant grin and shouted loudly: "Commander of this pathetic legion! Have you decided the terms of YOUR surrender?!"

"..." The army of 10,000 was speechless!

**Chapter 753 - 748: Soldier of War, Weakness**



...Surrender?

This was a word outside of any true soldier's vocabulary, a completely foreign concept. If it was understood, then it carried the same meaning as death and disgrace. Therefore, Wei Wuyin's words didn't invoke the unrestrained laughter or mockery that one might expect, but an increasingly crushing surge of pure, unadulterated killing intent.

They were silent, but the killing aura emitted was like thunderous booms in the most terrifying storm. Even those at the far edges of the Nexus Battlefield felt it. There was a mortal soldier who felt just a wisp of this and their Astral Soul quivered chaotically until his mind was beset by inevitable thoughts of his impending death. All of a sudden, his body started to swell slightly like an inflating balloon.

**BOOM!**

Without any warning, the soldier exploded. Bits of their flesh and bone erupted everywhere alongside an outburst of astral force and his innate energies.

Cultivation Deviation!

A Soldier of War, a being of merit and bravery, had met such a terrifying killing intent that his Astral Soul had collapsed, and that was at the very edge of the Nexus Battlefield. So there was nothing left to be said about the intensity and pressure the person facing all 10,000 Ascended beings was feeling. Even an Ascended might directly detonate!

"Uh!"

Yet as Wei Wuyin stood before these 10,000 Ascended beings effusing their killing intent, he merely let loose another stuffy cough and his momentarily pale expression had grown considerably better. He was almost entirely undisturbed, even his brows hadn't furrowed or his lips hadn't twitched.

"So, have you decided?" Wei Wuyin once again calmly asked, his eyes still closed, but the direction he seemed to be looking was directly at the Legion Commander. There was a moment of silence. A moment of long silence as the two opposing forces stared at each other, as if trying to fully process the weight of what was happening.

A single mortal challenged them to war.

Then, directly asked the Legion Commander, a man who commanded 9,999 Ascended beings, if he had decided the terms of his own surrender. What was even more unthinkable, more unfathomable, more outrageous, was that he said 'decided' the terms, not 'considered'.

**DECIDED!**

It might have been a difference of a single word, but it contained implications far beyond its usage. Because this meant this mortal, this mere mortal being that could only serve as the lowest footsoldier in a true war, believed that there was no need for consideration of a surrender! Their loss was already decided! He was just waiting to hear the Legion Commander's terms and to decide if it was agreeable!!

"Are you a fool or an idiot?" The Legion Commander reacted with a heavy dose of ridicule. That voice carried itself for hundreds of miles, allowing every nearby Soldier or Commander of War to hear every last syllable. The intensity of his voice caused a few soldiers of war who were already beset by the

rampaging killing intent to lose focus in restraining their Astral Souls, producing a few more explosions in the background.

Wei Wuyin sighed heavily, running his hand through his hair coolly and giving a bright, insufferably arrogant grin. "And here I was, about to ask the same question. I won't repeat myself; you should decide before we begin. You might not have another chance."

"..." The soldiers were once again completely speechless. A few of them were so taken aback by his words, the incredulity of it all, that they literally reeled in shock, their bodies tumbling slightly.

The mysterious woman and Guan Yu were watching all of this, with Guan Yu covered in cold sweat, his palms fiercely red from clenching and twisting his grip upon his bident, and his expression ghostly pale. The woman's body shivered from time to time, affected by the killing intent, and only receiving some respite during the Spirits of War brief lapses of concentration from being shaken.

"What is the plan here?" The woman had put back on her facial-blurring concealments, asking Guan Yu beside her. Seeing his frozen state, she snorted softly and his Sea of Consciousness was jolted, causing him to expel a breath of heavy, restrained air.

Guan Yu regained himself, looking at the woman, noticing her facial features were concealed. His expression became somewhat strange as he glanced at her, yet not a single trace of lust or admiration emerged in his eyes, but reverence coated with disbelief.

Witnessing this expression, the mysterious woman realized that Guan Yu had seen her face. She had instinctively removed it in the hopes that that generously handsome man of unknown origin and mystery would see her true appearance, but she had forgotten that he was blind for a moment.

"Everyone thinks you're-" Guan Yu tried to speak, but a cold, heavy, thunderous sound exploded in his mind and he felt his entire body inundated by killing intent. He hurriedly closed his mouth.

While this interaction was happening, Wei Wuyin faced the 10,000 Spirits of War with a grin, cheeky as can be.

"A fool it is," the Legion Commander said dismissively. His tone was as if he no longer wanted to waste anymore time on such an insignificant insect. While they were only able to truly unleash their might during declarations of war, he felt staying here was lowering his sense of self-worth.

A soldier amongst the War Spirits walked forward, kneeled towards the Legion Commander, and said pleadingly: "I, Zhan Dou, ask that War Commander Zhan Zheng allow me to face this impudent mortal, to teach him about our True War Legion before his pathetic death!"

Just as the first soldier came walking out, a few other Spirits of War kneeled and pleaded even louder. Before long, hundreds of soldiers, no, thousands of soldiers, were pleading to personally face Wei Wuyin in combat and unleash hell upon his life. To teach him the horrendous cost of offending, mocking, or humiliating their legion and their commander.

"WAIT!!!" Wei Wuyin shouted out, his voice extremely loud, causing those united voices to be drowned out. This caused the soldiers to be shaken slightly. That was a very terrifying shout, backed by a pair of extremely powerful lungs. Even the stifled air of the Nexus Battlefield stirred.

The Legion Commander's skeletal warhorse neighed in a very deep tone, sounding as if it originated from hell itself. It kicked up a fuss, its eyes fully fixated on Wei Wuyin's itty-bitty form before it.

Wei Wuyin touched the hilt of his saber, as if he was about to unsheathe it in a heroic display, even his aura seemed to faintly change, becoming more steady, vigorous. From his aura, none of these soldiers felt that Wei Wuyin was simple, and they unhesitatingly stood on impulse, grasping their weapons and readying themselves.

Wei Wuyin then said in the most serious tone he could muster: "I'm still considering the terms of MY surrender! Can I have a minute?"

"..."

This was the third time the Spirits of War, these very intelligent and emotional manifestations, was driven to absolutely stupefied speechlessness, unable to process the situation. They felt as if they were being toyed with, thrown for a loop by a mere mortal.

Even the Legion Commander was startled, "Your surrender?"

As if happy that this was said, Wei Wuyin promptly jumped at the chance and smilingly nodded: "Yes! I mean, there's no way a measly mortal like myself would be able to face ten thousand Ascended beings, an entire army no less. Clearly, I'm just here to die by the most honorable, easiest method. See, I thought the Commander would attack me, providing me with a quick death, but now I see that I've pushed it a little too far."

"..." So that's what it was! The Spirits of War were all enlightened simultaneously, as if all the pieces of this puzzle were now being placed together neatly. It all made sense! However, it might be a little too late to want a quick death after those words, no?

Wei Wuyin ignored their reactions, continuing very loudly: "You see. In a recent development, I've lost my ability to use my eyes effectively, so now I'm almost entirely blinded. I can't fight in the Battlefield, but there's some very sadistic individuals here, and I'm unwilling to die by their hands, suffering unbearable torture. There was even a woman here that wanted to uhm 'suck' me dry and make me skinless. If you catch my drift.

"I know I'm handsome, see this face here, but I'm unwilling to be toyed with in such a manner until my end. What type of death would that be? But dying at the hands of an elite Ascended being would justify it all. Even if I go to the other world, at least I can say to my family and those I meet along the way that I died fighting ten thousand Ascended beings as a mere mortal, you know?

"It's a silly d?s?r?, but I think some of you can relate, right? I mean, if you want to die in that way, then I guess you wouldn't. Well...I don't, at least not in that way. Perhaps in a sea of beauties, but I'm a man that would rather die in battle! You're with me about that, right? I just don't want to die horribly, though. Swift and easy, that's the way. So...uhm, I apologize? Wait, should I offer something to apologize? What would you all want?

"Oh I know! I have a few War Souls here. Wait, do you guys use War Souls? Or is that close to cannibalism? Are you guys War Souls or other beings? You seem like living beings, but you also give off a similar feeling as War Souls. Strange, do you even know? Well, I don't..."

Wei Wuyin kept talking and talking, his voice explosively loud that everyone could only listen.

"..." The mysterious woman was unable to even comprehend the scene before her. She was startled when Wei Wuyin began to speak about them surrendering, speechless when he mocked them, and outright felt as if she was living in a different world when he wanted to discuss his own terms of surrender. It was such a strange turn of events that it seemed she lost her ability to think properly.

She felt stupid.

So stupid that she had been listening to Wei Wuyin's nonsense for a while now, and she wasn't the only one! The army of 10,000 Spirits of War were also drawn in, unable to process anything, as if waiting for more explanations or further reveal what terms Wei Wuyin wanted to surrender to.

After three full minutes of time passed, the Legion Commander's warhorse neighed ferociously! This prompted the Legion Commander to snap out of his thoughts that kept shifting alongside Wei Wuyin's outpour of words.

"Enough!" He shouted, gesturing with his hand towards the first soldier who called out to deal Wei Wuyin a severe lesson. "Zhou Dou, make it slow and painful!"

The Spirit of War named Zhou Dou lifted his head, shaking it briefly to regain himself, and then turned to Wei Wuyin. With a heavy nod, he launched himself explosively towards Wei Wuyin. With his spear in hand, he was ready to litter Wei Wuyin with holes until it leaked out a slow and painful death, as desired by his War Commander!

"...But I haven't said my terms yet!" Wei Wuyin urgently and fearfully shouted, but thus caused no delay as Zhou Dou rushed forward and thrust towards Wei Wuyin's left thigh, closing their gap of distance in a blink of an eye. If it was a normal mortal cultivator, this speed would've been enough to strike before any proper response.

SHIIING!

A saber howl emitted and a lone head flew into the air. A geyser of white-colored blood erupted from a headless body that spasmed slightly before falling with a heavy thud and a rushing skid from its momentum.

"Well, that's about enough time. I'll give you one last chance," Wei Wuyin held his saber in his right hand, touching its blade with his left, standing before 9,999 living Spirits of War with a cold smile, "Have you decided the terms of your surrender, Legion Commander?"

#### **Chapter 754 - 749: Soldier Of War, 1 Versus 10,000**

The dull sound of the corpse-induced thud and sight of spurting white blood geysering outwards from its severed neck generated surprised silence. The widened eyes of many fell on the corpse of the formerly alive Spirit of War, Zhou Dou, and the pooling liquid forming beneath his body. The stillness within the air, the tension, the unrealistic scene of a saber-wielding, closed-eyed, white-dressed mortal standing before 9,999 Spirits of War unfolded.

Those amongst the Spirits of War were given an unexpected jolt of shock, unable to comprehend what just happened or how. A few even tunneled their entire senses to inspect Wei Wuyin, only to discover

that his body reeked with the scent of a mortal being. Yet lying beneath his feet was an Ascended soldier of the finest quality, decapitated in an instant.

The warhorse beneath the Legion Commander was roused, growing animated and fierce as it snorted, neighed, and the flames enveloping its hooves increased in intensity. It seemed to have discovered something, desiring to charge forward yet unable to do so without an order.

The Legion Commander sat powerfully atop it, using a single hand to touch its neck, causing it to swiftly settle down. Unable to view his full facial expression from his dragon-head helmet, his current emotions couldn't be gleaned upon. Yet those sharp, piercing eyes of his that viewed the world was chilling as a vicious blizzard, as glacial as humanly possible.

He lifted his armored hand, inspecting it briefly, turning his head towards his spirits of war, and the icy aura from him increased greatly. From the beginning to end, he had never revealed a trace of killing intent, yet his imposing demeanor was stifling enough.

When he returned his focus to Wei Wuyin, this blind mortal that held a smile, wielding his saber on his shoulders, with his stance relaxed, and his smugness readily arrogant, there was a raw feeling dispersing into the atmosphere.

"Poison!" The Legion Commander didn't even need to say anything. A feminine voice sounded out, and a figure shot forward at a swift pace from within the 9,999 Spirits of War. The figure was a leader of sorts from her dressing, likely a Battalion Commander. Despite her armor being lighter than most, the exquisite shape and design denoted a much higher ranking.

"Commander Zhanzheng! There's poison in the air!" She immediately shouted upon arriving beside the warhorse riding leader, her tone urgent and solemn. She was the poison expert of the army. After all, how could a powerful Legion not have their own units skilled in using or dealing with poisonous attacks? In warfare, all things were fair.

Yet she was also a little shamed. She hadn't discovered this until she inspected the air and moisture of the area, realizing that she had already breathed and absorbed a fair amount into her body already. That said, it wasn't very dangerous, at least its effects weren't very apparent. But the poison was insidiously difficult to dispel or isolate. It felt like a parasitic insect that hid itself by mimicking one's cells. The entire army was appalled, with many checking their internal condition and being thoroughly shocked after finding foreign particulates in their bodies, but when they tried to disperse it, they were suddenly hit with a burst of weakness.

A few soldiers even outright tumbled and started experiencing seizures. These were the weaker soldiers. They served as a reminder to others not to act until all things were made clear, only helping their allies and ensuring they didn't die.

The Legion Commander was totally silent. The tense atmosphere intensified. The 9,998 Spirits of War were waiting for orders to fight, to kill this mortal, yet they were unable to act without any orders. Some couldn't fathom why their Legion Commander hasn't even given the order. Was he waiting for the poison to take full effect?

The poison expert amongst the army hurriedly brought out a few tools from somewhere, carrying a vial of clear liquid and a strange needle with a ball-point end on both sides. She put the needle in her mouth, sucked a little, then dipped it into the vial.

Instantly, the vial of clear liquid vibrated slightly, but it remained clear. The poison expert exclaimed softly, hurriedly bringing out a few materials like grass, a pellet of sorts, and a few other things that fell into the liquid. Yet despite various intense reactions, it remained clear.

"I haven't been poisoned?! It's not poison..." This caused the poison expert to become incredibly confused. She looked at Wei Wuyin who carried a wisp of interest in his facial expression, who seemed to be 'looking' at her through his closed-shut eyes.

"Continue testing," the Legion Commander demanded, causing the nearby world to tremble violently. The poison expert was taken aback for a moment, and then hurriedly brought out more tools and needles, even extracting her own innate energies, yin essence, and blood. She didn't hesitate to cause a little self-harm.

Her movements were frighteningly quick. Despite this taking a long time to describe, her actions were completed in three to four seconds. If a mortal were to view her, they would see her moving like a shadow in the darkness with various images overlapping. A poison expert had to be swift because lethal poison was typically very fast acting. Identifying it and dealing with it in the shortest possible time was absolutely a crucial skill to have.

"You're quite confident," the Legion Commander no longer spoke as if Wei Wuyin was an insignificant insect. To poison them all without even him noticing, a being that could be considered an absolute Monarch of the Battlefield, wasn't something a typical being could do, mortal or Ascended.

Wei Wuyin shook his head, "I'm really not. That said, I can see you all have life within you and developed intelligence. I don't know if killing you all will end your lives forever despite your Spiritform-like states, but I've set my sights on this Obelisk of War, and nothing will stop me. So, just surrender. It'll be easier for both of us."

The Legion Commander inspected Wei Wuyin for a very long time, yet he didn't respond. How foolish was it to think Spirits of War like themselves could ever surrender? And to a mortal no less?

The poison expert finished her actions, her exposed skin revealed faint signs of sweat, and even her skin had grown paler. She huffed out a breath, "It's not a poison! But it can be!" She came upon a startling discovery, looking at Wei Wuyin as if he was a monster.

The poison expert didn't wait for further orders to explain, hurriedly going towards the Legion Commander and whispering out a few words that even the others couldn't hear. This private communication method in such a suppressive battlefield intrigued Wei Wuyin. Unfortunately, it was unlikely for him to acquire it.

"So that's what it is. Insidious. Ingenious." The Legion Commander spoke out, his tone heavy and enlightened. "Men! Do not circulate your internally innate energies! Rely on your physical body until further notice!" The men heeded his order, mentally restraining themselves from exerting their internally innate powers. This meant they wouldn't be able to perform certain feats until told otherwise. Those who were currently suffering had acted prior, doing just that in an attempt to remove the poison.

The poison expert was extremely skilled at her role, discovering that the poison wasn't a typical poison, but one that adhered to the innate energies, meridians, and flesh of a being, seeping through the skin and inhaled through their breath, even able to penetrating through standard semi-permeable life-sustaining defenses.

However, it was incredibly well-disguised as moisture and air particles. To think that two different states existed for this poison that were absorbed as if to ensure a person was thoroughly affected. If one wasn't aggressively looking, they would be unable to sense it. If one wasn't adept in the Alchemic Dao, they wouldn't even know what was happening to their bodies except realizing their bodies had been tainted with foreign particles. Furthermore, they would soon realize that their own bodies were willingly carrying it to every aspect of their body as if it was a cultivation resource.

The poison expert looked at Wei Wuyin, unable to hold back: "Your means are exquisite, from delivery to composition, your poison is quite something. But even if you infected us with this poison intermixed with alchemic qualities that activates if we circulate our energies, it's heavily flawed. It won't activate if we don't trigger it. Furthermore, its not very long lasting, perhaps only a few minutes or so before it gets refined out by our bodies?"

Her tone of triumph and mocking was quite clear. She had discovered the flaw in Wei Wuyin's poison, a product of his stealthy delivery method. He had fused Elemental Origin Intent and Alchemic Eden Force to transform the Myriad Gravestone Poison and the World Devouring Rose's essence into moisture and air particulates, then dispersed it outward. But even if he did do so, it might prove to be difficult to avoid the instinctive senses of an Ascended, and they may have means to disable it at the very first moment it started affecting them, so he modified it further.

Unless the victim circulated their energies, it would be totally inactive, subtly mimicking its surroundings, be it air, moisture, blood, or flesh. This allowed the poison to build up and permeate throughout, unless one specifically searched. Unfortunately, he couldn't remotely activate the poison by keeping his own power within the poison without alerting others. Thus, he was forced to let the victim be the sole detonator—a sad consequence.

That Spirit of War from earlier had acted, circulating all their energies, and the poison subsequently activated. When he was hit with a sudden burst of weakness, his neck met Wei Wuyin's saber. While it was quick, the Ascended slowed down considerably for a single moment, and that was enough.

It was indeed flawed, but effective in restraining these Ascended advantages of mystic powers. And to him, that was enough.

The poison expert gained some confidence after seeing Wei Wuyin's expression slightly change. "Even if we don't use our energies to enhance our strength, you're just a mortal. Our physical bodies are countless times stronger than yours, and are more than enough to handle you!" Her confidence infected the others, allowing them to realize that this mortal's poison might be extraordinary, but it was still forged by a mortal. While one soldier had fallen to this, that would be it—only one.

Wei Wuyin's grin fell, then he softly sighed. "It doesn't matter," he shruggingly stated as he started to slowly move towards the army of 9,999. "No matter the existence, mortal or Ascended, they always underestimate those they perceive to be weak."

Step.

"But you seem to have forgotten something..."

Step. Step.

"...I'm here; standing before you despite knowing all of this."

"...!" Every Spirit of War present was startled by those words. Even the Legion Commander's hand clenched tightly.

Step. Step. Step.

"A mere mortal, standing before 10,000 Spirits of War with just his saber in hand, and a will in his heart. Perhaps only a fairytale could rival such a feat," Wei Wuyin wistfully said. "No one tells you how the person in these types of legends feel. Are they afraid? Are they happy? Or were they just suicidal and held no fear in their hearts? I got to say, I feel a little nervous, but mostly..."

Wei Wuyin's body began to transform. A layer of hexagonal grey-scales formed over his skin, compacted and flexible. True Draconic Form!

SHIING!

His saber howled!

"...mostly, I'm just really excited. After all, I've never gotten to use my full power since that event." Just as those words finished, a spiritual aura of four different spirits erupted from his body, ascending higher and higher with every passing breath.

The Legion Commander realized the situation was developing strangely, making him feel uncomfortable, so he decided to act, no longer underestimating this mere mortal of a man! "PHALANX FORMATION, ARCHERS AT THE READY!!" He explosively ordered, causing the soldiers to snap out of their thoughts and act upon instinct.

The heavily armored infantry took the forefront, carrying shields and spears, facing a single man moving slowly towards them. Those others moved back with orderly movements, readying to enter the battlefield at a moment's notice. Despite being neutered with the poison in their bodies, unable to use their full power, they were still terrifyingly powerful existences.

Wei Wuyin brandished his saber slightly, lifting his head to 'look' at the swiftly moving troops shuffling about at remarkable speeds. Yet he was unbothered, murmuring to himself, "Let's hope I don't explode."

Those words seemed to be the trigger that those four Astral Souls of his were waiting for!

ROAR!!!

**Chapter 755 - 750: Soldier Of War, Soul Idols Unleashed!**



RUMBLE! RUMBLE! RUMBLE!

The turbid air of the Nexus Battlefield, still permeating with Wei Wuyin's raw poisonous mixture, began to thunderously rumble incessantly. The ground quaked chaotically. It seemed the very earthen layer that constituted the Nexus Battlefield was trembling!

The Spirits of War were appalled, yet they were highly trained, suitable men for the battlefield, so they hunkered down with solemn thoughts and pounding hearts, looking at the cause of all this chaos. A single man, a mortal, standing with the spine of his saber held against his shoulder, covered in grey draconic scales, with his eyes tightly shut as if unwilling to view the world itself!

The quaking of the earth, the vibrating of the air, the pounding of their hearts were strangely all induced by the same being. It resonated with his every breath. It replied to his every step.

At the forefront of the army was the heavy infantry unit, armored up and numbering over two thousand. They were ferociously fierce, beefy, heavily armored, and orderly, yet for some reason, they seemed insignificant and small.

The Legion Commander's warhorse ceased its huffs and puffs amidst shaky legs, as if its instincts as a beast were being invoked! It was growing more submissive by the passing second, lowering its head while lifting its eyes. The Legion Commander himself was looking up to the point his chin was pointing forward, and the reins of his warhorse were being tightly clutched.

The poison expert balked, her voice quivered with disbelief. The vocal aspect of her personality refused to allow her to stay silent, shouting vehemently: "IMPOSSIBLE! What the HELL is THAT?!"

Her words were the thoughts of every last Spirit of War as they faced a single man, but not alone. Behind this man, to be exact, far above him, was a grey-colored cloud of enormous size and terrifying pressure. Within this grey cloud, equalling 108,000 meters, was the figure of an indiscernible being! Besides its gargantuan wings, the sleekness of its bodily form, and sharply-oriented head resembling dragons, there was nothing they could identify!

Yet there it was, and they knew what it was. In their hearts, they all knew.

"A true dragon..." The Legion Commander whispered ever so softly, as if afraid of attracting the being swimming within the cloud's attention. If one were to ask him how he knew, he would be unable to tell you. It was as if it was ingrained into his very soul to recognize this being, and he was artificial, so this meant it belonged to the very essence of the material he was constructed from!

To cultivators, dragons existed. They weren't legendary figures, and one could even tame them if they decided to, if they had enough strength to do so. The Desolate Dagnet Stellar Region was the home of countless dragons, and that was originally a part of the Azure-Prime Galactic Region, so one could see they weren't rarities.

However, True Dragons were pure-blooded existences that have long since become mere legends in the annals of history, impossible existences that were deified and revered by all forms of humanoid beings alike, and the ultimate goal and worshipped idol of dragonkind. A progenitor, exceeding even phoenixes of legends.

Guan Yu and the woman were wide-eyed, shook and shaken, unable to comprehend what they were seeing! Yet while the woman was focused on the shadowy existence within the cloud, Guan Yu was focused on the impossible sight as the only living mortal in close proximity!

"Thirteen...thirteen...THIRTEEN! THIRTEEN!!!" He pointed at the cloud, no, specifically pointed at the grey-colored rings that engulfed the cloud that emitted spiritual light! He had never seen grey-colored spiritual rings before, their colors were almost always cyan, reflective of the base colors of spiritual energy and light. But what shook him wasn't the sight of a cloud that reached 108,000 meters in height, or the existence swimming within it with unparalleled arrogance, elegance, and prestige, but the thirteen Soul Idol Rings!

The woman was jolted from her awe and terror. As an Ascended, she saw and understood more, closer to the essence of unseen divinities and godly beings than a mere mortal like Guan Yu, so she was just as shook as the Spirits of War. Due to this, she had inadvertently missed the thirteen swirling rings that existed. They spun with such speed that they seemed to be still!

'A SOUL IDOL?!' She gawked. Her eyes were unable to believe what she was seeing. All her understanding of cultivation was shattering in its entirety, likely requiring to be reforged later, hopefully more open-minded with broader horizons, but now it was overturned without mercy.

THIS? THIS WAS A SOUL IDOL?!

"Aren't Soul Idols typically nine hundred meters max! If anything, they can become ten thousand meters maximum, and that's if the Soul Rings are thoroughly refined after manifestation, and the user has Ten-Rings with all its potential excavated! What...what the hell is this? This can't be real?! Right?! RIGHT?!" Guan Yu went on a tirade of fierce rejection. He looked towards the mysterious woman, knowing her background and cultivation base, hoping to seek verification of his desired belief.

But he was met with abject silence.

Not just from the woman, but every being in the Nexus Battlefield. Even most of their breathing had ceased.

ROAR!!!

Simultaneously, those who were unable to breathe, seemingly restrained by a terrifying spiritual pressure, breathed out in horror!

Step.

Wei Wuyin moved. The Spirits of War felt their hearts clench and irregularly throb, their eyes lowered from that gargantuan existence, looking at Wei Wuyin whose entire body was enveloped in a grey light. From every pore of his body, spiritual light was being effused.

Wei Wuyin lifted his free hand, placing it before his face, and he could feel the immense spiritual strength swell within his entire body. It was...it felt phenomenally good! Was this power? Was this his power?!

All of it?

No.

This wasn't all of 'his' power.

Since he became an Inheritor of Sin, forging his path with sentient Spirits of Cultivation that self-cultivated and the Alchemic Dao, he had never found an equal or placed himself in a position to face strong foes far beyond his power or cultivation. He was always at an advantage, never suffering a single loss, never pushed to the edge. This was due to his intelligence, his caution, and his willingness to exploit rather than directly snatch. Only fools faced nigh-impossible odds.

He had nothing to prove, so he never needed to make enemies with every step in his arrogance. He had subordinates, so he never needed to fight weaklings. He had status, so no one dared to offend him. Even when facing those Holy Clans within the Four Extreme Continent, an opportunity to use his greatest strength, he resorted to using his brain and available pieces to cause its collapse in a mere few actions.

Yuan Longshi, Long Chen, Jing Jiu, even Lin Ming, these Blessed were never able to push him to his limits. The latter of which barely claimed victory against Zuhei, nearly losing his life to do so.

Yet now, he stood facing 10,000 Spirits of War, all Ascended, weakened and restrained, but Ascended nonetheless. He wouldn't hold back—he couldn't. This was his fight and he had no other avenues to take, and at the moment, his Astral Souls thrummed with excitement, reflecting the depths of his own soul that was equally as expectant.

Suddenly, the earth quaked; the wind current grew turbulent; the moisture in the air solidified into mist; the temperature of the world rose; a metallic taste suffused the air; electricity crackled randomly and everywhere; plants of all types started to rapidly grow, sway, and the flowers amongst them lively bloomed; patches of earth began to spontaneously rise with heat, becoming molten-like; ice crystals manifested within the mist of moisture.

The elements of the world all reacted. If before it was the living beings of the world reacting to the sheer presence of the Draconic Void Soul Idol, then the very world itself was reacting to the manifestation of this one!

"...What's happening?!" Guan Yu could feel the air and earth experience drastic, seemingly random, changes without warning. He was fearful.

There was no sound, no roar, no howl, just the manifestation of a gigantic 108,000 meter-sized white sphere effusing out copious amounts of white mist! It was similarly engulfed by thirteen rings, and they were all pristinely white! Yet the accompanying pressure sent the Spirits of War hastily bracing themselves! Such spiritual pressure! What the heck was that?!

Seeing a mist-emitting sphere abruptly manifest within the world, their hearts were grasped by tumultuous emotions. But as soldiers, they stayed true to their orders, and since none have been issued, they remained where they were and at the ready!

"Not enough," Wei Wuyin felt the spiritual strength within him elevate to an obscene level. Before he consumed the transcendent Soul Deity Invoker Elixir, he already had troubles maintaining his Soul Idols, but after consuming the transcendent Astral-World Deluge Pills, his World Seas contained absurd amounts of energy, and the Mystic Runes further enhanced the quality of his spiritual energies.

In truth, the issue of his spiritual strength reaching a level far too unbearable for his Celestial Eyes to handle wasn't just due to the elixir's replicated tribulation, but also the Mystic Runes and their enhancing effect on his four essential energies. A compounding issue of excellence far beyond one's limits. As a mere mortal, he had introduced far too much transcendent power into his body!

If he didn't have a peak Mortal True Void Dragon Bloodline, a body refined by its bloodline energies, and his own highly refined physical energies, he would've long since been evaporated into nothing by even a wisp of his own power!

Now that his physique was thoroughly refined, to the utmost limits of his physical energies by the Nexus Battlefield through some unknown means, he felt emboldened.

Wei Wuyin didn't hesitate to invoke his other two remaining Soul Idols!

Without warning, the Soldiers of War in the Nexus Battlefield held their heads in agony, some outright started to cry with intense emotional outcries as if they were recalling heartrending losses, and some even lost consciousness.

An illusory tree shimmered into existence, a full 108,000 meters in size, and its roots were so thick and long that they visibly seeped into the world's earthen layer, phasing into it. It seemed to have an intangible body, yet when some saw it, they felt as if it was as real as every thought they ever had.

SHIIING!!!

A deafening saber howl was unleashed, and it caused all, without any outlier, to look at the chaotic sky that was sealed due to the declaration of war. All their eyes were focused on a specific spot on the ceiling, and a faint silver light scar appeared without rhyme or reason. This scar grew. It kept growing until it stretched out for miles!

Wei Wuyin could feel it.

A sound resounded.

"Tch!"

It sounded human, yet it also sounded incredibly alien. The scar expanded fiercely and from it, the edge of a sharp blade revealed itself.

SHIIING!

The saber howl this time was extremely ear-splitting! Forcefully, as if nothing could stop the sharpness of its edge, the chaos was split and a 108,000 meter saber descended, crashing down towards the Nexus Battlefield like a meteorite! It was a short descent, but its edge's tip touched the ground's surface. However, it didn't cut through it, merely halted with immense control. It was as if it was sparing the very world from its unstoppable edge!

It stopped right before Wei Wuyin.

"Show off!" Kratos' voice echoed out through the grey-cloud, but to everyone below, they only heard a draconic roar of the greatest volume that discombobulated their senses. What Wei Wuyin felt when interacting with the War Spirit before was replicated to great effect!

Wei Wuyin looked at the Soul Idol in the perfect shape of a saber, the very same shape as the one he held in his hand at this very moment. His head cocked slightly to the side, and then he touched its surface. The seemingly tangible Soul Idol that lacked mass and substance was physically touched!

Wei Wuyin's mind stirred.

"I see!" Wei Wuyin lifted his material saber, and the Divine Saber Soul Idol before him released another howl. Then, unexpectedly, it began to shrink at an extremely swift rate. Without warning, it became the same size as the saber he held. Then, as if it was always so, the Soul Idol merged with the saber, thirteen silver rings manifested around it.

Wei Wuyin tightly held the hilt of his saber, feeling the immense power bestowed to the Nascent Saber Soul—Element.

While all this took time to describe, all of it happened within the span of three seconds.

This was Wei Wuyin's strongest state fully unleashed! He 'looked' ahead, feeling his spiritual sense break through the restrictions of the Nexus Battlefield and directly enveloping a thousand meters in every direction!

He can finally view the world!

Wei Wuyin smirked, but he had a single sentence in mind: "Forty-eight seconds is all I have."

In his strongest state, the consumption of his spiritual energies were horrendously high, and despite all his maximization, he was only able to unleash all four Soul Idols for forty-eight seconds before he ran out of power. Just forty-eight seconds!

"It's enough."

The Legion Commander was still awed by the developments that he was unable to fathom what was happening, leading to his army becoming a machine without a purpose. This was very human-like, also calculated within Wei Wuyin's thoughts. Because of what the War Spirit said, these Spirits of War were all prone to mistakes and emotions just like other beings!

And he needed these three seconds of shock, awe, and confusion, because Ascended could unleash numerous attacks in the span of three seconds. Especially ten thousand of them!

SHIIING!

"Argh!"

"Ahhhh!!!"

"NOOOO!!!" A Battalion Commander shouted fiercely as he watched half his unit get engulfed by saber light. He instinctively tried to unleash his power, yet the raw poison within his body was activated, causing him to spontaneously weaken in his attempt to stop it, yet he too was engulfed. His life ended by that light.

The Legion Commander finally reacted swiftly, looking ahead to see Wei Wuyin's thirteen ringed saber emitting faint saber light from its tip, postured as if he had just swung it.

"Forty-seven seconds," Wei Wuyin softly muttered to himself.

### **Chapter 756 - 751: Soldier Of War, Seconds Remaining**

Seconds. ...

A measurement of time that was exceptionally short, barely noticed by most mortals, yet the coming seconds in the Nexus Battlefield will define its future and the fate of all those within. All of it hinged on the will of a single man, facing an Ascended army of 9,462 Spirits of War.

His will and his saber.

The imposing image of a closed-eyed man of exceedingly handsome visage walking towards an entire army was etched into the retinas of every single Spirit of War. They viewed this act as simply implausible. They felt fear. Fear for a mortal.

"Men! Steady, front! Archers, take aim! Commanders, focus!" The Legion Commander explosively went into action after seeing half a battalion drowned by saber light, leaving pure devastation and a large trench etched into the earth. The corpses of his heavy infantry battalion were still present, yet no life remained in their bodies. Their heavily armored bodies were riddled with saber scars, and most were disfigured beyond recognition.

The soldiers were dismayed by this event, yet their response was exceedingly swift. The men steadied their hearts, their battle stances firm, and faced the enemy before them with fearless gazes. Be it death or a god, they wouldn't retreat before either of them, so against a mortal... It was clear that they wouldn't be truly cowed. They were born from war. The battlefield was their home and they had no issues with it being their graves.

The sounds of bows being pulled taut echoed out. A ordinary warrior would tense at the sheer sounds of this. Furthermore, if they were facing the front of the army, they could only hear the sounds, but not the archers. It was as if they were hidden amongst the other soldiers, thoroughly concealed.

The squad leaders, company leaders, and battalion commanders had all reacted just as fast. Their disordered movements and response caused by fear had been settled in a split second through training and mental fortitude. These Ascended beings were not to be underestimated.

Wei Wuyin observed all of this with his spiritual sense. Their formations, the orders, the reliance and trust these soldiers had towards their leaders, and the willingness to fight and die on the battlefield. It was admirable.

"Too bad; I'm not kind enough to allow this." Restricted by a time-limit, Wei Wuyin was unable to admire and witness the full strength of a full-fledged army of Ascended. With his spiritual strength at its absolute maximum, his senses reaching a kilometer of distance, all those within his range were subjected to his spiritual power.

His entire body leaked out spiritual light. Soon, the spiritual light swirled around him. These lights were of various colors such as grey, white, silver, and seven-colored, reflecting the seven aspects of the Alchemic Dao. The rings of his Soul Idols spun incredibly fast, moving so fast that it seemed as if it wasn't moving, yet the spiritual aura effusing outwards as torrential and oppressive.

Fixed Soul Spell!

Wei Wuyin had become quite adept in using this spell, executing it flawlessly and with ease following the rise of his spiritual strength. The squad leaders, company leaders, and battalion commanders all suffered pauses mid-ordering! This instilled a strange atmosphere of confusion amongst the troops.

"Fire!" The Legion Commander thunderously shouted! A wave of vocal soundwaves rippled throughout the entire Nexus Battlefield. The sounds of bowstrings being released echoed out as a singular whole. Shockingly, the archers were nowhere to be seen!

But Wei Wuyin saw them.

They were all focused on him.

Wei Wuyin steadied himself, bringing his saber horizontally in front of his body, lowering his posture and 'staring' ahead. The arrows were like shadows, exiting from the narrow spaces of certain soldiers, from underneath their armpits, through their legs, over their shoulders, slightly above their heads, and zoomed with remarkable speed!

This was the first time Wei Wuyin experienced such practiced, trusted camouflaged firing of arrows! To fire between your allies so perfectly and confidently! Not only did the archer need confidence, but the soldiers standing in front must be absolutely calm and trusting in their allies. A single mistake and these arrows could easily pierce them!

Wei Wuyin's eyebrows lifted slightly. The angles of each arrow, numbering a hundred exactly, were from different areas yet they all converged towards his position. Furthermore, it wasn't just at the spot where he was, but where he could dodge! These soldiers were clearly trained in fighting stronger opponents.

Wei Wuyin didn't retreat in the face of this barrage. He dashed forth with an explosive push. The earth beneath his feet collapsed, creating a ten-meter-deep crater.

Cling! Cling! Cling!

Wei Wuyin's movements were agile. He weaved through the arrows and struck the tips of arrows that he couldn't avoid. He was genuinely startled by the sheer power of these arrows. His saber-wielding arm trembled slightly with each impact. If it weren't for these Ascended being restricted from exerting their mystic power, he would undoubtedly find these arrows far, far more challenging to handle.

Closing the distance, he was met with a few heavy infantry that wielded imposing circular shields. They formed a clustered defense that served as a wall. From its height and firmness, it seemed like an impregnable one.

"Forty-six..."

Wei Wuyin didn't hold back. He relentlessly pushed forward without any hint of retreat within his expression, dodging an incoming arrow narrowly and slicing out. His saber was the combination of his Saber Heart Intent, Element, and King's Soul Idol!

Just its base material was peak Mystic-Earth grade, so its sharpness couldn't be underestimated!

Wei Wuyin's saber edge touched the wall of shields, slicing through them with complete ease like hot butter. The screams of bisected soldiers resounded as they were inundated by saber light, their lives coming to an end.

Zsoosh!

Suddenly, a spear pierced out from the light, aimed at Wei Wuyin's torso. Even with his posture lowered to reduce the targeted area for the arrows, this spear was remarkably accurate and aimed for his heart. However, Wei Wuyin's spiritual sense was alive and well! He unhesitatingly twisted his body, using his scaled forearm to smash against the shaft of the spear, redirecting it.

He kicked off instantly.

Woosh! Woosh! Woosh!

Three arrows pierced at three different locations, yet they all missed Wei Wuyin. These were arrows specifically launched to cut off every last bit of his escape routes. If he had retreated or dodged, he would've had to react to these piercing arrows almost immediately!

Wei Wuyin rapidly spun a full rotation, sending out another torrential wave of saber light in a direction. A wave of screams and deathly wails resounded. Despite being trained soldiers and Spirits of War, their deaths were as realistic as true living beings. Yet this did little to dull Wei Wuyin's edge nor the edge of his saber.

Wei Wuyin noticed that the Legion Commander had already retreated with his warhorse, giving out swift and concise commands that seemed to collapse together. It was as if he was speaking out ten orders all at once, coming off strange and disorientating. However, these Spirits of War were fast to react!

The Legion Commander had deftly seized control of the entire army after the leaders were frozen! How impressive!

Wei Wuyin had directly entered the army's formation, yet he knew he was being surrounded, the archers spreading out with ease. They might be restrained, but they were all incredibly fast in their movements. The poison expert was right. They were all Ascended beings so their physical bodies were far, far stronger than mortals!

He sliced out another wave of saber light, inducing further deaths. Every swing took lives without mercy. Yet those who died would simply be instantly replaced. He would then meet a coordinated assault of arrows and thrown spears. Furthermore, if he didn't have his spiritual sense, he wouldn't be able to sense any of this! Becoming a bloodied porcupine would've been his only fate.

"Forty-five..."

Wei Wuyin kicked off harder!

BOOSH!

His steps caused the earth beneath to collapse even larger, disturbing the footing of these soldiers. They lost balance and were taken by surprise. Wei Wuyin wildly brandished his saber, sending heads flying with each swing. No shield, armor, or life could escape the edge of his saber.



"You!" The Battalion Commander, the female poison expert, had just awakened from the Fixed Soul Spell, guarded protectively by heavy infantry. These men gave their heads and lives to halt Wei Wuyin's forward momentum. There was no doubt that he was rushing towards her. A few soldiers realized what was happening and jumped forward without hesitation.

Their bodies were severed without fail. Split into pieces; their corpses littered the field. This delayed Wei Wuyin and allowed the poison expert to retreat with astonishing quickness. She didn't hesitate to call out, sending soldier after soldier to give their lives to protect her.

She was normally far stronger than these soldiers, her cultivation base far higher than them, but as she was affected by the raw poison mixture that ate away at her innate energies as well, her life would be forfeit if Wei Wuyin arrived before her. So she did what anyone would. She ran. However, as she did, more died because of her, valiantly attempting to protect her life.

She saw, from the corner of her eye, a still frozen Battalion Commander far off that was being protected. When she discovered this, her eyes violently contracted. Why had she been released? When she thought about this, her eyes contracted even further.

She saw the chaos her fear-fueled retreat had brought to the army to protect her, causing the arrows and spears to cease as the soldiers jumped forward uncontrollably in their attempt to protect her! Yet they were all dying to a single swing, sometimes multiple in a single one!

Oh no!

Her heart clenched tightly, but then her soul was fixed as she was about to speak.

Shiiing!

Her head flew into the air. A geyser of blood followed.

Wei Wuyin hurriedly shifted his body and sped towards another Battalion Commander, unfreezing them and causing another chase. The act of hunting down their commanders provoked fear into the soldier's hearts but also a valiant will to disregard themselves to buy time! Their actions became less uniform and more responsive.

"Forty..."

8,871 Spirits of War roared in their hearts!

### **Chapter 757 - 752: Soldier Of War, Team Effort**

The battlefield became chaotic. A mere mortal was chasing Battalion Commanders of an Ascended army and not a single one of these Ascended beings were able to halt the edge of his saber from reaping lives.

More importantly, his dodging maneuvers and tactics were as if he had eyes across the entire Battlefield. While they felt the spiritual pressure, their innate energies, even their spiritual sense, couldn't extend outwards, so they were unable to confirm if it was just pressure or sense descending upon them without a bout of weakness and subsequent neutralization on the battlefield.

The Legion Commander's aura violently stirred as he watched this mortal slice through his trained army like a sharp knife through bread! It became worse when the saber light he could emit was unleashed, taking down dozens, if not a hundred soldiers who were unprepared to handle it.

The Legion Commander was furious! His leaders and commanders were being seized by an extraordinary force, and those that didn't heed his earlier warning, they had stupidly activated the raw poison coursing through their bodies and became easy pickings for the saber light. Wei Wuyin would send out rays of concentrated, focused saber light towards those that broke out of his spell, ending their lives from afar in their weakened states.

Their deaths were sometimes so swift that it seemed as if Wei Wuyin had predicted their awakening down to the millisecond! Their weakness subjected them to their most vulnerable moments, and their reactions were horrifically delayed as a result. Additionally, these saber lights would sometimes move as if they had a will of their own, surfing past the bodies of soldiers. The soldiers themselves would dodge these lethal lights instinctively if they were unaware that it was targeted towards their leaders. If they were aware, they would launch themselves heroic in an attempt to hinder the saber lights.

Wei Wuyin would sometimes 'look' in his direction with a bright grin, as if to say: "I can send out projectiles through your soldiers too." The sheer mocking from that simple expression induced enraging, earth-shaking emotions from the Legion Commander. He wanted nothing more than to kill this dastardly mortal in the most brutal fashion.

For a Legion Commander to watch his soldiers die in battle was to be expected, but that did little to assuage the guilt he felt for each of their deaths. If he could use just a fragment of his own power, Wei Wuyin would be utterly insignificant. Yet he was also poisoned, awaiting for the needed time for it to run its short life as the poison expert had suggested.

The now-deceased poison expert wasn't incorrect in their assessment. There was a limited amount of time until the poison dispersed, both inside their bodies and in the ambient environment. This was a further consequence of its raw state, a mixture of mortal poison and mystic material. Its chemical bonds were too fragile, and it'll break down into separate components.

Perhaps it would still be somewhat effective against mortals. Still, the Myriad Gravestone Poison wouldn't affect Ascended beings no matter how potent it was in its original state as a mortal-graded poison. It was only because of the essence of the World-Devouring Rose that such effective results were produced.

Knowing this, the Legion Commander issued out a series of orders. Almost instantly, the army pushed away in an orderly retreat as Wei Wuyin's killing momentum continued. They were spreading out, and the soul-fixed commanders were being dragged off elsewhere in every direction! These commanders were protected by shield-wielding soldiers.

Moreover, the frequency of arrows and spears launched had increased. Wei Wuyin soon became bogged down by explosive waves of projectiles. He skillfully wielded his saber, slicing and deflecting about to handle all those life-seekers! The sounds of metal clashing with metal endlessly echoed.

Wei Wuyin found himself facing waves of two hundred to three hundred arrows at a time, with each half-second passing! The sheer volume was monstrous, yet he kept pressing forward and sent saber light soaring through the air alongside saber howls!

Despite this, Wei Wuyin remained absolutely calm as if he wasn't being pressured a single lick! Instead, he would send mocking grins comfortably to the Legion Commander to elicit huffs and fierce yet hurriedly controlled rage. To be mocked by a mere mortal as an Ascended is like an ant mocking a full-grown titan. It was laughable to an outside party but infuriating to the one subjected to it. They would want to squash them vehemently.

However, the Legion Commander was cool-headed, yet the subsequent event took him off-guard.

SPURT!

WOOSH! WOOSH! WOOSH!

"Argh!"

An arrow hit a Spirit of War's thigh, causing him to take a knee in pain and shock.

"Wh-WHY?! YO-" An arrow pierced that Spirit of War's skull from behind with extreme precision, piercing out from his glabella. The life in his eyes dimmed instantly, and his eyeballs escaped his skull from the sheer force. It was brutal as white fluid leaked from his eyes, reflected within his pupils as madness was being betrayed.

An archer smiled as he shouted in excitement, "I killed him!" Yet the other soldiers saw this and were startled.

This scene didn't only happen in one location, but multiple simultaneously. The archers and spear throwers launched precise strikes at their allies, fiercely proud at landing a decisive kill. They even turned to the Legion Commander with smiles on their faces and elation in their eyes.

Instantly, the battlefield descended into chaos as some soldiers sliced at the neck of their allies. Some rushed forward to protect their commanders against other Spirits of War. A few even walked away as if no one was in front of them, job well done written all over their face.

The Legion Commander's eyes through his dragon-head contracted. He hurriedly inspected the battlefield and noticed faint, illusory seven-colored roots extending outwards from the ground and wrapping themselves around certain limbs of his men. What the...

Wei Wuyin used this opportunity to launch a fiercely powerful saber ray towards the Legion Commander. It was extremely fast, his strongest attack unleashed in the battlefield. All the Spirits of War in its path were killed, unable to impede its speed in the slightest.

The Legion Commander lifted his bracer and swung his arm towards the ray despite not looking in its direction. A burst of saber light erupted. When it dissipated, the Legion Commander was staring at Wei Wuyin with grimness. At the moment, Wei Wuyin had just severed three heads in a single swing of his saber, following fully through in magnificent fashion.

As if noticing the dark gaze, Wei Wuyin turned to the Legion Commander, shrugged his shoulders, and then expertly somersaulted upwards to dodge a lethal sword strike from a soldier and sliced their head in half. He moved away from the Legion Commander to kill more.

But this caused the Legion Commander to fume fiercely. That look and shrug. It said a single sentence: "I had to try, right?" Yet it was entirely unbothered by the failure, killing his men without hesitation and ease.

A mortal!

A MERE FREAKING MORTAL!

His rage was blazing with the heat of a thousand solar stars!

However, the issue wasn't Wei Wuyin. His eyes looked toward the gigantic spiritual image of a seven-colored tree that had low opacity in its form unlike the others, like ghosts depicted in stories. It felt like a phantom of a tree despite its gargantuan size.

Yet its roots were the problem. It was nestled within the earthen layer somehow, and its roots seemed to be multiplying, somehow affecting the perception and senses of his soldiers to confuse ally for enemy and enemy for ally. Some of these soldiers didn't react even in their last moments when the saber met their necks.

How could a mere mortal have so many means? How could he be so fast?! Poison? Perception alteration? A saber at the mystic-rank? Four Soul Idols?! Each one was extremely terrifying!

"AHHHHH!" The sound of someone falling resounded. The Legion Commander's heart chilled as he looked at the distance, noticing numerous holes had just popped up on the Battlefield, and soldiers were all falling fiercely downwards. Then, as if alive, these holes closed.

Who knew how far their depths went! If it went to the depths of the continent, then these soldiers were already lost.

From sounds of betrayals and vengeful anger to deathly wails and severing of flesh, to screams of panic and fear after being caught by surprise, all of this was pressing heavily upon the Legion Commander's psyche! Was he fighting a mere mortal or an environmentally-manipulator, poison expert, perception-altering, elite saber-wielding soldier?! And he had to just wait it out?!

"Twenty-eight..."

6,421 Spirits of War roared in their hearts!

### **Chapter 758 - 753: Soldier Of War, Calculated Chaos**

Disarray. Chaos. Endless.

The Legion Commander sat upon his warhorse, yet the view he was witnessing was heartrending and soul-breaking. At this point, his hands were so tightly clenched that his metallic gloves were bent unnaturally into his palm. Despite his astute and well-sent orders, the chaos that unfolded on this Battlefield against this single mortal man left little room for maneuvering.

The Spirits of War were now fearing their allies. A scene that shouldn't ever occur. Yet when they tried to regulate their mental energies to protect their perceptions, they found themselves seized by the erupting poison that caused a few to fall unconscious, others to grow so weak that they toppled like a house of cards, and a few outright experiencing seizures as the modified raw poison devoured their mental energies, affecting their Sea of Consciousness.

The Legion Commander had never felt so goddamn useless before. He looked upwards, seeing the three Soul Idols with thirteen spiritual rings circulating around them, their sizes seemingly like godly mountains that were unassailable. He wanted to shatter these Soul Idols, but they were just that—Soul Idols. They lacked a physical form, and despite their seemingly tangible forms, besides the transparent tree, they were untouchable.

They were only spiritual projections to reflect an Astral Souls potential power, drawing upon their Manifested Spirit Energies to invoke a sudden burst of increased power. However, those tree roots seemingly defied logic.

He had already sent orders to certain soldiers to slice at the roots, yet it was like slicing through the air, and there was no mass to strike. If these were Astral Idols, this situation would be different as those had true physical forms. He cursed inwardly.

If he wasn't restrained, fearful that this seemingly blind mortal would take advantage of the poison eruption to claim his life, he would've long since dealt with Wei Wuyin. Unfortunately, Wei Wuyin had laid the perfect plan. Oh how he regretted listening to a mortal spew out useless dialogue. He should've gone for the insta-kill!

But there was no pill for regret.

Every passing second, hundreds of soldiers were meeting their demise and the units were no longer cohesive and organized. If it wasn't by Wei Wuyin's saber edge, then it was by their allies' sudden attacks, or environmental hazards such as swamps or holes forming without warning.

The wariness towards each other corrupted the great trust of their great army, their former legion of 10,000 Spirits of War. The wariness of the world corrupted their trust in themselves, unable to determine how to move amidst the terrified screams of those who fell to their unknown fates. At some point, his orders weren't being followed.

No, as he looked at the gray cloud above, his expression darkened further. He could feel silent waves of sounds battering the world, but he was unable to hear it. That said, others could.

"Archers have been thoroughly corrupted, subdue them! If they resist, kill with extreme prejudice!" These orders were said in his exact vocal tone and imposing might, yet it didn't originate from him. These soldiers, however, were unable to distinguish this and loyally acted. The commencement of slaughter towards the archers was swift and brutal.

Somehow, that gray cloud was unleashing out orders that mimicked him completely! How was that even possible?! Was that an actual True Dragon?

He calmly observed it all.

"It's a loss."

Three words. Just three yet it held all of his thoughts. There was no coming back. The mayhem was too widespread, the trust was lost, the cohesion was non-existent, and they were killing each other. Even if he sent out an order to declare the fake, couldn't the fake do the same? The pandemonium would only continue.

"Thirteen..."

Wei Wuyin's forehead was drenched in sweat, the veins of his hands and legs were throbbing violently. Despite this, he remained unhindered in his merciless killing of Spirits of War, slipping into the chaos at times, and even a few Spirits of War helped him secure a kill before he sent them on their way to the afterlife. Eden's roots would slither away cheekily, moving to its next target. For those who were affected by the poison, laying on the ground, holes abruptly emerged and they fell through. Some screamed; others didn't.

"Haaaa...Haaaa..." Wei Wuyin's breathing became unnaturally heavy. This full-powered state of his was pushing his limits and his energies were being rapidly consumed by these activities, yet in this time of thirty seconds, he dwindled down the numbers of 10,000 to a mere three thousand.

Furthermore, he couldn't afford another mistake!

Earlier, an arrow had nearly pierced his left shoulder despite his spiritual sense observing it, its speed too fast, its angle too tricky, and it impacted him like a planet, sending him reeling and unbalanced, and even spitting out his gray-colored dragon blood. If it wasn't for him directly ignoring the pain, the protection of his quasi Mystic-World gambeson, and remaining perfectly calm, avoiding a subsequent lethal strike to his vitals, he would've died then and there.

He had even suffered a sword strike to his upper right thigh afterwards. While moving swiftly, it was hard to make minute adjustments, and these Spirits of War combat senses were exceptional, finding gaps in his movements and points where he was vulnerable and seizing them accurately! Despite the disorder, he couldn't affect everyone, and he was already multitasking to the maximum as a single person!

All of these injuries were the result of mystic-graded armaments, so his own defenses were as useless as marshmallows and feathers towards a heated blade. It just didn't matter. If it wasn't for some key saves from Ori, Eden, and Kratos, including the reliable gambeson, they would've all seen Hell a whole lot sooner.

The environmental shifting, perception altering, and delivery of conflicting orders were all phenomenally done. The army had been whittled down by his sword and borrowed knives with exquisite execution.

"Twelve..."

Wei Wuyin could now sense the remaining number of Spirits of War had reached 2,923 living souls. In thirty seconds, a mere mortal had caused the deaths of over seven thousand Ascended beings! If stories were to be told of this, no one would believe it!

Shiing!

The saber in his hand was drenched in white-colored blood alongside a large portion of his body, covered in the blood of his enemies. His heaving chest rose and fell as he stood amongst decapitated and severed corpses, alongside those with expressions of betrayal, rage, and sorrow. War was cruel.

Wei Wuyin felt his shoulders lowered uncontrollably. All this spiritual strength was pressing heavily upon his physical limits. In truth, his refined physique might be able to handle all of it, but it was undergoing continuous wear and tear, being broken down by the immense power circulating with every passing second. He was approaching death with every breath.

From the lids of his eyes, gray-colored blood leaked in copious amounts. He could no longer hold back the Celestial Eyes of Spiritual Divinities formation from expanding far beyond their limits. He felt his entire mind swell. The ringing in his ears was so deafening that he couldn't hear the screams. His sense of smell had been devastated that the scent of blood and metal was gone.

He stood amongst the battlefield. A single mortal standing atop the corpses of seven thousand Ascended beings.

Wei Wuyin had never felt more alive!

"Eleven seconds..five will be expended here." As he muttered this, he 'glanced' upwards and the existence within the gray cloud swam, seemingly looking downwards towards him with its god-like eyes.

For a second, the entire battle stilled. A wave of unease unfolded in the hearts of every living being on this Battlefield.

Guan Yu and the mysterious woman were awed, observing all this chaos unfold with unimaginable disbelief. If someone had told them an event like this happened in the world, they would've surely dismissed it as laughable and delusional, but witnessing it themselves...

Guan Yu's eyes widened suddenly, recalling a particular order given to him by Wei Wuyin. His eyes contracted as he felt the stillness in the world. Without hesitation, he grabbed the mysterious woman's hand and pulled while running away.

The mysterious woman was jolted in surprise. She couldn't even react, and just as she was about to wrench her arm away and teach Guan Yu a lesson for daring to touch her again without permission, her eyes contracted just as well. Guan Yu's expression was vastly different from before. There was solemnity within, but reflecting in his pupils were horror to the zenith.

That expression of his only revealed a single word: "Flee!"

The mysterious woman looked back and she felt it. The ensuing dread. The stillness of space. The stifled sense of time itself.

Oh my heavens...

Wei Wuyin's heavy breath came out extremely slowly, the space before it trembled and faltered.

ROAR!!!

Kratos' true dragon roar enveloped the world! The gray cloud and the existence within twisted, vanishing without warning. A 108,000 meter-sized cloud had, without any indication, disappeared as if it had never existed!

The Legion Commander felt the subtle change in the world. When the gray cloud vanished, his pupils became needlepoints. Immediately, he looked towards Wei Wuyin to note that large, eighty-one meter-sized wings had abruptly appeared behind him. They were magnificent to behold! Unfortunately, he couldn't marvel at its contours and beauty as it flapped softly.

Wei Wuyin catapulted into the air!

When he reached upwards to two hundred meters in height, Wei Wuyin's gray-scales began to shimmer with Formless Divinity Primary Light!

Wei Wuyin observed the world below. There was an indomitable dignity emitting from his every pore, his every scale, and his every movement. It was as if he was the sovereign of the void and all it encompassed.

Every. Last. Bit.

ROAR!!!

Wei Wuyin heaved a heavy inhale and then his throat expanded slightly, without the slightest hesitation, he violently exhaled towards the ground!

VOID BREATH!!!

### **Chapter 759 - 754: Soldier Of War, Burning Void!**

The following sequence of events that unfolded was hard to describe, yet any who saw it would experience a sinister chill running down their spines. Wei Wuyin had breathed out, yet nothing came from his mouth. It seemed as if he had just violently exhaled air.

To mortals, to those who haven't harnessed the senses beyond Mortal Limits, this is what they saw. But to Ascended beings, those Spirits of Wars who were lifting their heads to observe, some nocking their arrows or hoisting their spears to unleash a decisive strike at this aerial target, they all saw it.

A torrential maelstrom of flames without color. They moved at such speeds that they could only gasp before their bodies were swept forward. The flames themselves seemed as they were traversing through the void itself. The moment you saw it, the moment they reached you no matter your level of reaction time.

"Run!" A valiant Spirit of War shouted out for his allies that remained. He tried to run, but he was swept up by the flames. They wasn't very powerful, and his mystic power could resist them, but the moment he circulated his boundless Ascended strength, he was subjected to a bout of unfathomable weakness and toppled over. He was engulfed by flames.

He tried screaming, but the flames seemingly burnt that too. The soldier was left helpless as the feeling of being burned by these flames. But when he didn't feel any heat, his expression changed, looking at his body as it was slowly vanishing away as if paper was being burnt away. His pupils contracted to their utmost limits.



He was turning into ash.

There was no pain to be felt. There was no feeling of being burnt away. It was just watching himself slowly turn into grey ash.

*'Am I being incinerated?'* He was so confused that he looked around in his spare time to witness similar scenes occurring all over. These Spirits of War were all confused, some too weak to resist, others attempting to run, but they had already been swept by the rushing wave of colorless, almost fully transparent flames.

*'I...I don't want to die like this. Not like this...I don't want to go...'* His thoughts were still circulating, but half his face had turned to ash, yet his remaining eye seemed completely unaware. He tried to unleash a guttural scream of horror, but he was already dead.

Soon, his body collapsed into grey ash entirely. Afterward, screams of unbearable agony that originated from his voice, filled with the most horrific, terror-filled, bone-shivering, resounded throughout the world as if delayed by some ungodly force.

Time and space had twisted. A few heard their own gut-wrenching screams before they even started to burn away, and as they were about to vanish, their heads lifted upwards, their throats bulged, and they shouted out screams that were cut unnaturally short, seemingly the inception of their very own sounds they had made prior.

The entire battlefield and all the lives on it enacted a play of dissonance and death. Only the mystic-graded armaments remained, indicating the once brilliant lives of these soldiers.

The Legion Commander's warhorse reacted far sooner than he did, already using its flaming hooves to take to the skies, an absolutely unnatural ability despite its wingless form! It stepped upon the air as if it owned it, escaping the range of the Void Flames!

The Legion Commander watched all this happen, his heart seized by fear for the very first time in his exceptionally long life. Void Flames! It was infused with various knowledge of all sorts of things in this world, and Void Flames were considered amongst the top five most dangerous existences known!

While this might be limited to the knowledge of his creator, this was a fact that his creator instilled into him! A being that created all this? How could their view of cultivation and the world not be vast?!

He muttered in trepidation as he watched the chaos unfold below. "Void Flames...capable of burning away all essence of time, space, astrological and astronomical forces of the Void..." Despite his heavily armored form, an audible gulp resounded from his throat.

How was this possible?

He could only watch helplessly as his soldiers were engulfed, trying to flee from the pursuing flames in despair yet unable to accomplish their most desired goal of seizing life. Their lives were forfeited the moment they were engulfed, unable to defend themselves.

"These flames aren't strong but..." His eyes honed into the colorless flames and noted that they were insidiously weak. In his mind, Void Flames can burn away space and time itself. The moment these beings were caught, they would've been frozen by the ceasing of time. Yet they weren't even slowed

down even a little. This went to show that while these might be Void Flames, they hadn't reached the level of true Void Flames that instilled terror and fear wherever they went.

"Right...he's just a mortal..." The Legion Commander reminded himself again and again, calming his beating heart. If it wasn't for the poison, if it wasn't for the Nexus Battlefield restricting many Ascended abilities, if it wasn't for the lack of unity in his army at this very moment, this level of Void Flames couldn't even affect his weakest soldier. Even if it could, the flames would've been blocked off by mystic-graded shields.

Unfortunately, there were no ifs on the battlefield. Even he might be burnt away without any protection of his physical body. The heat from the Void Flames was said to be unnaturally high, only felt when one was engulfed by it and never before.

The entire battlefield was inundated in flames for a few seconds. Then, without warning, the flames vanished. What was left in its wake was just empty armors and lingering wails of those unwilling few taken by death.

Woosh!

Wei Wuyin's body fell from the skies, the Soul Idols of Eden and Ori faded away abruptly. Even the thirteen rings around his saber vanished. There was no terrifying presence permeating within the void. All of his Soul Idols vanished.

BOOSH!

He heavily crashed into the earth, producing a deep crater. A wad of dust lifted and obscured his body briefly.

When his body was revealed, his True Draconic Form had vanished, and Wei Wuyin's breathing was hectic and labored. If others could see his silver eyes, they would notice they were incredibly dim, lacking the slightest trace of strength. But his bloodied torso, trembling limbs, and decaying life aura were sufficient to indicate all this. It was more than enough.

Yet despite his extreme weakness, the Battlefield was completely clear of any conflict or movement. Besides a few Spirits of War trapped beneath the earth, still alive for a specific purpose, there was no other Spirit of War on the ground.

**BUT THERE WAS ONE IN THE AIR!!**

The Legion Commander coldly inspected the ravaged battlefield of lifelessness. All 9,999 of his soldiers were all dealt with. And he could do nothing but watch. However, The Legion Commander wasn't foolish enough to make a move on this mortal out of anger. The poison hadn't yet run its course.

When it did, it was going to be time for this mortal's death. His men will have their vengeance!

### **Chapter 760 - 755: Soldier Of War, Legion Commander's Strength**

"Is...is it over?" A Soldier of War exclaimed to themselves, looking at the mass of activity from afar. This participant of the Nexus Battlefield wasn't the only being that had observed cautiously, staying far away from the 10,000 Spirits of War, all of which had auras of Ascended beings. There were others, including Commanders of War, who tried to observe.

The events they witnessed from their distance were unimaginable. A few felt so surreal that their heartbeats felt fake. They clutched their chest as they recalled the scenes they had witnessed.

A single mortal man with a saber in hand faced an entire legion of Ascended beings. Through some ungodly means and circumstances, they turned against each other as he slaughtered his way through imperiously and unstoppably. The image of his pristinely white figure would forever be etched in their minds, unable to be scrubbed even in death.

The most shocking matter was that...he'd won!

Facing all these Ascended beings, he won! As a mere mortal, he won! With only himself as his reliance, he won!

**HE WON!!!**

It was absolutely batshit crazy to think of, feeling as if they were in a feverish dream of endless imagination, as if they were witnessing those nigh-impossible fairy tales their parental figures told of fantastical experts and heroes of the ages.

Guan Yu's hand was still tightly holding the mysterious woman's as his breathing rhythm was thoroughly ruined. He had fled the fastest he possibly could when he recalled Wei Wuyin's warning about an eventual outcome. The stillness of space was merely one sign of its occurrence, and he was instructed to run the furthest he could to avoid death.

He had done so, and luckily too. Despite being so far away, the void flames had nearly engulfed them still. The void flame's speed wasn't comprehensible to mere mortals, touching upon the profundities of space and time that exceeded Mortal Limits. To him, he had merely looked back for a moment and saw it burst from Wei Wuyin's mouth, and then the very next, it was a few dozen meters away from him.

If he hadn't moved, he would've been thoroughly incinerated!

The mysterious woman was also shaken, but she witnessed far more than Guan Yu, so she saw how it traveled and moved, where it burned and how it affected time, space, and the dual forces of the void. She was terrified! She had never heard of Void Flames, but she knew that those things were not something to be casually messed with.

When she saw the Spirits of War all get turn to ash without the slightest heat affecting the surroundings, her heart quivered ceaselessly. Fortunately, she was a Demi-Mortal Lord, an Ascended at the Third Stage of the Mystic Ascendant Realm, and despite the Nexus Battlefield's restrictions, she would be able to resist its current strength with ease.

But if Wei Wuyin could elevate the strength of those flames alongside his cultivation base, how terrifying would it be when it truly exceeded Mortal Limits?!

There was a minute of silence and stillness. Then Commanders of War that had hidden amongst the Nexus Battlefield for so long started to emerge out of the woodwork. They were all alerted by the great battle, witnessing it from its entirety. After all, Wei Wuyin had spent three minutes delaying those Spirits of War with nonsensical conversation.

That was more than enough time for them to gather. Those Soldiers of War who were mostly ignorant to the completion condition of the Nexus Battlefield and the true purpose of it also made their way and observed in awed silence. A few unlucky fellows even approached too closely, their underestimation of the Spirits of War caused them to be sniped by swift arrows casually sent forth by the soldiers.

While most were preoccupied with Wei Wuyin, there were far too many, and Wei Wuyin was almost always surrounded. Those at the outer formation, such as those insidiously crafty archers, were free to pick off any curious stragglers. The Commanders of War were too smart for this, not trying to attract aggro.

At least their deaths served a purpose, telling all those from afar not to get too close. This saved numerous lives from being affected by the Void Flames.

"He's falling..." The extremely aged Ascended Commander had approached the battlefield with his boney, taut skin, lacking substance, sunken-eyed body. He was amongst the last to arrive but one of the closest to approach. He was the oldest living Commander of War in the Nexus Battlefield, having been here for nearly 32,000 years. His lifespan was at the very limits.

BOOSH!

Wei Wuyin's body crashed into the earthen layer. The weight of his body induced a minor seismic vibration across the entire continent. After having his physique refined to its limits, his body's natural weight was unfathomably high unless he controlled it.

"...!" The mysterious woman exclaimed. She was about to rush forward when Guan Yu tightly held her hand. It was in a death-grip, refusing to let go.

The woman snapped her head back, her eyes were hidden by the blurry concealment of hers, but one could see them glint with light infused with violent killing intent. "I've already allowed you to keep your arm, do you want me to take your life?!"

Guan Yu's eyes widened in abject fear. The raw killing intent of an Ascended being up close was extremely terrifying to his every sense, but his hand tightened further. He wanted to speak, to explain himself, but he felt thoroughly oppressive. For some reason, the fear he felt towards this Ascended paled in comparison to the fear he felt towards Wei Wuyin. He could only shake his head vigorously!

"Then let go!" The woman spat through gritted teeth. She felt his grip loosen, causing her to relax slightly. But Guan Yu did something that took her by surprise. He used his other hand to grab the shivering one that was about to open up. He clenched harder and gritted his teeth, shaking his head even more vigorously than before.

"YOU!" The woman wanted to help Wei Wuyin, find out about his state, but this little insect was too annoying. If it wasn't for the fact that he was partnered with Wei Wuyin, clearly a stooge of his, the woman would've crippled him so thoroughly he could only beg for death.

She was an Ascended being, so she could simply wrench his fingers away with pure strength originating from her body, but she was hesitant to do so. After all, he was aware of the Void Flames and escaped at the earliest notice. What if there was more to this? She turned away to look towards Wei Wuyin. Her heart nearly stopped! She realized the Legion Commander was still alive!

It wasn't just her who noticed. The other Commanders of War witnessed this too. Their eyes all brightened with greed and desire. It was clear by now that the Legion Commander was in a weakened state and allowed his entire army to be sent into disarray and crushed by a mere mortal. While they didn't know how this came about, their eyes honed on his imposing figure with greed.

Killing him would give them unimaginable War Souls. If they killed him, wouldn't they be able to escape?!

Hope!

Hope for freedom!

It was so close! They were far more aware of the rules than these little fledglings that came and went. Unless the Legion Commander died or surrendered, there was no way to claim victory! However, the Legion Commander was in the sky, so all was silent. It was only after two more minutes passed that the Legion Commander landed atop his warhorse.

A middle-aged violet robed female Ascended shot forth out of somewhere with a long spear in hand, her movements exceedingly swift as she didn't hesitate to exert her fullest strength, circulating her mystic power, and launched it towards the Legion Commander with deadly accuracy.

ZOOSH!

The Legion Commander was taken aback by this development. However, he was fully intent on killing Wei Wuyin even if it was the last thing he'd do. Furthermore, he didn't fear any being here. Never have, never will.

As the spear arrived before him, he skillfully placed his hand forward and an imposing aura erupted from his body. With a heavy grab, he took the spear into his hand and halted its momentum! His true power had returned!

The raw poison had dispersed entirely from his body and the air, and he wouldn't allow himself to be subjected to such things again. He established numerous safeguards with his senses pushed to their maximal extent.

The violet-robed female's actions almost prompted others to react, but when they saw how easily her full-powered throw was halted, they instantly stopped. The violet-robed female was astonished and then aghast. The dragonhead helmet turned in her direction, and she felt herself become boggled by killing intent to the zenith degree!

"Here, catch!" The Legion Commander hefted the spear slightly, arched his back, and then threw the spear without much pullback. However, the speed at which it zoomed past was unimaginably faster than the woman's own throw! Furthermore, the action seemed utterly casual!

The woman felt her throat seize. She was about to dodge, but before she could escape from the pressure of the Legion Commander's gaze, her senses noticed the spear already at her nose.

'Oh no...!' Her thoughts were unable to be spoken out, and it never would. The spear penetrated her skull with unerring accuracy like a metal arrow through cardboard. She was still standing, but a sizable hole had been placed in her head. Her limbs twitched and moved, yet her life was over.

She fell to her knees, her hands quivered and tensed as if wanting to clench into a fist. But alas, she couldn't. Her upright upper body toppled backward, kicking up dust.

"..." The silence of her thudding body instilled fear in the bones and hearts of every last spectator.

She was a Demi-Mortal Lord!

**SHE WAS A DEMI-MORTAL LORD!**

Oh my heavens!

The extremely aged Ascended Commander mumbled loudly to himself, "An Earthly Saint!" To deploy an Earthly Saint to this Nexus Battlefield, who was telling this joke? The creators?! How were they, beings at the Demi-Mortal Lord, supposed to fight against an Earthly Saint?!

They harnessed true Mystic Power! Not the almost counterfeit, incomplete, still Seed-level Mystic Intent! This was just outright unfair!

The Commanders were even planning to charge ahead and strike together; even the Soldiers of War were thinking similar thoughts. But all those fanciful ideas faded in an instant. They were as still as deadwood.

The woman was horrified! She was well-aware of that violet-robed figure, and she had been in the Nexus Battlefield longer than she had! Furthermore, she was extremely powerful. They had fought in practice a few times and with no true killing intent in their moves, but her base strength wasn't much weaker than her own.

If she had rushed towards Wei Wuyin's body, her life would've been forfeited! She turned to Guan Yu, a little gratefulness and gentleness in her eyes, but when she saw his horrified, totally astonished pair of widened eyes, her thoughts violently stirred!

Was he not stopping her because of the Legion Commander?!

But....her eyes turned to Wei Wuyin's body. How was he going to deal with an Earthly Saint?!