

The Witch 1011

Chapter 1011: Ethar's Death

Somewhere in the Western Sea, Valefor plunged to the sea floor after Vaan kicked him through the spatial portal. However, he did not exit at his original location but somewhere else.

At the same time, the unstable spatial portal closed earlier than intended.

'Now, where the fuck is this? If you're going to send me back, at least send me back to the right place!' Valefor complained in his mind with a big frown.

Although Valefor blamed Vaan, the fault was none other than his own. The murderous aura of his Asura Law had interfered with Vaan's spatial power and destabilized the portal.

As a result, the coordinates were altered, landing Valefor where he was now.

Actually, Vaan intended to send Valefor to the Dragon-Serpent Clan to check on the situation. However, the latter's aura had indeed affected the spatial portal, dropping him several hundred kilometers off the mark.

Nevertheless, Valefor wasn't in a hurry to leave. He chose to study his surroundings with slight interest since he never really explored the Boundless Sea in his original timeline.

Since he was here, he might as well use this chance to look around. In any case, he didn't have any urgent business after wiping out three Celestial armies.

Suddenly, the looming shadows of giant sea monsters approached to investigate the disturbance in the sea region. When they spotted Valefor, they instinctively wanted to eat him.

However, they were immediately baffled when they got closer to him. They suddenly couldn't decide whether to eat him or not. It was as if another part of their instincts were fighting back their more primal instincts, telling them that he wasn't food.

Meanwhile, Valefor frowned at the confused sea monsters.

He was prepared to kill them since they approached with killing intent. However, they suddenly didn't know what they wanted. They were like lost lambs who didn't know what to do with life.

"Poor fools, scram! Find somewhere else to sort out your shit!" Valefor snapped at the sea monsters.

His surge of slaughter aura immediately terrified the sea monsters and drove them away. Even they knew the definition of fear when facing something similar to death's incarnate.

Nevertheless, Valefor soon found a problem. He realized he wasn't much of a swimmer. Unless he utilized his Asura Law, he was like an anchor in the water. He could move quickly with brute force, but his body would sink back to the solid seafloor quickly.

He couldn't stay afloat.

Still, the sea floor possessed more objects of interest anyway. Thus, Valefor decided to walk the sea floor instead of tediously learning how to swim with his new heavy body.

Boom... Boom...

Every step he took caused slight tremors along the sea floor and ripples through the seawater.

Several dozen kilometers away, Sir Ethar and a few of his Knights hid in a seamount cave to avoid the patrolling sea monster that suddenly invaded the Inner Sea.

They had attempted communication with Silverscale City while heading toward the Southwestern Sea's direction to investigate the source of the seismic earthquake.

However, all forms of contact with Silverscale City seemed to have been cut off, as if they were temporarily experiencing bad reception. Even after time passed, they still couldn't reach out to Silverscale City with their communication devices.

With no access to the Celestial Network, they were blinded to the sea monsters' invasion until they saw them in the Inner Sea with their own eyes.

The discovery shocked and scared them to no end and forced them into hiding until now.

"Dammit, what is going in the Western Sea right now? How can there be sea monsters here? Why is there no network reception in this sea region? Does it have something to do with the previous earthquake?"

"Given the magnitude of its power, I wouldn't be surprised if the network towers were damaged... After all, I doubt anything was ever built to withstand that level of—"

"Shush for a moment," Sir Ethar said with a frown. "Can you hear that?"

Boom... Boom...

The quiet tremors sounded quite distant but grew clearer with each frequency.

At the same time, the sea monsters in the area also left, causing Sir Ethar's group to feel pleasantly surprised and excited.

Sir Ethar performed a series of hand seals before drawing a line across his eyes with two fingers, activating one of his divine spells.

Heavenly Spirit Eyes!

Sir Ethar carefully peeked outside the seamount cave with his ocular ability and confirmed the absence of sea monsters within a fifty-kilometer radius.

At the same time, he also discovered the source of the rhythmic tremors. When he focused on the person's appearance, he became dazed for a moment before joy overwhelmed him.

"Hahaha... the heavens must be helping me! What a fool. He doesn't even know how to swim!" Sir Ethar exclaimed heartily.

Although his Knights wondered what he saw, Sir Ethar didn't answer them. He immediately shot out of the cave to capture his target.

Knowing his target had very good spatial abilities and could easily escape, Sir Ethar feared alerting his target. As such, he cast divine stealth spells on himself, erasing the ripples created by his movements.

When Sir Ethar got close enough, his eyes immediately flashed with a ruthless glint, aiming his sword-like chop on his target's neck.

Pat...

Valefor's feet sank several inches deeper into the sea floor, leaving behind a footprint in the rocky ground and scattering bits of sand in the area.

Sir Ethar thought his striking power was great, but Valefor practically took no damage. He watched in horror as the latter slowly turned his head, eyeing him with gloominess.

The seemingly infinite slaughter energy in his abyss-like black eyes sent a chill down Sir Ethar's spine.

"Did you just hit me?"

"N-No, this was just a misunderstanding, Your Excellency. I mistook you for someone else—"

Poof...!

Valefor "patted" Sir Ethar back.

However, the latter's body couldn't withstand his pat the same way and exploded into a mass of blood, dying on the spot.

"What an imbecile," Valefor snorted before continuing on his way.

Some distance away, Sir Ethar's Knights witnessed his pathetic and helpless death, and their hearts chilled with dread and alarm.

"Good lord... Was that really the target we were hunting?" a Knight gulped.

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How was that a First-stage Divine Star Realm being? They couldn't even tell the monster's cultivation! Their master was simply asking to die!

Chapter 1012: Visiting Battle God District

After Vaan returned to the marquissate estate's inner courtyard, he did not immediately deal with the nobles. Instead, he only informed the Knights and soldiers of his temporary departure.

Afterward, he immediately returned to Sunpeak City via spatial shift.

At that moment, Sunpeak City was still in a state of incredulity after the initial attack. Everyone thought a difficult and gruesome battle awaited them, but no one even got a chance to participate before the fight ended.

It was such a spectacular one-sided victory that it felt like a dream.

After all, the Celestial Kingdom was unbelievably strong. Yet, their side appeared to be even stronger. No, it was Vaan, who did not seem like Vaan, who did all the work.

Astoria even felt pained in heart.

She had met Vaan not long ago, but the one who appeared over Sunpeak Peak seemed completely in aura and cultivation. Such a Vaan was so different that it greatly surprised her.

She did not know what kind of price Vaan had to pay to achieve such sinister yet mighty power within a short time.

Even now, the news of three battlefronts being relayed back to Sunpeak City continued to astound Astoria, Henrietta, and Aeliana. Even the three Dreamcatchers weren't exceptions.

The three vampire divisions had succeeded in routing the enemy on the three different shores with their troops. However, everyone knew who did most of the work to achieve such overwhelming victories despite their large gap in strength and numbers.

Fourth Dream had personally visited one of the battlefronts right after Sunpeak City's threat was eliminated. She still found it unreal how many Celestials with cultivation bases higher than the Great Devils died like ants.

The black-red flames that laid waste on the battlefield were dreadful beyond imagination.

The "Vaan" who cruelly toyed and tortured the Celestials to death even after the outcome of the war had been determined was far more sinister and wicked than any Great Devil she knew.

In fact, his cruelty made all the Great Devils seem unworthy of their titles.

Still, Fourth Dream couldn't find it in her heart to be afraid or wary of this man who had conquered her body. He was cruel to others, but she still remembered the tenderness Vaan displayed when penetrating her with his rod.

That stark contrast in treatment even made her feel special. Was she broken for thinking this way?

...

Although Valefor's cruelty had caused Vaan's people to fear him, Astoria and the other ladies felt nothing but relief when they saw him again. Much of Astoria's hidden worries and concerns instantly evaporated the moment they embraced.

Of course, Vaan didn't forget about Henrietta and the other ladies. He welcomed them into his embrace one at a time. When it was Henrietta's turn, she seemingly melted and went limp in his arms.

Aeliana, on the other hand, was very wild and passionate after receiving a bit of affection. Vaan was also stripped on the spot. He feared that if he had not spotted her advances, they would have had outdoor sex in front of everyone.

"Take it easy for now, alright?" Vaan said.

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Aeliana seemingly purred with reluctance. Even after she was peeled away from Vaan, she looked at him seductively, licking her lips as if to savor the aftertaste of the wet spot she had left on his neck.

Vaan had to acknowledge that it had been quite a while since they shared physical intimacy. As such, it wouldn't be surprising for his women to build up a lot of libido.

Unfortunately, he had to postpone such private businesses to a latter time.

After updating his ladies on the situation, Vaan headed to the new Battle God District, where his most ardent body-refining followers from the Great Ratholos Empire settled.

Ever since these extreme Body Refiners settled in Sunpeak City, they had not made much progress in their cultivation. After all, Sunpeak City lacked the training facilities and cultivation environments to temper their bodies.

Even so, the Berucha Shadi and the other Battle God Worshippers faithfully offered their prayers and worship to his erected statue in the center of the Battle God District every day.

Although the macho stone statue with excessive muscle mass had completely twisted his handsome figure, embarrassing him and making him want to smash it to bits, he had to acknowledge the Body Refiners' devotion.

As such, Vaan decided it was time to reward them for their faith.

Given his attainment in Body Refining, it wouldn't be difficult to invent several divine-rank body refining methods to help the Body Refiners build their Divine Bodies.

Of course, there would only be normal divine-rank body refining methods, as none would be able to replicate his heaven-defying body refining path. Still, that was an idea for the future and not why he came to them today.

These Body Refiners all possessed sturdy foundations, making them very suitable candidates to inherit the power of the Divine Worlds.

"The Battle God has graced us with his divine presence!" Berucha exclaimed excitedly, being one of the few members who spent the most time worshipping the statue.

"Gather all the warriors here. I have something to announce today."

The eyes of Vaan's worshippers immediately lit up, thinking Vaan finally planned to use them for something. Even if it were the most trivial of tasks, it would be their honor to carry out his will.

"Yes, Battle God!" Berucha and the devoted Body Refiners answered.

In a short instance, everyone in the square center scattered in different directions, hurriedly banging on the doors of every home. They hollered at their mates and friends to get to the square.

The Battle God District became very lively within a short period.

Those who were sleeping in the middle of the day suddenly became wide awake. Those who got caught with their pants down, working up a sweat in bed, decisively dumped their women behind. Even those who were sitting on their thrones, planning leisure dumps, suddenly broke record timers.

It only took several breaths for the square to be crowded and ten minutes for the whole group of Battle God Worshippers to gather.

Chapter 1013: Selecting People

Vaan glanced at the flushed faces that surrounded him within a short time. He scratched his sideburns, thinking he might not be able to get used to their excessive fervor and worship.

He knew all too well just how distant the realm of a True God actually was.

Despite that, he was revered as the Battle God by the Great Ratholos Empire's Body Refiners, the Dragon God by the Red Dragon Clan, the Sun God by the Holy Knight Empire's people, and the Sea God by the marine clans and sea monsters.

After shaking his head, Vaan scanned the excited and eager Body Refiners.

"I'll be picking out a small group of loyal warriors to follow me back to the Celestial Kingdom and help me out with a dangerous experiment. If something goes wrong with the experiment, you will likely die gruesome deaths. That said, are there any volunteers?"

Shortly after Vaan asked this question, the entire group of Body Refiners eagerly voiced their willingness to participate.

Many of them had undergone extreme training, facing the dangerous power of nature to surpass their physical limits. Which one of them hasn't faced death before?

As such, they weren't afraid of the so-called risk.

More importantly, they looked forward to the potential reward. After all, everyone knew Vaan treated his people well. Now that it was their turn to be of service, how could Vaan leave them empty-handed?

Although Vaan suspected everyone would volunteer, he couldn't bring everyone along.

"I only need thirty people, so I can't bring all of you with me. I will be picking out those who will follow me now," Vaan stated.

Shortly after, Vaan selected twenty-eight Body Refiners of varying age and strength.

The atmosphere quickly became tense over the last two spots as the Body Refiners who had been chosen clenched their fists with hopeful expressions. Each of them silently prayed that they would be chosen next.

Meanwhile, Berucha was disheartened when he hadn't been among Vaan's first choices. He was further disheartened once the available spots dropped to two. At this point, he practically lost all hope of being chosen.

He knew his talent was very poor.

"Berucha."

Shortly after Vaan called out the twenty-ninth name, Berucha froze in a daze. Just when he lost hope, he was suddenly picked. Happiness came so suddenly that he didn't know how to react.

However, he revealed the biggest smile of joy moments later.

"Thank you, my Lord!"

"Un."

Vaan calmly nodded.

Although Berucha's talent was possibly the worst among all the Body Refiners, being a mere Low-level Rank 2 Body Refiner, he was still considered the leader who founded the Battle God Cult.

As such, he was definitely on his list of candidates.

If his experiment were successful, Berucha would be completely reborn with talent and power, befitting his position among the Battle God Worshipers.

As for the final spot, Vaan locked onto an elderly man full of battle scars.

"Old General, you're the last one," Vaan picked after careful consideration.

If he remembered correctly, Old General made a considerable contribution in the previous war with the vampires back in the Great Ratholos Empire. However, that wasn't why he was chosen.

In fact, Old General was actually on Vaan's blacklist—someone he had to keep an eye on.

This elderly Transcendent-rank Body Refiner was full of vigor despite his advanced age.

His most fearsome trait was his potty mouth—having corrupted a few of his young dragon elites in the art of cursing. He could cause his opponents to spit blood and die of anger with just words from his mouth.

Although Vaan didn't care about this, he had received many complaints about Piaro's unsightly behavior from other red dragons.

"Hahaha!" Old General laughed vigorously after hearing his name as he saluted Vaan with a cupped fist. "A thousand thanks for selecting this Granddaddy—Ahem, I mean this Old Man, my Lord!"

Vaan's lips twitched before minding Old General no further. He turned to the unchosen Body Refiners, who were disheartened after the last spot was taken.

"No need to be disheartened. There will be more opportunities in the near future."

After sparing the crowd of disheartened Body Refiners some words of comfort, Vaan took the chosen group back to Marquis Salamrut's estate in Fanghorn City.

"Ocean Master!"

The Knights and soldiers of the two armies in the inner courtyard immediately dropped to the ground, welcoming Vaan back with a great show of respect. Vaan acknowledged them with a nod, seeing that nothing had changed during his short absence.

Meanwhile, Berucha, Old General, and the twenty-eight Body Refiners glanced curiously like they were on a sightseeing tour. They were surprised by the strength of the Blue Skins, but they weren't afraid due to their respectful attitudes toward Vaan.

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More importantly, they were amazed by the city's advanced development and people.

"These people are... Lunarans? They're humans!"

Berucha and his group were surprised by the discovery. They thought Celestials were all fish people.

Nevertheless, Vaan didn't heed the group; he focused on the captured nobles.

The nobles had frantically demanded their release during Vaan's absence. However, their cries had fallen on deaf ears. The Knights and soldiers had completely ignored their pleas and crocodile tears.

Now that Vaan paid them attention, they became energetic again.

"Unseal me at once, Land Dweller! Do you know who I am? A Noble! I demand a fair trial in Celestial City!" the Baron roared fearfully. He knew he was finished if he didn't make it to Celestial City.

However, would Vaan give him such a chance?

Pak!

Vaan casually smacked the Baron's loudmouth, but the latter's lower ripped off and flew into the distance due to the excessive force. The Baron nearly died on the spot. The other nobles immediately shuddered at the sight and kept their mouths shut tight.

At the same time, Vaan was taken aback. The Baron's body was surprisingly fragile when his high cultivation base was sealed. He was no different from a mortal.

Nevertheless, it mattered not whether the Baron was alive or dead for his upcoming experiment.

Still, he had certainly shut up the noisy noble one way or another.

Baron lost the courage to raise his voice again. He could only stare at Vaan helplessly from the ground, filled with infinite fear. He didn't know what Vaan planned to do with him, but it couldn't be good.

Chapter 1014: Creating a Divine Inheritor

With the highest level of permission granted by Pangea, Vaan could access all existing information on the Celestial Network. However, Divine Inheritance wasn't a top-secret method. Thus, he already learned all about it.

According to everyone's understanding, Divine Inheritance could only be performed when the divine cultivators were alive. After all, if the divine cultivators died, their Divine World would harden into Divine Cores or even expand its hardened state.

Under such conditions, transplanting would become difficult. It was the difference between trying to absorb water through the skin and squeezing a lump of rock through.

The former was difficult enough, while the latter wasn't even worth attempting.

After all, water could reform and become whole again. On the other hand, a rock wouldn't be the same even if it was glued back together after getting ground into powdered form.

As such, the Celestials only performed Divine Inheritance when their divine cultivators were alive. The Divine World was like a drop of blood; without life, it would quickly dry up into a solid state.

However, Vaan had also seen how life energy removed the impurities from the Knights' Divine World, which had a certain degree of hardness from repeated transplants.

It was like bringing a block of dead wood back to life.

When Vaan tested the properties of life energy on a few Divine Cores in his possession, they had indeed slightly returned to their original states as Divine Worlds. As such, he had the bold idea of performing forceful transplants of the Divine Inheritance.

After all, the scum nobles would never agree to hand over their power.

Moreover, if Vaan utilized his life energy and spatial power, his transplants would be far more perfect and efficient than the current Divine Inheritance methods used by the Celestials.

Before Vaan began his experiment, he kidnapped Valefor again to restock his supply of life energy. Without any surprises, the latter cursed him a dozen times before he kicked him back to where he came.

The sight dumbfounded Berucha and the other Body Refiners, while the Knights and soldiers only seemed slightly surprised. In their eyes, it was normal for the Ocean Master to possess miraculous abilities and means.

Only Vaan knew they were in a bigger surprise.

"Who wants to be the first volunteer?" Vaan directed his question at Berucha's group, which prompted an immediate response from everyone.

"Me!"

"I do!"

Vaan's gaze skipped over Berucha and Old General, landing on a Low-level Rank 3 Body Refiner, who was the weakest apart from Berucha.

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"Your name?"

"Wolfon, my Lord."

"Brace yourself."

"Y-Yes? Yes!"

Suddenly, Vaan drilled his hand into the dying Baron's stomach and seized his Divine World. He protected it from collapse and corruption by confining it with spatial power and life energy.

Afterward, he immediately pressed it right into Wolfon's stomach.

Wolfon had never practiced energy cultivation. Thus, his Lower Dantian, while sturdier than mortals due to Body Refining, was undeveloped.

When the Divine World entered his Lower Dantian, divine energy immediately poured through Wolfon's energy channels and pathways after Vaan released his spatial confinement.

The surge of divine energy instantly put a burden on Wolfon's blood circulatory system. However, the life energy that flowed alongside the surging divine energy helped the body adapt to the foreign power.

After several hundred circulations, the divine energy slowly returned to the Divine World and settled inside. It became calm and no longer went on a rampage.

At that moment, the Divine World had become a part of Wolfon, becoming his energy cultivation base.

Although it was the Divine World of a Third-stage Divine Star Realm cultivator, Wolfon was only able to draw out the power of a First-stage Divine Star Realm cultivator.

However, that was enough to shock the Knights and everyone else.

After all, Vaan had just performed an unprecedented case of forced Divine Inheritance. Yet, not only did the Divine World lose some power and purity, but even the Divine Inheritor had directly stepped into the Divine Star Realm.

If it had been any other Divine Inheritor under the normal procedure, their cultivation base would only be around the third stage of the Divine Origin Realm or the seventh stage of the Divine Origin Realm if they were a top talent.

Afterward, they would spend countless years increasing their compatibility with the Divine World before stepping into the Divine Star Realm.

"Oh my god, a Divine Star Realm... Divine Inheritor!" a Knight exclaimed, eyes wide with shock and disbelief.

Wolfon's luck was simply too great.

The Knights all looked at Wolfon with great envy. Which one of them wasn't a Divine Inheritor? They had also received Divine inheritance to become divine cultivators.

However, unlike the nobles who received the purest Divine Worlds, they inherited the most impure Divine Worlds, which their predecessors had overdone in repeated transplants.

As such, it was extremely difficult for them to raise their cultivation base.

The fact that some Knights were even able to reach the First-stage Divine Star Realm was a testament to their sheer effort and talent.

Nevertheless, while the Knights and soldiers were amazed, the nobles paled with horror. The crippled Baron was especially feeble and lifeless after losing his cultivation. It was as if the slightest gust of wind would blow away the last shred of life in him.

Even if he lived, his life would never be the same without his powerful cultivation. Death might actually be better.

Unfortunately, Vaan didn't let the Baron die so easily.

Vaan picked the Baron up by the collar like he was picking trash. After healing him, he tossed him to the Knights to handle.

"Compile a list of his crimes and gather the families and friends of all his victims. Let the public watch them judge this scum."

"Yes, my Lord!"

Two Knights became especially excited after receiving Vaan's order. It just so happened that one of them possessed deep-rooted hatred for the Baron.

He definitely wouldn't give the Baron a peaceful death!

"Spare me—Ahhh!" the Baron cried in pain.

The Baron wanted to plea for mercy, but the two Knights ruthlessly dragged him away by the ankles. His skin and face scraped against the rigid ground on his way out of the estate, creating cuts and bleeding.

Without the protection of divine energy, the Baron was just a feeble old man.

"Nooo!"

The Baron's last cry was heard outside of the estate, causing the remaining nobles to feel a deep sense of dread. This feeling was further amplified by multiple folds when Vaan stared at them.

Chapter 1015 Crying to Celestial Dragons

"Get... Get away from me!"

Another Baron barked in fear, seeing Vaan take a step towards him. He tried to retreat, but due to the strong seal on his cultivation and movements, he could only wiggle on the ground.

Vaan grabbed his back collar and lifted him off the ground before driving a claw through his back. He seized the Divine World with spatial power and ripped it out.

"Nooo—!!"

The Baron squealed like a pig getting butchered the moment he sensed his divine energy disappearing from his body.

"Next."

After tossing the Baron to the next pair of Knights, Vaan urged the next volunteer to step forward to receive the Divine Inheritance.

Just like that, Vaan produced five First-stage Divine Star Realm warriors out of the Body Refiners within a short period. Marquis Salamrut helplessly watched his uncles and nephews become cripples before it reached his turn.

For Marquis Salamrut's Divine World, which was obviously the best of the batch, Vaan decided to give it to Old General. As for Berucha, he had other plans for him.

A few minutes later, a Third-stage Divine Star Realm warrior was born.

"Bahahaha! This Granddaddy feels amazing! Many thanks, my Lord!" Old General exclaimed raucously with joy.

Although Vaan mentioned there was a risk of death if the experiment went wrong, the Body Refiners had all seen how smoothly the transplants went. There was simply no danger at all!

Berucha and other Body Refiners couldn't help but feel excited for their turns.

After Marquis Salamrut, the last of the nobles in the marquisate estate, was sent out for judgment, Vaan turned to the Fanghorn Soldiers and Moonwater Soldiers present. They couldn't help but straighten their backs when they received his attention.

"Seal this place and keep the angry mobs outside. Don't let the opportunists take advantage of their chaos to plunder this estate. The remaining family members should be investigated. Look into their history and judge them accordingly. Victims should be spared, and sinners should experience purgatory."

"Yes, Ocean Master!"

After giving the Fanghorn Soldiers and Moonwater Soldiers his instructions, Vaan led Berucha's group to the next noble estate.

Fanghorn City alone had nearly three hundred nobles, meaning there were almost three hundred Divine Worlds to collect. The chance of clean nobles existing among them was quite small.

After all, if the head were crooked, the rest of the body wouldn't be straight.

Perhaps many nobles could have lived a different lifestyle—one where they actually performed good deeds and lived according to noblesse oblige. Unfortunately, it couldn't happen once they exposed themselves to the Fanghorn Lord's twisted hobbies.

Once they experienced the thrill of sinning without consequence, it wasn't easy to extricate themselves from such dark tendencies.

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Inside the City Lord's manor, gloom shrouded the hall where the Fanghorn Lord and nobles gathered. With the exception of Marquis Salamrut, they represented the highest authority among nobles in Fanghorn City.

"We've lost contact with Lord Salamrut."

"Sir Lepsten has also stopped communicating."

"I'm not hearing anything from Count Balgrus."

The nobles reported their loss of outside contacts with increasingly grim and heavy expressions.

Although they had abandoned their families to stay in the City Lord's manor for its superior defense, it didn't mean they were completely emotionless toward their kin. They just prioritized themselves over them.

"The outside has been overrun with soldiers from the Fanghorn Army and Moonwater Army while the sea monsters pressure the city with their encircle. There's also the new Ocean Master to worry about."

"Can we do nothing but wait for our demise here?"

"Dammit, I should have fled to Celestial City at first notice! Why do I have to die here? I haven't lived long enough yet!"

"Hmph! Given your depraved history, you should be thankful that you have even lived this long and not be judged by karma until now."

"I could say the same for you!"

Due to everyone's tight nerves, a single disagreement immediately turned into a full-blown argument. The increasingly noisy hall put a frown on the Fanghorn Lord's face.

"Enough!" The Fanghorn Lord silenced the noise in the hall with his empowered voice. After the hall became quiet again, he asked, "Do we not have a single piece of good news to share?"

Not long after the Fanghorn Lord said this, a servant specialized in electrical engineering suddenly barged into the hall fearfully, despite knowing he could die from a casual smack if his discourteous arrival displeased any of the nobles present.

"City Lord, I did it! I fixed the connection issue. You should be able to contact Celestial City now!"

"Well done! Finally, a piece of fucking good news!"

The Fanghorn Lord's eyes lit up instantly. He shot up to his feet with renewed vigor. It was just a connection fix but it made his mood improve by a hundredfold.

No one had any idea that the connection problem should have never taken so long to fix, given their technical expertise and technology.

However, there was nothing they could do if Pangea chose to interfere discreetly, delaying their contact with Celestial City. If Pangea hadn't considered the potential risks to herself, she wouldn't have given them a chance to contact Celestial City at all.

Nevertheless, once the Fanghorn Lord confirmed the green signal on his connection with Celestial City, he immediately sent a mail to the Celestial Dragon King.

However, knowing the Celestial Dragons viewed all Celestials like insects and nobles were just bigger insects, he feared the Celestial Dragon King would not read his mail right away.

At the same time, he didn't dare bother the Celestial Dragon King with a call, either.

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As such, he wrote several more emails to other Celestial Dragons within Celestial City, hoping at least one would reply with good news.

Due to the life-and-death situation they were facing, the Fanghorn Lord didn't hesitate to exaggerate the problem and paint black to white and white to black.

He did not mention the new Ocean Master but blamed the entire military faction instead, claiming the military faction had launched a surprise all-out offensive to wipe out the noble faction in order to restore the authority of their military government.

Once the noble faction was gone, the Celestial Dragons would be next!

Chapter 1016: The Celestial Dragons' Strength

In the heart of the Dragon Vein, a vast pocket realm half-filled with a golden sea existed. A grand silver city floated over the sea surface, reaching for the luminous crystal ceiling with its spire-like towering structures.

Tenacious vine-like golden roots covered the earthen walls like myriad snakes, extending into the depths of the golden sea and stretching out to the crystal sky.

Celestial City was not a submerged city due to the abundant air that existed within the Dragon Heart. But whether it was the air or the golden sea itself, both were incredibly dense. Even gravity was several times greater than elsewhere.

On top of that, the entire Dragon Heart would produce an outward pulse periodically.

During each pulse, the entire pocket realm would become filled with spirit energy, causing spikes in its level of gravity, air density, and water density. Normal conditions have already made it difficult for ordinary beings to survive here. As such, spike periods were simply outright fatal for ordinary beings.

However, the Celestial Dragons thrived here without an issue due to their superior physiques. They even treated the periodic heart pulse as their training.

"Audacious!"

Within the seaside manor of a wealthy Celestial Dragon, a Dragonoid man suddenly barked with outrage after reading a new email in his inbox. The content made him so angry that he accidentally crushed his communication device.

He was just relaxing on his black metal sunlounger, enjoying the soft nourishment of green spirit light from the luminous crystal sky, when the new mail completely ruined his good mood.

Not far away from the edge of the seaside manor, a Dragonoid woman emerged from the golden dragon blood sea.

"What's the matter, Sir Mugim?" the Dragonoid woman asked seductively, hoping to improve the Dragonoid man's mood.

However, Sir Mugim's cursive glance, filled with anger and annoyance, immediately told the Dragonoid woman that he was not in the mood to flirt with her. At the same time, she also realized something quite serious must have happened.

"What happened?" the Dragonoid woman asked again, looking solemn.

"My distant relative from several hundred generations ago or so has met with trouble and requires my assistance. I will be making a trip to Fanghorn City. Thank you for your company today, Lady Nurla."

"It's that serious?" Lady Nurla gasped with surprise before asking seriously, "Do you need my help?"

"It's just a bunch of insects dreaming of their past glory. I alone am enough to deal with them. However, I won't refuse you if you wish to accompany me," Sir Mugim coolly replied, maintaining his pride.

His pride wouldn't let him seek help from a woman, but he wouldn't refuse an offer either if the latter insisted. After all, it was also rude to reject a woman who asked twice.

"Wait for me," Lady Nurla smiled.

Although Celestial Dragons rarely left Celestial City due to their disdain for the outside world, she was a little curious about the situation that aroused such anger in Sir Mugim.

After getting out of the golden dragon blood sea, she gave herself a light drying and adorned her glittering accessories.

Sir Mugim also took this chance to admire her pretty scales and horns briefly.

In Celestial City, Celestial Dragons seldom wear any clothes or armor due to their Dragonoid physiques. The gold scales that covered their pristine bodies were practically their set of clothes and armor in one.

As such, any additional items would only cover their beauty or hinder their movements. Only some shiny accessories were adored by Dragonoid women as they believed such items could enhance their beauty further.

At the very least, a sparkling peacock would stand out among a group of ordinary peacocks.

On the other hand, Dragonoid males didn't see any value in accessories. They believed the glow of their well-polished dragon scales was more appealing than any kind of accessory.

Moreover, appearances were never as important as strength. They only served to showcase it. As such, Celestial Dragons didn't appreciate the shininess of their dragon scales for the sake of the shininess but the energy that produced it.

Although the Celestial Dragons shared some similar aesthetics in some areas, it was still quite clear that their sense of appreciation was quite different from Celestial Humans.

Dragonoid men weren't ashamed to showcase their ding dongs in public, even if other Dragonoid men laughed at their boners. They would just laugh even louder than them while boasting their sizes.

On the other hand, if Dragonoid women tried to shame them for their boners, Dragonoid men would just retort along the lines of, "Woman, you should be honored that you made my donger stand!"

Within Celestial City, the Celestial Dragons generally didn't discriminate against each other over status since they didn't use a nobility system. Everyone was considered wealthy people, so they would only talk with their wealth—their strength. Stay updated via [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

As such, besides having the Celestial Dragon King as their leader, everyone was mostly equal. Of course, this was only possible because everyone's strength was, more or less, the same.

If a bigger gap existed between their strength, perhaps their society would have developed very differently.

"Should we inform the Dragon King before we leave, Sir Mugim?" Lady Nurla suggested.

However, Sir Mugim immediately shook his head, replying, "The Dragon King is a very busy man. He has been working hard to advance to the Divine Transformation Realm for the past few hundred years. It would be unwise to disturb his cultivation over something this trivial."

"For something 'this trivial,' it had certainly pricked your scales the wrong way, Sir Mugim," Lady Nurla's lips pursed into a sly smile. "Now, I'm really curious what happened."

"Hmph. You'll find out soon enough. Let's get moving," Sir Mugim snorted.

Shortly after finishing their chatter, the two Dragonoid humans dived into the golden dragon blood sea, speeding their way through the Dragon Vein passage that led to Fanghorn City.

Their powerful dragon tail flicks gave them incredible bursts of speed while leaving behind violent and chaotic currents of golden blood seawater.

They were obviously creatures of the sky, but they were even more agile in water than fish.

...

Shortly after the Fanghorn Lord notified Celestial City and requested help, Pangea also informed Vaan and filled him in the situation.

"You need to be prepared, Child. The Fanghorn Lord called Celestial City for help, and two Celestial Dragons have been dispatched. They will arrive very shortly. Although they weren't informed about you, they are very strong."

"How strong?"

"Seventh-stage Divine Star Realm in both Energy Gathering and Body Refining. You can expect them to be as strong as Half-step Divine Transformation Realm cultivators. I recommend summoning your dark twin to deal with them."

After listening to Pangea's information, Vaan was both surprised and unsurprised at the same time.

Although it wasn't mentioned in the Celestial Database, he had suspected the Celestial Dragons to be dual-path cultivators of body and energy. After all, they had the Divine Inheritance and possessed a monopoly on the golden dragon blood.

Given the periodic tributes of the twelve cities, it would be quite strange if the Celestial Dragons didn't even attempt dual-path cultivation with all those resources available to them.

Indeed, the Celestial Dragons were all dual-path cultivators. However, this practice only started in the last ten thousand years.

After all, while the powerful physiques of Celestial Dragons allowed them to utilize the power of Divine Worlds more perfectly than other Divine Inheritors in the Celestial Kingdom, it also made it practically impossible for them to accept the Divine Inheritance through the usual procedure.

Their powerful dragon physiques were too tough for the Divine Worlds to pass through their flesh.

Vaan was quite curious how they performed the Divine Inheritance.

Unless they utilized special methods, surgical transplants were the most direct and only possibility he could think of.

"Child, you don't seem to be the slightest bit worried about the strength of the Celestial Dragons? Since the Celestial Dragons are already this strong, aren't you afraid that the Celestial Dragon King might be too strong for you?"

"Why should I fear the Celestial Dragon King? How strong can he be?"

"The Celestial Dragon King is at the peak stage of Divine Star Realm in both Energy Gathering and Body Refining. He is considered invincible under the Divine Transformation Realm. Even the

Ocean Overlords might not be able to defeat him. His strength is practically in the Divine Transformation Realm."

"It's just the Divine Transformation Realm. Don't worry about it."

When Pangea heard Vaan's nonchalant reply, her eyebrows shot up in the virtual realm. She couldn't understand where his confidence was coming from.

Did he have that much faith in the Ocean Overlords? Or was it his evil twin? Perhaps it was the Sea God Temple?

In all honesty, Pangea believed the Sea God Temple could really deal with the Celestial Dragon King.

However, it was ultimately an external treasure and not an individual's strength. As such, she suspected it consumed a terrifying amount of energy or required a terrible price to use.

In fact, it wouldn't surprise her if the Sea God Temple's offensive power had already been depleted in dealing with the previous Ocean Master.

After all, it seemed like an ultimate move that Vaan was forced to use at the very start because he wasn't confident in a prolonged battle and needed the element of surprise to ensure its successful execution.

Alas, that was Pangea's misconception due to her trust in Vaan's intelligence. She didn't think he would make a low-level mistake such as miscalculating the amount of power to use.

Nevertheless, since Vaan was so confident, Pangea could only trust him. After all, what else could she do? She had already warned him.

...

Chapter 1017: Noble's Retribution

Within the largest city square, the disabled nobles were gathered to be judged for their crimes. As the soldiers set up the platform and prepared the large hologram screen, civilians gathered in swarms.

The square only had a capacity of a hundred thousand, but four hundred thousand angry civilians had crammed inside to witness the ultimate fate of the scum nobles.

Several millions more civilians were still waiting to enter the square. But without space in the square, they looked for alternatives to watch the exciting process of punishing the scum nobles.

"W-Who the hell are you? What do you all want?"

"Let us borrow your balcony for a while."

"W-Wait, stop! Ahh!"

Thousands of people who lived on the edges of the square helplessly had their apartments raided and balconies occupied the moment they blindly opened their doors.

When the uninvited mobs saw the packed balconies on the lower floors, they quickly made their way up to the higher floors, hoping to secure a spot for themselves.

Several minutes later, two Fanghorn Soldiers dragged a Baron-class nobleman onto the heightened platform. At the same time, a compiled set of evidence was shortly shown on the large holographic screen.

The Baron had several hundred accounts of committing atrocities over the span of three thousand years. Most of his victims' close friends and families were no longer alive due to their short mortal lifespans.

As such, the Fanghorn Soldiers and Moonwater Soldiers did not bother with the older crimes. They selected a few highlights among the most recent anger-inducing crimes that existed. Experience more on [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

"Tikuls, age 3492, with 781 accounts of murder, 413 of which are related to young girls between the ages of 8 to 13. A collection of decapitated heads in glass jars was found in Tikuls's hidden basement."

"This sick beast enjoys collecting the heads of his victims to reminisce during his free time. As for what he had done to those poor girls before cutting off their heads, you can see a fraction of his inhumanity on the screen behind me."

"Now, I hand this beast over to the remaining families and friends of the victims for judgment. We have prepared a range of torture tools, poison, and unconventional weapons for you to use."

"Kill that beast!"

"Death to the scum!"

Following the Fanghorn Captain's speech, the enraged civilians already gave the Baron a death sentence before his victims' families and friends could decide what to do with him.

However, one thing was certain – The Baron wouldn't receive an easy death.

Seeing the details of the atrocities he had committed against his victims fueled the angry mob's rage. Even if the families and friends of the victims were good-natured people, they would still wish to inflict the worst pain imaginable on the Baron.

Several people grabbed onto scalpels, hatchets, sickles, and other unconventional torture tools with trembling hands.

They weren't used to holding such items, and the thought of inflicting pain on another being through them even made their determined hearts waver.

However, the parents of the victims were the quickest to recover. When they recalled how the Baron had deprived their innocent sweethearts and darlings of their bright future, endless hatred and anger filled their hearts.

Their grips tightened with resolve before they glared at Baron Tikuls.

"S-Stop! Get away from me! Please! I'm sorry! I'll never do it again! Spare me—Ahhh!" Baron Tikuls's painful cry resounded as rusty metals dug into his flesh.

Several good-natured people immediately dropped their torture tools after the first strike as their hearts wavered again. They found it difficult to commit such cruelty to another human.

However, the Baron couldn't be considered human; he was a beast in human form.

Many unrelated civilians and soldiers even offered to take their place in torturing the bastard. However, they were refused with shaking heads, especially the parents of the victims.

The victims' parents were the most vicious and determined of the lot. With each wound they inflicted on the Baron's vulnerable body, their determination and anger were fueled for the next strike.

A single strike was never enough to appease the sorrow and loss they felt in their hearts.

"Give me back my child, you animal!"

"I'm sorry.... I won't do it again—Arghh!"

No matter how the Baron pleaded for mercy, his voice fell on deaf ears. No one would show him mercy—absolutely no one.

Alas, the angry families and friends of his victims weren't torture experts. They only resorted to blind violence to vent the hatred and rage within their hearts.

As such, the Baron quickly died, becoming a mutilated corpse.

Many people expressed their regret over his quick death. Everyone even felt the Baron died far too easily. He did not experience enough pain to account for all the victims who suffered under his merciless hands.

Nevertheless, he was only the first villain to be punished and far from the last one on the list. Furthermore, witnessing the process of the Baron's death provided mental preparation and experience to the later groups.

On the other hand, the disabled nobles in line for judgment trembled with greater fear.

The Baron's death only amplified the fear that they were already feeling. As such, when they realized they would all die gruesome deaths, the nobles who were further in the back wished they were at the front.

After all, even if they were tortured to death, their experience wouldn't be as painful. The last person in line would definitely suffer the most.

"Count Hith, age 5219, with 1457 accounts of murder, 1021 consisted of young girls and boys between the age of 13 to 30..." the Fanghorn Captain read out the summary of the next scum.

Although Count Hith's atrocities seemed less hateful than Baron Tikuls to some people, he was still a sickening scum, nonetheless. His twisted taste was even more exotic than the last scum, not sparing young boys.

Count Hith's twisted hobby involved giving his victims the illusory hope of entering his rich and noble household to live the high life and derive pleasure from robbing that hope away as he toyed with them.

He did keep a collection, but his heavy taste and high count of crimes earned the people's scorn and disgust.

His final verdict was...

"Kill him! Kill that scum bastard! No, torture him! Give him a taste of his own medicine! Let him experience the same pain—No, worse than his victims!"

Chapter 1018 Noble's Retribution (2)

Count Hith felt a chill as he knelt at the edge of the platform, listening to the death sentence given by the angry mob before him. These people, who were no different from ants to him in the past, now possessed the power to judge him.

Who the hell did they think they were to judge him?!

Bam!

With a light kick from the Fanghorn Captain, Count Hith rolled off the high platform. He fell right into the pool of blood, still fresh from the last kill. The pungent stench and sticky feel immediately disgusted him despite being no stranger to them.

The fall almost broke his neck and killed him on the spot. Yet, somehow, he still survived, as if it had been calculated.

Meanwhile, the Fanghorn Soldiers and Moonwater Soldiers guided the relevant families and close friends of his most recent victims to pick out their tools of torture.

Unsurprisingly, they did not take as much time as the last batch. They had plenty of time to steel their heart and imagine the cruelest, most painful method of torture they could use.

When Count Hith looked into their determined eyes, which glimmered with cruel lights, a cold chill ran down his spine. His heart immediately shook with fear. Such a weak mob without any cultivation was actually making him feel fear!

Count Hith suddenly felt angry and humiliated at the fact that he would be afraid of mere insects.

"Get the fuck away from me! Do you know who I am? I am a Noble! My life is more valuable than all of yours combined! Do you understand what kind of consequences you will face if you touch even a single hair of mine?! You better wise up and release—"

"Shut the fuck up!"

Pak!

An angry father clobbered Count Hith's face with a wooden bat full of rusty nails, ripping off a large section of the latter's left cheek and several bloodied teeth.

The courage that Count Hith mustered was instantly replaced by greater fear as the pain overwhelmed him.

Although his threat just now had succeeded in deterring several people, it didn't frighten all of them. Furthermore, the ones he failed to threaten even became angrier.

The angry father waved his spiky bat at Count Hith with a burning gaze that threatened to pierce straight through him.

He once had a daughter, and she was the apple of his eyes. Not only was she blessed with her mother's good looks, but she also inherited his intelligence. She was his pride and happiness.

When his daughter went missing, the angry father spent all his effort looking for her, utilizing all resources and services available to help him, even posting wanted posters all over the city.

Unfortunately, the public service in charge of searching for her eventually dropped the case, labeling her status as missing and dead. The angry father's bright silver-white hair turned a dull grey overnight when that happened.

Now that he found out what happened to his young daughter, how could the angry father let her killer live easy?!

Bang!

The angry father suddenly kicked the groveling Count in the head, rolling him over. Then, he directed his furious gaze at his crotch area before also pointing his spiky bat at it.

"Was it because of this thing down here? Is it this thing down here that forced you to commit all those heinous and wicked atrocities against your victims? Actually, you didn't want to be such a scummy bastard, right? It's this thing you have that is the root of all evil, don't you agree?"

Count Hith blindly nodded while enduring his pain, thinking he would be spared a lighter punishment if he did. But on second thoughts, he quickly shook his head.

However, it was too late.

The angry father waved the spiky bat down on his crotch area, smashing his balls and ripping his penis.

"Ahhhh—!"

Count Hith, who everyone thought had become mute after the first strike, squealed in pain like a dying pig.

However, his painful squeals wouldn't earn him any mercy from the angry, grieving father. The latter repeatedly struck his crotch area, maiming it with his spiky bat until his penis and pair of shriveled nuggets were completely obliterated.

"You are a beast! An inhuman beast! You are neither a man nor a woman, so what need you have of those?! Now you are a dickless beast! I pray that if you go to hell or the afterlife, you will still be a dickless beast, so you cannot harm another victim!"

"Ah... Spare me... please..." Count Hith pleaded in a weak yet hoarse voice.

He had used up all his energy screaming in pain when the angry, grieving father destroyed his manhood. Even so, his desire to live still burned strong. He didn't want to die, even when he was put in such a state.

Whether it was the Fanghorn Soldiers, Moonwater Soldiers, or the men within the civilian crowd, everyone felt their balls tingle when they watched the angry father mutilate Count Hith's manhood into a bloody mess.

Every man imagined Count Hith's pain, but no one spared him any sympathy. His crimes were far too great and many to earn him any.

Everything suffering and loss he experienced now was part of his retribution.

Thanks to the angry father's ruthless brutality, the other family members and close friends of Count Hith's victims shook off the lingering fear of his status and regained their courage and determination.

"Dickless swine... I wish you suffer eternal damnation! How dare you take my son away from him! What did my poor boy do to deserve such a cruel ending at your hands?!"

An enraged mother joined the torture effort, pouring a bottle of corrosive acids over Count Hill's broken legs. After the flesh melted, another angry lady unleashed a colony of ants onto it.

As the soldiers and civilian crowd watched the victims' family members and close friends becoming increasingly proficient and crueler in their methods. Count Hith's gruesome sight left some of their hearts shaken. Enjoy more content from My Virtual Library Empire

Meanwhile, the desire to live gradually faded from Count Hith's eyes as he witnessed the destruction of his frail body. He felt so much pain that he finally wished to die.

However, he didn't have a shred of energy left in his body to vocalize his will.

"Want to die? It won't be that easy!"

Count Hith's eyes grew hopeful for a moment before it was instantly crushed. Despair quickly filled his exposed heart.

Chapter 1019 Valefor, I Choose You!

After Vaan finished rounding up the straggling nobles outside of the Fanghorn Lord's manor, two hundred and seventy Body Refiners on his side had all become Divine Inheritors.

He had made several return trips after the initial batch of thirty were finished.

Although his side now had an extra two hundred and seventy people at Rank 6 and even Rank 7, none of them were necessarily stronger than the Peak Rank 6 Great Devils, individually.

After all, the Body Refiners had only just inherited their Divine Worlds and didn't know how to use their powers effectively. Moreover, they have not learned any divine arts and techniques associated with such a foreign cultivation system.

As such, Vaan left Berucha and the other Body Refiners in Fanghorn City's Cultivation Zone, where they could learn and adapt to their powerful cultivation.

Meanwhile, Vaan learned more about Celestial City through his spirit watch and AI Pangea.

Just as he had suspected, the heart of the Dragon Vein, where Celestial City was situated, was the location of Golden Dragon Pangea's Dragon Heart.

Since the Dragon Heart was where the golden dragon blood was pumped, it was strange for golden dragon blood to gather there after its function ceased.

After all, the closed valve would prevent golden dragon blood from flowing out, and the momentum of the last pump would bring the golden dragon blood back in through the other path.

Still, that only proved the Dragon Heart contained a substantial amount of golden dragon blood, and not most of it. While the golden dragon blood in the Dragon Vein may have thinned over Pangea's long history, it should have other areas to store its golden dragon blood.

For example, the Dragon Bone Marrow and other vital organs like the Dragon Spleen were also areas that could contain golden dragon blood.

In fact, if the Dragon Spleen remained untouched until now, it might even hold more golden dragon blood than the current Dragon Heart.

However, after the long decay of time, many changes took place in Golden Dragon Pangea's body that turned it into the current continent. Its original draconic anatomy couldn't be relied on to pinpoint the Dragon Spleen.

After all, the Dragon Spleen had most likely shifted elsewhere if even the Celestial Kingdom couldn't find it until now.

Nevertheless, that was just one subject of interest.

Vaan had also learned that the large-scale spirit-gathering formation, which robbed all of the world's spirit energy, was not built from scratch by the Celestial Kingdom. Instead, the Celestials simply restored an existing one.

Moreover, it was directly related to the Dragon Heart.

Since the continent was Golden Dragon Pangea herself, all spirit energy on it also belonged to her. As such, the Celestials only needed to restore some functions of the Dragon Heart, even modify it, to resume its collection of spirit energy.

If Golden Dragon Pangea were still alive, she would have been everyone's god due to her control over their spirit energy. However, since her body died, this control fell into the hands of the Celestial Dragons.

Considering the spirit-gathering formation was practically a law of the world, wrestling spirit energy from it would be rather strenuous and bothersome that it might not be worth the effort.

As such, the most direct way to end the Celestial City's monopoly over spirit energy was to seize control of the Dragon Heart from it.

"The two Celestial Dragons are about to arrive in the Cultivation Zone."

"Got it."

Shortly after AI Pangea informed him, Vaan immediately headed up to the Cultivation Zone.

...

In the Cultivation Zone, Fanghorn City's Dragon Vein was located not far away from the Golden Blood Refinery. Despite being an express route to and from Celestial City, rarely anyone ever used the Dragon Vein pathway due to the alienating relationship between Celestial Dragons and other Celestial Humans.

Celestial Dragons disdain venturing outside Celestial City, which they consider a holy land, while Celestials have misgivings about visiting due to the risk of maltreatment.

As such, the Dragon Vein was generally sealed to allow golden dragon blood to accumulate before transferring over to the Golden Blood Refinery.

When Sir Mugim and Lady Nurla found their path obstructed, they did not bother waiting for the other side to open the tightly sealed gate. Sir Mugim simply rammed into it, smashing it open with brute force!

Boom!

The thick metal gate flung out of the water containment area and embedded itself into a training facility in the distance. At the same time, seawater immediately poured into the water containment area, causing the existing water level to rise several inches.

Nearby Fanghorn Soldiers and trainees in the area were immediately alarmed, but even more so, nervous. They didn't know if the sudden commotion had startled the Mantis Prawns. It would be terrible if they started attacking indiscriminately because of it.

Meanwhile, Sir Mugim and Lady Nurla quickly noticed the sea monsters in the Cultivation Zone. While Lady Nurla was surprised, Sir Mugim was even more taken aback.

What the hell were sea monsters doing here? The situation seemed quite different from the mail he received.

No, more importantly...

"Sea monsters have invaded the Inner Sea?" Sir Mugim and Lady Nurla both uttered in shock before their gazes became sharp and fierce.

Just as they were about to take action, they suddenly noticed the situation within the Cultivation Zone was too quiet. It was far from the chaotic mess full of fear and destruction due to the rampaging sea monsters that they imagined.

How was it possible for sea monsters not to attack the Celestials?

"Hmm?"

It didn't take long before the pair sensed a particular gaze on them from a distance.

They quickly discovered a land-dwelling human sitting atop a tall building, silently staring back at them. It almost seemed as if this person had been expecting their arrival.

Although the people in the Cultivation Zone were not warned about the Celestial Dragons, Vaan was informed beforehand. As such, he had also commanded the intimidating Mantis Prawns to seal off the area.

"It's your time to shine," Vaan commented, seemingly talking to himself, as there was no one else around.

However, he reached his hand into a spatial rift and dragged a short-tempered Valefor out.

"God dammit!! I swear to god! If you keep doing this to me, I'm going to fight you to the—
Fuckkk!!!"

Valefor's angry threat was cut short as Vaan hurled him in the direction of the two Celestial Dragons.

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Bang!

Sir Mugim reflectively swatted Valefor out of the way with a single palm strike, causing the latter to smash into the ground heavily and become unmoving.

Sir Mugim glanced up at Vaan and then looked at Lady Nurla beside him with the same questioning expression, as if they couldn't make sense of Vaan's actions.

Was that a suicide attack or a greeting?

Although it was just a casual palm strike, Sir Mugim was confident that there wasn't a single being outside Celestial City who could withstand it other than the Ocean Overlords.

Only those whose strength has touched the very peak of Divine Star Realm truly understood how vast the gap between Divine Transformation and Divine Star was.

The dual-path cultivation of Energy Gathering and Body Refining had made Celestial Dragons like them as powerful as Divine Transformation Realm cultivators. However, it also deprived them of the chance to reach such heights.

It was not that they had absolutely zero chance of advancing to the Divine Transformation Realm, but it was much more difficult for them due to their powerful physiques.

Their powerful physiques hindered the cumulative divine energy within their Divine Worlds from transforming their bodies.

As such, every Celestial Dragon hoped the Celestial Dragon King would succeed in his breakthrough. If he succeeded, it would mean that they would also be able to.

"Sir Mugim, watch out!" Lady Nurla suddenly cried with wide eyes, seeing the "dead" rise from the ground.

"Hm?"

Although Sir Mugim sensed something behind him, he still reacted too slowly. He got his dragon tail grabbed by Valefor before a tremendous force robbed his feet from solid ground.

Bam, bam, bam!

Valefor furiously slammed the lizard man into the ground repeatedly, causing the entire floor to tremble and crack. This threatened to collapse the Cultivation Zone into the Residential Zone.

Such a brutal slamming would have shattered every bone in a normal person's body.

Lady Nurla immediately wanted to assist, but Valefor immediately hurled Sir Mugim in her direction.

Bam!

Although Lady Nurla caught Sir Mugim—or rather, he slammed into her. The strong force pushed her back until she was pressed against the wall of the sturdy silver building.

"Strong!" Lady Nurla exclaimed with wide eyes, genuinely surprised.

Never would she have imagined that land-dwelling humans were capable enough to produce an expert at the same level as them!

"Are you alright, Sir Mugim?" Lady Nurla hurriedly focused on Sir Mugim's condition. Besides being shaken and disorientated, he was mostly fine otherwise.

"Stay back, Lady Nurla," Sir Mugim pushed Lady Nurla back after recovering to his feet, glaring at Valefor venomously. "He is mine!"

Boom!

With a strong stomp, Sir Mugim instantly catapulted toward Valefor.

However, who was Valefor? He had long mastered the realm of minute subtlety. Sir Mugim's big movement only made him an easy target.

Peng!

Valefor casually sidestepped Sir Mugim's flying charge before kicking him squarely in the stomach and launching him straight into the high ceiling.

"Ahhh! Damn you!"

Sir Mugim glared at Valefor furiously as he saw himself getting further and further from the latter. He couldn't stop the momentum of Valefor's kick from carrying him away.

Nevertheless, he gave his body a twist in mid-air, lightly landing against the ceiling before catapulting toward Valefor with another powerful launch.

Bang!

Alas, Valefor sidestepped his straightforward charge and kicked him again, but in a different direction. As Sir Mugim flew away in disbelief, he also noticed a slight crease in Valefor's eyebrows.

It was as if the person was thinking, "What kind of mad dog is this?"

"Damn you!" Sir Mugim roared furiously in the distance.

Meanwhile, Lady Nurla was completely astonished by the brief exchanges. She knew about Sir Mugim's speed and power. Many Celestial Dragons at the same level would find it difficult to make such a clean evasion.

Yet, the opponent did it so easily, always evading by a hair's breadth. The first time might have been a coincidence, but the second time was definitely certainly.

This person's battle experience was no joke!

Chapter 1020: Third State

It wasn't just Lady Nurla who realized Valefor's superior battle experience; Sir Mugim understood it better than anyone. After all, he was the one facing the monster.

After failing to land a strike twice, Sir Mugim acknowledged he could not overpower Valefor with speed and power. The person was not only strong in cultivation but also possessed superior battle experience.

As such, he had to revise his tactics; he couldn't look down on the person.

Bang!

Sir Mugim stomped his feet, launching himself at Valefor again, seemingly using the same approach. But as the distance between them shortened dangerously, he made a hard break with another powerful step and redirected his path.

Bang! Bang!

Sir Mugim utilized a profound movement technique to leave behind an afterimage and reappear at Valefor's side, aiming for the ribcage with a Corkscrew punch.

However, Valefor twisted his body to evade the blow. At the same time, he wrapped his arm around Sir Mugim's extended arm, intending to lock him in place for a follow-up punch with his other hand.

Unfortunately, he foresaw the situation and quickly retracted his extended arm before it was caught. At the same time, he also threw out three rapid fists, two real and one feint, at Valefor's head.

Alas, Valefor also dodged the two real fists by tilting his head left and right. He narrowly evaded the blows each time and could feel the sharp breeze brushing against his face.

Swoosh!

Sir Mugim quickly retreated some distance after failing to land a single blow. His eyes narrowed on his opponent. Indeed, his opponent has already mastered the state of minute subtlety.

In fact, Valefor's state of minute subtlety was at a level higher than his. While Sir Mugim had only entered the initial stages, Valefor had already mastered it.

Where on earth did such a strong person find so many tough battles to refine his body and sense to reach such a high battle state? Was the land truly that chaotic?

But even if the surface was filled with wars, he found it hard to believe that there were many opponents around Valefor's level to help him improve in battle. The surface people were never that strong.

In fact, Valefor's existence was an enigma to him.

Meanwhile, Valefor stared at Sir Mugim with both interest and disdain. He was originally angry at Vaan, but his complaints quickly disappeared when he found out who he was facing. Continue your journey on [My Virtual Library Empire](#)

He didn't expect to find such great opponents in Pangea.

This planet, which he had looked down on as a low-level realm, had surprised him time and again. It was truly a box full of surprises, very different from the one in his timeline.

Nevertheless, while Valefor was happy to find an opponent around his level to fight, he was also disappointed. The opponent was still lacking and not quite up to his standards.

Perhaps only a real Divine Lord could push his limits.

"Is that all you got?"

"Hmph!"

Sir Mugim snorted at Valefor's cheap provocation.

Naturally, he was far from using all of his power. However, Valefor's capability was a mystery to him. Since he decided to face him seriously, he wouldn't attack him blindly like he did before.

He had to measure his opponent's strengths and limits before he could find the right moves to defeat him.

Although Valefor's body looked no different from an ordinary human's, he had seen how his first strike did virtually no damage to him. As such, he had no choice but to treat on a similar level to his superior dragon physique.

"Not attacking anymore? Then, it's my turn."

Valefor suddenly lunged toward Sir Mugim, surprising the latter. Sir Mugim did not expect Valefor to be proactive so suddenly. It made him re-evaluate his opponent.

When Sir Mugim saw Valefor's hands covered in black-red flames, they immediately gave him a dreadful feeling. The destructive power of those black-red flames could seriously harm him.

As such, he chose to dodge them.

However, he did not expect that when he sidestepped Valefor's lunge, the latter would suddenly twist his body sideways to face him at the same time, as if predicting his movement.

In that instant, Sir Mugim's instincts screamed with danger as Valefor's forward-thrusting palm strike changed into a horizontal swipe.

With so little time to react, Sir Mugim protected his body with divine energy and braced for impact.

Bang!

Valefor's Asura Flames shattered Sir Mugim's fragile divine barrier and smashed into his right shoulder.

Sir Mugim's expression instantly paled as several golden scales shattered and the tyrannical black-red flames seeped into his exposed flesh. At the same time, the impact threw several hundred meters away.

Even after a building broke his flight, Sir Mugim did not recover immediately. He desperately utilized divine energy to extinguish the tyrannical flames that invaded his charred flesh.

He wanted to flush out the foreign flames, but it proved far more strenuous than he anticipated. In fact, it made him realize the gap between him and his opponent.

Valefor wasn't just as strong as him or slightly stronger than him; he was a lot stronger! This person was at the same level as the Celestial Dragon King!

Nevertheless, Sir Mugim had no time to worry about this realization. The tenacious and vicious flames prolonged his agony. Eventually, even his steel nerves would bend under the torment of searing pain.

"Arghhh!" Sir Mugim cried in pain as he rolled on the ground pathetically.

"Sir Mugim!"

Lady Nurla's pupil contracted as the situation took a sudden change for the worse. She never imagined that someone as tough as Sir Mugim would weep in pain.

What were those black-red flames?

Just like Sir Mugim, Lady Nurla quickly realized Valefor was much more powerful than they had imagined. However, it wasn't Valefor's cultivation and strange fire that shocked her.

Even when experts were at the same level, they could still vastly differ in combat power due to their battle sense.

An expert who achieved the state of muscle memory was superior to his peers who haven't. However, a master in the state of minute subtlety could still make an expert at the state of muscle memory seem like a child.

Unfortunately, their opponent was neither an expert in the state of muscle memory nor a master at the state of minute subtlety. There was actually a third and higher state – the state of foresight.

The first state was the mastery of one's body, the second state was the mastery of one's surroundings, and the third state was the mastery of one's opponent. Together, they were the three states of battle sense one could achieve.

If Lady Nurla wasn't wrong, their enemy had reached the state of foresight.

It was the state of reading one's opponent's movements and predicting their future actions. While it didn't sound all that difficult, it was much harder to put into practice since there was very little time to think in battle.

Who would have the time to study their opponent's energy circulation path, specified muscle contraction, breathing, and eye focus, among other things?

Furthermore, accurately predicting the next move was only an entry-level mastery of the state of foresight. The real challenge was being able to predict multiple steps ahead.

Although Lady Nurla didn't know if Valefor was at this level of mastery, she at least believed that he had achieved the state of foresight. That fact alone was enough to give them despair.

After all, it would mean that nothing would work on their opponent. All their moves would be seen through.

'This person can't be beaten!' Lady Nurla concluded.

At first, Valefor was quite patient with Sir Mugim because he believed the latter could improve his battle sense. However, once he deemed the person provided no benefits to him, his cruelty and malice began to spill out.

When Lady Nurla sensed Valefor's dreadful and bottomless slaughter aura, she was alarmed and horrified. It made her see her own death if nothing was done to change the situation.

Suddenly, Lady Nurla directed her attention to Vaan, who had been quietly observing from atop the building in the distance. He resembled the one fighting Sir Mugim.

'A Puppet Master?' Lady Nurla suddenly thought. Her eyes sparkled with a flash of insight and understanding.

She immediately figured out that Valefor was just a construct or puppet created and controlled by Vaan. It was the only reason why Valefor could look human yet possess such indestructible defense and power.

Furthermore, she figured Vaan wasn't moving because controlling Valefor required most of his attention and mental energy.

'The puppet might be strong, but the Puppet Master should be weak!' Lady Nurla figured.

If she could capture or disable the Puppet Master, the puppet would lose all combat effectiveness.

Suddenly, Lady Nurla immediately shot in Vaan's direction with an explosive burst of speed, intending to seize him or even kill him if necessary. Her gaze was sharp with focus, but she couldn't hide her confident smile, as if she had Vaan all figured out.

Peng!

Alas, reality hit Lady Nurla harder than she could have ever imagined. Her claw-like grasp smashed into an invisible yet indestructible barrier. Her dragon nails broke, and her fingers all bent in weird directions.

"Ahhh—!" Lady Nurla screamed.

Although she was no stranger to pain, having her nails peeled off was still a horrible feeling to experience. There was a reason why people used it as a torture method.

"Hm?" Vaan glanced at the Dragonoid woman calmly before asking, "Are your fingers getting itchy?"

Lady Nurla instantly glared at him hatefully, thinking he was making fun of what happened to her fingers.

"Damn you!" Lady Nurla cursed.