

U. Warlord 781

Chapter 781: Another Proof of Kingship

The king of the bear-men glanced at the lotus flowers that surrounded him. He shook his head. "I have to admit, human warlord, that you're a strong opponent and worthy foe, but it's not as easy as you think to kill a king of the realm."

Fluctuations of spatial force surrounded the king of the bear-men and shielded him.

This world belonged to the bear-men, and their king could easily manipulate the world. If he wanted to leave, no one would be able to stop him, even if the king of the bear-men was still a novice with regards to the manipulation his authority afforded him.

In particular, he only had a weak understanding of space, and he was unable to teleport himself in the midst of battle like certain other kings.

Even so, Yang Ze, who wasn't particularly skilled with spatial manipulation himself, wouldn't be able to stop him. Unlike Zhang Lie, he wasn't able to halt or interrupt the king mid-teleportation, but he had predicted that the king would make use of such an authority to escape.

"Right, didn't you want to see your kin? All of them, along with the champion, are right here."

Yang Ze tossed out a pile of heads from his extra-dimensional storage, spilling them all over the floor.

The largest among them was a head the king of the bear-men could recognize at a single glance: that of the bear-men champion.

The champion's skull was missing a few patches, and wooden stakes were stuck haphazardly over it.

Yang Ze smiled. "I used it as a base for some handicraft. You don't mind, do you?"

The king of the bear-men was immediately enraged. He regretted that the bear-men warriors had all perished, but it was only the natural course of events. However, the fact that those same warriors had had their bodies mutilated after death...

"I'll kill you!" The moment before the king's teleportation concluded, he forcibly terminated it—only to realize that he had been caught in Yang Ze's trap.

"Well, goodbye!" Yang Ze snapped his fingers, detonating the lotus flowers all around them. Even if the king wanted to leave now, it would be impossible.

Forcibly teleporting away would only spawn a spatial rift, one which would kill him instantly.

Yang Ze's trick at that crucial moment had paid off completely.

Back when Zhang Lie had spent the entire night drinking with the members of Team Zenith, he had mentioned that kings of the realm could make use of the innate authority of their station to teleport.

As a result, defeating a king of the realm was difficult, and killing one was even more so.

Yang Ze understood that he had to find a way to prevent the bear-men king from leaving.

Fortunately, he knew that the bearmen were a passionate race, but that would also prove to be the bearmen's downfall.

"Despicable human!" the bearman king roared out, moments before he was swallowed up by ten thousand lotus flowers in full bloom.

The destructive ability of those lotus flowers far outshone that of his other abilities, and the world itself seemed to shake so profoundly it felt almost as though it were tearing itself apart.

As the explosions interacted with one another, the ebullient water-attuned genetic energy resulted in even more chain explosions, annihilating the trees in the vicinity. Even Yang Ze, who had leapt up to avoid the worst of the explosion, was unable to avoid it entirely.

However, that Yang Ze was only ever a reflection created by [Mirrored Refraction].

The real Yang Ze was far further away. He had predicted that the simultaneous detonation of ten thousand lotus flowers would create a stupendous explosion, but the force of that explosion was even stronger than he expected. Even from far afield, Yang Ze could sense the aftermath of the explosion.

He hurriedly turned his back on the forest and ran off into the distance, but too slowly. A shockwave bowled him over, causing him to stumble and fall. He patted the dirt off his clothes, along with the leaves on his head.

He grumbled, "Damn it, I hit myself with my own attack! If I were any slower, I might have become the first hunter to kill himself with my own attack..."

Fortunately, there wasn't anyone around to see his disgraceful state.

Yang Ze turned back to see how much destruction he had wreaked, only to suck in a gulp of cold air. The forest he had been in had vanished entirely. In its place was a giant pit.

The water-attuned genetic energy that had filled the forest was now falling to the ground as rain. Simultaneously, the skies turned red, and blood began raining down from the heavens. It was likely that the rain would fill the pit and turn it into a lake, but he didn't know what color the lakewater would be.

In the center of the giant pit lay nothing more than a pile of bones, all that remained of the king of the realm.

One of those bones noticeably stood out from the others; it shone and gleamed like jade.

"This must be..."

Yang Ze stepped forward and plucked out that bone, from which he thought he could sense the fluctuations of the world. This was the proof of kingship!

Yang Ze was shocked that the previous king of the bearmen had dared to transform the proof of kingship into a bone, which he had inserted into his own body. Without killing him, there was no way to obtain that proof of kingship.

However, this also made life much easier for Yang Ze, since he was easily able to obtain the proof after killing the king. If the king had instead hidden the proof in some unknown location, that would have given Yang Ze a headache.

With the successful acquisition of the proof, Yang Ze had completed the task that Zhang Lie had assigned him.

Upon receiving his assignment, Sun Xiaowu had headed toward the wall bordering the greenskins' world.

Their skin was green, and their musculature four or five times as defined as a regular human. Each greenskin was a hulk. Their mouths, filled with sharp teeth, made them look more like humanoid beasts rather than intelligent lifeforms.

A few of the greenskins were even riding on rhinoceros-like creatures. Such cavalry was rather rare in the third realm.

The greenskin riders waved the flails they held as they loudly shouted, "Charge! Charge for the glory of the greenskins!"

The greenskin leading the charge had particularly dark green skin.

He shouted, "Break through the walls! There are large numbers of undefended humans and draconians behind it. We'll be able to do whatever we want with them—kill them, rape them, pillage their houses!"

According to the draconians' information, the greenskins operated on a strict hierarchy based on the color of their skin. The vanguard, whose skin was the darkest of all, was likely their leader.

He led a battalion of over ten thousand soldiers that were heading straight for the wall.

"Curious that they would favor greener individuals..." Sun Xiaowu murmured to himself.

Most humans were rather disturbed by the greenskins, especially ones with unusually dark pigmentation like the greenskin vanguard. His skin was a deep spinach-green, a color that offended human sensibilities.

The guards on the wall rushed toward Sun Xiaowu. "Sir Sun, the greenskins are coming! We need to make our move!"

"Indeed, it's almost time."

Sun Xiaowu leaped high into the air as gold-attuned genetic energy radiated from him like a second sun.

"[Blinding Flash: Hundredfold Echo]!" Sun Xiaowu's body split into over a thousand clones, so many they seemed to fill the sky...

Chapter 782: Toward the Greenskins' World

Sun Xiaowu's clones were simultaneously real and illusory.

"[Golden Divide]!" The thousand clones all used [Golden Divide] simultaneously, coloring the sky in gold and raining down golden feathers in such numbers that the greenskins fell to the ground like wheat being reaped.

The guards observing the battle from the wall gaped.

The greenskin vanguard leading the charge knocked down as many feathers as he could with his flail. He slapped his mount and leapt toward the walls, raising his flail high overhead. "Your life is forfeit!"

"[Adamantine Aegis]!" A layer of golden runes covered Sun Xiaowu's skin, shining brightly like a brand.

The flail smashed down, releasing fiery sparks around the point of impact. The metal rang like bells on a clocktower, a dull toll which resounded across the battlefield.

"...you're that weak?" Sun Xiaowu seemed terribly surprised. He expected that the greenskin vanguard would be far stronger. His look of flabbergasted astonishment humiliated and immediately enraged the greenskin vanguard, who howled as he gripped onto his flail with both hands.

However, Sun Xiaowu struck first. He released [Golden Divide] with a slash of his sword, chopping off the vanguard's two hands as blood spurted from his wounds.

"[Goldenscale Palm]!"

Sun Xiaowu's right arm glowed with resplendent light. An aura of intense strength emanated from his body, and he radiated frightening shockwaves of energy that sent the greenskin vanguard flying off into the distance like a bullet. He smashed down onto the battlefield, forming a giant pit where he landed.

The greenskin vanguard lay in the pit, his body nothing more than a bloody pile of meat. It was a scene so gruesome the greenskins shuddered and looked away, their morale falling to its minimum.

Their vanguard, the strongest greenskin present among the troops, had been crushed in a single blow. How were they meant to fight this ridiculous foe?

"It's over!" Sun Xiaowu's body flared with golden light as runes revolved around it. "[Goldenscale Palm: Split]!"

Golden radiance struck the land. Sun Xiaowu's palms brimmed with golden light as a dense layer of golden scales covered his skin. His right arm glowed with resplendent light. An aura of intense strength emanated from his body,

Sun Xiaowu took a step forward, then punched with all his might, generating a dominating wave of genetic energy.

The entire battlefield shook. The wall trembled violently, as though its very foundations were shaking. The attack struck like a nuclear warhead, sending the golden light flaring up for thousands of meters, so bright that it felt as though the sun had fallen to the ground.

The overwhelming radiance forced all the onlookers to shut their eyes. The aftershock sent golden beams of light scattering across the battlefield and wiping out huge swathes of the greenskins.

Once the light had cleared, there was nothing left of the ground but a pit so deep its bottom couldn't be seen.

At least thirty thousand greenskin corpses were scattered within, over ninety percent of the greenskin forces that had participated in the invasion.

There were no more than two thousand greenskins left on the battlefield, and those that remained had lost all motivation to fight. How were they supposed to repel a foe who could defeat the majority of their forces in a single blow?!

Sun Xiaowu slowly landed back down on the wall. The human fighters shouted, "We can handle the rest!"

Sun Xiaowu glanced down at the battlefield, at the two thousand or so greenskins left. He nodded. There weren't many human and draconian fighters present, but their opponent was hardly going to put up any resistance at all.

The rest of the battle was finished in just half an hour.

The greenskins themselves weren't weak; Sun Xiaowu was simply too strong.

After the battle concluded, Sun Xiaowu made to head off into the greenskin world. The draconian guards at the wall provided what information they could about the greenskins.

"They're a vicious race, battle-hardened soldiers one and all. Every member of the greenskins can put up a fight," an older human guard began. "They're no less martial than the Mengtai, and there's been quite a few skirmishes between us and the greenskins for some time now.

"We must have participated in over a hundred battles against each other. An individual greenskin isn't particularly overwhelming in battle, but the greenskins' strength lies in their staggering numbers. Their gestation period is short, and they can field truly ridiculous numbers of soldiers."

A draconian guard added, "The greenskins have three generals, a marshal, and a king. The greenskin vanguard you just killed was one of the three generals."

Sun Xiaowu smirked. "Oh? That weakling? Are the greenskins all as weak as he is?"

The human guard warned, "Sir Sun, your strength is extraordinary, but you shouldn't underestimate the top fighters of these alien races.

"The general you killed was the weakest of the three generals, and the other two are far stronger than he is. They're on the level of warlords, and the marshal is even stronger—he's on par with a mid-rank warlord!"

The draconian guard added, "As for the king of the greenskins, no one has ever seen him fight—everyone who has witnessed it has died. It's no exaggeration to claim that he might well be a match for one of the top warlords."

Sun Xiaowu nodded, his face turning serious. Although he didn't know just how strong warlords could get, Sun Xiaowu had witnessed some human warlords, whom he didn't find particularly strong.

On the other hand, there was a big gradation in strength among the warlords, and those near the top of the ranking could be troublesome foes indeed.

"I'll be careful," Sun Xiaowu replied.

Once the battlefield was cleaned up, Sun Xiaowu set off through the wormhole to a barren desert. He raised his head and saw a great wall in the distance.

As expected of a race prone to fighting, the defensive perimeter the greenskins had set up was incomparable to the wooden palisade of the bear-men. The greenskins had a magnificent wall, over two hundred meters long. It was solid stone, seemingly reinforced, and surrounded by a moat.

Judging from the state of the wall, it felt as though the greenskins had been preparing to invade the draconian world for quite some time, and they had taken advantage of this particular opportunity to do so.

The moment Sun Xiaowu approached the wall, the greenskin scouts noticed him. Volley after volley of arrows shot down toward him in an arc...

Chapter 783: Learning from Bad Examples

Sun Xiaowu curled his lips. A layer of golden runes covered his skin as he activated [Adamantine Aegis]. The arrows and spears shot down from above let out clinks and thunks as they struck him, unable to harm him at all.

"[Blinding Flash: Thousandfold Echo]!" Sun Xiaowu's body suddenly split into dozens of clones, simultaneously real and illusory, an entire battalion of soldiers by himself.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Qilin]!" Sun Xiaowu and all his clones leapt up into the air, performing exactly the same action. They cocked their arms. A golden glow radiated from all their bodies, basking the world in light. Thousands of clones merged into Sun Xiaowu's main body, and the countless activated copies of the technique merged into one.

Golden scales covered up Sun Xiaowu's arm as it grew thicker and thicker, and the image of a golden qilin appeared behind him. As Sun Xiaowu punched forward, a golden qilin materialized out of nowhere and soared toward the greenskins.

The formidable wall that the greenskins had set up, fed and nourished with their enemies' blood, two hundred meters tall and thirty thick—but the gigantic golden qilin, bolstered a thousand times over by Sun Xiaowu's clones, smashed it apart.

The entire battlefield shook. The greenskins stumbled atop the wall, as though they were experiencing a massive earthquake.

Golden radiance shot a thousand meters into the air, so bright it felt as though the sun had fallen to the ground. Rocks and rubble were sent flying. As they crashed back down, they smashed unfortunate greenskins into paste.

A burst of energy erupted from where Sun Xiaowu's attack first landed and swallowed up the houses and buildings that lay behind the greenskins' wall.

Despite the collapse of their houses and buildings, however, the greenskins didn't seem to panic too much. Huge quantities of greenskin warriors emerged from the destroyed ruins of their city, forming a green tide that threatened to swamp Sun Xiaowu.

"[Golden Divide: Soar]!" Thousands of clones raised their hands as one. Golden radiance lit up the battlefield, so bright everyone had to close their eyes.

Sun Xiaowu's thousand clones all struck with [Golden Divide], forming a sea of resplendent gold.

The name of his technique bore some similarity to Zhang Lie's [Fists of the Silent Sea: Soar], but the similarity was in name only. Zhang Lie's technique used water-attuned genetic energy as a means of manipulating space, while Sun Xiaowu's variant of the technique hadn't reached such elevated heights. He had only named his technique in the same fashion to honor his mentor and captain.

Sun Xiaowu's golden wave swept up the tide of greenskins, bloodying them and crushing them against the ground. Even so, more and more greenskins began to emerge from the ruins, charging forward fearlessly.

At that moment, two figures tore apart the golden wave and retaliated with attacks of their own, which shot toward Sun Xiaowu with frightening force.

The ground cracked. Rubble stained with the blood of the deceased greenskins burst apart, sending flesh and bone flying all over. Two rows of Sun Xiaowu's clones were obliterated in an instant.

Two greenskins with dark green coloration leapt out of the crowd, darker even compared to the vanguard whom Sun Xiaowu had killed in the initial skirmish back on the draconian world.

These two greenskins were undoubtedly the two generals that the guards had mentioned. One of them held a long two-handed hammer, whereas the other had two one-handed hammers. They attacked from the skies, but even they were unable to distinguish the true Sun Xiaowu from his clones.

The greenskins preferred brute force to strategy: since they were unable to identify the true Sun Xiaowu, they would simply kill him and his clones together.

The two greenskin generals fell among Sun Xiaowu's clones like twin meteors, at which point they began to lay waste to whatever clones were in the vicinity.

As they raised their hammers, huge swathes of clones were reduced to nothing but energy, dissipating in mid-air. The rest of the clones, however, didn't panic. They smiled as though they had lured the two generals into a perfect trap.

"[Blinding Flash: Self-Destruct]!" Sun Xiaowu's clones suddenly radiated with golden light so bright the entire battlefield was illuminated.

The next moment, all of Sun Xiaowu's clones erupted in an explosion dozens of times stronger than the [Golden Divides] had accomplished.

The two generals, trapped by the field of clones, were unable to escape in time.

The explosion of genetic energy spawned a frightening hurricane. More importantly, Sun Xiaowu's clones didn't just explode—bright beams of golden light shot out of their cores, complete with piercing golden blades that covered the entire battlefield.

[Golden Divide] was just a single attack, akin to scooping out a cup of water from a bucket. On the other hand, self-destruction was equivalent to spilling the entire bucket of water.

The resulting burst of energy was orders of magnitude larger, and the two greenskin generals only survived the explosion for a few seconds before even their hardy bodies were obliterated.

Sun Xiaowu had picked up this technique from Yang Ze. Thanks to Yang Ze's lotus flowers, Sun Xiaowu had picked up a similar technique: exploding clones. Explosions were truly the peak of art.

Sun Xiaowu shook his head amidst the smoke and dust. "Stronger than the vanguard I killed before entering the greenskin world? Perhaps so, but not by much."

Most likely, the guards who had passed him that information hadn't faced off against the other two generals themselves, and they were basing their information off of hearsay and word of mouth.

It was an exaggeration to claim that the two greenskin generals were at the level of mid-rank warlords—though even such warlords would likely die if they were trapped in a field of Sun Xiaowu's exploding clones.

The remaining greenskins, devastated by their two generals' death, halted their forward charge. If even their generals had died to this enemy, how were they meant to defeat him?

An arrow, fast as lightning, suddenly shot toward Sun Xiaowu. It was so quick he barely had any time to react, but Sun Xiaowu managed to catch the arrow headed straight for his temple.

However, the arrow had so much momentum that Sun Xiaowu was unable to halt it completely; although he had grabbed its shaft, the arrow simply continued straight for its target with Sun Xiaowu's own hand in tow.

Because Sun Xiaowu wasn't prepared for the sudden attack, he was unable to exert his full strength on the arrow, which struck his temple...

Chapter 784: Against the Greenskins

Sun Xiaowu's [Adamantine Aegis] activated instinctively, and a layer of golden runes covered his skin. He had trained the technique to such an extent that it would automatically activate during times of danger.

The golden runes blocked the arrow, and Sun Xiaowu broke its shaft with a hard tug. He raised his head and found the greenskin archer who had shot the arrow atop a wall.

The archer was holding a steel bow over two meters tall. He had sharp, piercing eyes and was the tallest greenskin Sun Xiaowu had seen, at three meters and counting in height. There was a long scar across his face.

Upon seeing this hulking greenskin, Sun Xiaowu sucked in a deep breath. His skin was such a dark shade of green that it was almost black.

The greenskin archer's aura was no trifling matter, and Sun Xiaowu could sense it distinctly even from afar. He would have believed that this greenskin were the king of the realm, but in fact, he wasn't.

Upon witnessing the greenskin archer, the greenskins' flagging morale instantly recovered.

"Our marshal's here!"

"Our marshal can't be defeated!"

"As long as our marshal is here, we greenskins won't ever lose!"

The greenskins roared, their morale soaring—and this sudden change was all due to the presence of one greenskin on the battlefield.

"So this is the greenskin marshal..." He was already about the darkest possible shade of green, so Sun Xiaowu wondered just how much darker the king of the greenskins would be. And if the greenskin marshal's aura was this intense, how much stronger was the greenskin king?

Sun Xiaowu curled his finger at the marshal, motioning for him to attack.

The greenskin marshal stored his bow and instead took out a double-headed battleaxe three meters long. The blade itself took up a meter. This was a weapon made for slaughter.

The greenskin marshal leapt high into the air. His overwhelming strength made him rise like a cannon. He reached the apex of his jump before falling like a meteor, making use of his downward momentum to swing his axe straight at Sun Xiaowu.

This time, however, Sun Xiaowu didn't take the clash head-on.

"[Blinding Flash: Hundredfold Echo]!" He split into over a hundred clones, each one simultaneously real and illusory.

Even the greenskin marshal wouldn't be able to identify which one was the true Sun Xiaowu immediately. As his axe landed, at least fifty or sixty of Sun Xiaowu's clones were sent flying into the air, where they dissipated.

The axe struck the ground with all its downward momentum, leaving furrows in the ground so deep no light struck their depths. The remaining clones of Sun Xiaowu all exploded, but the marshal dissipated the energy from the explosion with a sweep of his axe.

"[Blinding Flash: Thousandfold Echo]!" The next moment, Sun Xiaowu generated a thousand clones of himself.

"[Golden Divide]!" The thousand clones all used [Golden Divide] simultaneously, coloring the sky in gold.

The marshal swept his axe in an arc, producing blades of wind that shot out toward Sun Xiaowu's clones.

"[Goldenscale Palm]!" The remaining clones all clenched their fists. Their arms glowed with resplendent light, and a layer of dense golden scales emerged over their skin. The golden radiance lit up the battlefield, as though a golden sun was rising out of its midst.

An aura of intense strength emanated from Sun Xiaowu's clones, and they all began to radiate frightening shockwaves of energy.

The greenskin marshal, waving his axe, destroyed all these clones without allowing them to reach him. In front of overwhelming strength, a numerical advantage was meaningless.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Split]!" A shout came from above his head. One of the Sun Xiaowus had, at some point, leapt up from behind the marshal and was quickly approaching with a golden fist.

Sun Xiaowu's palms brimmed with golden light as a dense layer of golden scales covered his skin. His aura suddenly shifted, and his right arm glowed with resplendent light. An aura of intense strength emanated from Sun Xiaowu's body,

Sun Xiaowu punched with all his might, generating a dominating wave of genetic energy.

The marshal waved his axe and smashed it against Sun Xiaowu's fist, releasing a wave of golden light throughout the battlefield. The ground caved in, and cracks appeared on the marshal's axe. Little by little, however, the marshal's overwhelming strength began to pressure Sun Xiaowu and force him back.

Just then, the ground behind the marshal burst open as another Sun Xiaowu appeared from underneath the ground, an outstretched fist glowing golden and plated with scales.

The marshal was confounded.

A frightening aura came from beyond the greenskins' wall, as though the entire world were going against Sun Xiaowu. Even so, Sun Xiaowu's fist punched forward into the marshal's back.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Pierce]!" Golden light shot out of Sun Xiaowu's fist and burst from the marshal's chest.

The marshal, who had been prepared for a frontal assault, was caught off-guard by the sneak attack from the back.

From the front, Sun Xiaowu batted away the marshal's axe and punched forward with his other fist, radiating with golden light. His arm suddenly bulked up, and a layer of dense golden scales emerged over his skin.

The moment before the fist was about to land, however, an axe shot toward him from the void. Sun Xiaowu was forced to give up on his blow and switch to channeling [Adamantine Aegis],

A layer of golden runes appeared over Sun Xiaowu's skin, shining brightly like a brand. At the same time, Sun Xiaowu hurriedly stepped back as the marshal's body was split apart by the axe.

A greenskin stepped out from the void. As he appeared, the skies suddenly turned a purple hue, as if welcoming the greenskin and heralding his appearance...

Chapter 785: The Best Actor

Sun Xiaowu hadn't expected to see a greenskin even more powerful and charismatic than the greenskin marshal, only to be proved completely wrong the very next moment.

The greenskin in front of him was far stronger than even the marshal, like a mountain that could never be overcome. Sun Xiaowu found it growing progressively harder to breathe as the greenskin fighters all began to cheer.

"The king of the greenskins!"

"It, it really is the king!"

The greenskins were more excited than they had ever been. Even though the marshal had fallen, even though Sun Xiaowu's golden waves had killed thousands of greenskins, the greenskins' morale rose sharply upon seeing their ruler in the flesh.

Their eyes were fiery with ardor, as though they were seeing a god of their kind descend on the earth...

"The king of the greenskins is here! This human's done for!"

Sun Xiaowu swallowed a gulp of saliva. If this greenskin was the king, then he was currently about to face the boss of this expedition, the strong and mysterious king that the human and draconian guards had warned him about. Allegedly, all those who had seen him fight were dead.

From his experience, however, Sun Xiaowu was certain that the guards had exaggerated the greenskins' strength. After all, the greenskin marshal he had just fought certainly wasn't on the level of a high-rank warlord.

Even though Sun Xiaowu hadn't fought against such a warlord before, the greenskin marshal simply wasn't all that strong. Comparatively speaking, the guards were certain that the king of the greenskins was stronger than the greenskin marshal, which suggested that the king was the one who was truly comparable to a high-rank warlord.

In that case, Sun Xiaowu had to focus. From the fact that the king of the greenskins had emerged out of the void alone, Sun Xiaowu knew that the king was a foe he would have to take seriously.

"He's the strongest greenskin king in history. His birth was heralded by the world itself—the skies turned purple for thousands of miles! The shamans of the greenskins hailed the unusual phenomenon as a portent of great strength."

"My uncle's second aunt's great-aunt's cousin was born in the same village as the greenskin king. He witnessed the purple skies himself on the day the king was born! It spread for thousands of miles, and almost everyone in the greenskin world was able to see it. He's a natural-born ruler, I say!"

"I remember that too! My parents told me that all the shamans witnessing the sight prostrated themselves on the ground, hailing the supreme king of the greenskins, the ruler who would elevate the greenskins to glory, to denizens of a large rather than a medium-sized world!"

Sun Xiaowu couldn't help but feel as though the king that these greenskins were describing sounded like a protagonist of a novel.

The greenskin king wrapped his hands around the lower half of the marshal's body. "What happened to you, marshal? Don't die! We were separated for only a moment—how could this have happened?!"

"I-I'm right here, your majesty!"

The greenskin marshal was surprisingly hardy. Sun Xiaowu's blow had penetrated his chest, and the king of the greenskins' axe strike had accidentally struck the marshal and split his body into two. Even so, he hadn't yet died.

The king tossed the lower half of the marshal's body aside and instead grabbed ahold of his upper half.

"Don't die, marshal! Who did this to you?!"

The marshal spat out huge mouthfuls of blood. "Your majesty... I'm afraid I... I won't be able to serve you any... any longer!"

"No! No, marshal! Without you, who would lead my army?" the king shouted gravely. "Without you, who would command my forces? Marshal, you can't die! I don't know what I would do without you!"

The marshal raised his head to the skies. "I underestimated my opponent."

The king roared in outrage, "Who did this to you? I'll seek revenge for you immediately!"

The marshal glanced up at the purple skies, his eyes turning glassy. "To have been able to serve you, my liege, has been the... the greatest of honors—! If an afterlife exists, my king, I would become your marshal again in a heartbeat!"

The king shouted back, "No, I won't allow it! I don't want you to be my marshal in an afterlife—I want you to remain my marshal now!"

The marshal sighed. "Dying is a natural part of life, your majesty."

The king of the greenskins was crying like a child who had lost a beloved pet. No! I'm the king of the realm. If I forbid you from dying, you won't die!"

The marshal gasped for breath. His voice grew softer and weaker. "I'm tired, your majesty. I see the three greenskin generals coming toward me..."

The king commanded forcefully, "Shut your mouth! I won't allow you to die!"

Sun Xiaowu didn't know what was going on, but this was an excellent opportunity to strike.

"[Blinding Flash: Thousandfold Echo]!" Sun Xiaowu's body suddenly split into dozens of clones, each simultaneously real and illusory.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Qilin]!" Sun Xiaowu and all his clones leapt up into the air, performing exactly the same action. They cocked their arms. A golden glow radiated from all their bodies, basking the world in light.

Thousands of clones merged into Sun Xiaowu's main body, and the countless activated copies of the technique merged into one.

Better to strike while the king of the greenskins wasn't paying attention. The king might have been having a private moment with his marshal, but they were still on a battlefield. Sun Xiaowu was perfectly within reason to strike, underhanded though it might be.

Golden scales covered up Sun Xiaowu's arm as it grew thicker and thicker, and the image of a golden qilin appeared behind him.

As Sun Xiaowu punched forward, a golden qilin materialized out of nowhere and rushed toward the invaders. The king tossed the marshal's body toward the attack, which exploded as it struck the golden qilin. A mist of blood filled the air.

The king picked up the axe he had thrown down, which was three meters long. As the king of the greenskins hefted the axe, a wave of purple light shot out of the blade.

Sun Xiaowu felt as though his golden qilin had smashed against an impenetrable barrier.

The king of the greenskins harshly criticized Sun Xiaowu, "You cold-blooded fellow! I was putting on an act with the marshal. It was an opportunity for me to raise my standing among the greenskins, to capture the hearts of my soldiers, but you had to interrupt it! How will you compensate me?!"

Sun Xiaowu hardly knew what to say.

Was the king of the greenskins instead a petty, calculating monarch?

The king of the greenskins continued, "I was just about to reach the crescendo of the act! It's rare for there to be such opportune scenarios for me to show myself off at my best. I was waiting for the greenskin bards to make this moment into a story and legend to be passed down the greenskin race!"

Sun Xiaowu shook his head. "You're too poor an actor. I couldn't watch anymore."

The king of the greenskins thundered, "Ridiculous! I'm the best actor among all the greenskins. Otherwise, how could I have become king?"

Chapter 786: Fighting the Greenskin King

Sun Xiaowu frowned. Surely the king wasn't serious—the strength he had shown far exceeded that of the marshal.

Sun Xiaowu didn't know what to make of the king's strength. Was he truly a strong warrior, or an actor as he claimed to be? No, why not both? Couldn't he be both a king and an oddball actor?

Sun Xiaowu got into a battle-ready stance. "Oddball king, I challenge you to a fight!"

The greenskin fighters on the battlefield were all upset by the cavalier way Sun Xiaowu was referring to their king.

"He's dead meat!"

"No human can get away with such insolence, not even these so-called warlords! He's nothing more than an ant compared to our king!"

"The king of the greenskins can't be defeated within the greenskin world!"

The greenskins all raised their arms and hollered, "Our king is unrivaled!"

"Our king is unrivaled!"

"Our king is unrivaled!"

"Very good. Thank you for your support, everyone! I'll kill this insolent human and hang his head on the wall to memorialize the dead marshal and greenskin fighters!" The king of the greenskins swung his axe, evoking a stream of purple energy that covered half the skies.

"[Golden Divide: Soar]!" Thousands of Sun Xiaowu's clones raised their hands as one. Golden radiance lit up the battlefield, forming a sea of resplendent gold.

As the two auras clashed, a hurricane spawned on the battlefield. The golden light shot out all across the battlefield, sending the greenskin fighters yelling as they scurried for shelter.

"So you do have some skill, after all!" The king of the greenskins swung his axe again, breaking apart Sun Xiaowu's defense and sending a stream of purple flames toward Sun Xiaowu.

"[Goldenscale Palm]!" Sun Xiaowu clenched his fists. His arms glowed with resplendent light, and a layer of dense golden scales emerged over his skin. Golden radiance lit up the battlefield.

An aura of intense strength emanated from Sun Xiaowu's body, sending frightening shockwaves of energy through the air.

The king of the greenskins smiled coldly. "Do you think an attack of this magnitude can injure me?"

Just as the king drew close to Sun Xiaowu, Sun Xiaowu smiled. "[Blinding Flash: Self-Destruct]!"

Sun Xiaowu's clones suddenly radiated with golden light so bright the entire battlefield was illuminated. The clones that had been scattered across the battlefield all launched themselves at the king of the greenskins as they exploded one after another, sending golden projectiles flying all across the battlefield.

Sun Xiaowu's [Goldenscale Palm] had only been a distraction for the king; he had been planning to self-destruct his clones all along.

The king of the greenskins defended himself with purple flame, but his defense faltered against the likes of thousands of clones detonating simultaneously. His skin turned black in patches, but that difference was hardly noticeable on account of his dark coloration.

The enraged king of the greenskins glared at Sun Xiaowu as a pillar of purple light rose from him. He swung his axe again at Sun Xiaowu.

Sun Xiaowu's expression turned serious. "As expected of a king of the realm—even my clones' self-destruction didn't hurt you much. I'll have to use my trump card, then! [Adamantine Aegis: Martial God]!"

Golden runes emerged from Sun Xiaowu's body and revolved around him as his aura grew stronger and stronger. As the golden runes merged with his genetic energy, Sun Xiaowu transformed into a mecha over ten meters tall. Runes decorated his body, glowing behind his back like a burning sun.

Sun Xiaowu raised both his hands, as did the mecha. He clasped both hands together and blocked the swing of the greenskin king's axe with brute force, shocking his opponent.

Sun Xiaowu was likewise astounded. From the king's attack, he could sense the weight of an entire world. As expected of a king of the realm—the greenskin king was able to impart the force of the world itself behind his attacks. Hold on—the weight of the world? In that case, the axe itself...

Upon seeing that his attack had been ineffective, the king of the realm raised his axe once more and swung it at Sun Xiaowu from the side.

"[Golden Divide]!" With his arm as a blade, Sun Xiaowu blocked the greenskin king's strike.

The king was once again stupefied to see his attack blocked by Sun Xiaowu's golden glow. He continued swinging his axe. The purple light emanating from it sent ripples of energy through the air and striking the ground, but Sun Xiaowu blocked all those swings by hardening his body and using his own arms as blades. The two combatants temporarily fought to a standstill.

The king's purple axe and Sun Xiaowu's golden arms clashed against each other time and again, slicing apart the battlefield with explosions of energy.

The king of the greenskins, fighting at full strength, didn't have the attention to spare for the rest of his kin, who had retreated at full force to avoid being caught in the aftermath of the two combatants'

attacks. Even so, huge numbers of greenskin fighters had been struck down, and their blood dyed the battlefield red.

The two combatants fought more and more fiercely, neither willing to give in to the other.

The king of the greenskins lifted his axe high above his head. Purple energy gathered around the blade, flaring like a violet sun that lit up the sky, filled with boundless vitality.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Split]!" Layers of dense golden scales appeared on Sun Xiaowu's arms, and his right arm glowed with resplendent light.

As Sun Xiaowu attacked, so too did the golden mecha. In the mecha's hands, the strength of the technique rose to another level entirely, one that Sun Xiaowu himself would have trouble matching.

The ground quaked, space splintered, and the entire world seemed to tremble. A golden fist clashed against the violet sun—and the golden glow won out.

The king of the greenskins, frowning, used a stronger attack, forming another violet sun above his blade as the axe reached the apex of its swing. It exploded into slashes of purple light, which shot toward Sun Xiaowu like a meteor shower...

Chapter 787: Golden Qilin

"[Blinding Flash: Thousandfold Echo]!" Sun Xiaowu split into a thousand clones, each of which summoned a golden mecha.

Sun Xiaowu couldn't help but be reminded of something that Zhang Lie had mentioned in the second realm. "When you manage to combine your clones with your [Adamantine Aegis: Martial God], you'll surely unlock a lot more of the potential of your framework."

Following Zhang Lie's guidance, Sun Xiaowu had finished this program, combining the two techniques together into one ultimate skill.

"[Golden Divide]!" The thousand mechas all used [Golden Divide] simultaneously. Each strike was like a miniature sun, and the entire sky turned glittering gold.

Out of each mecha grew a long blade, over five meters wide and so long they seemed to pierce the clouds. The blades formed a waterfall of golden light, tearing apart the greenskin king's axe strikes in a mere instant.

The greenskin king's face grew alarmed. He hadn't expected that Sun Xiaowu possessed such a trump card up his sleeve. He immediately began swinging his axe around rapidly. The blade of the axe was so sturdy that it didn't break even when subject to the golden light.

The greenskin king tried to swing his axe around a larger radius to dissipate the golden light and reflect the attack, but he had underestimated Sun Xiaowu's strength.

The golden light carried so much momentum with it that the king was buffeted all around the sky. If not for the surprising strength of his axe, it would have been destroyed in an instant.

Sun Xiaowu took the opportunity to exert even more pressure on the greenskin king. As he struck once and again, the sky suddenly began to crack.

"As expected." Sun Xiaowu had a suspicion as to why this was happening. When he caught the axe with both hands, Sun Xiaowu recalled feeling as though the weight of the entire world was against him.

He was certain that the greenskin king's axe was none other than the proof of kingship itself.

Upon sensing the crack that had developed in the sky, the greenskin king grew even more alarmed, but Sun Xiaowu seemed heedless to the damage he was causing. After all, it wasn't his world that he was destroying.

As more beams of golden light struck the greenskin king's axe, more and more cracks appeared in the sky. Unfortunately for Sun Xiaowu, his genetic energy couldn't last very long. The thousands of golden mechas around him grew illusory, and he was forced to consume a restorative from his storage space.

This restorative was something developed by the research academy in the kingdom of Limit in the second realm, and it allowed hunters to restore their genetic energy.

As he glanced at the greenskin king in the sky, he sighed. "If only I could divide myself into ten thousand clones—I would have been able to kill the greenskin king in one blow!"

Suddenly, purple light began to radiate from the king. Two suns appeared in the air, one gold and the other purple.

As the purple sun fell from the sky, a frightening pressure descended on Sun Xiaowu. All the greenskins in the world could sense the overwhelming pressure, and they slowly prostrated themselves on the ground.

The purple sun continued to fall, causing the battlefield to blaze with heat like red-hot metal.

Even before the sun struck the ground, Sun Xiaowu could sense the burgeoning energy within.

The greenskin king had suffered greatly due to Sun Xiaowu's golden beams. His arms were trembling incessantly, and his legs had been cut off. Wounds scarred his body, but the king didn't run away. It wasn't out of pride; if he were to run, the entire world might be destroyed.

The greenskin king shot forward in an arc. His body burned with glimmering purple energy.

The falling sun was over a thousand meters wide in diameter, and it was so large it could easily swallow up the entire battlefield.

Sun Xiaowu's face turned serious.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Qilin]!" The golden mechas exploded with golden radiance. Their forms dissipated into motes of golden light, which shot toward Sun Xiaowu's own mecha and augmented it.

Originally ten meters tall, Sun Xiaowu's mecha grew over a thousand meters in height, its body wrapped up in golden runes. It was as large as the falling sun. It bent its arms as golden energy shone from its body and illuminated the heavens. Thousands of clones merged into Sun Xiaowu's main body, and the countless activated copies of the technique merged into one.

Golden scales covered up Sun Xiaowu's arm as it grew thicker and thicker, and the image of a golden qilin appeared behind him. In his mecha form, augmented by his thousand clones all stacked atop each other, the might of his golden qilin grew by at least fifty times, if not a hundred.

As he swung his fists forward, the golden qilin materialized and soared into the air, its scales radiant and shining with golden light. It basked in the golden skies, its aura growing so bright that it seemed as though a qilin god had descended on the world. Its long whiskers floated in the air as golden clouds wrapped around his body.

The qilin shone like a sun in its own right, five thousand meters long after being augmented by his mecha form. It took up the entire battlefield, and was so immense in size that even the purple sun seemed to be nothing but its plaything.

The greenskin king recoiled in shock. "Just what is this monster?!"

The golden qilin opened its maw wide and bit down on the sun, shattering it. Purple flame burst from the sun's surface, but its flames could hardly hurt the golden qilin.

The qilin then shot toward the sky, breaking through the cloud cover. Within its mouth, barely holding on for dear life, propping its jaws open with his axe, was the greenskin king.

As the king continued to struggle, more and more cracks appeared in the sky.

The qilin boasted such absolute strength that even the proof of kingship was unable to mitigate the force completely. A crack appeared on the axe's blade as the greenskin king burned his own vitality to activate a technique of last resort. A purple aura radiated from him as a purple halo of light materialized over his head.

The king struck. His axe flashed, forcing the qilin's mouth wide open and allowing him to break free.

Chapter 788: The Woolly Mammoths

Burning all his vitality, the greenskin king exuded a purple aura of such radiance that he seemed almost to turn into a sun himself. Purple clouds gathered in the sky and surrounded the king as he released his most devastating blow.

The will of the world imbued the king's axe as a purple pillar of light arose out of the king's body.

A small world appeared above the blade of the axe, a manifestation of the greenskin world itself. As the greenskin king's axe struck the ground, it felt as though the entire world was falling.

The battlefield shook and quaked as the full might of the world fell on one and all.

Sun Xiaowu was certain that this blow was stronger than the strongest blow the warlords at the top of the rankings could produce. Even they might succumb to its might, but Sun Xiaowu had nothing to fear.

The golden qilin rushed into the air, its body glowing white. It smashed against the greenskin king's axe, causing even more cracks to appear and propagate above the skies.

The world quaked again. A chasm leading to the abyss appeared on the battlefield as the ground split and cracked.

Many a greenskin fighter, observing the cataclysm without paying heed to their surroundings, fell into the cracks that sprouted up around the chasm.

The entire world seemed poised to split apart—and, indeed, the world in miniature that had manifested above the axe did.

Golden light clashed with the king's purple aura in a devastating explosion, causing the ground to split even further. Rubble flew through the air as a shower of light descended on the entire battlefield, annihilating the weaker greenskins and sending the greenskins' defensive wall tumbling down.

Pieces of the cracked world fell to the ground like meteors, causing explosions to ring out again and again on the battlefield.

The greenskin king himself was sent flying. He smashed into the cracked wall in an impact so severe it spawned a huge gust of wind. His body, bruised and battered, had suffered heavy injuries. He was bleeding profusely from his head, and half the bones in his body had been pulverized.

The strength of his axe, bolstered by the proof of kingship, was able to deflect what would otherwise have been a deadly blow—but he was still severely hurt in its aftermath.

Sun Xiaowu, protected by his [Adamantine Aegis], was hardly affected by the impact.

The battlefield had turned into a mess. Gold and purple light had ravaged it completely, leaving only a scant few greenskin survivors.

The greenskins' famed defensive wall had gone tumbling down.

As the destruction of space grew more and more intense, a spatial rift spawned on the battlefield, wrecking the surroundings further. The greenskins were unable to defend against its onslaught.

Sun Xiaowu stepped across the shattered battlefield and toward the ruins of the greenskin walls.

By then, the greenskin king had sat upright. "Are you here to claim my life?"

Sun Xiaowu was silent.

The greenskin king raised his head to the sky and howled in bitter laughter. "To have lost to such a strong hunter as you—well, my life was worth something, after all. You must be the strongest human around, aren't you?"

Sun Xiaowu thought about the king's words for a moment. "No, I don't amount to much."

Sun Xiaowu wasn't lying. He might have been among the strongest hunters of the third realm, but in comparison to the whole of humanity, to the strongest human hunters in the fourth and even higher realms, he really was nothing much.

The greenskin king laughed at himself again, regret welling up in his eyes. "And here I thought I could easily destroy you humans... I've truly made a gross mistake."

The greenskin king seemed to be misunderstanding something. He believed that the humans had been hiding their full strength all along. Only when forced to reveal their hand by the combined assault of the alien races did they finally show off their might.

However, the greenskin king's misunderstandings meant nothing now. After all, he had lost this battle completely.

"I hope you'll at least leave some of the greenskins alive for future generations."

Sun Xiaowu shook his head. "I can't promise that, but I'll do my best."

"Have the proof of kingship, then."

The greenskin king tossed him his axe, then slapped his palms against the ground and rocketed toward Sun Xiaowu.

Sun Xiaowu caught the axe in one hand and the greenskin king's head in the other. He told the king, "If you want to die like your fighters, I'll grant your wish."

"Please," the king replied, closing his eyes, finally at peace.

Sun Xiaowu tossed the king high into the air, then decapitated him with a swing of the axe. He stowed the king's head, hefted the axe that was the proof of kingship over his shoulder, then turned to leave. "A warrior ought to be respected. I'll leave the rest of the greenskins alive—at worst, I'll get a scolding from Zhang Lie."

Another battlefield shone with evanescent light.

"[Light Dragon's Remnants]!" Li Feng marshaled his genetic energy into the form of a large number of white dragons,

Unlike Sun Xiaowu and Yang Ze, Li Feng had yet to secure an overwhelming one-sided victory. His opponents were what seemed like woolly mammoths, each over five meters tall and built like small mountains.

The largest among them was a mammoth with silvery-white fur, over eight meters tall. The lumbering titans were poised to take down the draconians' walls.

Fortunately, their numbers were far smaller compared to those of the greenskins and bear-men. There were only a thousand of the mammoths in all, but that didn't make their forces any easier to deal with. Li Feng had developed a splitting headache trying to fight them.

Each mammoth was clad in thick, heavy armor. According to the information provided by the humans and draconians, the armor was made of froststeel, which was extraordinarily tough. Given the mammoths' already hardy constitutions, they became nothing less than walking tanks.

The mammoths charged together in a row, making use of their thick armor and sturdy bodies to weather whatever attacks came their way. They even boasted tower shields that were three meters tall and one meter thick.

As Li Feng's white dragons attacked their shields, the sound of metallic impacts could be heard from afar. The shields caved in, but whenever a mammoth in front seemed about to fall, that mammoth would be replaced by another one behind him.

Li Feng frowned. "These foes are far harder to deal with than anything I've encountered to date."

Previously, Li Feng had only handled a ragtag frontline composed of foot soldiers like the bear-men and greenskins, along with various members of other races. The mammoths seemed like a true battalion.

"If only these shields were gone!"

Beside him, human guards shot out volley after volley of arrows at the mammoth troops. The arrows, despite being infused with genetic energy, were unable to penetrate the mammoths' shields. The guards informed Li Feng, "Actually, the phalanx formation the mammoths are using were imparted to them by us."

"You!" Li Feng cried out.

One of the other guards hastily explained, "The mammoths were one of the more friendly races to us, and there was open trade between us, the draconians, and the mammoths."

One of the mammoths grabbed a hold of a large boulder with its trunk, then tossed it toward the wall in a wide arc. It smashed against the reinforced stone like a meteor, and the impact was so great that a patch of the wall broke free and fell to the ground.

Li Feng's mouth twitched. "Friendly, you say?"

If this were considered friendly, Li Feng didn't want to imagine just how much worse some races could get...

Chapter 789: Striking the Mammoths

Who in the world would believe that these woolly mammoths could constitute a friendly race? The guards who had told Li Feng this turned around, not daring to face him.

"[Dance of the Incandescent Wyrms]!" If Li Feng were to let these gigantic boulders strike the wall, the wall would likely topple immediately. He hurriedly stepped forward, summoning hundreds of serpents flaring with blinding light.

The hundreds of serpents turned all the boulders to dust.

As Li Feng cast his skill, the woolly mammoths began a furious charge toward the wall, causing the ground to shake. Clouds of smoke and dust rose up from their stampede.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon]!" A light dragon descended from the heavens like a beacon of shining light. Li Feng leapt up to the head of the dragon, his sword gleaming brightly as though it had been dipped in liquid light. As he raised the sword to the skies, it glowed and expanded, morphing into a huge blade of light.

At that moment, Li Feng looked like a god descending from the heavens. As the dragon swooped downward in the direction of the mammoths, the silvery-white mammoth emerged from its pack, a black froststeel shield before it. The shield that the silvery-white mammoth held was over two meters thick, twice as thick as the shields the other mammoths were carrying.

The mammoths were so large they looked essentially like moving walls, and the silvery-white mammoth the centerpiece of that wall. Its shield glinted and glimmered with light, distinct from the shields that the other mammoths possessed.

Li Feng's white dragons smashed against the froststeel shield, denting it with the force of the impact and sending even the silvery-white mammoth stumbling back a few meters.

Subsequently, Li Feng leapt high into the air, the sword in his hand flashing. Just as he was about to strike the mammoth, the nearby mammoths all leapt up and raised huge hammers from behind their shields.

Thirty mammoths in total jumped up, forcing Li Feng to redirect his attack and sweep his sword forward.

Li Feng cleaved the sky, tearing apart the night and slashing at the veil of chaos.

The white radiance exploded among the mammoths, tearing apart their bodies and sending fresh blood spraying into the air.

As the silvery-white mammoth saw its kin being killed, it howled in outrage and tossed its thick froststeel shield toward Li Feng.

"[Arclight Dragon's Imprint]!" Li Feng waved his left arm, around which a torrent of light-attuned genetic energy was gathering. It took the form of a gigantic dragon's claw, bearing down on the mammoth and piercing through its shield in mid-air.

The silvery-white mammoth leapt high above the ground and howled, sending a flurry of wind and snow shooting straight at Li Feng.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon]!" Light gathered by Li Feng's blade. As he struck, dozens of dragons fell from the skies like meteors, each giving off starry light.

The nascent blizzard was halted with brute force. As the dragons swooped down, the silvery-white mammoth waved the giant hammer it held in its trunk and smashed apart dragon after dragon.

However, Li Feng's attack targeted not just the silvery-white mammoth, but rather the entire herd of mammoths. The mammoths all raised their shields to defend themselves against the onslaught of the dragons.

Li Feng scowled as he leapt back up onto the wall. "Why are all the mammoths so practiced with their shields?!"

They rapidly and comfortably switched between offense and defense, and were far more skilled with their maneuvers than their human and draconian counterparts.

A human guard beside him explained, "The mammoths' living conditions are terrible, and they've had to learn to do this to survive."

Li Feng grumbled back, "We can't let these mammoths roam free any longer—they'll take over this world one day if left unchecked!"

After the mammoths blocked the dragons' descent, they charged forward once more. Their massive bodies meant that they were each tanks in their own right, and their combined assault would surely be able to take down the wall.

"[Arclight Descension]!" Li Feng waved his left arm, around which a torrent of light-attuned genetic energy was gathering. A gigantic light dragon's head appeared to his back, exhaling white light with every breath.

White ripples of energy struck the mammoth forces with such force that they were forced to halt their assault.

The silvery-white mammoth smashed its hammer against the ground, causing a shockwave of energy that counteracted Li Feng's skill.

"[Light's Bulwark: Draconic Fist]!" Li Feng punched forward, his right arm covered by radiant scales. The image of a white dragon appeared over Li Feng's arm, coiling around it and shooting out as Li Feng howled.

The silvery-white mammoth smashed this manifestation apart even as Li Feng morphed into a beam of white light and closed in on it.

"[Light's Bulwark: Dragon's Teeth]!" This time, the silvery-white mammoth was unable to react in time. Li Feng's arm, charged with concentrated light-attuned genetic energy, pierced through the mammoth's chest.

Li Feng attempted to extract his arm from the mammoth's body, but he found himself unable to do so. The mammoth had bunched its muscles up tightly, forcibly trapping Li Feng's arm.

Li Feng raised his head in shock, only to see the mammoth let out a terrifying grin. A wave of frost swept over its skin, freezing its blood and Li Feng's arm.

Subsequently, the silvery-white mammoth raised its hammer high and smashed it down where Li Feng's body was. Li Feng blocked the attack with the gigantic sword in his hand, but the mammoth was so strong that Li Feng was forced to grit his teeth as he infused genetic energy into his arm deep within the mammoth's body.

The next moment, the mammoth's chest glowed with light—and burst in a terrible explosion. Blood and slivers of red ice exploded like shrapnel. Li Feng shot back as the other mammoths came to their leader's aid.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon]!" Dozens of sword slashes emanated from Li Feng, each with a starry splendor reminiscent of the Milky Way. The stars in the night sky shone brightly with the sword slashes, imbued with the power of the vast expanse of the galaxy.

The sword slashes approached the herd of mammoths, which raised their shields in an attempt to block the attack.

However, their shields had been severely weakened by repeatedly blocking Li Feng's attacks, and they were all sliced apart by Li Feng's slashes. The mammoths exploded in a shower of blood as Li Feng released a deep breath upon sheathing his sword.

The humans and draconians cheered. As they began to clear the battlefield, Li Feng began to meditate. He was planning to raise his strength to the utmost before entering the mammoth world.

One of the draconians came over to him. "The draconian sage bade me come over with information about the mammoth world."

Li Feng frowned. "Isn't this a trial from my captain, Zhang Lie?"

The draconian shrugged. "The mammoth world is extremely large. Surely you wouldn't want to have to search all that land for traces of the mammoths?"

"I suppose that's reasonable..."

The draconian continued, "Because the mammoths used to be on good terms with the draconians, their side of the wormhole isn't guarded by a wall. We've just erected the wall on this side, too."

"No wonder it looked so haphazard! If even a single mammoth had reached it, I'm sure it would have collapsed."

The draconian added, "However, the mammoths don't even need a wall to defend their world."

"Why?"

"It wouldn't be able to stop a strong individual, and large armies would falter just upon entering the world. Weaker individuals and smaller armies, on the other hand, don't even pose a threat."

Li Feng blinked. "Is their world that uninhabitable? In what climate do they live? A desert? A wasteland?"

"No—a frozen tundra, a world covered in ice!"

"So that's how it is!"

"The mammoths' world is bitterly cold. In your units of measurement, the average temperature is around -30 degrees Celsius. Snowstorms perennially rage over the world, and there are frequently blizzards and flash freezes. There's never good weather and barely any sunlight. These are the conditions that produced the mighty mammoth warriors we faced today."

No wonder they didn't need any defenses.

"Because of how difficult it is to survive in their world, the mammoths have always been open to trade, and we used to be one of their best trading partners. The humans imparted them with several techniques that would greatly improve their survival under such terrible conditions."

"As you know, there are hardly any plants that can survive the climate, so the mammoths are forced to hunt for a living. In order to be successful in their hunt, they would need strong constitutions as well as battle tactics and techniques. That was how the mammoths ended up being so proficient with their shields."

Li Feng folded his arms. "You've bred mighty enemies indeed."

The draconian shrugged. He didn't seem at all regretful or angered. "The mammoths have always been friendly and kind toward us, and we could hardly expect their betrayal."

"That's only to be expected. You gave them the key to their strength—the reason the mammoths were friendly and kind was because they were weak! After they learned tactics and formations from you, they managed to thrive even in their bitter climate, strengthening their herd and resolving the problem of their immediate survival—and giving them the opportunity to start thinking about attacking other races."

Li Feng emphasized, "Under such conditions, they must have learned the need to be vicious, both to others and to themselves. Otherwise, they would have been claimed and eaten by genetic lifeforms long before. The only reason they were kind and friendly was because the draconians and humans were stronger than they were at that point in time, and they needed our cooperation."

The draconian's face finally fell. "It's as you said. However, we realized it too late, and they began to move against us at the worst possible moment."

Li Feng cocked his head curiously. "But even so, you don't seem to be too upset?"

Chapter 790: The Wuxia Fanatic

The draconian shrugged again. "I'm upset and enraged that the mammoths betrayed us, but what good will those emotions do for me now? It's not as if they'll help resolve our situation."

"That's a remarkably cool-headed perspective..."

"It's all thanks to the rest of you, after all," one of the draconian guards, who was walking back to the wall after cleaning up the battlefield, added. "If not for your timely assistance, we would have been far more regretful of our actions. But with the champion of mankind Zhang Lie and the members of his team, we still have a chance to turn things around."

The draconian continued, "Because of the harsh conditions of the mammoths' world, their reproductive ability has been very limited, and there likely aren't even a hundred thousand mammoths.

In the past, hunting down sufficient quantities of food had always been a problem. They might have resolved that problem with the humans and draconians' tactics, but there were still unavoidable losses and injuries in the process.

Another draconian added, "The mammoths are pack creatures, and the entire herd lives together by the only volcano in their world."

Li Feng seemed very surprised. "There's a volcano in their world?"

"A dead one, but it still gives off some heat—and anything is better than the bitter cold elsewhere. After the mammoths gathered there, one of their subsequent kings managed to use his authority to increase volcanic activity in the region.

"The mammoths' world is trapped in eternal winter, and the volcanic region that the mammoths have developed is the only place not ravaged by ice and snow."

Li Feng nodded. "That's what I thought! For them to be able to craft froststeel shields clearly requires a source of heat, but I didn't think that their forges would be powered by geothermal energy!"

All this information could certainly be valuable, and Li Feng was very glad he had chosen to listen to the draconians' reports. He asked the most important question to him. "Where is the mammoth herd located?"

The draconian replied, "I could hand you a map, but it wouldn't be meaningful. All their kings of the realm have the ability to shift the terrain of their world. The current mammoth king is particularly skilled in that regard, and I expect you'll only encounter difficulty after difficulty searching for the mammoth herd."

Li Feng grew visibly exasperated. "What? In that case, how am I supposed to find the mammoths?"

Aerial visibility would be severely limited by the inclement weather and snow, and it would be far too difficult to conduct a proper search.

"We draconians can provide you with an approximate location. Although the king of the realm can manipulate the terrain, it would be impossible for him to move the entire herd away on short notice.

"Head straight south once you exit the wormhole on the mammoth side. That was how we draconians arrived in mammoth territory when we visited it as guests—if nothing has changed, that's where you'll find the mammoths!"

"Thank you." While speaking with the human and draconian guards, Li Feng had finished healing his body from the injuries he had taken during the fight against the mammoth herd. He headed straight for the wormhole.

Upon passing through, Li Feng noticed a violently cold breeze blowing toward him. Before him was a sea of ice and snow, a blizzard forming around him. The ground was white and frosty; all he could see was white.

"It's really cold!" Li Feng's cells quickly acclimatized to the heat and began to warm up his body. As a peak-grade lifeform, Li Feng was largely unaffected by the environment. He would be able to adapt to all sorts of unusual conditions, extreme or otherwise, in a matter of moments.

Unless the temperature suddenly fell by a hundred degrees Celsius or so, no peak-grade lifeform would find it more than a minor encumbrance.

It wasn't that such lifeforms weren't able to sense the fluctuations in temperature. In fact, they were even more sensitive to the fluctuations than most other lifeforms, but their cells were also much more easily able to deal with these phenomena.

Li Feng's entire body was wrapped up in white light as he headed south following the guards' directions.

Indeed, as the draconians had claimed, there seemed to be nothing around but snow, snow, and more snow. Even trying to find a genetic lifeform in this landscape was difficult.

That said, there were quite a few genetic lifeforms in this world, most of whom were particularly strong thanks to their having to survive such terrible living conditions.

Li Feng encountered quite a number of snow-capped hills. He flew directly over the shorter ones, and, rather than waste time traversing the taller ones, destroyed them with a few bursts of his light-attuned techniques.

He quickly encountered a valley that seemed considerably warmer than elsewhere. A small, golden mountain appeared before him.

The mountain suddenly spoke: "You're here."

Li Feng glanced at the mountain more carefully, only to realize that it was an eight-meter-tall mammoth.

Li Feng responded, "I'm here."

"You shouldn't have come."

Li Feng thought for a moment before countering, "Why did you come?"

The golden mammoth: ???

He responded, "The king of the realm sent me over."

Li Feng commented, "With that sort of opening remark, you must have read quite a few wuxia novels..."

The golden mammoth sighed. "I had quite a few human friends, from whom I learned about the fascinating history of your culture. In order to hear more stories about these ancients, I would frequently head to the draconian world and exchange my froststeel for these tales."

Li Feng sucked in a deep breath. A mammoth who was a wuxia fanatic...?

The golden mammoth continued, "I've learned so much from you humans that I don't want to be on bad terms with them. If you turn around and leave now, I can pretend that I've never seen you."

Li Feng chuckled coldly. "You don't want to be on bad terms with us humans? You invaded human territory!"

The golden elephant raised his head to the sky. "It's true. For the good of our race, for our survival, we had no other choice."

"You can also pretend that you never saw me."

"I'm afraid that, if I were to let you pass, you would wreak havoc and destruction on us mammoths."

"In that case, there's nothing to discuss." Genetic energy exploded from Li Feng's body, and white light shot forth.

Meanwhile, the golden mammoth pulled out a blade crafted from froststeel, about the size of a doorframe. "This blade of froststeel is eight meters long and imbued with hoargold. It weighs ten thousand kilograms!"

Ten thousand kilograms...?! Li Feng's eyes widened.