

Versatile 3091

Versatile Mage

Chapter 3091: Giant God and God of the Underworld

“Apollo, the Sun God, and Hades, God of the Underworld.”

Michael led the ancient Giant God with one hand and destroyed the underworld magic battlefield with just one finger.

He did not look panicked or surprised. The corners of his lips curled upward as he said, “The angels of Holy City and the messenger of the Dark King... Since you’re setting a new rule for the mortal world, one person hasn’t arrived yet. It’s the leader of White Magic. The self-proclaimed true Goddess of Parthenon Temple, who never submitted to the Holy City since ancient times. How could she possibly be absent?”

The Vatican Sunflowers were not set up for the Fallen Angel, Mu Bai. The fallen angel was purely an unexpected windfall to Michael.

Michael had specially prepared the Vatican Sunflower City for the Goddess. He had wanted to seal her in the Holy City since her last visit. This time, he had a more justifiable reason for doing so!

Regardless of whether there was a true Goddess in the Parthenon Temple, attacking the Holy City was the poorest decision they had ever made.

A force that surpassed the Five Continents Magic Association Alliance should not exist in the world, nor should there be a ruler in the magic category. The Five Continents Magic Association Alliance and Holy City were the ones who established the magic convention and rules of the world.

Of course, there was a minor accident with the Five Continents Magic Association Alliance. However, that was not the key factor in the battle. The Five Continents Magic Association Alliance, including the otherworldly forces and organizations, would never have the courage to challenge Holy City. They would only ever watch from the sidelines and see who would emerge as the final victor. Then, they would join sides with the victor!

The Holy City was immortal, but the Parthenon Temple would be wiped out today. Even if Parthenon Temple was not destroyed, it would become a vassal of the Holy City, all because of the huge mistake made by the Goddess.

Holy City was the one who could destroy Parthenon Temple. The Parthenon Temple, on the other hand, was never in a position to stand against the Holy City. They did not even have the capital to do so.

The fact that the Goddess was called the leader of the White Magic was because the Holy City had granted her that title!

Michael fixed his gaze on the land and the street that Mu Ningxue had destroyed on her own. He saw a lady in a holy white dress walking down the path of rebellion toward the city.

Ye Xinxia was walking straight into their hands...

This was what Michael wanted.

Ye Xinxia had visited the Holy City not long after she succeeded to the throne of the Goddess. From that moment, Michael knew the Parthenon Temple would throw itself into his trap!

Michael sealed the Holy City and opened the city on the land for the people from Parthenon Temple to arrive.

Michael had predicted that the Parthenon Temple would be the first to attack the city. Although it had gone somewhat differently from his prediction, Parthenon Temple had finally arrived.

“You really are something since you broke out of the complicated fight in Parthenon Temple! Unfortunately, your burdensome emotions and desires led you down the path of destruction. It’s clear that you can already transcend everything, still, you insist on getting yourself deep into this mess. Mo Fan, are you really that important? Hahaha!” Michael glanced at Ye Xinxia, who was walking resolutely toward him, before bursting into laughter.

Mo Fan stared at Michael as if he was an idiot. He did not understand why Michael found this so funny.

“If you were in my shoes, you would realize that the entire city is empty, and no one is willing to sacrifice themselves for you. Michael, you’re pathetic!” said Mo Fan.

Lingling’s words echoed in Mo Fan’s mind. She would sacrifice everything she had to protect the people whom she cherished. Similarly, those people would go to hell and back for her...

The city of divinity ruled by the high and mighty angels with a legion of the shining priesthood could not stop the people around Mo Fan.

Mo Fan initially thought he would be the one to overthrow the city because he couldn’t stand it any longer. It turned out that another group of people had set foot on this path because of him.

They were the first to attack the city. They knew they would fall into a trap. Even so, they had shown up. Although they carried the fate of the White Magic, they did not give up on him.

Michael did not understand a thing!

He was cold-blooded, cruel, and arrogant. He killed living beings and honorable spirits for the sake of achieving his selfish purpose. He was of the same kind as Parade Angel Shalitha.

“If I die, someone will cry for me. If I’m alive, someone will fight for me. When you’re alive, the world turns its back on you. When you die, everyone will rejoice. Even the brainwashed priesthood of the Holy City will be relieved. Deep down, they never wanted to fight for you. They know they are doing the wrong thing. You’ve betrayed the divine oath and despised human nature. You are so arrogant that you think you’ve been assigned godly missions. You wrongly assume yourself to be the god!”

Mo Fan obviously provoked Michael with his words. Michael looked cold and angry!

His chest undulated because of rage. Suddenly, his green shirt burst open with incredible force and sent Apollo, the Sun God, flying backward.

Michael’s gaze was frightening. He fixed his gaze on the middle-aged man in black Holy Garments.

It was Haylon, the man with the Holy Soul of Hades. He, too, was a Transcender, but he pledged his loyalty to a woman like an old slave!

Haylon was Michael's best friend. They once fought together and wiped out the most terrifying evil forces. Today, Haylon slashed his sword at Michael.

From their last conversation, Michael knew Haylon had become his enemy. He was ready for this.

Since the start of the trial, Michael had been receiving various shocking news. There were ten white stones out of a total of eleven stones!

Everyone declared war on him!

He had been protecting them. He gave up almost everything, including his own emotions, for the sake of preserving order and peace in the world. However, these people wanted to kill and overthrow him!

Michael sealed the Holy City and opened the city on the land to wait for the betrayers to arrive.

Deep down, Michael believed no one would dare to attack the city, including the Parthenon Temple. However, they came one after another to undermine him.

Michael's anger surged uncontrollably as he looked into the familiar face.

"Haylon, you should be on my side if you want to live longer." After Michael flung Apollo, the Sun God, away, he slowly walked toward Haylon, who possessed the Holy Soul of Hades.

"I have been dead for a very long time. The only moment I feel like a living being is when I protect that one person." Haylon wielded his medieval sword and pointed it at Michael.

Haylon saw an undying bud of light in the middle of the chilly storm. He willingly protected and watched her thrive because she brought vitality and hope to everyone.

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Chapter 3092: Angel's Fist

Haylon raised his Sword of Hades and pointed it at Michael. Haylon gave off a strange aura. The souls from the underworld were barely visible from his aura.

His aura somehow formed an ocean of wandering souls. Even Green Holy Feather Michael was soaked in the ocean of souls. His glows were suppressed in the restricted zone as if all the spells he performed had been weakened by the ocean of souls.

Michael walked to Haylon. Michael swung his fist at the ocean of wandering souls with incredible force. The next moment, a shiny fist arched across the sky like a flying star and destroyed the illusionary ocean. The powerful ancient wandering souls dissipated because of the Flying Star Fist Glow before they could unleash their supernatural power!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

A loud bang rose behind Michael. Apollo, the Sun God, leaped. It laced both of its arms together like a giant ape and smashed at Michael ruthlessly.

His arms were ablaze. It was red-hot. However, Michael did not even bother to glance at Apollo, the Sun God.

“F*ck off!” Michael shook his hand. The mighty Apollo was struck by an unknown force before it was sent flying away. Part of its Ring of the Sun was shattered!

Michael swung his fist again. When he stretched backward to build up his strength, his fist looked as if it had turned into a dimensional storm that could engulf everything and could destroy everything that was within his sight.

Michael’s fist storm had bound the black underworld horse that Haylon was riding. The divine and powerful underworld horse did everything it could to break free of Michael’s fist. But it only drew closer.

Finally, Michael swung his second punch!

The storm stopped abruptly. The force unleashed from his fist was like an explosion of a celestial star. Countless meteorite fragments charged at Haylon from various directions. The infinite and destructive ripples swept across the land.

Haylon immediately thrust his Sword of Hades into the earth. His Sword of Hades transformed into a magnificent mountain of the underworld. It looked majestic. Even so, Michael’s fist collapsed the robust mountain range and flung Haylon and his war horse from the underworld into the sky far away.

A trail of destruction stretched from Michael’s position all the way to the edge of the sky. Countless cracks appeared in space along the trail. When the cracks were in the middle of a restoration, the surrounding airflow had lost its order. A gray tornado gradually appeared. It looked terrifying. It did not dissipate even after a long time.

“Only the land under my glow is filled with life force and vitality!” said Michael coldly.

In the cedar forest at Alps Mountain was a massive crater. The crater engulfed hectares of towering cedar forest and broke the mountain base. Even though it was a hundred kilometers apart from the city, the people’s hearts in the “Sky Holy City” pounded in fear upon seeing the crater in the shape of a fist!

Was that the divine power that belonged to a Sixteen-Winged Blazing Angel? Even the expert with the Holy Soul of Hades could not hold Michael’s full force back.

...

The airflow in the Holy City was completely out of order. The air sometimes flowed calmly and quickly, at other times, like a stream rushing downward. Sometimes, it was like an ocean whirlpool that sucked everything in its surroundings into an unknown hole.

In the city on the land, Ye Xinxia arrived at the Holy Palace. Mu Ningxue had destroyed more than half of it.

Ye Xinxia took the Little White Tiger from Mu Ningxue’s arms. It was covered in blood. The Little White Tiger rested calmly in Ye Xinxia’s arms. Its frightening burns healed at a speed visible to the naked eye.

The Little White Tiger’s rotten flesh was restored. Its broken bones were put together. Its scars were replaced with new skin.

The Little White Tiger had been wounded throughout, but it was perfectly healed within a short time. It regained its energy and looked more energetic than before!

Meanwhile, the Light Dragon remained standing at the Hexagon Brand in the Holy City on land. It disallowed anyone to come near the black formation.

It glared at Ye Xinxia. She carried the Little White Tiger in her arms and healed it while walking toward the black formation.

The Light Dragon roared in anger. Blazing dragon breath spewed out of its mouth. Just then, a shimmering and powerful figure with a dragon-slaying blade appeared on the shoulder of the Light Dragon. When the warrior drew his sword, the blade was only a meter long. But when the warrior waved it at full length, the blade grew longer than the dragon's wing. The warrior slashed at the Light Dragon's throat.

The Light Dragon turned its head to dodge the attack and spat fire at the street. The street was immediately reduced to ashes.

The warrior with the dragon-slaying blade was none other than Ares, who possessed the Holy Soul of the God of War. Today, he was one of the most powerful Knights of the Seal. He would not let any creature harm the Goddess.

The Light Dragon had dragon scales on its neck. However, the scales were soft. Thus, they were not as hard as the scales on the rest of its body. A wound appeared on its neck with golden dragon blood gushing out of it.

Roar! Roar! Roar!

Suddenly, the Quartz Lion Sculpture roared from several kilometers away. Countless razor-sharp quartz stones charged at them. Each of the stones was the size of a storefront in the street. It looked as if a giant mountain of quartz had been broken and dumped into the area.

Roar! Roar! Roar!

The Little White Tiger hopped down from Ye Xinxia's arms. It was covered in frost. It had transformed into Heavenly Scar Sacred Tiger.

The glaciers rose from the ground and blocked the razor-sharp flying quartz stones.

It could not take down powerful creatures like the Light Dragon, but it could handle a lion made up of stones.

This time, the Little White Tiger picked the right opponent for itself, and its mission was to tear the Quartz Lion Sculpture down and turn it into a pile of shiny gravel!

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"Norman, help Ares take down the Light Dragon," Ye Xinxia said to Norman.

"But you'll only be left with Hua Lisi to protect you," said Norman with concern.

"Don't worry. I'll be fine," said Ye Xinxia.

“Alright. The Light Dragon is indeed a difficult creature to deal with.”

The Light Dragon was the world’s most powerful dragon. It was a symbol of the Holy City and a divine beast controlled by Ramiel. Although Ares possessed the Holy Soul of War, he had difficulty holding back the aggressive Light Dragon. Perhaps, Haylon was the only match for it...

However, there was a huge disparity in strength between Haylon and Michael. Michael’s star explosion punch was too powerful. They wondered if Haylon could rise again. If Haylon could not stop Michael, the rest would have difficulty surviving in the Holy City.

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Chapter 3093: Under The Forbidden Curse

“I’m going to shatter the Hexagon Brand in “Sky Holy City”. Mu Ningxue quickened her pace as she headed to the reflected formation.

“Hold on.” Ye Xinxia stopped Mu Ningxue.

When their palms met, Mu Ningxue felt as if she was surrounded by a gush of spring-like energy. She stared at Ye Xinxia in surprise. Ye Xinxia closed her eyes and focused on casting the Blessing of Soul Rain on Mu Ningxue.

Mu Ningxue had exhausted her energy when she shot Fahl to death with the arrow. Even her own soul had recoiled. Whenever she performed some powerful spell, she felt a bit dizzy.

After she was showered by Ye Xinxia’s Blessing of Soul Rain, it rejuvenated her tired and weakened soul. Mu Ningxue felt her power recovering.

Her soul injury healed, and she no longer felt exhausted. Her magic was rejuvenated within a very short time. She felt as if she would never run out of the powerful spells, regardless of how frequently she performed them.

Mu Ningxue’s complexion improved. However, she noticed that Ye Xinxia looked tired.

“I just need some rest.” Ye Xinxia cast the Blessing of Soul Rain on herself. It was clear to see that she was also slowly recuperating.

The flaw of the Blessing Element Magic was that it consumed massive energy when one performed the spell. There was a limit to the usage of Blessing Element Magic in a war. Even if one possessed the indestructible Divine Soul that came from Parthenon Temple’s Blessing Element Magic, it still drained one’s energy.

Mu Ningxue’s soul was so powerful that she had reached the extreme realm. Therefore, Ye Xinxia exhausted a lot of her own magic and energy to restore Mu Ningxue’s soul.

“I’ll take down Michael.” Mu Ningxue said firmly.

“Great. I’ll hold back Ramiel’s army,” said Ye Xinxia.

Ye Xinxia rested for a moment, and then she immediately headed toward Ramiel.

Ramiel stood there motionlessly. He had no intention of laying his hands on Ye Xinxia. He watched her as he approached. He remained calm and quiet.

Since Ramiel was not going to do the talking, Ye Xinxia decided she would.

Ye Xinxia was aware that Ramiel was the guardian of the Holy City. Even at that moment, Ramiel refused to let the army of the Holy Guardian Mages, the Holy Judges, and the Heresy Judgment get involved in the battle. He did not want the clergymen to die a tragic death.

Mu Ningxue's single arrow could wipe out thousands of clergymen. Ramiel refused to let his army be sacrificed just because of a fight among the rulers.

Ye Xinxia was aware that the moment the situation was out of control, the massive priesthood army waiting above "Sky Holy City" would descend to the land like a cluster of falling stars. By then, the battle would last longer and result in more casualties.

"Ramiel, you and I are the last people who want this battle to go on. The Parthenon Temple Army is on the way from the northern coast of the Mediterranean. The number of the army is no less than those in the European countries, all combined," said Ye Xinxia.

"Are you threatening me? Holy City is not afraid of any forces. Even if the Parthenon Temple Army attacks us, our Holy Army will bury them in this plain!" replied Ramiel coldly.

"My father died because of your foolishness and corruption. He willingly fell into the dark hell and went through suffering to protect the holy land. If you truly think Michael is the one standing guard over the portal to the darkness, I think there's no use for this conversation. We will bring our grudges to an end today!" said Ye Xinxia harshly.

'What has Michael done?'

Regardless of how ambitious Michael was, he had only killed a Chinese Underworld King, a living being who could become the Dark King, an Undead who still had his heart in the holy land. Once a living being became the Dark King, he could break through the portal of darkness and allow his Dark Army to run wild all over the countries.

Wen Tai was already the Dark King. And he was standing guard over the portal to the darkness.

The leader of the Parthenon Temple had made a huge sacrifice, but why did the Holy City abandon him?

Today, it was Mo Fan's in the same place. He was an expert who had stopped the attack of the Ocean Demons in his country. During the hearings, thousands of people who were grateful to him came to Holy City to give their testimonies and begged the city to forgive him.

However, Holy City refused to listen to them.

Even though ten out of the eleven stones were white and showed that Mo Fan was not guilty, Michael insisted on going his own way! Who exactly was the one who disobeyed the rules and made an enemy of the world?

“Ramiel, can’t you see it? Although Michael can bring the Holy City endless glory, he builds it on the foundation of a falling world. By then, the more you shine, the more the people will hate you!” said Ye Xinxia.

“You’ve invaded the city. You betrayed us. I won’t negotiate with a Goddess who is bent on making an enemy with the city. Michael does things for the sake of the Holy City, and so do I. We share the same goal. You can’t persuade me otherwise.” Ramiel had his own thoughts. He chose to work with Michael.

“I am not here to persuade you out of your faith. However, I want us to agree on just one rule,” said Ye Xinxia calmly.

Ye Xinxia was a Psychic Element Mage. She knew that Ramiel was more resolute than Michael. Ramiel refused to put up with betrayers, even if it meant stopping the battle.

She knew that once the Parthenon Temple Army arrived, Ramiel would give his order to his Holy Army without hesitation. By then, it would be real bloodshed!

“What is that?” Ramiel frowned.

He had no intention to find out more about it. However, the person before him was, after all, the ruler of the Parthenon Temple.

Ye Xinxia was different from the previous Goddesses. The position of the Goddess for her term had been on hold for many years. Parthenon Temple had been without a leader and at war for a very long time.

The Goddess who was able to stand out in the darkest period in Parthenon Temple must have mastered the entire situation and eliminated her rivals.

Parthenon Temple had been in chaos because they had no leader. It had not been easy to finally have a Goddess, so they were now more unified than ever.

Ye Xinxia was Wen Tai’s daughter. She possessed the Divine Soul since her birth. She put an end to the chaotic era of the Parthenon Temple.

If the Holy City were to start a war with the Parthenon Temple, the Holy City would suffer a great loss even if it achieved the final victory. It would take them a long time to recover.

Moreover, the Parthenon Temple could never be destroyed. It would continue the fight with Holy City. The battle could last for years, decades, centuries, and even millenniums.

Parthenon Temple held a grudge against the Holy City because of Wen Tai’s death. Today, the Goddess’ beloved one was to be executed without care once again. Parthenon temple saw this as a deliberate provocation from the Holy City.

Provoking the people’s anger was the scariest thing to do. They would not question their ruler’s decision to declare war. Instead, they would fight to the end.

Ramiel knew about the consequences. The last thing he wanted was for the Holy City to fall. He would do anything to prevent that.

Therefore, he asked Ye Xinxia about the rule she wanted to set to avoid the said consequences.

“Mages below the Forbidden Curse level cannot be involved in the battle. Parthenon Temple will stay on the plains. They will not enter the city. Likewise, your Holy Army cannot set foot on the land, too. They must stay in the “Sky Holy City” like the rest of the citizens. You and I can die in this battle, but the foundation of the Holy City and Parthenon Temple must be preserved.”

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Chapter 3094: Divine Judge Silver Eye

Only the people who had achieved the level of the Forbidden Curse were involved in the battle.

Those who had dabbled into the realm of the Forbidden Curse had chosen their sides. However, the magic army below the level of the Forbidden Curse heeded their superior’s orders without hesitation.

It was unlikely that Ramiel would turn his back on the Holy City. He would exhaust every last ounce of power to fight against the intruders.

Likewise, Ye Xinxia would not let the matter rest. The Parthenon Temple Army would sacrifice everything for her.

Michael’s stubbornness to do things his own way would cost the lives of many innocent mages. It was meaningless. In fact, the rulers of the Holy City and Parthenon Temple would go down in history as sinful people.

Since the battle involved the ruling class, they would fight until one side was defeated. The battle would almost certainly result in many casualties, so why allow those who only followed orders to die brutally?

Unless Ramiel thought the Holy Army could defeat the Parthenon Temple Army and win the battle through the power of his army. However, the truth was, Ramiel did not have the confidence to win this battle.

“I agree.” Ramiel nodded.

It was a decision that would have no impact on both side, regardless of who won the battle. However, it would cause great turmoil to the future of the Holy City and the Parthenon Temple.

Ramiel was not a person who deceived others. Since he agreed to the Goddess’ agreement, he took the initiative to show his sincerity.

He gave an order to the Holy Army in “Sky Holy City” to stay in place. The agreement was reached under the crowd’s gazes. Ramiel stopped the army from taking any action.

When they looked down from “Sky Holy City”, they saw the Parthenon Temple Army marching into the city in their most luxurious armor. Ye Xinxia hadn’t lied. The army was huge. On top of that, the mages who joined Parthenon Temple had a high level of cultivation.

The Parthenon Temple Army received the Goddess’ order too. They arrived at a place that was suitable to set up a garrison. The Hall of Knights, Hall of Judgment, Hall of Faith, and Hall of the Goddess gathered in a four-ringed formation. They were stationed about fifteen kilometers away from Holy City. They took half a step forward.

The Parthenon Temple Army would not leave the place because their Goddess was still inside the Holy City.

In the past, Holy City used to do things that even gods were angry with. Even though Ye Xinxia and Ramiel reached a mutual agreement, the Parthenon Temple Army would stay and watch.

If Ramiel broke his word, the Parthenon Temple Army would immediately attack the Holy City.

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Michael had his own Green Holy Judges Army. They were inside the Vatican Sunflowers Formation. They surrounded the Fallen Angel, Mu Bai.

Mu Bai came with his own backup. When Zhao Manyan saw that Mu Bai had been surrounded, he sneaked into the "Sky Holy City" and entered the Vatican Sunflowers Forest.

The Vatican Sunflowers Forest covered a deserted backstreet neighborhood. The space was stretched to a great extent. Zhao Manyan got lost inside the Vatican Sunflower maze. He could not find Mu Bai.

Squeal!

The Little Moon Moth Phoenix realized something. It squeezed through the blade-like vine branches with its petite body.

Zhao Manyan followed it. He saw many Green Holy Judges gathered to perform a spell. They formed a brown, dense lightning that was aimed in one direction.

"Found him!" Zhao Manyan finally saw Mu Bai.

Mu Bai was in a miserable state. He had broken an arm. His black Fallen Wings were severely injured. The number of wings on each side was unequal. If the brown lightning pierced his chest, he would lose his soul!

"How dare they all bully Mu Bai!" Zhao Manyan flew into a fit of rage. He held the Totem Orb and swung it at the Green Holy Judges army.

The tiny Totem Orb glowed brightly. It was so bright that the Holy Judges and the Divine Judges could barely open their eyes.

A beast that resembled an island suddenly appeared above the Holy Judges. When it landed on them, it was as though a huge mountain had fallen. It instantly collapsed the Vatican Sunflowers Forest and the Green Holy Judges who were about to unleash the brown lightning power!

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The descendant of the Black Totem Turtle suppressed the mages with its terrifying island-like body. It reflected Zhao Manyan's anger. The Black Totem Turtle sent a few hundred Green Holy Judges flying away with one sweep. They appeared as tiny as a grain of sand before the massive Black Totem Turtle.

The brown lightning was approaching Zhao Manyan from other directions. It was clear that there were many Green Holy Judges who were at the ready. The Black Totem Turtle took a big step forward and arched its indestructible turtle shell.

Mu Bai looked up at the Black Totem Turtle. It looked like the descendant of an enormous mountain and blocked the lightning storm for him. He sighed in relief.

A pile of Green Holy Judges' corpses was under Mu Bai's feet. Two of them were the Divine Judges, whose strengths were more powerful than the Holy Shadow.

The Divine Judges were not in the angelic rankings. They were the champions among the Holy Judges. Their cultivation was at the level of the Forbidden Curse. However, they did not join the Forbidden Curse Alliance. Instead, they became Archangel Michael's private army in Holy City.

The Divine Judges were Mu Bai's greatest threat. There were at least five of them. Of course, the Green Holy Judges' formation was not to be underestimated.

"Old Zhao, I leave them to you," said Mu Bai.

"I came to rescue you, and you are running away?" Zhao Manyan said in disdain.

"I know you can handle them."

"I can't!"

Mu Bai took advantage of the Black Totem Turtle's cover and transformed into several hundreds of black-feathered birds. They flew in different directions toward the Vatican Sunflowers Forest.

The Holy Judges began to cast their spell. They attacked the black-feathered birds. They would not allow the Fallen Angel to leave the Vatican Sunflowers Formation.

Inside the dense forest, a pair of large vertical eyes opened. The next moment, the figure of an enormous green python swiftly glided past the area of Vatican Sunflowers. It had not only trampled the Vatican Sunflowers Forest but also had knocked down many Green Holy Judges.

A cloud of poisonous fog spread along the areas where the python glided past. The aggressive Vatican Sunflowers gradually withered under the poisonous fog. The Holy Judges with weaker defenses collapsed one after another.

"Be careful! There's still one more ancient beast around!" said Divine Judge Silver Eye.

Silver Eye did not show his face. He wore a silver eagle eye patch. He was nameless, just like the other Divine Judges. Silver Eye was his code name. Like the Holy Shadows, they obeyed the archangel's order without hesitation.

Silver Eye had razor-sharp eyes. He was able to capture the trajectory of movement that others could not see.

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Chapter 3095: Semi-Hell

Suddenly, Silver Eye leaped onto the enormous python that had swept away the army.

He raised his hand. The next moment, brown lightning appeared from the sky, which turned into a lightning trident. Divine Judge Silver Eye held the trident with both of his hands and stabbed it ruthlessly into the green python's skull!

Clang!

Above the python's head was a snake crown that covered its scales. The snake crown resembled a wide horn that clung to the back of its head. It was extremely tough. The brown lightning trident did not even leave a scar.

Divine Judge Silver Eye was shocked. 'How could a python have a horn?!'

It was not an ordinary demonic python. It was an ancient divine snake!

While the Divine Judge Silver Eye was still in shock, the python flung him into the air. Before Divine Judge Silver Eye could regain his balance, a lengthy and massive tail appeared above him.

Slap!

Divine Judge Silver Eye was struck by the snake's tail. He was smashed onto the ground. The tough Vatican Sunflowers Vines shattered. His magic shield and armor cracked. Blood spilled out from his mouth.

At that moment, the python raised its head high. When Divine Judge Silver Eye and the other Holy Judges saw it, it was only then that they realized it was an ancient totem snake. It glowed in the glory of the Holy Spirit. It was completely different from the savage demons found inside the forest. It looked as if it came from a sacred lake in a fairyland!

"It's the Totem Sacred Beast!"

Some of them recognized the ancient creature filled with a divine aura. For a moment, the Holy Judges were at a loss.

The Black Totem Turtle was immune to their magic power, while the Black Totem Snake attacked aggressively. Both of the great totem beasts seemed to have some unique soul connection. When they came close to each other, their soul light formed another more powerful sacred beast!

Even though the Black Totem Turtle or the Black Totem Snake had undergone a transformation during the battle in Magic City and became the true Totem Sacred Beasts, their strengths were not as powerful when they showed up separately.

However, when both the Black Totem Turtle and the Black Totem Snake showed up together, their totem glow shone upon each other. They obtained the power of the Sacred Totem Dark Tortoise lineage. It was only at that moment that both became truly powerful and unparalleled emperor-level creatures!

Perhaps, the Green Holy Judges and the Divine Judges could still fight against a single emperor-level creature with the help of the Vatican Sunflowers Formation. However, the presence of the two troublesome emperor-level totem beasts could deliver a devastating blow!

Originally, the Vatican Sunflowers Forest was a formation used to trap the Fallen Angel. After the two great totem beasts sneaked in, the Vatican Sunflowers Forest turned into a beast-fighting cage for the Green Holy Judges. They could either kill the two Sacred Totem Beasts or be killed.

Unfortunately, the Azure Dragon was not around.

If the Azure Dragon coiled up in the sky, the Little White Tiger, the Moon Moth Phoenix, and the Green East Sea God would undergo a transformation. This was especially so for the Moon Moth Phoenix and the Green East Sea God. They had to rely on the supreme Azure Dragon's holy glow to break through their ruler-level shackles.

The Moon Moth Phoenix and the Green East Sea God did not join the battle blindly among the experts. They hovered around Mu Bai and waited for a suitable opportunity.

"Is that Mu Ningxue?" After Mu Bai had escaped from the Vatican Sunflowers Formation, he saw her with her Snow Sword.

She stood before Michael and confronted him.

Mu Ningxue saw Mu Bai. She noticed his missing arm and his broken, messy, black-feathered wings. The feathered wings were connected to his back. She could almost feel the pain of each broken wing...

"Why do you want to save him so badly?" Michael stared at the Fallen Angel and silver-haired Mu Ningxue before him. "He's destined to go to hell. He can never set foot in this world!"

Michael raised both of his hands to the sky. The massive, black Hexagon Brand above and below Mo Fan's position became more prominent. The armor of the divine oath surrounding Mo Fan shattered into pieces. The sunken zone began to devour his soul.

Mu Ningxue and Mu Bai's faces changed. They immediately made a move!

Mu Ningxue pointed her sword toward Michael. An endless realm of glaciers emerged behind her. The glacier fell whenever she slashed at Michael. The falling glacier smashed onto the glorious Holy City!

Meanwhile, Mu Bai flew toward Mo Fan with his black and broken feathered-wings. He was severely injured and had lost much of his combat power.

He knew that he needed to do all he could to release Mo Fan from the Hexagon Brand. If Mo Fan was freed from it, they still had hope for victory.

Mo Fan's soul was being sucked away. He looked troubled. He felt as if he was losing all his vitality...

Perhaps it was because half of his body was immersed inside the pool of dark hell. Mo Fan saw the gorgeous Holy City filled with snow with one of his eyes, and a dark, terrifying, and lifeless dark hell with the other. The evil souls he had previously killed grinned at him and looked forward to his arrival in the dark hell.

Michael crushed the backlash of the divine oath. Mo Fan gained the upper hand. Although he was no longer restricted by the divine oath, his soul had been sucked away. What remained in the Holy City was no more than a frail body. He felt ashamed.

For some reason, Mo Fan recalled the faces he had seen under the Divine Wood Well.

He recalled his own face in it. It seemed to fit his present state.

If he truly entered hell and saw his group fighting for him from eternal hell, he would smile, albeit in extreme pain.

“Mo Fan, let the Star Bugs enter your soul!” Mu Bai cried out in great urgency. He flapped his black-feathered wings. He could not quite maintain his balance in midair.

“I’ve seen hell...”

Mo Fan’s other eye lost its luster.

His body became inexplicably wet as if one side of his body was dipped in a cold, shallow lake. The other side of him gradually sunk into the soft mud.

This time, he was no longer in the corridor of the Dark Plane. He was not on the grid board of a certain Dark King. He was truly at the bottom of darkness. He had been dragged down there. Regardless of how powerful he was or how many gods he had surpassed, he could never return to the world.

His soul was not destroyed, but he was in a far more desperate and painful state than having his soul reduced to ashes. This was how Michael treated and punished the people who refused to follow his rules!

Versatile Mage

Chapter 3096: The Dark Judge

It resembled a black and enormous waterfall. It could drown tens and thousands of living creatures. However, one demonic claw grabbed Mo Fan’s soul in eagerness, as if it could not wait to make him suffer like one of them.

When Mo Fan looked down, he felt as if his soul had been sucked away. This was his first time losing the courage to face reality. There were still some mortal images within his sight. He could not help but glance at them. He wanted to glance at the troubled world and the people whom he was reluctant to let go of...

He always thought he was ready to sacrifice himself and face death. The truth was, when he was on the brink of death, he was reluctant to let go of his life.

Finally, the colorful vision disappeared. He could not see with his other eye.

He no longer possessed a body full of vitality. He no longer had a pure soul. What he was about to face was a numb, evil, and stinky plane where he would never live in peace!

He drowned.

He continued to sink further.

He felt as if an icy and stinky lake had blocked his valves, frozen his heart, and clogged his blood vessels. Perhaps, this was how it felt when he was left with only one soul. Death existed.

When Mo Fan was at the Dark Corridor, he was told that they would continue to sink further when they first entered hell. They had to go through different levels of hell, and each level of hell had a different “view”. However, the torture and breakdown were the same. When they felt that they could no longer take it any further, or it was the end, there was more to come...

Mo Fan closed his eyes.

He wanted to prepare so that he could face whatever was about to happen.

Suddenly, a slew of images flashed through Mo Fan’s mind. The images of heartwarming instants, peaceful memories. They were the moments that were deeply engraved in his heart.

It was like a memory card that had been swept into a churning machine. They were about to be forgotten.

He was forgetting them!

Mo Fan opened his eyes. He struggled.

The dark hell could take away everything he had. He did not mind going from a living being to a numb skeleton. He did not mind transforming into a merciless demon without temperament. However, no one could take away his memories.

He did not want to forget anyone.

He did not want to forget the moments he had shared with them!

That was his only wish.

Mo Fan originally thought he could endure various torture in hell. Little did he know that he would collapse in the very first round.

That was just the start. He still had to go through several hundred and thousands of years. Without these precious memories to heal his wound, how could he get through the terrifying years in eternal darkness?

Mo Fan struggled like a drowning man. He couldn’t bear this. He felt that maybe he was a coward, after all.

He could not afford to let those pleasant memories be erased from his mind.

He wanted to swim upward. However, regardless of how hard he tried, he continued to sink deeper. The terrifying and hideous faces blocked his view. The shrill laughter filled his mind...

Mo Fan was angry. He swung his fists furiously at the creatures that laughed at him.

The creatures quickly fled, but they returned and continued to mock him.

Mo Fan was in pain. He was helpless. He began to forget everything he cherished. He began to forget who he was and why he was alive ...

In the end, he was exhausted.

He closed his eyes and slowly sank deeper. He was no different from dirty gravel falling into a muddy lake.

Dong!

Something grabbed his back.

Mo Fan realized he had arrived at the first level of hell. He surveyed his surroundings in a daze. He neither looked happy nor angry. Although he found himself frustrated, he could not recall why he felt that way. But the pain in his heart remained...

Why was he in this abyss? How had he stopped sinking?

Mo Fan was puzzled. He felt something on his back that was dragging him up.

He began to move upward. Before that, no matter how hard he struggled, he continued to sink deeper. He had no idea what he encountered. Something pulled at him, and he finally moved upward.

Mo Fan could not move his body. He tried his best to turn his head to see what was grabbing his back. He wanted to know what was the thing that was holding him. He wondered what it was that was powerful enough to make him float again.

...

He saw a hand!

The owner of the hand was corroded by the abyssal mud. Still, he used that hand to pull Mo Fan up.

The person only had one hand. He was missing the other arm.

Mo Fan heard a buzz in his mind. He vaguely remembered the last few images he had seen of the mortal world. Someone had lost his arm during the battle. However, Mo Fan could not remember who it was.

"I will be the one who decides whether you go to hell or not! I'm the Dark Judge!"

The rotting man shouted. His eyes were the only thing that glowed in the hellish abyss. His face was gone. He was only left with bones. His back had several skinny bones without feathers. They used to be wings once.

Everything sunk into the abyss of hell. The person was the only one holding Mo Fan up.

Rawr!

The hideous ghosts refused to let Mo Fan leave. They swarmed and tore the remaining flesh on the person's body. They gnawed at his bones!

"Get off!" The person growled.

He continued to pull Mo Fan up. It took him great effort to swim upward. However, the number of abyssal ghosts increased and nibbled at the Fallen Angel. In the cruel, dark hell, it was a rare opportunity to find pure-blooded creatures to bite into. The ghosts would not let go of this opportunity.

Under the abyssal mire, the one-handed man, surrounded by soul-devouring ghosts, was holding the body of an undecayed soul and swimming upward. They were approaching the entrance of the abyss...

“Mu Bai...”

Mo Fan finally recalled the name of the man.

“This is my true form. My soul has long since rotten away.” Mu Bai raised his head. His fair and handsome face was long gone. He was left with a skull and some remains of skin that didn’t make him look human.

“You went through all this...,” mumbled Mo Fan.

Mu Bai did not respond. He pulled Mo Fan toward the entrance of the abyss.

They were very close to reaching the mortal world. The entrance of the abyss contained the most powerful force.

“It’s our fault. You’ve never lived a good life because of us,” sobbed Mo Fan.

“Then, live a good life for me!”

Versatile Mage

Chapter 3097: Seven Souls On Earth And One Soul In Hell

Mu Bai pushed Mo Fan out with all his might. Mo Fan felt as if he had broken out through a looking glass. He breathed in a gush of clean air that instantly cleared the turbidity in his lungs.

His stiffened muscles, frozen blood, and forgotten memories were gradually restored. Life slowly returned to his body and decaying soul.

Mo Fan lay on the ground and faced the sky. He turned his head and looked at the sunken and massive black abyss. Mu Bai left him further away. He was slowly covered by the muddy and decaying souls. He got further away from Mo Fan, and his silhouette gradually faded.

Mo Fan dared not to look at him again. He quickly closed his eyes.

He felt his eyes were dry. He was filled with guilt. Mu Bai’s final words lingered in Mo Fan’s mind.

‘Could the Fallen Angel still return to the world? What if he could never return?’

The place Mo Fan had seen made him feel vulnerable, frightened, and dejected. But why did Mu Bai fall into it again?

...

“Mo Fan!”

“Mo Fan!”

“Mo Fan!”

He heard someone shout. It was only then that Mo Fan slowly opened his eyes. Sunlight warmed his face. The gentle breeze cooled his skin. Many people were still worried about him. Mo Fan felt their joy when they called out to him.

...

Although the time he spent in hell had been short, Mo Fan felt as though he had been gone for ages. If he had continued to sink deeper, how much longer would he have suffered?

He originally thought he would become a great hero, only to find that his friends saved him instead. They were worthy of his respect for life.

“Why?!”

“Why do I even need your approval to make the heretic disappear from this world?!” Michael almost went crazy when he saw Mo Fan resurface from the abyssal hell.

The process went from trial to mutiny, and the battle only got more intense. Holy City rarely had difficulties in killing a person. Without their absolute sanctions, evil magic and demonic spells would become more widespread. By then, demons would rule over the people, and the people would end up becoming food to the demonic empire. Did humans miss those days when they were still slaves to the ancient gods? Human civilization was going backward!

Without Holy City, there would be no magic convention, and no one could stop the widespread use of evil magic. The rulers from other planes would trample the fragile magic civilization and humans would lose their dignity!

“You will bear the charge through the ages!” Michael pointed at Mo Fan.

“I’ve had enough of your disgusting nonsense!” Mo Fan’s blood flowed over his body and boiled. At that moment, Mo Fan looked like the descendant of an ancient supernatural entity. He transformed and grew increasingly powerful.

He had Eight Souls, both Souls of Goodness and Souls of Evil, coexisted. Hence, half of his power was filled with holy and sacred Soul Essence, while the other half contained the nature of extreme wickedness.

Mo Fan was ablaze in flames. His flames were the sacred, phoenix flames derived from the Sacred Totem Beast Vermilion Bird—King of All Feathers. Each filament of flame gave off an air of divinity and nobility. They were absolutely incorruptible.

The demonic nature from the bottom of darkness came from within his bones. His blood gave birth to the demonic flames. The anger in his heart was the fuel. The evil nature of the flames turned his eyes into demonic eyes that could see through humans’ souls. The insanity of the demonic Wicked God was fully portrayed through his form...

The two types of flames within Mo Fan fused. In just a short time, he experienced both the holiness of the Vermilion Bird and the fury of the demon. He stood between “Sky Holy City” and Holy City on the land. No one could tell if he was divine or devilish.

“I’m going to pay tribute to those people whom you’ve persecuted with your filthy and rotten angelic blood! Do you know how much they miss the world?!” Mo Fan glared at Michael.

Mo Fan had the two most powerful flames in the world. His rage could even burn the sky. They could burn brighter than the sun. However, the people sensed Mo Fan’s cold aura that came from hell. His aura enveloped the atmosphere. The people unwittingly trembled. Although Mo Fan resented Michael, his pent-up anger penetrated hundreds of thousands of people’s souls!

Michael was only concerned with his own high and mighty ideology. He always thought of himself as the guardian god.

But was he aware that the people he had persecuted also loved the world as it was?

Precisely because they treasured the world that they refused to start a meaningless war. Hence, they chose to sacrifice themselves to put an end to all disputes...

Still, some people could never understand that the beauty and peace of the world were built on the foundation of those who were willing to sacrifice themselves. The foundation was never laid by a ruler who always sought to eliminate the nonconformists, much like Michael’s hate toward all mortal values!

Most of the people were blinded by the glory of Michael’s sixteen wings. They, too, assumed they lived in peace and were high and mighty, and they despised those of lower status. However, Mo Fan had witnessed noble and honorable souls. So, he certainly would not conform to Holy City’s idea, nor would he compromise with them!

‘Then, live a good life for me...’

Those were Mu Bai’s last words. Those were also the words of all the people who now only lived in Mo Fan’s memories. They had died protecting the fragile world. Those words had been their last.

Mo Fan was lucky he did not have to walk in the valley of death. Instead, he had to live up to everyone’s expectations.

Too many people had died for him. Even when he had fallen, there were always people who sacrificed themselves to hold him up.

Why must the people on top of the world mock them?!

Why couldn’t they lend out their helping hands to assist people like Mu Bai, so that he could live too? Mu Bai and those who had died longed for the light of the world.

Shouldn’t the angels in the mortal world give hope to the people?

Why did they trample Mu Bai and others like him so ruthlessly?!

“Kazuaki, you’re not worthy to be my Righteous Soul. Even if my soul sinks into darkness forever, my Righteous Soul will always stay in my heart!”

Eight soul mountains appeared behind Mo Fan.

Mo Fan turned around, and he reached out for the void soul to grab Kazuaki’s Righteous Soul.

Mo Fan grabbed the soul mountain. He looked cold and frightening as he crushed it.

He destroyed one of his own souls!

It was an extremely painful process. However, Mo Fan looked expressionless. The Hexagon Brand and the shackles on his chest shattered following his cruel action.

The flames of the demon and Vermilion Bird fused. Both God and demon coexisted.

Souls of Goodness and Souls of Evil were separated. One of the soul mountains was empty.

Seven souls remained in the mortal world, while one of the souls stayed in hell.

Mo Fan knew he could never have complete souls for the rest of his life. However, he would grow stronger to compensate for the shortage of that one soul!

...

After Mo Fan crushed one of his own souls, the black Hexagon Brand shattered. The shocking burn mark on his chest turned into the blazing flames of Vermilion Bird. The flames swept across his chest and healed his wound, turning it into muscles of molten fire!

The flames of the Vermilion Bird were as bright as a rainbow. After the Hexagon Brand disappeared, the flames became even more colorful. They gradually spread behind Mo Fan to form one side of the spectacular wings, like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon.

His demonic flames spread wildly and devilishly on the other side. The pure black and demonic bloodline awakened. The black wings of flames with the flaming feathers of the Vermilion Bird spread on both sides in the sky.

Only half of the sacred Vermilion Bird and half of demon nature manifested in Mo Fan. Unlike the angel's layer upon layer of exaggerated feathers, Mo Fan had half of the Sacred Feather Vermilion Bird's flame wing and half of the demon's black flame wing. Both were equally massive.

His wings covered the sky. Mo Fan and Michael's wings glowed in contrast and enveloped the sky in the east and west of Holy City, making it look as though there were two infinite streams of flames in the sky.

"I'll break your self-proclaimed angelic holy feathered-wings one after another. You will end up just like Shalitha. You will lie in a pool of blood and remember the faces of those with heavy burdens on their shoulders. You will then understand how much hatred they have for the Holy City and hypocritical rulers like you!"

Mo Fan spread his wings. His wings stirred up two streams of flames in the sky. He moved so fast that his speed could not be seen with the naked eye. The sky was filled with the gorgeous flames that belonged to the demon and Vermilion Birds.

Even after he passed through the dimension, the shocking flames in the sky remained.

Mo Fan appeared before Michael. Michael was surrounded by his golden holy feathers that acted as his shield. He was seemingly well-protected inside a metal magic ball.

Boom!

His golden, protective magic ball was shattered. It burst into bright light. Michael fell from the sky and smashed into the magnificent Holy Palace on the land!

Demonic flames rained and swept across the land from the sky. The Holy City on the land turned into a city of flames, where two types of flames coexisted. None of the buildings survived the sea of flames.

“First pair!”

Mo Fan suddenly appeared in the place where Michael had landed. Mo Fan stepped on Michael’s shoulder with one foot. He then grabbed the outermost pair of wings out of the sixteen pairs behind Michael.

Michael’s wings were blazing hot. It emitted an intense burning effect of the holy light. When Mo Fan grabbed Michael’s wing with both of his hands, his flesh burned and bled.

Still, Mo Fan felt that his physical pain was minor to the emotional pain Michael had inflicted on him. He stepped on Michael and refused to let him get up. He did not care about the burns from Michael’s holy feathered-wings!

Mo Fan grabbed Michael’s wings and ripped them off his back. Blood gushed out like a fountain. Another hole appeared on his back.

“I’ll rip your soul into pieces!” Michael hissed in agony.

Bam!

Golden energy exploded from Michael’s body. His golden energy resembled millions of golden needles that could pierce anything. For a moment, “Sky Holy City” and Holy City on the land were “baptized” by a rain of golden spikes. Even the distant plains were riddled with holes like a honeycomb.

Michael forced Mo Fan back. However, he could not recover his angelic wings. He was only left with fifteen wings. Each pair was covered in blood. His holy green armor was stained.

Michael glanced at the Holy Palace, only to find that it had been reduced to ashes.

He then looked at the ancient and historical Holy City. The city, too, had turned into ruins. He looked at his broken wings. As the Sixteen-Winged Blazing Angel, he took pride in his wings. After all, his holy wings were what distinguished him from the mortals...

Michael was in pain and he was furious. He looked hideous.

He glared at Mo Fan. He hated Mo Fan with every fiber of his being!

In the long trial, Michael had treated Mo Fan professionally. He did not have any personal hatred or resentment toward him. He had only looked at him in disgust.

However, Michael hated Mo Fan now. His hatred had reached its peak.

Mo Fan’s existence was the reason for all the rebels. What else was he if not the ultimate heretic?

“I’ll personally rip you into pieces so that the people will think twice before provoking the sovereignty of the Sixteen-Winged Blazing Angel in the future!” Although Michael had lost a pair of wings, it had not affected his strength and power.

He charged at the city of flames. Countless Vatican Sunflowers grew rampantly. They absorbed all the explosive objects as their nutrients. When Michael made his way toward Mo Fan, the Vatican Sunflower Vines overwhelmed the demonic flames and extended outside the city.

Michael flew toward Mo Fan. The city was filled with Vatican Sunflowers, making it look like a tsunami of green plants. They attacked Mo Fan aggressively. The plants blocked the view of sunlight above Mo Fan. Michael and the black Vatican Sunflowers fused. As a result, the tsunami of Vatican Sunflowers became even more dense and fierce.

The Vatican Sunflowers engulfed everything from the Holy City to the plains riddled with holes, as well as the path where the avalanche from Alps Mountain fell. Mo Fan’s flames of the Vermilion Bird and demon could not destroy the plants with holy nature. His flames nourished the powerful Vatican Sunflowers instead.

The Vatican Sunflowers spread from the Holy City to the plains, then to the mountain ranges. The training courtyard at the southernmost of Alps College did not survive the tsunami of plants. The Vatican Sunflowers were like an epic disaster that spread from the forest. They engulfed everything and absorbed them as nutrients. They were plants that could obliterate the world!

The Vatican Sunflowers Forest crushed the land. The dense vines and Vatican Sunflowers filled the land. Even snow and mountain ranges were out of sight.

Michael showed up. He hovered above the epic Vatican Sunflowers and looked down arrogantly. He was looking for Mo Fan, who was probably buried somewhere in the Vatican Sunflowers.

“Second pair!”

Mo Fan’s voice sounded somewhere close to where Michael stood. The next moment, a claw with black armor grabbed Michael’s wings and ripped them off. The ripping sound reverberated as the wings were torn from his shoulders.

“Ahhh!”

Michael groaned in agony. It was even more painful than when his first pair of wings were ripped off. His face distorted in pain.

Versatile Mage

Chapter 3098: The Order Of Time

Mo Fan had not only broken Michael’s wings but also ripped away a large part of flesh and skin from his back.

Michael twisted his hand to grab Mo Fan’s throat. Mo Fan raised one of his hands and swung his fist at Michael’s right cheek.

Mo Fan broke Michael's teeth. Michael smashed into the plain of a mountain because of Mo Fan's punch. An infinite phoenix rose from Mo Fan's punch. The phoenix charged at Michael, whose body was pinned against the pine mountain range.

The flaming phoenix razed the mountain to the ground. The mountain was connected to the Alps Mountain Range. The flaming phoenix did not look like it would dissipate anytime soon. It reduced the plains and mountain range to a charred canyon.

The end of the charred canyon was connected to another mountain range in Italy. Michael was the Sixteen-Winged Blazing Angel. His physique had long transcended the realm of mortals. He climbed up from the flaming gravel in the mountain range. He flapped his blood-soaked fourteen wings and soared into the sky.

Michael flew at a breakneck speed, like a beam of light arching across the sky. By the time Mo Fan saw it from afar, he sensed a frightening aura surging from hundreds of kilometers away. Michael's glowing body somehow looked enormous, like a heavenly deity.

Buzz! Buzz! Buzz!

The sky and land, where Mo Fan stood, began to shake. Michael finally made his way back from the sky. When he dived down from the high point in the sky, his magnificent green light wheel charged at the land.

The land cracked, and the streams truncated. Whenever the green light arched across the sky, it resulted in a terrifying crack. The crack stretched from the southernmost tip to the northernmost tip of the prosperous city. It could even cross some territories of European countries. It was truly a crack from heaven.

The green light wheel headed for Mo Fan. Mo Fan flew low above the land. He traveled through the tunnel of space, which allowed him to cross several plains and mountains in just a few seconds. However, Michael located Mo Fan. Michael's green light wheel was like a blade ready to slaughter all living creatures in the land. Even the wild beasts on the plains and the birds in the forests were not spared...

Mo Fan headed south and flew to the Mediterranean Sea.

Many European continental plates surrounded the Mediterranean Sea to the south. The sea looked calmer compared to other areas.

A pair of enormous wings were reflected in the sea. One side of it was the Vermilion Bird's sacred flames, while the other side of it was the black, demonic flames. When Mo Fan spread his wings above the calm sea, the sight was shocking to behold.

Swish!

Suddenly, a terrifying, green heavenly blade cut across the sea and separated it in half. Even the bottom of the sea was split apart, and it was at the center of Mo Fan's enormous wings.

It was at that instant that Mo Fan flipped sideways in midair and narrowly escaped the green light wheel. His wings resembled a flaming sail above the sea.

Swoosh!

A green storm stirred up from the sky above. The furious Michael caught up with Mo Fan from the edge of the sky. Michael unleashed a green light wheel and frantically cut across the calm sea. Even the distant island and land were split apart. One could imagine how crazy Michael was at that moment.

Mo Fan did not avoid him. Mo Fan faced the green storm and stared at Michael.

Suddenly, everything before Mo Fan seemed to have come to a standstill. Regardless of how fast Michael's terrifying green light wheel was, it moved extremely slowly in Mo Fan's sight. The aggressive green storm was like a disorderly airflow. Mo Fan easily found the center point of the storm and destroyed it in a single blow.

Mo Fan's irises expanded. He focused on Michael alone. Time seemed to stop the moment Mo Fan concentrated on him!

The waves from the sea were visible and froze in midair. The broken branches on the land because of the storm stood still suspended in the air like an oil painting. Michael was diving down from the air. His hideous look remained unchanged.

Mo Fan controlled the order of time with his eyes.

Time did not slow down. It completely came to a halt. But Mo Fan did not stop moving.

When time froze, he stepped on the surface of the sea. He spread his gorgeous wings that gave off an aura of the divine and the demonic, then he broke through the barrier of air and time. He transformed into a magnificent dragon with majestic wings!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

The wind once again wreaked havoc on the sea and the land. The arrogant Michael shouted furiously. He raised his heavenly, holy blade and slashed at Mo Fan. The next moment, Mo Fan showed up before Michael. Mo Fan had already gathered a powerful force, and he confronted Michael like an ancient, devilish dragon!

Michael was dumbfounded. 'How is this possible? Regardless of how fast he is, he can't possibly counterattack me in such a short time...'

Michael immediately turned to look at the seawater from a little distance away. He found that the fluctuation of the seawater from that distance was different from the fluctuation of the seawater below him. It seemed that, to achieve consistency between the two sides, the sea below him was trying to catch up in a "fast-forward shot".

Mo Fan had frozen time in their area!

Michael was horrified. It was only then that he realized Mo Fan had mastered the supreme realm of the Chaos Element—the order of time!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Mo Fan's attack was more aggressive than Michael's. Mo Fan shattered his green light wheel that came from the sky. The green storm behind Michael dissipated. Michael protected his head and heart with his feathered wings.

Michael moved backward. Mo Fan, who was in the form of a flaming dragon, roared and forced Michael to move in the direction of the Holy City. Michael flapped his twelve wings with all his might to stop Mo Fan's attack. However, two pairs of his wings began to burn.

The black flames burned Michael's holy feathers. The black flames gradually engulfed two pairs of his protective wings...

The third pair of wings also caught fire...

Then, the fourth pair of wings...

Michael's angelic wings were broken. His agony was unbearable. Michael's wings were burned. As a result, the flesh and bones attached to his wings were burned, too. He felt as if his limbs were being roasted alive!

Versatile Mage

Chapter 3099: Exposing His Own Lies

Hundreds upon thousands of people in "Sky Holy City" were terrified. The outcome of the battle of the century remained unknown.

The people had thought the Holy City was undefeatable. Today, the Holy City on the land turned into ruins. They realized the city had just been Michael's illusory realm.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

At the horizon, a booming sound approached. It grew progressively deafening.

A flaming dragon swept across the plain of Holy City and chased after an angel with broken wings. It looked like a cannonball shooting toward the Holy City ruins!

The duo fought from the Holy City to the distant mountain, then flew to the ocean. They continued the fierce battle from the Mediterranean Sea along the mountains and rivers back to the Holy City. People had looked upon Michael like he was a god descended from heaven in the past. He vented out the wrath that belonged to the gods. However, at that moment, Michael looked just like a mere mortal that had been struck and forced back to the Holy City ruins. He was wounded. There were blood stains, burns, and dents on his body.

When the flaming dragon landed in the Holy City, it resumed its original form—a demonic form interwoven by two types of flames. He stood at a long bridge and gave off a terrifying aura that belonged to a destructive demon lord. His aura overwhelmed the angels and the Holy City with infinite glory.

"Michael!" Ramiel found him in the middle of the ruins and helped him up.

Michael shrugged Ramiel off. He raised his hand and reduced the messy rubble to ashes. First Avenue was destroyed. Mo Fan stood at the long bridge near the entrance of the city. Michael regained his footing and stared at Mo Fan angrily.

The Holy Shadows and Divine Judges moved out of the way. Even the Light Dragon sensed Michael's wrath. They dared not approach him.

Sixteen-Winged Blazing Angel's soul birth appeared behind Michael. Although four pairs of his wings had been broken, he possessed the sixteen-winged angelic divine souls.

The soul birth of the Blazing Angel formed a tiered golden mountain of heaven. The mountain was originally behind Michael, but it descended to where Mo Fan was.

The Heaven Mountain formed by Sixteen-Winged Blazing Angel landed on Mo Fan from above suddenly. A moment ago, there was nothing above him. The next moment, a sacred Heaven Mountain fell on him. The Heaven Mountain pressed hard against Mo Fan's shoulders. Despite his strong demonic aura, the heavy Heaven Mountain forced him to kneel!

The long bridge was unharmed. The land did not crack. Some people did not see the magnificent Heaven Mountain. However, Mo Fan looked strained, and his entire body trembled. He looked like Atlas condemned to hold up the sky. He could not let go. If he did, the Heaven Mountain would crush him into powder.

Michael kept putting pressure on the Heaven Mountain. He wanted to crush Mo Fan to death!

"This is the divine power given by Heavenly Father. Mortals will not feel any pressure under the mountain. The mountain only executes a suppressive level of punishment to the people with evil and sinful dispositions like you!" Michael exuded an air of superiority as he pointed at Mo Fan, who was on his knees.

Michael was the Son of Heavenly Father. He was the messenger of the creator of the magic civilization. There was no way any demons or heretics could be compared to him!

The Heaven Mountain was a sanction for people like Mo Fan, who abused evil magic to defy the Holy City.

...

"How funny! Why would I be suppressed for eternity if my power doesn't come from orthodox magic? You use the origin of magic to suppress the people bent on pursuing supreme magic and its mystery. Is this what you meant by your Heavenly Father of Magic's judgment?" Mo Fan could feel that his magic had been stifled.

Mo Fan cultivated orthodox magic. Since he was awakened, he possessed the Stardust and Star Son. His soul grew stronger because of the variety of magical star systems. Michael used the origin of magic to cast Heaven Mountain. All mages in the world would be crushed if they stood under the Heaven Mountain.

How could a true heretic be suppressed by the origin of magic when none of their power originated from that magic system?!

“Magic made you become who you are today, but you turned your back on the origin of magic. Your parents gave you life, but you took their lives away. How can you not call this a sinful and heretical evil being?!” rebuked Michael.

The Holy City protected the human magic civilization. Without the magic rules and magic conventions formulated by the Holy City, the people would still be living in the Stone Age. They would still be like monkeys and end up as food for the more powerful creatures!

“Michael, your expectations limit how you view the world and the realm,” said Mo Fan.

“Are you saying that I have a low realm? Hahaha! Stand up and shake off the Heaven Mountain, then. The world is watching you. Let the people see if your demonic power has exceeded the orthodox magic!” Michael burst into laughter.

Could Mo Fan’s Demon Element truly break free of the orthodox magic system?

Mo Fan did not believe so. His Demon Element only allowed his power to reach a certain realm. He had not completely broken free of the realm of all magic.

Mo Fan had never broken free of the power from the beginning. Michael was aware of it. Hence, Michael used his angelic soul birth to manifest the origin of magic and suppress Mo Fan’s soul.

The Heaven Mountain was nothing but a void mountain. The suppressive force from the origin of magic was analogous to complex arithmetic. The profound arithmetic would never be established if the essential conventions of addition and subtraction were removed from arithmetic.

Michael formed the Heaven Mountain by breaking the rules of the Stardust-Star Son connection. As a result, neither the basic Star Orbit and Star Pattern, nor the profound Star Constellation and Star Palace would work.

Only the angels could use their angelic soul birth to suppress all the magic rules. Perhaps, that was the reason why Michael always thought himself equal to god.

The people who set foot on the path of magic had to obey the convention of the origin of magic, whereby the Stardust would always connect to the Star Son. This meant that Michael had reached the realm of a Sixteen-Winged Blazing Angel and mastered the origin code of magic. The mages in the world couldn’t defeat him!

Michael denounced Mo Fan for being a heretic. However, the people in the angel rankings were aware that, even if Mo Fan cultivated orthodox magic, he would still be suppressed under the Heaven Mountain. His power never deviated from the rule.

The moment Michael used this power against Mo Fan, it was equivalent to telling the world that Mo Fan was not essentially a heretic and that he executed Mo Fan simply because he was bent on doing so!

Ramiel frowned. Michael should not have used that power. He was exposing his own lies.

Soon, the world would learn that Michael executed a mage who followed the rules of the origin of magic.

The Holy City had been making mistakes from the start and making them worse. This would tarnish the Holy City's prestige.

Versatile Mage

Chapter 3100: All-Elements Forbidden Curse

The Heaven Mountain was a spiritual mountain. Its weight went beyond what a human could bear. Regardless of how strong Mo Fan's willpower or spiritual power was, the Heaven Mountain above him always had the edge over him.

Mo Fan's kneecaps were almost crushed because of the force. His body was encased in flames, but his flames could not spread beyond the suppressive area of the Heaven Mountain.

Although the pressure from the Heaven Mountain brought him immense psychological pain, Mo Fan did not look uneasy.

He mocked Michael for his lowly view of the world because Michael was still stuck in the old ways of the world. Michael assumed that those who cultivated magic had to follow their predecessors' dogmas. One Star Son should correspond to the next, and that one Star Pattern represented only one type of magic.

The truth was that after Feng Zhoulong created Fusion Magic, Mo Fan had a different perception of magic as a whole.

Who made those unbreakable rules?

Since the day he joined the magic academy, a teacher told every mage that mages could only awaken one element at a time. Each magic had a single fixed Star Orbit.

One needed an Awakening Stone to awaken, and they had to cultivate the magic that they had awakened.

The magic elements did not blend with one another. Forced fusion would only result in self-destruction.

However, Feng Zhoulong had broken the rule and created the Fusion Magic.

He had created the method of fusion. As his realm advanced, Mo Fan finally mastered the foundation of the Fusion Magic. Today, Mo Fan could easily complete the fusion of all magic systems without fusion gloves.

One could only awaken an element at a single stage. Mo Fan had broken the rules with his innate talent. He had been given two elements since birth. Perhaps, that was because Lady Luck had smiled upon him. However, it had also proven that the inherent rules were not absolutely correct. The people on top of the world were the ones who formulated the magic rules to allow the people to learn magic systematically. Hence, the rules existed!

"The Heaven Mountain can't trap me!" Mo Fan stopped kneeling. Even though his kneecaps cracked slightly, he gradually lifted the enormous mountain of the magic decree.

Fusion was creation!

Ice could turn into water. Water and fire could become gas. Gas could lead to lightning. Lightning could create fire. Fire could bring light, and the opposite of light was darkness!

If one had a high realm, one could perform all the magic in the world—Black Magic, White Magic, Elemental Magic, and Dimensional Magic. Everything could be derived and created based on the original and true essence of magic!

Mo Fan mocked Michael for his low realm because Michael still stuck to his predecessors' rules even today. Michael had not even achieved the derivative realm, let alone create one!

The birth of every magic element had to go through a process.

They had to first undergo imitation, derivation, and fusion changes before the creation of a new power. If the power could form a complete mass system, then it would become a new magic element.

Michael's wishful thinking was to use the inherent rules to restrain a person who had dabbled into the realm of creation. This was why Mo Fan found Michael hilarious, for Michael was still caught in his old ways!

The glow from Mo Fan's Fire, Lightning, and Flying Sand Magic Elements blended into his body. The Heaven Mountain suppressing him also contained the three inherent powers.

Today, Mo Fan dabbled into the realm of the Forbidden Curse. He was given two more magic elements to awaken.

But did all the mages have to abide by the same rule?

The fact that each person could only have one element in every advancement of the realm was because it was a rule set by the founders to keep mages from being overloaded in the process of cultivation.

If the mages had powerful mental capacity, could they cast all magic elements at the beginning of their learning stage?

Mo Fan did not know if that era would come. At the very least, he knew that, with the possession of the seven soul mountains and the souls of demons and Vermilion Bird, he was no longer bound by the rules!

Golden light, blue water silk, white frost, and green airflow...

Mo Fan had awakened his Fire, Lightning, and Flying Sand Magic Elements. But those elements he never had, like the Light, Water, Ice, and Wind Magic Elements also showed up in Mo Fan's body.

The four magic elements were considered tiny Stardusts compared to the first three magic elements. The four magic elements glowed faintly as if they belonged to a new learner. However, when all the elemental glows gathered in one person, the glow of the fusion rainbow aura shocked hundreds and thousands of people in Holy City.

All-Elemental Magic! Mo Fan alone possessed all the elemental magic!

The Heaven Mountain was bound by the rule. It transformed Mo Fan's existing magic elements into a heavy spiritual mountain. It pressed against Mo Fan's spiritual world. Thus, the Heaven Mountain always had an edge over him. However, at that moment, Mo Fan completed self-awakening under heavy

pressure. He had not only awakened two elements, but also the other four elements. Each element made up the missing ones in his spiritual world.

In Mo Fan's spiritual world of magic, there was an addition of Golden Stardust, Blue Stardust, White Stardust, and Green Stardust. Although each of them was tiny, the birth of these Stardusts had exceeded the suppression of the Heaven Mountain!

Mo Fan rose under the elemental glows. He exerted force through his arm and reduced the Heaven Mountain to nothing.

His eyes flickered with an air of divinity. His demon bloodline catalyzed the tiny Stardusts so that the newly born elements could ascend to an extreme realm within a short time.

The sky and the earth seemed to have been trapped inside a dimensional cage. Under such massive oppression, the people saw Mo Fan glowing in the Forbidden Curse aura.

His glow was different from the other Forbidden Mages. Mo Fan's Forbidden Curse was based on his Fire, Lightning, Flying Sand, and Dark Magic Elements. These elements then fused with his Light, Water, Ice, and Wind Elements before he ascended to a godly level that exceeded the level of Forbidden Curse!

There were many Forbidden Mages inside the Holy City. At that moment, they could not tell which Forbidden Spell Mo Fan would perform or if he would cast a Forbidden Curse with the fusion of eight elements.

The Wind Element, Water Element, Light Element, and Ice Element Forbidden Curses were derived from the Fire Element, Lightning Element, Shadow Element, and Earth Element Forbidden Curses. After the derivation of the eight elements of Forbidden Curses, the cage of the Forbidden Curse was formed to trap space.

The birth of Dimensional Magic originated from the law of the Forbidden Curse that could destroy space. The Cage of Space that could trap heaven and earth represented dimensional power. Mo Fan himself possessed silver space, void chaos, and summoning portal. They appeared in the Cage of Space. The Music Element Forbidden Curse that brought silence to the world was formed slowly...

Those were the two major types of magic among all the Forbidden Curses!

The Cage of Space and the fusion of elements appeared in the Holy City. Michael may be the messenger of the Heavenly Father of Magic, but Mo Fan was like the God of Magic who gathered twelve elements of Forbidden Curses!

Unfortunately, Mo Fan was aware that he had not achieved a high realm. He could not evolve White Magic and other Black Magic. If not, he would have really wanted to show Michael his true orthodox magic and the supreme mystery of magic!