

## **Apocalypse 1196**

### Chapter 1196: Final Race Battle (1)

Posthumous People's chain slicing method shocked the Saint Light Hall. They had respect for these people who were sacrificing their lives.

They were lost. Could they defeat such an army, such people?

Even if they win, will they be alive?

Saint Light Hall's army was well-trained, but it didn't mean they didn't think.

However, the collapse of the walls caused their negative emotions to disappear.

The chains were sliced and broken by the attacks on the walls. In just that short while, there weren't many still connected.

But some were still.

Twenty chains were still connected in an area. This was the part that collapsed.

Although only the outer wall collapsed, the inner wall remained, but it was less high and tough. After losing the outer wall, the defenses would be a third of what they were before.

What the kings and Cloud Peak commanders felt was problematic was that to defend the walls, they needed the surrounding firepower to cover them.

But if the walls were dragged over, they also needed more support. Their entire defense would change.

Loopholes would appear because of that movement. Since there were loopholes, the enemy would capitalize.

Many hearts sank.

“It is over.”

Saint Father looked at the collapsed city wall and waved toward the air troops. These fellows picked up the top flowers and started to fly.

More ground troops started to line up, and the frontline adjusted its direction toward the part that wasn't protected.

Saint Father looked and casually slapped the Power of the Gods. That light fired again and hit the inner walls of the collapsed portion. The outer wall didn't protect that area, and a giant hole was opened.

That part of the Imperial City lost the protection of the walls.

“Charge!”

The Saint Light Hall warriors shouted, and those words spread like a contagion.

The cavaliers moved. They were covered by allies who were close to the walls and started moving toward the hole. As long as they got in, it would mean the collapse of the Posthumous People’s god city.

“Stop them!”

This was the Posthumous people’s reply. Apart from the warriors defending on the walls, troops waiting in the city moved toward the breach. The wall was gone, so they would become the wall!

Saint Light Hall’s air troops were the first here. They tanked the attacks of those defensive weapons to toss the spears in their hands. Once they finished the top flowers, they tossed the chain balls and other spears tied to the spirit eagles. They tried to kill the Posthumous people on the walls to provide cover for the ground troops.

Of course, it was great if the defensive powers on the walls didn’t care about them. These warriors would let the Posthumous People know what the strongest army in Saint Light Hall was.

The ground shook. Saint Light Hall’s cavaliers started to charge. Their allies in their path moved aside, instantly reducing the pressure on the walls.

All the defensive weapons were aimed toward the sky. Dense attacks covered the sky.

Many Saint Light Hall commanders were stunned. Even the two heads and Saintess frowned.

The Posthumous People gave up on stopping the cavaliers. Were they not afraid of them charging into the city?

If you had to select between the air and ground troops, everyone would choose to let the air troops through. They could use various methods to chase them away. But once the ground cavaliers got it, it pretty much meant that the battle was over.

So Saint Light Hall didn't understand why the Posthumous People would make such a choice.

They didn't understand why the Posthumous People would make a choice as if they were giving up.

The sky cavaliers didn't expect the enemies to suddenly attack them. In a few breaths, a third of them were finished.

The defensive weapons proved that they could kill level-eight lifeforms.

Various giant crossbows and crystal weapons fired at this space. They were destructive. They didn't show off such strength previously because the attacks were split up.

They showed shocking strength when they decided to finish their air troops.

Even if the general tried to control the troops to retreat quickly, when they left the battlefield, the Saint Light Hall air cavalier army that many feared was smashed.

Only 10% stayed alive.

All of the heads were solemn. Even the Saint Father looked very serious.

Although Saint Light Hall had many troops, their elites were the cavalier squad, close guards, and air cavalry. Now that the air cavaliers were finished, they probably needed dozens of years to get back up to scale. They had to wait for the young spirit eagles to grow.

“Since they are looking to die, then let them.”

Saint Father made his decision, and all the cavaliers started to charge. They knew that the Posthumous people had something to rely on, which is why they did that. But be it them or others, they had no choice.

They could only fight to the end!

Ignore casualties, break all strategies, and obtain the final victory.

The first cavalier squad charged into the Imperial City like that. After killing shouts, everything became silent.

The entire battlefield froze.

“Continue!” Saint Father’s voice reverberated throughout the space. The cavaliers, who had started to reduce their speeds, continued to charge.

Within the Imperial City, the first two thousand cavaliers were all dead. Fresh blood and corpses piled up within the city.

Numerous back views left from the area that the cavaliers charged toward.

Chapter 1197: Final Race Battle (2)

They were the Posthumous people who had retreated, and some were evolved from Earth.

These people weren’t allowed to participate as they weren’t suitable for such high-intensity battles.

There were many reasons. Some were old, and their stamina couldn't allow them to fight for long. Some had disabilities and couldn't walk. Some had the job of educating the next generation and were living knowledge banks. Some were women and kids who were the hope of the Posthumous People.

Some of these Earthlings didn't have high levels but were good at ranged attacks. Because of their low levels, they couldn't fight here.

But these people completed a surprising attack.

This war was a life-and-death war. It was a crucial war to see if Cloud Peak could own a resource base that other factions couldn't have.

Everyone wanted to join in.

They weren't strong, but they had a strong desire to fight. They didn't fear death and were willing to sacrifice for the Imperial City.

After solemn discussions, Ye Zhongming and the kings devised a plan for them to do things at a certain moment.

Truth proved that these tens of thousands of people could do things that changed people's opinions. These people used bows or ranged skills to kill these elites, who charged into the Imperial City instantly.

This was their collective power.

Alone, they couldn't compare to the cavaliers. The gap was huge, such that one cavalier could kill hundreds of such people.

They fired arrows or used skills that might not even tickle the cavaliers.

But there were too many such attacks such that they couldn't dodge.

Tens of thousands against two thousand looked like a few dozen folds of difference. But one must know this wasn't a math question where each cavalier had to face a few dozen arrows. They didn't charge in a row, so the arrows didn't aim at each person.

These arrows and skills were like another army of cavaliers. Two groups clashed.

The final outcome was that both sides were badly injured and collapsed.

But Saint Light Hall sacrificed two thousand elites while the Posthumous People and Cloud Peak sacrificed tens of thousands of arrows and some skills.

Posthumous People achieved a complete victory, but this method couldn't be reused.

The Saint Light Hall Cavaliers would definitely focus on defense. They would send ranged troops to suppress the people within the city.

Once you were tangled, then these weak people who were even handicapped would be swiftly eaten.

After one attack, they retreated to Earth. Xia Lei was waiting at the space gate.

They would leave the rest to their allies.

Many people turned to look at the city and their allies before leaving.

The second Saint Light Cavalier squad charged in, followed by the third.

But at this point, as the Saint Light Hall air force was destroyed, the defensive weapons charged in directions and aimed at the forces outside of the city. Without worrying about the troops above, they could suppress the Saint Light Hall ranged forces. This caused huge losses for the charging cavaliers. ㅁ

The Saintess looked at the Saint Hall warriors getting killed by crystal weapons and arrows. She held her staff, and her chest rose up and down. She was furious at their sacrifices.

She looked at the Saint Father and said anxiously, "Saint Father, we might need you..."

Before she finished, he raised his hand to interrupt.

“Any war needs sacrifices. You need to learn how to fight without me. Not only fight, you need to win.”

Saint Father’s voice spread clearly into her ears.

“The Posthumous People can’t seal that hole. The outcome is decided. You don’t need me; the kids can end this war alone.”

The Saint Father looked at the weapons on the walls firing and smiled coldly, “That is their final stand.”

“But...” She wanted to say something, but her absolute worship of the Saint Father meant she didn’t continue. She also felt that the Saint Father was slightly unhappy because of her words.

She kept silent. When she saw the warriors that knelt before her being killed mercilessly, she was slightly lost.

Did they have to pay such a price for their goals? Couldn’t they use other ways to prove their loyalty, which they had repeatedly proven?

Since victory was decided, couldn't they use a more straightforward method? Why did they have to use fresh blood?

The Saintess missed her mount. If that dragon was still here, she could charge onto the walls and burn the weird but powerful weapons the Earthlings brought.

“Saint Father, let us attack!”

The other two heads asked for permission. They felt that if they had a strong force charging into the city, they could quickly end the battle.

He kept silent for a moment before nodding.

The two heads waved to their subordinates and shifted toward the battlefield.

“Saint Father, I will go too!”

“You stay!”

The Saintess was stopped. She was confused, but the Saint Father explained nothing to her.

The Saintess stood there and looked lonely.

The heavy infantry troops that the Posthumous People had prepared were finally put to use.

They didn't have any cavaliers. They weren't good at raising demon monsters on a large scale and were also very poor. Cavaliers were troops that spent the most money, so they didn't have the ability to do so.

They couldn't raise cavaliers, so all their troops were made up of infantry.

They were powerful infantry as long as they were given strong armor, a thick shield, and a spear.

Facing the Saint Light Hall cavaliers, this was the first time the Posthumous People infantry clashed with them.

Many people glanced. Both sides knew that this was the final barrier. If the infantry failed, then there was nothing that could stop the Saint Light Hall cavaliers.

Chapter 1197.5- Final Race Battle (3)

Both sides roared furiously before clashing.

Broken limbs and blood became the only topic on show.

People said that if you hadn't gone through war, you wouldn't understand the importance of peace. In other words, people who hadn't gone through cold weapon wars wouldn't understand a real war.

Cold weapons were more direct and gory. It told everyone that they should be afraid!

Even the oldest warrior forgot about his experience and could only wave his weapons instinctively to slice any enemy.

The cavaliers were drowned while the Posthumous People infantry were being killed like wheat being collected.

Life became cheap at that moment.

A team that was badly damaged after charging through the firepower net of the defensive weapons on the walls was left, with mostly the people at the back tossing top flowers.

With their allies covering them, they arrived at the most intense battlefield. They threw their weapons in all directions. At the same time, the remaining troops used their lives to move toward the two sides.

The Posthumous People reserve forces were mobilized to intercept the enemies, trying to get deeper.

Horns could be heard outside. All the Saint Light Hall warriors started to charge as that was the signal to attack.

They started invading when winter ended. At this moment, they launched their final attack.

They were like a wave surging at the walls. Even the air forces that were in bad shape flew toward the Imperial City to try to cause some problems.

The Saintess looked at the Saint Father and took a few steps. She turned toward the person who was like her father and teacher and shouted, "Saint Father!"

The level nine expert's cold gave shifted to her face. He paused for a few moments before saying, "Go."

She nodded. She jumped onto the mount she used before getting Yangos and dashed toward the city.

At this point, she had to fight as she was the Saintess.

She protected her mount and herself with her staff. She would look at the sky, but there was nothing apart from falling sky cavaliers.

"Attack, attack!"

Such shouts were everywhere in the city—anyone who could fight charged at the breaches or walls.

This was a meat grinder-like battle. Lives were lost at any moment.

Such a battle continued. Both sides had an intense fight for that hole. During these dozens of minutes, Saint Light Hall pushed a few meters forward. But moments later, the Posthumous People got it back. Saint Light Hall got an advantage a while later, but that didn't last long.

Half an hour later, both sides were already stepping on the corpses of their allies to fight.

The cavaliers' charge failed from a certain angle as they didn't head in. But they had too many troops and had the numbers advantage. Their overall combat strength was better, so they could still suppress their enemies even if they got off their horses.

If not for the Posthumous People wearing and using good stuff from Cloud Peak, they would have lost long ago.

Some Saint Light Hall warriors got onto the walls two hours into the battle. Although they paid a heavy price, they succeeded.

The troops on the ground were in chaos. Flames of war burnt in all areas.

Another part of the wall collapsed, and more Saint Light Hall troops charged there. More Posthumous People tried to stop them.

“Xia Lei! Xia Lei! Do it; we are going to lose everyone!”

King Hongxiang, whose body was covered in blood and had a bone-deep cut on his face, found Xia Lei, who was leading Cloud Peak to fight. He shouted and requested for support.

He knew that Cloud Peak still had a trump card prepared for the Saint Father, but he hoped that they would use it now.

If this continued, they would be annihilated!

They couldn't stand up against Saint Light Hall even with Cloud Peak and Earth's support. With the Saint Father's leadership, he used everything to attack. After a few hours, they started to gain the advantage.

If this continues, the gap will grow, and the losses will increase.

They might totally lose before the level nine Saint Father even attacked.

Xia Lei knew that things were urgent. She didn't expect the battle to end in just a few hours. This changed her understanding of such large fights.

Earth did go through a cold weapons era, but each decisive battle lasted for days.

But now...

She looked at the Cloud Peak and Earth Alliance Army that suffered huge losses. She bit her teeth and ordered them to use the War Fortress.

She had to hold on until Ye Zhongming woke up. Then, they would have a terrifying eight-star and seven-star evolved.

The two War Fortresses charged out of their cover and started to fire.

The close-range missiles covered the two holes, blowing the Saint Light Hall troops there into pieces. The machine guns fired and killed the small lives before them. Even if they were evolved, they couldn't do anything.

With these two terrifying war machines, the situation was turned. Some Posthumous People even started to fight back.

"I don't care what that is; kill them!" The Saintess, who was covered in blood, pointed at the two machines and shouted.

But Posthumous People knew how to protect them. They stopped any enemy from getting close. They could only watch as the two War Fortresses killed their allies.

Saintess shouted, but there was nothing she could do.

“That should be prepared for me, right?” A voice floated into the battlefield to suppress everything. A person floated in mid-air and looked coldly at the war fortress!

Chapter 1198: He can't attack?

The strong war castle attacks caught the Saint Light Hall warriors off guard. When they heard that sound, they calmed down and stopped collapsing.

The Posthumous People stopped and rearranged the troops like their enemies. They faced off. The siege battle stopped because of a simple sentence.

This was the threat of a level nine expert.

Both enemies and people on his side had to listen to his words.

Of course, many people didn't think he was questioning things but describing a fact.

These two terrifying machines were prepared for the level nine Saint Father.

The Saintess looked around and became sad. Many people she knew were dead. In just a few hours, many Saint Hall elites had been sacrificed. She started to doubt if this war was right. Even if they won, would Saint Light Hall be able to return to its past glory?

She raised her head to look at the Saint Father, who seemed foreign to her.

“Not bad.” Saint Father added, but it made everyone feel cold.

The Posthumous People and Cloud Peak Alliance army launched the attack. The cross-shaped slicer fired toward the Saint Father.

Both war fortresses fired from different angles to pincer him. The first one was right, and even if the Saint Father dodged, he would move toward the left. The second aimed at that position.

That was a beautiful attack.

It was sudden and precise.

They were cold weapons that made noise when they fired. They spun quickly. Due to their complicated structure, they flew in an arc, so it wasn't easy to judge where they would land. The spinning made it tough to judge the direction and increased their strength and speed.

When those two things were fired, they instantly arrived before the Saint Father. Only then did a whistling sound occur.

Saint Light Hall warriors were shocked.

If they had used this thing previously, thousands of lives would be killed.

The Posthumous People had more hope. It seemed like... The thing from Earth was good enough.

But everyone's thoughts changed in the next moment.

The Saint Father disappeared, and when he appeared, he was right beside him.

Only a few people captured the Saint Father's movement. To others, he had teleported.

The two crosses flew into the sky. After losing their target, they shone a rhythmic red light—that was their AI sensor. After missing, they would fly back toward the War Fortress.

Those standing behind the War Fortress could see that the cross slicers had a complicated structure, so it was no wonder they were able to provide such an initial speed.

But when they returned, they weren't as quick. The Saint Father pointed, and people attacked the two giant weapons.

The cross slicers were hit from the trajectory.

“Doesn’t seem like much.” Saint Father laughed coldly and said to the two fellows, “Destroy them!”

The battlefield that calmed down because of his appearance started to fight again.

The Saint Father got close to the War Fortress.

Any enemy would be afraid if a level nine expert wanted to get close. War Fortress started to fire the Bamboo Missiles!

These missiles were like intercepting and defence missiles but still used the traditional explosion and penetration systems. They were fast and swift.

Each War Fortress had 36 of them. They used a few before, but not many. Seeing that the Saint Father got close, they fired all the missiles.

This wasn’t a waste. On the contrary, if these missiles could finish the level nine Saint Father, it would be the best deal in centuries.

Numerous white lines fired from the giant body, covering a huge region around the Saint Father.

The people in the control room scanned nervously using the radar. They also raised the mechanical arm to defend against any attacks.

They wouldn't relax until they confirmed that they had killed the level nine Saint Father.

"There! He is not dead!" A person shouted. He didn't point at the radar but through the observation window.

This window didn't face the outside direction, but you could look through it as if it were a window through reflection.

The mechanical arm aimed there after confirming the Saint Father was not dead. Flames and cold breath fired at him.

The other arm raised the ball and hammer.

The missiles were their best defensive measure. If they didn't succeed, this meant the real close combat had started.

Two different elements are being used to counterattack. They covered the sky above the Imperial City.

Saint Father moved quickly. The controller also moved the mechanical arm to chase him.

“Not bad, but it is too cumbersome.”

Saint Father dodged and also had time to judge the attack.

This gave them confidence. Without the threat of the War Fortress, they took control of the battlefield.

But casualties continued to rise.

“Let the modified one attack? Or, release...”

Park Xiuying looked at the Saint Father and knew the two War Fortresses couldn't threaten this level nine expert. She wanted to increase the strength of their attacks.

But Xia Lei looked at the sky and hesitated before looking at her ally, “Do you notice that apart from controlling the Power of the Gods, this Saint Father hasn't attacked?”

Teacher Park was stunned and tried to recall. It did make sense. The Saint Father was attracting firepower so that his army could be more relaxed.

“Is he not able to attack?” Xia Lei’s eyes lit up, and gave an order decisively.

“Let the gene squad attack!”

Chapter 1199: Three forms

Saint Light Hall felt they were about to win, and the Posthumous People army was about to collapse.

But each time they had that feeling, something new would appear.

First was the Earthling’s support. Then, the Posthumous People’s own infantry. Then, the two meta machines.

Now, when this feeling reappeared, something new appeared.

This thought made them crazy.

They felt powerless not only because it felt like they were getting played.

This time, some monsters appeared.

Many Saint Light Hall people felt like they were monsters.

Cloud Peak prepared many things for the Saint Father. To date, they haven't used a single one of those. The War Fortress wasn't one; at least the two ordinary ones weren't.

But did Cloud Peak only prepare for the level nine Saint Father?

Of course not. Their final goal was to crush Saint Light Hall and occupy the Secret Realm. Saint Father was just the strongest enemy. There were still many Saint Light Hall troops.

Cloud Peak naturally wouldn't ignore them.

Normal weapons were just a part of their preparation. They also gave the Posthumous people low-level potions to strengthen their combat strength.

Apart from that, they prepared other things.

Little Tiger's cavalry squad was one; the gene squad was one.

Le Dayuan's crystal weapon lab's results appeared every day. Even if there weren't huge developments, small improvements did happen. Each improvement increased their strength by a little, and a period later, the weapons would explode and enter a new era.

Ye Zhongming could take some credit for that because he spread some of the last life's theories and designs to Le Dayuan.

Le Dayuan used his intelligence to revolutionize things, such as modifying the war fortress.

Le Dayuan had actually exceeded what he had learned previously and was progressing towards new domains.

Liu Zhenhong's gene lab wasn't that outstanding recently. No revolutionary product was produced.

Ye Zhongming couldn't give her ideas as he did for the crystal weapons. He even had to control Liu Zhenhong to prevent her from becoming Killer Hong.

However, in other areas, Ye Zhongming fully supported her lab. He gave her what they wanted, like materials and talent.

Especially after destroying God Hall's branch, they obtained many situation-changing results.

The gene lifeform lab was not weaker than the crystal weapons lab.

But why did many people think that they fell behind?

There were naturally reasons.

One was because Le Dayuan would form a production line once the crystal weapons were developed. Based on that workflow and Ye Zhongming's help, the new weapons would be quickly crafted and handed to their battle squads. ʘ

Naturally, the amount was relative. The absolute amount wasn't huge. Due to technological barriers, other factions could only look on in envy.

But the gene lab was different. It was too focused. Each gene warrior needed professional members from the start to adjust and supervise them. Knowledge accumulation was not something that evolution levels or jobs could replace.

Regarding the final results, the gene lab couldn't compare to the crystal weapon lab.

Conversely, Liu Zenghong took over the experiments and lifeform modifications that Ye Zhongming instructed her to do.

For example, Ye Zhongming's Needle Birds, those Earth demon monsters and life brain.

This research took up most of her time and effort.

Also, to deal with the level nine Saint Father, two trump cards came from them. Before they were used, naturally, they wouldn't be as strong as the crystal weapons lab.

However, this was still a department that Ye Zhongming supported, so their results wouldn't be small.

Those researchers worked day and night for this war—a gene lifeform battle squad quietly formed.

This gene battle squad was the biggest since Cloud Peak's inception, and there were three thousand of them! The three thousand modified lifeforms pretty much consisted of most of Cloud Peak's research findings.

Liu Zhenhong was used to splitting them into types.

This showed the gene lab's progression.

At the start, they used warriors who were about to die, unconscious or badly handicapped. After becoming gene lifeforms, those still conscious became leaders, and those who couldn't were ordinary combat fighters.

The experiments then shifted toward other mutated lifeforms. Beast-type gene lifeforms appeared. Compared to humans, there were more beasts. Liu Zhenhong and the researchers didn't need to hold back, either.

Recently, as Ye Zhongming's Gardener job upgraded and the Death King Tree and plant materials flowed in, plant gene lifeforms appeared.

Liu Zhenghong felt that this was more challenging.

Of course, this was only her current interest. What she will do in the future will depend on her mood.

There were a thousand of each form.

Gene lifeforms represented science, and their combat strength was terrifying. They worked together and broke down Saint Light Hall's close guards.

The beast form lifeforms were strong and fast. The plants caught people off guard. Flowers, spikes, and trees could all be enemies. Human form warriors had the most abilities that an ordinary evolved couldn't have.

Three thousand gene lifeforms tanked 20 thousand close guards and fought back.

The others who didn't have to deal with this elite squad were freed up for other places, which made the situation more even. Saint Light Hall no longer had an advantage.

But no one was happy. Saint Light Hall wasn't as they were restricted. The Alliance army wasn't, as their strongest combat strength didn't have a decisive effect.

Everyone understood that the final outcome would depend on the flying Saint Father.

Chapter 1200: Still human

The War Fortress couldn't do anything to the Saint Father. Like what he said, the weapon was too cumbersome compared to his speed.

The only thing that caused him trouble was when those crossbows fired.

Compared to Xia Lei, who watched as the Saint Father played around with the War Fortresses and didn't attack, the people inside the machines were under huge pressure.

Many attacks missed, and their target was still strolling around. The feeling that he could attack them at any moment made them very nervous.

The more it was like that, the more they wanted to get results. At least they could force this level nine Saint Father back so that Cloud Peak's other cards can be played.

The crossbows hidden all around the machine gave them hope.

Zhang Xiang. That was a very ordinary name, and he didn't stand out in Cloud Peak.

But his job before the apocalypse was to study nuclear energy. This gave him a high position when they took over the War Fortresses.

He was in charge of Cloud Peak's War Fortress project overall and became the commander.

He went to the Resistance Zone to be trained, and when he got back, he brought everyone to familiarise themselves with the equipment. They trained in secret back in Cloud Peak, and after the Third War Fortress was modified, they headed to the battlefield.

Zhang Xiang felt that Cloud Peak was home, and he was one of the logistics members. Although his evolution level wasn't high and he didn't contribute much, life was peaceful, and he was well protected as a core member of the crystal weapon factory.

But when he saw Cloud Peak's glorious achievements as an ambitious guy, he craved being able to fight and contribute more.

But he knew that with the knowledge he had, even if he made such a request, they wouldn't allow it. Occasionally, he accepted his current life when he saw allies who died or got injured.

But when the War Fortresses arrived, Le Dayuan recommended him, and he had a chance to fulfill his dreams.

He didn't expect the War Fortress to face the level nine monster in its first battle.

To him, anything that could fly without any tools was a monster.

He started to feel nervous against such a monster but now calmed back down.

He might not be sensitive and realise that the expert didn't attack for some reason. He felt the Saint Father was searching for a chance to destroy the War Fortress in one strike.

After that thought, Zhang Xiang decided to leave a memory for this level nine expert.

When he returns to Cloud Peak, he can brag for a long time.

So, after finishing the missiles, the spitters failed, and the cross slicer was knocked aside. He then used the two close-combat weapons to fight.

He also ordered the support forces, which included drones, command cars, and other devices, to attract the Saint Father's attention.

The Saint Father was interested in these drones and vehicles that could fly. He saw that after they used all the things that could explode, there wasn't much else they could do. It would be terrifying if the giant hammer and ball were used on others. But they couldn't even touch his clothes.

Thus, when he saw the cars and drones flying from the War Fortress, he was attracted.

Numerous crossbows were fired from inside.

Zhang Xiang ordered them to fire everything!

After giving that order, Zhang Xiang didn't stop. He controlled the War Fortress to rush toward the middle of the battlefield.

The crossbows, with an AI aiming system and a 30-degree firing angle, covered all the areas that the Saint Father could fly to.

Although it was simple, they did manage to bait the Saint Father.

The Saint Father had flown to the nearest spot to the War Fortress since the battle began.

When those crossbows were fired, Zhang Xiang felt that it might work.

Actually, the Saint Father could not dodge and had to use defensive measures.

He casually drew a circle before his body, and it was as if the air had frozen. Those arrows stabbed into this wall of air, and they were as dense as a porcupine. ¶

Saint Father used a single skill, and it filled everyone with despair.

Even if Shengyuan faced these arrows, he couldn't block them so easily. Was the gap so huge?

Zhang Xiang's eyes were red, and he ordered the spitters to fire.

The Saint Father was at least stuck in the air.

The spitters chose the ice mist. He wanted to restrict the Saint Father's mobility.

Faced with that situation, the Saint Father frowned. With one hand, he controlled the air shield, and the other flicked toward a spitter.

That thick machine structure exploded. Shortly after, the other was destroyed by another flick.

The ball and the hammer landed, as if the destroyed spitters weren't a part of the War Fortress.

The Saint Father frowned and waved toward the ball and the hammer.

The four weapons exploded into powder.

This...

The people in the fortress took a deep breath. Such attacks had exceeded what they knew.

But the observer suddenly shouted, "The mobility system is unstable; there is a short fluctuation!"

The two war fortresses used nuclear energy for mobility and power. When some weapons were destroyed, and the energy chain was broken, it affected the balance.

Maybe they were lucky. The energy system overloaded the crossbow firing system, damaging the crossbows.

But before they were damaged, there were a few seconds when the arrows received a huge push. Their strength and speed increased!

The Saint Father, who was already used to the strength of the attacks, was caught off guard. When he faced the spitter and hammer attacks, the air shield was not stable. It exploded. The crossbows scattered in all directions, but some still flew toward the Saint Father.

But the hand controlling the air shield clenched and then spread out to scatter the arrows in all directions.

Zhang Xiang thought it would work, but now his face was ashen and white. The War Fortress used everything they had!

But through the monitoring device, he saw some blood on the left of the level nine expert's face!

Zhang Xiang smiled.

The level nine expert was still human.