

Apocalypse 1201

Chapter 1201: Ruler descends

An arrow brushed past his left cheek.

The nuclear energy was around blue to purple grade strength. Ye Zhongming also modified the arrow and reached white grade. All these factors, added together, broke the Saint Father's skin.

There was just a bit; there was only a drip of blood.

But if it were anyone else, even Ye Zhongming, he would lose a meat patch. But it only broke a small wound on the Saint Father's face.

As Zhang Xiang thought, this proved that the Saint Father was still human and he was not unbeatable.

But that small wound caused the Saint Father's aura to change.

This level nine expert was someone who drew attention. He relied on his speed to draw all the attacks to his body.

He was playing with the two War Fortresses.

Even if they plotted against him and surrounded him with arrows, he could deal with them easily. Truth proved that he was only injured because he was careless.

Thus, he was furious.

The others didn't understand why he wouldn't attack. The walls or the War Fortresses would have been destroyed long ago if he had attacked.

Saint Father knew the reason why.

Attacks consumed a huge amount of energy, and he had three energy sources. One was this space, but it would cause the space to collapse. The Blue Secret Realm was on the verge of collapse and couldn't provide enough energy for the level-nine lifeform to fight.

Either he obtained energy from other lifeforms, which is what he had been doing, or he absorbed some energy along the way so he could fire so many streaks of Power of the Gods. He was interested in Red Hair because of her body's huge amount of energy.

But this couldn't be considered his own energy. He just borrowed it and couldn't fully absorb it.

The last would be his own energy.

A level nine lifeform's body could be seen as an endless energy source. They had broken free from their body's structure and formed a cycle similar to the universe.

From this angle, the energy of a level nine lifeform wouldn't run out.

But there was a context. He had to be connected to the energy of the space he was in. Only the vast universe could provide him with an endless amount of energy.

But every level nine lifeform was restricted by the space they were in. The unstable space might affect how much energy they could absorb and store. The more unstable it was, the more effect.

So after the Saint Father used his own energy, he needed a long time to amass more slowly.

As level nine lifeforms were special, energy was the same as their lives. If they consumed too much energy that they couldn't replenish in time, their lifespan would decrease.

This was the problem he was facing.

He didn't attack as that would use his own energy. The moment he did, the time he could live would reduce.

The universe wasn't so absolute. Even if he didn't use energy, his energy was still slowly slipping. People who could replenish wouldn't be afraid of that, but not him, as the Blue Secret Realm didn't have enough energy for him to absorb.

So, he was anxious to find a new path. He didn't have much energy left and was going to die.

His remaining energy was used to maintain his life.

Since that was the case, he wouldn't attack easily.

But he was injured. As a king, his pride was offended, and he had to react.

Thus, his aura changed. He still had that terrifying speed. His body flashed before a War Fortress. His right fist struck the cold metal, and the War Fortress flew like a kite.

That send chills down one's spine.

The War Fortress was made of full metal. How heavy was it?

No one knew the accurate number apart from people in the Resistance Zone, but it was definitely over two thousand tonnes. After all, some giant trucks on Earth were a few hundred tonnes. There was no reason why the War Fortress wasn't a few times their weight.

Even if evolved were powerful, they couldn't knock aside something that was a few thousand kilograms heavy.

But the level nine Saint Father did it, and he only needed a simple punch.

The War Fortress hit many buildings before falling to the ground. The area around it shook, and the giant metal body started to give off sparks and unknown gas. The damage had caused it to lose its ability to fight.

Zhang Xiang's eyes opened wide. Those were his subordinates. That strike was so strong that the people inside were probably dead. The main structure was badly damaged and was probably destroyed.

War Fortress might just be a few strong weapons to Cloud Peak, but they were his medium to get on the battlefield.

Now that one was destroyed so easily, what about his?

No!

He bit his teeth and controlled it forward toward the battlefield.

But a few seconds later, he felt his body shake. Everything started to spin. When this happened, his allies and he lost consciousness.

People on the outside saw that after the Saint Father knocked aside one War Fortress, he appeared behind the other. He kicked it, and this few thousand-tonne heavy machine rolled into the battlefield and crushed many warriors on both sides.

The Saint Father didn't attack, but when he did, he seemed invincible.

He was too strong such that no one was his match.

"Tell me the way to the other world, and I can spare your lives!" The Saint Father floated in the sky and looked down on everyone. He used a proud tone and used the aura from destroying the two War Fortresses to say to the people below.

The battle stopped again. Everyone looked at the sky and didn't know how to react.

"Use our trump cards!" Little Tiger rushed beside Xia Lei. He had lost one eye and bit his teeth while saying. The Saint Father's skills had terrified him. This fellow, who was only afraid of Ye Zhongming, finally experienced what was called a supernatural saint.

Xia Lei's face was dead as ash. She smiled when she heard, "If this is his true strength, then everything we prepared is useless."

Xia Lei looked at Little Tiger, "Tiger, we might all die here."

But before her words finished, a black light from the ground fired and hit the level-nine expert. It was so quick that it was faster than the Saint Father!

Chapter 1202: Punishment of the Gods

This was a little frightening.

Saint Father's speed filled the alliance army with despair. This sudden black light was actually quicker than the Saint Father, so naturally, it was frightening.

Many people looked toward where the black light flew from. There was nothing but a tattered city.

Thus, they shifted their gaze and looked toward the Saint Father. That unfriendly black light had covered the Saint Father.

Saint Light Hall was in an uproar. Did something happen to the Saint Father that was invincible in their hearts?

Black light covered the Saint Father, but people could see what was happening. People with good eyesight could see that he was wrapped in a liquid substance blocking the outside black light. The black light turned into strip-type matter that wrapped around the water.

Through the black light, one could see that the Saint Father was solemn and was even in disbelief.

"Punishment of the Gods!"

Rongzhi shouted, which caused many older Saint Light Hall members to recall a Posthumous People legend.

Legend was brought up many times in this war: the Saint Light Canister, Saint Light God Armory, Top Flower, and also those chains that could pierce into walls.

All of these were things the Saint Light Hall prepared for the war. They wouldn't use it in any ordinary fights, and some of their crafting methods had been lost. They used most of them in this siege.

But did the Posthumous People not have any legend?

Of course, they did!

The Brown Bone Pearl was one, but only Ye Zhongming could use it.

Were there others?

Of course.

Saint Light Hall did manage to reach the walls, and level nine experts followed the troops. But why were they unable to break through?

Maybe the Posthumous People did have level nine kings in the past or many level eight experts, which was why they could protect the city. But were there special situations?

Saint Light Hall had been maintaining an absolute advantage in terms of strength, and they had always continued having a level nine expert. Didn't they try to find a time when the Posthumous People were weak?

How did they escape then?

After many years, few people knew about it, even if such a thing didn't become a secret.

On the side of Saint Light Hall, they became the stuff of legends.

This legend was the Punishment of the Gods that Rongzhi mentioned.

In Saint Light Hall's records, Posthumous People Imperial City had a final trump card that could deal with a level nine expert.

No one knew where it came from or how it was fired. But when the level nine expert who was hit by Punishment of the Gods managed to escape, he reminded them to be careful and not get hit.

Punishment of the Gods only appeared a few times. The Posthumous People wouldn't use it unless they had no choice.

So, not only was Saint Light Hall confused, but even the Posthumous People were.

Especially in the recent hundred years. Posthumous People weakened quickly, and the various tribes fought one another. The Imperial City wasn't so peaceful, and as they fought for resources, the flow of information became blocked. Kings didn't work with each other and only competed internally.

Punishment of the Gods was a trump card. It was good that they even heard of it, much less understood what it was. Many kings even felt like legends.

Be it, Hong Xiang or Neal, they had only heard of it, but they didn't believe it. Only Ling Kun felt that there was a chance it was real.

They finally knew what it was when the Imperial City faced the crisis.

At their darkest hour, when the Saint Father seemed invincible, and even Xia Lei lost confidence, the Punishment of the Gods descended.

"So it is true." Saint Father's voice spread out. He didn't panic; it was as if he had expected it.

"The records of previous kings reminded me to be careful of the Punishment of the Gods, so what? Is it just this dirty light that can trap me?"

Saint Father's body could move in the liquid-like substance, but he couldn't escape. He tried to touch the black light, but he couldn't break out of it.

This made him frown. He looked towards where the black light shot from.

A white laser fired from that direction when he was about to say something. It wasn't quick. It was much slower than the black light but arrived a few seconds later to hit the black light-wrapped Saint Father.

The black light, or rather liquid substance, didn't block this light, and the Saint Father was hit.

Many Saint Light Hall warriors roared. Some anxious ones started to charge at the enemies ahead to get to where the Saint Father was.

But more people just waited.

They didn't know what the Punishment of the Gods was, but they wanted to know if it could deal with a level nine lifeform that was pretty much invincible.

The light scattered, and Saint Light Hall warriors cheered. The expressions of the Posthumous People darkened.

Saint Father wasn't dead, and he continued to float there.

"So this is the Punishment of the Gods." Saint Father lowered his head. His hands were shaking.

He raised his head and looked at the black light and also at where they fired from. He confirmed his guesses.

"That is where your Saint Pool is, right?" Saint Father turned towards that side and said his guess.

"So your Saint Pool has such an ability, too!"

His voice got louder and louder.

The Punishment of the Gods came from the Saint Pool!

As if it was a reply to the Saint Father. A demon monster statue at the entrance lit up. The third light pillar of the day fired from its open mouth.

"So what if you know? You still have to die. No level nine Saint light Hall person can enter the Saint City. Azhi you have lost your respect."

A distant voice spread from the Saint Pool!

Chapter 1203: Last generation

Those words sent many messages to everyone.

To Saint Light Hall, they knew that Saint Father's name was Azhi and that the Punishment of the Gods came from the Saint Pool. To Posthumous People, apart from knowing that the Punishment of the Gods did exist, they also learned something that surprised them.

That voice...

A portion of the Posthumous People warriors were familiar with it.

That was the last Protector!

This title was one that the Posthumous People respected the most. In their entire history, the protectors were the most popular, apart from the kings.

The past protectors were dead, and they only left statues for people to reminisce. But many of the older people remembered the last protector as this was the one that guided them when they entered the Saint Pool to cultivate.

They wouldn't forget the voice of the most important person in their lives.

Moreover, the voice of the last protector was special. It was thick but magnetic.

Large amounts of Saint Water were bubbling in the Saint Pool like it was boiling. Seven people sat, and in the center was the current protector, who had lost an arm. Around him were six of the heirs of the next generation's role.

They sat in the Saint Pool with their eyes closed. If one looked closely, one would notice that they had absorbed the Saint Water, and their skin had turned translucent. This started from their limbs and then slowly spread toward their faces. When their entire bodies became like that, the seven of them raised their hands toward the sky, and an arm-thick light charged up.

A person floated there. His hair and beard were white, and he sat like the seven people below him. The light hit him and entered his body, making him shine white like a ball.

This old man was the one who spoke. When the current protector raised his hand to transmit energy to this old man, he would open his eyes, and his gaze was filled with respect.

“You are alive.” Saint Father said toward the Saint Pool

“I wanted to die, but you are still alive, so I stayed alive.”

The former protector answered casually, but it exposed the fact that they knew each other.

The current Saint Father and the former Protector knew each other!

“I shouldn’t have let you live.” Saint Father spread his arms, but the liquid blocked him, so he couldn’t raise them. He should have used his own strength to go against the restriction. The height of his arms slowly increased.

The former Protector didn’t answer. He paused for a while before saying, “You didn’t let me off. You needed to pay a huge price to kill me. For someone like you who cares about your life, you can’t bear to use the energy. Moreover, you reached your goal. You injured my soul, so I can’t become a level nine expert. With one less person to compete with you and that monster in Night Demon Plains, there is no point for you to kill me anymore.”

Saint Father scoffed coldly. He didn’t reply and just raised his arms.

“Things are uncertain. This space is collapsing far quicker than expected. You had to launch a war against the Posthumous People to try to sacrifice warriors to slow the speed of collapse. You were eager to attack, especially after you learned that outsiders opened a tunnel here.” ㊦

The former protector paused—the fourth light pillar, which was the third light pillar, fired and hit the Saint Father.

“Unfortunately, you were overconfident and thought that my lifespan would be affected even if I weren’t dead. So many years had passed, and my bones should have decomposed. So you are shocked to see me, right?”

The former protector talked about something that happened in the past.

“I warned you when I left not to start a war and not to enter the Imperial City unless you killed all the Posthumous People. But you definitely wouldn’t believe me. You entered so arrogantly, so it is time for you to taste the Punishment of the Gods.”

As he said that, the fifth white light hit the Saint Father, who had raised his hands to his ribs. Since the start of the battle, apart from a small wound appearing on his face, this was the first time he looked troubled. His clothing was messy, and his face flushed red. His eyes were bloodshot.

It was obvious that the Punishment of the Gods caused him huge damage.

“You talk as much as before!” Saint Father became vicious. He stared at the Siant Pool and raised his hands high. He knew that when his arms reached the height of his shoulders, he would be able to break free of the weird black light.

The former protector didn’t say anything. At least those outside couldn’t hear anything. Within the pool, the former protector lowered his head and looked at the seven that stopped transmitting energy to him.

“Master, his retaliation is increasing, and the energy we can absorb has reduced.”

The current protector raised his head. The translucent skin reached his neck, but the increase speed wasn’t as quick as before.

“We still need to rely on external strength.” The former protector sighed. When the others transmitted the energy to him, he moved and arrived at the bottom of the pool. This was the giant stone hall where the three-legged person was tied.

“After this thing, I will release you if you are still alive.”

The three-legged person laughed.

“If I don’t die? What if I die? You have trapped me here for so many years as your final energy fountain. Did you not think that I will fight back? Why not you release me now, and if I feel good, I might help you block that Saint Father. If not, just absorb my energy. I will resist and continue until that Saint Father breaks free. You won’t be able to kill him and won’t even badly injure him. Let’s all die together.”

Chapter 1204: Blood veil

The former protector stared at the three-legged person’s face seriously.

“You aren’t as determined as you say; if not, you would have killed yourself.” The former protector slowly reached a hand out and grabbed the neck of the three-legged man.

“Once a level nine expert but now being touched by a level eight person. Is that an insult to you? Or is it an insult that you had to tempt an outsider so that he can help you? Or you have already lost all dignity?”

The two lifeforms glared at each other.

“You rather get tied here and wait for a real level nine person to kill you than help us? Do you think that Saint Father would casually kill you once he wins? He will absorb your energy as the energy of a same level lifeform can be converted into something he could use. His life force would increase by a long time. A thousand days? Or ten thousand? As for you, you will just turn into a dried corpse that will shatter along with the space.”

The three-legged person’s expression changed as he listened.

He could calmly talk about those matters in front of Ye Zhongming and make promises he couldn’t keep. But before this former protector, he wasn’t as confident.

He was a level nine expert, but he was trapped. His dignity was gone since he had been defeated by the strongest protector in Posthumous People history and trapped here as an energy source.

All that he wished for was hope.

Before this, he knew that he didn’t have any hope. The Posthumous People wouldn’t let him go. He was their final trump card, and no one would release him just because they pitied him.

If not for Ye Zhongming finding him on that special soul wandering trip, no one would know about him. Only the past protectors grasped this secret. Even the kings had no idea.

Since they didn’t even know about him, they wouldn’t release him.

Ye Zhongming’s arrival originally gave him hope. He felt that with a bit of time, this person would follow his instructions, releasing the things that trapped him so that he could break free.

The surprise was that the war came too quickly. The Posthumous People had to use the Punishment of the Gods to deal with the level nine expert.

After the Saint Pool stopped providing enough energy due to the space's instability, he became the energy fountain.

He knew that the former protector had lied to everyone that he was dead just for this moment so his words would be true. If the level nine Saint Father noticed him, the chances of his energy being absorbed would far exceed the chances that he would be released.

If you swapped places and he was the Saint Father, he would definitely not release someone of the same level.

What about helping the Posthumous People?

The three-legged person knew that it was risky.

He had been trapped here for many years. The Saint Father's energy was draining, and so was his. But compared to those people here, his race allowed him to live longer, and the energy drain speed was slower.

He didn't know how long his energy could last, but once the Posthumous People sucked his energy dry, he would die.

But what if they didn't suck his energy dry?

The three-legged man had a mental battle. He knew that after being trapped for many years, the best chance to get free was before him.

Of course, this was also the most dangerous moment, as there was a high chance that he might die.

"You better make your decision quick; we don't have much time." The former protector was anxious. The Saint Father would get free quickly. The first Punishment of the God's light couldn't trap him for too long. He had to persuade the three-legged person quickly.

He looked at the other race expert who had been here since he had followed his Master to learn in the Saint Pool and knew that he had to give him more hope.

"Don't worry; I can sense the amount of energy you have left. I swear on the entire Posthumous People's faith that we will leave you some so you can live. Once the battle ends, I will beg the leader from Earth to bring you to his space. That place is healthy and is a growing planet. Your energy will be replenished, and you will fully recover. You might even have a chance to improve and return to your homeland."

The former protector clenched his fist, "I have no more patience. You need to give me the answer now."

His intentions were obvious. If you reject, then you can die!

“Okay, I agree; I hope you can honor your promise.” He compromised. He knew that the old man who knew all the secrets of the Posthumous People could kill him.

The former protector relaxed and floated outside.

“Posthumous People have enough enemies; I don’t need one more.”

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Outside, the Saint Father’s hands were nearly at his shoulders. The Punishment of the Gods didn’t light up, which made him think of one possibility. The very powerful attacks that made him feel a threat had restrictions.

As long as he broke free, even if the Punishment of the Gods could be used again, it wouldn’t be able to touch him with his speed.

But at that moment, the light shone again. A pillar thicker than before hit his body, which caused his lips to bleed.

Moments later, another strong pillar of light. The gap between the two Punishment of the Gods was much shorter.

He licked his lips, and blood continued to flow. His ears, eyes, and nose even started to bleed, too.

“Saint Father!”

All the Saint Light Hall warriors shouted and continued to fight. They didn’t know how to stop those attacks, so they could only use this method to reduce their panic.

The former protector wasn’t in a good state either. His situation was even worse than the Saint father. Each inch of his skin ripped apart, and blood dripped from his legs onto the Saint Pool to form a blood veil!

Chapter 1205: Falling

“Master!”

When the current protector felt the blood dripping on his face, he shouted with sadness.

He didn’t know how the former protector, his master, survived. But to him, it was enough that he had the chance to see his Master again.

But his Master used his own life force to make up for the lack of Punishment of the God's energy to stimulate the attacks to fire more quickly.

The current protector knew what the consequences were.

“This is our duty.”

The former protector looked at his heir. After accepting the energy they transmitted, he didn't use the next Punishment of the Gods. It was as if he could see the Saint Father's situation; he chose to store energy.

“Master!” The current protector knew what was happening. His Master had taught him all the secrets and techniques of the Posthumous People, including this secret technique.

“This place will collapse. Bring the saint roots and head to the place called Earth. Find it a home, find a home for the Posthumous people!”

His body swelled up several times, and the rate at which the blood dropped increased. The drizzle became a storm.

“As for other things... Let them go with me.”

He turned into a giant black hole that started to absorb energy. The former protector knew that the light couldn't trap the Saint Father for long and that he would break free soon.

The moment he did, even if they had enough energy to sustain the Punishment of the Gods, he wouldn't be able to hit him.

If that was the case, the Posthumous People might be finished.

Someone who had never been through the attacks of a level nine expert wouldn't know how terrifying they were.

They were a whole different type of lifeform.

Things had reached this stage. The former protector didn't hesitate. He had to do everything he could so that he would have a chance to use what the ancestors left them to kill this invader and ensure that they could live.

He didn't care about anything; he ignored his promises to the three-legged person, ignored the other heirs apart from his disciple; he absorbed all the energy he could.

"You went against your word! You betrayed your promise!"

The three-legged monster shouted with all his energy after he sensed the former protector broke his promise. He was caught off guard and couldn't stop the energy from leaving his body.

The former protector listened but didn't reply.

He didn't plan on lying to the three-legged person, but reality forced him to. So what if the three-legged person died here? His race wouldn't know, so they couldn't send anyone to take revenge. So what if he made an oath? He was about to die, so even if the oath came through, they had no one to find.

The Punishment of the Gods, which took a long time to invent, gave off its most powerful strike.

The former protector's body exploded, along with the light spitting out from the statue. Blood, no, his body was out of it, just pieces of flesh scattered around the saint pool.

The six other heirs also exploded along with his body. The three-legged monster had a vicious look in his eyes. His head changed sizes and colors several times, and at the end, a near-invisible energy wave fired from it.

His body then shriveled up and turned into a pile of red ash.

That energy fluctuation flew out of the Saint Pool into the Imperial City. Ultimately, as it ran out of energy, it could only attach itself to the modified War Fortress hiding behind the God Hall.

After this final blow, the Saint Father raised his hand to his shoulders. The binding light shattered, allowing him to dodge to the side.

The strongest attack arrived, and he started to dodge but was slightly slower. The range of the Punishment of the Gods was huge, so both sides clashed, and half of his body was covered.

He was floating in the air and looking down on everyone. He then cried, and after rolling several times, he fell out of the city.

He knocked onto the ground with a giant thud, which caused many people's hearts to sink.

The Saint Light Hall warriors were first stunned, and then things changed—and the things changed because of their choices.

Some people felt that something had happened to the Saint Father and wanted to take a look, so they turned and left. Some warriors felt that they had to take revenge for the Saint Father, so they chose to continue fighting.

The entire battlefield was in a mess because of that.

“Saintess, let's go!” The two heads came to her side and shouted.

If something happened to the Saint Father, the saintess would be their future ruler, so they couldn't let anything happen to her.

“Go?” She had gone mad and pointed at those warriors who wanted revenge for the Saint Father.

“What about them? Do we watch them die?”

Ever since Saint Father was knocked down from the sky, the Saint Light Hall army lost its core. They were in two minds about whether to retreat, and their formation was already in a mess.

On the flip side, the Alliance army's morale grew. They started to surround and slice the chaotic enemy forces and gained the advantage.

If the Saintess left now, they would collapse.

"Someone has to block them. Saintess, the sacrifice is so that we can reshape!" Rongzhi grabbed her arm and tugged.

She opened her mouth. She watched the warriors that continued to fall. They had once knelt to her respectfully. Suddenly, she started crying.