

Apocalypse 180

Chapter 180: Jian Bing Transforms into a Tiger

Seven people are engaged in chaos, and remarkably, they are all Tier Five.

This level of battle is rare to witness, not just now, but even during the eerie invasion version 3.0.

After all, even in the Mysterious World, Tier Five Evil Spirits are considered the backbone, capable of ruling a territory as the king of a Deceitful Demon.

Currently, their chaotic battle, though fierce, is still in the probing phase.

None of them have used the Power of Rules yet.

The Four Directions Attendants radiate black light from inside out, a light that possesses the power to pollute minds.

This black light can evoke the evil within people, making them violent, angry...

In the midst of battle, Jian Bing, Zhi Ming, and Ling Guang must also guard against the pollution of the black light.

Fortunately, the tattoo abilities of the three can transform into armor, and their defenses are quite good.

Both sides are Tier Five, with no significant disparity in their strengths.

In such evenly matched battles, deciding a victor in a short time is nearly impossible.

Zhi Ming and Ling Guang are both engaged one-on-one, so they are not under much pressure.

Especially Zhi Ming, who excels in defense. As a Tier Five himself, even standing still, his opponent can't easily harm him in a short time.

In fact, Zhi Ming being able to handle two opponents is ideal.

His defense is strong; he can focus entirely on guarding, and even two Tier Fives can't do much to him.

However, strong defense also means weak offensive capabilities, plus he's quite slow.

Holding down one opponent is already his limit.

If facing two Tier Five opponents, just one could entangle him, and the other could easily break free.

There's little pressure for Zhi Ming and Ling Guang, but Jian Bing is in a perilous situation.

Though Jian Bing is formidable, she is still one against two.

Moreover, the attendants of Great Black Heaven aren't pushovers.

Failing to defeat an opponent quickly, once it turns into a prolonged battle, the disadvantages of fighting one against two become apparent.

Dealing one against two, your energy and focus are exhausted far more than your opponents'.

The longer the battle drags on, the greater Jian Bing's disadvantage.

Jian Bing's gaze is fixed on her two opponents, and despite being at a disadvantage now, she remains calm.

She has discerned that the one wielding the Zen staff has strong defense, while the one with the Demon-Subduing Pestle has strong attacks but weaker defense.

By now, Jian Bing has a plan in mind.

She has to eliminate one at all costs first, and then fully focus on the other.

Only this way will she have a chance of winning.

Otherwise, if it drags on further, she'll be exhausted to death.

"Bang!"

With a violent collision, Jian Bing swung her White Tiger Battle Saber with all her might at the Zen staff, sending the monk wielding it flying backward over ten meters.

Then, Jian Bing smoothly flicked the White Tiger Battle Saber, aiming for the neck of the monk holding the Demon-Subduing Pestle.

No matter what kind of Evil Spirit it is, decapitation leaves no chance for survival.

The monk holding the Demon-Subduing Pestle, being a Tier Five Evil Spirit, wasn't someone Jian Bing could injure easily.

"Bang," just as quickly as it happened.

With impeccable timing, as the White Tiger Battle Saber was about to cut into the neck, the Demon-Subduing Pestle precisely blocked the saber.

The White Tiger Battle Saber clashed with the Demon-Subduing Pestle, and at that moment, the monk who had been knocked away swung his Zen staff down hard.

"Boom!"

Jian Bing seemed to have overlooked it, and was solidly struck with the Zen staff on her back, sending her flying.

"Ugh!"

Mid-air, she spat out blood, clearly having suffered severe injuries.

"Hehehe."

"Hehehehe!"

The two monks rejoiced in their success, laughing gleefully after jointly injuring Jian Bing.

At this moment, the monk holding the Demon-Subduing Pestle hadn't noticed yet.

Though Jian Bing was knocked away, her White Tiger Battle Saber was still locked on the Demon-Subduing Pestle.

As Jian Bing hit the ground, a smile spread across her face.

Seeing this smile, the two monks sensed something was wrong.

But it was already too late.

With stunning speed.

Right then, the White Tiger Battle Saber split apart, transforming into eighty-one flying knives.

In the next moment, the knives all aimed at the monk's head and plunged in.

The distance from the neck to the head was dangerously close.

No one could react to this sudden ambush, no matter who they were.

"Ah!"

"Ah, ah!"

The monk holding the Demon-Subduing Pestle let out agonized screams; his head had turned into a pincushion.

The flying knives emitted a dazzling white light, the very Power of Rules Jian Bing commanded.

The Rule of Gold is indestructible.

Forget the head, not even an iron skull could withstand it.

Having the Rule of Gold imparted upon its head, the evil spirit holding the Demon-Subduing Pestle could no longer endure, gradually falling silent.

After losing its vitality, its body slowly turned rigid, transforming from human form back into the previous stone Buddha.

However, the stone Buddha's head was still bristling with flying knives, unquestionably dead.

"Jian Bing, you're amazing!" On the side, Ling Guang couldn't help but cheer upon seeing Jian Bing take down a Tier Five Evil Spirit.

Seeing Ling Guang's excited expression, a wry smile appeared on Jian Bing's handsome face.

She took down a Tier Five Evil Spirit, which, although it looked simple, actually came at a great cost.

Having just been hit solidly by the Zen staff, she found herself seriously injured, feeling as if her internal organs had shifted.

Enduring the intense pain, Jian Bing retrieved the flying dagger, once again transforming it into the White Tiger Battle Saber.

Using the White Tiger Battle Saber to support herself, she barely managed to stand up again.

"Ah!"

"You vile woman, you killed my brother!"

"I will capture you alive and present you to my lord, to serve as a vessel for cultivating the Joyous Zen." The monk holding the Zen staff roared angrily.

The four brothers had pledged allegiance to the Great Black Heaven for countless years, experiencing countless storms and waves in the Mysterious World over the years.

Never did they expect that upon arriving in this weak world, they would capsize in a small river.

It was like playing LoL, a team of five Platinum players from District One going to the outskirts to fish in a pond.

Who would have thought! They kneeled all night, failing to catch any fish, and turned into fish themselves.

Meanwhile, there was another who was equally surprised.

So far, it had only been the Four Directions Attendants who took action.

The Great Black Heaven himself, until now, had not even made a move!

The Great Black Heaven's mission, a four-on-three, his four attendants should have been able to deal with Jian Bing, Zhi Ming, and Ling Guang.

Therefore, he hadn't made a move all this time.

Who would have thought that a single oversight would see one of the Four Directions Attendants fall?

In the clouds in the distance, the Great Black Heaven had been hiding, observing the battlefield.

Seeing one of his subordinates taken down, he was momentarily at a loss.

"Damn it!"

Realizing what had happened, the Great Black Heaven angrily unleashed a palm strike from the sky, aimed directly at Jian Bing.

At this moment, Jian Bing's attention was entirely on the monk holding the Zen staff.

She never imagined there was someone even more powerful hidden above.

This palm strike came down from the sky, and by the time Jian Bing reacted, it was bearing down like Mount Tai, just a few meters from her.

With no time to evade, Jian Bing barely swung her saber, attempting to block this Buddha's palm strike.

However...

Jian Bing's strength was enough to handle the Four Directions Attendants, but compared to the Great Black Heaven, she was still lacking.

This palm strike landed squarely on Jian Bing, sending her crashing into the ground.

The massive energy wave stirred up clouds of dust.

When the dust settled, a bottomless palm-shaped pit was left on the ground.

All that could be seen was the palm pit, with no sign of Jian Bing.

Could it be that Jian Bing was killed by the Great Black Heaven's single strike?

"Jian Bing?" Zhi Ming called out anxiously.

"Sister Jian Bing!"

"Sister Jian Bing, you mustn't die!" Ling Guang's voice was choked with sobs.

Although Jian Bing had once hung Ling Guang up for a beating, Ling Guang still held great affection for Jian Bing.

Moreover, the last time Ling Guang was beaten, it was purely her own doing.

"Roar!"

"Roar! Roar!"

Just as everyone thought Jian Bing was dead, a series of tiger roars echoed from within the palm pit.

With the roaring, two furry paws, as large as palm fans, emerged from the edge of the pit.

Then, a white shadow flashed, and a giant white tiger leapt out of the pit.

This was an enormous white tiger; even the strongest Siberian tiger would be but a tiger cub in its presence.

Its size was as large as a house, its paws bigger than Mount Fuji, eyes like bronze bells, and a tail like a steel whip.

Its piercing blue eyes were fixed intently on the sky above, continuously emitting low growls.

Zhi Ming: "????"

Ling Guang: "????"

Seeing the sudden appearance of the white tiger, even Zhi Ming and Ling Guang were dumbfounded.

Although they used the names of the Four Symbols Divine Beasts as their code names, transforming directly into the Four Symbols Divine Beasts still seemed inconceivable.

"Big Brother Zhi Ming, is this Sister Jian Bing?"

"How... how did she turn into a white tiger?" Ling Guang asked in astonishment.

Ling Guang thought to herself, we four were taught by the same teacher, who taught us all together.

How is this?

Why can our abilities only transform into armor and weapons, but you can turn into a tiger?

Did Sister Jian Bing secretly take extra lessons?

Zhi Ming stared intently at the white tiger, and after a moment, he was able to confirm that it was indeed Jian Bing.

Though she was previously human and now a tiger, the aura was unmistakable.

The aura of this white tiger was exactly the same as Jian Bing's.

Zhi Ming nodded and answered, "This is your sister Jian Bing; she's stronger than us."

"The next stage of our abilities might be transforming into the corresponding Divine Beasts."

Upon hearing this, Ling Guang excitedly said, "Then, can I become a Vermilion Bird in the future?"

"So, Big Brother Zhi Ming, you can turn into a big tortoise?"

Hearing this, Zhi Ming's face instantly darkened again.

He helplessly corrected, "It's the Black Tortoise, the Black Tortoise."