

Kryptonian 841

Chapter 841: The captured swordsman

"This guy is actually very suitable for magnetic field rotation or a more chaotic power system."

Luther said while looking at the sword fight.

After all, the idealistic power of sword fighting is, strictly speaking, similar to my power of thinking.

"Drink!" With an earth-shattering roar, all the power of the sword fighting exploded along his arm. The power was so strong that even he himself had not expected it.

It swept away like a violent storm, distorting the space and dimming the stars wherever it passed.

At this moment, Dou Jian seemed to have transformed into the God of War in the universe, using his indestructible fist to launch a final charge against Super 18.

Super No. 18 showed no surprise after feeling that Dujian had become stronger again.

She has seen various transformations and has long been used to them, and she is also transforming now.

"The 50-fold gap is not so easy to make up for."

Super No. 18 said with a heroic smile. Super No. 18 suddenly raised her fist to the sky, and an unprecedented wave of energy erupted from her body.

The strength of this energy instantly surpassed all previous battle records, as if the energy of the entire universe was converging on her fist at this moment.

The space seemed to be torn apart at this moment, and the light of the stars was eclipsed by the impact of her energy.

Du Jian was shocked. The energy level of Super No. 18 had undergone earth-shaking changes in an instant. It was a leap beyond common sense.

It was as if there was an unexplored universe hidden inside her body, which was being completely awakened at this moment.

This power was so strong that even a strong man like Dou Jian found it unbelievable. His super senses seemed to have lost their function at this moment, and the data given were completely inconsistent with reality, leaving only chaos and consternation.

"This...how is this possible?"

Dou Jian's heart was filled with doubts and shock.

He knows very well that bursting out with power beyond the limit in battle often requires paying a huge price, even burning one's life.

But Super No. 18's sudden change seemed so natural and understated, as if she already had such power, but had never shown it before.

However, the facts were before him, and there was no room for hesitation. Super No. 18's punch was like a destructive beam, swallowing him up instantly.

He felt unprecedented pressure and pain, as if his entire body was melted by the high temperature, and his soul was torn to pieces at this moment. He tried his best to resist, but the force was too powerful and far beyond his ability to bear.

In the golden storm, the figure fighting the sword kept retreating, and every impact made him feel that the fire of his life was gradually extinguished.

For the first time, he felt the threat of death so clearly, it was an unspeakable fear and despair.

He never thought that one day he would be so close to death, nor did he think that his almost invincible racial talent would be so powerless against Super No. 18.

The Shi'a Empire didn't expect it, and they quickly wanted to recover the fighting sword.

But if the Galactic Empire wins, how can they be allowed to take away the fighting sword?

Not to mention that Super No. 18 was still there. Under the opponent's gaze, the Shi'a Empire could only reluctantly leave.

They abandoned this sector, and it came under the control of the Galactic Empire.

The entire universe once again refreshed its understanding of the power of the Galactic Empire.

"Even the captain of the royal guard of the Shi'ar Empire failed in a sword fight?"

"Yes, I heard that the Emperor of the Galaxy Empire who defeated Thanos and destroyed the Dark Order in revenge has not yet taken action!"

Luther's previous revenge against Thanos for killing Boros, destroying the Dark Order, and beating Thanos away was also known to the universe.

It can be said that the terrifying reputations accumulated by Thanos and the Dark Order have now become stepping stones for the Galactic Empire.

This means that there are not many people in the entire universe who dare to mess with the Galactic Empire.

The Shi'ar Empire is an exception, because the Shi'ar Empire itself is not afraid of the Dark Order, so it doesn't think there is anything great about the Emperor of the Galaxy Empire.

As a result, now they know that the Emperor of the Galactic Empire may be really powerful beyond imagination, and a woman can defeat their guard captain in a sword fight!

And sword fighting is something that has never been defeated throughout the universe.

The recovered fighting swords were naturally treated in an unusual way because they were too powerful in combat.

However, the Galaxy Empire naturally respects the strong, and Dujian himself has no intention of resisting.

He was still immersed in his own failure and couldn't believe it.

Luther looked at No. 18 who suddenly appeared next to him.

"When that woman Esdeath came back, I knew you were back too."

No. 18 said to Luther.

"Um."

Luther nodded.

"Good performance, defeated the sword fight."

Luther continued.

"There's nothing great about that guy."

No. 18 said with a smile that No. 18's combat power is comparable to Super Saiyan 1. After the transformation, let alone how strong she is. It feels like she will be beaten alive by No. 18 even if the Lightning Full Body Cell comes. die.

In this case, the power of sword fighting is really nothing to No. 18.

"Actually, even if you don't transform, you can still deal with Dujian. Even the final burst of power from Dujian is only close to that of a Super Saiyan."

Luther commented.

"I don't understand."

No. 18 said confidently.

She didn't want to enjoy the battle and then fight like a fool.

Dou Jian's ultimate strength did not exceed that of a Super Saiyan, but it was very close. If they fought, the Dragon Ball system would definitely suffer, because Dou Jian had a lot of super powers, and he was thick-skinned and might even flip over.

So why not crush her if you can, wouldn't that be easier?

How good it is now, it can be solved easily.

"Yeah."

What else can Luther say, he can only spoil her, although he thinks that using the least power to complete it is the best challenge and exercise.

"Do you want to see Dou Jian?"

No. 18 is very clear about Luther's thoughts.

"No need."

Luther shook his head. Dou Jian's race is special, but Luther is not impossible to copy, so the moment he saw Dou Jian in the quantum perspective, Luther had already copied Dou Jian, and the copy came out.

At this time, Luther had arranged for the copy Dou Jian to find Dou Jian.

After Dou Jian was cured, he was thrown into a house. Except for not being allowed to leave the house, he was free and did not feel like a prisoner.

Dou Jian pondered for a while before he came out of the shadow of his failure.

Although he still could not find the possibility of defeating No. 18, he was invincible except for No. 18!

Chapter 842 The God King is about to die!

At this moment, Dou Jian saw a person who looked very similar to himself.

However, the situation of Sword Fighting Karak is special. He did not become so powerful because of his racial talent.

Karak was born on the planet Strontia hundreds of years ago. It is said that he comes from a noble bloodline, but his family has never appeared. He was raised by the Elders of Strontia.

The Elder Council of Strontia trained Karak and a group of young people in order to participate in the selection of the Shi'ar Imperial Guard. Planets under the rule of the Shi'ar Empire must select their strongest warriors to join the Shi'ar Empire. The Imperial Guard of the Empire.

Karak and nine other companions who completed training conducted genetic enhancement experiments and participated in the selection of the Imperial Guard on behalf of Strontia.

Swordfighting's abilities come from his race's unique physiology and are genetically enhanced by his race's modifications, but most of his abilities are psionically based.

The title of the sword-fighting (gladiator) Kalak is actually the same as the accuser of Ronan the Cree. They are official positions in the army, not personal titles.

For five hundred years, Dujian has been the leader of the Imperial Guard, serving the Emperor of the Shi'ar Empire. He assisted many emperors of the Shi'ar Empire.

Unlike Karak, the broom-head, this new sword-fighting clan member is the kelp-head.

"Karak, I didn't expect that you are really one of my tribe."

Kelp looked at Karak and said.

"Are you a clone of the Galactic Empire?"

Karak looked at Kelp's head, whose face was exactly the same as his own except for the hairstyle. Even with his microscopic vision, he could see that the other person's cell structure was the same as his own.

This allowed Karak to immediately know the identity of Kelp Head, who was probably his own clone.

"I don't know what you're talking about, my name is Kal-El."

Kelp shook his head. He had complete memories, how could he be a clone?

Galvatron has already arranged all his identities. Even if Hai Tie leads the investigation, he will only investigate scenes that match his memory.

"You were deceived."

Doujian looked at Haitai and said, he was very sure that the other party was his clone. The technology of the Galaxy Empire was really terrifying, and he copied another of himself so quickly.

It simply subverts the imagination of sword fighting. You must know that the Shi'ar Empire also wants to do this. It's not that sword fighting doesn't want to, but that they can't do it.

Even if Dou Jian cooperates with their research, they will fail in the end.

Dou Jian always thought that he was a unique existence, but now after seeing the seaweed head in front of him, he knew that the Galactic Empire was more terrifying than he imagined.

Just a copy of himself would be able to sweep across the Shi'ar Empire.

Of course, the Shi'ar Empire must be prepared for sword fighting and betrayal, but I don't know if the countermeasures they prepared can handle it.

Theory and practice are very different.

"Surrender, Karak, you are our tribe. The Galactic Empire welcomes any race to join. There is no need to stay in the Shi'ar Empire, because the Shi'ar Empire is destined to be annexed by our Galactic Empire!"

The head of seaweed continued.

Dou Jian shook his head.

"There's no way I'm going to surrender."

He spoke.

Kelp nodded and said nothing further.

It was a pity for him that his people were so stubborn.

So Kelp Head left.

Luther copied the Dou Jian and added it as a new race to the family of the Galactic Empire.

At the same time, something big happened in Asgard.

God King Odin dies!

Before his death, God-King Odin brought Thor back.

Since Thor, the God of Thunder, tamed the Goat of Destruction, he has often flown around on the Goat of Destruction. Of course, the place he most often goes to is the Earth, because there is always the danger of Saiyan invasion on the Earth.

The Saiyans are the most enjoyable enemies Thor has fought in all these years.

It was so good that he was pressed to the floor and rubbed.

But not anymore.

Because Thor, the God of Thunder, was severely beaten by Vegeta and the others, he awakened his power of Thunder God in advance and took full control of it.

During this time, he was also constantly getting stronger.

"Father."

Thor, God of Thunder, doesn't understand why God King Odin wants to find him back. He is still looking for traces of the Saiyans.

"Thor, I'm dying."

God King Odin's first words left Thor, God of Thunder, in disbelief.

"Impossible, Father."

Thor, the God of Thunder, quickly retorted.

"You are so strong, how could it be possible..."

God King Odin stopped Thor, God of Thunder, from continuing.

"I want to tell you something, you actually have a sister."

God King Odin said to Thor.

"What?"

Thor looked confused.

"I have a sister? This is impossible. How come I have never heard of it, including when I was a child. I never heard you and my mother say that I have a sister."

"There's a reason for that, Thor."

God King Odin shook his head.

"In the pioneering period, what is needed is an iron-blooded ruler."

"Your sister, Hela, was once the vanguard of the nine realms, the executioner of Asgard, and the master of Thor's hammer."

God King Odin said calmly.

Thor was stunned for a moment and glanced at the ax in his hand.

Fortunately, Mjolnir has integrated with his "Thunder Ax".

"After conquering the Nine Realms, I wanted to rule the country with kindness, but Hela's ambition expanded rapidly and I couldn't control it at all."

"She challenged me and wanted to defeat and kill me and take the throne."

Odin narrated calmly. Thor couldn't believe that he had such a sister, bloody and cruel, who could even kill his own father.

"In the end, I sent the Valkyrie Legion to conquer Hela, but Hela was completely destroyed. But Hela was eventually deprived of her divine power and sealed in Midgard."

Odin continued.

"Midgard?"

Thor immediately realized that something was wrong.

"Now, I can't do it anymore. I can't continue to support Hela's seal. After I die, she will break the seal. At that time, she will definitely come back to Asgard. Thor, you are the only one who can hope to stop her. Now, you are more powerful than me."

Odin looked at Thor and said finally.

"Father!"

Thor didn't believe that he was stronger than Odin, but his father's imminent departure also made him very painful.

"That's impossible. I will find a way to keep you alive!"

Thor refused to believe it and planned to ask Stark for help. Maybe Stark has a way?

"Thor, listen to me. The most important thing now is your sister's matter. Don't let her hurt Asgard."

Odin grabbed Thor's hand and was almost freed by Thor.

He became much stronger!

Chapter 843 Thor's Growth

"We must not let Hela return to Asgard."

This sentence hit Thor's heart like a heavy hammer. It was Odin's last words before his death and also the biggest test for him.

Hela, the goddess of death who had been imprisoned for a thousand years, once returned, it would not only mean that Asgard would fall into endless darkness and destruction, but also indicate that the entire Nine Realms would face an unprecedented crisis.

And the mysterious bond between Hela and Asgard made her almost invincible in her homeland, which made Thor feel unprecedented pressure and responsibility.

Odin was relieved that Thor's strength had increased again, mainly because he didn't know that Thor would be knocked away by his own Destroyer Sheep every day.

Whenever the first ray of sunlight in the morning penetrated the clouds, Thor would be knocked away by the irresistible power of the Destroyer Sheep, and sometimes even trampled by war, making him grow up in pain and struggle.

"Father!"

Thor's sudden howling broke the silence in the palace.

He knelt in front of Odin, his tears blurred his vision, but he couldn't hide his deep attachment and worry for his father.

Odin looked at his son in front of him, with a trace of relief and reluctance in his eyes.

He reached out his hand, gently patted Thor's shoulder, and said in a voice that had experienced vicissitudes but was still warm: "Child, I can still hold on for a while. You have to be strong, Asgard needs you."

Odin's words were both a comfort to Thor and a helplessness for his impending departure.

He knew that his time as the father of the gods was running out, but he believed that Thor could take over the burden in his hands and continue to lead Asgard to light.

"I'll go find the queen mother now!"

Thor broke free from Odin's hand this time.

Odin looked at Thor's leaving figure and closed his heavy eyelids with relief.

His body began to dissipate at this moment, turning into countless golden stars, dissipating in the land and sky of Asgard.

"Queen mother!"

When Thor found Frigga, this wise and gentle queen was standing on the terrace of the palace, gazing into the distance.

Her face was full of sadness and reluctance, but more of it was determination and resoluteness.

Thor's arrival broke the tranquility. He eagerly reported Odin's situation to his mother, but before he finished speaking, Frigga had already sensed Odin's departure. The sudden sadness made her almost unable to control herself.

"Odin..."

Frigga's voice trembled. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, as if trying to calm her inner emotions.

"Mother, my father suddenly said that he was about to die, but there was still a while."

Thor wanted to say something, but Frigga had already rushed out, and Thor hurried to follow.

However, when they returned to Odin's palace again, they found that there was no one there, leaving only silence and emptiness.

Thor was stunned. He couldn't believe that the powerful figure who had been supporting him had left quietly.

"Where is my father?"

Thor's voice trembled, and he tried to get a little comfort or explanation from Frigga.

But Frigga just stared into the distance silently, her eyes full of worry and determination for the future.

"... He has left, but his spirit will always be with us. Now, we must move on, for Asgard and for Odin's last wish."

At this moment, Thor seemed to understand something.

He was no longer a warrior who only knew how to fight, but a leader who shouldered the fate and hope of Asgard.

He didn't even have time to be sad, because his father had left and Hela had probably broken the seal.

He had to go to Earth immediately!

Before leaving, Thor found Heimdall.

"You must not open the Rainbow Bridge."

Thor said to Heimdall.

"Yes, my king."

Heimdall's title also changed, which made Thor almost at a loss.

"... I am not the king of Asgard yet, let's talk about it after I come back."

He almost escaped from reality and raised Thor's axe, summoned the Rainbow Bridge, and sent himself to Midgard.

Odin had told him everything he should have said, so Thor knew where Hela was sealed.

And he didn't need to go looking for her because he had already felt Hela's power of death.

That was a very dangerous power. Odin said that when facing Hela, one must exert one's own power to the maximum extent, otherwise one might be eroded by Hela's power of death.

At the same time, the Illuminati also discovered Thor's arrival.

"It's Thor's Rainbow Bridge. Why didn't that kid come to Earth without saying a word?"

After receiving the report from Super Jarvis, Stark put on his latest battle suit.

To be on the safe side, he thought about it and started a secret program.

It's not that he doesn't trust Thor, but Stark likes to be prepared.

After all, Thor came to Earth without saying hello, and it was hard for Stark not to think too much.

Thor rode on his own Destroyer Sheep.

"Destroyer Sheep, go!"

At Thor's command, the Destroyer Sheep seemed to feel Thor's inner anger and started without saying a word.

"Boom!"

Thor flew by himself, and although his speed was also very fast, it was not as fast as the Destroyer Sheep.

After all, he was transformed from the Destroyer armor, passing through layers of clouds and mist, and rushing towards the vortex of fate.

Every step of the Destroyer Sheep was accompanied by a thunderous roar, as if even the heaven and earth were shaking. Its speed was so fast that it had surpassed the limit of all flying objects in the mortal world, approaching sub-light speed, leaving space and time behind.

Hela, the former goddess of death in Asgard, broke free from the thousand-year seal, carrying a pressure and flame of revenge that should not be underestimated.

She was wearing a dark green tight combat suit, inlaid with black runes symbolizing death, and her eye makeup was as deep as the night. It was not the dark circles caused by fatigue, but the deliberate black eyeshadow, which added a bit of mystery and coldness to her.

When she slowly walked out of the vortex, the breath of death surrounded her body, as if even the air was solidified.

Her eyes were like torches, and she instantly locked onto Thor who came from afar. In those eyes, there were both memories of the past and dissatisfaction and provocation with the current situation.

"Where's Odin?"

Hela's voice was deep and magnetic, and every word seemed to be squeezed out from between her teeth, with unquestionable power.

Her question was simple and direct, but it was like a sharp dagger, piercing the softest part of Thor's heart.

Thor took a deep breath and tried to calm the waves in his heart.

"Sister, father has left."

There was a bit of heaviness and helplessness in his voice, and his eyes showed both nostalgia for his father and complex emotions about Hela's current situation.

He still had a fantasy deep in his heart, hoping that Hela would wake up during the long years of being sealed, but the reality did not seem to be as he wished.

Chapter 844: Thor and Hela's Debate

Hela heard a sneer at the corner of her mouth. In that smile was a hint of regret for Odin's death, but also a regret for not being able to take revenge personally.

"Really, that's really a pity."

There was a hint of sarcasm in her words, as if she no longer expected anything.

"And what's your name?"

She asked next, as if she was not very familiar with the sudden appearance of her younger brother, or was deliberately provoking him.

"Thor."

Thor answered firmly and forcefully. Although his heart was already turbulent, he knew that at this moment, he represented Asgard, justice and light. He clenched his fists, trying to resist the urge to fight Hela to the death immediately.

However, Hela seemed not to let him go easily.

"Thor, I can't understand how Odin could give birth to a stupid son like you."

There was obvious contempt and disdain in her words. She gently ran her hands through her long hair, and her ferocious horn headdress looked even more terrifying under the light of lightning.

Her eyes seemed to be able to penetrate people's hearts, directly hitting the deepest pain in Sol's heart.

"Or do you mean that you don't want to accept that you have fallen from the first heir to the throne to the second?"

Under the cloudy sky with roaring thunder, the confrontation between Thor and Hela seemed to be the most intense collision between heaven and earth.

Thor is now standing at the crossroads of Asgard's destiny, and his heart is filled with complex and profound emotions for his sister Hela - anger, disappointment, confusion, and a trace of imperceptible sadness.

His clenched fists trembled slightly from the excessive concentration of strength, as if even the air was shaking under his anger.

"I have never seen a crown prince talk about the right to inherit the throne!"

Thor's roar resounded through the sky like thunder. His voice was not only filled with anger at Hela's behavior, but also unwillingness to be misunderstood.

In his heart, the throne has never been a goal, but a symbol of responsibility and sacrifice. He knew very well that becoming a king meant giving up his personal freedom and dreams and taking on the heavy responsibility of protecting the entire Asgard.

But Hela, this sister whom she had never met or heard of, regarded power and status as everything, which made Thor feel sad and disappointed.

When Hela heard this, not only did she not flinch at all, but she smiled even more wildly. It was a twisted smile that was extremely thirsty for power.

"Everyone has a good word to say,"

She sneered in response.

"You said that I talk about the throne and am an ambitious person. What about you? Don't say that you have no interest in the throne?"

Hela's words were like a sharp dagger, piercing Thor's heart.

She attempts to uncover the secrets deep within Sol's heart and make him face desires he may not even be aware of.

When Thor heard this, he couldn't help but rolled his eyes, his eyes full of disdain and determination.

"Sorry, I just have no interest in the throne,"

He said slowly, his tone revealing a transcendent and free and easy tone.

"How can there be freedom in the throne?"

Thor's words were simple and direct. He knew clearly that he was not suitable to be a ruler. What he longed for was unrestrained exploration and combat, and the freedom to wield Thor's hammer as he pleased.

Although Mjolnir is gone now.

Hela heard the words, and a more sarcastic smile appeared at the corner of her mouth: "Freedom? Humph, that's just an excuse for the weak. A truly strong person should stand at the pinnacle of power, overlook all living beings, and use iron fist and wisdom to shape his own order. What you call freedom is just a cowardly way of avoiding responsibility."

Thor shook his head, a trace of helplessness flashed in his eyes: "Maybe you and I have different definitions of strength. In my opinion, being able to face one's own shortcomings, have the courage to take responsibility, and strive for greater good is what Truly powerful. Although the throne is high, it is also lonely and heavy. It requires not only strength, but also wisdom, compassion and sacrifice. "

After a brief silence, Hela's voice sounded again, with unquestionable majesty: "Sacrifice? You are wrong, Thor. In this world of the jungle, sacrifice is only a fate that the weak are forced to accept. And I, never I will be bound by anyone or anything, including this so-called throne. What I want is absolute control, a power that no one can match, and an existence that is above everything."

Thor shook his head, his eyes shining with unyielding light.

"No, Hela, you are wrong. Freedom does not mean escaping, but choosing to bear. I choose to protect rather than rule. I believe that everyone can find their own path, and I choose It's about becoming a guardian of Asgard, not a ruler."

The scene fell into a dead silence, only the heavy breathing of the two people intertwined.

Hela's eyes gradually turned cold. She seemed to be touched by Thor's words, but was immediately replaced by deeper anger.

"Bastard! Do you think your escape can bring peace? In this world, the strong are respected, and only by standing at the top can you protect everything you want!"

Thor took a deep breath and tried to calm down the fluctuations in his heart.

"Hela, strength is not the only way to solve problems. Real strength lies in your inner tenacity and kindness, and your willingness to sacrifice your ego for a greater goal. I admit that I am not the strongest, but I am willing to do it for Ah La. Sigard, fight and protect my family and friends."

Hela sneered, she seemed to sneer at Thor's remarks.

"Family? Friends? These weak things will only become a burden to you. In this world where the strong prey on the weak, only the strong can survive, and the weak deserve to be eliminated."

As she said this, she waved her hand violently, and dozens of "night sky swords" appeared out of thin air, attacking Thor like a black meteor shower, and each sword contained a terrifying force that was enough to tear the space apart.

Thor flashed, and with his extraordinary speed and reaction, he easily dodged most of the attacks.

But even so, a few swords still brushed past the corners of his clothes, leaving a few tiny cracks, reminding him of the danger of this battle.

He knew that a head-on confrontation with Hela was inevitable, but he also understood that force alone could not defeat this sister who was devoured by hatred and ambition.

"Hela, there is no point in fighting between us,"

Thor shouted loudly while dodging the attack.

"What Asgard needs is unity, not infighting. You should understand that our enemies are not only each other, but also those dark forces that are eyeing the peace of the Nine Realms."

The dark elves just escaped, but they have not been eliminated yet.

Not to mention the threat of the Saiyans.

Chapter 845 The nasty brother who beat up his sister

So Thor didn't want to fight with Hela at all.

She sneered, her voice as cold as a knife: "That's because you are too naive, Thor. In the game of power, there is no family affection, no friendship, only winners and losers. And I am destined to be the one who stands at the top The winner!"

When Thor heard this, his heart burned with anger. He stared at Hela and said word by word: "You are not worthy of being the son of Odin at all. You don't understand what responsibility and sacrifice are. The struggle for the throne you talk about, but It's just an excuse for your own selfish desires. A truly strong man will never gain power at the expense of his loved ones!"

Hela's movements paused slightly, but then she returned to madness.

"Shut up! I don't need your preaching! The future of Asgard will be decided by me! Anyone who blocks me will be eliminated!"

Thor didn't want to argue with her anymore. He knew that Hela had been blinded by the desire for power, and no reason could penetrate the ice in her heart.

With a loud "Dang!", the Sword of the Night Sky, a magical weapon that had once made countless creatures frightened, shattered like fragile porcelain under Thor's thunderous blow, and the fragments scattered like the night sky. The shortest meteor, fleeting.

"It seems that you are not too bad. Surrender to me and kneel down. I will spare your life and let you be my vanguard and executioner!"

Hela said, surprised.

Her voice was as cold as ice, with unquestionable majesty.

Her gaze was like a knife, trying to penetrate the defense in Sol's heart and make him succumb to her feet. But how could Thor, the guardian of Asgard, bow his head so easily?

"Hela, you are wrong! I will never bow to you, let alone become a tool in your hands!"

Thor's voice echoed in the thunder, firm and powerful.

He held the Thunder God's Battle Ax tightly, the artifact forged by the dwarves. It seemed to have come to life in his hands, and every swing was accompanied by deafening roars and dazzling lightning.

"You're terrible, Hela!"

Thor roared, his voice full of anger and unyielding. As his words fell, the sleeping thunder god power in his body seemed to be completely awakened, surging out like a volcano erupting.

The sky was instantly shrouded in thick dark clouds, and thunder and lightning raged in the clouds. Each one contained terrifying power that could destroy mountains and rivers.

"Boom!"

The thunder was rolling, as if the gods were roaring, and every flash of lightning was frightening.

"Hmph, stubborn!"

Hela sneered, her face looking particularly ferocious under the lightning. She knew that Thor's power should not be underestimated, but she was also confident in her terrifying strength as the goddess of death.

Although Hela was powerful, under Thor's unreserved offensive, she had to retreat continuously to avoid the thunder and lightning that could tear apart the soul.

For the first time, a solemn look appeared on her face. Obviously, she underestimated Thor's strength and determination.

After being repeatedly repelled by her younger brother, Hela's anger reached its peak.

Ignoring the fact that she had just broken the seal and her strength had not yet fully recovered, she waved her hands, and the ground seemed to respond to her call, with black blades as sharp as mountains rising from the ground, pointing straight into the sky.

These sharp blades are not only extremely hard, but also contain the aura of death. They guide lightning into the ground, trying to weaken Thor's offensive.

However, Thor's control of thunder and lightning has reached the point of perfection. Even in such a chaotic situation, he can still control every thunder and lightning accurately.

But even so, the out-of-control thunder and lightning still split, wandered, and gradually dissipated.

Seeing this, Hela took the opportunity to fight back. She raised one hand high and clenched her fingers into a fist. An indescribable power gathered in her palm. Then, black blades poured down like raindrops, covering the entire battlefield.

But Thor did not give up. He roared angrily, and the Thunder God's battle ax seemed to come to life in his hands. Every swing was accompanied by the roar of thunder, knocking away those black sharp blades one by one.

Thor roared angrily, his figure surged up, and he shuttled between the giant black nets like lightning. As the Thunder God's battle ax was swung, thick thunder and lightning raged like a giant dragon, striking the black sharp blades that tried to restrain him one by one. broken.

His figure looked lonely and majestic under the light of thunder.

Every breath he took was accompanied by the trembling of the surrounding air, which was the endless thunder power contained in his body that was about to move.

"drink!!"

Thor shouted again. This sound was not only an encouragement to himself, but also a declaration of war against the powerful enemy Hela in front of him.

The muscles all over his body were as tight as steel, and the power of thunder and lightning surged under every inch of his skin, as if he himself was a walking lightning, capable of tearing apart all darkness and obstacles.

Hela was looking at Thor with a contemptuous and complicated look at the moment.

Her black robes rustled in the strong wind, and she was surrounded by huge black blade pillars condensed from death energy, each one of which was enough to make ordinary living beings turn into ashes.

However, facing Thor's surging thunder power, she had to show her true strength.

"Brother, your strength is indeed beyond my expectation."

Hela's voice was low and magnetic, but the chill contained in it made people shudder.

"But you think this alone can stop me? You are wrong. Asgard will eventually belong to me, and the Nine Realms will tremble under my feet."

Thor did not answer, but swung the Thor's Axe in his hand more violently. Each blow carried the power of destroying the world, smashing the black blade pillars made by Hela one by one.

The air was filled with a strong smell of scorched earth and the sweet smell of thunder and lightning. This was the price of the collision of power and the critical moment that determined fate.

At this moment, Thor suddenly flashed, as if he had turned into countless lightning bolts, and launched a fatal attack on Hela.

His speed was so fast that Hela had no time to react. She could only swing her swords instinctively to try to resist the overwhelming thunder attack.

However, Thor's power was far beyond her imagination. Even if she tried her best, she could only barely block part of the attack. In the end, she was blown away by a powerful force and smashed her carefully arranged defense line.

Black gravel splashed everywhere, and Hela's figure was looming in the dust.

When she stood up again, she was no longer as relaxed as before.

There was blood on the corner of her mouth, and the ferocious horns on her head were broken but quickly repaired, which was a symbol of her immortality. But even so, her eyes revealed an unprecedented solemnity.

Thor held the battle axe tightly, and the thunder power in his body boiled to the extreme.

Chapter 846 Asgard royal family ethics drama, a grand series!

As the exciting background music on the horizon gradually became clearer, as if even the molecules in the air were jumping with it, a familiar yet somewhat playful voice penetrated through the layers of clouds through the broadcast of an unknown frequency band, hitting Sol directly. and HeLa's eardrums.

Hela instinctively disliked this annoying music.

"Hey, Asgard is planning to have a party on Earth, why didn't you call me? It seems that I, Stark, came at the right time!"

Thor's originally resolute face couldn't help flashing a complicated expression after hearing this voice.

His eyes were sharp for an instant, as if he could look straight into the sky through the clouds, and then, Hela, the goddess of death, moved faster than her thoughts, flicked her wrist, and cut a sword of the night sky through the sky, pointing directly in the direction of the source of the sound. The tip of the sword flashed with a heart-stopping cold light.

"Wow!"

Facing this sudden attack, Tony Stark not only did not panic at all, but instead exclaimed in an almost provocative manner.

His voice passed through the communication system built into the suit, clear and calm, as if he had everything under control.

Years of combat experience have taught him how to stay calm in crises, and every mistake makes him more cautious. Today, he is the embodiment of "Careless Stark".

Tony's body twisted flexibly in the air, adjusting the flight trajectory almost in an instant. The sword of the night sky whizzed past his shoulder, leaving only a faint black trail.

Seeing this, Hela raised an imperceptible smile on her lips, seemingly approving of Tony's reaction speed. However, she did not pursue the victory, but quietly waited for the next step.

"Thor, old friend, your uninvited way is really special."

There was a bit of ridicule in Stark's voice, and the MK99 suit on his body shone with the unique metallic luster under the afterglow of the setting sun.

This suit is the fruit of his and Dr. Bruce Banner's shared wisdom.

The addition of the Extremis virus makes this suit not only the pinnacle of technology, but also the perfect fusion of biotechnology and nanotechnology.

The desperate virus took on new life in Tony's hands.

Through his joint efforts with Dr. Banner, the Extremis virus was recoded, removing its original danger and turning into a powerful biological enhancer.

It can not only speed up Tony's physical recovery, improve his physical fitness and reaction speed, but also provide him with additional energy support at critical moments, allowing him to display combat capabilities beyond ordinary people.

The compounds developed by Luther further amplified this effect.

This compound complemented the Extremis virus and worked together on Tony's body, making his muscles, bones and even nervous system stronger than ever before.

On the surface of Stark's suit, nanomachines flow like living creatures, rapidly reorganizing according to his will to form various forms and weapons.

The most eye-catching thing is those terminal virus particles that are so tiny that they are almost invisible. They have been deeply integrated into Tony's nervous system and become a part of his body.

Every cell division in his body becomes tougher and more efficient under the catalysis of the Extremis Virus.

This kind of power allows him to no longer just rely on external armor, but to integrate the armor with himself, becoming a true 'Iron Man'.

This fusion not only enhanced Tony's physique, but also gave him unprecedented power and control.

Tony's voice came out through the loudspeaker built into the suit, with a bit of ridicule and ease, as if he didn't care about the tense situation at hand at all.

He gently adjusted his body posture to ensure that he was always in the best defensive state. At the same time, he was quickly calculating the next response strategy in his mind.

MK99 is also equipped with a variety of advanced weapon systems, including high-energy laser cannons, anti-gravity devices, and quantum disruptors that can disrupt the magic of gods.

The latter is purely aimed at the thunder and illusions performed by Thor and the evil god Loki.

He was surrounded by a weak electromagnetic field, which was caused by the slight fluctuation of the invisible magnetic field shield of the MK99 suit.

Stark slowly descended to the ground, and the magnetic levitation system closed almost silently under the control of his precise will, leaving only circles of electromagnetic ripples that gradually dissipated.

He gently patted the battle suit on his body. It was a nano-mechanical fabric that transcended the limitations of traditional materials. It could quickly adjust its shape, color and even function according to environmental changes, and it fit his body like a second layer of skin. It not only ensures flexibility of action, but also provides unprecedented protection.

Compared with the previous version, the molecular structure of the MK99 suit is lighter and tougher. It can greatly reduce the burden on the wearer while maintaining extremely high defense.

More importantly, it uses the energy provided by the Extremis virus to generate a technology called 'vector pulse force field'. This force field can not only move objects quickly, but also form a powerful defensive barrier in battle, and even Perform remote attacks.

"Stark, get out of here quickly, it's dangerous here!"

Thor shouted to Tony.

"That's impossible, this is Earth."

Tony refused.

"Under the laws of the castle I have the right to shoot you and this lady dead."

When Hela heard this, she immediately raised her eyebrows.

When he glanced at Tony, a playful smile appeared at the corner of his mouth: "Midgardian, your courage is indeed admirable, but ignorance is also a kind of tragedy. How long do you think this iron skin can protect you?"

After hearing this, Tony's system in the armor quickly analyzed Hela's data. At the same time, he responded without giving in: "Ironhide? This is the crystallization of technology, the result of my countless failures and attempts. As for you, you are just a shadow in the ancient myth. Times have changed, and your power may not be unimpeded here."

Tony secretly calculated in his heart. He knew the gap between his strength and these gods, but as a scientist and warrior, he never gave up easily.

He quickly searched for all possible ways to fight Hela in his mind, and at the same time tried with words: "This familiar tone and situation, can't it be the worst situation I think? Thor, hasn't your Asgard royal ethics drama been played out yet? What's the situation this time, your sister? Your sister? Or your wife?"

Thor heard this, and a trace of complex emotions flashed across his face.

He knew that behind Tony's ridicule was the helplessness and irony of their family's complex relationship.

As the god of thunder, he had to protect Asgard and face the disputes within the family. This kind of pain and struggle was unbearable even for gods.

Chapter 847 Another battle for the royal succession

"She is my sister, Hela, the goddess of death."

Thor replied helplessly.

When Tony heard this, the corner of his mouth couldn't help but twitch, and he secretly cursed in his heart: "This story about the Asgardian royal family is more bloody than a Hollywood blockbuster. First it's the evil god Loki, and now it's the goddess of death Hela. Don't you guys live together peacefully? day?"

He looked around and saw the city lights twinkling in the distance, innocent people knowing nothing about them, which made him more determined to protect the earth.

"So this is your royal family's battle for inheritance again? Why do you have to come to Earth every time?"

There was a hint of helplessness and dissatisfaction in Tony's tone. He knew that every time a god came, it meant that the earth would face an unprecedented crisis.

The last one was the evil god Loki, this time it was Hela, the goddess of death, who is next? Baldr, the God of Light? Hodr, the God of Darkness? Tyr, the god of war?

Thor sighed and explained: "She was sealed on the earth by my father Odin, a place where even he thought he could imprison her forever. But now, my father has left, and the power of the seal has

gradually dissipated. She naturally broke out of the seal. Hela's power of death is extremely dangerous, and if it gets out of control, the consequences will be disastrous."

Tony was shocked when he heard this, and then smiled bitterly: "Is the Emotional Earth still your first choice for Asgard to exile prisoners? Who are we provoking?"

Although he complained on his lips, he did not dare to neglect the movements of his hands and was always prepared to deal with possible emergencies.

But what followed was a serious question. Is God King Odin dead?

With the word "leave" and the current situation, this is the only possibility.

"So you are now the King of Asgard?"

Tony nodded, not knowing how to comfort Sol, so he barely managed to say a word without teasing.

He himself also lost his father, and he died very early, which led to him not knowing how to comfort Sol.

"I'd rather not be this king."

Thor's tone was heavy, and Tony remained silent.

"Are you done?"

Hela said impatiently.

"So, you're going to arrest her now?"

Tony then asked.

"That's right."

Thor still can't commit murder. He just plans to defeat Hela and then find a place to seal her.

Asgard is impossible. My father has already said that Asgard is the dimension of Hela, and it is impossible to imprison her there.

When the time comes, contact your mother and ask her to help seal Hela.

However, Hela had already launched an attack at this time, shooting out a large number of Night Sky Swords.

Thor swung his ax and easily split a large number of Night Sky Swords.

But he frowned, because the feel of the hand had changed. If the Night Sky Sword was as weak as cotton before, now it is a bit hard.

Under this exaggerated offensive, Tony did not rashly believe in the energy protection on his body and the defense of his suit. He raised his hand and shot out high-energy beams, striking and intercepting the Sword of the Night Sky, and attacking Hela at the same time.

However, Hela didn't seem to care about these attacks. Even after she was hit by the high-energy beam, she just tilted her head slightly with a playful smile on her lips: "It hurts, but it's not enough."

Tony's face turned ugly. This high-energy beam could penetrate a hundred meters of alloy in one second. But it hit Hela and got such an evaluation?

The MK99 armor was originally designed to deal with the most extreme challenges in the universe, and the high-temperature mode of the Extremis virus is the most deadly secret weapon of this armor.

Tony knows very well that when faced with an opponent like Hela who possesses the ancient Asgardian power and powerful magical abilities, conventional weapons are tantamount to hitting an egg against a stone.

Therefore, he chose this most radical path without hesitation, turning himself into a walking furnace and vowing to burn all obstacles to ashes.

As Tony's conscious command was issued, the micro-reactor inside the MK99 armor and the Extremis virus system completed seamless connection, and an energy storm was quietly brewing inside the armor.

The Extremis virus is no longer a simple biological enhancer, it has become a huge energy converter, converting every cell in Tony's body into a source of energy. This power circulates in the armor and continues to accumulate until it reaches a critical point.

On the surface of the armor, the originally cold metal began to glow red. It was a high-temperature color that surpassed ordinary flames. It was like lava under the setting sun, exuding a heart-stopping light.

The surrounding air was distorted by the high temperature, forming a twisted world of light and shadow, as if even the space had become soft and fragile at this moment. Tony felt an unprecedented power, a power that could shake the stars and melt everything.

"Hela, you may be powerful, but in the face of this power, everything will turn into nothingness!"

Tony's voice resounded through the sky through the armor's loudspeaker, carrying unquestionable firmness and determination. He clenched his hands into fists, as if he wanted to concentrate the power of the entire universe into this blow.

Facing Tony's provocation, Hela not only showed no fear, but instead had a playful smile on her lips.

"Hela, try this!"

Tony's voice echoed in the night air, full of unquestionable determination.

He pushed forward with both hands. At that moment, the MK99 armor seemed to turn into a burning meteor. A dazzling light spurted out from the armor like lightning tearing through the night sky and headed straight for Hela.

It was an ultra-high temperature plasma energy beam stimulated by the high temperature mode of the desperate virus. It cut through the darkness with a terrifying heat that was enough to melt any known substance in the universe.

Along the way, the air was instantly ignited, forming a fiery trajectory, turning everything around into nothingness. Seeing this, Hela showed a rare serious look on her face. She knew the power of this attack and did not dare to be careless.

Hela quickly raised her right hand, and a bright blue light condensed in her palm. It was the "Hand of Glory" she was proud of. This was not just a simple release of energy, but also a manifestation of her deep understanding of Asgard magic.

She could use these hands to guide the energy of the universe and transform it into a deadly attack, and even penetrate the hardest defense and hit the enemy's soul directly.

When Tony's ultra-high temperature plasma energy beam collided with Hela's "Hand of Glory", the whole sky seemed to be lit up.

Two completely different energies intertwined and collided in the air, bursting out with dazzling light and deafening roars. The surrounding air was completely torn apart, forming a huge energy vortex that drew everything around it in.

Chapter 848 Thor: Serious

Hela's anger was like a volcanic eruption, not only shaking the earth, but also making the surrounding air tremble.

The veins on her forehead popped out, which was a symbol of extreme concentration of power, and the surging magic turned into a raging green tide around her, as if the entire life force of nature was being ruthlessly devoured by her at this moment. , transformed into her unique power of death.

This power is not only a visual shock, but also a distortion of the essence of existence.

With Hela's roar, the ground seemed to respond to her will. With a loud rumbling sound, countless black weapons seemed to pour out from the gate of hell. They penetrated the hard rock and tore through the thick The soil layer, carrying the breath of death, soars into the sky.

These weapons intertwined into a black torrent in the air. They were winding and circling in the air. They were as fast as a sudden rain, covering the entire battlefield in an instant, isolating the light and life.

This airtight black rain not only covered the sky, but also made people feel an indescribable depression and fear.

Each "raindrop" contains the power of destruction. They collide with each other in the air and erupt into ear-piercing screams, as if even the space itself is shaking and shattering under their impact.

Wherever this force goes, the space is easily torn apart like fragile paper, leaving behind a series of ferocious cracks. And among those cracks, there seems to be a deeper and more terrifying existence hidden, ready to move and try to break away. Bondage comes to the world.

Facing such a big scene, Tony could only evade those deadly black weapons and the turbulence that tore through the space.

While he was frantically traveling between battlefields, looking for a safe refuge, he complained helplessly to Thor.

"Thor, you never said that the power gap between Hela and Loki is so big!"

There was a bit of anxiety and dissatisfaction in Tony's voice. He knew that although he had powerful technological weapons, his personal power was so insignificant in a battle of this level.

"I told you, Loki is not your biological child!"

Thor shouted helplessly.

"But even so, I never thought that Hela's power would be so powerful."

The next moment, he took a deep breath. This was not only a desire for oxygen, but also a desire for strength. It was as if the energy of the entire universe was converging on his chest at this moment.

The muscles in his body were tense and contained explosive power. There seemed to be countless tiny electric currents swimming under every inch of skin. They intertwined and converged, and finally condensed into an unstoppable torrent, leading to the thunder god he held tightly in his hand. Tomahawk.

At this moment, the Thunder God's Battle Ax is emitting unprecedented light. It is pure and dazzling thunder power, enough to make everything in the world tremble.

Thor's roaring voice was like the loudest thunder in the sky.

With his movements, the Thor Battle Ax seemed to be given life. It began to tremble violently and released a dazzling light. The light was strong enough to illuminate the entire Asgard, and even penetrated the clouds and illuminated the nine realms. every corner.

This ray of light contains pure power of thunder. They jump and intertwine in the air like living creatures, and finally converge into an irresistible force, ready to face the coming battle.

Thor's body seemed to be integrated with the battle ax at this moment. Every heartbeat of his heart echoed the vibration of the battle ax, and every thought he had could be transformed into the power of thunder on the axe.

He is no longer a simple warrior, but has become the incarnation of thunder, the most powerful existence in the world. He struck down with the axe. At that moment, time seemed to freeze and the space trembled.

The space between heaven and earth seemed to be torn apart by an invisible force, revealing the secrets hidden deep in the universe.

"Boom boom boom boom——"

With this deafening roar, the whole world was shaken.

Billions of thunders burst out from the battle axe. They were like giant silver dragons, roaring in the air, releasing the power of destroying the world.

These thunders were not only as fast as lightning, but also contained destructive energy. They intertwined and collided in the air, forming brilliant lightning networks that decorated the entire sky as bright as day.

The death power and the sword of the night sky controlled by Hela seemed so fragile under the impact of this thunder power.

They seemed to contain the purest energy in the universe, and each one accurately locked onto the death power released by Hela, just like a falcon hunting a rabbit, swift and deadly.

Those originally raging black torrents were like fallen leaves blown up by the strong wind. They were torn and shattered one by one by the power of thunder, and finally turned into little black lights and disappeared into the invisible.

Hela looked very embarrassed at the moment.

Her death power was once an unparalleled existence in Asgard, able to easily swallow up life and reduce all things to nothingness.

But in this land that does not belong to her, her power is greatly weakened. The black torrents condensed by the power of death are like fragile bubbles under the raging thunder, bursting at the touch and dissipating without a trace.

Facing Thor's almost unstoppable thunderous wrath, all she could do was barely resist, trying to find a glimmer of hope.

Thor threw the Thunder God's Battle Ax at Hela. At this moment, the Thunder God's Battle Ax was carrying Pei Ran Mo Yu. It was invincible and could cut everything. It was an unstoppable force and struck Hela's body the moment it was released!

It's too fast to dodge or block!

Hela groaned, and the violent thunder and lightning on Thor's Axe exploded, instantly shattering most of her body and turning it into ashes!

Then Thor took back Thor's Axe and walked towards Hela holding it.

Hela, who only had her torso and head left, was not dead yet, but because she was not in Asgard, her recovery speed had become extremely slow.

"My sister, next, I will use my divine power to seal you like my father, and the sentence is forever!"

Thor's strength at this time far exceeded Hela's. After all, Thor's Axe was an upgraded version of Storm Axe, which was forged by the fusion of Hellfire, Mjolnir, and his own divine power.

In addition, the Saiyans beat him several times, making him die. The current Thor is stronger than the Thor who had just forged the axe in the original plot. Even if Hela returned to Asgard and strengthened to the peak, Thor was not unable to fight her.

He had been restraining his thunder and lightning power before, just to see if Hela could turn back.

After confirming that it was impossible, Thor became serious.

Chapter 849 The New World Devil May Cries!

The 84th Devil May Cries!

Thor's normal power is less than 1%, but when it comes to seriousness, his power instantly rises to more than 10%, enough to shake the stars. It ignores the ultra-high temperature of neutron stars that can melt everything, and can even wave with a wave of his hand. The battle ax with concentrated

divine power splits apart asteroids blocking the way forward, displaying jaw-dropping destructive power.

Only when dealing with Saiyans, Thor will go all out, as for his sister.

Although it is very strong, it is just that.

"Thor..."

Hela didn't surrender, she just looked at Thor with hatred and unwillingness.

Tony flew over. The big scene just now really scared him. Through Super Jarvis' calculation and analysis, Thor released a hundred times the energy of all the lightning energy in the earth from the beginning of its life to the present!

Such terrifying energy was completely concentrated in this small area by Thor, and it did not even go deep underground to destroy it. One can imagine the degree of control Thor has over his own power.

Otherwise, according to calculations, at least it is not impossible for the land beneath our feet to sink.

"Stark, the matter has been resolved and it's time for me to leave."

Thor said to Tony.

"Ah, um, oh."

Tony didn't know what to say for a moment. Thor had always been the force leader of their team. Although he didn't look as powerful as a fat green man or a Smurf soldier, he didn't expect Thor to be far more powerful now. them.

After Luther, Thor was the second guy who made Tony feel like he was drifting away and losing his book.

The gap is too big. Will the elephant care about the ant?

Luther had already looked here when Sol and Hela were fighting.

"Awesome, Thor."

Luther can see through Thor's current energy, he is truly a cosmic powerhouse, the kind that Thanos can't do without the infinite stones.

Thanos in this universe has also become more powerful. In the previous war, Luther almost taught Thanos step by step how to use the Infinity Stones, toying with Thanos to applause. After Thanos successfully escapes, he will definitely Delve into the power of the Infinity Stones.

Rather than being as rough as the original plot, with Thanos's wisdom, Luther feels that Thanos should now be able to catch up with version 3.0 of himself.

Of course, Luther is now version 10.0.

"It's time."

Luther came back for a while and planned to continue exploring the new world.

So he traveled through time again.

Luther stood by the abandoned pier. The sea breeze was slightly cool and salty, gently brushing his face, as if it was a unique welcome ceremony of the sea.

The blue ocean in front of us is vast and sparkling. The distant skyline and the sea interweave into a breathtaking picture, which makes people involuntarily awe.

The next moment, he was standing in front of a small town.

The streets of the town are so clean that they can almost reflect people's shadows. Every stone slab seems to have been carefully polished, exuding a faint historical luster.

The buildings on both sides are mostly designed with spires, and the colorful glass windows reflect the charming brilliance in the sunlight, revealing a strong religious atmosphere.

Luther strolled down the street. Wherever he looked, almost every resident was wearing a white hood. As a melodious and deep bell rang, the town instantly became quiet.

The residents stopped one after another, clasped their hands, closed their eyes and bowed their heads, and began their daily prayers. Luther also stopped, realizing that any interruption at this sacred moment would be disrespectful.

When the bells ended, the people of the town resumed action.

Luther walked through several narrow streets, and Luther came to the center of the town - a huge stone monument. This stone monument stands there as if it is the guardian of the island, standing firm despite the wind and rain.

While Luther was idle and bored, he had already read the information about everyone in the entire town.

"I didn't expect to come to this world."

Luther clicked his tongue.

This is an isolated island, Fuduna!

The name of the town is "Destiny Town", and the most peculiar thing is that most of the residents here are believers.

And unlike believers in the outside world, they do not believe in gods, but in devils!

Magic Swordsman Sparda!

This is the world of "Devil May Cry"!

Demon Swordsman Sparda, in the distant past, when Mondes, the emperor of the demon world, was ambitious and intended to cross the boundaries and conquer the human world, it was he who single-handedly stepped forward and used his unparalleled swordsmanship. With firm belief, he defended the peace of the human world.

Sparda's name has since become the embodiment of courage and justice. His deeds have been passed down orally among the people and have been given a mythical color.

In Fortuna, Sparta once left his footprints, and that time seemed to have given the island a golden glow.

His bravery and wisdom not only conquered the devil, but also deeply affected the residents of the island.

As a result, a group of people full of infinite respect and worship for Sparta gathered. They called themselves the "Demon Sword Order", with Sparta as their spiritual leader, and were committed to protecting this land from demons. At the same time, they also passed annual The "Magic Sword Festival" commemorates Sparta's "great sacrifice" and passes on his spirit forever.

The Order of the Demon Sword, this seemingly contradictory but powerful organization, their belief is not the worship of gods in the traditional sense, but the infinite respect for the demon hero of Sparta.

They believe that by imitating the Spartan fighting style, they can purify themselves, gain strength, and then protect this land.

Therefore, the members of the cult not only practice swordsmanship every day, but also go out on patrol regularly to find and expel the demons who try to invade the island.

However, this belief is also accompanied by a certain degree of extreme color.

For the Demon Sword Cult, any existence that threatens their beliefs or the safety of the island is a "heresy" that must be eliminated.

This almost paranoid piety makes them often take the most direct and violent means when facing demons.

Therefore, on the island of Fortuna, the Demon Sword Cult is the ruler who controls violence and criminal law.

However, Luther is not interested in understanding these, he just laments that he has just come to the world of Devil May Cry.

It seems that Devil May Cry 4 has just started?

Or is Nero still a little kid now?

Luther took a look, well, Nero is now a rebellious teenager, not a little kid.

This version of Nero is called "Cream Nero", handsome and tender.

Compared with the gangster Nero who came later, the style is completely different, and it even makes people wonder if someone else has played the role.

Chapter 850 Cream Nero

Luther felt that the sun in the Devil May Cry world gave him a different feeling.

The feeling brought by the stars in other worlds is warm, and the feeling brought by the sun in Devil May Cry is very special.

It's cold and hot, just like the nine heavens of water and fire.

I don't know what impact such a sun will have on me.

As Luther went deeper, a majestic and spectacular building gradually came into view. It was the branch of the Magic Sword Order in Destiny Town - a church that combined holiness and majesty.

The church towers into the sky, its spire pointing straight into the sky like a sharp sword, as if it can penetrate the clouds and touch the realm of the gods. Under the afterglow of the setting sun, the outline of the church is coated with a faint golden glow, adding a bit of solemnity and mystery.

The architectural style of the church perfectly integrates the essence of Western religion and unique creativity. Every brick and tile reveals the craftsmen's exquisite skills and devotion to their faith.

The front is engraved with complex and exquisite patterns, including scenes from biblical stories and symbols of strength and protection, making people involuntarily awe.

The door of the church is closed, and the heavy wooden door is inlaid with an iron cross, which is both a guide to believers and a warning to evil forces.

Although the streets outside the church are not as prosperous as the city center, they still have their own lively scene. Vendors were shouting one after another, selling all kinds of goods, from daily necessities to magic props.

People either passed by in a hurry or stopped to chat, their faces filled with love for life and longing for the future. However, in this tranquility and harmony, Luther was keenly aware of an unusual atmosphere, which was an indescribable sense of oppression unique to the Demon Sword Order.

Standing at the entrance of the church, two knights in uniforms of the order stood there like patron saints. Their presence made everything around them insignificant.

The uniforms of these knights are mainly pure white, symbolizing their purity and nobility; and the swords hanging on their waists are their weapons to defend their faith and protect peace.

The design of the uniform pays attention to both practicality and beauty. The long hem swings gently in the wind, which not only shows the heroic appearance of the knights, but will not become a burden in battle.

The red patterns are particularly eye-catching on the white uniforms. They are like flowing flames, adding a bit of warmth and vitality to the cold armor.

These patterns are not only decorations, but also symbols of the identity and status of the order. Each one contains profound meaning and power.

The knights wear white hoods that complement their uniforms, and the white helmets hidden under the hoods are an important symbol of their identity.

The design of these helmets is full of the charm of medieval knights. The Y-shaped "hollow" design on the front not only allows the knights' faces to be revealed, but also adds a bit of mystery and majesty.

The material of the helmet is strong and durable, capable of resisting attacks from all directions and protecting the knights' heads.

The combination of hoods and helmets completely hides the knights' faces in darkness and shadows, making it difficult for people to glimpse their true expressions and inner world.

"The Demonic Sword Festival."

Luther didn't alarm anyone. He just came over to take a look. In the church, the soft light shone through the stained glass windows, casting dappled light and shadow. Gillie's singing was like the sound of nature, melodious and solemn, echoing in every corner. .

She was using her pure and flawless voice to sing the praises of Sparta's bravery and sacrifice, which was the highest respect for the brave and the memory of the glorious past.

Luther stood outside the church, listening quietly, with a gentle smile on his face.

However, this tranquility did not last long.

Luther's eyes suddenly became sharp, as if he could see into all the secrets in the darkness.

He looked across the roof of the church to the dark alley in the distance. There, a group of black demonic insects were flying silently. They were small in size, but they contained evil power from the demonic world.

These demonic insects have no intelligence and only act on instinct, but once there are enough, they can gather into a terrifying and terrifying existence.

As Luther watched, the demonic insects seemed to be summoned by some kind of summons, and they gathered deep into the alley, and finally disappeared into the darkness.

Immediately afterwards, a harsh sound of metal friction pierced the night sky. Along with this weird sound, a twisted figure slowly walked out from the depths of the alley. That was the devil scarecrow.

Its body was pieced together from old sacks, as if it were a monster crawling out of a garbage heap. Every movement seemed so uncoordinated, yet revealed an unspeakable horror.

On the "right arm", a blood-stained executioner's knife glowed coldly in the sun. Every time he waved it, it seemed to split the air and bring the smell of death.

Although the scarecrow walks staggeringly, its speed is amazing.

This is just the prelude on the eve of the Demonic Sword Festival, and the real test is yet to come.

Nero's footsteps echoed on the stone road leading to the festival, and every step seemed urgent and determined.

Suddenly, the ground seemed to be torn apart by an invisible force, and a huge pit suddenly appeared in front of Nero. The speed was staggering.

Immediately afterwards, a black shadow rose into the air from the pit, turned into a streamlined black shadow, and headed straight for Nero.

It was not a natural thing, but a strange "spherical creature". When it approached Nero, it suddenly spread its limbs, revealing sharp claws and a mouth full of fangs. It was a demon called the Assault Demon Soldier.

Facing this sudden attack, Nero's face was not panicked at all. His eyes became colder, as if he had expected it all.

He did not choose to dodge, but stretched out his bandaged hand in an almost provocative manner.

The Assault Demon Soldier roared, and its sharp claws cut through the air, attacking Nero with the momentum of tearing everything apart.

However, when its claws touched Nero's arm, it was like hitting a copper wall, leaving only a few inconspicuous white marks.

Nero sneered, and his palm suddenly exerted force, easily breaking through the defense line constructed by the Assault Demon Soldier's claws, and grabbed its triangular head like catching prey.

The force was so great that the Assault Demon Soldier could not break free and could only let out a series of shrill cries. Nero showed no mercy and threw the demon like a sandbag, slamming it into a towering tree nearby.

"Boom!" With a loud noise, the tree shook violently, and the trunk was instantly covered with cracks, as if it would break at any time.