

Kryptonian 881

Chapter 881 The toy is done!

As soon as Nero said this, Luther asked Nero to find Dante.

He thought it would be better to let Dante do this.

Because only in this way can he achieve his goal.

Otherwise, it would be a bit meaningless.

Nero shuttled through the bustling crowd and finally came to Dante's retro-style office.

Pushing open the slightly shabby wooden door, a smell mixed with the smell of coffee and old books came to my face, as if I had traveled to another time and space in an instant.

"Hey kid, why do you come to see me when you have time?"

Dante's voice came from the back room, a bit lazy and unruly.

Nero walked directly to Dante and conveyed Luther's message to him without much greeting.

After Dante heard this, a playful smile appeared on his lips, and his eyes shone with excitement.

The Demonic Sword Order contacted the officials, who were willing to pay a large sum of money as funding for the operation.

The Demonic Sword Order has not only developed in recent years, but has also established a relationship with the government.

The officials are also aware of the existence of demons, but the demon hunters and troops they have trained cannot deal with them.

Coupled with this time in Red Tomb City, they saw an unprecedented crisis.

If the Magic Sword Order hadn't acted quickly, so many people in Red Tomb City would have become victims of this disaster.

Therefore, the official expressed their attitude and strongly supported the Demon Sword Order.

There is no shortage of funds for various operations, not to mention the cost of hiring Dante?

Although Dante will act even if he has no money, he will not sit idly by as long as he is a devil.

And Luther didn't plan to give him money this time.

"Okay, I accept this task. But, you know, I always have my own rules for doing things."

Dante said.

Nero was well prepared. He took out a pre-prepared "pizza coupon" from his pocket, which was actually a promise letter specially customized by the Magic Sword Order to "eat free pizza for a year."

"Free pizza for a year???"

Dante's eyes lit up instantly, as if he had seen the most beautiful thing in the world.

"That's right."

Nero said with a smile that after knowing what his cousin liked, he felt that his father was really targeted at helping the poor.

Because if you give money, you will definitely be cheated by Trish and Letty, not to mention the various utility bills, gas bills and the like that Morrison urges.

But if it is this kind of thing, it would be the best for Dante.

Dante doesn't need utility bills anyway, and the man can tolerate not flushing the toilet for a month.

But I can't stand not eating pizza for a month.

Dante took the "pizza coupon" and carefully put it into his pocket, as if it were some rare treasure.

"But where do I go to exchange it?"

Dante suddenly thought of this question.

"Luther said he would let someone open a pizza shop next to your office and provide you with any pizza you want."

Nero then said.

"Yeah?"

Dante was very satisfied, it was so good.

Although there is no way to cash it out yet.

"Let's go and kill that guy named Yurizen."

Dante knew Nero's strength. The demon king Yuri who appeared out of nowhere was actually able to defeat him. Naturally, Dante would not despise him.

But to say how much attention it takes, that's not necessarily the case.

Then, the two of them were quickly beaten into dogs.

After all, Yuri has absorbed the blood fruits of tens of thousands of people this time, and his strength far exceeds the original plot. Unless Dante becomes a real demon, there is still a chance of a battle.

As for Dante now, the version is seriously lagging behind.

Dante, who was beaten into a dog, followed Nero to the Demon Sword Order in embarrassment.

This time, they planned to take action against Luther.

Dante didn't believe it. He and Luther's two cousins joined forces, couldn't they deal with Urizen?

"Dante, the Great Sword of Rebellion and the Sword of Sparta are the sources of power left by the magic swordsman Sparta. The notes left by my father record that what you lack now is just the accumulation of magic power, and Sparta's The sword has what you need."

Luther was not interested in procrastinating any longer and began to take the initiative to speed up the plot.

"Really? What should I do?"

Dante did not doubt Luther's words, but he did not expect such a thing. His father did not say it, but his cousin did.

"It's very simple, you stab yourself through the Sword of Sparta, and then stab yourself through the Sword of Rebellion."

Luther demonstrates to Dante.

"Is this okay?"

Dante felt that he had been stabbed by various things. This was not the first time he had been stabbed by the Sword of Rebellion, and he didn't see any difference.

But he finally tried to go back and get the Spartan Sword to try.

Then, Dante successfully absorbed the Sword of Rebellion and the Sword of Sparta, completed the accumulation of magic power, and became a "true demon".

The true devil is similar in nature to the true devil in Devil May Cry 2. It is a complete demonic form that is superior to the devil.

Compared with the real devil in Devil May Cry 2, the shape has more Warcraft colors and a wild (rage) feel. Its body is a hard black carapace, and it has two pairs of wings separated up and down.

The two pairs of wings, the inside of the body and the head are filled with blazing energy.

Can summon the magic sword Dante to fight.

When Dante pierced his body with the Blade of Rebellion, he merged with the Demon Sword Rebellion and absorbed the power of the Demon Sword Sparta, giving birth to his own Demon Sword Dante.

It also awakened his True Demon form. If Demon Dante is the form of Dante as a half-human, half-demon, using the power of the devil, then the True Demon is the form of him completely transformed into a devil.

According to Nicole, Dante is considered "perhaps more powerful than the legendary Demon Swordsman Sparta" in the True Demon state.

In the final battle with Virgil, the latter (Virgil) has shown that he also gained this form (True Demon Form) by eating the fruit of Qliphoth before, which shows that they can control and use their own demonic power in different ways to upgrade to the True Demon state.

Luther speculated that they did not have such power before because they did not accumulate enough magic power.

Rather than the Sword of Sparta being a necessity, after all, Virgil is a good example.

"Is this the real power?"

Dante felt that with such power, he could defeat any enemy!

So he went to Yurizen again, but this time Luther brought "V" with him.

He couldn't wait to see the man's return, and then turn him into his toy.

V watched Dante fight fiercely and defeated Yurizen, and then he was thrown from the sky onto Yurizen's body.

Chapter 882 Dad Beats His Son

"Go ahead, V."

These were the words V heard when he was dropped from the sky.

But he didn't hesitate. After landing on Yurizeng, he pierced the cane into Yurizeng's body without saying a word!

Dante noticed something was wrong when V fell from the sky, but he was too late to stop it.

V's crutch pierced Yurizen's body.

As the crutch deepened, a terrifying and powerful dark blue magic burst out, like an undercurrent in the deep sea, sweeping across the entire battlefield in an instant.

This power not only comes from the evil and madness contained in Yurizeng's body, but also integrates V's humanity.

Under the influence of this force, Virgil's humanity and demonic nature began to fluctuate violently, as if two torrents were seeking integration and balance in a fierce collision.

The space seemed to have lost its original rules at this moment and became fragmented.

Pieces of space fragments that are as clear as glass and crystal slowly fall down. They are not broken in the ordinary sense, but maintain their integrity in a strange way, sinking into nothingness without interfering with each other.

This scene is both beautiful and strange. It seems to be the most complex pattern in the universe, silently telling the philosophy of existence and disappearance.

When everything settled, a brand new figure slowly turned around and stood with his back to everyone. It was Virgil, but not just Virgil.

At this moment, his humanity and demonic nature reached an unprecedented harmony and unity, and he became his true self - a being that was neither purely human nor purely demonic, but an existence that transcended the boundaries between the two.

His eyes shone with a light that was both gentle and cold, a sign of relief from the past and determination for the future.

Since Yuri had already swallowed the fruit of the magic tree Qliphoth before the merger, this power from the ancient magic was perfectly absorbed by Vergil, further strengthening his abilities.

During this transformation, Virgil finally awakened to his ultimate form - the True Demon.

"Long time no see, Dante."

Virgil turned around slowly, his deep eyes filled with complex emotions of reunion after a long absence, as well as the desire for the upcoming battle.

Dante looked at Virgil with mixed feelings in his heart. The grievances and hatreds between brothers are as indescribable as these long years.

"Yeah, long time no see, Virgil."

Dante took a breath, then responded, with a hint of imperceptible fatigue in his voice.

The fierce battle with the enhanced version of Yurizeng just now consumed him a lot of physical strength and magic power, but even so, he still straightened his back, unwilling to show any weakness in front of his brother.

"But now, hand over the Yama Demon Sword to me!"

Dante's tone suddenly became firm. It was his insistence on the family relics and his own beliefs.

The Yama Sword, a mysterious weapon that can cut through space and connect the worlds of humans and demons, has always been the focus of competition between the brothers.

Not to mention that Virgil has caused such big trouble now.

Virgil smiled slightly, with both mockery and helplessness in his smile.

"Then get it yourself."

He spoke lightly, as if he had expected this moment to come.

Before he finished speaking, the two of them started moving almost at the same time, intertwining like two lightning bolts.

The magic sword Dante in Dante's hand shone with the light of flames, and collided with the dark Yama sword in Vergil's hand, creating dazzling sparks, accompanied by a deafening roar.

However, due to the previous fierce battle, Dante's physical strength was obviously at a disadvantage. Virgil easily blocked Dante's attack and took the opportunity to use the scabbard as a spear to stab Dante in the chest.

The blow was as fast as lightning and as cruel as a poisonous snake, catching Dante off guard.

"Poof!" There was a muffled sound, and Dante was shaken back a few steps by the huge impact. A trace of blood spilled from the corner of his mouth, but he quickly stabilized his body with amazing willpower.

He quickly grabbed the scabbard and used the force to fly out. At the same time, he threw the scabbard towards Virgil, trying to take this opportunity to fight back.

Virgil's eyes flashed, and the Yama Sword caught the flying scabbard accurately, but the powerful force still forced him to take a few steps back, and the ground under his feet was shaken to the point of cracking cracks.

The air between the two seemed to be frozen, and there was only the sound of each other's heavy breathing and the faint sound of wind in the distance.

"Dante, what's going on?"

Nero didn't understand what was happening.

"Get out of here, Nero, this is no battle for you."

Dante took a deep breath and turned to look at Nero, his eyes full of seriousness.

His words were full of care and protection for his descendants.

The next thing is about myself and Virgil.

But was Nero a man who gave up easily? He held the magic sword Apophis tightly in his hand.

"I don't care so much!"

he shouted, rushing towards Virgil.

In his opinion, being able to fight against such a strong player is an excellent opportunity to improve his strength and a stage to prove his worth.

Virgil looked at Nero who was rushing towards him, with a flash of surprise in his eyes.

Naturally, he didn't know this young demon hunter, but Yurizen's memory gave him a certain understanding of Nero.

He raised his hand, and the Yama Sword and the scabbard merged into one, easily blocking Nero's attack.

"Nice weapon."

Virgil's comment is brief and to the point, but the meaning contained in it is profound. He not only recognized Nero's strength, but also implicitly disdained Nero's immaturity.

In his opinion, although Nero has potential, it will take time for him to be on par with himself.

However, it was this contempt that inspired Nero's deeper fighting spirit.

"Really? Then try this!"

Nero was not to be outdone, and his left hand quickly pulled out the blue rose from his back.

With two gunshots, "bang bang!" The bullets cut through the air and rushed straight to Virgil.

But Virgil just gently waved the scabbard of the Yama Sword, and the two seemingly powerful bullets were as if they encountered an invisible barrier and were easily bounced off.

Nero was not discouraged by this, but became more excited. He knew that in order to defeat an opponent like Virgil, a single means of attack was far from enough.

So, he began to change his tactics flexibly, sometimes swinging his sword and attacking fiercely, and sometimes shooting from a distance, trying to find Virgil's flaws.

His movements became more and more smooth, and every attack was full of wisdom and courage, as if he was racing against time to fight for the fleeting chance of victory.

Dante was watching the battle silently, looking for a chance to intervene.

The opportunity came in the blink of an eye, because Virgil had no reason to let him go.

Virgil suddenly flashed, and the Yama Blade instantly turned into a black light, rushing towards Nero's chest.

That was the Dimension Slash, a terrifying skill that could cut through space, and even Dante had to deal with it with all his strength.

Chapter 883: The Tile Thrower

Nero reacted very quickly. Almost driven by instinct, he held the magic sword Apophis across his chest in an attempt to resist the fatal blow.

However, when Dimensional Slash really touched the sword, the force that tore apart the space still made him take a few steps back involuntarily, his face as pale as paper.

Only then did he truly realize that the gap between him and Virgil was much wider than he imagined.

At this time, Dante also found the opportunity to intervene.

He flashed and appeared between Nero and Vergil, blocking Vergil's next blow with the magic sword Dante.

"That's enough, Virgil, he still needs to grow."

Dante said.

"You'd better go and take a rest, Dante."

Virgil looked at Dante panting like an ox. His body was too weak and he didn't know who to follow.

He had no intention of continuing to fight Dante.

After pulling out the Yama Demon Sword, he swung the sword to split the space.

The spatial crack in the cross quickly expanded into a passage, and Virgil walked in.

Dante wanted to follow, but the passage had disappeared.

"What's going on, Dante?"

Nero was confused, where could such a powerful person appear?

Where is Yurizen?

Dante's figure looked particularly tired, and every breath was accompanied by heavy breathing, as if his body was bearing an unspeakable burden.

Virgil's sudden appearance was like thunder piercing the night sky, which not only shocked Dante, but also made Nero beside him feel more confused and nervous than ever before.

Nero's eyes wandered between Dante and Vergil, who had disappeared into the cracks in space, and his heart was filled with doubts and uneasiness.

"He still chose this path..."

Dante whispered to himself, with both frustration and relief in his voice.

He turned to face Nero, with complex emotions flashing in his eyes, and slowly told the story between him and Virgil - a long chapter about brothers, strength and sacrifice.

"He disappeared in pursuit of power, but now, he is back with even greater power and an obsession that has never changed."

Dante paused and looked into the distance, as if there were words he had not finished speaking there.

The difference from the original plot is that there is no plot of father and son recognizing each other. Now the main thing is that Dante feels that he has to deal with his brother and get back the Yama Sword, so as not to give Luther and Nero their cousins, uncles and nephews. What trouble it caused.

"In this case, Dante, you alone are no match for him!"

After hearing this, Nero was shocked that there was such a mess, but he quickly realized the problem.

"I'll find Luther. If he joins forces with you, he will definitely be able to deal with Virgil. Then there may be no need to kill your brother."

Nero persuaded very sensibly.

The original plot was that without Luther, Nero himself was the third most powerful person in the world, so he was anxious and at a loss.

It's different now. His father, Luther, must also be very strong. He is unfathomable. It's impossible to tell how strong Luther is.

"Luther?"

"Perhaps he can really be the key to this battle."

Dante was also hesitant. If possible, he didn't want to kill his brother. After all, he finally came back.

It was only because Virgil was so stubborn that Dante had to kill him.

Frankly speaking, Dante didn't have much confidence in this battle. He could feel that Vergil's power was almost the same as his, and maybe even Vergil's power was a little stronger.

You must know that he evolved and awakened the "True Demon" after merging the demonic power accumulated by his father, the demon swordsman Sparda for two thousand years. How could Vergil satisfy such a huge gap in demonic power?

Is the fruit of the Demonic Tree Against Kabbalah really that powerful?

Can it even surpass the demonic power accumulated by the magic swordsman Sparta for two thousand years?

Luther's strength is unfathomable, and may even surpass himself.

Dante has never actually fought alongside Luther, and isn't sure he wants to get involved in the fraternal feud. However, he is willing to try anything possible to stop Virgil.

"Luther, he has a power similar to mine, and may even be more powerful. If we can join forces, we may have a chance to quell this dispute without hurting Vergil."

Dante's voice is full of anticipation and worry. He hopes to find a solution to the problem, but he is also afraid that this move will open more family rifts.

"Okay, I'm going to find Luther! We must stop Virgil!"

Nero's eyes flashed with determination. He turned to leave, but was stopped by Dante.

"Nero, proceed with caution. Luther may... have his own ideas and plans."

Dante's words were full of tenderness and helplessness. He knew that this family dispute was far more complicated and cruel than any battle in the outside world.

"Don't worry, I will definitely be able to convince Luther."

Nero left quickly.

It's not like he really wants to run back to Fudu to find Luther. Isn't there a phone booth on the roadside?

I don't know why this phone booth can still be opened since it was rolled up to the magic tree.

Nero quickly dialed the number, and Credo answered the phone.

"Credo, where is Luther?"

Nero said quickly.

"The leader has already left. He said that when you call, he will be here soon."

Credo didn't know why Luther would say this, and he expected it to happen.

"Really?"

Nero didn't expect that Luther had already set off, which made him feel surprised and happy.

Then Nero soon saw Luther.

"Nero."

Luther fell to the ground.

"Luther!"

Nero was very excited and said quickly.

"Come on, let's sort everything out."

Luther intervened at this time, naturally to complete the last step.

Defeat Virgil and keep this man on the road to pursuing Pova!

V's humanity is not as strong as in the original plot, so Vergil's current character is probably only a little better than before.

This is also what Luther wanted.

"Hey Luther, long time no see."

Dante saw Luther and said hello.

"Long time no see. It looks like you gathered your own magic sword and came out."

Luther looked at Dante and said.

"That's right."

Dante summoned the magic sword Dante.

"Luther, it seems that you were able to become a true demon many years ago?"

Dante then asked. He remembered that when he was in Fortuna, Luther told him and Nero about the magic swordsman Apophis, and that they both condensed their own magic swords.

Although Dante knew that he was using a weapon condensed with his own demonic power, he could see just how strong Luther was.

He guessed that Demon Sword Apophis might also be the magic sword left behind by Demon Swordsman Apophis!

Chapter 884 Brothers' Battle

It's just useless to know, because it seems that Luther has no interest in absorbing the demonic power of the magic sword Apophis.

So Dante didn't say anything.

"Yes, when I was in the demon world, I kept killing demons, absorbing their demonic power, and then I woke up."

Luther nodded and said.

Dante was speechless. He awakened after killing demons in the demon world. Then why didn't his brother awaken?

Could it be that they are treated differently?

"Very good. In this case, we will be sure to catch Virgil."

Nero said immediately.

Dante thought about it and felt that Vergil's power was not much stronger than his own, not to mention that there was Luther who had awakened the True Demon a long time ago, who knows how many years ago.

This is sure!

The advantage is mine!

Fortunately Luther was not a certain person, otherwise he would have been milked to death.

The three of them came to the depths of the Demonic Tree Reverse Kabbalah and saw Virgil sitting with his back to a tree.

Then a drumbeat of unknown meaning sounded.

"Hey, Virgil!"

Dante's voice echoed in the open space, with a bit of unruly and provocation, as if he was declaring war on the past, and also as if he was confirming whether the person in front of him was still the familiar but unfamiliar brother in his memory.

His steps were firm and powerful, with each step showing his desire for victory and letting go of the past.

"Your days of opening portals at every turn are over!"

"Give me the Yama Sword."

Virgil turned his back to him, sitting in front of the big tree, like a sculpture, quiet and solemn.

His figure elongated in the faint light, blending into the surrounding darkness. Only his blue eyes flashed with a complicated light at the moment he turned around - it was the nostalgia for the past and the current situation. Helplessness and determination for the future.

"You have to get it yourself if you want it."

Virgil's words were concise and powerful, and every word seemed to burst out from the depths of his heart, with unquestionable determination.

This sentence is not only a declaration of the ownership of Yan Mo Dao, but also a summary of the countless battles and reconciliations between the two.

Memories came flooding in, taking the two back to that carefree childhood.

At that time, they didn't know what responsibility or sacrifice was. They only knew that they could fight over a toy, a wooden sword, or even a compliment from their father.

Virgil's collection of poems, the book he regarded as a treasure, was also one of the focuses of their dispute. Although they often quarreled at that time, their innocent brotherhood was so real and warm.

However, as they grow older, the gears of fate begin to slowly turn, pushing them onto different paths.

In pursuit of greater power, Virgil did not hesitate to team up with the devil and embarked on a path full of blood and sacrifice; while Dante chose protection and justice and became a bridge between humans and devils.

Their choices caused the brothers to drift apart and eventually became each other's most powerful enemies.

"You already know these rules."

Virgil's words broke the silence again, and his eyes showed both nostalgia for the past and determination for the future.

He knew that no matter what happened in the past, no matter how deep the grudge between them was, today, they must come to an end.

Dante nodded, and the dark sword in his hand seemed to feel the will of its master, emitting an even more blazing light. He understood that this battle was not only for the Yan Demon Sword, but also for the past, present and future between them.

As the two of them got closer, the surrounding air seemed to freeze, and even the cold wind lost its former arrogance and became extremely quiet.

This is a war without gunpowder, but it is more intense and cruel than any other battle. Because what they have to face is not only the strength and skills of the other party, but also the fear and struggle deep in their own hearts.

"It's time for closure, Virgil!"

Dante's voice rang out in the silence, like thunder. He waved the dark magic sword and took a stance, preparing for the upcoming battle.

There was both determination and reluctance in his eyes, because he knew that once this battle began, something between them would never be undone.

Virgil also put away his smile, gently pushed the blade away with his thumb, and the Yama Sword bloomed with dazzling light in his hand. He looked at Dante, a complex emotion flashing in his eyes.

"I won't lose to you...brother!"

This sentence is both a challenge and a promise. He will use his actions to prove that even if he embarks on a dark path, he is still the strongest warrior.

With a deafening roar, the two figures instantly intertwined and started a thrilling battle.

The sky seemed to be torn apart by the endless will to fight, and the clouds were dispersed by the turbulent air waves again and again, and then quickly gathered again, as if even the laws of nature were giving way to this century-old battle.

All around, there is quiet and oppressive darkness. Only in this small area, light and power intertwine to form the most gorgeous picture.

The grudges between them were like undercurrents in the abyss, complex and deep. Years of separation and confrontation seemed to condense into sparks from every collision in the air at this moment.

Dante's figure shuttled across the battlefield like a ghost, and the scarlet phantom sword drew gorgeous trajectories in the air, each slash carrying destructive power.

However, these seemingly indestructible attacks seemed so fragile in front of Virgil's deep blue magic.

Virgil's movements were steady and precise. Every block and every counterattack revealed his innate fighting talent as a descendant of Sparta.

The Yama Blade in his hand was not only a weapon, but also an extension of his soul. Every swing was accompanied by a surge of deep blue magic, as if it could cut through space and tear apart all obstacles.

"Beowulf" is not just a magic tool. It is a witness to Virgil's past glory and a capable assistant in his fight against powerful enemies.

When the set of caged hands and feet with flowing light covered his whole body, Virgil's strength and speed were unprecedentedly improved.

His punches and kicks contained enough power to shake the mountains. Even Dante's equally powerful punches and kicks were resolved by him one by one, showing a calmness and confidence that was almost like a god.

Seeing this, Dante turned into a shadow and did several backflips, cleverly avoiding Virgil's fatal blow.

At the same time, the magic power in his body surged wildly, condensing into a ferocious motorcycle "Heavy Cavalry". This is not just a motorcycle, it is a symbol of Dante's power and the mount he rides on the battlefield.

Chapter 885 The Battle between the True Demons

As the locomotive roared, flames spurted out, and Dante rushed towards Virgil like a burning meteor with an unstoppable momentum.

Faced with Dante's sudden attack, Virgil did not panic at all.

He sneered, holding the narrow Yama Sword and the Phantom Sword in his hands at the same time, crossing the two swords, and lowering his body, like a cheetah ready to go.

With a sudden step, the ground collapsed instantly, and Virgil's figure turned into a deep blue meteor, colliding fiercely with Dante's scarlet drill.

At that moment, the sky and the earth seemed to change color, the air waves overflowed, and the space was distorted. The two completely different forces reached the peak confrontation at this moment.

The huge collision sound shook the surrounding space again like thunder, and the stirred air waves were like a raging tsunami, sweeping every inch of air, and rolling the surrounding dust and gravel into the distance.

Virgil and Dante, these two fateful opponents, stood on opposite sides of each other again after countless confrontations. Their eyes showed both a deep understanding of each other and an inextinguishable will to fight.

Virgil's figure gradually solidified after a wave of illusory fluctuations. He waved his hand lightly, and the phantom swords that had been following him disappeared instantly, replaced by the Yama Sword he held tightly in his hand.

This legendary magic weapon, even before it was unsheathed, had already exuded a heart-pounding chill.

Virgil's eyes were calm and deep, as if he could see through everything in the world. He was not in a hurry to attack, but in an almost artistic manner, he slowly mobilized the magic power in his body to prepare for the upcoming battle.

The battle between the two had long surpassed the collision of the flesh, but rose to a contest of magic power and will.

Virgil took a deep breath and began to adjust his state. His heartbeat and breathing gradually synchronized with the frequency of the magic power around him, as if the whole world was providing him with strength.

Dante, on the other hand, used a more direct method, inserting the magic sword Dante deeply into his chest. This action seemed like self-mutilation, but it was actually his secret method to stimulate his potential.

With the outbreak of scarlet magic, Dante's body underwent amazing changes. Two pairs of huge dragon-like wings suddenly spread out. They not only provided Dante with the ability to fly, but also became the source of his power.

At this moment, Dante was no longer a simple human or demon, but a perfect combination of the two - the true demon form.

His eyes flashed with the light of madness and wisdom, and the boiling scarlet magic surrounded his body, like a giant beast that had just escaped from hell, ready to devour all obstacles.

He wielded the magic sword that was split by the injection of magic power. Every slash was accompanied by a deafening roar, and the space seemed to tremble under his sword.

Facing Dante's strong transformation, Virgil also showed his true power as the son of Sparta.

He also released deep blue magic, which came from his deep desire for power and his persistence in fighting.

As the magic surged, Virgil's body was covered with dark scales. These scales were not only indestructible, but also contained amazing magic.

His eyes turned deep blue, as if he could see through people's hearts and all illusions. The wide dragon wings slowly spread out behind him, and each scale shone with a deep blue luster, like the brightest star in the night sky.

Virgil's true demon form is a perfect fusion of humanity and demonic nature. He used the wisdom of humanity as a guide and the power of demonic nature as a support to create this extraordinary existence.

The phantom swords around him reappeared. These weapons condensed by magic power, like loyal guards, surrounded him and resisted attacks from all directions for him.

And his pair of blue fire long swords condensed by magic power are even sharper, which can easily tear through space and cut off all obstacles.

"This is the power of the real devil!"

Virgil said.

"Virgil, you are still so persistent until now."

Dante sighed.

The battle escalated again, and the contest between the two true demons had reached an unprecedented level of intensity.

Dante's scarlet magic sword and Virgil's blue fire long sword intertwined into a dense net in the air, and every collision was accompanied by a deafening roar and dazzling light.

They were so fast that only a series of afterimages could be seen flashing in the air; their power was strong enough to shake the world and make everything around them tremble.

"Virgil!"

With a long roar that shook the earth, Dante soared into the air, surrounded by a rich mercury-colored magic. That was his unique "mercury" style, which was brought to the extreme at this moment.

Mercury magic was like an invisible shackle, quietly solidifying the surrounding space, and time seemed to have lost its meaning at this moment.

Dante's figure shuttled freely in the solidified air, and every swing of the sword was accompanied by the burst of scarlet sword light. Those once arrogant demons, under the suppression of this mercury style, became slow and clumsy, like puppets forgotten by time.

Each of Dante's attacks was precise and deadly. He seemed to have become the god of death on this battlefield, harvesting all sinful souls.

However, under this seemingly invincible offensive, a darker and colder figure quietly appeared - Virgil, another legendary warrior of the Spartan family, also descended as a true demon.

His figure was wrapped in deep blue magic, forming a sharp contrast with Dante's scarlet, like the brightest star and the deepest darkness in the night sky.

"Dante!"

Virgil's voice was deep and powerful, and every word seemed to be squeezed out from his teeth, full of complex emotions.

Two real demons, two sons of Sparta, at this moment, all the grievances and hatreds turned into weapons in their hands, ready to pour out on each other.

Virgil's Yama Sword, that is a mysterious weapon that can cut through space and connect dimensions.

Under his control, the silver magic power condensed into slender light blades on the blade. These light blades were as flexible as snakes and instantly covered the entire battlefield.

Unlike Dante's violent, Virgil's fighting style is more calm and precise. He is like an elegant dancer, dancing in the sword light and shadow. Every swing of the sword is just right, avoiding Dante's fatal attack and constantly weakening the opponent's defense line.

"Judgment!"

Dante's roar sounded again. This time, he no longer reserved. The strength of his whole body gathered on the magic sword in his hand. The scarlet sword energy was like a roaring storm, sweeping the entire battlefield.

The sword energy contained endless anger and indomitable spirit, as if it wanted to tear all obstacles to pieces.

Chapter 886: Chop everything up, and the world will suffer

As Dante howled to the sky, his body seemed to be engulfed by invisible flames, and scarlet demonic energy gushed out of his body, dyeing the surrounding air with an ominous color.

His eyes turned into a deep blood red, and there seemed to be stars flowing in his pupils, revealing endless majesty and madness.

At the same time, the dark phantoms that emerged from under him were like the demon army in the abyss. They merged in an indescribable way, forming a huge existence that echoed Dante's true demon form, but existed independently.

This is not just a projection of magic power, but also the externalization of Dante's deep desire for battle and the ultimate pursuit of power.

On the other side, Virgil, the former brother and now the nemesis, also showed his terrifying strength as a black knight.

The Yama Blade in his hand, this magical weapon that can cut through all material and dimensional boundaries, seemed to have life in his hands, and every swing was accompanied by the distortion of space and the stagnation of time.

Virgil knew that facing an opponent like Dante, only by going all out could he have a chance of winning. So, he gathered all his magic power on a knife and released the "Dimensional Slash" which was beyond the scope of conventional attacks.

The silver light tore through the space like a sharp blade. It was not only a physical cut, but also a direct intervention in the laws of time and space.

At this moment, the entire battlefield seemed to be caught in a huge vortex, time became slow, space became distorted, and everything seemed so unreal.

The two powerful forces collided violently in the air, and a dazzling light burst out in an instant, illuminating the entire sky. The scarlet and deep blue light intertwined to form a breathtaking and magnificent picture.

The surrounding space seemed to be completely torn apart at this moment, the boundary between time and space became blurred, and everything seemed so illusory and unreal.

The space seemed to be completely torn apart at this moment, the originally stable real world became fragmented, and the boundary between time and space became blurred.

The air waves generated by the explosion swept in like a violent storm, blowing the clouds in the distance away.

And the deafening roars resounded through the sky like thunder, shaking the hearts of everyone present.

Nero and Luther stood in the distance, staring at the battle of the century.

Nero couldn't help asking: "Is it really okay for us to just watch like this? What if Dante..."

Before he finished speaking, he was interrupted by Luther.

"Dante said he would solve it himself."

"But..."

Nero was still a little worried.

"What if something unexpected really happened?"

"Don't worry, Nero."

Luther patted Nero on the shoulder.

"If Dante really encounters insurmountable difficulties, I will transform into a real demon without hesitation. By then, my demon power will be more than twice theirs, and it will definitely not be a problem to subdue them."

The silver slash was like the brightest meteor in the night sky, cutting through the dead sky, and the light as thin as a silk thread contained a heart-pounding power.

At the moment of the slash, time seemed to freeze, everything was quiet, only the subtle and firm sound echoed in the air, it was the low hum of the blade cutting through the space, and it was also the last sigh of the Demon World Tree before the end of its life.

The Demon World Tree, this ancient and huge existence, not only connects the boundary between the Demon World and the Human World, but is also the source of countless demonic powers. At this moment, it showed unprecedented fragility under this seemingly gentle but actually destructive blow.

The crack slowly spread from one end of the trunk to the other. It was a flawless trajectory, like a masterpiece carefully carved by an artist, but with an unquestionable breath of death.

As the crack deepened, a low roar began to emit from the inside of the trunk, which was a precursor to the collapse of the supporting structure and a sign of the shaking of the foundation of the Demon World.

The branches and leaves of the Demon World Tree trembled, as if even it itself felt the approach of the end of the world, and the swaying of each leaf seemed to tell of reluctance and helplessness.

The sky, the stage that should have belonged to the carnival of the demons, became extremely depressing at this moment.

Blood-colored clouds surged like a tide, covering the stars and moonlight, and shrouding the entire world in an ominous shadow.

Thunder roared, like the judgment of the heaven on the demon world. Every thunder was accompanied by flashes of lightning, illuminating the thrilling battle below.

And in the thunder and lightning, the air of the demon world seemed to be trembling, and every inch of land was carrying a heavy elegy.

Virgil, a warrior in a black robe with a stern face, sheathed his sword smoothly and gracefully, as if the earth-shattering blow just now was just a piece of cake for him.

He looked down at the broken scene of the demon world tree, and a complex emotion flashed in his deep eyes-both pride in the powerful power and a worry that Dante would not be killed by himself.

On the other hand, Dante faced Virgil's fatal blow, not only did he not suffer any damage, but also stimulated his strength.

The scarlet devil's wings spread out behind him, like a burning flame, illuminating everything around him.

The greatsword in his hand, under the infusion of magic power, turned into a rotating blade wheel. Every swing was accompanied by a deafening roar, and it came straight at Virgil.

The battle between the two was not only a contest of skills, but also a collision of wills. Every confrontation burst out with dazzling light, making the entire demon world tremble.

"This is really much more fierce than the original plot."

Luther flew in the air with Nero.

In the original plot, although the two of them chopped each other fiercely, they didn't even break the bark of the magic tree after chopping for a long time.

Now, they just used big moves to greet each other, which was not even a warm-up.

In the end, the whole magic tree was chopped down.

With Dante's roar, the scarlet magic power condensed into a solid on the phantom sword like a violent storm, turning into a dazzling sword light, approaching Virgil.

Virgil was not in a hurry. He twisted his body slightly and slid through the fatal blow like a swimming fish. Then, he swung the Yama Sword in his hand violently, and the dark sword light was mixed with the power of space. It was lifted at an incredible angle and pointed directly at Dante's vitals.

Two completely different magic powers collided violently in the air, one red and one blue, like the chaos and order at the beginning of the world, tearing and devouring each other.

The huge impact force spread out from the two people, and the air waves caused by them made the surrounding space tremble.

However, in this feast of power, Virgil disappeared again like a ghost, leaving only a dark blue phantom passing through the air, and then appeared at a higher position, with silver-white blade lights filling the sky like stars, each of which contained enough power to cut through everything.

Chapter 887 Pure White Devil

When Dante saw this, a sneer appeared on his lips.

He knew that although Vergil's spatial ability was strong, he was not invincible. Relying on the precise control of magic power and the accumulation of combat experience, he quickly adjusted his posture, holding the sword tightly with both hands, preparing for Vergil's next attack. However, Vergil's offensive turned out to be more bizarre and unpredictable than he expected.

The silver-white sword light intertwined into an airtight net in the air, each one accurately avoiding Dante's defense and leaving shocking scars on his body.

Although Dante's body was scratched, Scarlet's fighting spirit was even stronger. It was as if he couldn't feel the pain, and the sword in his hand was still swinging vigorously.

However, the battle was not without its ups and downs.

Dante's magic sword Dante and Vergil's Yama sword collided violently again. The two completely different magic powers intertwined and collided in the air, erupting with a deafening roar.

The air waves spread out like a tidal wave, tearing the surrounding void into pieces. Dante and Vergil were also shaken back by this powerful force, but their eyes were firmer and their fighting spirit was even higher.

At this moment, Virgil suddenly displayed his unique skill - space travel.

He used the power of the Yan Demon Sword to freely shuttle through the cracks in the surrounding space, as if he had become the controller of space.

His figure moved left and right, forward and back, making it difficult for Dante to grasp his true position.

Not to be outdone, Dante quickly adjusted his state and concentrated on sensing Virgil's movements. He knew that if he wanted to defeat Vergil, he had to find his flaw and deliver a fatal blow.

"Hmph, Dante, although you are powerful, you are too impatient."

Virgil's voice was cold and calm, as if he had everything under control. As soon as he finished speaking, he appeared on Dante's flank like a ghost, and the Yama sword suddenly lifted up with the power to tear apart the space.

When Dante saw this, he smiled instead of being angry. A look of madness flashed in his eyes. He shouted loudly, and the magic power in his body boiled. The scarlet phantom sword expanded instantly and turned into a huge bloody sword light, directly facing Wei. Jill's attack.

Two completely different magic powers collided in the air, erupting into a deafening roar, as if the world was changing color at this moment.

The air waves spread around like a tide. Wherever they pass, the space is distorted and dust rises everywhere.

The figures of Dante and Vergil each retreated under the impact of this force, but the expressions on their faces became more determined, and the fighting intent in their eyes became more intense.

"Come on, Virgil, let's prove everything with this fight!"

As Dante roared, the magic power in his body boiled. Under his control, the phantom sword turned into bloody sword light flying in the sky. Each sword light contained enough power to tear the void.

This is not only a visual feast, but also an extreme challenge for Virgil. The sword light poured down like a torrential rain, intertwining into an airtight net, trying to trap Vergil in it and completely destroy his defense.

However, how can Virgil be an easy person? A cold smile appeared at the corner of his mouth, and the Yama Demon Sword seemed to come alive in his hands. Every time he swung it, the space was distorted and cracks spread.

The dark blue sword light was like a gaze from the abyss, making people fearful.

"Dimension Kill·Ze!"

Virgil groaned, and although his voice was soft, it carried unquestionable majesty. I saw his figure flashing and disappearing on the spot, leaving only afterimages and gradually closing space cracks.

Immediately afterwards, two dark blue demons jumped out from two different dimensions. They had a heart-to-heart connection with Virgil, and together they weaved this movement of death.

These two demons, one on the left and one on the right, are like the mirror images of Virgil. The swords in their hands also shine with a deep blue light, echoing the Yama Demon Sword.

They surrounded Dante, forming a huge hemispherical space. In this space, time seemed to slow down and the air became heavy.

Dante could feel that he seemed to be imprisoned in a cage made of dark blue magic. The silver sword energy around him surged like a tide, and every blow was enough to make him feel unforgettable pain.

Thighs, arms, chest, back, each knife is colder than the last, and each knife is more deadly than the last.

"Dante can't survive!"

Nero said anxiously.

Luther naturally knew that Dante couldn't do it. After all, he lacked the stage in the original plot where he was in a coma for a month and was continuously provided with magic power by the magic tree.

Not to mention that Virgil also obtained the magic power transformed from the blood of tens of thousands of people.

The strength far exceeds that of the original plot.

Dante falls from the sky and Virgil chases after him.

The blade of the Yan Demon Sword pierced out from the crack in space. However, at this moment of life and death, a strange phenomenon suddenly appeared in the sky.

A pure white light, like the first ray of sunlight at dawn, penetrated the thick clouds and dense haze, illuminating the battlefield shrouded in darkness.

This light not only dispelled the coldness and despair around him, but also heralded the arrival of an extraordinary being - the true demon Luther, who officially entered this fateful showdown with his unparalleled majesty and power.

Luther's appearance seemed to be a provocation to the rules of this world. He was tall and tall, and every inch of his skin was covered with pure white scales and keratinized skin. These armor plates shone with a holy light under the light, both a symbol of his strength and an ode to his pure soul.

On his head, there stood sharp bone pieces and inverted horns. They were not only weapons for fighting, but also a sign of his evolution to the peak as a demon, announcing that Luther had transcended the constraints of the mortal world and stepped into the realm where gods and demons intertwined.

Even more eye-catching were the four pure white wings behind him that looked like dragon wings. Whenever he flapped them gently, they would bring up a gust of wind, sweeping away the dust and smoke around him.

This was not only a tool for flying, but also a symbol of his identity and status. When he soared in the air, he was like a god descending to the mortal world, exuding inviolable majesty and holiness.

The magic sword Luther in Luther's hand also underwent a transformation. The sword body was no longer cold metal, but turned into pure and flawless white light, like a lightsaber that could cut off all the vanity and evil in the world.

When the tip of the sword lightly touched, the air seemed to be purified by its holy power, leaving a series of gorgeous sword marks, proving Luther's strength and determination that should not be underestimated.

"Leave the next battle to me."

Luther's voice made people involuntarily convinced.

He stood in the center of the battlefield, with a domineering attitude, announcing that the end of this battle would be decided by him.

Chapter 888 The magic sword that absorbs attacks

When Virgil heard this, a sneer appeared on his lips, disdain and contempt flashed in his eyes.

In his opinion, Luther was just a demon hybrid with impure blood. No matter how powerful he was, he could not compare with his pure demon son.

"Hmph, how dare a mere mortal interfere in the battle between our brothers?"

His words were filled with undoubted confidence and arrogance, and then his figure turned into a blue light again and disappeared into the cracks in space, preparing to teach Luther an unforgettable lesson.

However, when the battle between the two really broke out, all the presets seemed so pale. The dark blue demon and the pure white demon clashed fiercely in the air, and every collision was accompanied by deafening roars and distortion of space.

Although Virgil's Yama Sword was extremely sharp, under the illumination of Luther's pure white light, it seemed dim, as if suppressed by some higher-level power.

What shocked Virgil even more was that Luther's power was far beyond his imagination.

The lightsaber shining with pure white light knocked him out of the air with just one blow, and he fell heavily to the ground, throwing up a cloud of dust.

Virgil's eyes widened with disbelief on his face. He never thought that he would be defeated so easily by a seemingly ordinary demon hybrid.

"We are cousins. According to our age, you should call me cousin."

Luther slowly landed in front of Virgil, his tone was both teasing and helpless.

It turned out that there was such a deep blood bond hidden between the two of them. This sudden family affection made the originally tense and fierce fighting atmosphere instantly become more subtle.

Virgil's sneer froze at the corner of his mouth, and the disdain and contempt in his deep eyes were gradually replaced by shock and confusion. He never expected that his long-standing sense of racial superiority would be shaken at this moment by a mixed-race demon who called himself "cousin."

The air is filled with complex emotions, including confusion about the unknown and challenges to self-understanding.

"Cousin?"

Virgil repeated the word, his voice low and questioning. His eyes wandered back and forth between Luther and Dante, trying to find clues to the answer in their expressions.

Dante stood aside with an unprecedented calm attitude at this moment, as if he already knew all this and was just waiting for the right time to reveal it.

"Yes, Virgil."

Luther's voice was gentle but firm. He approached slowly. Although the lightsaber in his hand had dimmed its light, the sense of power that could not be ignored was still awe-inspiring.

When Dante saw this, he sighed softly, with a complicated expression on his face.

"Virgil, you have been immersed in the pride of your strength and lineage, but you have ignored the many unsolved mysteries in your family. Luther, he is indeed our cousin, but his existence has always been a secret. Even I only learned about it recently."

When Virgil heard this, his brows furrowed, and every detail of getting along with his father Sparta flashed through his mind.

In those vague memories, my father was always taciturn, with endless secrets and sorrow hidden in his eyes.

He never thought that these secrets would have such a profound connection with the opponent he had just fought.

"Then, his power..."

There was a hint of reluctance and curiosity in Virgil's words.

"My father is a biological brother of Sparta. He is the magic swordsman Apophis."

Luther said.

"Luther's power comes from the unique hybrid blood in his body."

Dante explained.

"Unlike you and me, he inherited powers from two different worlds - the rage of demons and the holiness of angels. The combination of this power allows him to display both amazing destructive power and purification in battle. All filthy abilities. And the white light you just saw is a symbol of the awakening of his angelic blood."

These words were also temporarily put into Dante's mind by Luther.

After all, he felt that compared to demons + humans, demons + angels were more impactful.

As for what Nero heard before about Luther going to the devil world to save his mother, but her mother died, isn't it normal?

After hearing this, Virgil felt mixed emotions in his heart.

He lowered his head in thought, seeming to be trying to digest this sudden truth.

"A hybrid between a demon and an angel? No wonder you have such power."

Virgil quickly looked up, regaining his confidence.

These are not worth mentioning to him who is devoted to the pursuit of Baowa. He can kill his own brothers, let alone his cousins?

Now it's just one more person to kill, there is no difference.

"It seems that there is one more person I want to kill today."

Virgil said calmly.

Dante was very disappointed when he heard this. His brother is still stubborn to this day.

Luther also knew that words could not convince Virgil.

Luther is suspended in mid-air, surrounded by holy and dazzling light, which complements the four pure white dragon wings behind him. He is like a messenger descending from heaven, but with an evil aura that cannot be ignored.

The pure white lightsaber "Demon Sword Luther" in his hand looked even more mysterious under the sunlight. The sword trembled slightly, as if ready to devour all incoming enemies at any time.

Virgil transformed into a deep blue demon, with four wings like ghosts in the dark night, and every wave was accompanied by a slight distortion of the space.

He held the Yama Blade, a magical weapon that could cut through all matter and space. It was emitting a cold light at this moment, echoing with Luther's lightsaber, forming a magnificent picture of light and shadow, good and evil.

"Luther, you are a so-called hybrid of angel and devil. Let me verify today how much power this bloodline can give you!!"

Virgil's voice was low and powerful. He flashed and rushed towards Luther like a ghost. The Yama Blade cut through the air, leaving dark cracks.

Luther smiled, and his calmness made people feel a little uneasy. He jumped lightly, and his body drew an elegant arc in the air, perfectly avoiding Virgil's fatal blow.

At the same time, the lightsaber in Luther's hand responded quickly, and the tip of the sword lightly tapped. A slender white light was like a spirit snake coming out of a hole, and instantly wrapped around the blade of the Yama Blade.

This was not a simple confrontation, but the unique "devouring power" of Luther's magic sword was at work, trying to transform Virgil's attack into its own power.

"Your attack will become my power."

Luther's voice echoed in the air, with a hint of imperceptible pride.

As his words fell, the white light began to devour the cold light on the Yama Sword, as if devouring the darkness bit by bit.

Chapter 889 Welcome to the BOSS team!

The sword light became more dazzling, almost impossible to look at directly. It was a wonderful scene that combined good and evil, light and darkness.

As Luther's sword power increased, the original simple counterattack gradually evolved into an irresistible torrent, dissolving Virgil's offensive one by one and pushing it back.

Wherever the lightsaber passed, the air seemed to be cut in half, leaving visible cracks, which were traces of space being torn apart by force, which was palpating.

Virgil's face changed slightly. He felt the horror of Luther's magic sword. It was an unprecedented challenge.

"Dimension Slash!"

Facing such a powerful opponent, Virgil's heart was turbulent, but his face became calmer.

In such a duel, any panic could be fatal.

The Yama Sword seemed to come alive in his hands. Every swing was accompanied by the distortion and folding of space. Those seemingly chaotic trajectories actually implied the most profound laws in the universe.

His attacks were no longer limited to the material level, but directly acted on the essence of space, trying to break Luther's seemingly impeccable defense.

However, Luther seemed to be born to restrain this kind of power.

His lightsaber could not only absorb and counterattack physical attacks while dancing, but also distort and guide the flow of magic power to a certain extent.

When Virgil's magic attack came, a series of magic vortices that were difficult to detect with the naked eye would suddenly form around Luther's lightsaber, swallowing up these attacks one by one and converting them into part of his own energy.

This made Virgil's every effort like hitting cotton, not only unable to cause damage, but also constantly consuming his own strength.

Luther's lightsaber constantly devoured Virgil's attacks, and the absorbed magic power did not disappear, but merged with the power in the lightsaber in a subtle way, making the lightsaber more powerful.

Every counterattack was like a surging wave, pressing towards Virgil with an unstoppable momentum.

The two men's fight in the air became more and more intense, and every collision was accompanied by a deafening roar and the terrifying sight of space being torn apart.

The interweaving of light and darkness, the collision of good and evil, formed a shocking picture under this sky. The surrounding air seemed to be ignited, releasing blazing light and powerful energy fluctuations.

After a particularly fierce confrontation, Luther finally found Virgil's fatal weakness.

He used the devouring power of the lightsaber not only to absorb physical attacks, but also to accurately capture and guide the flow of Virgil's magic.

At that moment, he seemed to have turned into the most sensitive hunter in the universe, accurately capturing the tiny flaws in Virgil's magic flow, and using this as an opportunity to launch a fatal blow.

Luther's figure suddenly rose up, like a meteor streaking through the night sky, and the lightsaber turned into a dazzling light, going straight to Virgil's heart. Although Virgil had tried his best to resist, his defense was still powerless in the face of Luther's full-strength attack that combined the power of light and darkness, good and evil.

The lightsaber penetrated his defense and hit his vitals accurately. At that moment, time seemed to have really frozen, and the whole world trembled.

"It's over, Virgil!"

Luther snatched the Yama Sword from Virgil's hand.

Virgil fell from the sky to the ground.

Dante and Nero, who had been ready to help, did not expect Luther to solve Virgil by himself, and it looked so easy.

The gap in strength is too big!

Dante thought that no matter how strong Luther was, he could not be stronger than Virgil. The two of them joined forces to take down Virgil.

But now, it is obvious that Luther's strength far exceeds that of the two brothers.

Virgil looked at the two unwillingly.

"How can I fall here!"

This sentence is not only Virgil's inner cry, but also his final defense of the dignity of life.

All of this made it impossible for him to accept that he would disappear silently in this nameless land.

However, reality is cruel. Virgil felt that his strength was fading rapidly, like the tide receding, and it was irreversible.

His consciousness began to blur, and his eyelids seemed to weigh a thousand pounds, and every time he opened them, he had to exhaust all his strength.

Pain, the companion that once made him more resilient, seemed to become distant and vague at this moment, replaced by an unprecedented emptiness and tranquility.

"Am I going to die?"

This thought hovered in Virgil's mind, with a trace of unwillingness and helplessness.

He looked at the gradually darkening sky, his heart filled with fear of the unknown and nostalgia for life. At this moment, a sudden light broke through the darkness, like the first ray of sunlight at dawn, illuminating Virgil's world.

The light was so dazzling that Virgil had to close his eyes, but even so, the warmth and hope penetrated his eyelids and reached his heart.

Then, a magnificent voice sounded in his ears, as if it came from the sky, and it seemed to echo in the depths of his soul.

"Do you want to live?"

This sentence was simple and direct, but it was like a powerful force that instantly awakened Virgil's strongest desire to survive.

He answered without hesitation: "Yes!"

Then, he fell into darkness completely.

I don't know how long it took.

Virgil slowly opened his eyes, and the world in front of him seemed to be gently wrapped in a layer of soft and dazzling light, which was in sharp contrast to the all-devouring darkness before.

"Oh, this newcomer is of good quality and wakes up very quickly."

"snort."

His vision gradually became clearer, and the surroundings were no longer the familiar wreckage of the battlefield, but a space full of unknown and strange atmosphere. There was an indescribable wave of energy in the air that was both awe-inspiring and inexplicably reassuring.

He struggled to sit up and found that he was lying on a platform made of an unknown material. This material was neither metal nor wood. It felt warm and elastic to the touch, as if it could automatically adjust the temperature to suit the comfort of the human body.

Surrounding the platform are walls made of the same material. They emit a faint fluorescent light, illuminating the entire space brightly without dazzling the eyes.

"Where is this?"

Virgil finally spoke, and although his voice was slightly hoarse, it was full of doubts and determination. He looked around, trying to find any clues from what he saw.

"As you can see, this is the stronghold of the BOSS team, a place that transcends the boundaries of life and death and gathers countless strong men and legends."

The man who originally spoke smiled and explained.

"The moment you 'died', you made a choice and answered that voice, so you got the chance to be reborn and became one of us."

Chapter 890 Everyone is a BOSS

When Virgil heard this, he felt a thousand thoughts well up in his heart.

He recalled the dazzling light, the majestic voice, and his almost desperate cry - "Think!"

At that moment, he did feel an unprecedented desire to survive, but it all seemed too illusory for him to believe.

Virgil stood in this slightly dark but technologically-rich room, surrounded by "BOSSs" from different dimensions and worlds. Their existence itself constituted an indescribable sense of oppression.

There was a subtle tension and expectation in the air, as if unknown changes were brewing every moment.

He lowered his head and stared at the information on the screen, with complex emotions surging in his heart - the "Devil May Cry" series, in which he had fought demons countless times in his dreams and swore an oath with a sword to protect the boundaries between humans and half-humans and half-demon. The world is just part of the game?

"It's not just a game,"

Poros' voice thundered, interrupting Virgil's musings.

"In our world, every choice and every battle is real and cruel. I, Boros, as the emperor of the universe, have crossed the endless galaxies, just to find a strong man who can fight with me. Until Meet Saitama, a man who seems ordinary but possesses power beyond all."

"I failed, but like you, I chose yes, and then I came here. Now, all I want is to become stronger and go back to fight Saitama!"

Alex, the man who seemed low-key but exuded a dangerous aura, raised his head slightly, with an imperceptible light flashing in his eyes: "The original form of the killing was a world eroded by viruses, where humans and mutated creatures coexisted. I, Alex Mercer, was an ordinary scientist until a virus turned me into a monster, the only one who could control it. I walked in the darkness and used this power to punish. But behind this power lies my deep questioning and reflection on human nature."

At this time, a man who seemed gentle but had sharp eyes came over. He was Wesker, the ultimate villain from the "Resident Evil" series.

"Virgil,"

Wesker smiled, and there were countless calculations and conspiracies hidden behind that smile.

"Your world may be just a game, but in our world, every decision may trigger a chain reaction and change the fate of countless people. Resident Evil, a world where viruses are raging and zombies are rampant. I, Wesker, as Umbrella's secret weapon not only pursues the ultimate in power, but also

explores the possibility of human evolution. Our existence transcends simple good and evil, and is a product of the times and a pawn of destiny."

Virgil's eyes sparkled with an unprecedented light, which was a desire for unknown power and a determination for self-transcendence.

He carefully studied the "Mark of the Lord God" on the back of his hand. It was not just a simple brand, but more like a key to another world, connecting endless possibilities and opportunities.

The information on the holographic screen flooded into his mind like a tide, and every word made him feel shocked and excited.

"Traveling through the world..."

Virgil repeated the word in a low voice, and various fantasy scenes appeared in his mind involuntarily: ancient castles, neon lights of future cities, mysterious ruins, and even the other side of the sea of stars.

He realized that this was not just a simple task execution, but also an adventure spanning time and space, an ultimate challenge to his will and ability.

"Complete the mission and get points..."

Virgil's finger lightly moved across the task list on the screen. Each task was full of unknowns and dangers, but it also came with generous rewards.

These points will become the cornerstone for him to become stronger in this new world and an important resource on his road to revenge.

There was a sneer on his lips, and he was secretly thinking about how to use these points to strengthen himself and make himself stronger enough to fight against the enemies that once put him in desperate situations.

"Redeem enhanced rewards..."

As his eyes moved downward, Virgil was deeply attracted by the various enhancement options.

From the overall improvement of physical fitness, to the unlocking of special skills, and even the awakening of extraordinary abilities, every item made him excited.

However, his reason told him that none of this would be achieved easily. He must work hard and complete one difficult task after another in order to go further and further on this road.

But Virgil was never afraid of challenges. He had only one thought in his mind - to become stronger, for revenge, and to prove his existence.

"Lord God..."

Virgil looked up into the distance. Although he knew that the so-called "main god" was not here, he could feel the ubiquitous power.

This power is both an opportunity for him to take revenge and a law that he must obey.

He understands that he has become a pawn in the hands of the "Lord God", but he prefers to regard this as an opportunity for rebirth and an opportunity to prove his worth.

Wesker and Boros stood aside, looking at the twinkling light in Virgil's eyes. They knew that this new teammate had fully integrated into the team.

Team BOSS, this name is not just a code name, but also a belief, a pursuit of powerful power and a desire for self-transcendence.

"It seems you already understand,"

Wesker wanted to pat Virgil on the shoulder, but Virgil glanced at him, so he took his hand back and smiled.

"Remember, here, there are no weak teammates, only those who are not working hard enough. Each of us is working hard to become stronger."

"And the BOSS team is composed of us, the strong ones chosen by the Lord God. Our goal is to become the most dazzling existence among all teams and the peak that those weak people look up to."

Boros also nodded and added: "Don't forget, our enemies are equally strong, and may even come from different worlds and different dimensions. But as long as we unite as one, nothing is impossible. Now, let us work hand in hand and move towards a higher goal!"

Virgil has already checked their information based on the names provided by his teammates.

After all, they are his future teammates.

As a result, Virgil saw that Boros was worthy of attention, Wesker was not worth mentioning, and Alex was barely okay.

However, since everything can be exchanged here, including the full power of the magic swordsman Sparta that Virgil coveted, he was not sure that other people's information must be correct.