

## **The Growth 408**

Chapter 408: Doomed Swordmanship·Godslaying Sword

The Heart Eye is by no means a natural ability.

It is an insight ability that A Lang developed through constant learning and training, an extension of combat skills that best suits his disposition.

No matter when or where, or in what situation...

A Lang can always remain calm and capture the opponent's flaws, thus achieving the greatest result at the smallest cost.

Theoretically, even if there is only a one in a thousand chance, A Lang can seize that fleeting opportunity and achieve a miraculous comeback in battle.

In other words, this so-called "Heart Eye" is actually based on the information A Lang has gathered, predicting the opponent's actions and avoiding dangerous situations.

Clang!

Accompanied by a sharp clash of metals.

A group of long-impatient Ascenders struck out in response, decisively launching a siege on A Lang.

The first to approach A Lang was an Ascender holding a longsword, primarily in close combat, with eight arms and four legs, resembling a centaur.

The earlier sharp metallic sound was the sound of the centaur's longsword being unsheathed.

Bang!

When the centaur's longsword collided with A Lang's High Frequency Vibration Blade, an intense air shockwave burst out instantly.

Under the distortion of rules blessed by the centaur's Divine Ascension Power.

Even something as powerful as the High Frequency Vibration Blade, which can cut through everything at the molecular level, could not cut through the centaur's longsword.

Because that longsword is not a "weapon" in the conventional sense but an extension of the centaur's body.

"I'm not like those trash you slaughtered before..."

The crimson single eye exuded fierce killing intent as the centaur's eight arms instantaneously transformed into eight different blades, stabbing at A Lang viciously like porcupine quills.

—Ascension Ladder·Master of Blade Soldiers!

Shaping the entire body into ever-changing weapons.

The centaur evidently followed the route of the War God, showcasing perfect control over weaponry with every movement.

In fact, these weapons are not limited to melee weapons only.

From the simplest blades to complex heat guns, to legendary Divine Soldiers and sharp blades, the centaur could handle them with ease.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In an instant clash, the centaur's eight arms morphed into dozens of different weapon types.

Close combat swords, axes, mid-range gunfire, and even small floating cannons that can be thrown outright...

The centaur demonstrated to A Lang what it means to be the true "Master of Blade Soldiers," an extraordinary presence that can use all weapons at will.

Moreover, the centaur even began learning A Lang's combat manner and skills during the fight with him.

"Fighting while learning is also something I specialize in!"

Expressing his inner excitement and exhilaration without reservation, the centaur roared loudly.

After the centaur, other Ascenders with ulterior motives joined the battle, though they were wary of each other.

Of course, there were few Ascenders like the centaur specializing in close combat and daring to engage A Lang in hand-to-hand combat.

Most Ascenders adopted other methods to join the fray.

These included setting traps, launching sneak attacks, providing long-range support, or applying buffs and debuffs...

In less than ten seconds, A Lang fully experienced the difference between "dueling" and "group battle."

If it were a one-on-one battle, the centaur's performance would be strong, but it would never be a match for A Lang.

A Lang, accustomed to using strength to counter weakness, had numerous opportunities to bring the opponent to a deadly position.

This had nothing to do with how many weapons the opponent could use or whether the opponent was secretly learning his battle skills.

Unfortunately, in this siege, the centaur had countless opportunities for trial and error, gradually adjusting its combat style and strategies.

In contrast, if A Lang made a single mistake, he'd be taken advantage of by those Ascenders with strange abilities.

The only fortunate thing was that A Lang's Heart Eye was powerful enough.

Every time the others thought A Lang would be defeated, he always managed to resolve the crisis in incredible ways.

As a result, this seemingly one-sided battle inevitably fell into a stalemate.

.....

Silently and suddenly, the Water Nymph who had disappeared earlier reappeared at the battlefield's periphery.

Watching A Lang battling the group of Ascenders, the Water Nymph showed no trace of worry.

Because she knew A Lang still had an ace called [Divine Treasure Vault] yet to be used.

More than A Lang, the Water Nymph was now more concerned about the Blade Beast that was still in a comatose state.

From the Water Nymph's perspective, she could clearly see that its slightly trembling eyelids seemed on the verge of waking at any moment.

"You must finish this quickly now."

After a moment's hesitation, the Water Nymph ultimately decided to join the battle.

This time, the Water Nymph stood on A Lang's side, fighting alongside him against the Ascenders.

"Hopefully, this choice won't make me regret it."

Before her words fell, the Water Nymph's form vanished instantly, replaced by huge waves that surged up from who knows where.

Splash!

Huge waves surged from beneath, and the originally cloud-covered mist became somewhat viscous.

Under the impact of this tide, thousands of Water Nymphs appeared, confronting the Ascenders at the outer edge of the battlefield.

It's unclear why.

These Water Nymphs did not use their most adept combat method—charming their opponents.

Solely relying on control over the water, the Water Nymphs transformed into countless avatars, separating the battlefield in the most primitive, savage manner.

"Thank you!"

Seeing this, realizing the Water Nymph was creating opportunities for him to take down enemies one by one, A Lang murmured softly.

The next second, A Lang transformed into ghostly phantoms, appearing right in front of the exhausted centaur.

"You..."

Pupils shrinking rapidly, the centaur, realizing the danger, quickly folded its eight arms, transforming them into a huge, thick shield.

Under the protection of the shield, the centaur was confident it could block any attack from A Lang.

Even the two High Frequency Vibration Blades, capable of cutting through everything, would not easily slice through this shield.

However, the centaur overvalued A Lang's High Frequency Vibration Blades and failed to realize they were not his only means of attack.

Swish!

He pulled a Spinal Sword from the single eye that appeared out of nowhere.

At this moment, A Lang presented a menacing posture, the Spinal Sword in his hand exuding an aura of majesty that only Gods could possess.

—Doomed Swordmanship-Godslaying Sword!