

## The Growth 409

Chapter 409 - 31: Good and Evil in One

There was not a single hint of surprise when A Lang pulled out the Godslaying Sword, transformed from the spine of a god, the fate of the "Master of Blade Soldiers" was already sealed.

Rip!

Like a sharp blade slicing through tofu.

The Spinal Sword effortlessly split the centaur in two.

"..."

The shocked centaur struggled to widen his sole eye, but even A Lang's silhouette was no longer visible.

The Spinal Sword's attack was a multidimensional strike, targeting the essence of the centaur directly.

Hence, the proud defensive and regenerative abilities of the Ascender were utterly meaningless under the blade of the Spinal Sword.

[This guy... actually hid a divine sword forged from "Divine Remains".]

With this final thought flashing through his mind, the illustrious "Master of Blade Soldiers" completely lost consciousness.

Having witnessed the centaur's demise, the nearby Ascenders immediately reacted, and with faces full of horror, sought to flee the battlefield.

"That maniac lunatic always had a Divine Remains!"

"Run! The longsword in his hand is definitely not the remains of an ordinary fallen god!"

"A single segment of a spine after death can possess such intense divine power, it must be a True God beyond the Main God Level!"

...

Amidst the rising cries of the Ascenders, A Lang, with a face as calm as water, simply continued the motions of swinging, swinging, and swinging his sword.

As if slaughtering livestock, A Lang transformed the sword techniques honed over decades into an instinct for killing.

A Lang didn't know the origins of this section of the Spinal Sword, much like he didn't know why the [Divine Treasure Vault] chose him.

The only thing A Lang could be sure of was that the [Divine Treasure Vault] actively responded to his will, selecting from among a myriad of divine artifacts one that best suited his needs at the moment.

To true gods, these divine soldiers might not be considered artifacts.

But for beings below the level of gods, these artifacts imbued with divine might had an overwhelming effect.

Except for a few mighty demigods who reached the end of the [Ascension Ladder].

The vast majority of Ascenders were powerless against such divine artifacts that carried the god's might and could attack from higher dimensions.

It so happened that the strong demigods had long been tragically killed in the siege of God Heim.

The remaining Ascenders who came later were merely opportunists hoping to scavenge leftovers.

In such circumstances, the only thing dictating the progress of A Lang's slaughter was the speed at which these Ascenders fled.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Whether burrowing, flying, hiding, or sprinting...

Ascenders employed every escape skill they had to flee from A Lang's attack range.

Yet despairingly, A Lang's attacks came from multidimensional, cross-dimensional strikes, where the concepts of distance and direction in lower dimensions held no meaning at the higher dimensional level.

Close Proximity, Far Away! Thousand Strikes in a Moment!

Wielding the Spinal Sword, A Lang seemed omnipresent, while the Ascenders could only pray they weren't among the first targeted by him.

As for A Lang's criteria in selecting targets, it was simple.

Any Ascender filled with heavy resentment would be A Lang's primary target.

They might not be the most bloodthirsty among the Ascenders.

But to be haunted by the resentment of the dead, they must be the most cruel among the Ascenders.

Only those who were extremely ruthless and cold could provoke such boundless hatred from the dead, leaving their resentment to linger long after death.

.....  
"We can't keep running like this!"

After a brief escape, someone among the Ascenders finally came to their senses.

Facing such a cross-dimensional attack, beings below the level of gods could only leave it to fate.

Yet how many demigods who ventured into the World of Fallen Gods to seize that slim chance for Ascension to Divinity were truly resigned to fate?

"You lunatic! I'll fight you to the death!" X2

The first to decide to fight back against A Lang was a demigod with two bodies, born back-to-back.

This demigod hailed from a world ravaged by monsters, an abandoned world forsaken by the gods.

It seemed to be an experimental ground for some gods.

A world designated for casting failed products and even Divine Abomination creations.

This demigod was once a weakling among those grotesques, nearly perishing at the hands of other monstrosities.

However, at the moment of his own death, he was saved by a Divine Abomination with only half a form.

From then on, he coexisted with that Divine Abomination, transforming into his current form.

As if two bodies — one male, one female, one good, one evil, one yin, one yang — were forcibly fused by some unknown power.

This demigod was half a symbol of loving Good God, and the other half born of hatred, an Evil God.

The two halves stood back-to-back, constantly radiating chaotic power.

This twisted chaos could even interfere with multidimensional attacks to some extent.

And this was the confidence that emboldened this demigod to counter A Lang.

"Is this all?"

Unexpectedly, A Lang completely disregarded the interference from the chaotic power, murmuring in a voice calm to the point of coldness.

The demigod could discern that A Lang was not mocking him but was merely posing a question.

But precisely because of this question, it made the demigod even more furious.

A Lang's overly puzzled tone turned the demigod's desperate counterattack into a comical sight.

This humiliation for a demigod who crawled from the bottom and possessed immense pride was even more painful than death.

"Don't you dare underestimate..." X2

As the demigod's two heads simultaneously lifted, ready to roar,

The spontaneously appearing Spinal Sword cleaved through it, splitting the demigod's good and evil sides once more.

Due to the suddenness and intensity of the impact, even the surrounding fleeing Ascenders failed to register what had transpired in that instant, let alone the demigod.

"Ah!"

Only when the pain that shattered the essence reached his brain did the demigod realize that he had been split in two.

More crucially, A Lang, adhering to his principles, did not kill the demigod's benevolent mind but merely eradicated the half plagued by evil thoughts.

This brought the demigod, who had initially intended to spout threats, to an immediate clarity, erasing the sense of chaotic oneness between good and evil.

The demigod, powerful even in the Divine Fall Realm, once again felt that long-lost sense of goodness.

Without the constant battle against evil thoughts and the erratic being of a God of Chaos, the demigod couldn't help but shed tears.

"I'm... alive again!"