

The Growth 411

Chapter 411 - 33: Ten Thousand Swords Roaring in Unison

"Huff!"

Enveloped by the common passage of the Water Nymph between dimensions.

He'Er quickly departed from the bounds of Yunding Mountain, arriving at a completely unfamiliar place.

This was the extreme north of the Divine Fall Realm, a land of frost and snow shrouded in eternal winter and cold winds.

Here, neither the Undead Camp nor the Intelligent Mechanism Camp were seen in the slightest trace.

Even those ubiquitous Ascenders would not come to this barren land devoid of resources and value.

According to the legend of the Divine Fall Realm, this extremely cold land was a "junkyard" specifically used to place chaotic things when the two supreme beings reshaped the world.

Even when the world returned to its normal state, this place never reverted to its pre-apocalypse condition.

However, only a few Demigods who touched the limits of the Ascension Ladder knew that this place was actually a naturally formed passage to the Outer Realm.

Here, orderly rules no longer existed; disordered time and space were interwoven together.

Not to mention divine-level combats, even if two Demigod level powerhouses fought here, they could be swept into other times and spaces at any moment.

As for the reason why He'Er chose to come to this extremely cold place, it was quite simple.

Back then, it was brought to the Divine Fall Realm by God Heimur through this passage.

Thanks to the special rules of the Divine Fall Realm, He'Er, then just an ordinary creature, was able to safely pass through the chaotic space-time and arrive at this extremely cold land unharmed.

Now, if He'Er wanted to return to its world, it could only search for the clues left behind in this place.

Incidentally, if it could shake off the pursuit of that battle maniac, all the better.

"We're saving you!"

The Water Nymph, bound by black light, roared angrily in a low voice.

She knew she shouldn't have softened momentarily and followed that fool A Lang to save someone.

As a result, now she was kidnapped as a hostage by the person she saved; it was simply an outrageous humiliation!

"Save me?"

Clearly taken aback, He'Er blinked in confusion.

"For no reason, why would you save me?"

"Moreover, I know you, Flowing Water Demoness Flora; I've never heard of any behavior of yours that involves saving people."

"On the contrary, I've heard quite a bit about you charming other Ascenders and then taking their power."

Upon these words, the Water Nymph was left speechless and even glanced around in panic.

"Shut up! Those were things of the past; can't I mend my ways?"

"Besides, it's just the survival rule of the Divine Fall Realm; I'm just following this rule."

Not wanting to continue this conversation, Flora immediately changed the subject and warned menacingly.

"You think I will believe..."

Just as He'Er wanted to rebut Flora's words, an overwhelming sense of crisis surged through its heart.

This sense of crisis came on so strong that every cell in He'Er's body trembled involuntarily.

"How is it possible!?"

With eyes wide with disbelief, He'Er leaped up abruptly like a beast.

The next second, the icy permafrost beneath its feet shattered, and a long sword made entirely of ice blades emerged from within.

Then there was a second, a third...

Under the astonished gaze of He'Er and Flora, countless ice blades surged from the ground, turning the permafrost glacier within a thousand-mile radius into an ice-cold hell.

He'Er could tell that those ice blades weren't made of ordinary frost.

Besides the material constituting them, those ice blades were imbued with some kind of terrible power.

"Are those ice blades... alive?"

As if realizing something, Flora's voice was tinged with joy.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

As if to verify Flora's words.

The long swords, breaking through the ice, buzzed first and then flew up unanimously.

When thousands of long swords cast of firm ice soared through the air, the grand scene and magnificent momentum suffocated anyone watching.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

Countless ice blades covered the sky; gigantic shadows blanketed the land.

As the target of these ice blades, the hair-raising He'Er unhesitatingly hurled Flora away.

It then whirled rapidly, transforming into the "Scythe of Death" capable of cutting through everything.

Clang! Clang! Clang!

The rapidly rotating "Scythe of Death" sliced through the air, severing all ice blades that came into contact with it.

Unfortunately, each time He'Er severed an ice blade, more ice blades shot from the ground, endlessly and continuously.

More exaggeratedly, in other regions within He'Er's sight, ice blades also emerged from the ice layers, shooting towards him.

This meant that the person behind the attack on He'Er most likely "woke up" all the ice and snow in the entire polar ice field and weaponized them to attack.

[It is the "Exorcism and Demon Control Skill" of the Mountain and Sea People!]

Such a thought flashed in its mind, and He'Er finally realized why the ice blades seemed familiar.

Because this ability to bestow spirituality upon all things in heaven and earth was clearly one of the abilities of the Mountain and Sea People.

Even the Nine Songs God, the origin, which had long since fallen, was not as adept with the Exorcism and Demon Control Skill as the current Mountain and Sea Civilization.

At least, in terms of the capability's proliferation and complexity, the Mountain and Sea Civilization far surpassed the Jiuge Civilization of the time.

"That lunatic is actually one of the Mountain and Sea People?"

In surprise and anger, He'Er found itself ensnared by the ice blades once more.

From a distance, one could see countless ice-forged blades, like crystal-clear gems, forming a "sword dragon" in mid-air madly assaulting He'Er.

Whenever He'Er wanted to escape, more ice blades appeared, thwarting its efforts.

He'Er also considered evading through high-dimensional means.

But it astonishingly discovered that a formless power had sealed its high-dimensional escape ability at some point.

This power originated from the icy continent below, from this disordered, chaotic time and space.

Only at this moment did He'Er realize that it wasn't the ice blades attacking it.

What truly attacked He'Er was the icy continent that birthed those blades.

He did not know when the mastermind managed to endow the entire icy continent with spirituality.

"This is already a True God-level power!"

No sooner had He'Er finished speaking, the entire icy continent trembled slightly.

Then A Lang, who emerged from the [Divine Treasure Vault], appeared in the center of the continent, gazing up at He'Er being annihilated by countless ice blades in the sky.

——Heaven and Earth, Ghosts and Gods: Ten Thousand Swords Roaring!