

## The Growth 426

Chapter 426 - 12: Battle of the Supreme Gods

[Brahma! So it was you!]

Staring dumbfounded at the Supreme God at the end of time and space, Ao Xing's inner depths echoed continuously with this sentence.

If it were under normal circumstances, being able to hear the Creator's divine oracle, Ao Xing would definitely be so excited he wouldn't be able to sleep for months.

Yet at this moment, alongside his excitement, Ao Xing suddenly had an ominous feeling — was he involved in some tremendous event?

As for the Supreme God Brahma of the Indian Gods, Ao Xing had actually heard of him.

It's just that, in Ao Xing's impression, this divine pantheon seemed to have been destroyed in the last era.

According to various information circulating in the [Civilization Game], the Thirteenth Celestial Father Gu A had once single-handedly dismantled [Brahma's Dream] to create a Mythical Divine Artifact and unify All Heavens and Myriad Realms.

Since then, Supreme God Brahma was confirmed dead, leading the Indian Gods to break into numerous branches.

The current Buddhist God system only achieved its present scale and prestige after absorbing a lot of the Indian Gods' heritage.

As for the other divine pantheons that formed after the split of the Indian Gods, they are too numerous to count.

So the question arises, just who is the Brahma appearing at the end of time and space at this moment?

Or to be more precise, which era does this Brahma belong to?

"..."

Before Ao Xing could think further, a sudden storm swept through the entire space-time.

Followed by ocean currents, the netherworld, land, and flames...

By the time Ao Xing came to his senses, the five apostles under the Creator had all appeared at the end of time and space.

The Storm Apostle Ji Meng, master of storms, symbolizing freedom...

The Death Apostle Yao Xin, master of death, symbolizing nothingness...

The Apostle of the Ocean Jiao Ling, master of the ocean, symbolizing chaos...

The Flame Apostle Hua She, master of flames, symbolizing the sun...

The Earth Apostle Dragon Child, master of the earth, symbolizing order...

After these five stern-faced apostles appeared, Ao Xing could clearly see that Brahma at the end of time and space narrowed his pupils.

Then, the entire space-time fell into chaos, commencing a clash between Supreme Gods.

And as the unfortunate mortal involved—the awareness of Ao Xing suddenly darkened, and he knew nothing more.

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When Ao Xing opened his eyes again, he found himself in a world of eternal darkness.

"Where...is this place?"

Straining to open his eyes wider, Ao Xing still couldn't see a trace of light, and he grew fearful.

It's not like Ao Xing was a cowardly Azure Dragon, but the scene unfolding now truly went beyond his comprehension.

One second he was observing the battle between two Supreme Gods, the next he was in a completely unfamiliar Dark World.

Let alone Ao Xing, any True God might react in a similar way if they were here.

In battles between Supreme Gods, death could be considered a fortunate outcome.

"This is the Mountain and Sea Realm."

Just then, a weak voice suddenly came from behind Ao Xing.

Turning back with vigilance, Ao Xing saw a bizarre stone-like creature.

Its body was composed of inorganic stone blocks, yet it exhibited an vitality akin to an organic creature.

Especially the eyes, which seemed to hold infinite wisdom, giving Ao Xing the feeling he was seeing the Great Prophet of various races.

"Mountain and Sea Realm? How is that possible?"

Instinctively refuting, Ao Xing's words were full of disbelief.

"How could this dark world be the Mountain and Sea Realm?"

"How could the great Creator allow darkness to descend upon the Mountain and Sea Realm? Not to mention the mission of the Winged Serpent God is to harness the sun!"

Tilted its head slightly, the inorganic life form fell silent instantly.

"The Creator and the Winged Serpent God you mentioned...who are they?"

At this, it was Ao Xing's turn to be silent.

Because no matter how he thought about it, he couldn't imagine that the other party wouldn't know who the Creator and the Winged Serpent God were.

But then, a realization dawned on Ao Xing as he looked around.

It seemed he had been swept up by that space-time vortex, ending up in a completely unfamiliar world.

Yet what puzzled Ao Xing was why this world was also called Mountain and Sea Realm?

Communication between Ascenders transcends languages, allowing for extraordinary communication that lets the other side understand one's meaning directly.

Theoretically, there shouldn't be any "translation errors," right?

"The Creator is the Creator, the Creator of the Mountain and Sea Realm..."

"As for the Winged Serpent God? He is the deity specifically in charge of harnessing the sun and spreading light under the Creator."

After a brief silence, Ao Xing took the initiative to answer the inorganic life form's question.

However, this only deepened the inorganic life form's confusion.

"There is no Creator in the Mountain and Sea Realm. The Mountain and Sea Realm is a dead world."

"All the Gods have abandoned this world, and the once-existing Dragon Race has entirely vanished."

"Even the sun you mentioned is now soaking in the 'Extreme West Sea'. I estimate it'll extinguish completely in a few years."

When it came to this point, the inorganic life form's tone paused slightly before continuing.

"Moreover, as a fleshy life form, how have you survived in this world?"

"I can sense you seem to have many peculiar...organs implanted within you."

With a hint of hesitation organizing its language, the inorganic life form spoke as it stretched out its arm toward Ao Xing.

The next second, Ao Xing was startled to find that the inorganic life form had mimicked his current appearance, turning into a winged stone Azure Dragon.

"Those organs are fascinating. I can't fully replicate them."

"It's an extremely complex genetic engineering code, impossible to evolve in an individual."

"So, where are you from?"

Blinking, Ao Xing was still trying to digest the words of the inorganic life form.

"I am from the Mountain and Sea Realm, a member of the Mountain and Sea Civilization, and also among the most devout followers under the Creator...one of them."

"You may call me Ao Xing."

After finishing the statement, Ao Xing didn't forget to ask again.

"And what about you? What kind of creature are you? What's your name?"

Mimicking Ao Xing's gesture of raising an eyebrow slightly, the inorganic life form replied thoughtfully.

"My race has no name, nor do I need one."

"But for convenience's sake, you may temporarily call me 'Dragon of Suffering.'"

"Moreover, if I may ask, in the 'Mountain and Sea Realm' you mentioned, does each individual have their own name?"