

## **The Growth 441**

Chapter 441 27: Asura King

The battle between Supreme Gods can be either very short or exceedingly long.

Especially after time and space have been completely thrown into disarray, the clash between Poxun and Li Hao transcends the limits of space-time, existing simultaneously in every moment of the past, present, and future.

However, this holds no meaning for the creatures within the Mountain and Sea Realm.

When Rogar, descending in the guise of a Saint, lost the blessing of her divine status, a "War of the Godslayer" specifically targeting her inevitably commenced.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Under the relentless assault of the remaining Dragons of Suffering, Rogar had no choice but to ponder temporarily what was happening.

This was not because Rogar was weaker than the Dragons of Suffering, but because she had to ensure she did not get wounded.

The dignity of the Gods lies in their "invincible" posture.

When a God begins to bleed, they are no longer that lofty God.

Whether it's the Keren Race or the Fallen Dragons, as soon as they become restless, they would inevitably target Rogar.

"Foolish mortals!"

Putting aside her playful mindset, Rogar suddenly manifested her true form.

Sizzle, sizzle, sizzle...

First, a bone spike, like a small knife, pierced through her brow, followed by a crimson vertical eye opening.

Next, two small horns protruded from both sides of her forehead, forming a triangular alignment with the spike on her brow.

From afar, it looked as though a simple crown had grown directly on Rogar's skull.

And that crimson vertical eye was the brightest jewel on this crown.

— Asura True Form: Night Rakshasa!

.....

"Hoo!"

Manifesting the Asura True Form, Rogar took a deep breath, simultaneously gathering all her power to unleash her supreme divine might.

Straighten her hips, tighten her abdomen, gather energy, and punch...

When Rogar got serious, a single punch from her generated destructive force far beyond nuclear explosion levels.

Swoosh—Boom!

The thundering of air blasts sounded incessantly.

A "white smoke" produced after breaking the sound barrier instantly tore apart the Dragons of Suffering ahead.

Let alone the original Fallen Dragons and Keren Race in this sea.

Even those Demon Descendants standing before Rogar could not avoid being swept into the ensuing turbulence, turning into a mist of blood and scattered limbs.

"Hoo!"

Exhaling another breath of foul air.

In the ninety-degree sector in front of Rogar, there were no longer any living creatures.

Only at this moment, the seawater driven away began to surge back, giving an indescribable sense of awe.

"Merely mortal creatures, how dare you underestimate the authority of a True God!"

Majestic, overbearing, and ruthless...

This is the daughter of the Demon God Poxun, the most primitive and purest Asura King.

In fact, Poxun has many offspring, but only three can truly stand out among the many Asura and become the most crucial generals under him.

Therefore, Rogar didn't become the Asura King just because she was Poxun's daughter.

On the contrary, Rogar was recognized by Poxun as a direct Divine Descendant because she became the Asura King.

Comparing with referential standards of other Divine Pantheons, Rogar is at the very least a valiant Valkyrie, with combat strength far exceeding that of an ordinary Main God.

However, just as Rogar planned to strike again and exterminate all the Fallen Dragons and Keren Race in Ancient Tang, a loud noise suddenly came from the torn sky.

Whirl... whirl... whirl...

Like a vortex, yet akin to a storm.

The sounds of fierce wind and rain and earth-trembling came simultaneously from the Far East and Far West.

Under the shocked gaze of every creature in this world, the once-fallen sun and moon simultaneously rose.

— There will naturally be Gods to deal with Gods.

Thus, when the sun and moon reclaimed their authority to illuminate this world, endless darkness was dispelled, and the light nurturing life blossomed once again.

"A True God actually emerged in such circumstances?"

In disbelief, with her eyes wide open, Rogar looked down at the fragmented, yet doggedly ascending moon with confusion and bafflement filling her mind.

A world where rules are chaotic and order is lost might indeed give birth to new Gods.

But that is established on the eve of destruction, where all living beings have not been utterly annihilated, with unified beliefs and prayers.

But the Mountain and Sea Realm now is already in a state of world-ending restart.

The Keren Race, the main body of the entire ecosystem, even inherently reveres a state of unfeeling ignorance.

Under such circumstances, even if the sun and moon returned to the sky, it would be absolutely impossible to give birth to an innate Natural God in such a short time.

[The Creator must have intervened!]

With this thought, Rogar decisively punched towards the moon still deep in space below her.

Swoosh—Boom!

Rogar must strike down this moon before the sun and moon take their places.

Otherwise, Rogar couldn't guarantee she could maintain her "invincible" stance.

Unfortunately, Rogar's plan did not succeed.

Roar!

Accompanied by a violent boom, the fragmented moon suddenly split in the middle.

Out emerged a completely black Demon Dragon with twin wings sprouting from its back from the core of the moon, and it let out an earth-shaking roar towards Rogar's direction.

"Aaaah!"

As a Fallen Dragon evolved from the moon's core, it's now a legitimate candidate for Moon God.

To return the moon back to high altitude, and to ensure its smooth birth, this Fallen Dragon would stop at nothing to hinder Rogar's attack.

"If you succeed in your Ascension to Divinity, perhaps you could pose a slight threat to me."

A trace of defiance and disdain flashed in her eyes, and Rogar didn't believe that a mere candidate for Moon God could pose much of a threat to her.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In an instant, the pitch-black Demon Dragon clashed violently with the brutal Asura King.

Once again, the winds converged in Tang Valley, and the sea churned violently.

All life affected by this battlefield, be it the Keren Race, the Fallen Dragons, or even Poxun's Demon Descendants, all chose to retreat far away.

The battlefield of two True Gods is a million times more terrifying than any Celestial Calamity.

To accommodate that distorted rule of power, the world itself began to mutate and crumble.

Everywhere the eye could see, the world that had been restored to brightness darkened once again, as if tending to plunge back into darkness.

In this enduring combat, whenever the pitch-black Demon Dragon gained the upper hand, moonlight would shine across the earth.

And when the Asura King dominated the battlefield, the surroundings would evolve towards the Sixth Heaven, significantly boosting the power of the Demon Descendants.