

The Growth 658

Chapter 658 16: I Refuse Ascension to Divinity!

The next day, when Feng Xi awoke, she suddenly found that the entire Oasis could not find any trace of Pixiu.

Just as Feng Xi was feeling a bit puzzled, Jin Ling, who also couldn't find Pixiu, appeared unusually calm and told her that Uncle Nine had already left.

This was Pixiu's usual style. Disliking farewells, he most enjoyed these sudden disappearances.

Feeling that something was vaguely amiss, Feng Xi sought out the Hundred Eyed Dragon, who was also accustomed to this and didn't take it to heart.

As for the Old Dragon?

That guy had been elusive from beginning to end, and Feng Xi had no idea where he was.

Fortunately, Feng Xi soon had no time to ponder these matters.

Because, for quite a long period ahead, she was busy dealing with issues between the Oasis residents and the natives of the Land of No Gods.

Only during the busy intervals, Feng Xi would occasionally have such a thought — was her travel back in time to this era just to assist in the establishment of the "City of No Gods"?

"It shouldn't be, right?"

Holding the glass sphere in front of her chest, Feng Xi vaguely felt that the mission she bore was not simple.

Although Feng Xi was not a devout follower of the Creator, she couldn't help but pray to the great Creator at this moment.

"Great Creator, if it was you who brought me to this era, could you give me further enlightenment?"

"Your humble believer truly cannot fathom your intentions..."

Murmuring so lightly, Feng Xi looked down at the glass sphere in her hand, only to be surprised to find that certain images were being reflected inside it.

It seemed to be an ongoing war, a battle involving the Gods.

Thunder, flame, rainstorm, gale...

Roars, ghost cries, wails, howls...

Through this glass sphere, Feng Xi seemed to place herself on that battlefield, feeling the wrath of the Gods and the despair of all beings.

"This?"

Just as Feng Xi was about to look more closely at the images inside the glass sphere, a surprised voice suddenly came from behind her.

"The prophecy vessel?"

Upon hearing the voice, she looked over, and the one surprised was none other than the Cat-headed Wizard Laputa who Feng Xi had rescued.

Laputa was holding a strange twelve-sided dice in one hand while scratching his pitch-black cat head with the other, showing an incredulous expression.

"You recognize this thing?"

Hearing Feng Xi's question, Laputa quickly snapped out of his surprise.

"No, I don't recognize this thing, but I know of similar things."

Seeing Feng Xi's puzzled expression, Laputa quickly continued to explain.

"In the heyday of our Witch Country, the Titled Wizard Prophet's Omen had such a 'prophecy vessel'."

"It could assist the 'Prophet's Omen' in predicting the future, revealing in advance certain crucial events involving oneself."

Speaking of this, Laputa's expression darkened a bit.

Because even though it predicted the destiny of the Witch Country, in the end, the Witch Country still couldn't escape the fate of being annihilated by the Gods.

"You mean, the images I just saw are of the future?"

Now it was Feng Xi's turn to scratch her head.

She wasn't a person of this era, who knows if the future presented in those images was the "future" on this timeline or the "future" that truly happens in the future.

[Wait a minute... I seem to have seen a familiar figure in those images just now?]

Abruptly aware, Feng Xi lowered her head again, trying hard to see certain images presented in the glass sphere.

Finally, Feng Xi's gaze locked onto one of the images.

It was of a burly Panda man, strong enough to move mountains.

In the image, this Panda man was leveling the Gorge like a mountain, extinguishing flames, majestically standing opposite the Gods.

[Then the question arises, at which time node in the future does this happen?]

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At the same time, in the vast desert of yellow sand.

Pixiu, carrying an iron rod and with a gourd tied around his waist, was steadily walking forward.

Though every step sank deeply into the yellow sand, Pixiu still strode swiftly across the desert, giving a particularly paradoxical sense of abruptness.

Until Pixiu reached the very outer boundary of the Land of Yellow Sand, where he saw the Thunder Domain composed of endless Electric Light.

"I knew it was you, Eight Desolates!"

Gazing at the Thunder Domain, Pixiu stopped advancing.

"You've been hiding for so many years, what is it that made you reveal yourself again this time?"

With a hint of mockery.

The unicorn Phantom Beast manifested from the thunder, staring arrogantly yet warily at the opposing Pixiu.

This was not the first time Prison Thunder Qilin had tracked Pixiu, but undoubtedly, it was the most successful attempt.

The Thunder Domain, almost encircling the entire Land of Yellow Sand, completely eliminated the notion of Pixiu escaping again.

"In one's lifetime, there are things you have to do even when you know you shouldn't."

Unfastening the gourd at his waist, Pixiu first took a swig of fine wine from within, then sighed.

"Just like you, knowing you're not my opponent, showing up before me time and again, thinking I won't kill you?"

Facing the descending True God with a demigod appearance, Pixiu rebuked as if he were scolding a defeated subordinate.

Although this was indeed the case.

Yet this arrogant attitude still made the Prison Thunder Qilin's eyes crack with rage, bolts of lightning involuntarily struck the desert.

"It's been a long time, and you're still as defiant as ever."

"Although I didn't come here for that Huanglong, I'll ask as usual."

"If you're willing to hand over that Huanglong, perhaps I might help you ascend to divinity, becoming the only 'Dragon God' in this world!"

In the face of persuasion from a True God, the corners of Pixiu's mouth couldn't help but rise, followed by a very exaggerated burst of laughter.

"Hahaha! Ascension to Divinity?"

"You mean ascending to divinity in this hopeless world, becoming feed for beings like you 'great ones'?"

His words unreservedly conveyed disdain and contempt, speaking in a voice of arrogance bordering on madness.

"Listen well, you horned reptile on the opposite side!"

"If I wanted to ascend to divinity, I wouldn't have waited until today!"

"It's not that I can't ascend to divinity, I simply don't want to, and that's the biggest difference between us!"

With the words hanging in the air, Pixiu had already taken down his iron rod and directly faced the True God who commanded the fierce thunder, roaring angrily.

"Come on! Let us end the enmity between us today!"