

The Growth 659

Chapter 659 17: Refining the Spirit into a Pill

Boom!

Wild thunder crashed to the ground, sending the yellow sand flying.

With each step forward, the Pixiu's body rapidly expanded.

In just a few breaths, the Pixiu transformed into a mountainous form and charged into the Thunder Domain, and the iron rod in its hand turned into a Heaven Supporting Pillar.

Clang!

As the Heaven Supporting Pillar suddenly struck down, even the Gods clad in thunder had to step aside.

Unfortunately, having faced the opponent more than once, the Pixiu was not about to let such a rare opportunity slip away.

"Hah!"

A mighty shout shook the mountains.

The Pixiu, incarnated as the God of Giants, stomped the ground into pieces and kicked a massive mountain towards the Prison Thunder Qilin.

Boom!

Caught off guard, the Prison Thunder Qilin had no choice but to give up its evasion plans, manipulating the sky full of thunder light to form an absolute static field around itself.

In this static field, everything was forced into stillness, as if even time itself had stopped.

Only the Prison Thunder Qilin, as the dominator, vigorously stomped on the mountain suspended midair and charged headlong towards the nearby Pixiu.

Bang!

The deafening tremor spread far and wide, shaking the earth and mountains.

Amidst the endless yellow sand, the Pixiu wielded the Heaven Supporting Pillar fiercely, exchanging hundreds of moves with the equally relentless Prison Thunder Qilin in an instant.

Their speed was so incredible that outsiders could only see electric light and afterimages colliding continuously.

As for the actual bodies of the battling opponents?

They could only be momentarily glimpsed by the eyes of normal creatures when one of them paused briefly.

However, those who could witness this battle were far from ordinary creatures.

The starry skies all around, the Divine Kingdom on the ground, and the Subspace hidden within the Space-Time Rift...

Countless Gods were alarmed by this battle, casting amazed glances towards the Pixiu.

As the Prison Thunder Qilin said, it was merely the first God to discover the Pixiu, but certainly not the last.

As this battle continued, more and more Gods would come here.

Whether it was for revenge or to uncover the secrets of the Golden Era, the Pixiu's fate was destined to be anything but pleasant.

Yet Pixiu, resolved in its heart, paid no heed to this.

With too many secrets weighing on its back, if Pixiu could end all grievances with its death, it wouldn't hesitate for one moment.

[Big Brother, I finally understand your choice back then!]

Continuously wielding the Heaven Supporting Pillar, the Pixiu now mirrored the Dragon God of old, caring not for life or death.

"Drifting off during our battle!?"

In a flash of lightning, the Prison Thunder Qilin once again manifested its true shape as a one-horned Phantom Beast.

"How dare you insult me like this!?"

The enraged Prison Thunder Qilin's form rapidly expanded as well, then it stomped its heavy hoof onto the iron rod.

In the next second, the Prison Thunder Qilin spewed forth Purgatory Thunder Fire, which hit the Pixiu's face head-on.

Rumble...

The thunder fire scorched the Pixiu's fur, and the intense pain instantly spread throughout its body.

This was genuine Divine Thunder Prison Fire!

Its essence was the divine format crafted by the Prison Thunder Qilin by fusing the Nine Heavens Thunder and Tribulation Purgatory Fire, power that even true Gods dared not confront head-on.

Most crucially, when these thunder fires touched the Pixiu, they transformed like living creatures into a grim Thunder Fire Dragon that coiled tightly around it.

"Heh! Is this all you've got?"

Realizing it had underestimated the enemy, the Pixiu decisively grabbed the Thunder Fire Dragon by the neck.

Tear...

Just like tearing a giant earthworm, the Pixiu endured the agonizing pain and forcibly ripped the Thunder Dragon off itself.

But as the price for forcibly tearing off this Thunder Dragon, charred black wounds appeared on the Pixiu, continuing to sear its body.

As they say, returning a favor is only polite.

In the next moment, the Pixiu suddenly swung its iron rod upwards, smashing the Prison Thunder Qilin to the ground.

Once the Prison Thunder Qilin sensed something amiss, it saw a sinister smile on the disfigured face of the Pixiu.

"Don't forget, Alchemy is my true Profession!"

With these words, the gourd at Pixiu's waist autonomously flew out.

Then, under the incredulous eyes of the Prison Thunder Qilin, this wine gourd erupted with an astonishing suction, aiming to pull it inside.

"My power..."

Struggling to escape the pulling force, the Prison Thunder Qilin was horrified to find its divine format being dismantled.

Conversely, the surface of the wine gourd began to emit thunder light that belonged to the Prison Thunder Qilin, growing ever more distinct.

"With the sky as the cauldron, and thunder as the fire!"

"Seize the life decree, Refining the Spirit into a Pill!"

Pixiu's deep and hoarse incantation became the last sound the Prison Thunder Qilin heard in this world.

—Alchemy·Nine Heavens Thunder Fire Divine Pill!

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The thunderstorm dispersed, leaving the yellow sands calm.

Standing like a God at the border of the Land of Yellow Sand, the Pixiu still bore a defiant smile on its face.

"Although the quality is a bit lacking, it is at least a genuine Divine Pill..."

After refining a true God into an elixir, Pixiu showed no hint of elation, instead muttering some dissatisfaction.

Given enough time, Pixiu was confident in refining the Prison Thunder Qilin into a truly high-quality Divine Pill.

Regrettably, due to time and place constraints, achieving this was Pixiu's utmost limit.

"What comes next is the real challenge!"

Manipulating the gourd to pour out the Nine Heavens Thunder Fire Divine Pill, Pixiu then looked upward into the distance.

There, more Gods were revealing themselves, ready to seize any moment of Pixiu's lapse or distraction.

"Skree!"

As if responding to Pixiu's thoughts.

The just-refined Nine Heavens Thunder Fire Divine Pill burst with indigo lightning, transforming into a Thunder Dragon circling around Pixiu.

Then, several more Divine Pills were poured out of the gourd, each transforming into different forms to guard Pixiu on all sides.

Exotic birds and beasts, four spirits from the eight directions, intangible calamities...

The Gods previously slain and refined into Divine Pills by Pixiu all manifested their most essential, powerful forms at this moment.

"Mere Gods, it's not as though I haven't slaughtered them before!"

From afar, one could see Pixiu entwined in the Thunder Dragon, stepping on firelight, wielding the Heaven Supporting Pillar like an unstoppable War God.