

The Growth 660

Chapter 660 18: Godslaying, That's All

[This guy... is simply a genius!]

Ever since becoming the Creator, Li Hao rarely admired someone so sincerely.

However, the Pixiu, who mastered the literal "Refining the Spirit into a Pill" technique, was undoubtedly the one making Li Hao exclaim with such admiration at this moment.

[Alchemy]has always been a technique of extracting the essence of all things and transforming it for personal use.

Extracting the essence of plants and animals was originally just a basic application of alchemy.

Yet, the Pixiu elevated this basic application to the extreme, reaching the point of directly extracting the essence of the gods.

Although this was based on the unique godly ecology of the Disaster Realm, a method directly targeting the "weaknesses" of descended gods.

But it is undeniable that the Pixiu indeed refined the gods—more than one, in fact.

What's even more outrageous is that, to solve the problem of mortal creatures being unable to digest divine essence,

the Pixiu took a different approach, not consuming those divine pills, but instead using them as something similar to "weapons."

[Who says pills have to be 'pills' at all times?]

Brimming with inspiration, Li Hao laughed, his eyes filled with an eager anticipation.

After gaining enough inspiration from the Pixiu, Li Hao couldn't wait to start crafting this "non-pill pill."

The thought of his [Automatic Alchemy Furnace] being able to continuously produce similar divine pills filled Li Hao's heart with expectation.

However, before doing that, Li Hao was even more curious about the Pixiu's next decision.

To single-handedly confront the gods.

Considering the Disaster Realm has millions of deities, the Pixiu's fate was virtually sealed.

Sensing death, how far could the Pixiu go before his demise?

Would the future Land of No Gods, known as the tomb of the gods, have anything to do with this battle led by the Pixiu?

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From the appearance of the Prison Thunder Qilin to the Pixiu unexpectedly refining it.

The entire process seemed long, but in fact, it only took less than a few minutes.

As the overwhelming thunderfire gradually dispersed, the road to the outside world reappeared before the Pixiu's eyes, but more gods appeared in front of him.

These gods were either exotic beasts, celestial calamities, or indescribable existences...

No matter their forms in the Material Realm, these gods were firmly locked onto the Pixiu, leaving him no escape route.

This was from countless previous experiences of encircling and suppressing the Pixiu.

Every god present knew very well that the seemingly rough Pixiu was as slippery as a mouse.

"Quite comprehensive attendance this time?"

With a bit of helplessness and a touch of mockery...

The Pixiu glanced at the gods appearing before him; those he recognized and had fought with numbered no less than a hundred.

As for those gods the Pixiu didn't care about, or those not adept at combat, their numbers were only greater.

After all, in the Disaster Realm, there's an abundance of gods, almost to a terrifying degree.

Grasses, trees, bamboo, stones, flowers, birds, fish, insects—any concept can give birth to gods.

The only consolation for the Pixiu was that these forcibly born gods were often not skilled in combat, a small blessing among misfortunes.

"It's not that we came fully prepared; it's that you are indeed worth our attention."

The howling winds cleared the clouds, and a giant between form and formlessness appeared before the Pixiu.

He was the Incarnation of the Master of the Stars·Yami, the giant who commanded the storms.

Although in the Disaster Realm, storms do not belong to Primordial Power.

But as a concept nurtured by a universally existing phenomenon, the god commanding storms was the most battle-savvy incarnation under Yami's command.

"Gogol, you finally walked back down that path!"

Saying this, the Pixiu deliberately glanced at the Storm God's back.

Because with the appearance of the Storm God, his Divine Kingdom deployed followers, apostles, and even divine beings here.

Gods are the masters of all things, and naturally, they wouldn't venture alone in battle; prison thunder Qilin-type loners were rare.

Of course, the Pixiu wasn't mocking Gogol for "ganging up against the few."

He was teasing, for Gogol, who was constantly trying to shake off the identity of "Yami's Incarnation," was ultimately accompanied by those followers, apostles, and divine beings belonging to the Master of the Stars.

"King of Giants, rebellious hero, Savior born from the storm..."

"The divine war with Yami stripped you of everything, and now even your pride is gone!"

"Currently, you're just one of Yami's incarnations, no longer the 'Meteorite' who dared to roar against the stars!"

Calmly staring at the Pixiu, Gogol did not refute a single word from him.

Just as the Pixiu said, after the downfall of the Land of Giants, Gogol's time had forever stopped.

Standing before the Pixiu now was just an incarnation of the Master of the Stars·Yami.

Yami had hundreds of such incarnations.

"Trust me, you will also become one of us in the end."

When Gogol suddenly stepped forward, a historic battle commenced.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

Thunder roars, flames blaze, tsunamis surge, storms rage...

In this desolate borderland, various celestial calamities struck in an instant.

Standing at the very center of this celestial calamity, wielding the Heaven Supporting Pillar, each swing from the Pixiu would repel an overconfident deity.

Fighting the gods' rotation with a half-god body.

Besides the Pixiu's formidable strength, the divine pills around him also played a significant role.

Whenever the Pixiu was exhausted, the divine pills replenished his depleted energy and divine power, granting him nearly divine endurance.

Moreover, those divine pills possessed some combat power themselves.

Though unequal to real gods, these divine pills could simply partition the battlefield, repelling the followers and apostles of the gods.

Rumble! Rumble! Rumble!

As the battle progressed, the bloodthirsty Pixiu couldn't even be bothered to continue speaking.

The massive staff in his hands moved with fierce vigor, mountains trembled, the treasure gourd atop his head continuously refined the overestimating followers and apostles.

For a moment, some of the gods charging at the forefront even began to regret.

It was only at this moment that these sinister, ulterior-motive gods recalled that this black-and-white demigod before them held another, more renowned title—Godslayer!