

The Growth 662

Chapter 662 20: The God Who Casts Stars

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The God of Flames was the second to fall, but certainly not the last.

With the fearless entry of Huanglong and Bone Erosion into the battle, the war's tempo rapidly escalated beyond what the Gods could endure.

First, there was the sudden frenzy of the Pixiu.

In truth, the Pixiu had not intended to go all out against these Gods so soon.

After playing a cat-and-mouse game with the Gods for so many years, Pixiu knew their fear of death all too well.

Except for a few like the Prison Thunder Qilin and King of Giants.

Most Gods wouldn't risk everything, let alone fight to the death, for the secrets of the Golden Era.

Therefore, as long as the battle line was drawn out long enough, Pixiu was confident in seizing the opportunity to exchange its life for the most threatening Gods to Huanglong, Hundred Eyed Dragon, and Golden Spirit.

This was Pixiu's plan to settle grievances within its own generation.

However, the appearance of Huanglong forced Pixiu to fight desperately, trying hard to stall those Gods planning to redirect their attacks.

Next, although Huanglong and Bone Erosion lost the advantage of a surprise attack,

their formidable performance in combination was not something ordinary Gods could easily counter.

Not to mention Huanglong, who holds the title of "Godslaying Mad Dragon" and has truly performed blood sacrifices on Gods as a top-notch Demigod.

Compared to Pixiu, Huanglong lacks only in life experience and the number of treasures, in other aspects, he's not much inferior.

Bone Erosion, although a Divine Abomination tamed by Huanglong,

was once a God of this Land of Yellow Sand, a War God daring to onset Divine War.

Its undying resentment turned it into Bone Erosion after death, naturally giving it a home-ground advantage in this desolate sandy land, incomparable to Gods needing to forcibly manifest the Divine Kingdom.

The combination of the two magnified the war's rhythm and intensity beyond the Gods' endurance.

"Ah!"

When the third God fell under the hands of Pixiu,

those timid and less competent in battle Gods chose to retreat and hide.

At least until Pixiu, Huanglong, and Bone Erosion showed weakness, those Gods only winning in favorable conditions would refrain from personally engaging.

This shift in the situation was exactly what Pixiu aimed for.

"A bunch of useless failures."

Gogol was not the least bit irritated by the other Gods' retreat, maintaining his cold demeanor.

Like the others, Gogol came for Pixiu and Huanglong, but the Gods hadn't formed any substantial alliance, only maintaining a basic non-aggression understanding.

Perhaps not wanting interference from other Gods, or perhaps due to the pride as the once King of Giants...

Gogol never truly joined the siege against Pixiu, nor did he strike while Pixiu was restrained.

It wasn't until other Gods realized Pixiu's difficulty and opted to spectate, that Gogol truly entered battle mode.

Fury!

The stars illuminated the sky, storms swept the earth.

And amidst the stars and storm, Gogol's Divine Kingdom flickered behind him.

It was a completely archaic Divine Kingdom, a civilization forever in the era of agriculture and weaving.

They farmed the Power of this Divine Kingdom, weaving the destiny of this Divine Kingdom.

With the blessing of the Divine Kingdom, an armor woven by the Power of Destiny appeared on Gogol, with stars orbiting around him.

"Let's test the power of the stars first!"

With a low murmur, the stars surrounding Gogol instantly transformed into a stream of light charging towards Pixiu.

Bam!

Seeing this, Pixiu didn't dare hesitate, striking the star with its Iron Rod, shattering it.

The star, carrying the force of ten thousand weights, shattered into fragments scattering around, each fragment forming a massive crater upon impact.

Zzz...

In just an instant, the once complete terrain turned into a rugged fiery Hell.

Especially at the boundary of sand, the colossal impact coupled with the innate high temperature of the falling star turned a thousand-mile radius into a world of charred black and crystallization coexistence.

"Seems your strength hasn't declined too much!"

Seeing Pixiu block his stellar attack with one blow, Gogol complimented with satisfaction.

In the next moment, Gogol suddenly grabbed a star orbiting him, transforming it into a War Axe hurled at Pixiu.

"Now see how you handle this move!"

Compared to merely throwing stars, the War Axe blessed by Gogol's power exhibited near world-cleaving power.

This time, Pixiu couldn't easily deflect it with a casual strike.

Clang!

The piercing sound of metal clashing echoed throughout the battlefield.

For the first time since its entry, Pixiu stepped back.

Its massive size and the enormous impact from that axe blow shattered the ground beneath its feet.

As spiderweb-like cracks spread, the exaggerated power was vividly presented to all observers.

"It's rude not to return the favor!"

With veins bulging all over, Pixiu opened its mouth to breathe, shooting a golden bullet.

Swish—Boom!

Due to the sheer speed and sudden attack style, Gogol had no time to react.

Thankfully, Gogol was never that reckless opponent.

His armor glowed gold, blocking the attack just in time.

Boom!

In a flash, Gogol once again held a star, morphing it into a Meteor Lance to hurl.

This was truly the clash between descending Gods!

This displayed the utmost power of the Disaster Realm!

Holding stars, shattering the earth...

All things in the material world were fragile like glass under their cataclysmic attacks.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

In just a few seconds of confrontation, the shockwaves from Gogol and Pixiu's battle shook half of the Land of Yellow Sand and were spreading throughout the world.

By now, regardless of coveting the secrets of the Golden Era or not, all Gods were aware of the two combatants.

And just as the battle reached its peak, the earlier joint killers of a God, Huanglong and Bone Erosion, joined the battlefield one after another.

Storms, thunder, flames...

Though facing three of the same level, Gogol, backed by the Divine Kingdom, showcased unmatched dominance.

Claiming an advantage might not be accurate, but Gogol standing alone against three was definitely not at a disadvantage.

The stars around him morphed into various Divine Soldiers in his hands...

The armor formed by the Divine Kingdom granted him an unbreakable Golden Body...

With attack and defense united, Gogol demonstrated through action that the gap between Gods could sometimes be larger than between mortals!

