

The Shadow of Immortality

Chapter 80: Before Power, Pride Falls

The first fight was Clark's, and not many bets were placed on him.

His opponent was a huge, foolish man, and perhaps his refinement wasn't very high.

He possessed a giant axe.

The two were standing before each other. Clark had a flawlessly calm appearance.

The huge man spoke, trying to provoke Clark:

- "So, little guy, are you sad because I'm going to cut half your body with one strike?"

Clark sighed:

- "Just attack and don't drag this out on me!"

The crowd was angered by Clark's arrogance.

- "Just kill him, Natali! Kill this bastard!"

Soon, he swung his giant axe at Clark with all his might.

A shadow of terrifying size and power formed. It was black, with black golden plates around its arms, and also a helmet over its face as if part of it. Behind its back was a broken clock that was moving.

It was the World!

Soon, Clark's voice boomed loudly:

- "World!"

Boom!!!

Time stopped! It was a terrifying, immense sound.

The strike stopped at Clark's nose. Even if that axe hit his face, it would never affect him.

The frozen gazes of the crowd surrounded Clark with hatred.

Clark turned and searched for the person the World had told him about.

He found one person who was standing, shock evident on his face.

- "Seems he didn't know about me."

Clark turned to his opponent:

- "Well, it seems time is nearly up. It's the eighth second."

Swish!

A swift wave from the World easily severed his opponent's head.

- "Time returns!!!"

Everyone was bewildered! Suddenly, Natali died without them noticing at all!!!

While the one watching in complete shock was: Diego Brando!!!

The man Clark was looking for!

Diego Brando was extremely tense. He didn't understand due to the complexity of what was happening.

You could say Brando's reaction was as if he had slept and woken up only to be suddenly raided and was now going to be executed!!!

Clark knew he had gained exactly the reaction he wanted.

The matches continued until it was Brando's turn.

He was calm, composed, with a strong body, but it was clear he was addicted to blood and obsessed with everything: money, women...

People like this, you could say they are lustful, thinking the goal is to gather money and date beautiful women, but no, it's deeper than that.

Brando's opponent was clearly strong, from the Lionheart Nation, named Gorfenta Stefano.

His noble appearance was evident with his red hair and bright white face.

Clark watched from afar:

- "This boy has no experience in life-or-death fights. His way of holding the sword shows that too."

- "But perhaps it's a trap to make Brando advance. Interesting."

Brando charged...

Boom!

Time stopped!

Clark noticed he could move even though Brando had stopped time.

Clark was calm, not wanting to ruin Brando's fight if he noticed Clark could move.

But Brando threw several sharp, barbed wires coated with Qi, and also several explosives, and then... time ended, five seconds!

Boom!!!

Gorfenta was thrown back. His body was covered in scratches from the barbed wires.

Another strange person like Clark had done all this and they didn't know!

Gorfenta spoke coldly:

- "So, you're a stranger like the previous one."

Diego replied:

- "Oh! I think you're very observant. But let me tell you, Prince: You don't have any killing intent or hostility towards me."

- "But do you know what I enjoy besides women and money?"

- "What do you mean?"

- "Naturally, what I mean is crushing opponents and breaking their noses! See?!"

Brando charged with a crazy look.

The World behind him didn't have the large appearance of Clark's manifestation, and it hadn't developed like Clark's personal World.

He delivered several blows: Bam! Bam! Bam!

The fists clashed against Gorfenta's sword, who was taking a more defensive stance than offensive.

Clearly, Brando had established his dominance in the fight.

But the apparent truth for Clark:

- "This Brando has no kind of experience. True, he has the courage to kill, but technically he's inferior to Gorfenta."

- "Each has the other's flaw: one lacks the courage to kill, the other lacks technique."

- "True, the movement he did at first is attention-grabbing, but it only caused scratches and didn't decide the match."

Swish!!!

Brando cut a huge piece in the abdomen. The wound was deep.

But Brando's killing intent intensified!

The World's fist intensified: Bam! Bam! Bam!!

Several blows threw Gorfenta far away.

His right eye was swollen shut from the bruise, and several ribs were broken.

While Brando was bleeding profusely.

Meanwhile, Clark was watching in shock:

- "The Crimson Tower's Blood Blade! I didn't expect him to have something like this."

- "This boy Gorfenta has hidden tricks and obscure origins."

- "Also, now killing intent has appeared in his eyes. He was only hiding it to lure Brando more and more and discover his movements."

- "I was wrong! This boy has the courage to kill and won't hesitate."

- "Should I intervene???"

Clark sat and waited patiently.

The two were moving at lightning speed in the arena, brutally destroying it.

This time, Brando was suppressed.

Gorfenta's blade was in his shoulder.

Blood flowed from his mouth, but he laughed:

- "Now, World, stop this damn time!!!"

Time stopped.

Stab!!!

The World's fist pierced Gorfenta's abdomen, and he fell unconscious to the ground.

- "Four, five... time returns."

Everyone was shocked! Gorfenta, who was winning, had fallen heavily to the ground.

Brando was standing with difficulty.

Clark descended from the arena, laughing. Everyone turned to him.

Clark pointed loudly:

- "You will face me, Brando!!!"

Everyone looked in surprise, even Brando, who was kneeling on the ground, was exhausted.

Everyone looked at Clark, the crowd shouting:

- "What a coward! You're facing an injured person!"

Clark laughed like a madman:

- "Fuhahahahahahahahaha! Naturally, I'm crazy! What do you think? In wars, do you think you'll retreat because your opponent is injured?"

- "Let me give you a simple lesson: before immense power, all souls submit!"

- "Infinite Selves!!!"

More than fifty copies of Clark appeared, extremely powerful.

Everyone looked in terror at the number of copies he could produce.

Naturally, Clark could do this; he had been able to develop his soul more and more due to injuries, then amplify the soul by devouring other souls.

Certainly, it would be a miraculous method; otherwise, how did the Demonic Spectral King Venerable reach this power? Through blood and random killing! That's the law of life: you die or you live!

Clark advanced cold-bloodedly to Brando, then descended to his level.

- "What? Do you wish your mother hadn't given birth to you? Well, mercy is written for him."

- "You, the one with the hat!"

Clark pointed to a girl in the crowd, with a slender body and soft black hair, and a beautifully designed face.

The girl turned to see if he meant her, then pointed to herself:

- "Do you mean me?"

Clark replied:

- "Naturally, I mean you. Come down and treat these trash!"

The woman looked at him with fear and hesitation. She was afraid he would kill her.

But Clark stopped time terrifyingly... and when time returned, he was standing frighteningly in front of her.

Everyone looked in fear. Soon, they moved away.

Even the man who organized the event was standing from afar, scared on his platform. After seeing Clark's power, he thought a thousand times before intervening.

An aura emerged from Clark, black and repulsive, his eyes terrifyingly red, a devil inside, not a human!

Everyone moved away, they were scared, and some cried, thinking it was their last night.

- "H... how?! Just, how?! No human should have killing intent like this! How many humans has he killed?!"

Clark spoke in a resounding, terrifying voice.

The girl averted her face in fear, but Clark gently grabbed her chin and said:

- "What's your name???"

The girl stammered:

- "M... my name is Natasha, from the Goldhart family."

Clark replied gently:

- "Well, Natasha, a good name. Treat these two children so I can have a fight. Let's go!"

She followed him to treat Brando and Gorfenta.

She began treating them. A white, pure aura flowed.

Everyone looked in terror!

Even Brando didn't want to be treated, he just wanted to escape!!!

Both were treated.

They looked at each other in surprise.

The devil was standing before them with a smile.

Clark spoke in a gentle voice, a smile on his face:

- "Now, gentlemen... I surrender!"

Some spat out water from shock, others' pupils dilated from shock!

- "Just, what the hell! What did he say?!"

Gorfenta asked:

- "Do you mean you won't fight us?"

Clark replied:

- "Naturally! As you know, I'm a man who loves business and making friends. Hahahaha! I'm just a good man, nothing more. In killing, only sometimes! That was just a side I didn't want you to see."

- "My intention is sincere in making friends and working with you."

Brando asked hesitantly:

- "And can we refuse???"

Clark replied:

- "I'm confident you can make the right decision, right?"

Brando thought in his mind:

- "Does he think I'm a fool and don't understand his cunning?!"

- "When he said: 'I'm confident you will make the right decision,' it was a clear threat and loud!"

Brando's answer after thinking for ten seconds:

- "Well, I'll go with you!!!"

To be continued....