

U. Warlord 1111

Chapter 1111: Skiving Off Together

Thousands of arclight dragons criss-crossed in mid-air, falling like meteors straight toward Whateley. Even if Whateley had a few dozen arms, he wouldn't be able to handle the simultaneous barrage of a few thousand dragons.

Crystal dust sprayed out of Whateley's body, particles formed out of spatial force, which affected the air around him and the integrity of that space.

The thousands of dragons found their flight disrupted by the crystal dust, and some simply dematerialized. Whateley's entire body, wrapped in spatial force, was able to pass unhindered through the dust.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon]!"

Li Feng leapt high into the air and landed on the dragon's head, his sword gleaming brightly as though it had been dipped in liquid light. As he raised the sword to the skies, it glowed and expanded, morphing into a huge blade of light.

The blade parted the clouds and lit up the entire patch of void. At that very moment, Li Feng looked like a god descending from the heavens.

The holy dragon shrugged aside the roaming ropelike arms. A huge blade crashed down toward Whateley, who defended with ridiculously condensed light energy that formed a thick pillar of light. It smashed apart Li Feng's technique and sent him flying.

Dozens of arms wrapped around the holy dragon as Whateley opened his maw wide once more, twisting space into vortices and sucking the dragon in.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon]!" Li Feng yelled out. He pulled out a blade from which light began to gather. As he struck, dozens of dragons fell from the skies like meteors, illuminating the void.

Whateley again filled the battlefield with crystal dust to disrupt Li Feng's technique. He flew out from among the dust and sprayed out a white ray of light.

After consuming Li Feng's light dragons, he subsequently used spatial force to compress the resulting light-attuned genetic energy to a ridiculous extent, imbuing it with fearsome penetrating power. It pierced through space and created a sonic boom.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon: Arclight Slash]!"

Li Feng lifted his sword high above his head. A silvery-white dragon emerged from behind him, merged with the sword, and sent a beam of light piercing the skies. Li Feng struck, and the sword slash morphed into a dragon that countered the ray of light.

From afar, Wilbow was shocked to see that Li Feng could actually fight on equal footing with his unusual little brother.

"[The Boundless Blade: Dragonwhale]!" In the blink of an eye, Yang Ze was surrounded by a patch of ocean. The lapping of waves echoed through the battlefield. They grew and grew, reaching a crescendo and rising into the sky like a tsunami, manifesting in the form of a huge whale.

The whale's body was long and streamlined, with long whiskers and scales patterning its body.

Wilbow's attention snapped back to his own fight against Yang Ze, not daring to be distracted against such a strong opponent.

After repelling Yang Ze's attack, Wilbow smiled and called out, "Actually, there's no need for us to fight to the death. My father might be against you, but I'm not. In fact, I don't feel any sense of enmity against you. Why don't we take it easy?"

Yang Ze was too hard an opponent to face. None of his tricks were able to wound or even kill him; it was too difficult to distinguish his illusions from reality.

Up till now, Wilbow had no idea how to counteract Yang Ze's karmic force.

Wilbow knew of the xuluo's mysterious heaven's might, but the xuluo had applied it to offense rather than defense. Their attacks were unmissable, but they could still be countered.

In other words, the rulers of the other superior worlds had devised counterstrategies against heaven's might, which was no longer a threat as a result. After all, karma might look like an arcane and mysterious power, but with its principles firmly understood, there was little to fear from it.

The problem was that Yang Ze's karmic strength wasn't something Wilbow could understand.

Anyone else from Team Zenith hearing Wilbow's offer of reconciliation would surely have shouted back, "Is this a joke? We've been fighting for so long—and you're telling me you bear me no enmity now?"

However, Yang Ze's response was markedly different.

"Yes, I think that's very reasonable. To be frank, I'm just a minor member of Zhang Lie's group, nothing more than an errand boy of sorts. There's no need for us to fight to the death—we can just pretend."

"Haha, that's exactly right!" Wilbow smiled, but he was inwardly shaking his head. For someone with such strength, with control over karma, to be nothing more than an errand boy? Who would believe that?

Wilbow continued, "Neither of us need to tire ourselves out needlessly. If your side wins, I hope you'll spare my life."

Yang Ze nodded. "And vice versa, I hope."

Wilbow nodded as well. "Incidentally, I don't think my father would reject such a capable fighter as you. If you really are no more than an errand boy in Zhang Lie's retinue, have you considered jumping ship? Join the king of keys—you'll have as much status and wealth as you want."

Yang Ze waved a hand. "No, no, I couldn't! Anyway, I'm just an errand boy—I could hardly do very much even if I were to defect. Isn't that right?"

Wilbow laughed again. "Haha, right, what do you call your karmic ability?"

"[Reflected Sight, Refracted Vision]!"

Wilbow remarked, "It sounds very special."

Yang Ze suddenly grew alarmed. "Watch out! Behind you!"

Wilbow didn't make a move. He looked calmly at Yang Ze.

Yang Ze scratched his head in embarrassment. "I saw a fly fly by your back, haha."

Wilbow's gaze suddenly turned sharp. "Ah, Whateley!"

Yang Ze didn't make a move. He looked calmly at Wilbow.

Wilbow laughed dryly. "The fight between Whateley and your companion is really intense, isn't it?"

Yang Ze and Wilbow both began to laugh—more and more loudly, more and more happily, as though they were friends who had known each other for years rather than enemies who had been fighting to the death.

Even so, they were still enemies.

Yang Ze continued, "Since our companions are both having intense fights, I don't think I can justify just standing here and chatting with you."

Wilbow agreed. "Very well. It'll be troublesome, but my father would scold me after the battle for being lazy and colluding with the enemy if he notices what I'm doing now."

Yang Ze nodded. "I don't want Zhang Lie to catch me skiving off, either."

"Let's pretend to fight, then?"

"Very well. Let's pretend—but we won't go hard on each other,"

Yang Ze agreed.

Wilbow and Yang Ze both launched glancing blows at each other, neither seeming to display any killing intent, as though they were both just there for show.

Of course, this was only on a superficial level. In truth, neither of them were able to identify any openings in the other. Once they did, they would surely fight each other more fiercely than any other pair on the battlefield...

Chapter 1112: Star Light, Star Bright

Both Yang Ze and Wilbow knew that the other party was just biding his time; they were both waiting for a single critical opening that would win them the fight.

Wilbow was searching for a flaw in Yang Ze's manipulation over karma, while Yang Ze was searching for an opportunity to get rid of Wilbow.

Whateley opened his mouth, causing spatial vortices to form within, before expelling them like a cannon.

Whateley's spatial manipulation was simplistic but brutally effective.

It seemed as though he naturally had a very strong ability to manipulate spatial force, but that instinctive ability was untrained at fine manipulation. Instead, he was able to display all sorts of unusual and unexpected spatial manipulation to surprise his opponents.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon]!" Dozens of sword slashes emanated from Li Feng, each with a starry splendor reminiscent of the Milky Way. The stars in the night sky shone brightly with the sword slashes, imbued with the power of the vast expanse of the galaxy.

The starlight was so splendid that it would make any onlookers dizzy.

Just as Li Feng's blows deflected Whateley's attack, Whateley shrouded himself with spatial force, then teleported to Li Feng's back.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon]!" Li Feng cut forward. The overflowing sword energy materialized in the form of a light dragon. Whateley emerged from the spatial portal with his arms outstretched, woven into a large web intending to capture Li Feng.

However, that web was torn apart by Li Feng's light dragon. Whateley next tried to defend himself with a shield of spatial force, but the light dragon penetrated through the shield and sent Whateley flying.

As Whateley flew into the distance, he opened his mouth wide and shot out another cannonball of spatial force.

"[The Boundless Blade: Cloudstep]!" Li Feng soared into the air, propelling himself upward with every cloud he stepped on. He sent his light-imbued sword arcing through the air as an arclight dragon rushed into the sky alongside his back.

Whateley opened his mouth wide, absorbed the dragon—and even the swords that accompanied it.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon: Realm of Heaven]!" Li Feng raised his sword high into the air. Light-attuned genetic energy gathered around it, invoking the stars. Holy hymns echoed around him, and the concentrated energy manifested as outspread wings to his back.

However, there wasn't much light-attuned genetic energy to be found in the void, and Li Feng's wings looked somewhat illusory.

A world apart! It was as though he and Whateley were separated not by the length of the battlefield, but by an entire world.

Whateley wasn't the only one in the third realm who had access to spatial manipulation on such a large scale. All the combatants on the level of superior kings had access to some level of such manipulation, as did Li Feng.

Li Feng seemed completely unperturbed by Whateley's attack. A hundred dragons wrapped around his sword, and his light-attuned genetic energy was forming complicated patterns around him. Light swirled around him, as though manifesting in the form of illusions, as he swung his blade down.

Radiant white light exploded from the point of impact, the holy light of heaven. Suddenly, all that light disappeared.

Whateley hurriedly activated his own authority over space to counteract Li Feng's, and his natural talent won out.

"[The Boundless Blade: Heaven's Gate]!"

The next moment, Li Feng struck with his sword. A river of holy light seemed to trail behind him, and arclight dragons could be seen amidst the light.

The source of the river was a pair of ornate doors. As those doors opened up, countless arclight dragons poured out from behind the doors, forming a concentrated river of light and illuminating the void.

Once again, Whateley opened his mouth wide, distorted space, and absorbed the light-attuned genetic energy.

This time, however, even he couldn't swallow the entire flood of light-attuned genetic energy.

He hurriedly dispersed some crystal dust to disrupt the flood of genetic energy, then fled with defensive spatial manipulation.

Whateley appeared somewhere random in the void, away from the crystal dust he had scattered. His body glowed with piercing light—he had swallowed too much of that light-attuned genetic energy, and he was having indigestion.

Just then, Li Feng struck again.

"[The Boundless Blade: Heaven's Gate]!" Silvery-white genetic energy burst forth as Li Feng raised the sword in his hand high into the air, as though a god were descending on the world. The entire sky was overshadowed by a silvery-white glow that faced off against the golden light. Holy hymns continued to ring through the air.

The hymns seemed to pierce straight through Whateley's soul, until he felt suddenly at ease, as though there was no strife with which to concern himself.

Although Whateley was skilled with spatial manipulation and possessed significant innate strength, he was clearly unprepared for a mental assault.

He was instantly affected by the holy hymns, and his dozens of ropelike hands drooped as though they had suddenly lost their strength.

Wilbow suddenly grew alarmed. "No!"

Li Feng had found the one chink in Whateley's armor.

Whateley was an incredibly strong existence, but he had never before left the security of the king of keys' body. Despite his strength, he was nothing more than a kid.

Li Feng's holy hymns affected not Whateley's soul, but rather his mentality and willpower—exactly where Whateley was weakest.

Whateley lost his fighting spirit. Like waves, the silver glow pulsed forward, lapping the shore, sounding like peals of thunder, like stampeding hooves.

Each silver wave morphed into an arclight dragon, soaring through the air. The surface of the sea frothed with angry waves, like dragons emerging with the tide.

Countless arclight dragons soared through the sky, which thundered amidst forks of white lightning. It looked as though a holy world were forming in the sky.

Li Feng struck. A holy storm raged around him. Sword energy manifested as trailing dragons. A god descended as the heavens raged, as lightning forked through the air.

Li Feng's blade arced through the air and landed like a heavenly tribulation. Thousands of holy dragons smote Whateley. The crackling of thunder covered up the sound of hymns, as though it was a requiem for the world...

Chapter 1113: The Absorption Limit

The holy dragons that Yang Ze summoned were like thousands of courageous soldiers attacking in force.

Whateley only snapped back to attention when he heard the howling peals of thunder, but by then it was already too late.

His body was filled with light-attuned genetic energy, which crackled from him like lightning. Whateley was full; he couldn't absorb any more light-attuned genetic energy, and neither did he have time to dodge the attack.

The only choice remaining was for him to forcibly expel all that genetic energy at once, spraying it forth in a torrent.

The two bursts of light-attuned genetic energy exploded in the air in close contact with each other, as though they were nuclear warheads.

Whateley's body was half-destroyed by the explosion. His dozens of ropelike arms hung limply from his body, most of which had snapped or frayed. Even his mouth had torn open, and he was in extremely poor shape.

His self-regeneration ability began to activate—more restoration than regeneration—but Li Feng wasn't about to give Whateley the opportunity to do so. Light crackled around his body like lightning.

"[The Boundless Blade: Dragon's Annihilation]!" A silver dragon manifested around the blade, howling into the void. Wounded as he was by the recent attack, Whateley was unable to distort space and absorb Li Feng's attack.

He shrouded himself in spatial force, trying to teleport away, but Li Feng's attack trailed him like a shadow. Crystal dust burst from Whateley's body, disrupting the attack and buying him some time to patch up his wounded body.

The silver dragon sword swept away the dust and shot straight at Whateley, who opened his mouth wide and shot out a burst of spatial force at it.

The spatial burst clashed with the silver dragon sword, which exploded in mid-air into a rain of swords.

Whateley hadn't expected this development. The rain of swords tore apart his body and pierced him through.

Li Feng took advantage of the opportunity to strike. "[Striking Sun and Moon]!"

A frightening force descended on Whateley, energy rumbling and rippling around him. Silvery-white sword energy rose into the air, the blade growing thousands of meters long with the infusion of genetic energy. Shining as brightly as the dawn, the sword sliced downwards. Whateley didn't have the strength to resist, and Li Feng bisected him.

While Li Feng's fight finished, Sun Mengmeng and the planet-headed apostle's fight continued in full force.

"[Lunarflame Shot]!" Purple flames burned over her fingers, manifesting into three arrows. The energy in the three fiery arrows was so dense that they took on corporeal form. If not for the unusual heat they gave off, no ordinary bystander would believe that they had been formed of flame.

Three arrows, brimming with purple flame, flew toward the apostle.

With a burst of gravity, the apostle caused the three arrows to explode right in front of him. The explosion was immense, but the apostle didn't seem to be affected at all.

Before they set off, Sun Mengmeng had learned of the apostle's abilities from Li Zongming. "Gravity manipulation, is it?"

It was a very powerful technique. Even so, Sun Mengmeng cried out confidently, "No technique is invincible! I've already thought of how to counter you."

The apostle bowed. "Oh? Please demonstrate, then."

"[Lunarflame Shot]!" Fire-attuned genetic energy burst from Sun Mengmeng's body as her body erupted in flames.

She pulled her greatbow taut, and only a series of afterimages were visible of her hand as she shot countless arrows of purple flame of her bow, producing what seemed like a meteor shower that tinted the air purple and gave the void a phantasmagorical appearance. The air turned dry and arid, as though a cataclysm was nigh.

The apostle's gravity manipulation redirected the attacks toward the planet that formed his head.

Sun Mengmeng cast [Black Sun], forming a cordon of purplish-black flame around her.

She activated her most impactful soulshards for battle, transforming from a young woman to a fierce warrior with a chitinous carapace, wreathed in black flame. Her flames were so intense that the armor-type soulshard actually began to crack and split. Black flames seeped out from the cracks, burning so intensely that she looked like a warrior out of hell.

Black flames simultaneously flared from her garuda bow, transforming into an undead phoenix.

"[Netherworld's Gaze]!" Hundreds of arrows, like beams of moonlight, shot toward the apostle. Their flames felt as though they could destroy everything they touched.

Again, the apostle redirected all those attacks.

"...you're that weak?" The apostle's tone was dissatisfied, disdainful, and mocking. "Is this your so-called counter to my techniques?"

"[The Nine Moons of the Underworld]!" Nine flaming moons appeared in the sky, overshadowing the sun's radiance.

Once more, the apostle redirected the attacks toward his planet head. He chuckled coldly. "If this is all you've got, you're far too disappointing."

The next moment, however, as the nine moons struck the planet's surface, a huge wave of fire burst forth from the planet, scorching even the stars. The apostle groaned in pain.

He understood what he had missed, now. As Sun Mengmeng's attacks repeatedly landed, his planet head had turned into a sea of fire, one so hot it felt as though even his lower body was about to burn up.

"[Lunar Apostasy]!" Sun Mengmeng's entire bow was blazing. She launched her arrows straight into the air, which exploded among the clouds and formed a black moon,

one even larger than his planet head. As the blackflame moonlight struck the apostle, Sun Mengmeng called out, "Your gravity manipulation is indeed very strong, allowing you to transfer attacks to the planet that forms your head and its surrounding galaxy, but there's ultimately a limit to how much energy it can absorb."

The apostle was currently suffering from indigestion. Black flame was melting its planet head, and lava spreading all over the land.

As huge moons fell from the skies, the apostle hurriedly manipulated gravity to push them back up.

Sun Mengmeng seized this opportunity. Pitch-black flames sparked to life across her bow, causing the flames to grow even more intense.

"[Netherworld's Torrential Flame]!" A frightening fan of flames poured out from Sun Mengmeng's bow, an attack far stronger than the moons she had summoned...

Chapter 1114: Supernova Destruction

The flames arced in the air and fell toward the battlefield in a waterfall. Even the apostle was hard-pressed to deal with the simultaneous attacks.

Sun Mengmeng's surroundings began to burn with dark red flames as she launched a third attack.

"[Lunarflame Shot: Ninefold Phantasmagoria]." Nine purplish-black phoenixes rose around her and shot toward the planet-headed apostle, who was unable to handle the strain any further. All three attacks struck the planet simultaneously, sending black flame all over the planet.

The black flames exploded, surrounding the apostle and causing him to scream in pain. The planet was filled with lava. Laser-red spots of light, a deeper red than even the boiling-hot lava, flashed from the planet, like eyes that were staring straight at Sun Mengmeng.

The apostle summoned a storm of gravity, attempting to crush Sun Mengmeng whole.

"[Lunarflame Shot]!" Without hesitation, Sun Mengmeng pulled her bow taut. As she imbued her attack with her anger, purplish-black flames formed around her.

The black flame on her body subsided and gathered around the longbow in the form of a raging storm. As the flames spun, they condensed into an arrow of pure black.

The image of a golden garuda, limned in black, appeared behind her. As she loosed her arrow, it seemed to transform into a beam of light, moving so quickly that it bypassed the constraints of time and space, as though it could penetrate anything.

Undeterred by gravity, the arrow pierced through the apostle's chest. Black flames set the apostle's body aflame.

However, the apostle's body was nothing more than decoration. Hurting it did essentially no damage to the apostle; only the planet that formed his head mattered.

"[Lunarflame Shot: Extirpation of the Garuda]!"

As Sun Mengmeng infused her genetic energy into the bow, the image of a garuda appeared behind her. She released her arrow, which morphed into a human-faced, golden-winged bird in mid-air, radiating red light as it arced through the skies. It began to pulse with red fire, brimming with such energy that it seemed as though it would set the world aflame.

Sun Mengmeng's attack shot toward the apostle's planet head. It scorched the heavens and the earth, and the resulting wave of annihilation dyed everything in sight a patch of black. The apostle's head swiftly turned black. Smothered by pitch-black flames, the planet was being devoured bit by bit.

"[Lunarflame Shot: Extirpation of the Garuda]!" Sun Mengmeng pulled her bow taut once more, infusing the rest of her genetic energy within. The image of a garuda materialized from thin air and shot out along with her arrow.

Even before the arrow landed, the earth and sky alike ignited.

A garuda shot out with the strength of a superior king. The enraged garuda rushed forward, bearing all of Sun Mengmeng's anger and strength.

The planet-headed apostle, whose head had since blackened, was incapable of manipulating gravity again. The enraged garuda launched straight at the planet, like a meteor that promised a mass extinction.

A fearsome clash resulted, as though a black hole from the deep abyss had just been formed. Flames rose once more throughout the planet.

The planet belched black flame. Subsequently, it cracked from the inside out, then exploded.

Scalding air spread out from the point of impact in a wave, affecting even the fight between Yang Ze and Wilbow in the distance. Yang Ze and Wilbow both made to avoid the shockwave, which seemed like the explosion of a new star. Despite the frightening burst of energy, Sun Mengmeng seemed able to stand in the middle of it with little ill effect.

Sun Mengmeng's battle had just ended, but that between Ghroth, Sun Xiaowu, and Fang Yi was still ongoing.

"[Blinding Flash: Thousandfold Echo]!" Sun Xiaowu's body split into over a thousand clones, so many they seemed to fill the sky. Each was simultaneously real and illusory.

"[Golden Divide]!" The thousand clones all used [Golden Divide] simultaneously, coloring the sky in gold.

The flamboyant attack landed on Ghroth's body seemingly without any effect. It countered with pale white and pitch black lightning, which crackled and switched colors in the blink of an eye.

"[Adamantine Aegis]!" A layer of golden runes covered Sun Xiaowu's skin, shining brightly like a brand.

The crackling lightning struck Sun Xiaowu, dissipating the runes where they landed. His clones, which boasted far less defense, were annihilated by the lightning.

Meanwhile, Fang Yi launched his spear, crackling with wind and lightning, with incredible force. It sent wind howling and lightning flashing through the sky.

That spear attack, however, was countered by hundreds of meteors that shot back toward Fang Yi, who hurriedly shifted into a defensive stance and pierced through the meteors with his spear.

"[Goldenscale Palm]!" Sun Xiaowu's right arm glowed with resplendent light. Frightening shockwaves of energy radiated through the battlefield as Sun Xiaowu punched forward.

Ghroth retaliated with silvery-white and pitch-black lightning within a violet storm. Not only did it deflect Sun Xiaowu's attack, it even knocked him flying.

"[Tiger's Howl, Dragon's Bellow]!" Fang Yi's spear took on the aspect of a dragon of the winds and a storm tiger as he charged forward.

A windstorm raged. Wind and storm circled Fang Yi as he thrust his spear forward.

Ghroth countered with white-and-black lightning within a violet storm. Ghroth's lightning and windstorm clashed against Fang Yi's own, neither side giving in. The lightning illuminated the entire void.

The shockwaves from the clash tore apart the void. Ghroth's elemental wind and lightning powers were stronger than Fang Yi's, and he ultimately won out—but Fang Yi wasn't fighting alone.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Split]!" Golden radiance struck the land. Sun Xiaowu's palms brimmed with golden light as a dense layer of golden scales covered his skin. His aura suddenly shifted, and his right arm glowed with resplendent light.

An aura of intense strength emanated from Sun Xiaowu's body...

Chapter 1115: Ghroth

Sun Xiaowu took a step forward, then punched with all his might, generating a dominating wave of genetic energy.

However, their opponent, Ghroth, was unusually strong. The fragments of the worlds that had floated in the void shot toward the two hunters in a meteor shower.

Sun Xiaowu punched forward, his fist shattering world fragment after fragment. Even so, he couldn't keep up against a near-endless barrage of such fragments.

"[Shadow and Light]!" At that moment, Fang Yi morphed into countless clones, each of which thrust their spears at Ghroth. [Floating Clouds] helped Fang Yi dodge the attacks in his way as he transformed into a bolt of electricity.

Within moments, he was standing before Ghroth.

Ghroth's large red eyes emitted a burst of scorching red light, accompanied by lava.

"[Heaven's Judgment]!" Wind howled and lightning flashed through the skies. The purple lightning spread through the air, and the wind stirred up howling flames..

The combination of wind and lightning generated a frightening force that seemed to be able to penetrate space, as though the spear had transformed into an electric saw.

The electric saw split the flaming boulders and ignited the windstorm in flames, which caught on the edges of the spear. The elemental attack smashed against the beams of red light that Ghroth gave off, shattering the light and sending energy all over.

While Ghroth dealt with Fang Yi, Sun Xiaowu attacked the group of stars he controlled. He leapt up high, golden genetic energy circulating around him. "[Blinding Flash: Ten Thousandfold Echo]!"

Sun Xiaowu's body split into tens of thousands of clones, each simultaneously real and illusory.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Qilin]!" The tens of thousands of clones performed exactly the same action. Golden light flashed from their arms and illuminated the void.

The clones all merged into Sun Xiaowu's main body, and the countless activated copies of the technique likewise merged into one.

Golden scales covered up Sun Xiaowu's arm as it grew thicker and thicker, and the image of a golden qilin appeared behind him. As Sun Xiaowu punched forward, the golden qilin materialized into reality and careened toward Ghroth, smashing apart the boulders and lava, then crashing into Ghroth's humongous planet.

However, the golden qilin was devoured in an instant.

The golden qilin had accomplished nothing. Even Fang Yi and Sun Xiaowu were gobsmacked.

Sun Xiaowu's clone-enhanced golden qilin was able to heavily wound a superior king—but it did nothing to Ghroth.

Wilbow called out, "Your two companions are wasting their time. You don't realize how strong the three strongest subordinates of the king of chaos are, do you?"

To be frank, up till now, Ghroth had hardly taken the fight seriously. The amount of strength Fang Yi and Sun Xiaowu had displayed was by no means sufficient to force it to do so.

Yang Ze called out, "This Ghroth fellow seems somewhat like the planet-headed apostle I fought off!"

"Rather than saying Ghroth's like the apostle, it's more like the apostle was patterned off of Ghroth," Wilbow corrected. "The apostle grew out of Father's attempt to reproduce Ghroth's abilities, but he was a failure. Ghroth isn't weaker than my father—in fact, even my father won't be able to beat him at full strength."

Wilbow was supremely confident in Ghroth's abilities. "Even if all of you were able to defeat Father, you wouldn't be able to harm Ghroth."

Wilbow's words sounded uncomfortably like the truth. Yang Ze couldn't help but worry for Li Feng and Sun Xiaowu.

Silvery-white and pitch-black lightning flashed again. A purple storm howled into the void.

"[Heaven's Judgment]! [Tiger's Howl, Dragon's Bellow]!" Fang Yi shouted.

A dragon's roar resounded through the air like peals of thunder, scattering the solar storm. A wind dragon and a storm tiger appeared. Wind and storm combined and crackled at the tip of Fang Yi's spear.

Fang Yi leveled his spear. Wind and lightning surged forth.

The combination of wind and lightning generated a frightening force that seemed to be able to penetrate space, as though the spear had transformed into an electric saw, tearing apart the black-and-white lightning, as well as the purple storm.

Ghroth sent another smattering of world's fragments at the two hunters like a meteor storm.

"[Golden Divide: Soar]!" Tens of thousands of Sun Xiaowu's clones raised their hands as one. Golden radiance lit up the battlefield.

Sun Xiaowu's ten thousand clones all struck with [Golden Divide], forming a sea of resplendent gold. The tides lapped at the impending meteor shower, stopping them cold.

"[Floating Clouds]!" The wind and lightning formed a loop around Fang Yi's body,

Fang Yi howled loudly as wind and storm emerged from the loop, sending Fang Yi careening forward. Fang Yi's attack pierced through Ghroth's storm and lightning, along with countless volcanoes.

"[Blinding Flash: Self-Destruct]!" Sun Xiaowu's clones suddenly radiated with golden light so bright the entire battlefield was illuminated. The next moment, they exploded in an explosion dozens of times stronger than the [Golden Divides] had accomplished, resulting in a terrifying storm. Molten lava was sent into the sky and fell as rain.

Sun Xiaowu's golden clones hadn't just exploded; each explosion also sent out a hail of golden blades.

The golden storm, saturated with golden blades, grew larger and larger as it danced in the air. The golden blades crossed the lava rain as Fang Yi shouted, "Xiaowu, I won't forget your sacrifice!"

Fang Yi augmented his energetic output. The dragon of the winds howled, and the storm tiger roared. The two bursts of energy gathered over Fang Yi's spear.

They protected Fang Yi from being harmed by the flying rocks and lava while simultaneously tearing apart Ghroth's protecting of lightning and windstorm.

Sun Xiaowu shouted, "I'm not going to die that easily! The only sacrifices are from my clones!"

Chapter 1116: Night Devourers

Ghroth again shot out a scorching-hot laser beam from his eye, one filled with the energy of annihilation.

Fang Yi's saw-like spear clashed against that laser beam once more in a massive explosion of light.

The next moment, Sun Xiaowu generated a thousand clones of himself.

"[Golden Divide]!" The thousand clones all used [Golden Divide] simultaneously, coloring the sky in gold.

Ghroth's purple windstorm blocked the effects of [Golden Divide]. As silvery-white and pitch-black lightning scintillated in the void, Sun Xiaowu's thousands of clones were instantly annihilated.

"[Born of Lightning, Swallowed by the Wind]!" As Fang Yi shouted, his spear traced a half-moon in the air, surrounded by an aura of time. Light and shadow flashed by its tip, just like the wind and lightning that made up the core of Fang Yi's techniques.

Temporal energy surged toward the tip of his spear.

Fang Yi's spear thrust forward, penetrating the void and leaving a black hole behind.

Everything froze and turned gray: the wind, the scintillating lightning, Sun Xiaowu, golden radiance, purple windstorm, and even Ghroth's fiery-red laser.

The only color in the space came from Fang Yi and his crackling spear.

On the rust-red planet that formed Ghroth's body, a swarm of bugs flew out, jade-green all over, with green ears resembling ghostly flames, and a gray gleam emanating from their eyes.

Despite their rapid speed, Fang Yi's highly sensitive eyes were able to capture their movements. They had huge eyeballs without eyelids, and segmented antennae on their head that wriggled and twisted. Their ten legs were covered in shiny black tentacles folded upon their pale bellies. They had hard, semicircular wings made out of triangular scales, and their three mouths squirmed wetly.

These unusual bugs flew out of the rust-red planet, entirely ignoring the temporal stasis as they fed on the temporal energy around.

As they did so, their bodies grew larger and larger, and the frozen time returned to normal.

Wilbow glanced at the bugs. "Night devourers, one of the two types of frightful bugs that live on Ghroth's body! No—more accurately, the most frightening type of bug. Just a few dozen of these bugs can kill a combatant on the level of a superior king."

Yang Ze was shocked. "Live on... as parasites?"

Wilbow shook his head. "More symbiotism, but I suppose parasitism does work. These night devourers are frightening indeed. Allegedly, their race has consumed more than one superior world."

The night devourers flew toward Fang Yi.

"[Stormwind Kick]!" His leg surging with wind and storm, Fang Yi sent a night devourer flying. The remaining night devourers competed to consume the wind and storm energy in the aftermath of the attack.

After doing so, the remaining devourers then turned to Yang Ze.

It was shocking that these night devourers could absorb energy directly.

"[Adamantine Aegis: Martial God]!" Golden runes emerged from Sun Xiaowu's body and revolved around him as his aura grew stronger and stronger.

As the golden runes merged with his genetic energy, Sun Xiaowu transformed into a mecha over ten meters tall. Runes decorated his body, glowing behind his back like a burning sun.

The mecha even looked a bit like Zhang Lie.

As Sun Xiaowu attacked, so too did the golden mecha. The punch was so strong that, before the night devourers could absorb the attack's energy, their bodies exploded.

Yang Ze's eyes lit up as he realized how to deal with the night devourers.

"[Wheel of Time]!" Fang Yi's spear took on the aspects of time and age. Temporal winds buffeted the spear, and a mysterious light began to circle the spear like lightning.

A wheel of light appeared behind Fang Yi, taking on the form of a clock.

Fang Yi thrust his spear forward so quickly it left dozens of afterimages in all directions, piercing through the night devourers' bodies. Although the night devourers could absorb energy and even mass, they weren't particularly fast or strong.

Even in those areas, they were on par with an average superior king—but as long as one could attack with stronger, faster attacks, the night devourers wouldn't be able to counter them. In other words, they simply had to surpass their opponent in terms of physical attributes.

This might have been difficult for others, but for Sun Xiaowu and Fang Yi, it was a trivial enough problem.

Both of them had techniques that could boost their own attributes to some extent, and it wasn't particularly difficult for either to exceed that threshold.

"[Golden Divide]!"

Sun Xiaowu used his hand as a blade to execute [Golden Divide]. The night devourers tried to absorb the energy he was giving off, only to be slaughtered en masse by the technique instead.

After killing three night devourers in a row, a second wheel of time appeared behind Fang Yi as his speed and reflexes grew even faster. Boosted by the wheels of time, Fang Yi's speed rose by a factor of four.

Ghroth had no intention of sitting still and doing nothing. He sent out his black-and-white lightning, circled by a nebulous purple cloud.

Meanwhile, Fang Yi launched his spear, crackling with wind and lightning, with incredible force. It sent wind howling and lightning flashing through the sky.

It left thousands of artificial images behind as a third wheel of time appeared. Fang Yi's dense but wide-range attack cleanly defended against and countered Ghroth's attack.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Split]!" Layers of dense golden scales appeared on Sun Xiaowu's arms, and his right arm glowed with resplendent light.

As Sun Xiaowu attacked, so too did the golden giant, bringing the strength of his attack to a new level entirely. The golden light was like a blazing sun. A huge wave of gold shot toward Ghroth.

Following Ghroth's command, the worlds he controlled shot toward the golden sun and exploded in the void. Unable to fully block the sun's strength, lava rose up on each planet.

Even so, the golden sun caused the lava to dissipate by momentum alone. The golden light seemed unstoppable. Ghroth was forced to shoot out another blood-red laser from his eyes to halt the advance of the attack.

Chapter 1117: A Walking Disaster

"[Tiger's Howl, Dragon's Bellow]!" Fang Yi's spear took on the aspect of a dragon of the winds and a storm tiger as he charged forward.

A windstorm raged and thunder crackled.

There were now five wheels of time to Fang Yi's back. The boost afforded by five wheels of time caused Fang Yi's attacks to grow even stronger. Wind and storm wrapped around his body as he rushed forward like a penetrating spear that broke through the silvery-white and pitch-black lightning and the violet storm as he shot toward Ghroth.

Attempting to halt Fang Yi's charge, Ghroth sent a tsunami of steel toward him—but, bolstered by five wheels of time, Fang Yi's skills were incomparable to before.

The spear forged of wind and storm pierced the tsunami of steel and folded it within its charge, converting its mass to its momentum. The spear corkscrewed through the air.

Suddenly, Ghroth's body began to vibrate as holy hymns burst into sound around him like air sirens. Wilbow's eyes widened. "Ghroth's using his full power! He's restoring his body comprehensively!"

The holy hymns caused the void to vibrate. The void surrounding Ghroth began to shatter, and the cracks, like those on a windowpane, began to propagate across the void. A spatial rift spawned into existence, dissipating the golden flood.

Even Sun Xiaowu, in his warlord form, was forced to retreat to avoid the worst of the storm. Fang Yi, however, didn't do so. He tried to break through the spatial rift with his spear.

Upon witnessing Fang Yi's steadfast will, Sun Xiaowu joined in.

"[Blinding Flash: Thousandfold Echo]!" Sun Xiaowu split into a thousand clones, each of which summoned a golden mecha.

Glancing at the two combatants, Wilbow shook his head, disdainful. "It's futile. Ghroth's nickname is the star of judgment. He's a mobile disaster, and this is one of the reasons why the other subordinates of the king of chaos don't like him."

Yang Ze asked, "Is this something innate?"

Wilbow replied, "The reason that Ghroth is termed a mobile disaster isn't only because he's so strong that he can spawn disasters easily—rather, he's so strong he can't help but spawn disasters no matter what he does."

"[Golden Divide]!"

Sun Xiaowu's thousand mechas all used [Golden Divide] simultaneously. Each strike was like a miniature sun, and the entire sky turned glittering gold.

Each golden blade was five meters wide and thousands of meters long, and there were so many of them they filled the sky. The golden blades formed a river, a waterfall, that tore apart the sky and clashed against the spatial rift.

The storm of blades didn't quell the spatial rift. Instead, both suppressed each other amidst the void.

With Sun Xiaowu's technique disrupting the spatial rift, the surrounding space grew notably calmer. After Fang Yi pierced through the rift, he faced the manifold disasters that Ghroth had caused—a tsunami of steel, an eruption of lava, silvery-white and pitch-black lightning, and a purple storm. The four elemental forces merged together and exploded in a manner that shocked even Yang Ze.

Wilbow continued, "Not only can Ghroth create these disasters, he can even incite them. This is the primary reason he was ostracized by the king of chaos' other followers."

"What do you mean?"

"Put simply, not only can Ghroth create and control these disasters, he can even awaken them. For instance, if Ghroth draws near a world with seas or oceans, tsunamis will instantly form. If he draws near a world with volcanoes, they'll erupt, simultaneously causing earthquakes and cyclones."

If Ghroth were to approach the world of blazing sun, the hundred suns in the sky would fall down to the world like meteors. Even with the golden mulberry tree stabilizing the lava veins underground, the lava would erupt.

Yang Ze understood. "Ghroth is, by nature, a walking disaster and disaster accelerant."

The spatial rift that had just appeared was clearly caused by Ghroth.

Wilbow shrugged. "It's a particularly troublesome power, one that even Ghroth himself can't control fully."

A moving disaster—it was clear why no one would like him.

Wilbow continued, "That's why Ghroth's been in a hibernating state all this time to avoid destroying the three thousand worlds unconsciously. So far, Ghroth's only been defending passively—but now that he's choosing to awaken actively, this fight will become completely different."

Yang Ze asked, "Is the reason Ghroth's been sealed away within your father's body to prevent his latent talent from causing the destruction of this realm?"

Wilbow nodded. "To some extent. Father also needs Ghroth's destructive abilities to keep the worlds he controls in check. You should know that Father's only able to maintain his rationality and will by continuously birthing and annihilating these worlds."

"[Goldenscale Palm: Qilin]!"

The golden mechas exploded with golden radiance. Their forms dissipated into motes of golden light, which shot toward Sun Xiaowu's own mecha and augmented it.

It was as large as the falling sun.

It bent its arms as golden energy shone from its body and illuminated the heavens. Tens of thousands of clones merged into Sun Xiaowu's main body, and the countless activated copies of the technique merged into one.

Golden scales covered up Sun Xiaowu's arm as it grew thicker and thicker, and the image of a golden qilin appeared behind him. In his mecha form, augmented by his thousand clones all stacked atop each other, the might of his golden qilin grew by at least fifty times, if not a hundred.

As Sun Xiaowu swung his fists forward, the golden qilin soared into the air, its scales radiant and shining with golden light. As it basked in the golden skies, its aura grew so bright that it seemed as though a qilin god had descended on the world.

Its long whiskers floated in the air as golden clouds wrapped around his body. The qilin shone like a sun in its own right.

The golden qilin would originally be around a thousand meters tall, but in his mecha form, it grew to a staggering fifty thousand meters in height.

The golden qilin radiated light, illuminating the void. Even Ghroth didn't seem quite as large in comparison to the qilin. Although Ghroth was larger than the qilin, it wasn't by too much. The qilin's large body broke through the spatial rifts...

Chapter 1118: Fourfold Disaster

Fang Yi, surrounded by wind and storm, made it through the tsunami of steel, lava eruptions, silvery-white and pitch-black lightning, and the violet storm in greatest haste. He hadn't died, but he felt as though a layer of skin had been stripped off his body. He could smell the scent of roast meat coming from him as the fourfold disasters followed after him.

Just then, the gigantic golden qilin flew through the spatial rift, ignoring the spatial rends by means of its bulky body and incredible strength.

It crashed into the fourfold disasters, the tsunami of steel, lava spouts, silvery-white and pitch-black lightning, and a purple storm.

The black-and-white lightning exploded, sending tendrils of sparks everywhere. The steel tsunami dispersed, and lava rained down over them. The qilin broke through, and its momentum carried it forth toward Ghroth.

Ghroth's eyes shone with red light, halting the qilin's advance.

Fang Yi retreated to Sun Xiaowu's side and hurriedly took out a restorative from his dimensional storage.

After passing through the fourfold disasters, a sixth wheel of time had formed to his back.

Within Fang Yi's dimensional storage were large quantities of Zhou Ying's restorative, and he was the only one who frequently made use of them among the members of Team Zenith.

Fang Yi urged, "Help me stall. I'm charging up for an ultimate technique!"

Before Sun Xiaowu could respond, Fang Yi took a deep breath and concentrated on his spear to the exclusion of all else. Wind and lightning surged around his spear in quantities far larger than seemed possible. Fang Yi combined that energy with temporal energy, causing the light around his

spear to flash a dazzling array of colors, blue and black and purple, as though he had broken open a wormhole right in front of him.

Light wrapped around the spear. Temporal energy that sped up time and age swirled around it, like wind and lightning.

Sun Xiaowu sighed. Fang Yi hadn't given him a chance to respond, but he would have done so nonetheless. Fortunately, his summoned qilin was going strong.

Just then, as if to disabuse Sun Xiaowu of such thoughts, another swarm of bugs emerged from Ghroth's bodies. The night devourers fed on the energy in the spatial rift—along with Sun Xiaowu's golden qilin.

The golden qilin thrashed as it tried to keep the night devourers back, but they were only the size of pigeons. Against a swarm of such small foes, the golden qilin's tremendous size became a detriment.

Sun Xiaowu hurriedly rushed forward to defend his qilin.

Everyone in Team Zenith knew how strong Fang Yi's ultimate techniques were, and Sun Xiaowu was certain that it would be stronger than his summoned qilin. As long as Fang Yi were able to launch his technique, it wouldn't be a problem for them to kill Ghroth.

"[Blinding Flash: Ten Thousandfold Echo]!" Sun Xiaowu split into ten thousand clones, each of which summoned a golden mecha. "[Goldenscale Palm]!"

Sun Xiaowu clenched his fists. His arms glowed with resplendent light, and a layer of dense golden scales emerged over his skin. As Sun Xiaowu attacked, so too did the golden giant, bringing the strength of his attack to a new level entirely.

The golden radiance lit up the void, as though golden suns were rising out of its midst. The golden suns formed a golden ocean, so densely packed they seemed to merge together. An overwhelming aura filled the void.

Frightening shockwaves of energy radiated through the battlefield as Sun Xiaowu punched forward. The layered shockwaves formed a tsunami that swept through the void and dispersed the spatial rift.

Ten thousand mechas charged forward in an astounding sight, as though a whole golden battalion had suddenly manifested in the void.

"[Born of Lightning, Swallowed by the Wind], [Tiger's Howl, Dragon's Bellow], [Heaven's Judgment]!"

Fang Yi broke through the constraints of time and returned to the frozen world of gray, with him the only spot of color within.

The wheels of time that spawned around Fang Yi's back weren't just to strengthen his own abilities, but were a necessary prerequisite for unleashing this skill.

Wind and storm combined and crackled at the tip of Fang Yi's spear, imbuing it with sharpness and penetrating strength beyond measure.

Fang Yi compressed that energy again and again, until even the space around the spear started getting sucked in. The tip of the spear punched through space as though it were nothing more than paper.

The combination of elemental, temporal, and spatial energy at the tip of the spear multiplied the strength of Fang Yi's attack beyond what should have been possible.

He combined [Born of Lightning, Swallowed by the Wind], [Tiger's Howl, Dragon's Bellow], and [Heaven's Judgment]—elements, time, and space.

A dragon of purple lightning and tiger of green wind, shielded by a barrier of time and shrouded by black spatial energy, slowly began to manifest. Storm winds were sucked into the mix. Wind and storm combined with space and time, a whole new combination.

A spatial rift began to form where Fang Yi was standing, but the frozen world prevented it from breaking out immediately.

Fang Yi's spear, thrumming with the power of elements and time, was a weapon of legends.

Formless lightning flashed over its surface, gathering near its tip. The dragon of winds and lightning tiger prowled about the spear.

Part of the energy from the spatial rift seeped into the lightning-attuned genetic energy, turning it into void lightning. The pitch-black lightning began to spike and sizzle.

In combination with the spatial rift that was forming, the void lightning tore apart the space around Fang Yi, causing the frozen world of gray to crumble bit by bit.

The energies combined, somehow managing to stabilize the mix of energies that ran rampant around Fang Yi.

Fang Yi sent a stream of each type of energy swirling and corkscrewing around the tip of his spear. He focused them all on the tip of his spear in an unstable equilibrium. As the forces continued to revolve around each other, the wheels of time behind Fang Yi began rotating more and more quickly as the space around him was strained to its utmost.

Fang Yi had combined six different forms of energy: wind and lightning; their advanced counterparts, spatial rifts and void lightning; and the fundamental forces of space and time.

Dragon-like lightning, tiger-like storm, formless time, timeless space—those four disparate energies combined into a cohesive whole, tied together by a dark gold thread. The energies revolved around each other, summoning a howling gale surrounding a spatial rift...

Chapter 1119: A Dramatic Fight

Sun Xiaowu and his clones continued to take down the night devourers. Fragments of the worlds around them fell to the ground like a rain of meteors.

The golden qilin rose up and blocked the falling meteors with its body, bathing in the meteoric explosions.

The fourfold disasters approached mere moments later: the tsunami of steel, lava spouts, silvery-white and pitch-black lightning, and a purple storm. In combination with the rain of meteors, they completely suppressed the golden qilin.

As scorching-hot steel swirled around the golden qilin, a burst of red light flashed from Ghroth's eyes. Unsealed, Ghroth was revealing his true strength. The red light felt like heavenly tribulation, heralding and bringing destruction.

The strength that Sun Xiaowu had displayed in his mecha form made Ghroth turn serious. A beam of annihilating red light pierced the golden qilin.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Split]!" Golden radiance struck the land. Sun Xiaowu's palms brimmed with golden light as a dense layer of golden scales covered his skin. His aura suddenly shifted, and his right arm glowed with resplendent light.

Sun Xiaowu took a step forward, then punched with all his might, generating a dominating wave of genetic energy.

As tens of thousands of his mecha clones struck at once, fearsome waves of energy transformed into a tsunami that killed all the night devourers in the vicinity.

The tsunami landed on the planet that formed Ghroth's head. The rust-red planet shook. Burning ash and scorching-hot water exploded from the planet as Sun Xiaowu hurriedly retreated.

As he did so, his clones charged forward.

"[Blinding Flash: Self-Destruct]!" Sun Xiaowu's clones suddenly radiated with golden light so bright that the entire battlefield was illuminated, as though ten thousand suns had simultaneously appeared in the air.

The light combined and morphed into a golden ocean. The genetic energy that made up the clones swelled—and then the clones simultaneously exploded in an explosion hundreds, thousands of times stronger than the [Golden Divides] had accomplished.

A terrifying storm manifested, so strong even the void seemed to tremble.

Even the burning gas, ash, and scorching-hot water that had been emitted from the storm were forced back by the golden energy. The explosion of energy was accompanied by huge golden blades that shot forward, propelled by the golden waves of energy from Sun Xiaowu's attack. The fourfold disasters crashed into the golden blades, only to lose out against the blades' advance.

By the time Sun Xiaowu's clones exploded, Fang Yi had charged up enough energy to be close to unleashing his ultimate attack.

Part of the energy from the spatial rift seeped into the lightning-attuned genetic energy, turning it into void lightning. The pitch-black lightning spiked and sizzled. The void lightning combined with the spatial rift that was forming and tore apart the space around Fang Yi.

The energies combined, somehow managing to stabilize the mix of energies that ran rampant around Fang Yi.

The wheels of time to Fang Yi's back began to break and crack, as did Fang Yi's own spear. Fang Yi had requested this spear directly from Zhang Lie.

Zhang Lie didn't possess any monarch-grade spears, but he had a few disaster-grade ones.

Zhu had been dedicating her efforts to cultivating genetic lifeforms within the farm set up in the draconian world. Perhaps because they were being reared artificially, there was a very low chance of obtaining soulshards from them, especially from peak- and disaster-grade lifeforms, but there were so many of them that Fang Yi nevertheless managed to obtain a disaster-grade spear after killing a whole herd.

He needed a disaster-grade spear; no spear of lesser quality would be able to withstand Fang Yi's ultimate attack. It would crack and shatter beforehand.

As the six wheels of time broke, even Fang Yi's own body was giving out. He bled out of his orifices, veins popping out on his forehead, the spear in his hand trembling almost uncontrollably. All around Fang Yi, space and time began to splinter and crack. Unusual pitch-black thorn-like protrusions appeared by the edges of Fang Yi's vision, seeming to skewer space.

This wasn't a technique he was even supposed to possess at this level. The skin on his arms cracked. His capillaries burst, and blood gushed out of his wounds.

However, having experienced this situation a few times, Fang Yi was familiar with the pain that lanced through his entire body. He howled and sent the unstable mixture shooting forward, causing all that energy to erupt in an instant. The entire world seemed to come to a standstill at that moment.

A howling storm, void lightning, mysterious temporal charge, the wind of ages—the mishmash of elements exploded. The instantaneous burst of energy surpassed that of a disaster. The corkscrewing energy destroyed everything in sight, rushing past the golden light that shielded it.

The tsunami of steel, lava spouts, silvery-white and pitch-black lightning, the purple storm—Fang Yi's attack didn't just engulf the fourfold disaster. The world fragments that Ghroth had been manipulating were sucked into the mix, morphing into a rain of meteors.

Ghroth countered the mess of an attack with fivefold disasters, each one of which could destroy a lesser world.

As though thinking that even that wasn't enough, Ghroth even sent the void storm howling around its body forward, spinning straight toward Fang Yi.

Each disaster was able to destroy a large world, and the combination of the six disasters could very well destroy a superior world.

The sixfold disasters and the sixfold combination of energy clashed against each other.

The void storm howled. Space shattered in the wake of the two attacks. Void lightning and temporal storm sparked through the void.

The wind of ages blew by. Silvery-white and pitch-black lightning clashed against Fang Yi's lightning, pittering and pattering. Scorching-hot metal flew through the air alongside a rain of lava as world fragments began to crumble and fall from the skies like meteors.

The two overwhelming attacks shook the entirety of the third realm.

The shockwaves that resulted from the clash were enough to swallow up the neighboring worlds, causing them to explode amidst the void...

Chapter 1120: Infinite Growth

Perhaps fortunately or otherwise, the king of keys had swallowed up a large number of neighboring worlds. Even so, the clash between Fang Yi and Ghroth swallowed up over a hundred worlds within minutes.

Fang Yi's attack was qualitatively superior, but Ghroth's attack spanned a wider area. The two attacks were in uneasy stalemate, and this would have been a difficult situation if Fang Yi were fighting alone against Ghroth. However, Sun Xiaowu was around.

"[Blinding Flash: Ten Thousandfold Echo]!" Sun Xiaowu split into ten thousand clones, each of which summoned a golden mecha.

"[Golden Divide: Desolation]!" Tens of thousands of Sun Xiaowu's clones raised their hands as one. Golden radiance lit up the void as tens of thousands of his mecha clones struck at once, forming a flood of golden light.

The light resolved into the form of a golden dragon, which added its might to Fang Yi's attack.

With a flash of golden light, the sixfold combination of energies became a sevenfold combination, which quickly broke through the sixfold disasters and barreled toward Ghroth.

As scorching-hot steel swirled, a burst of red light flashed from Ghroth's eyes. The red light felt like heavenly tribulation, boasting unparalleled authority.

The red lightning of judgment erupted and smashed into the sevenfold combination of energies, which had little energy remaining after dispelling Ghroth's sixfold disasters. The red lightning siphoned away the energy, bit by bit.

"Hurry!" Sun Xiaowu shouted. They couldn't give up on this opportunity. However, Sun Xiaowu didn't hear anything from Fang Yi.

He turned around to see Fang Yi panting loudly, having dropped his spear, as though he had gone limp.

"Go on ahead! I need a moment to rest."

Sun Xiaowu rolled his eyes. "You really need to improve your stamina!"

Fang Yi didn't have the strength to respond. Sun Xiaowu glanced at him in exasperation. In the end, he was the only one he could rely on!

"I didn't want to showcase this technique yet..." Sun Xiaowu had an ultimate attack of his own, but he had kept it under wraps because he still wasn't able to use it perfectly. Now, however, he had no choice but to unveil it early.

"[Adamantine Aegis: Invincible Martial God]! [Blinding Flash: Echo of Origins]!" Sun Xiaowu summoned tens of thousands of clones, which all merged into his main body. Dense layers of golden runes revolved around his skin. As he unleashed his genetic energy, Sun Xiaowu transformed into a mecha.

Runes decorated his body, glowing behind his back like a burning sun.

A hundred, two hundred, three hundred... a thousand, two thousand, three thousand meters—Sun Xiaowu's growth showed no sign of stopping.

As though Sun Xiaowu's mecha form was on steroids, it kept on growing, simultaneously increasing his aura and strength. Ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand meters—everyone on the battlefield watched Sun Xiaowu in awe.

Sun Xiaowu's mecha had grown over ten thousand meters tall, and his aura had magnified a hundredfold. Even Ghroth felt threatened by his strength.

No—Sun Xiaowu's aura might have been enhanced, but his strength and reserves of power didn't seem to have increased noticeably. The only visible change was to the mecha that stood behind him.

Eventually, Sun Xiaowu's mecha stopped growing when it was a hundred thousand meters tall.

The ginormous mecha no longer seemed small in comparison to Ghroth's planet-like body. It was larger than even two or three continents added together, its armor gleaming a resplendent gold. It looked like a sun of titanic proportions, and its strength had increased to match.

This was the newest technique that Sun Xiaowu had devised, founded on the basis of [Adamantine Aegis: Martial God]. Sun Xiaowu had combined [Adamantine Aegis] and [Blinding Flash] together to create his brand-new [Adamantine Aegis: Invincible Martial God].

[Blinding Flash: Echo of Origins] involved spawning clones with his technique, then merging the clones together to augment his power to a staggering extent.

Upon witnessing the hundred-thousand-meter tall golden mecha, Fang Yi was gobsmacked—but also confused. "Aren't Sun Xiaowu's clones constructs of genetic energy? How exactly is he augmenting himself by splitting up and recombining that energy?"

The members of Team Zenith had some knowledge of each other's techniques and strength. Although Fang Yi had never seen Sun Xiaowu use this technique before, he could hazard a guess as to its foundations based on what he knew.

Sun Xiaowu laughed. "That's the crux of the technique, of course!"

There was no reason all that strength couldn't be combined together.

Sun Xiaowu had always been wondering what sort of creations he could make if he combined ten thousand clones' worth of power, and the golden qilin manifestation had been the first demonstration of this idea.

Sun Xiaowu's Echo of Origins was the next step beyond that.

Human hunters, as Fang Yi remarked upon, wouldn't be able to concentrate all that power in their own bodies.

After all, the clones were spawned from Sun Xiaowu's own body, and if he were to summon them all back, he would simply replenish whatever genetic energy he had consumed. It was the equivalent of multiplying by 1—no matter how many times he did it, it wouldn't change.

Sun Xiaowu's new strategy was to concentrate all that energy not on himself, but rather on the manifestation of the mecha to his back. That idea was able to overcome the usual restriction and allow Sun Xiaowu to multiply his strength—100 by 10,000, in theory.

Because his own strength was limited, however, he was an order of magnitude less efficient than the theoretical estimate, but it was still a multiplicative enhancement of 10 by 10,000—a hundred-thousand-meter tall mecha.

By the time Sun Xiaowu finished summoning his mecha, Ghroth's red lightning had dealt with the sevenfold combination of energies, and was heading straight toward Sun Xiaowu.

Sun Xiaowu punched forward, an action mimicked by the mecha behind him. An explosion of golden energy, like the most brilliant, shining sun, exploded in the void, spawning a solar storm and simultaneously a void storm.

Sun Xiaowu was unperturbed by the sudden void storm.

"[Golden Divide]!" Sun Xiaowu's palms shone with golden light. He slashed horizontally forward with his arms, as did the mecha behind him. The mecha's huge golden blade-like arms sliced the void storm apart.

Fragments of various worlds, a result of the destruction from the battle, orbited around Ghroth. With a mental compulsion, Ghroth sent all those fragments raining down toward Sun Xiaowu like a meteor shower...