

U. Warlord 1401

Chapter 1401: Don't Disgust Me

The golden lotus seat rapidly transformed the energy of flame into growth and nourishment. However, [Lunarflame Shot: Extirpation of the Garuda] had given off such intense fire over the entire arena that even the relic was unable to handle it all.

Zhang Lie smiled in satisfaction.

Elemental counters worked only up to a certain extent. Water might counter fire, but strong enough fire would instantly vaporize water.

The fact that Sun Mengmeng had been countered meant only that she needed more of her element.

Such was the case in the arena. When Sun Mengmeng's flames exceeded what Qingyue Ge could absorb, the tide of the battle changed in Sun Mengmeng's favor.

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

The garuda manifested into reality.

With a huge rumble, firelight swallowed heaven and earth.

Her fire-attuned genetic energy transformed into an arrow of pure destruction.

Black flames gathered, lighting the very air itself aflame. The black flames formed a pitch-black abyss that no longer radiated light. Instead, it sucked in the light from all around like black holes and devoured everything in sight.

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. It struck the golden lotus seat and cracked it, sending golden lotus petals fluttering through the air.

Qingyue Ge waved a hand, causing the strength that the lotus seat had absorbed to erupt into a devastating golden flood. Divine golden flames descended on the arena and destroyed everything in sight.

"[Lunarflame Shot: Starburst]!"

Sun Mengmeng's hand blurred as she shot out an entire field's worth of arrows, each one like a miniature star.

The stars burned, clashing against the heavenly flames.

Golden fire and black fire fought for dominance over the sky. Sun Mengmeng's arrows exploded in huge waves of fire, filling the entire world and arena. The spectators were unable to see the details of the fight; all that lay before them was fire, flame, and smoke.

The clash of fire versus fire was shocking beyond belief.

Qingyue Ge stood amidst the flames, fire burning around himself. He transmuted those flames into strength; fire of this magnitude wouldn't harm him.

Sun Mengmeng was also standing amidst the flames, almost entirely unaffected by them. For cultivators who focused on fire, this was nothing.

Qingyue Ge's gaze shone with greed and admiration. "You are amazing."

The sea of flames roiled as Sun Mengmeng released genetic fluctuations greater than ever before. The void trembled as the heavens themselves seemed to shatter. Blinding light transformed into golden suns, which burst apart like sharp blades.

The blades of light swept over the arena. Qingyue Ge was struck by the attack, a rip forming in their robes, and a line of blood over their face. However, Qingyue Ge's innate vitality and constitution was nothing short of astounding, and they recovered from a wound of this magnitude within a second.

Qingyue Ge's eyes shone with excitement. They looked toward Sun Mengmeng as though having discovered an incredible treasure that he wanted to keep for himself. The golden lotus seat radiated light as the arena filled up with golden lotuses, each with a deity of fire at its heart. The golden flames erupted and covered the space with heavenly flame.

Qingyue Ge's punishment of divine fire caused even the realm itself to start to collapse.

If not for what Zhang Lie had done, forcing the virtual realm to reinforce itself, the fight between Qingyue Ge and Sun Mengmeng would also have caused the realm to be near-collapse.

"[Lunarflame Shot: Blazing God]!"

Her left hand the sun, her right hand the moon, Sun Mengmeng seemed to transform into a god-king of legends. She blazed with resplendent light, and the sun and moon embedded themselves on her bow. Black flame roared into the void as a pillar, and all of it gathered around Sun Mengmeng.

Qingyue Ge gaped at Sun Mengmeng's antics.

Not only was she controlling her own flames, she had wrested control of all the flames in the arena, gold and black alike.

The gold and black flames transformed into a tempest that lit up the arena.

Qingyue Ge was shocked to see his flames co-opted by Sun Mengmeng.

The entire world burned. A dark golden arrow materialized into existence, formed as an energetic construct that glowed with the luster of metal.

Sun Mengmeng shot out the arrow. It burned with the strength of Sun Mengmeng and Qingyue Ge's arrow, obliterating everything it touched. Where the arrow passed through, the stars shattered. The entire arena lit up aflame. Even a god would be pierced by this arrow.

Qingyue Ge's divine flames were nothing in comparison to Sun Mengmeng's attacks. Her arrows were godslaying arrows, far above the notion of divinity itself.

All the golden flames remaining in the golden lotus seat burst in a flare of golden light, all in order to protect Qingyue Ge against Sun Mengmeng's lone shot.

Strong though the golden lotus seat was, against a godslayer arrow, it couldn't perform a miracle.

The crack in the golden lotus seat continued to expand and expand as a golden screen formed. The golden lotus split into two petals as the arrow pierced through Qingyue Ge's chest.

Dark golden flames burned over their chest, but Qingyue Ge didn't vanish right then and there. Although they had failed to defend against the attack, it had been dramatically weakened by Sun Mengmeng's godslaying arrow.

Otherwise, Qingyue Ge wouldn't just have had their chest pierced through by the arrow—it would have vaporized him from sight.

Qingyue Ge's body glimmered with dust, already on the verge of breaking apart. They felt at the arrow embedded in their chest. "So this is how strong our flames can be together..."

Sun Mengmeng frowned. "Don't make it sound so disgusting. I claimed your flames for myself."

Qingyue Ge's eyes sparked with desire. "You should be my wife."

Sun Mengmeng waved a hand. "Sorry, but I already have someone I like. What's more, this is our first meeting."

"No one can refuse to be my wife."

Qingyue Ge's palms turned into claws. Eighty golden lotus seeds emerged from the split golden lotus seat, each like a radiant sun, glowing with light. Qingyue Ge seemed to have morphed into a solar god.

Sun Mengmeng clutched the garuda bow in her hands. "You want to continue?"

Qingyue Ge replied, "If you can survive this blow, it'll mean that you have to become my wife!"

Chapter 1402: I Must Marry You

What sort of logic was this? Sun Mengmeng pulled her bow taut. "I refuse to entertain the notion of becoming your wife."

Black flames appeared over her arrow.

"[Lunarflame Shot: Shattered Comet]!"

Blackflame exploded as galaxies burned.

With a wave of Qingyue Ge's hand, eighty lotus seeds shot out, each like the sun. Golden radiance spread throughout the arena along with countless lotus flowers. They formed golden pillars of light of even greater intensity than before.

The arrows shot out and arced across the sky like comets.

The comets blazed and gave off pitch-black starlight. Long tails split in the air as a single comet formed a dozen or so offshoots, clashing against Qingyue Ge's golden pillars.

The blackflame comets caused the golden lotuses to burst apart as the golden light grew more and more diffuse. Ripples of golden flame spread out and caused space itself to shatter.

The crowd was shocked. They had thought that Sun Mengmeng was completely countered by Qingyue Ge, only to realize that she had suddenly taken the upper hand. Not only that, Qingyue Ge was visibly losing against Sun Mengmeng, with even his clan relic destroyed.

"[Lunarflame Shot: Nova Burst]!"

The black flames transformed once again into arrows. Sun Mengmeng shot them out and caused them to clash against Qingyue Ge's golden light.

An earth-shattering supernova explosion ripped through the arena. Pitch-black flames spread throughout the space, devouring it all, including the golden light.

After the successive attacks, Sun Mengmeng remained as beautiful and ravishing as ever. On the other hand, Qingyue Ge, likely because they had been struck by a shockwave or because of the dark golden flames through their chest, remained in the arena only in the form of a disembodied head. Sand seeped out of their neck. They stared at Sun Mengmeng. "No matter where in the universe you are, I'll find you and take you as my wife!"

Sun Mengmeng's only response was to shoot an arrow at him. A pitch-black flaming arrow shot into the center of Qingyue Ge's forehead, causing it to explode. Victory had been decided.

Many of the spectators were still gasping at the fight they had seen.

The crowd wondered to one another, "Just which race are these combatants from?"

"For them to have defeated even the child of Divinity Qinglian... this has to be the greatest dark horse of this iteration of the Cup!"

"Have you forgotten about that man who took down the supposedly invincible Solarvine?"

"Wasn't he hacking?"

"Wait, aren't they from the same race?"

"Is this combatant hacking too, then?"

"Surely not. Maybe one might be, but two? The will of the virtual realm must have investigated."

"Have you all forgotten?"

"What?"

"Those Splitsilvers who activated their hacks would have their accounts banned afterwards, but not these competitors!"

"Could they have found a loophole or bypass?"

Someone suddenly shouted, "The Sunsong race will buy information about this loophole at a high price!"

"The Splitsilver race will pay double the price of anyone else!"

Zhang Lie ignored the discussion and left the apparatus. Yang Ze gave the competitor he had been arguing with his middle finger. "You'd better hope we don't meet during the Cup."

The fellow refused to back down. "You should pray that I don't encounter you during the Cup, or you'll see what happens then."

Yang Ze snorted and left the virtual realm. By the time he returned to the dimensional world, Sun Mengmeng was already there. Upon seeing Zhang Lie emerge from his capsule, Sun Mengmeng smiled and made a victorious gesture. "Captain, I've won!"

"I saw your fight. Very well done. Your ability to control flame is stronger than before."

Sun Mengmeng smiled happily. Yang Ze and Fang Yi emerged from their apparatuses. Zhang Lie cocked his head. "Where's everyone else?"

Yang Ze explained, "In order for us not to be matched with each other in battle, after some discussion with Elder Bu Wentian, we came up with a method to take advantage of the nature of the matchmaking."

Fang Yi continued, "We'll take turns entering, ten minutes at a time. We used rock-paper-scissors to determine that Sun Mengmeng would be first, Sun Xiaowu second, Li Feng third, and Zhou Ying fourth. Li Feng and Zhou Ying have gone to watch Sun Xiaowu's match, and Li Feng will enter matchmaking swiftly afterwards."

Zhang Lie suggested, "Let's watch Sun Xiaowu's match and cheer for him, then."

Yang Ze rolled his eyes. "I suppose they're almost done by now..."

Bu Wentian popped up out of nowhere. "I have a recording of the match. Want a look?"

Sun Mengmeng nodded fervently. "Of course!"

As his sister, she naturally had to watch his performance in such an important competition if she weren't able to be there herself.

Bu Wentian waved a hand. A screen appeared before him. Sun Xiaowu's opponent was a gold-plated figurine.

"You're no match for me!"

The gold-plated figurine smiled. It looked particularly holy, with light radiating from its body and petals dancing around itself. It looked to be beyond mortal ken.

Serving as contrast to the gold-plated figurine was a huge ruler behind him.

The gold-plated figurine was roughly three meters tall, and a four-meter tall black ruler was strapped to its back. Blood and shadow burst forth occasionally from it, as though it carried some incredible curse.

Sun Xiaowu retorted, "Try me and see."

The gold-plated figurine continued, "I can give you a chance. Leap off the arena and surrender now."

Sun Xiaowu shrugged. "Why should I surrender against a foe I can easily win against?"

"Arrogant, aren't you? Let's see if you have the strength to bolster your attitude." The figurine pointed a finger at Sun Xiaowu, causing a golden hoop to appear, as thick as an arm. It was formed from divine strength and would easily kill an ordinary cultivator.

Sun Xiaowu suddenly phased out of and into existence.

"[Blinding Flash: Thousandfold Echo]!"

Sun Xiaowu's body split into over a thousand clones, so many they seemed to fill the sky.

The golden clones leapt at the figurine, but they were quelled by a single golden finger. The figurine, his face calm, took a step forward. With each step, golden light flared. The arena melted into golden lava—the aura of divinity.

"[Goldenscale Palm]!"

Sun Xiaowu's right arm glowed with resplendent light. An aura of intense strength emanated from Sun Xiaowu's body. Frightening shockwaves of energy radiated through the battlefield as Sun Xiaowu punched forward.

Strong though the [Goldenscale Palm] was, the figurine blocked it with a single finger. It shook its head. "Your lacking strength cannot support your arrogant attitude."

"This isn't all. [Blinding Flash: Thousandfold Echo]!"

Sun Xiaowu's body split into over a thousand clones, so many they seemed to fill the sky.

The figurine folded its arms. "No matter how many times you try it, the outcome will be the same."

Chapter 1403: Rumors of Heaven

Zhang Lie frowned. "Where did this figurine come from?"

Bu Wentian frowned as well. "It's likely an ancient reliquary, perhaps from the fabled kingdom of Heaven?"

"[Golden Divide]!"

The thousand clones all used [Golden Divide] simultaneously, coloring the sky in gold and raining down golden feathers in such numbers that it seemed as though a thunderstorm had just formed out of thin air.

Each feather was like a divine sword, shining with radiance and surrounded with golden light.

Golden aura billowed from the swords as the swords struck in an arc before them.

Sun Xiaowu spurred the swords forward with all his energy, sweeping through heaven and earth alike.

The divine figurine's body glowed thickly with interlaced runes. One of its hands suddenly magnified in size, transforming into a miniature world that was about to envelop the storm of swords.

"Enter the kingdom of Heaven."

The figurine's golden palm was massive. At the heart of its palm was a shining galaxy, as though a brand-new universe were being created amidst the void. The image was shocking.

"[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.

Sun Xiaowu took a step forward, then punched with all his might, generating a dominating wave of genetic energy. His golden fist smashed apart the nascent world. The figurine huffed as light radiated from itself, its body suddenly seeming to become one of flesh and blood, crystalline all over. A thousand arms grew out of its body.

Bu Wentian nodded in praise. "As expected of such a relic. Although the kingdom of Heaven has long since been destroyed, its machinations are unparalleled. I wonder if your companion can handle them?"

"[Goldenscale Palm: Qilin]!"

Sun Xiaowu and all his clones leapt up into the air, performing exactly the same action. Golden light flashed from their arms and illuminated the sky. 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.

He rushed forward, golden scales appearing over his arm as he punched at his opponent.

The figurine's thousand hands blocked the golden qilin's advance.

Golden light erupted, instantly obliterating a hundred of the figurine's arms.

"[Adamantine Aegis: Martial God]!"

Sun Xiaowu's aura grew stronger and stronger. As the golden runes merged with his genetic energy, Sun Xiaowu transformed into a mecha over a hundred meters tall. The golden runes surrounded Sun Xiaowu, turning him into a burning sun.

Sun Xiaowu punched forward, leaving a deep injury in the figurine's body.

The figurine quaked. Its body glowed with light as its arms were reforged and its wounds closed. Even so, it had clearly lost the initiative.

"[Blinding Flash: Thousandfold Echo]!"

Sun Xiaowu split into a thousand clones, each of which summoned a golden mecha and caught the figurine's arms. The figurine struggled, radiating divine light of shocking intensity.

"[Golden Divide]!"

Sun Xiaowu and the mechas behind him struck simultaneously, forming a resplendent river of golden blades that cut down hundreds of the figurine's arms.

The gold-plated figurine glanced severely at its opponent. "I've underestimated you. All who have made it this far in the Cup are strong indeed, but this is the end for you. I acknowledge your strength; against you, I will use my clan relic."

The figurine's illusory arms vanished, leaving just one pair behind. It pulled out a blood ruler from its back, which shone with demonic light.

Suddenly, the figurine's aura changed. Its eyes and hair turned blood-red, so lurid it seemed as though blood would drip out at any moment. The demonic blood ruler shone like a crimson sun as the divine figure's holiness transformed into diabolism.

Its golden body turned ink-black as it radiated bloody light. The specters of ghosts and demons overlapped its body, which seemed to have turned into mud from the abyssal depths. Its face turned malevolent and sinister, a vile sight to behold.

Heaven and earth quivered as the figurine swung its ruler.

Sun Xiaowu turned serious as he dodged the blood-red glow. The blood ruler seemed like an exceptionally dangerous weapon.

"[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 next moment, they exploded in an explosion hundreds, thousands of times stronger than the [Golden Divides] had accomplished.

A frightening storm rose up, interspersed with golden blades.

Bloody aura burst from the figurine as it retreated. A demonic figure appeared behind the figurine, roaring as it shot toward Sun Xiaowu.

"[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.

The qilin's scales were radiant and shining with golden light, each like a miniature sun. It looked like a god descending from the heavens, its long whiskers floating in the void, surrounded by golden clouds, looking like a sculpture of gold.

In Sun Xiaowu's mecha form, the golden qilin he released grew to a staggering fifty thousand meters in height. The golden qilin radiated light, and was so large that it almost filled up the entire arena.

Chapter 1404: Dissipating Clouds

Sun Xiaowu's qilin's golden claws raked at the divine figurine, which retaliated with the demonic summoning behind itself.

Yang Ze frowned. "A figurine of Heaven, you say? Perhaps it should be hell, instead..."

The divine figurine roared. Its blood-red hair waved madly around its head. Its eyes were bloody moons. Like a great demon, it waved the flaming red ruler in its hand, bathing the arena in bloody light interspersed with runes. It pushed aside a claw as large as a mountain.

"[Blinding Flash: Ten Thousandfold Echo]!"

Sun Xiaowu split into ten thousand clones, each of which summoned a golden mecha.

The golden mechas flew underneath the qilin in a golden flood.

Radiant light shone from both combatants in red and gold. This was a massive confrontation, like a volcanic eruption. The skies were filled with blinding light and runes.

The divine figurine alone wouldn't have been able to withstand Sun Xiaowu's might, but the demonic ruler possessed unusual strength. It radiated bloody light like a red sun.

Furthermore, the halo of blood around the ruler formed a demonic figure, one that encapsulated the divine figurine within like armor. The figurine raised a hand, causing an intense aura to surge forth.

Rather than the figurine wielding a weapon, it was more like the weapon was wielding the figurine. The demonic ruler was manipulating the gold-plated figurine in battle, obliterating his mechas.

The gigantic golden qilin pressed downward with claws the size of mountains, imparting tremendous pressure on the figurine.

Bloody aura rose into the air, demonic qi surging like the sea. The transformation from divine to demon caused the figurine's strength to increase by an order of magnitude, obliterating the qilin's claws.

Yang Ze murmured, "The remarkable strength of turning evil..."

Fang Yi gaped. "It must have grown thirty times stronger!"

Zhang Lie frowned. "What's this 'Heaven' that you're talking about?"

Bu Wentian replied, "Long ago, there was a particularly powerful organization in the universe that went by the name of Heaven. Subsequently, the organization went crazy and annihilated itself overnight. I think that this divine figurine might be a successor to that organization, perhaps one of its remnant deities."

Yang Ze asked, "How did the organization go crazy?"

Bu Wentian shook his head. "Allegedly they began to kill people in a crazed fashion, or perhaps even each other. It's been far too long for any records to survive save that it had to do with a certain weapon.

"Kill, kill, kill!"

After the divine figurine transformed into a demon, all that holy energy was likewise corrupted and converted into demonic qi.

Killing intent filled the arena. The figurine had transformed into a pitch-black demon that now rushed forward at Sun Xiaowu. It waved its demonic ruler, commanding a frightening sea of blood.

Blood filled the heavens as the spectators watched on with mounting fear. A sea of blood raged around the demon, transforming into a raging dragon that rampaged through the air.

Countless ghosts of the netherworld began to screech and scream shrilly. The bloody sea took on aspects of the netherworld as demonic figures rose up from its depths.

"[Adamantine Aegis: Invincible Martial God]!"

The manifestation of the golden mecha shrunk and condensed around Sun Xiaowu, forming a resplendent golden suit of armor.

Sun Xiaowu clenched his fists and considered his strength. "I once had a tutorial match with the person I respect most in this world. He told me that my techniques were too diffuse, that I was wasting a great deal of energy, correcting my long-held erroneous beliefs."

The demonic figures that rose from the sea of blood were so dense that all the spectators felt a chill down their backs, let alone Sun Xiaowu himself.

A majestic golden qilin swooped toward the divine figurine and clashed into the sea of blood in an explosion of golden radiance that swamped the arena and the realm at large. The spectators cried out as the demonic qi and bloody sea were vaporized.

Sun Xiaowu, standing at the intersection of golden light and demonic qi, was calm and collected. He continued, "As it turns out, I was wrong. Concentrated strength is what matters, and there has to be an equilibrium between size and density."

The sea of blood and golden light exploded, forming a backdrop around Sun Xiaowu. The clash of two titanic sets of forces seemed not to affect him at all.

The demonic ruler cracked from the confrontation. Demonic qi surrounded it as the ruler broke apart the golden light. Blood waves flew toward Sun Xiaowu like roaring dragons.

Against even a technique of this magnitude, Sun Xiaowu stood unmoved. "This is the improved version of the technique I spent a great deal of time and effort working on. Watch carefully, Captain!"

Sun Xiaowu punched forward in a burst of golden light, sweeping away the demonic qi and bloody sea, along with the ghostly and demonic figures.

"[Golden Divide]!"

Overlapping runes, compressed to their extreme, surrounded Sun Xiaowu like golden armor. Encapsulated in the armor, Sun Xiaowu looked holy and domineering. Golden light shot out in a beam.

The golden light in the air formed blades that struck at the malevolent demon.

The demon howled, causing clouds of demonic qi to fill the air.

Sun Xiaowu's body was encased in a resplendent golden glow. Suddenly, a dragon emerged, coiling around him and transforming into the runes that guarded his body in a show of radiant light.

"[Goldenscale Palm]!"

Sun Xiaowu's right arm glowed with scintillating light. A layer of dense golden scales emerged over his skin. An aura of intense strength emanated from Sun Xiaowu's body. Frightening shockwaves of energy radiated through the battlefield as Sun Xiaowu punched forward.

Most unusually, a pair of small golden horns formed over his forehead.

This was a battle of epic scale. Rubble was flung into the air as sun, moon, and stars alike began to fall. As Sun Xiaowu sent a flurry of punches toward the demon, golden light caused the entire world to quake.

The sea of blood roiled. The demonic ruler stirred up demonic qi and summoned ghostly figures from the netherworld.

The confrontation between the golden light and bloody sea caused a beam of black light to shoot out from the clash, striking the barrier that protected the spectators and isolated the arena from the stands and forming a hole in it in an explosion of black aura and shards.

The demon had landed in the stands, its body flickering and barely maintaining its form.

The crack on the demonic ruler had propagated into an obvious flaw. Demonic qi gushed out: the ruler's might had only seemed to grow stronger, either because it was now exerting more of its strength, or because the hibernating demonic ruler had revived after a match of this magnitude...

Chapter 1405: The Demonic Figurine

The demonic figurine was surrounded by a thick layer of demonic aura. The sea of blood roiled and shot into the sky as the spectators of light screamed. Corrupted by the demonic aura, they turned pitch-black. Red light shot out from their eyes as, losing all rationality, they charged toward Sun Xiaowu.

Bu Wentian gaped. "Hold on. This demonic ruler—"

Sun Xiaowu clasped one hand behind his back. He waved his other hand in an arc. Golden light formed a storm that shattered all the figures of light before him.

"Go!"

The demonic figurine's magic ruler began to emit a frightening aura as it swallowed up the spectators' mental avatars and even the golden light that Sun Xiaowu gave off. The demonic figurine soared into the sky and began devouring the very Heavens.

The spectators of light fled from the scene, fearing that they too would become corrupted.

The demonic figurine opened its mouth wide. The demonic ruler vibrated violently as it attempted to consume the very gods.

"[Blinding Flash: Ten Thousandfold Echo]!"

Sun Xiaowu split into ten thousand clones, each wearing radiant golden armor. It was difficult to identify which were real and which were fake.

The demonic figurine rose into the air, the demonic ruler still in its grip. Whenever it struck down a golden clone, the demonic ruler would absorb the golden light that made it up, transforming it into pitch-black demonic aura. Something within the ruler seemed to be reviving once more.

"[Golden Divide: Thousand Feathers]!"

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

A golden hurricane suppressed the surging demonic aura. Countless golden feathers brushed by the demonic figurine, diminishing its aura.

"With one thought, deify; with another, demonify," the demonic figurine shouted. The demonic aura receded to half its body, while the other gleamed with holy golden light.

Half the figurine was demonic, radiating a demonic aura with a half-formed suit of bloody armor; the other half was deific, summoning five hundred holy palms.

The combination of the divine and the demonic gave rise to an explosive strength that trumped either whole.

The demonic half of the figurine held a ruler in its hand. Demonic aura invoked a sea of blood. By the other side of the figurine, five hundred holy palms danced in the air, shining with radiant light that covered heaven and earth.

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

The attack landed like a nuclear explosion. Golden light rose into the air, and the overwhelming radiance forced all the onlookers to shut their eyes. The attack pierced the ground in an explosion of light, as Sun Xiaowu sent a flurry of punches toward the figurine. The stars overhead began to fall.

The sea of blood roiled. The demonic ruler stirred up demonic qi and summoned ghostly figures from the netherworld.

The confrontation between the golden light and bloody sea was overwhelming in scope. The demonic ruler had cracked in an earlier attack, and those cracks began to propagate. Arm after golden arm was sent flying. As golden light erupted, the figurine struck the edge of the arena and itself began to crack. The five hundred holy arms cracked and were completely torn off by Sun Xiaowu.

As the demonic ruler continued to crumble, when all the spectators thought that victory had been decided once and for all, an even more shocking demonic aura exploded forth from the figurine. The figurine's holy half was instantly devoured and corrupted.

The figurine's long black hair danced in the wind. Its eyes were blood-red, like those of a demon's.

As the demonic ruler continued to crack, the figurine seemed to discover something. It reached into the demonic ruler and pulled out a black lance of bone.

Within moments, the temperature of the arena dropped to sub-zero values. The bone lance was inscribed with countless black runes and surrounded by a mist of demonic aura. Malevolent ghosts seemed to dance around the lance, which shone with a sinister air. The figurine's demonic and bloody auras roiled and dyed the entire sky dark scarlet.

The arena vanished, replaced by a sea of blood. The demonic aura raged on. Waves charged forward, lapping the shore, sounding like peals of thunder, like stampeding hooves.

Countless ghosts and specters took shape in the raging sea, causing a chill to go down all the spectators' backs.

"Haha, haha!" The demonic figurine inclined his head and roared in mad laughter.

Some of the spectators recognized the black bone lance. They went pale, their tone tinged with fear and disbelief.

"What's that weapon doing there?"

"Hasn't it already been destroyed?"

"The disaster of Heaven..."

Yang Ze, spectating from afar, asked, "What's this?"

"As expected, it was sealed inside..." Bu Wentian remarked.

"Answer me, won't you?" Yang Ze continued impatiently.

"Remember what I said about the destruction of Heaven?"

Zhang Lie's eyes widened. "I do. Could it be that that bone lance—"

Bu Wentian nodded. "That's right. That's the weapon that caused its destruction."

No one could have anticipated that it would suddenly appear in the arena.

The spectators murmured to each other, "The year that Heaven came into possession of the bone lance, they tried to extinguish its demonic nature and reforge it as a divine artifact, transforming the demonic into the deific. After that, Heaven, which would boast two divine artifacts of incredible might, would instantly transform into an even stronger power than before.

However, no one in Heaven could have expected that the bone lance would be so sinister. It was filled with demonic aura, and those high-ranking members of Heaven that tried to purify it all went mad. In the end, the other forces saw an opportunity to destroy Heaven and took it. Wasn't the bone lance destroyed then?"

"I heard a different variant. The high-ranking members of Heaven combined their strength to seal the lance, being badly wounded in the process, and was then taken down by other forces."

"To think that that frightening lance has reappeared..."

Sun Mengmeng asked worriedly, "Isn't Xiaowu in grave danger, then?"

Bu Wentian shook his head. "That's not for certain. If the bone lance were to make an appearance in reality, Sun Xiaowu wouldn't have a chance, but in this virtual realm, it's nothing more than a projection. Only a limited portion of its true power can be felt. Sun Xiaowu may still win."

"Hahaha, hahaha!"

The demonic figurine roared in mad laughter, all rationality having fled from its eyes.

Chapter 1406: A Great Uproar

"Hahaha, hahaha!"

The demonic figurine roared in mad laughter, all rationality having fled from its eyes.

The demonic ruler had eroded at the figurine's thought processes, and the black bone lance had only exacerbated it. "To think that I would have recovered the relic of Heaven during this battle, that it was sealed away in this demonic ruler! I truly have to thank you."

The bone lance shook and trembled in thirst. It wanted to feast on blood and soul.

"Do you hear it? The bone lance hungers for your soul. To thank you, let me make you its first sacrifice."

The demonic figurine's eyes were pulsing with blood. It had turned into nothing more than a madman.

The figurine charged forward with the black lance in hand, pointed straight at the center of Sun Xiaowu's forehead. A fearsome aura emanated from the lance, and all the spectators felt as though they could hear the cries of the millions of condemned souls of hell.

"A cursed lance..." Sun Xiaowu's gaze was ice-cold. He didn't know about the origins of the lance, but he could easily hear the screams of countless souls, trapped in the spear's depths by the grievances they left behind in death.

The spear had to have absorbed the grudges and grievances of millions of lifeforms.

"For what you've done, you have to die." Sun Xiaowu's voice was chilly in its calmness. His armored clones condensed into one body, shining as brightly as the stars and illuminating the dark-red sky.

"[Blinding Flash: Echo of Origins]!"

With a low shout, the clones overlapped with Sun Xiaowu. A dense layer of golden runes appeared over his skin with a bright burst of genetic energy. The figure of a mecha behind Sun Xiaowu grew larger and larger. 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 the mecha grew, so too did Sun Xiaowu's own strength.

Ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand meters—everyone spectating watched Sun Xiaowu in awe.

The mecha reached the maximum size that the virtual realm could tolerate.

Sun Xiaowu's [Blinding Flash: Echo of Origins] had changed greatly from what he had used in his fight against Zhang Lie back in the third realm. The golden light was so concentrated it almost seemed solid, and it was surrounded with golden runes.

The black bone lance thrust into the golden radiance. Despite its fearsome penetrating power, its seeming invincibility, it was unable to pass through the golden armor.

Sun Xiaowu made his move then, clashing against the lance, which emitted black soulfire. Golden light radiated through the sky. The figurine flipped backwards, vomiting out blood.

The spectators gaped. An ordinary cultivator struck by the bone lance would fall dead on the spot and transformed into part of the lance's power.

However, Sun Xiaowu had survived such a fate and even caused the spear's wielder to vomit out blood. The disparity in strength was beyond compare.

The lance wasn't weak, but the demonic figurine was unable to draw out its full strength after such a drawn-out battle.

Having lost its rationality, the figurine could not even consider the prospect of surrendering. Black mist surged around it, composed of millions of unfortunate souls, as it attacked once again.

"[Goldenscale Palm: Shattersoul]!"

The mecha's golden fists glimmered with radiance, and golden runes circled them. The light burned like flames. The souls were pushed apart, and the fists even caused the cursed lance's projection to crack.

The demonic figurine gathered the last of its strength and tossed the lance toward Sun Xiaowu like a bolt of black lightning. The shrill scream of souls followed in its wake.

"Open!" Sun Xiaowu's body glowed with light as golden feathers floated into the air.

"[Golden Divide: the Radiant Sun]!"

Light flooded the sky. Golden radiance, bright and dense as an ocean, fell in a flood.

The black bone lance stopped short before him, blocked by golden runes, before shattering in a burst of black flame.

The mecha shone with blinding light like an incandescent sun as it punched forward. Golden runes whirled about its surface. The demonic figurine exploded into fine mist.

The galactic forums were in an uproar.

"This is an incredible match! To think that that cursed bone lance would make an appearance again..."

"Just who is that cultivator, to have beat the successor of Heaven?"

"That's no successor of Heaven, just a remnant figurine that somehow developed intelligence. It bore a few tricks of Heaven and gave itself that nickname."

"But that bone lance is the real thing!"

"To be honest, by the end of the battle, the figurine was already badly wounded. If it had begun using the bone lance at full strength, the outcome of the battle might be different."

"A victory is a victory—that's all there is to it."

"Have you all noticed that the figurine's opponent looks rather familiar?"

"It must be a member of some famous race—hold on, isn't that the same race as the dark horse's?"

"Another dark horse?"

"Two dark horses have already appeared during the qualifiers for this iteration of the Cup. One managed to defeat the so-called invincible member of the Solarvine race, while the other defeated the child of Divinity Qinglian. The first one bears the nickname 'the darkest of dark horses', or so I'm told."

"You're not saying that all the dark horses come from the same race, are you?"

"Just what race is this?"

"Many galaxies are trying to find out. They'll succeed sooner or later."

"I heard that this race was present centuries, even millennia, ago. It's an ancient race."

Someone suddenly shouted, "Go look! That lance-wielder's going mad!"

Back in the dimensional realm, after the conclusion of the match, Zhang Lie sighed in musing. "Our Xiaowu really has grown much stronger, hasn't he?"

Sun Mengmeng frowned. "If the battle is over, shouldn't Sun Xiaowu already be back? Where is he?"

Bu Wentian pointed at Sun Xiaowu's apparatus. "He's in that coffin."

Zhang Lie asked, "Could something have gone wrong?"

If the battle was over, Sun Xiaowu should be out by now. Zhang Lie couldn't help but worry.

Bu Wentian blanched as he thought of a possibility. "Could it be... No... But perhaps..."

Zhang Lie frowned. "What do you know?"

Bu Wentian wasn't certain. His face was serious as he murmured, "That bone lance might be harder to deal with than I expected."

Sun Mengmeng instantly turned anxious. "What do you mean?"

Bu Wentian continued, "The bone lance might have affected Sun Xiaowu directly even through his protective gold-attuned armor. Sun Xiaowu's mental avatar might be contesting the bone lance's might at the moment."

Chapter 1407: A Bad Influence

Sun Mengmeng asked, "What do we do?"

Zhang Lie's face was serious. "Can we open up the apparatus?"

Yang Ze raised his hand. "I think there's another explanation for all this."

The three hunters looked over. Yang Ze continued, "Sun Xiaowu must have gone to watch the next match."

Zhang Lie and Sun Mengmeng:...

Yang Ze continued, "Didn't we agree that we would take turns entering the arena? Li Feng's match has just started."

Bu Wentian: "If nothing else, Sun Xiaowu's mental condition is stable. If there were any instability, the apparatus would blare in warning. If it were serious, he would be ejected directly."

Zhang Lie and Sun Mengmeng:...

Sun Mengmeng grimaced. "So your guess was mistaken?"

Zhang Lie sighed in relief. "Don't scare us like that!"

Yang Ze replied, "Your anxiety caused you to jump to the wrong conclusions."

The three hunters agreed.

Yang Ze walked toward his own apparatus. "Well, let's go and watch Li Feng's match too."

The hunters stepped back inside into the virtual realm to cheer for Li Feng.

By the time they connected to the realm again, the match had already started. Li Feng's opponent was tall and slender, lithe and muscular, surrounded by fulgent light that hid their appearance. All that was revealed was a pair of electric eyes, the pupils of which were two glowing runes.

"Who's that opponent?" Yang Ze asked.

"Why does this competitor have two runes in their eyes?" Sun Mengmeng murmured.

A spectator beside them snickered. "You really don't know anything, do you? This is a natural phenomenon. He's known to be one of the strongest of the younger generation in the galaxy."

Zhang Lie asked, "How does he compare to that so-called invincible member of the Solarvines?"

"I thought they were comparable, but that doesn't seem to be the case anymore. Among the newer generation, he's known as an insurmountable mountain, whom only the geniuses kept away from the public eye by the strongest forces of the galaxy can hope to defeat!"

"What's his name?" Zhang Lie asked.

"Immortal King!"

"That's a title, isn't it?"

"No, that's his name. It's one that everyone in the galaxy will remember."

Yang Ze scoffed. "Is that so? I wonder if his skill matches his name, then."

The spectator was clearly familiar with Immortal King's history.

"He isn't the first-generation Immortal King."

Zhang Lie and the others looked perplexed, so the spectator continued, "Apart from him, there were eight other Immortal Kings in the Hall of Immortals, all of whom were the strongest of their generation."

Zhang Lie frowned. "In that case, Immortal King might as well be a title rather than a name. Is every successor of the Hall of Immortals called Immortal King?"

The spectator nodded. "You can think of it that way."

"How else?"

The spectator continued, "There is only one Immortal King of every generation, but none have ever been able to pass the final trial of the Hall of Immortals and transcend into a true king of deities. They gave their lives for the cause, but even that was insufficient. This Immortal King is different. One ancient immortal of the Hall of Immortals has predicted that the ninth Immortal King will succeed in the trial and lead the Hall of Immortals to glory forevermore."

His posture alone differentiated him from a common cultivator. Runes flashed into existence around him. His black hair was scattered, and he wielded a halberd of void. He looked down at the gathered spectators with pride and dominance, evoking fear in those whom his gaze met.

The ninth Immortal King pointed his halberd toward the high heavens, the divine light in his eyes shining. He looked invincible.

The halberd slashed at the void, billowing with killing intent as it swung at Li Feng.

The fight began just like that.

The halberd hurtled toward its target with a divine chime.

Although the two combatants had started out with quite some distance between them, the ninth Immortal King boasted surpassing strength, and he had reached Li Feng near-immediately.

"[Light Dragon's Remnants]!"

Li Feng marshaled his genetic energy into the form of a large number of white dragons.

A divine hymn shook the heavens. Ruby light arced from the halberd, red as fresh blood. The void halberd was a fearsome weapon that gave off overwhelming light. Just this one blow was enough to make the heavens tear and crack. Divine runes manifested all around the Immortal King with an earth-shattering explosion.

Li Feng's entire body shook. He had met the swing of the halberd with his longsword, but the blow was fierce enough that his arms ached and shuddered in pain. This was truly a strong cultivator.

His physical strength and constitution alone was frightening enough; it was almost as though he was a dragon in human form.

The ninth Immortal King was shocked that his opponent seemed unhurt.

Without any delay, however, the halberd swung toward Li Feng once more in a flash of scintillating light that illuminated the heavens. It was clearly a relic. To the halberd, a distance of hundreds of meters might as well be a handspan away.

The halberd seemed to strike at Li Feng's neck with a spray of blood, shocking the spectators. Was that blood? His head had fallen to the ground!

Everyone held their breath. If they were in Li Feng's shoes, would they have survived that blow?

The spray of light spread out and diffused like a mist of blood.

"The match is over. The ninth Immortal King is truly invincible!" one spectator shouted. The successor of the Hall of Immortals had finished his opponent in just two consecutive strikes!

This was a true paragon of battle, whose prowess was so fearsome that the spectators shuddered in fear. Who could stand against him? He was invincible!

Wasn't that Li Feng's blood in the arena?

The spectators' hearts pumped.

"That was too fast. The Immortal King is truly invincible!"

"No, you're all mistaken," an elderly spectator called back.

The scarlet light flared like blood, but it wasn't blood. A figure still stood where the halberd had struck, his head firmly connected to the rest of his body.

The spectators cried out in shock. "How could this be!"

Blood flowed down, shining with silver light, from the edge of a sword. The one who had been struck was the ninth Immortal King! The halberd had beheaded Li Feng, but it neither flew away nor fell. Instead, it hung floating in the air.

Before the ninth Immortal King was a beheaded Li Feng; behind the ninth Immortal King was another Li Feng.

No one could believe what they were seeing. They wiped at their eyes, thinking that something had to be wrong with their vision.

The only one who understood what was going on was Zhang Lie and the others.

Yang Ze grinned with his teeth. "Li Feng's becoming just as bad as me!"

Li Feng gazed calmly forward with a smile. "I have a few companions who are exceptional with illusions, and I learned a few tricks from them."

Chapter 1408: The Dark Horse Race

In the final moment before the strike, in what seemed like nothing more than a flash but which Li Feng had planned out well in advance, Li Feng created an illusion of himself in the path of the halberd.

He had seen Yang Ze and Sun Xiaowu use this tactic many times over, and from their usual spars, after having to guard against their illusions and avatars once and again, Li Feng learned a few tricks for himself.

The spectators were still in an uproar over what had happened. The halberd's swing was too rapid; anyone else would surely have been killed on the spot. This was what was frightening about the ninth Immortal King, who was able to launch such blows in a flash.

And yet, in that same flash of time, Li Feng had both managed to respond to that attack and counterattack. None of the spectators thought they would have been able to do as well, and they couldn't help but be deeply impressed.

Li Feng had attempted to behead the ninth Immortal King, but it had failed. The ninth Immortal King snapped his fingers. The blood that had dripped from his body formed humanoid lifeforms held together by divine light, whose bones and tendons were reinforced by the arcane substance. Each was exceptionally strong.

"You'll have to pay for making me bleed." The ninth Immortal King swung his halberd around him, forcing Li Feng to retreat as the silverblood entities struck at him.

"[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, sweeping them away.

The ninth Immortal King reoriented his head, which had almost been beheaded from its body, in proper position. Silver blood gleamed and scabbed over as the wound quickly healed.

"It looks like I underestimated you."

The ninth Immortal King struck again, fast as lightning. The halberd shone in blazing light. A phoenix unfurled its wings from around the halberd in a burst of bright flame, red as blood.

The phoenix soared up and looked down from high above.

"[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.

A dragon's roar resounded through the air, clashing against the phoenix in an explosion of light that spread throughout the arena.

Just then, Li Feng attacked at full force.

"[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 as a galaxy seemed to unfold around Li Feng.

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

Bolstered by divine radiance, the ninth Immortal King swung his halberd in a tight arc, raising it like a shield. It gave off silver and red light in a brilliant flare, like a phoenix's rebirth.

The blow was accompanied by a phoenix's shrill cry, a spiritual attack whose might could be felt even by the spectators. They sucked in a deep breath.

The clash of metal against metal rang incessant. Starlight burst. The phoenix cried. The skies were dyed red, and stardust fell from the skies.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon]!"

Li Feng cut forward. The overflowing sword energy materialized in the form of a light dragon that seemed like it could part the very sea.

The ninth Immortal King blocked the attack with the haft of his halberd, moving so quickly it was beyond what an ordinary hunter could handle.

The spectators' ears buzzed as space distorted and lightning seemed to flash from the heavens— but it was only a clash between the two cultivators, with sparks from their weapons grinding against each other, and thunder from the impact.

Everyone was shocked that there was an unknown cultivator who could go head to head with the successor of the Hall of Immortals, and who even seemed to be on par with him.

Li Feng swung his blade once again.

"[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.

The ninth Immortal King swung his halberd, accompanied by the cry of a phoenix. He was encapsulated by the outline of a phoenix as divine light flared from him. He shot forward.

The spectators watched on with bated breath.

Neither combatant spoke. From the very beginning, they had met each other weapon for weapon. There was no need for words. The blistering pace enraptured the spectators.

The continuous clash was almost impossible to bear; the spectators felt as though their eardrums were close to bursting. Radiant light emanated from the ninth Immortal King, accompanied by frightening mist that seemed like chaotic energy.

The clash between Li Feng and the ninth Immortal King was like a heavenly tribulation.

Li Feng himself was shocked by the strength of the opponent he had encountered. His arms were sore and numb, but he believed that his opponent was suffering just as much as he was. The runes in his opponent's eyes were flashing in deep surprise.

A spectator remarked, "The ninth Immortal King is truly fearsome. As long as the successors of the strongest clans remain in seclusion, who would be able to fight against him? But his opponent's no trifling matter, either. Just who is he?"

"I've never seen that race before."

"It sounds like the rumored dark horse race."

"Their original form is that of a horse?"

"No—they're being referred to as the hunters of the strong."

Zhang Lie was speechless. What nonsense was this?

"You're very strong," the ninth Immortal King murmured. His black hair draped around his shoulders, and his whole body was shielded with divine runes. He looked like an immortal descending from the heavens, invincible and without compare.

He defended against Li Feng's strongest attacks with ease, even despite the shock in his eyes. He was calm and collected, as though everything was within his control.

"But you are not stronger than me," the ninth Immortal King asserted, then struck again.

With another ear-splitting clash, Li Feng's arms went numb, and the flap of skin between thumb and forefinger began to bleed. Li Feng sucked in a deep breath. This was a difficult opponent indeed.

He stared at the opponent's palms, wanting to see if he too were bleeding. However, the ninth Immortal King's flesh was shielded by divine runes, and he couldn't see a thing.

Regardless, Li Feng believed that it was indeed the case.

"Amazing. He's held on for a few dozen blows against the ninth Immortal King by now!" a spectator called out. It was clear just how highly the Immortal King was valued among peers of his generation. Any who could even survive such a clash against him had to be strong themselves.

The clash of metal continued to ring out as the fight continued intensely.

"[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.

He seemed to be right beside his opponent, but simultaneously a world apart—in a dimension beyond. Spatial manipulation!

A hundred dragons wrapped around Li Feng's 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.

Chapter 1409: Divine Phoenix

"[Manifold Gates of Heaven]!"

Radiant white light exploded from the point of impact, the holy light of heaven. Li Feng's sword slashed apart the gates, unleashing concentrated light.

The ninth Immortal King's halberd turned blood-red as a phoenix took to the air, its feathers a lurid red. It gave off a blazing ruby light that clashed against the sword technique in the air. Golden light shone bright, and silver light scattered. Li Feng's arclight dragons keened.

Brave and fierce, Li Feng continued fighting, longsword in hand.

The clash of metal shook the very heavens. By now, the combatants had exchanged over sixty blows. This was a common experience for ordinary cultivators, but one too rare for the successor of the Hall of Immortals.

Some spectators had initially believed that the ninth Immortal King would take down his opponent within just a few blows, only to be surprised by Li Feng's endurance and strength.

The spectators watched on avidly.

With a whirl, the void resonated as the halberd vanished, tearing apart a layer of space and suddenly appearing by the joint of Li Feng's arm, as if about to cripple him.

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

Li Feng attacked relentlessly, unheeding of his injuries.

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.

Suddenly, with a flash, that white light was bisected.

Countless whirlwinds of sword energy were manifesting before him. The holy dragons that had been summoned in a dense horde were obliterated in bursts of white light.

The white light shot out all around like sharp blades. Millions of holy dragons transformed into millions of blades, more concentrated than even raindrops in a storm.

The phoenix soared into the air, red as blood, shining with golden light in a scene of surprising beauty. It blocked the blow and resolved the danger.

The divine light emerged once more as the resplendent halberd swung in a loop, forming an eternal sun.

Li Feng's gaze was severe as infinite radiance blossomed.

"[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 began to ring through the air. The hymns seemed to pierce straight through the soul, until the spectators felt suddenly at ease, as though there was no strife with which to concern themselves.

Many of the spectators suddenly stilled upon hearing the music, caught dazed off-guard. Even the ninth Immortal King was momentarily stunned. The eternal sun vanished as his halberd stopped short in mid-air.

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 the Immortal King. The crackling of thunder covered up the sound of hymns, as though it was a requiem for the world.

The successor of the Hall of Immortals quickly regained his senses as his gaze turned ardent. Strands of hair flew in the wind. He looked like a god come down from heaven, invincible and deific.

As he breathed out, he launched into motion, spurring forth his void halberd.

"My goodness!"

"This is his signature void slash!"

The spectators were yelling in shock at the amazing sight.

Many stumbled back instinctively, as though they were facing some sort of wild beast.

This was the fearsome aspect of the Immortal King's void halberd. When used at peak strength, it was able to cause immense destruction as it tore apart the void and triggered an explosion.

The resulting destruction was difficult to imagine; even a god might die from such an attack. No one believed that Li Feng would survive. Countless divine weapons had fallen, rent asunder, by this void halberd, transforming into nothing more than scrap metal.

The void slash seemed like an indefensible attack, and it was indeed so. Even the strongest opponent would be killed.

The void halberd gleamed like crystal as it gave off immense energy. As the Immortal King slashed at the horde of holy dragons, the void split apart and ignited a large explosion.

All the spectators stepped back instinctively, worried that the virtual realm might collapse again.

Shockingly, however, although the void did crack open and the void slash seemed poised to release its awesome power, it did so within a localized space, a pocket dimension forged with light-attuned genetic energy. The void slash shattered the world, but it had been sealed from the virtual realm at large.

A bolt of holy lightning shot toward the Immortal King.

"Hm?"

This outcome caused many of the spectators to gape in shock. Li Feng's counterattack, like a heavenly tribulation, was far stronger than anticipated.

The ninth Immortal King retaliated at full strength. The lightning in his deific armor surged forth in a huge serpent of lightning, a phoenix of purple flame.

Thousands of holy dragons exploded in the resulting storm.

The spectators gasped. The clash between lightning and lightning was incredibly destructive.

Li Feng's holy dragons quashed the electric serpent, and his sword slash cut off the phoenix's wings. The lightning imbued in Li Feng's sword arced toward the ninth Immortal King, causing his body to tremble. His body exploded in divine light, infusing his armor with energy as he attempted to block.

Lightning crackled, and silver feathers flew through the air in a storm. The Immortal King's divine armor grew crystalline, radiating with light as it absorbed Li Feng's attack.

The silver feathers gave off a blinding glow. Each feather boasted the same energy that Li Feng had emitted.

Chapter 1410: Divine Embrace

Someone recognized that armor with a sudden cry.

"That's Divine Embrace!"

Allegedly, the Hall of Immortals had some sort of connection with deities and immortals possessing the secret of eternal life, with cultivation techniques of overwhelming might that could absorb the power of lightning and transform it into energy.

Li Feng's heart thumped. His opponent was truly strong indeed, with energy as vast as the roaring ocean. Not only that, he was clad in a mysterious armor that was able to absorb lightning of all forms, natural or otherwise. It would be difficult to take him down.

"Break!" The ninth Immortal King's voice was deep and commanding, just like a deity descending from the heavens.

His void halberd trembled violently as it tore the void apart. A cross-shaped scar appeared in the air. Destructive energy filled the arena as the void energy exploded, poised to tear it all apart.

The energy that the ninth Immortal King possessed was shocking in its density and scope. The spectators found chills running down their backs, as though the apocalypse was nigh.

The cross-shaped scar in the void exploded in a blaze of endless light. In the face of divine radiance, all would be scoured clean.

Even so, a shocking phenomenon occurred.

"[The Boundless Blade: Dragon's Annihilation]!"

A silver dragon manifested around Li Feng's blade.

The dragon's howl shook the air. Li Feng activated his sword technique, forming the impression of a true arclight dragon that raised its head to the heavens and roared. The nascent energy trembled.

Though the void exploded, the explosion was torn apart. No destruction could spread and hurt Li Feng.

Li Feng raised his sword and struck at the void halberd.

"[Striking Sun and Moon]!"

Li Feng unleashed a devastating strike as bright as the blazing sun.

The sword slashed the sky, and the stars fell. Sword energy flared, and for a moment, it seemed like even the sky was about to be bisected.

The ninth Immortal King blocked the blow with his halberd in an explosion of the void. The sword energy caused even the stars to explode.

Li Feng engaged in a melee and punched forward with a fist, and the ninth Immortal King responded with the same. He was prideful and confident, and rightly so.

The two combatants' fists smashed together, illuminating the heavens in divine light. The intense wave of energy that resulted from the clash cracked the arena at their feet in a frightening explosion.

Blood dyed the air red.

Li Feng's hand was bruised, battered, and bleeding.

The ninth Immortal King's calm countenance slipped. His hand, too, was bleeding.

"What? How could the successor to the Hall of Immortals have received such an injury? This is unprecedented! Just who is this challenger?!" a loyal, long-time servant of the Hall of Immortals cried out. "This must be one of the secluded geniuses of the strongest factions!"

His face suddenly paled.

"[The Boundless Blade: Shattered Sun]!"

Sword energy roiled. The technique splintered the glowing sunlight and replaced it with a silver glow, transmuting that sunlight into something that boosted Li Feng's strength. The sword energy tore apart the sky.

Sword and halberd met in a spray of silver light and ruby-red blood. Even the bones of the two combatants' fingers began to crack.

The ninth Immortal King released his fists. His blood shone with silver radiance, encapsulating overwhelming strength. A deific mist formed around him, emanating waves of such energy that all the spectators shivered.

What was this? Everyone was shocked.

"My blood does not flow freely," the ninth Immortal King stated.

He stood amidst the void, surrounded by runes of blinding light. The blood that fell from him transformed into a silver humanoid figure, giving off an indomitable aura.

Bypassing the constraints of space, it flashed right up to Li Feng, prepared to kill him in one blow.

The Immortal King's blood was itself a treasure beyond any measure, boasting tremendous energy. The silverblood lifeforms that formed were tremendously strong, with bones and tendons forged of divine light. Each drop of blood manifested as such a lifeform.

"Kill him!" the ninth Immortal King commanded.

This was a bloodline power. The silver blood was streaked with gold flecks, vibrant and splendid.

Zhang Lie frowned. "This virtual space really is impressive, to even be able to capture bloodline effects. It's difficult to tell reality from simulation."

"[The Boundless Blade: the Trembling World]!"

Sword energy roiled. An arclight dragon reared its head. The technique splintered the glowing sunlight.

The sword energy grew brighter and brighter, until it surpassed sun, moon, and stars in light. The will of the sword seemed to manifest physically into the form of a dragon that made to rip apart heaven and earth.

Space shattered and stars fell like rain.

A series of explosions rang out as the silverblood lifeforms' runes flared. As though burning with divine flame, they gave off tremendous energy.

"Break his defenses!" the ninth Immortal King commanded, tossing out the void halberd in a long arc.

"[Dance of the Incandescent Wyrn]!"

Li Feng summoned dozens of serpents, flaring with blinding light.

The void shook as the ninth Immortal King's body flared with light, sealing space in his vicinity. Even time seemed to stop. The light was red as blood. A ball of blood transformed into a bright red phoenix, which cried out as it unfurled its wings.

"[Holy Dragon Transformation]!"

Silver light dyed the entire world. Genetic energy swept over Li Feng's body and manifested as a dense layer of silver scales, like a suit of silver armor. Antlers grew out of his head, and his hair turned a radiant silver.

Li Feng gathered large quantities of light-attuned genetic energy, more than what he could reasonably bear, for a moment of explosive strength.

He slashed forward with his sword, the radiant energy manifesting like a dragon. Under the effect of his [Holy Dragon Transformation], Li Feng's speed increased to such an extreme that a thousand afterimages seemed to trail him.

A thousand sword slashes tore apart the phoenix in a moment.

Even the ninth Immortal King was shocked by Li Feng's speed.

"It looks like my bloodline isn't pure enough. I'll have to purify it more," he murmured.

Even so, it was sufficient. At his signal, the silverblood lifeforms around him transformed back into drop after drop of blood, filling the sky with divine radiance. These orbs of blood, flashing silver, transformed into dense patterns that formed a seal in a spherical region around Li Feng.

"Ninth Immortal King's Nine Seals!" he shouted. Silver light billowed around him with flashes of gold. A divine aura suffused the arena.

Even the spectators in the stands had chills. This was an unfathomable strength, as though a pocket world had been established with no way out. This was a prison, an impregnable one!

In the void, each drop of blood corresponded to a single rune. Silver and golden light flared with blinding radiance, like a divine flame roaring to life, surrounding Li Feng and sealing him away.