

U. Warlord 1421

Chapter 1421: Wheel of Time

Xing Yu formed seals with both his hands, shaking the void. One formed a tiger; the other, a dragon. They roared and charged forward in the blink of an eye, straight toward Fang Yi.

"[Heaven's Judgment]! [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. Wind and storm combined and crackled at the tip of Fang Yi's spear, and a dragon's howl echoed resoundingly in the air.

The two dragons and two tigers fought for dominance in the air, clashing in explosions of radiant light and summoned hurricanes. They smashed into each other time and again.

Anyone else caught by the attack would be obliterated into a mist of blood.

Fang Yi blocked his opponent's attack, after which point Xing Yu's entire body began to glow. Frightening fluctuations of energy emanated from it.

Xing Yu kicked forward forcefully with one leg like the swipe of a dragon or serpent's tail. It was almost like a whip, one which caused the void itself to shake when he used it.

"[Stormwind Kick]!" Fang Yi likewise kicked forward like a whip, his legs imbued with wind and storm. The clash between wind and storm, dragon and serpent, caused a huge explosion in the air. A howling storm formed, and a dragon's cries echoed.

Xing Yu had quickly recovered and sealed the arena. Then, he broke off another huge chunk and smashed it at Fang Yi.

The huge piece of the arena blotted out the sun and seemed almost as large as a mountain range.

"[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. The spear pierced space abruptly, spawning a rift that turned its surroundings gray. All movement was locked in time.

The only color in the space, the only movement, came from Fang Yi.

In the space of frozen time, Fang Yi walked straight up to Xing Yu and thrust forward with his spear. However, Xing Yu was no weakling himself. The spatiotemporal seal would only last for a short period of time against Xing Yu, who quickly shattered the gray space within.

Xing Yu's golden serpent kick left a series of whip-like afterimages behind as it clashed against Fang Yi's spear.

The destruction of metal rang out through the air in a shower of sparks. Xing Yu shouted as golden whips struck the arena.

The arena exploded, sending dust and rubble into the air. Even so, Xing Yu's kick didn't change direction. It locked onto Fang Yi doggedly, deflecting the tip of his spear as Fang Yi activated

[Stormwind Kick] once again. Howling gales manifested around him. Thunder rumbled and lightning crackled, forming a whip of wind and storm.

Xing Yu defended against Fang Yi's golden whip as dragons howled in the air. The outlines of serpents and dragons soared through the air as Xing Yu was forced back.

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

Wind and storm surged throughout the loop, providing explosive strength as Fang Yi thrust forward with his spear.

Xing Yu blocked with both arms, but even so, he was forced back. His blood grew heated, and his purple hair billowed in the sudden wind. His eyes lit up, and two lances shot out of his pupils, bright and blinding.

"[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. As the clock tolled, the virtual realm itself reverberated.

Fang Yi's spear blocked the two lances.

Xing Yu widened his mouth, shooting out a breath of lightning.

The clock continued to toll as more wheels of time appeared behind Fang Yi's back.

"[Heaven's Judgment]!"

The combination of wind and lightning generated a frightening force that seemed to be able to penetrate space, like an electric saw that pierced through Xing Yu's lightning breath and co-opted that energy for itself.

Simultaneously, Xing Yu slammed down with his right palm, cupping it and forming an orb of lightning that quickly grew as large as a mountain. It smashed down toward Fang Yi.

Xing Yu retaliated against Fang Yi with his mastery over lightning. The two attacks erupted in a massive explosion of lightning that tore apart the firmament.

However, Xing Yu's mastery over lightning was still somewhat weaker than Fang Yi's. Fang Yi's saw-like spear pierced through the massive ball of lightning, converting its strength into his own, as a third wheel of time formed to his back.

Xing Yu roared in outrage. Ripples of energy filled his mouth and spread outward before transforming into a titanic wave of energy, wild and unbridled. The void shook as the barrier protecting the spectators splintered in a frightening explosion.

Fang Yi defended with his spear, parting the energy around its tip. Blood trickled from his mouth.

With a sharp wave of his hand, wind and lightning billowed out from Fang Yi and formed a protective barrier against Xing Yu's attack. Lightning encircled his spear, and wind corkscrewed around its tip. He broke through the wave of energy, his spear pointed straight at Xing Yu's forehead.

Heaven and earth rumbled. Xing Yu clasped his hands together and held back Fang Yi's spear in a burst of incredible strength and light.

Many of the spectators were shocked. "This is the Stargod Seal! Allegedly, it can block the advance of all physical matter in the universe. It's known to be one of the forbidden techniques of the Stargod race!"

The scintillating light transformed into a wave of lightning that swamped the arena. Arcs of lightning flashed every which way, as though a golden wave of energy were towering over the two combatants.

Several sharp-eyed spectators noticed a drop of blood trailing down Xing Yu's fingers, which had been wounded.

"That's right! The unknown challenger drew first blood on Xing Yu during their first clash, allowing Xing Yu to invoke the Hands of the Blood God!"

The spectators now understood the conditions under which the Hands of the Blood God could be used.

Coolly, Xing Yu again clasped both hands together, one the sky and the other the earth. The entire realm trembled in their wake.

"[Floating Clouds]!"

It looked as though Fang Yi had morphed into lightning itself. Storms rose up all around him, and he left a flurry of afterimages behind. He barely defended against the Stargod Seal.

As a result of the high-intensity confrontation, there were now five wheels of time to Fang Yi's back.

"It's time for my ultimate technique!" Fang Yi called out.

"Show me what you've got. My seal will counter it!"

Xing Yu's body glowed with incandescent light. The radiance of heaven shone down on him; the tableau almost seemed apocalyptic. Light washed over the arena. Stars fell from the sky, forming a stellar river that drowned Fang Yi within, a tribulation from the universe itself.

Chapter 1422: In Mortal Danger

"[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. In this state, he was able to simultaneously manifest different techniques at the same time.

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.

Chaotic energy swirled over the spear.

Fang Yi combined [Born of Lightning, Swallowed by the Wind], [Tiger's Howl, Dragon's Bellow], and [Heaven's Judgment]—elements, time, space, and chaotic energy. All these sources of energy were stacked together, like buff after buff.

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.

The energy of chaos, which had the ability to destroy anything, spun amidst the howling winds.

Formless lightning flashed over the surface of Fang Yi's spear, 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.

The void lightning combined with the spatial rift that was forming and tore apart the space around Fang Yi. The manifold energies merged and tangled with each other, space and time, wind and storm, beginning and end.

Fang Yi sent a stream of each type of energy swirling and corkscrewing around the tip of his spear. 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 seven different forms of energy: wind and lightning; their advanced counterparts, spatial rifts and void lightning; the fundamental forces of space and time; and chaos.

The spectators, protected by the will of the virtual realm, weren't affected by the temporal stasis. They cried out in fear upon seeing what Fang Yi was doing.

"What sort of technique is this...?"

This was the first time they had seen his sevenfold strike.

"Can these energies even be combined...?"

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.

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. 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.

All that energy, linked by the karmic power that Fang Yi had manifested, led to an unbelievably complex combination.

It was as though Fang Yi had placed all seven sources of energy into a blender and allowed them to combine.

The clash between the energy of chaos and that of time and space caused the wheels of time on Fang Yi's back to shatter one after another. His spear vibrated ceaselessly, and huge quantities of chaotic energy gushed out.

His hands trembled as the energies combined. At the most crucial moment, Fang Yi concentrated as the energy of chaos and spacetime merged into a brand new, mysterious strength, that of primordial chaos.

The combination of energies gave off such a fearsome aura that anyone would be worried upon sensing it. 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.

The skin on his arms cracked. Veins protruded from his forehead and his arms turned bright red.

As Fang Yi concentrated on controlling the transformation, that energy took on the shape of a spear.

Fang Yi wasn't able to control the energy fully, but it was far less rambunctious than before. It grew even more chaotic and boasted a more frightening strength.

Against Fang Yi's chaotic spear, everyone could feel an astonishing sense of threat.

"[Stargod Seal]!"

Xing Yu shouted, reinforcing the seal in his palms once and again. Incredible light poured out from him and surged forth like a tsunami, completely occluding the arena.

Fang Yi's spear broke through the bombardment and clashed against the seal. Beneath them, the seal protecting the audience melted like ice. The impact of the shockwave alone turned some of the lightborne spectators into ash.

The overwhelming power Fang Yi had displayed caused many of the spectators to step back subconsciously. What manner of strength was this? They were being endangered just watching the fight from afar!

Others paid to spectate with money, but Fang Yi and Xing Yu's tournament could cost their virtual lives. Who had ever heard of the like?

Many of the spectators quickly logged out.

Chapter 1423: A Dimensional Blow

Continuing to watch the match between Fang Yi and Xing Yu could pose severe damage to their mind and soul, and the spectators certainly had no intention of risking it. Many among them were challengers themselves, and they didn't want to lose their qualifications.

As a result, many quickly logged out.

The remaining spectators either didn't fear the mental damage that would result from 'death', or were strong enough to withstand the aftermath of the combatants' attacks.

The virtual realm shook and distorted, as though it were under heavy pressure that would cause it to explode.

The light dissipated as Xing Yu's scattered hair fell back down to his shoulders. His gaze was ice-cold as he stared before him. One of his hands were bleeding, the one which Fang Yi had bled in the initial clash.

After this attack, that wound began bleeding again, unable to be healed. Crimson light emerged from it; Xing Yu's blood seemed to have a sinister power.

Fang Yi readied himself to continue the assault. He felt little discomfort; after his training in the third realm, he was able to maintain much of his combat power even after unleashing his sevenfold strike.

He sighed in regret. "I was just missing a bit more power—I could well have destroyed Xing Yu's body right then and there!"

If he could have combined all those disparate sources of energy into one, his attack would have been even more frightening. It was fortunate that none of the spectators could hear his thoughts; many already considered him a madman.

Fang Yi acknowledged that he had underestimated his opponent. It was little wonder that he was considered the rising star of the Stargods.

Xing Yu, however, was even more surprised. How could a cultivator like Fang Yi have arisen from an otherwise nameless race?

High up in the stands, the other Stargods were in an uproar. The Stargod Seal was so strong as to be a forbidden technique, and Xing Yu had perfected and refined it further. It was a technique that could dominate the universe—so how could it be that Xing Yu had struggled so much against a nameless cultivator like his opponent? His right hand was still bleeding, a wound that stubbornly resisted his natural regeneration!

This sort of outcome was beyond anyone's expectations; the nameless challenger was unbelievably strong, so strong that even the young hero of the Stargods was finding it hard to suppress him.

"Enough. We'll stop here!" Xing Yu shouted. His aura rose to a tremendous degree as the ground below him cracked open. The mountains shifted; the heavens distorted.

His aura grew stronger than it had ever been. It felt as though a slumbering beast had just awoken and was about to bring calamity to the realm.

Everyone was frightened; their souls quivered. However, in a moment, that frightening aura vanished as quickly as it had appeared. At the same time, Xing Yu completely vanished from the arena.

What had happened? The spectators glanced around in search of Xing Yu's figure, but he seemed to have vanished entirely.

Many spectators felt themselves starting to sweat. Who could defend against an enemy in a state of such perfect stealth?

The Stargods were pumping themselves up. They were finally going to see the hero of their race show his true skills! The battle would likely end here.

Fang Yi stood steadfast as a mountain amidst the void. He glanced down at the realm. "Is this all you've got? Hiding in the darkness like that."

"I'm watching you from above the stars. It's time for all this to end." Xing Yu's voice came from an unknown source.

Suddenly, ripples of energy burst forth from the void. Fang Yi felt his eyes burn in pain—runes seemed to have been applied to his body.

"[Judgment of Stars—Seize the Light]!" Xing Yu's voice came from far away, cold and emotionless, as he passed down judgment.

The pain in Fang Yi's eyes deepened. Darkness surged at the edges of his vision. His spear struck at the source of the sound, but it hit nothing. Meanwhile, a fearsome blow shot toward the back of his head. Runic script exploded from the impact.

Although Fang Yi was unable to see anything, he would hardly let himself get hit so easily. He quickly dodged.

"[Judgment of Stars—Seize all Sound]!" Xing Yu intoned. A shard of natural law resonated with the arena.

Fang Yi found that all sound had vanished. He was in a dome of dead silence.

"Have you any last words?" In this dark and soundless world, all Fang Yi could hear were Xing Yu's words. This was a particularly sinister technique, one that could temporarily disable his senses!

"[Judgment of Stars—Seize the Flesh]!" Xing Yu continued. This was the true killing blow.

Although Fang Yi could hear and see nothing, a sense of danger bloomed in his heart. Wind and storm surrounded him.

"[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. He sped up time around himself, hoping to be able to retaliate in some form or another.

The clock tolled, but Fang Yi couldn't hear it. He gripped his spear tightly in his hands, preparing to launch an attack at any moment.

What seemed like a mallet smashed down on him from every inch of exposed skin, as though attempting to grind him into meat paste.

Wind and storm surged from Fang Yi, stronger than before, as he tensed up. He launched his spear, crackling with wind and lightning, with incredible force. It sent wind howling and lightning flashing through the sky.

With his spear, he invoked chaotic energy in the form of lightning and raging wind. The spear left a dozen afterimages in its wake, striking all around him. Even so, he failed to defend against the entirety of the attack.

The opponent's technique was particularly unusual, able to strike formlessly from every angle, every vantage point, completely different from anything he had faced to date.

Fang Yi felt as though he could sense a gigantic grindstone appear in the void. He was in its center, and a pair of hands that couldn't be seen were slowly grinding away at his self. It was a frightening prospect.

His enemy was nowhere to be seen and sensed, as though the entire arena had become this grindstone, torturing him and grinding away at his self.

Fang Yi suddenly thought of a guiding principle: a dimension beyond.

Xing Yu seemed to have transcended the virtual realm and moved onto a higher dimension entirely as he toyed with the ants one dimension lower.

"[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. Wind and storm roared around him, and his spear resonated with his genetic energy. The spear which the king of chaos had granted him demonstrated shocking strength, infusing chaotic energy into the mix.

Chapter 1424: Understand or Die

The lightning tiger and wind dragon corkscrewed into an incredible blow that struck indiscriminately around him as he swung his spear back and forth.

"Your struggles are futile. This is a judgment of the cosmos itself. Gone is your sight, your senses, and your flesh," Xing Yu intoned.

Even now, Fang Yi couldn't sense where he was, as though he were a god who dwelled in the metaphysical, looking down on the mortal world.

"[Shadow and Light]!"

Fang Yi's appearance blurred into a hundred clones, and a third wheel of time appeared by his back. Spear thrusts and strikes shot toward every direction.

"I said, all your struggles are futile," Xing Yu repeated.

A tremendous pressure bore down on Fang Yi from above, dispelling his attack entirely.

Fang Yi attempted to resist the mounting pressure with the power of time, but it didn't have the desired effect.

Even that power was easily suppressed by Xing Yu.

If Xing Yu really had ascended to a higher dimension and was able to manipulate those in the one below, all resistance would indeed be futile.

A cultivator of a higher dimension boasted absolute suppression over a lesser one; the difference was akin to a firefly's glow compared to the brilliant full moon.

Humans could paint and cut paper all they wanted—and even tear it apart if they so desired.

At this moment, Xing Yu seemed to be toying with Fang Yi like a cat playing with a mouse. No matter how he resisted, Fang Yi was unable to attack Xing Yu.

"[Judgment of Stars—Seize the Soul]!" Xing Yu commanded. This time, he pushed his technique to its extreme.

Fang Yi's head buzzed in intense pain. His body hurt all over. A formless chain passed through his physical body and tightened around his soul. Fang Yi felt as though his soul was about to be extracted from his body, a particularly dangerous prospect. He would surely be in danger if the separation were to take hold.

Even Zhang Lie blanched. "This is—!"

They weren't mental constructs; rather, their avatars in this virtual realm were projections of their physical and spiritual bodies. The soul was the root of the self; if it were truly to be separated from his body, there could be extremely severe consequences.

No one knew how this virtual realm worked, but the importance of the soul was paramount and quintessential. If Fang Yi's soul were seized, he could very well turn unconscious even in reality, turning into an empty shell of a body.

What sort of ridiculous technique was this?

Zhang Lie murmured, "If matters devolve, we'll rush into the arena and save Fang Yi ourselves."

"How, Captain?" Sun Xiaowu asked.

Li Feng replied, "We're all in spectator mode, and we have no combat strength whatsoever. If we rush into the arena, we'll just die!"

Sun Xiaowu stood firm. "There's no need to worry, Captain. You ascended to the fourth realm early, so you didn't see how hard Fang Yi worked after losing to you in the third realm. He's grown far stronger than before."

"What's more," Yang Ze added, "Xing Yu's technique only appears to be frightening. It's not actually that strong."

Zhang Lie nodded. "I was too anxious. Fang Yi will surely be able to figure it out himself."

Fang Yi arduously got up and began to counteract the effects of Xing Yu's technique with his willpower, forcibly wresting his soul back and defending it from the assault that came in every direction.

His opponent seemed to be formless; the attacks came from all over, and were particularly difficult to block. Even if he wanted to attack the opponent, he didn't know where to start. He was relegated to passivity.

Fang Yi coughed up a mouthful of blood. After his sight was taken, then his hearing, and now his body and flesh, he was exhausted from dealing with the litany of attacks.

As he continued to resist, a fourth wheel of time appeared to his back.

Fang Yi's physical body was trapped by the grindstone and ground away. His soul was chained and pulled away. A formless blade glinted in the air, readying itself for a final decisive blow.

Though blood seeped out of his body and wounds ate at his will, though he saw and heard nothing in his eternal darkness, it was precisely these conditions that honed his sixth sense to its greatest sensitivity. He felt a sense of tremendous danger and immediately unleashed the strength he had stored up.

Just then, a fifth wheel of time formed on his back.

"[Wheel of Time: Break]!"

As the next wheel of time broke, even more light flared from Fang Yi's back. A second shadow appeared, merged with Fang Yi, and boosted his strength, followed by a third, a fourth, a fifth...

As more and more wheels of time behind Fang Yi broke, more ephemeral shadows appeared and boosted his strength to an extreme. Wind and storm circled him five times over.

A dragon's roar resounded through the air like peals of thunder. 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. Chaotic energy infused both elements, and the attack disrupted time and space itself. The power of time exploded from him in waves.

In the blink of an eye, everything turned unfocused.

Time and space were both disrupted. The formless blade was obliterated by the distortion, and a screen of light was forced into existence, then shattered by the energy that arose from Fang Yi.

Light flashed before his eyes as he understood the nature of the attack that had stymied him. All this about judgment was just misdirection—the opponent's true technique was spatial in nature!

Fang Yi realized that he had been trapped within a cage of void. All the attacks from before had just been a feint; the true attack was just an exercise of spatial power.

Fang Yi scowled. He felt as though he had just eaten a pile of excrement.

This was a remarkable attack indeed, and one which would have killed him if he hadn't managed to disrupt it in time. It was far too deceitful!

"Playing dirty, just like someone else I know..."

Fang Yi felt as though he had just exchanged blows with Yang Ze, that loach. If he had understood the technique from the very beginning, it would have been trivial to deal with it; but if he hadn't figured it out, he would have been killed, just like that!

Without the burst of power from his accumulated wheels of time, giving him the strength to force his way out of the technique with brute force, he would never have suspected that it was an application of spatial force.

The reason that his [Shadow and Light] had been ineffective was because it was a technique that accelerated time in his vicinity, and it had no impact on his spatial suppression.

In the stands, Sun Mengmeng sighed in relief. "Fang Yi's finally discovered what's going on!"

Yang Ze smirked. "As I said, his opponent's techniques aren't anything impressive."

Sun Xiaowu scoffed. "More like you've finally encountered someone else like you and dislike him as a result. You're just like that Xing Yu fellow!"

Chapter 1425: Like Abhors Like

Yang Ze gnashed his teeth. "That's nonsense! He's much less cool than I am. He's sly and his techniques and tactics are petty and full of tricks."

Li Feng laughed. "Like abhors like."

Everyone laughed as well.

The members of Team Zenith were all relieved that Fang Yi had realized the truth of the situation and resolved the danger.

"I knew you couldn't be as strong as all that."

Fang Yi clutched his spear tightly as space reverberated around him. Wind and storm surrounded him.

If Xing Yu really were strong enough to ascend to a different dimension and control Fang Yi from that vantage point, he wouldn't have been injured in the first place. After all, Xing Yu would have been a higher-dimensional being that could hardly have taken damage from a lower-dimensional one even if a projection of him were in the same dimension.

A firefly wouldn't be able to do any damage to the moon even if it were to fall to earth; at best, it would be able to bite down on some lunar soil.

If Xing Yu really possessed control of a higher dimension, he wouldn't have to play these sorts of games with Fang Yi and strip him of his senses one by one before peeling away his soul. He could simply have torn the canvas apart and Fang Yi along with it.

After realizing what was happening, the rest was easy.

Magic against magic, fist against fist—and space against space.

"[Heaven's Judgment: Four Sages' Roar]!"

Fang Yi's spear took on the aspect of a dragon of the winds and a storm tiger as he charged forward. Wind and storm combined and crackled at the tip of Fang Yi's spear.

The combination of wind and lightning generated a frightening force that seemed to be able to penetrate space. Chaotic and spatial energy joined in the mix—a miniaturized version of his signature fivefold strike, at least at the level of a fourfold strike.

A black turtle and divine bird rushed out of the mix of chaotic energy, spatial rifts, wind, and storm.

The wind resolved into a stormwind dragon. Spatial force transformed into a qilin, with the void as its claws and lightning as its whiskers.

The lightning transformed into a white tiger wreathed with howling winds, spatial force forming its sharp claws and chaotic energy condensing into its eyes.

Spatial force manifested in the form of a divine bird, space its feathers, the storm its body, lightning its beak, and chaotic energy seeping from its feathers like burning flames.

The chaotic energy transformed into a black turtle, spatial force into its shell, lightning into its legs, and the stormy wind its head.

The four mythical beasts formed from the combination of the fourfold energies shot out as Fang Yi thrust his spear forward. The disparate energies corkscrewed together, simultaneously melded and distinct, as they shot toward the heavens.

They exploded simultaneously, raining down destruction onto Fang Yi's opponent.

Xing Yu coughed out blood in shock. His opponent had sensed the secret of his technique, broken out of the cage, and survived his most lethal combination.

His wounded body shook as blood stained his clothes.

The spatial cage broke and restored Fang Yi's senses to himself, light and sound and soul.

"To think you would have seen through it!" Xing Yu wiped away the blood by his lips. His muscular body glowed with light as strength radiated from him.

Fang Yi sighed. "Knowing too much can be a hazard at times."

He had been misled by his knowledge from the Milky Way.

"To be frank, your techniques aren't all that amazing. I have a companion who's more cunning than you are."

If Fang Yi hadn't known about higher-dimensional space and been misled, he would have discovered the truth sooner.

"This is the spatial cage that I invented. I could trap you within it for eternity. Since you've already entered it, I'm not going to let you out!" Xing Yu thundered.

The crowds were nowhere to be seen; this was a pocket space isolated from the outside world.

The outside world could see inside, but the internal world couldn't see outside.

Xing Yu shot into the sky and looked down at Fang Yi from the heavens. "I am the lord of this domain, and you a lowly prisoner. This is my world!"

Fang Yi remained calm. "Then let me show you how I'll defeat you from within this world."

Rather than tear apart the pocket space, Fang Yi readied himself for a fight.

"[Trappings of Void]!" Xing Yu shouted, unleashing his signature set of techniques to restrain Fang Yi.

"[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 bell. The tolling of a bell reverberated through the pocket dimension.

"[Winds of Aeon]!"

Fang Yi invoked the power of time, which revolved around his spear. Spatial force mixed with it, extending toward Fang Yi's hand and spreading throughout his body, augmenting it. The wheels of time to his back revolved around his body. Lightning flashed and wind howled.

Fang Yi's body distorted and split into two, as though he had been isolated from spacetime.

"Hmm?" Xing Yu was shocked to see that his spatial control was ineffective.

Fang Yi snickered. "As I said, your techniques are meaningless now that I've seen through them."

Xing Yu was like a disaster-grade lifeform that had conjured a domain out of spatial force, within which he had the power of a higher-dimensional being that could manipulate those within the domain.

However, all this was an illusion.

After all, Xing Yu wasn't such a being and had no means of effecting direct control over his captives.

As a result, breaking free was straightforward. Counter space with space and domain with domain.

Fang Yi formed a domain with his wheels of time as basis.

By combining the powers of space and time to form a spacetime domain, he was able to free himself from the standard flow of spacetime. He called on forces more fundamental than those of Xing Yu; Xing Yu's domain could affect him no longer.

What's more, Fang Yi had isolated himself from the standard flow of spacetime and could be affected by no other domains.

"I'll kill you!" Xing Yu shouted, enraged after Fang Yi had disparaged his techniques.

Chapter 1429: The Fated Spear

Those who were strong enough to keep their wits despite Fang Yi's temporal stasis all blanched upon seeing Fang Yi's technique.

Although they were able to keep their wits, they could do nothing against Fang Yi. For one, Fang Yi had twenty-five wheels of time to his back, which magnified his control over time; for another, they were all spectators who were unable to participate in the fight.

The combination of nine energies gave birth to an astounding hybrid. 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. The virtual space began to crack.

Even the king of chaos' spear shook violently as it tried to sustain the nine different energies.

Compared to when he was in the third realm, Fang Yi's body held out much better than before. Even so, however, veins protruded from his forehead.

The golden threads of karma, which turned black and tried to wrap around Fang Yi, were swept away by the energy of chaos.

Chaos muddled fate, turning bad karma into more strength for his attack.

Twenty-five wheels of time stabilized his body. Without those wheels present, he wouldn't have been able to use his ninefold strike at all.

Xing Yu tried to stop Fang Yi, but even the shockwaves that emanated from the nascent technique were frightening in strength.

Lightning crackled like a demon swiping its claws. A storm raged, and space tore apart. Black-and-gold chains criss-crossed and tangled up under the influence of chaos and fate.

After the incorporation of karma, the energy of chaos was able to reach an unstable equilibrium with that of space and time.

Karma forcibly linked all the disparate energies together like glue.

The karma would have affected Fang Yi's fated future if not for the chaotic energy surrounding him. Most importantly, the chaotic energy came from Fang Yi's spear, not from himself, and the powers of karma and chaos wouldn't cancel out.

The spear of Chaos would continuously provide titanic amounts of chaotic energy, forcibly maintaining this unstable balance.

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, destroying even natural law with their combined might.

Space and time cracked, and unusual pitch-black thorn-like protrusions spiked into the pocket space.

Twenty-five afterimages appeared, shining with light.

Black, formless chains surrounded Xing Yu as fate locked in on him.

"Let me show you what fate truly is."

A howling storm, void lightning, mysterious temporal charge, the wind of ages—the mishmash of elements exploded.

The twenty-five wheels of time that stabilized Fang Yi's techniques shattered.

"[Godbane Strike]!"

The nine different energies formed a huge vortex.

Fang Yi was suffering from a nosebleed. Even with his fourth-realm body and twenty-five wheels of time, it was difficult to support the sheer offensive might of this technique. Fang Yi was able to control formless energy effectively, but not the ninefold confluence of energies. Nor could he form it into the shape of a spear.

All that energy erupted in an instant in a blow that shook the world.

Opposite him, Xing Yu's body radiated with light. As Fang Yi closed in on him, the divine armor around Xing Yu glowed brightly, filling the air with shining brilliance. The fist distorted the void, causing a blinding gleam that sent wind scouring over the arena.

An overwhelming punch!

This was a superlative clash, one that left all the spectators awestruck. The techniques tore apart the virtual realm. It was as though the world itself were collapsing.

The void blurred. The floor of the arena tore open as scars of void shot through the arena, tearing apart the world and shocking the spectators further.

The two cultivators seemed as though they were about to break free from the constraints of mortals.

A howling storm, void lightning, mysterious temporal charge, the wind of ages—the mishmash of elements exploded.

Fragments of the world danced across the air, brighter and more breathtaking than fireworks. The clash between the two cultivators caused a temporal maelstrom. The spectators' view blurred. Even after the virtual realm was reinforced as a result of Zhang Lie's fight, the realm almost broke down once again.

Xing Yu staggered back. A pair of gigantic silver wings, shining with holy light, flapped in the air as fragments of the world swirled before him.

He was undeniably and abnormally strong, the result of the evolution afforded by the stone of starlit fate.

After being struck by Fang Yi's ultimate technique, however, he wasn't in good shape. The divine armor was tattered and broken, with large cracks across much of its surface. Another spear wound appeared on his chest. Karma, spatial force, void lightning, temporal power, and chaotic energy were corroding his wound as the stone of starlit fate did its best to heal Xing Yu.

Despite its overwhelming strength, the stone of starlit fate was only able to ensure that the wound didn't worsen; the mix of energies was no easy opponent.

Meanwhile, Fang Yi stood wholly uninjured, his robes and hair fluttering in the wind. His eyes were focused and intent; his expression calm and unflustered.

What strength did he possess that would allow him to resist a Starlit Legend?

The crowds were silent. They were shocked. Who was this cultivator that none of them had heard of?

The Stargods were astounded that one of their Starlit Legends had been injured during his first confrontation.

Just how strong did this opponent have to be to hurt Xing Yu even after such an extensive transformation?

In the stands, one of the young generation of Stargods asked in panic, "Can Xing Yu win?"

One of the Stargod elders stroked his beard that was nonexistent in the virtual space. "Don't worry. There's more to a Starlit Legend than what Xing Yu has shown us yet. Xing Yu's Starlit Wings, Starlit Horns, and other evolutions haven't been activated fully—those are what make him a true killer."

The Stargods sighed in relief.

Fang Yi didn't show how flustered he was, but as far as he knew, his strongest technique, the Fated Spear, could kill any opponent beside Zhang Lie. However, Xing Yu had shown himself capable of defending against it as well.

Was this the power of the stars?

Xing Yu glanced at Fang Yi. "Can you keep fighting?"

Fang Yi asked, "What are you trying to say?"

"You should know that better than I do, I think."

Although Fang Yi looked calm and uninjured, in truth, he was almost out of genetic energy.

Chapter 1430: Another Trump Card

Fang Yi still had the ability to fight a little longer, but the Fated Spear was one of his strongest techniques. His genetic energy had been all but wiped out.

He hadn't expected that Xing Yu's divine armor would be so empowering, allowing him to survive a direct blow from his Fated Spear.

"That's all there is to your fate, then. It can't crush me," Xing Yu taunted.

"As for you, your Starlit Legend doesn't seem to be that impressive, either," Fang Yi retorted, having heard what the audience members were saying.

"Ignorant fool! Those who challenge a Starlit Legend will be doomed to suffer an ignoble death," Xing Yu replied. His voice was cold and emotionless, as though he were no mere mortal but the lord of the universe who had seen his fill of mortal cycles of reincarnation and rebirth.

The next moment, he vanished.

He used a divine technique to pull Fang Yi into his void cage for a final confrontation.

The darkness approached, cold and silent.

Having faced the technique once, Fang Yi was well aware of its secrets. Stripping away light, voice, his physical body, and even his soul—all of that was trickery. The truth of the technique lay in an application of spatial force.

"[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. The tolling of a bell reverberated through the pocket dimension.

"[Winds of Aeon]!"

Fang Yi invoked the power of time, which revolved around his spear. Spatial force mixed with it, extending toward Fang Yi's hand and spreading throughout his body, augmenting it. The wheels of time to his back bolstered his body—but his strength didn't spread further.

"Hm?"

Fang Yi was shocked. His domain was encountering shocking resistance.

Wind and storm howled around him. The wheels of time to his back glowed with light, forming radiant halos that illuminated the sky. Formless time let out a blinding light even more piercing than the sun, wrapping around his entire body and shrouding him in a barrier of light.

Fang Yi's body distorted and split into two, as though he had been isolated from spacetime.

Xing Yu was shocked. The Starlit Legend transformation had made him far stronger than before. His control over spatial force, in particular, had deepened considerably.

He didn't expect Fang Yi to still remain capable of using his wheels of time. It was shocking to behold.

"What sort of domain is this?" Xing Yu looked toward the light that emanated from Fang Yi.

"Strike me. I'd like to feel just how strong a Starlit Legend is!" Fang Yi called out. Wind and storm whirled around him. Spatial force condensed into a moon, and Fang Yi's domain of time manifested itself around him. Even his hair turned purple, crackling with arcs of lightning.

"No one can resist fate. Die!" Xing Yu announced with absolute confidence. He unleashed his strongest attack.

The dragon's horns on his head glowed with light as two sharp blades flew out and sundered the void, the earth, and the sky. A dragon's howls shook the air.

The aura around Xing Yu was frightening in its strength. One blade shot toward Fang Yi's forehead, and the other to his abdomen.

The Starlit Horns! This was one of the manifestations of a Starlit Legend, a pair of horns with overwhelming strength that could split everything asunder.

With a low shout, Fang Yi dashed forward with his spear in hand. He launched his spear, crackling with wind and lightning, with incredible force. It sent wind howling and lightning flashing through the sky.

With his spear, he invoked chaotic energy in the form of lightning and raging wind. The spear left hundreds of afterimages in its wake.

As Xing Yu's Starlit Horns activated, countless blades of light shot forth like radiant stars.

The starlight clashed against Fang Yi's afterimages in the air. Stellar dust rained down on the two combatants. Wind, storm, and chaotic energy crackled around Fang Yi. Fang Yi's spears and the Starlit Horns struck blow after blow against each other.

Drained of genetic energy as Fang Yi was, the Starlit Horns quickly dominated. Their golden glow illuminated the heavens and formed a stellar river that shot toward Fang Yi, sending him flying. Blood seeped from his mouth.

"You don't have any more strength, do you? Failure is your fate," Xing Yu intoned. The Starlit Horns on his head shone with blinding light, forming what seemed like an elegant crown, or perhaps a nebular cloud itself. The golden starlight that illuminated Xing Yu was like a robe that proclaimed him the emperor of heaven, an undefeated legend.

As Xing Yu had stated, Fang Yi had been drained of genetic energy after their previous confrontation. The domain of time flickered around his body like a lightbulb that was about to go out.

His body was bruised and battered, his bones broken. He had suffered grievous injuries.

The younger generation of Stargods laughed. "To be able to fight Xing Yu to this extent—he's strong, but that's it."

"Isn't that so? He should be proud that a nameless cultivator like him can fight Xing Yu to this extent."

"It's a pity that Xing Yu is just too strong for him."

The members of Team Zenith glanced at each other in worry.

They knew that the Fated Spear was Fang Yi's limit—not just because of how much energy it consumed, but also because Fang Yi had no stronger attacks.

Xing Yu's Starlit Horns grew brighter and brighter. "To have forced me to my true strength—you're a fine opponent. Surrender now, and we might meet each other in the official tournament."

Fang Yi ignored Xing Yu and wiped at the blood by the corner of his mouth. "It looks like I have to show my trump card, too."

Suddenly, divine radiance seeped out from Fang Yi's body.

A small shard of rock sprayed out radiant light from within his body. It was blue one moment, royal purple the next, and ink black a moment later. Mysterious shades of light filled the arena as his body and soul began to glow, illuminating the entire virtual realm. The aura was expansive, dark, chaotic, and rampaging; it was grand and all-encompassing. All of it stemmed from that mysterious stone.

Fang Yi's domain of time glimmered brightly again.

"That's... a stone of starlit fate!"

This time, it was Zhang Lie who had spoken. He had never expected that Fang Yi would keep such a trump card even from him and the members of Team Zenith.

However, he didn't know how Fang Yi had come into possession of such an artifact.

"No, that's not it!" the audience member seated beside Zhang Lie declared.