

## U. Warlord 461

Chapter 461: The Horns of War

Zhang Lie raised his head. "I'll start delegating tasks now. Sun Xiaowu, you have the strongest defense, so I'll leave you to deal with Gaoyuan."

Sun Xiaowu nodded. "Yes, Captain!"

"Yang Ze, you and Hong Xi will team up against Suiyue. Hong Xi, your domain of [Eclipse] should be able to affect Suiyue's body."

Hong Xi asked, "What if he uses his time-reversal technique?"

"Take him down each time he uses it. It should get easier as he gets weaker and weaker; once you deal with him, head back to meet with Sun Xiaowu."

Sun Xiaowu turned to the sky. "Yu Huantian, I'll be relying on you for our communication lines."

The shaman of the wood spirits spoke up. "There's no need for all this trouble. I have a special herb here, a doublegrowth flower. If you apply a special potion to a part of one flower, both flowers will turn the same color. For instance, if the plan fails, you can turn the flower red; if the plan succeeds, turn it blue."

Zhang Lie nodded. "Excellent. Fang Yi, you'll deal with Niutou. Your battlefield will be right here."

Zhang Lie pointed at a certain spot on the map that he had pulled out, a river that blocked the northern parts of the second realm from Renhuang.

"Minotaurs aren't very comfortable with water, so bring a few more water-attuned hunters with you, as well as hunters equipped with long-range techniques. Hold them off at the river and take them down there."

Fang Yi nodded.

"Li Feng, your technique is light-attuned, so you should be able to counter Moyan best."

"Zhou Ying, you and the shaman of the wood spirits will deal with Fenghe together."

"Sun Mengmeng, you'll work with the leader of the rock spirits against Shicang. Your large-scale attacks should be particularly good against his forces."

"Yes, Captain!" Sun Mengmeng replied earnestly.

Sun Xiaowu's eyes widened. Shicang had over a million troops, after all.

"Captain, where will you be?"

"I'll be in Renhuang—I don't want to repeat what happened last time. There won't be any more invasions while I'm away!"

Sun Xiaowu sucked in a deep breath. "But, Captain, my sister's opponent has over a million troops!"

Zhang Lie's resolute gaze swept over everyone present. "I've seen how all your skills have grown over the past few months, and I believe that each of you can take down the sura king I've assigned you. Believe in your strength—you're far stronger than you think."

Sun Xiaowu worriedly tugged at his sister's hand, hoping that she would speak up for herself, but Sun Mengmeng said nothing. This was a task that Zhang Lie had personally assigned her, and she would carry it out without fail.

Zhang Lie could see that Sun Xiaowu was simply worried for his sister. "Don't worry—I have no intention of sending you to your deaths."

Zhang Lie handed Shouta's executioner's blade to the leader of the rock spirits. "Consume this blade. It might be helpful to your evolution."

Zhou Ying glanced at it in surprise. "Isn't this the weapon of the sura king that attacked Renhuang?"

Sun Mengmeng frowned at it. "It seems to be quite a bit weaker than when the sura king was using it."

The leader of the rock spirits looked at the blade with shock. "C-Can I really consume this?"

"We need your strength."

Zhang Lie certainly wasn't going to use the executioner's blade himself, and he didn't trust anyone else with it. Indeed, there seemed to be no easy way of disposing of it than to have the rock spirits consume it.

Sun Mengmeng asked curiously, "Is there anything special about this blade?"

The rock spirit, who had traveled widely around the second realm, exclaimed in shock, "I don't know just what this blade was made of or the techniques that went into it, but it's certainly a weapon that would be fit to be in the treasury of a sura empire."

"You're absolutely right. This executioner's blade belonged to the monarch of stars himself."

Everyone seemed taken aback. Sun Mengmeng asked, "Aren't you going to use it yourself, Captain?"

"I don't intend to sully my hands with a sura's weapon, and our soulshards are far better than any ordinary weapon."

Since Zhang Lie had already given it to the leader of the rock spirits, they didn't have anything else to say.

The leader of the rock spirits consumed it with gleaming eyes. As expected, it catalyzed the rock spirit's next evolution. Rays of light exploded from his body, which shone as brightly as the sun. Its armor turned from a dull red to a gleaming silver; the metamorphosis took only a few moments.

Although there were few visible changes beyond the color and texture of the leader of the rock spirits' armor, it seemed very pleased. "Haha, as long as I have enough time to continue growing, I'll be undefeatable!"

Zhang Lie activated his dragon's pupils to inspect the changes to the body of the leader of the rock spirits. Its soul was very interesting, like a jewel or gem wrapped by a large quantity of spiritual matter.

For the rock spirits, what determined their strength was the quantity and quality of spiritual matter that surrounded their jewel-like core. The leader of the rock spirits had accumulated so much spiritual matter that it formed what was essentially a small mountain, and its strength seemed easily comparable to that of a sura king.

"Governor, I have no words for my gratitude. Even in my youth, I hadn't explored enough or consumed enough matter to undergo my second evolution." The rock spirit rushed over in excitement, spread its arms wide, and was just about to hug Zhang Lie tightly when he suddenly activated [Mirrored Refraction] and shifted to the side.

He changed the topic quickly. "Did you unlock any other abilities after your second evolution?"

"Yes, of course!" The rock spirit nodded eagerly. "I can absorb the souls of the lifeforms that I kill to enhance this patina of light on my body, and hence my defense."

In some sense, this was very similar to the effect of the executioner's blade that the rock spirit had absorbed. The executioner's blade's augmentation was to its sharpness and length; the rock spirit's augmentation was to its defense.

Sun Xiaowu frowned. "But Shicang's forces are zombies, soulless zombies!"

Zhang Lie shook his head. "Souls are remnants of living matter. Except for man-made objects, everything in this realm has a soul. Actually, I had a special plan for dealing with Shicang. You can think of it as trying to understand these zombies from a more scientific, principled approach..."

Sun Xiaowu frowned. "Based on your hypothesis, Captain, the combination of Sun Mengmeng and the leader of the rock spirits could really take down Shicang's entire force in one fell swoop!"

The Yeluo chieftain jumped in. "I have quite a number of vials of sura poison ready for all your needs. Thanks to the stable environment Renhuang has provided, as well as all sorts of spiritual herbs and plants that the wood spirits have provided us with, we've made a breakthrough in the strength of the poison!"

Zhang Lie's eyes brightened. "How does this new concoction differ from the last?"

The Yeluo chieftain smiled pridefully. "Oh, there's a big difference! You see..."

#### Chapter 462: A Preemptive Strike

The Yeluo chieftain continued, "We've increased the rate at which the poison affects the sura. Our original concoction caused cellular apoptosis over a rather prolonged period of time, but our new one is much more efficient."

"How does it work?"

Zhang Lie was very curious about this new discovery. In his past life, the Yeluo clan had been eradicated so quickly that they hadn't been able to contribute more against the sura; the fact that they were able to make this discovery after Zhang Lie had transplanted them to Renhuang and facilitated their potion-crafting wasn't much of a surprise.

"The new potion's significantly cheaper, and it'll affect even the strongest sura. At the very least, it'll cause temporary paralysis and stiffen their limbs for a few moments. This will be a trump card against the sura, I assure you!"

Zhang Lie nodded. "With your new breakthrough, I'm much more confident that we'll be able to deal with this sura invasion effectively and efficiently."

Fang Yi suggested, "What if Yang Ze goes to fight off Niutou instead of me? He's water-attuned, so he's likely more advantaged in a fight at a river."

Zhang Lie shook his head. "Fending off Suiyue will be a prolonged battle, but your style is to overwhelm your enemies with swiftness and speed. Yang Ze would be more suitable for Suiyue; furthermore, your [Heaven's Judgment] will be necessary to kill Niutou."

Except for the wood spirits, everyone else prepared to head off in six different directions.

Sun Xiaowu would set off with about a thousand hunters, and Yang Ze and Hong Xi with another thousand hunters. Fang Yi would head to the river by the northern border with five hundred water-attuned hunters, and Li Feng would do the same with about a dozen light-attuned hunters. Unfortunately, there were hardly any more light-attuned hunters to be found in the city. Given Moyan's specialty technique, the only hunters that could withstand his attacks had to be light-attuned; no one else would survive them unscathed.

Zhou Ying's forces were composed of a group of rock giants and a few hunters, no more than a hundred in all, most of whom were humans. Fenghe's monsters couldn't be overwhelmed with numbers, and even the Yeluo poison might not be effective against them.

Zhang Lie reminded her, "We don't have a good idea as to just what monstrosities Fenghe has made, nor how many of them there are. You need to be prepared for the possibility that the Yeluo poison will be useless."

Zhou Ying nodded. "I'm prepared."

With the shaman of the wood spirits around, the strength of their combined transformation was on par with that of a sura king, and Zhang Lie wasn't very worried.

Sun Mengmeng's troops largely consisted of rock spirits with a few crag eagles, as well as a few expert sharpshooters. Humans were largely disadvantaged in a fight against zombies—if they were killed, they would turn into zombies themselves, and no one wanted to put down someone who was once their comrade in arms.

The troops gathered by the gates of Renhuang, and Zhang Lie again leapt to the top of the city walls.

"Everyone, I have an important announcement to make to you."

The troops looked up at Zhang Lie in surprise. What news?

"As you know, and as has been confirmed, seven sura kings are planning on attacking Renhuang."

The troops began to murmur to each other.

The sura were the hegemony of the second realm, and seven sura kings and their forces were heading straight for Renhuang! One alone was sufficient to wipe out a large clan; seven might easily sweep through a large swathe of land.

This wasn't news—it was a portent of impending doom!

From Shouta's appearance at the city walls yesterday, they had sensed that something big was about to happen—but until now, they hadn't wanted to believe that what awaited them was a disaster.

"Governor, are we going to run away?"

"Run?" Zhang Lie countered. "Why? This is good news."

"How could it be good news? Seven sura kingdoms are attacking us together!"

Zhang Lie shouted back, "It's exactly because there are seven! If we can defeat them all, we'll leave an indelible mark in history—the whole realm will know our name!"

"But we're fighting against sura kings, and seven of them!" The troops began to panic.

"Oh? As if we haven't already killed a sura king or two!" Zhang Lie snorted. "One came by yesterday, and he did wreak some damage on our city walls, but isn't he hanging on the wall now? Renhuang will never back down. If the seven kings think that they can take down this city—well, they're wrong, and they'll pay the ultimate price for that mistake! Or do you want to run away and watch Renhuang fall?"

Zhang Lie's eyes were so resolute that he calmed down the panicking forces just with his aura alone.

"The sura might have their seven kings, but I have my Team Zenith, as well as the clan leaders of no fewer than three alien races!"

The members of Team Zenith and the three clan leaders strode forward proudly, quashing the troops' fear.

Zhang Lie continued confidently, "With them around, with me around, Renhuang shall not fall!"

They had all seen how strong Zhang Lie himself was—he had raided two sura kingdoms successfully and claimed their capitals for himself. He had always done as he promised, and since he promised that Renhuang wouldn't fall, they believed him.

With Zhang Lie around, they would survive.

Zhang Lie raised his arms into the air and shouted, "We've faced down sura kings before—they won't be a threat, not even if we have to take down seven at once!"

"Renhuang will not fall! Renhuang is invincible!"

Sun Mengmeng shouted, raising her arms as well.

"Renhuang will not fall! Renhuang is invincible!"

The other members of Team Zenith and the three clan leaders echoed the chant,

which quickly spread through the crowd. "Renhuang will not fall! Renhuang is invincible!"

More and more of the troops raised their arms gaily into the air. "Renhuang will not fall! Renhuang is invincible!"

In the end, everyone was shouting the same thing in unison, and the troops' morale, which had dipped precipitously as they learned about the upcoming invasion, rose sharply again.

Zhang Lie clenched a fist and made an abortive motion with his other arm, and the chant stopped instantly.

"The sura kings want to take the fight to us, but they won't succeed—because we'll take the initiative and strike first! Members of Team Zenith, here are your orders!"

"Yes, Captain!"

The members of Team Zenith stepped forward.

"Sun Xiaowu, you'll set out with your troops toward the west!"

"Yang Ze and Hong Xi, northwest!"

"Fang Yi, north!"

"Li Feng, northeast!"

"Zhou Ying and the shaman of the wood spirits, east!"

"Sun Mengmeng and the leader of the rock spirits, southeast!"

"Yessir!"

The six groups of forces set off from the city proper.

Zhang Lie continued standing on the city walls as he observed the forces setting off in six different directions. Given what he had seen of their strength, he was certain that none of them would lose.

Some of the hunters who had come to Renhuang to provide aid, who had once been imprisoned by the sura, were unqualified for combat for some reason or another, and they were assigned to help out with logistics and administrative issues instead.

When they witnessed Zhang Lie's speech, they couldn't help but feel invigorated, that they likewise had to do their part. They recorded the speech and uploaded it to the hunters' forums.

Chapter 463: The World Federation's Undercurrents

The hunters' forums exploded with activity. After all, everyone was paying close attention to Renhuang. The video recording immediately caught the attention of curious hunters from all around.

"What?! Renhuang's going to attack the sura forces head-on? Don't they know how many people will perish as a result?"

"Isn't it better to wait for reinforcements? Why fight now?"

"Well, they were going to die regardless—why not go out in a flame of glory? After all, they certainly wouldn't be able to hold the sura forces back either way! Better to let the media and the world federation memorialize them as a group that had once destroyed two sura kingdoms and built

a city of their own with only three thousand men, only to die in valiant battle against an onslaught of sura!"

"Whether or not they'll be memorialized, I can't say—but I'll surely remember that there was an idiot who dared to split his forces six ways against an invasion by seven sura kingdoms!"

"Really, what do they think they're doing? Are they trying to die even more quickly?"

"Well, would you rather be a lifelong coward or a minute-long hero—no, I mean, a minute-long idiot? Haha!"

"Does he not understand the difference between bravery and recklessness?!"

"Haha, the speech is leaving me in tears! I can't believe he thinks the seven-kingdom invasion is a good thing."

There were a flurry of comments mocking Zhang Lie's speech.

"Everyone, I have an important announcement to make to you: Renhuang is doomed."

"Everyone, I have an important announcement to make to you: I'm sending the troops of Renhuang to their death."

"Everyone, I have an important announcement to make to you: I, the governor of Renhuang, am an idiot."

"I really feel bad for Martial Sage Hong Tianqi, who has been supporting him all this time. He's trying his best, but he can't help a fool like Zhang Lie!"

"In the past, I thought Zhang Lie was a smart and talented man, and I even idolized him deep inside. But now..."

"He just got lucky, that's all! When it comes to a real trial, he clearly has no idea what he's doing!"

"And look carefully—he's dispatching all his troops, but he himself is remaining safely ensconced within the city!"

"What? Does he really think the hunters of Team Zenith can stop the sura by themselves? It's true that Zhang Lie's a strong fighter in his own right, but what about them? Can they even kill superior-grade lifeforms on their own? The sura kings could destroy them with nothing more than a finger!"

"You know how everyone thinks Zhang Lie's an idiot? I disagree—he's smarter than anyone here!"

"Allowing his loyal subordinates to die while he tries to flee—what's smart about that? Everyone can evacuate immediately—the sura aren't even here yet!"

"Perhaps so, but they'll definitely be chased around the second realm by these sura. By sacrificing the members of Team Zenith and the alien races he commands, he's giving the sura a peace offering."

"Is that so? It really might be the case—the sura don't know what Zhang Lie looks like, either. When they destroy these forces only to find an empty city left behind, thinking that they've killed everyone, they won't pursue Zhang Lie any further!"

"At any rate, they would hardly scour the second realm just for one particular human. With everyone dead and their reputation reclaimed, they'll naturally recall their forces."

"Is this how the hunters of Team Zenith's loyalty to Zhang Lie will be rewarded? How pitiful!"

"Isn't Zhang Lie heartless? He'd sacrifice his subordinates for himself!"

"It's only those people of Qi who call Zhang Lie a hero, a champion of mankind—it's clear to everyone else that he isn't a good man! If Zhang Lie really were as honorable and magnanimous as you all make him out to be, why hasn't he published the recipe for these limit-breaking potions of his yet? He's clearly not working for the greater good!"

"So this is how Zhang Lie really is—he saved Qi only to boost his reputation, destroyed a sura kingdom simply because he had made them his enemies, and after causing all that trouble, he's sacrificing his teammates for his own safety! He's not fit to be called a man!"

"I'm ashamed that this man is considered a hero of humanity!"

"Right, I absolutely agree! Zhang Lie should be excised from the annals of mankind—let's start a motion in the world federation for that, shall we?"

All sorts of angry messages were spreading through the forums, and Zhang Lie's fame was turning into infamy. Sitting in his office, Amurong leaned back in his chair and began to smile so widely one could see his molars.

His main obstacle had self-destructed! Amurong had been thinking of how best to remove the mountain that was Zhang Lie, but he hadn't needed to lift a finger! "Zhang Lie really is a fool, isn't he? Well, that's that."

Martial Sage Hong Tianqi had, once again, proposed a motion to send reinforcements from the world federation to aid Zhang Lie, and Amurong had nearly come to blows with him against the resolution.

Hong Tianqi knew that this would be a time-sensitive affair, so he had no choice but to stake his own reputation on the line to amass support for Zhang Lie.

Given Zhang Lie's fame and Hong Tianqi's reputation, it was true that many humans would have been drawn to their cause, and Amurong's meddling had been to no avail.

Hong Tianqi's steadfast support of humanity for many years made him all but untouchable, but just as Amurong was about to despair, Zhang Lie had done something foolish like this of his own accord.

Amurong was laughing so happily that tears fell from his face. He hadn't known what to do, but Zhang Lie had solved his problem neatly for him. The damage to Zhang Lie's reputation caused a chain reaction that caused more and more hunters and forces to withdraw their support and promises of aid.

Everyone was willing to help a hero, but not if that hero was revealed to be a selfish, scheming man. If not for Martial Sage Hong Tianqi's reputation, even more forces would have withdrawn.

"It looks like you won't have to dirty your own hands after all," Amurong's ally murmured.

Amurong shook his head. "Better to be careful. I won't feel safe before Zhang Lie's dead. Since Zhang Lie's trying to run off by sacrificing his subordinates, I'll foil his plan and guarantee his death."

#### Chapter 464: A Secret Letter

"What do you intend on doing?"

Amurong poured himself a glass of red wine. "What do you think the sura would do when they learned about the situation within Renhuang?"

Even Amurong's ally frowned upon hearing his words. Was his grudge toward Zhang Lie so intense that he would even work in cahoots with the sura to get rid of him?

Gaoyuan was enjoying his feast.

In Gaoyuan's military camp, within a gigantic golden tent at the very center, the ground was covered by a plush red carpet, and corpses were strewn by its four corners. Their testicles had been removed from their groin; their heads were facing the ceiling, and fresh flowers stuffed into their mouths.

A curious scent of flowery fragrance and blood permeated the entire camp. Over the course of the march, Gaoyuan had taken the testicles from every male lifeform he had come across and killed all the females on the spot. What lay in front of him was the result of all that hunting: a large dish piled full of testicles.

Gaoyuan didn't particularly care about Renhuang; in the end, it would be destroyed no matter what, the question was by whom. Regardless, Gaoyuan would benefit—none of his brothers cared about testicles like him.

There was a human skull placed on the table, the back of the skull cracked open and stuffed full with flowers that looked like roses. Gaoyuan took a deep sniff and moaned in pleasure. "Flowers and testicles make for an excellent combination."

"That said, I do have to get to Renhuang more quickly if I want fresh testicles." Gaoyuan tied a napkin around his neck and speared a testicle dripping with blood with a fork. He placed it in his mouth, chewed it carefully, and rubbed his cheeks in delight. "As expected, fresh testicles taste the best!"

Even if the streets of Renhuang were littered with corpses by the time he arrived, he would have eaten his fill of testicles by then...

It was only because the monarch of stars had tasked him with taking Renhuang that he had dared to kill whoever he could see along the way. Otherwise, he would have received countless complaints from the sura kingdoms he passed by.

He wasn't afraid of the complaints, but they were so annoying to deal with that he tried to reduce them as much as possible under ordinary circumstances.

To be frank, whether or not his brothers would make it to Renhuang in one piece remained to be seen—they didn't all get along with each other, and they had suppressed their hostilities because of the monarch of stars' presence. But now that they were far from his eye, they might take action against each other.

Shicang, in particular, was devious and sly, and who knew what he was up to.

"Who knows if he's even a sura? I don't trust him one bit!"

If he were to die, Shicang would gladly take over his army and turn all his subordinates into zombies. Despite their being brothers, Gaoyuan had no love lost for Shicang. The brothers would have to guard against their enemies—and, more importantly, against each other.

For instance, the butcher seemed to have taken his elites to Renhuang in advance of his troops. Based on his personality, he was likely already slaughtering the troops within and constructing his human towers.

By the time the other brothers got there, they would gape at the havoc he had wreaked and the creations he had made, and he would fold his arms smugly and tell them, "You've all arrived too late. Would you like to see my handiwork?"

The butcher was a simple-minded fellow, and he had run around for far too long with the executioner's blade that their godfather had given him—so long that his brain had turned addled.

Compared to Renhuang, Gaoyuan was more curious about the mastermind behind the attack on the sura. According to their godfather, Renhuang alone would hardly have been capable of such an assault on two sura kingdoms.

"Take your time and force the mastermind out—I'll stick around here and enjoy my testicles."

With Renhuang under attack, the mastermind would surely strike, but no one knew how.

The elder knocked and entered his tent, and Gaoyuan raised his head and smiled brightly. "Elder, have you had a meal? Come join me!"

The elder glanced at his plate with revulsion. "Please, your highness, I would hardly dream of partaking of your food."

Were it not for an important matter, the elder would hardly have interrupted Gaoyuan while he was eating—not because it would disturb Gaoyuan, but rather because it would frighten him. Every time he saw Gaoyuan eating, he would be disgusted for the rest of the day.

"There's a letter for you, your highness." The elder put the letter on the table from as far a distance as he could manage, then darted back as far as he could, as though Gaoyuan and his table were a hotspot for some infectious disease or another.

"A letter? From whom?"

"An arrow."

"Hmm." Gaoyuan picked up the letter, slit it, and read through it. He smiled deviously when he was finished. "It looks like they've finally made a move."

"They?"

"The mastermind behind Renhuang." Gaoyuan handed the letter to the elder, who glanced at it and frowned. "Renhuang's dispatching six sets of troops?"

At the end of the letter was appended specific details on each force headed out of Renhuang.

The elder's frown deepened. "Is the governor of Renhuang an idiot?"

"I'm not familiar with him, but it doesn't seem like a bad strategy."

"Why, your highness?"

"We have the forces of seven kingdoms closing in on him, but we're not working together. It makes sense to defeat our forces one by one."

"These humans really are quite arrogant if they think that they can take down a horde of troops led by sura kings with just a sixth of their total manpower..."

Gaoyuan continued eating as he expressed his thoughts. "They defeated Xuechi, didn't they? Their strength should be considered on par with that of a sura kingdom, so it might not be so infeasible for them to defeat one of the forces heading their way.

What we really should be considering is the bottom half of the letter. The city divided its forces into six groups, and the governor himself's remaining within..."

"Aren't they underestimating our strength?"

"There are two possibilities. One, that the contents of the letter are fake, or two, that they really are confident that just a sixth of their strength is sufficient to overwhelm any of our forces."

The elder frowned. "In summary, regardless of whether the contents of this letter are fake or not, our strategy is still to continue pushing onward. If our opponents are strong, we have to prepare for a drawn-out battle; if they aren't, we'll march straight for Renhuang."

"Your field of vision is too narrow." Gaoyuan stood up, wiped his mouth by the napkin around his neck, then corrected the elder, "Godfather's stated objective is to destroy Renhuang, but the true objective is hidden and even more important: to uncover the mastermind behind the affair."

"In that case, your highness, your intention is—"

"We'll host a banquet and prepare to welcome our guests."

#### Chapter 465: A Meal for You

At that moment, Suiyue was tussling with an old sura in his tent.

The sura murmured apologetically, "Your highness, I apologize for slowing you down. It's because of us older fighters that the procession is going so slowly—otherwise, you'd have been in Renhuang by now."

Suiyue fondled the old sura's white strands of hair. "Don't be a fool—I care far more about you all than Renhuang."

"Your highness!" The old sura lay against Suiyue, touched by what he had said.

Suddenly, a voice rang out from outside the tent. "Your highness, an arrow was shot toward your tent, with a message folded around it!"

Suiyue replied irritably, "Burn it!"

"Wait, your highness! What if there's important information inside?"

Suiyue scoffed. "What information could be more important than spending time with you?"

"But—"

"Would you believe it if someone suddenly gave you a piece of 'important information' from an unidentified source at such a critical juncture?"

Suiyue couldn't help but laugh. "I've played tricks like this countless times. With seven sets of sura forces attacking Renhuang, what else do you think they can do but play tricks like this?"

The old sura had, if nothing else, bountiful experience. His eyes lit up: "The only thing the humans can do is try to play us against each other—the only thing they can exploit is the rifts between us."

"Indeed." Suiyue shook his head. "It's a very boring tactic, though one that's certainly tried and tested. Better that we ignore this letter entirely and progress at our own pace."

If Amurong were to find out how the two sura kings had received his letter, he would have had a fit of rage. All that information, delivered at exorbitant expense, burned to a crisp...

There were, at the very least, a few sura kings that did as Amurong intended and read the missive carefully, like Niutou. Niutou felt a surprising bout of happiness upon reading about Zhang Lie's actions. The governor of Renhuang seemed like a fine man—faced with an assault on seven fronts, instead of hiding in his city, he had chosen to launch an assault against all of them instead.

What would the woman of such a man be like?

A minotaur nudged him. "Head, you aren't dreaming of having sex with someone again, are you?"

"What, don't you do the same?"

The minotaur thought for a moment. "I'm getting tired of the humans. You staged fifty similar games over the course of a month, and we're all growing somewhat tired. Only the sura can keep up with you."

Niutou frowned. "I'm challenging my limits, trying to cultivate as many of my flowers as I can. The best time to pluck them is when they're fully in love—only then can I see a flower in its prime wither away to nothing in a matter of moments."

Niutou glanced at his subordinate's face and turned away. "Never mind, never mind! You won't understand me no matter how much I try to explain it."

"The other sura kings all call you a pervert."

"A pervert? I'm a farmer!" Niutou thundered. "Won't you all be excited when I get the governor of Renhuang's wife in bed with me?"

The minotaurs all began to stomp their feet.

After Moyan finished reading through the letter, he disintegrated it in his hands. Regardless of what tricks Renhuang and its governor were up to, he would be able to overcome them with nothing but brute force.

Fenghe glanced at the letter in deep contemplation. "This is interesting. I wonder whom this letter is from—Renhuang, enemies of Renhuang, or even the mastermind himself?"

If it came from Renhuang, the contents of this letter would be a trap, but he couldn't identify where the trap might be. If it came from enemies of Renhuang, everything would make sense.

"I can't identify the origin of this message. Let's say a 10% chance that it came from Renhuang, a 30% chance it came from enemies within Renhuang, and a 60% chance it came from the mastermind behind this whole affair."

Perhaps Renhuang had broken off relations with the mastermind, and the mastermind was now trying to get rid of Renhuang by taking advantage of the sura.

"Regardless, we benefit by capturing the troops of Renhuang alive. Once we interrogate them, I'm sure we'll learn more of the truth. Nothing will change as a result of this letter," Fenghe concluded.

Meanwhile, Shicang was completely unable to receive a letter of any sort.

There were far too many zombies around, so many that they filled the nearby hills and valleys. No one could get a message to Shicang from so far away, and none of the zombies would react to such a letter. As a result, Shicang was the only one among the seven kings who didn't receive any knowledge about the letter.

When Sun Xiaowu arrived at his designated location with his troops, he was agape at the sight of Gaoyuan's forces. He asked a nearby crag eagle, "Are you sure what lies ahead of us is really a troop of sura?"

The crag eagle glanced at him. "How would I know? I'm not a member of the sura..."

Gaoyuan's unusual forces had become even more unusual over the course of the last few days. There were fresh flowers scattered around their campsite, and by the entrance of the camp was a huge sign: "Welcome, fighters of Renhuang!"

Before the entrance was a red carpet. Sun Xiaowu was agape as he stared at what Gaoyuan had prepared—it was just like a scene from the opening day of a restaurant.

How could this be? Sun Xiaowu had expected that the main camp of the sura forces would be piled high with corpses and blood, or with skeletons and bones all around, or at least a properly maintained camp. What was with this welcome?!

Suddenly, an elder wearing a bright red robe walked out to the entrance of the camp. "Fighters of Renhuang, you've already arrived! Please, enter—our king awaits you."

The crag eagle asked, "Should we enter? It seems like they've already discovered our presence."

Sun Xiaowu turned to him. "Isn't that a stupid question? No one in their right mind would enter—it looks like a trap all laid out for us!"

The crag eagle thought for a moment. "The governor likely would do so."

Sun Xiaowu palmed his face. "The captain's much stronger than I am!"

The red-robed elder continued shouting, "Human fighters, you must have traveled a long way to get here. Our king has ordered some refreshments to be prepared for you—why don't you come and have a bite?"

Chapter 466: Sura King Gaoyuan

The smell of fresh flowers and metal permeated the air. Sun Xiaowu gaped at the entrance to Gaoyuan's camp, extremely flustered by his strange actions.

The red-robed elder standing by the entrance to the sura camp continued shouting, "Don't worry, human fighters! Our king bears you no enmity. He simply wants to have a cordial conversation."

The hunters beside Sun Xiaowu whispered, "They're surely planning something! We can't listen to them."

The sura fighters stationed by the entrance to the camp started to laugh. "Well, humans? Don't you at least have the courage to step inside? If you don't, then don't even bother fighting against us—surrender now! We're very kind-hearted, and we won't kill you. You'll just be reared like a pig."

"Kill them!" Sun Xiaowu strode forward, genetic energy flaring all over his body.

The sura fighters laughed coldly. "Oho, you finally have the courage to come out of the bushes now, do you?"

Sun Xiaowu rushed forward and smashed his fist against one sura's head, causing it to burst like a watermelon.

The other sura fighters around shouted in rage at the sudden assault. Just as they were getting ready to strike Sun Xiaowu back, he cast [Golden Divide], sending a resplendent beam of golden light into the air and disintegrating the entrance to the camp.

The sura fighters who opposed him were all swept away, leaving a gully on the ground before him.

As Sun Xiaowu continued striding forward, the sura elder shouted, "Hold it! I'd like to have a peaceful discussion behind the founding of Renhuang!"

"The founding of Renhuang? You don't have any right to speak with me. Summon the sura king whom you serve!"

"Insolent—" The incensed elder was about to strike Sun Xiaowu when he sent the elder flying with a slap to the face instead. After all, Sun Xiaowu had capped out his peak gene fragments.

A figure came out of the tent located at the very center of the camp. Sun Xiaowu struck forward with a fist, meeting his opponent's with a clash of genetic energy that cracked the ground and sent fighters on both sides reeling back.

Both Sun Xiaowu and Gaoyuan took a step back. Sun Xiaowu narrowed his eyes at his new opponent. "You must be the sura king, then."

Gaoyuan tutted at him with dissatisfaction. "Humans are truly beasts unable to be reasoned with. I wanted to have a pleasant conversation with you, but it's a pity."

"What's there to discuss? As a sura king, you should perish."

The form of Sun Xiaowu's genetic energy suddenly shifted in caliber. A golden glow radiated from his right arm. It suddenly bulked up, and a layer of dense golden scales emerged over his skin. An aura of intense strength emanated from his body.

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

Gaoyuan was knocked flying like a bullet, stopping only after he had crashed through five tents in a row, his bones broken and his body twisted out of shape.

Sun Xiaowu snorted. "Is this the full strength of a sura king?"

Suddenly, Gaoyuan's bones began to make popping noises, and his broken body seemed to restore itself. His injuries vanished in the blink of an eye. He cracked his neck. "You might be somewhat strong for a human, but you're still too weak to take down a sura king!"

Gaoyuan shouted. His body began to grow larger: three, five, ten, twenty meters tall, as though he were some sort of giant. Hair sprouted thickly from his skin and made him look like an oversized gorilla.

He pounded his chest as he yelled out, "Sura, slaughter these humans to the last!"

Gaoyuan's troops immediately emerged from the camp, thirty thousand strong in all, and surrounded the thousand or so humans. They began to laugh. "I thought Renhuang would boast an impressive force, but there are only a thousand of them humans here! Do they really think they're so strong, or that we're that weak?"

"Thirty thousand forces against a thousand... we have thirty times their number!"

"Did the governor of Renhuang send you all here to die?"

Gaoyuan called out, "If you reveal the mastermind behind Renhuang now, I might consider sparing you."

Against the thirty thousand sura, however, neither Sun Xiaowu nor the hunters behind him panicked.

"The potions!" Sun Xiaowu shouted. The thousand hunters each sent a vial of potion flying into the air, the drops splattering on the unguarded soldiers.

Few of the sura paid it any mind. Some smashed the vials to smithereens with their fists, while others took them down with their weapons. They didn't guard against the liquid; the sura possessed extremely strong constitutions, and ordinary poisons did nothing to them. A strong herbal odor rose into the air.

"Charge forward!" the sura fighters yelled. After two steps, however, they dropped to the ground, reeling in shock and pain. As they writhed, their bodies rapidly blackened. "What's going on?!"

The sura all began to panic, giving the hunters an excellent window of opportunity to strike. The hunters charged forward, dealing the sura a devastating blow in their panic.

As he saw his forces dying, Gaoyuan's eyes turned bloodshot. Given his monstrous appearance, he looked even more like an enraged beast. He roared, "What have you done?!"

Instead of replying, Sun Xiaowu punched him directly in the chest, only to have the attack completely blocked by his pectoral muscles. Gaoyuan counterattacked with a fist of his own, sending it smashing down on Sun Xiaowu.

"Have a taste of it yourself!" Sun Xiaowu flung a vial of potion toward him, which Gaoyuan smashed with a fist.

"[Adamantine Aegis]!" A layer of golden runes covered Sun Xiaowu's skin, absorbing the brunt of the impact.

Gaoyuan suddenly felt poison seeping into his body, shocking him. As a sura king, his body's strength and constitution had reached the pinnacle of the sura, and it was highly abnormal that any poison would have a deleterious effect. Furthermore, the poison proved surprisingly resistant to isolation. He attempted to halt the flow of poison with his genetic energy, but...

#### Chapter 467: Infinite Regeneration

To his surprise, the sura king Gaoyuan found that he was unable to suppress the effects of the poison. His arms and legs were slowly stiffening. The effects of the new Yeluo poison were so astounding that even a sura king was affected by it.

Gaoyuan's eyes flashed coldly. "This is what you're counting on to defeat the sura?"

Gaoyuan made up his mind—he had to kill everyone in Renhuang. Any poison that showed such deleterious effect against the sura couldn't be allowed to remain in this realm. Howling, he let loose a rain of punches on Sun Xiaowu's adamantine form.

Sun Xiaowu stood firm against the assault, activating three defensive superior-grade soulshards simultaneously. His aura suddenly shifted, and his right arm glowed with resplendent light. It suddenly bulked up, and a layer of dense golden scales emerged over his skin.

A fearsome aura rose from Sun Xiaowu's body. He took a step forward, then punched with all his might, generating a dominating wave of genetic energy, knocking Gaoyuan flying.

Sun Xiaowu chased after him.

"[Golden Divide]!" A resplendent golden beam of light shot toward Gaoyuan.

Subject to the paralytic effects of the Yeluo poison, Gaoyuan was unable to evade the attack. The beam sliced through his shoulder and down his chest, cutting even his heart in half with a frightening wound.

Despite all that, however, Gaoyuan didn't fall. He extended an arm, grabbed Sun Xiaowu's arm, and pummeled his face, sending Sun Xiaowu flying like a bullet. Even his [Adamantine Aegis] was unable to defend against the damage completely; it protected his head from exploding, but only barely.

Meanwhile, the mortally wounded Gaoyuan's body was regenerating at a pace visible to the naked eye. Sun Xiaowu stood up shakily, rubbing his pounding head, as he said, "As expected, you have a very strong regenerative ability."

Gaoyuan snorted. "No one can defeat me—not other sura kings, and not you."

He roared, charging forward with a wave of energy. His foot left a deep imprint on the ground as he dashed toward Sun Xiaowu.

Sun Xiaowu's arms suddenly bulked up, and a layer of dense golden scales emerged over his skin. He prepared to face Gaoyuan head-on.

Their punches landed like raindrops over each other's body with resounding thuds. A gust of wind formed around the two fighters, preventing anyone else, sura or human, from getting closer.

The hunters present, as well as the sura who were still alive, all gaped in shock.

Sun Xiaowu was able to fight on equal ground with a sura king! The hunters knew that Zhang Lie had to have a reason for sending Sun Xiaowu over, but they had hardly realized he was so strong.

What allowed the members of Team Zenith to gain the strength to take down the sura kings was capping out their peak gene fragments, along with the basic-, mutated-, and superior-grade limit fragments they possessed.

The human fighters all cheered, "You can do it, Sun Xiaowu!"

The effects of [Adamantine Aegis] were slowly being chipped away by Gaoyuan's punches. Although Sun Xiaowu was damaging Gaoyuan as well, Gaoyuan's superior regeneration meant that his injuries healed in the blink of an eye.

It seemed as though his regenerative abilities were limitless, and even his stamina was being replenished bit by bit. Gaoyuan, who had eaten countless testicles, stored the essence of all that sperm in his body, tempering blood and bone and dramatically augmenting his regeneration.

Just as he was about to despair, however, Sun Xiaowu recalled what Zhang Lie had told him before his departure. "No one in this realm can regenerate indefinitely; they must have a weakness somewhere, and once you exploit that weakness, you can take them down."

Given what he understood of Gaoyuan, Sun Xiaowu was certain that Gaoyuan's weakness would lie in his testicles.

Sun Xiaowu launched a probing kick toward Gaoyuan's groin. Gaoyuan seemed to have been on guard against such an attack, and he dodged immediately. He had never dodged any of Sun Xiaowu's attacks before, confirming Sun Xiaowu's suspicions.

"[Blinding Flash]!" Sun Xiaowu's body suddenly split into dozens of clones, none of which were distinguishable from any of the others.

Gaoyuan waved an arm and destroyed all the ones around him, but there were simply too many for him to take care of at once.

As his clones continued to distract Gaoyuan, Sun Xiaowu struck once again with [Golden Divide].

Gaoyuan leaped up into the air to avoid the attack, at which point Sun Xiaowu and all his clones cast [Blinding Flash]. Dozens of copies of the same attack filled the area, casting Gaoyuan's camp under so bright a glow that he was forced to shut his eyes.

Subsequently, all the clones cast [Goldenscale Palm]. The copies of the technique condensed into a pillar of light that shot into the sky, with Gaoyuan at its very center. In mid-air, Gaoyuan was unable to dodge the technique. All he could do was curl up his body and protect himself.

Dozens of golden fists landed on his body, breaking bone and pummeling skin. By the time the technique was over, his body was nothing but a bag of flesh and bone, his head half torn off his body. The only part of his body that remained intact was his groin.

Despite the frightening state of his body, Gaoyuan had yet to perish. His injuries were healing, but Sun Xiaowu was faster.

He walked toward Gaoyuan's battered form.

"You're humans, aren't you? I'm impressed there are such strong fighters among you." Gaoyuan licked his lips. "I do want to have a taste of your testicles."

"You won't have a chance!" Sun Xiaowu raised a gleaming golden blade and cut Gaoyuan's head in two as though he were chopping apart a watermelon.

Just as he was about to find Gaoyuan's groin and end him once and for all, however, Gaoyuan spoke again. "That's not certain yet!"

Gaoyuan made his move—like a slime, he used the ground as a launching pad to send his body flying toward Sun Xiaowu.

Chapter 468: The Death of Gaoyuan

"[Golden Divide]!" A beam of golden light bisected Gaoyuan's body, turning him into two sacks of flesh and bone. As they revolved quickly in mid-air, they became approximately spherical, and Gaoyuan's face appeared on both spheres.

The left Gaoyuan said, "My testicles are the crux to my regeneration, and as long as they haven't been destroyed, I can continue living on."

The right Gaoyuan said, "Indeed, targeting my testicles was the right choice, but your understanding of my weakness is far too simplistic. I had my godfather encapsulate my soul within my testicles, so in some sense, I have an immortal body!"

The hunters reared back in shock upon seeing the grotesque nature of Gaoyuan's body. "Encapsulating your soul in your... testicles? Don't you feel disgusted?!"

The left Gaoyuan smiled blissfully. "This is my lifelong dream! What's there to be ashamed of?"

The right Gaoyuan said, "I've always wanted to become two testicles, and I feel happier than I've ever been before!"

Just what had Gaoyuan experienced to dream of something so perverted? He seemed to be even worse than Xueju. Just because he liked eating testicles hardly meant that he would want to become a pair of testicles—someone who enjoyed eating beef wouldn't necessarily want to become a cow.

Gaoyuan had set his sights on what seemed to be an impossible dream, but what simultaneously shocked and repulsed the hunters was that he... had managed it. He, who had transformed into two balls of meat, yelled out, "Do you see the power of my body now?"

"In that case, if I destroy both your... balls... I'll be able to kill you," Sun Xiaowu surmised.

"Do you think I'll let you do that?"

The two balls charged toward Sun Xiaowu, who rapidly stepped back. Part of Gaoyuan's flesh landed on his hand, which stuck to his skin and began to grow at an alarming rate, just like a patch of mold. With his other arm, Sun Xiaowu hurriedly sliced off the offending patch of substance.

The two meatballs began to revolve rapidly as flecks of meat sprayed out from their bodies toward the hunters nearby.

Sun Xiaowu cried out, "Don't let those flecks of meat touch you!"

The hunters immediately reacted, defending themselves with their own soulshards, whereas the sura ducked down and ran.

Whenever a fleck of meat landed on a human or sura's body, it would quickly spread to cover the entire body, turning it into a disgusting mass of meat that made its way over to join Gaoyuan's two bulging balls.

Sun Xiaowu armored himself with his golden longhorn beetle soulshard before charging forward with [Blinding Flash]. Dozens of clones each performed [Goldenscale Palm], and a burst of concentrated light lit up the entire sura camp.

When the attacks smashed into the meatballs, however, even more flecks of meat sprayed out toward the surrounding fighters, and Sun Xiaowu had to cut his attack short.

The deputy leader of the hunters realized that their continued presence here would only hold Sun Xiaowu back, and he commanded, "Hunters, retreat! Cover the perimeter!"

The balls of meat suddenly burst apart, spraying meat all over.

"[Blinding Flash]!" Once again, Sun Xiaowu and all his clones leapt up into the air, performing exactly the same action. A golden glow radiated from all their bodies, basking the world in light. The clones merged into Sun Xiaowu's main body, and the countless activated copies of [Blinding Flash] merged into one.

Golden scales covered up Sun Xiaowu's arm as it grew thicker and thicker, and the image of a golden qilin appeared behind him. As he punched forward, the golden qilin materialized into reality, rushing toward the center of the meatballs and vaporizing all the flecks of meat around him.

"[Blinding Flash: Hundredfold Echo]!" Sun Xiaowu's body split into over a hundred clones, so many they seemed to fill the sky.

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

Hundreds of golden beams of light fell from the heavens, vaporizing any meat in their way.

Sun Xiaowu landed on the ground, slightly out of breath. He had spent a great deal of genetic energy all at once for his ultimate technique. Just then, a small ball of meat dug itself out of the ground.

Gaoyuan had secretly hidden a ball of meat in the ground as he waited for Sun Xiaowu to drop his guard, thinking that he had won. Just as the ball of meat jumped out of the ground, Sun Xiaowu suddenly turned around and said, "You think you can sneak up on me? You're a few thousand years too early!"

A golden beam of light struck the ball hovering in mid-air.

"No!" Gaoyuan screamed. "No, no!"

The ball exploded as Sun Xiaowu shouted, "Gaoyuan's dead! Slaughter the rest of the sura, now!"

The deputy leader raised his arms in a cheer and commanded the human hunters, "We strike now!"

The sura gaped. How had their king lost? How had the humans grown so strong all of a sudden? Could they have been hiding their strength in preparation for a concerted takeover of the sura?

As the hunters rushed forward, the few sura remaining turned and fled.

In another camp, the fight between Moyan and Li Feng had also reached its apex.

Beams of light flashed and arced through the air. Sura corpses littered the ground. Li Feng might only have had a dozen hunters and another two dozen or so Yeluo fighters by him, but his efficiency in battle was comparable to that of any other force dispatched by Renhuang.

With the assistance of the Yeluo poison, the sura's numerical advantage was largely irrelevant; few problems on the battlefield couldn't be solved by a vial of Yeluo poison, and those that couldn't succumbed to another vial.

Li Feng was gradually taking the upper hand in the fight against Moyan as the latter accumulated more scratches and wounds.

Moyan commented in surprise, "I can't believe there are existences like you among the humans. But this is as far as you'll get—I hope you won't die too quickly."

Moyan's eye sockets began burning with black flame. Fresh blood seeped out of his sockets, like tears of blood, as the black flames shot forward.

Thinking that this was Moyan's signature move, Li Feng responded in kind...

Chapter 469: Arclight Dragon's Imprint

"[Dragon's Triumph]!" As Li Feng thrust forward with his longsword, a dragon of light rushed toward Moyan before being swallowed up by the black flames that emanated from his eyes. Not only were the black flames able to devour light-attuned energy, it even absorbed light from all around.

"[Daybreak]!" Li Feng transformed into a bolt of light that darted around the black flames and appeared beside Moyan. His sword gleamed with white light as a white dragon seemed to materialize around its blade.

Moyan slapped the blade away with a palm, then sent black flames roaring up all around him.

Li Feng pressed one hand against Moyan's head as he darted to his side, trampling Moyan's back with his feet. Black flames trailed Li Feng's path, but he once again vanished out of sight in a flash of white light.

This was a battle of speed: would Moyan's gaze reach Li Feng first, or would Li Feng kill Moyan before that? White light clashed against black flame. Moyan ignored his subordinates as flames filled the entire battlefield, swallowing everything whole.

The hunters realized that they wouldn't be of any help in Li Feng's battle against Moyan, and they fled from Moyan's flames. The sura seemed to have come to the same realization, and they too rushed away.

"[Light Dragon's Remnants]!" Li Feng's hands moved so quickly they were hardly visible, sending countless dragons of light flying out toward their prey. The dazzling light struck Moyan's black flames, and they absorbed the light once again.

"[Daybreak]!" A white dragon emerged from the heavens. As Li Feng slashed forward with his sword, the dragon swooped down toward Moyan.

Under the effects of [Daybreak], the dragon moved so quickly that it landed even before Moyan could raise his head.

Almost out of instinct, Moyan took a step back. The white light cut downward, scoring a line of blood down Moyan's forehead and cheek. The black flame in Moyan's eyes exploded, wrecking his vicinity.

Li Feng barely escaped from the explosion with the speed boost from [Daybreak]. Nevertheless, black flames caught on several patches of his clothes, which Li Feng immediately cut off to avoid their spread.

Moyan slowly walked out of the sea of flames as though nothing had happened. The wound on his face cut across his left eye.

As fresh blood continued dripping down his face, he said, "You're the first one in many decades to have hurt me even after I've summoned my black flame."

Li Feng smiled. "Your flames might be strong, but you can't summon their like endlessly. As far as I know, you'll have to sacrifice something every time you summon them—how many sacrifices do you have left?"

"Very many, I assure you." Moyan spread an arm, revealing the inside of his cloak. Vials of green liquid were stored in the cloak's many pockets, each of which contained a pair of eyes.

Li Feng couldn't help but shiver at the sight.

Moyan replied, "Among the sura, our clan is special. We can burn off our eyes in order to produce black flame that can burn all things. My eyes were burned off while protecting my fellow kin. To be frank, it isn't a particularly useful talent—you can only use it once in your entire life, and you'll become blind afterwards."

Li Feng didn't reply. He was secretly amassing more and more light-attuned genetic energy, and a barely visible membrane of light covered his skin.

"Only when I met my godfather did my life change. Not only did he allow me to see once more, he even imparted me with a secret technique that allowed our kind to change our fate, turning a useless talent into a ridiculously strong one."

With the help of the monarch of stars, the technique no longer required Moyan's eyes—but any pair of eyes he was able to procure.

Moyan glanced thoughtfully at Li Feng's eyes, which were glowing with serene light. "Your eyes aren't too bad themselves. If you hand them over to me, I'll let you and your troops leave."

"Do you think I'd agree?" With a roar, bright light burst from Li Feng's body, and a somewhat rough suit of dragon armor covered his body. The energy that Li Feng had stored up was now released in one fell swoop. "Take this—[Arclight Descension]!"

With a shout, the armored Li Feng suddenly waved his left arm, causing a gigantic claw to materialize from motes of white light. It pierced the heavens and crushed down on Moyan.

Moyan's eyes burnt once more with black flame. He directed a baptism of fire at the claw, swallowing it up whole.

The gigantic dragon's claw rent apart the ocean of fire, causing Moyan to frown. He continued bleeding from his eyes as the pitch-black flames morphed into demons that leapt out from his eye sockets and fended off the claw from afar.

Vial after vial of eyeballs was consumed as Moyan threw everything he had against the gigantic claw, but nothing was enough.

The hunters were shocked. They had expected to die in sacrifice for Renhuang, that it would be impossible for them to hold off the sura king Moyan for long. After all, if it were so easy to defeat a sura king, Zhang Lie wouldn't have become famous for dealing with two in quick succession.

They believed that their role would be to delay as long as they could until reinforcements were sent from afar—at least, until they saw Li Feng fight.

No one had expected that the members of Team Zenith, like their leader, could actually take the upper hand against a sura king.

Their opponents, the sura kings, were existences no human could go against before Zhang Lie—but here was another hunter who could! It even seemed as though Li Feng would be able to kill Moyan outright.

The dragon's claw, ignoring all the techniques Moyan threw its way, descended on his head.

"[Descent of the Demon King]!" Half of Moyan's robes caught on fire, and the vials within burst open. Moyan ignored it all. The dark flames morphed into a black demon's claw, which resisted the onslaught of the white dragon's. The interaction of the dark flames and white light caused space all around to fluctuate wildly.

The demon's claw began to crush the white dragon's.

The sura fighters cheered from afar.

"As expected, there's no way his highness could be defeated by a human!"

"He had to have been playing with the human just now—but he's making use of his true skill now!"

"Just you wait, humans—you'll all die!"

The black flames roared as they burned toward Li Feng, and it looked as though his life was in peril. However, with a low shout, Li Feng began radiating white light from his body, refining his armor and revitalizing his reserves of energy. He waved his left arm again, summoning a brilliant, blinding totem of light in mid-air.

"[Birth of the Holy Dragon]!" A pure-white dragon appeared behind Li Feng's back, the brightness so intense everyone had no choice but to shield themselves from it. It tore apart the demon's claw with a casual swipe, then sent a fusillade of light against Moyan...

#### Chapter 470: Exhausting His Abilities

"[Possession of the Lava Demon]!" Whatever eyeballs Moyan possessed all burst in that moment as fuel for his ultimate technique.

The more eyeballs that burned up, the more intense the flames Moyan could generate. When he used his ultimate technique, his eye sockets filled up with black flame, and his entire body began to burn.

The flames reached for the sky, forming a pillar of darkness.

Moyan, burning with pitch darkness, took the bombardment of light head-on. He was forced back dozens of meters, but he managed to fend off the attack.

The gigantic white dragon opened its maw and shot out a beam of light which sent Moyan flying, knocking him over a hundred meters into the distance before he fell with a backbreaking thud.

The flames surrounding Moyan seemed to burn all the more strongly, drowning the world in darkness. As Moyan stumbled up, the strength of the flames reached a crescendo. He looked much like a demon of hell himself.

"This isn't enough!" Moyan sucked in a deep breath, swallowing the flames that were arrayed before him. The flames grew even taller and stronger, and he morphed into a gigantic shadow.

Moyan roared in anger, all rationality having left him, spending his own life force as fuel.

The sura shouted in delight, "His highness has finally used his trump card! What amazing strength!"

"His highness is invincible! He'll kill that human for sure!"

"There's no way we sura can lose against the humans!"

"No, it's still not enough!" The sura's shouts caught the crazed Moyan's attention, and he turned to his sura subordinates.

The sura began to panic. "What's going on, your highness? The enemy's that way!"

Flames burst from Moyan's body as he dashed forward, entering the midst of the sura and grabbing the neck of one of them. The unfortunate sura's eyes burned in Moyan's grasp as he screamed. Bursts of dark flame covered his body, which Moyan tossed onto the ground as though it were nothing but trash.

The sura screamed as he rolled on the ground before slowly turning to a pile of charcoal under the assault of the black flame.

Meanwhile, the black flames all over Moyan's body grew even stronger.

"Your highness, what are you doing?!"

Moyan didn't pay the cries any heed. He caught another sura and repeated the process.

Li Feng stared at Moyan. "He's gone berserk."

Moyan didn't seem as though he would stop before turning everything into fire and ashes. Perhaps this was the first time Moyan had activated this final state of his technique; perhaps he knew that he would lose his rationality, but he didn't care.

After all, everyone else was just walking vials of eyeballs for him to retrieve at his pleasure.

"Run, run quick! His highness has gone crazy!" The sura scattered as they shouted to each other.

Against Moyan, however, fleeing had no effect.

Moyan's flames flared, enveloping all the sura in the vicinity. The sura struck by the flames all began to burn; the flames penetrated their eyeballs and burned them to a crisp, augmenting Moyan's flames even further.

Despite the fact that it was daytime, despite the fact that the sun hung in the middle of the sky, the ground seemed to be covered with a patch of eternal night. The sura trapped within screamed as they burned.

"[Dragon's Triumph]!" A light dragon descended from the heavens like a beacon of shining light, dissipating the black flames.

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

Li Feng had interrupted Moyan not to save the burning sura, but rather to prevent Moyan from growing even stronger. Whenever Moyan devoured another sura's eyeballs, his flames would increase in magnitude.

Riding the dragon of light, raising the sword high over his head, Li Feng charged forward. Moyan condensed the black flames and augmented his body into that of a giant demon.

The light dragon and sword of light struck Moyan simultaneously, shaking earth and sky, tearing a huge rent in the ground, and causing the nearby space to collapse. Even the hunters watching from afar were knocked back by the force of the confrontation.

The battle between light and darkness resumed anew. The gigantic demon devoured all light in its path, but Li Feng and the dragon he rode shone with light that eclipsed the brightness of the sun itself.

As the two fighters clashed once more, space cracked like a mirror, causing even the will of the world to react and cordon off the two fighters from the rest of the realm. Half of the cordon flared with darkness; the other half, with brightness.

As Li Feng activated his blood ant and phosphorescent salamander soulshards, his aura magnified once more, now tinged with flecks of red. A white glow spread across his body and condensed at the tip of his sword, augmenting its strength. Li Feng's light seemed, for the moment, triumphant.

"Return to the abyss from whence you came!" As the light concentrated and refracted around Moyan, the flames surrounding Moyan's body seemed to diminish in size and strength. Li Feng

smiled in relief, but the flames suddenly flared to an extent even stronger than before, causing an explosion that swallowed up both parties.

The cordon that the will of the world imposed was filled to the brim with black flame, and the cordon itself began to crack. The flames were feeding off the energy powering the cordon.

Li Feng had hardly expected that Moyan would absorb, then explode, the black flames using his body as a conduit.

It was a devastating attack, but one that didn't leave Moyan unscathed, either.

His skin was like cracked pottery—the cost of the blackflame explosion was immense, and chips of skin were falling off his body. It would take him at least a century to recover from an injury of this magnitude.

"But I've won, haha, I've won!"

It had been far too long since Moyan had felt so overjoyed at a victory. After all, there were few fighters who could push him to such an extent.

Glancing at the shattered sky, reminiscing over the battle, Moyan murmured to himself, "As a human, you were a decent opponent. It's unfortunate that I don't know your name, or I'd pay my respects to you. You lost because you weren't vicious enough."

"Ho, vicious? My name is Li Feng: remember that!"

Just as Moyan thought that everything was over, he heard a mocking laugh from behind him. Moyan twisted around to see Li Feng standing right behind him in shining armor...