

## U. Warlord 471

Chapter 471: The Death of Moyan

Gleaming white armor covered Li Feng's body, and an exquisitely carved dragon's head formed the chestpiece of that armor. A ray of light shone down on Li Feng, making him look like a god of light.

"How can you still be alive?! How, how?! I took such serious injuries, and yet, you—!" Moyan couldn't accept this reality. There was no way Li Feng could still be alive!

"I still have a few trump cards up my sleeve, you see—my peak-grade lightcrest dragon armor, my disaster-grade genetic armor, and so on and so forth."

While hunting for peak gene fragments with the rest of Team Zenith, they had once encountered a dragon with overwhelming defensive capabilities, a peak-grade lightcrest dragon king. From that battle, Li Feng had obtained its armor.

The armor boasted an impressive ability: to unconditionally negate the effects of one attack. It was an unimaginable boon in an emergency.

The disaster-grade genetic armor was even more extraordinary—it had been forged during the advancement process from the first to the second realm with the disaster-grade genetic material that Zhang Lie had given the members of Team Zenith. Upon wearing that armor, their defense and speed would increase dramatically, multiplying their combat efficiency.

Moyan panicked as he stumbled back. "Hold on, hold on! There's no need for us to kill each other. We can still have a pleasant conversation—"

"Have a pleasant conversation with your brothers in hell!"

Li Feng didn't want to waste any more time on him.

"[Daybreak]!" He thrust forward with his sword, and a white dragon morphed into a beam of light that cut Moyan apart.

After the battle, the cordon that the will of the world had created around the combatants slowly disintegrated. Black flames continued to burn over the land, as though they could never be extinguished.

When the human hunters saw Li Feng still standing, they all cheered. Their greatest foe had perished, and Renhuang had won an overwhelming victory in this battle! Without the sura king around, Li Feng and his troops were able to deal with the remaining sura with ease.

In another part of the second realm, Zhou Ying and her forces had successfully found Fenghe's camp. They invaded and began to attack immediately, with such strength and cohesion that they quickly took the upper hand over Fenghe's creatures.

One of the rock spirits laughed as he yelled out, "These creatures might look scary, but they're really weak!"

"Don't get complacent," Zhou Ying reminded the rock spirit.

The party quickly made their way up to Fenghe, but he didn't seem to be panicking. He folded his arms as he waited for them to approach, smirking all along.

Zhou Ying frowned and called for a halt. "Be careful—I think there's a trap!"

Fenghe's lips parted to reveal his teeth. It was rare that he had an opportunity to catch any prey, and he had no intention of letting these humans escape. "Isn't it too late to want to flee now?"

Fenghe snapped his fingers, causing the ground to crack as Zhou Ying and her forces fell into a gigantic pit.

Fenghe spread his arms. "Welcome to my arena."

The pit was at least a few hundred meters deep, and the top of the pit was closely guarded by Fenghe and a few of the strongest of his creations. It wouldn't be easy for Zhou Ying and her troops to get out.

"In that case, you intentionally sacrificed your weakest forces to get us to fall into this trap?"

"Indeed, indeed! You're very smart. If you're willing to give up on your useless resistance, we can both save some time."

"No member of Team Zenith would ever surrender to the likes of you!"

"What a pity." With another snap of his fingers, Fenghe broke three walls of the pit, revealing three monstrous lifeforms, each a human centipede composed of over fifty humans.

What was most frightening about them wasn't the number of humans incorporated into their bodies, but rather the fact that their genetic energies had completely merged with each other. They gave off an unbelievably frightening aura.

Fenghe bowed as he introduced his creations. "Guests, permit me to start with our first contestants, three human centipedes. They were a beloved creation of mine, and I hope you'll like them as much as I do."

The three human centipedes barreled toward the human forces like three derailed trains, moving with a speed that belied their size. They smashed a rock spirit who was unable to dodge in time against the pit wall, crushing its body.

Zhou Ying frowned at the damage. The rock spirits had handled the lifeforms leading up to Fenghe's camp with ease, downing each one with just a single blow. Against these human centipedes, however, the rock spirits didn't seem able to do anything.

The rocks that had cracked off the rock spirit's body quickly regenerated as the rock spirit stood up once again. "I'm ready for action again, troop leader!"

Fenghe rubbed at his jaw. "Curious. A lifeform whose body isn't made of flesh and bone, one who can even regenerate... If I'm not mistaken, you must be the rock spirits that my godfather once made a note of! A nomadic tribe that once used to rule the second realm, but which has vanished for a millennium—I can't believe there's your kind in Renhuang! I truly want to dissect you and examine how your body works."

Fenghe's eyes shone with greed and desire, causing the rock spirit to shiver in disgust.

"I wonder what sort of lifeforms I can make with a rock spirit's core?" Fenghe murmured to himself.

The rock spirit shuddered as it looked at the three human centipedes, as well as the chimera standing beside Fenghe. "Even if I have to kill myself, I won't become one of your toys."

Fenghe shook his head. "That isn't something you'll be able to control. Centipedes, attack!"

The three human centipedes rushed toward Zhou Ying.

"[Avatar of the Fae: Dance of the Earth Dragon]!" Three jade-green dragons darted out of Zhou Ying's hands, twining around the three human centipedes and halting their motion. Zhou Ying darted up a wood dragon's body and thrust her dagger into the first human centipede, then agilely leapt over to another one and did the same, before finally repeating the same action again for the third centipede.

Fenghe frowned, not knowing the purpose of Zhou Ying's actions. Stabbing each human centipede just once with a short dagger wasn't going to harm any of them at all.

What Fenghe didn't notice was that the blood that seeped out from Zhou Ying's dagger wound was black. The toxins in the wound quickly spread throughout each human centipede's body, causing them to shake and thrash uncontrollably.

Even the wood dragons were unable to hold them down, but the human centipedes didn't seem to have any intention of attacking the humans even after breaking free of their constraints. They simply flailed and floundered in place, as though they were in great pain.

Fenghe continued to frown as he observed what was going on.

To his surprise, he had lost all control over those centipedes.

"Attack him!" Zhou Ying pointed at Fenghe at the top of the pit, and the human centipedes began to rush out in an attempt to attack him.

Fenghe smiled calmly. "Very curious indeed. Is this a special toxin that gives you control over my creatures?"

Chapter 472: Avatar of the Fae

More walls of the pit crumbled as creature after creature popped out. Some were horrifying combinations of genetic lifeforms, and others were sewn together from hundreds or thousands of humans—a veritable mad scientist's museum.

They immediately cut apart the three human centipedes that Zhou Ying controlled.

When Zhou Ying saw the groups of humans that had been stitched together, she couldn't help but feel a growing sense of anger and fury.

[Storm of Leaves] and [Willow's Caress] took care of most of the lifeforms. With their vision obscured, Zhou Ying danced through the creatures, stabbing each with her little dagger and subverting Fenghe's control.

As Zhou Ying yelled out, the creatures that had been corrupted by her peak-grade dagger each turned to Fenghe and pounced at him.

Beneath Fenghe rose a hydra composed of countless snakes tied together, and to which insect appendages had been forcibly spliced. The creatures that Zhou Ying sent charging at Fenghe were, one by one, caught by the snake heads, lifted into mid-air, and torn apart viciously.

Fenghe stood calmly atop one of the larger snake heads as he observed the battlefield from below. "This is one of my favored creations, the hundred-headed hydra. Beneath your feet is another interesting one, a hybrid crab-scorpion that enjoys burrowing under the ground. I hope you find it interesting too."

Zhou Ying felt the ground give way beneath her feet as her body sank. A pair of pincers broke through the ground. Zhou Ying lowered her head to see a disgusting creature burrowing out of the earth to attack her.

"[Avatar of the Fae: Dance of the Earth Dragon]!" Two jade-green dragons darted out of her hands in twin beams of light, tightening around the crab's pincers. A black stream of energy shot out of the crab's mouth, knocking her aside.

With [Avatar of the Fae] to protect her, however, Zhou Ying's wounds healed near immediately, causing Fenghe to stare at her in surprise. "What astonishing vitality! I'm surprised there's someone like you among these humans. I'll certainly capture you and study you carefully."

Fenghe waved an arm, sending a large group of creatures scurrying toward Zhou Ying.

"[Avatar of the Fae: Earthbound Prison]!" Zhou Ying stomped on the ground, her feet seemingly becoming rooted. The patch of ground beneath and all around her began to glow green, and hundreds of jade-green roots flew into the air, rushing into the air like countless wood dragons. They stalled the creatures' advance.

"Go!" Fenghe commanded the hundred-headed hydra beneath him to move forward as it launched an onslaught against the wood dragons.

Rather than avoiding the attack, Zhou Ying grabbed her dagger, leapt up onto a snake head, and stabbed it deftly into its forehead. The head of the snake began to writhe and struggle as Zhou Ying leapt up in midair, rebounded off the wall of the pit, and headed straight for Fenghe.

The snake head chased after her as she summoned a wood dragon to lift her higher and higher, adroitly dodging the attacks from the snake heads in her way.

She maneuvered her body in a breathtaking manner, avoiding attacks by the barest of distances, as though she were a trapeze artist or tightrope walker. She landed firmly on another snake head, slashed down on it with her dagger, then leapt away.

She landed on another snake's head, using its momentum as a launching pad to shoot forward and upward once more. Eight more snake heads rushed forward, blocking off any space in which Zhou Ying could maneuver.

"[Storm of Leaves]!" Zhou Ying's body rotated in mid-air, and the leaves that manifested from her body cut apart the snakes as though they were a flurry of daggers.

She escaped from the encirclement of the snakes and landed right beneath Fenghe. Wielding her dagger in her hand, she leapt forward and shot toward her target.

Fenghe calmly plucked off his gloves. Dragon scales covered his arms, which suddenly grew taut as he clenched his fists. Zhou Ying's face turned pale as she sensed the changes in his aura.

Such was the strength of his fists that the very air cavitated when he attacked.

"[Chestnut Shield]!" A firm, sturdy chestnut enveloped Zhou Ying in mid-air. Struck by Fenghe's fists, the chestnut cratered into the ground, but Zhou Ying, ensconced firmly within, was unaffected.

Fenghe sighed. "What gave you the impression that I, as a sura king, would be physically weak? I don't like resorting to brute strength, but there's no reason I can't."

The sura revered strength. Not only was Fenghe adept at creating and manipulating his horrendous creatures, he was one himself.

The rock spirits gaped at the sight. Fenghe had experimented even on himself!

As he glanced at the rock spirits, Fenghe smiled proudly. "I might look like a sura, but over ninety percent of my body came from other lifeforms."

The snake's head that had been struck by the dagger slowly began to turn black. One of the nearby heads bit the corrupted head off by the neck, tossing it away before Zhou Ying's dagger could corrupt its main body.

The hydra freed the creatures that had been caught in Zhou Ying's vines, turning the tides of battle against her.

"Drag that human female up here," Fenghe commanded.

The hundred-headed hydra writhed toward Zhou Ying, attempting to grab her. However, a green glow of light suddenly flew toward her. The shaman of the wood spirits called out, "As I said, wouldn't it have been best to combine forms and kill him directly?"

Zhou Ying gave the shaman a faint smile. "We didn't know how many aces the sura king had, and it made sense for us to observe prudently. Now's a good time, though."

After all, their transformation wouldn't last for an unlimited duration. If Fenghe managed to outlast them for that long, they would have a long, difficult fight ahead. Furthermore, she was very curious about her strength, and whether or not she would be able to kill a sura king on her own.

She was very pleased with the results: given her strength, it wouldn't be difficult to kill him, but because she lacked a trump card or a particularly devastating skill, it would have been a prolonged battle.

"Very well. Prepare for assimilation!"

Zhou Ying turned her body to face the shaman's, which morphed into a bolt of green light that entered Zhou Ying's body. The next moment, Zhou Ying began glowing like a beacon of nature, fresh grass sprouting from the ground beneath her, pulsing with newfound vitality...

#### Chapter 473: The Meaning of Life

In the center of an outburst of green light, Zhou Ying's hair rapidly grew so long it reached her leg, fluttering in an invisible wind. and the vitality radiating from her was visible to the naked eye. She seemed to have become one with the land.

Fenghe's eyes opened wide. "What's going on? Some form of interspecies assimilation? This—This can't be!"

Fenghe had delved deeply into biological research, and he had never, ever seen such a phenomenon. The assimilation between Zhou Ying and the shaman of the wood spirit went against all he knew of biology.

He had examined lifeforms in the past which could merge of their own volition, but none that would give off such vitality as he was witnessing.

Fenghe's eyes filled with desire. "I must have you. You'll be a breakthrough!"

Zhou Ying might well help him unlock the key to ultimate biological supremacy, the apex of biological development. The task that his godfather had given him, whatever other matters filled his mind—all that had been discarded. His singular desire was to analyze Zhou Ying's transformation in meticulous detail.

A green pulse of energy emanated from Zhou Ying, spreading to her surroundings like a wave. As it reached the creatures that Fenghe had made, Fenghe's face turned alarmed.

"How could this be? It's impossible!"

That energy, that brimming lifeforce, should only have had the power to heal. It radiated naturally from the amalgamation of Zhou Ying and the shaman of the wood spirits, and would benefit all lifeforms nearby. To the spliced, monstrous creatures before her, however, there was nothing more deadly.

The creatures suddenly began to scream. They were composed of varying numbers of lifeforms, ranging from a few to a few dozen. Zhou Ying's energy cut them apart where they were joined, and new flesh then grew out of those wounds, arms, brains, legs—the creatures were each being remade whole.

Even the hundred-headed hydra was affected by the energy that Zhou Ying gave off. The hundreds of heads disentangled themselves and were likewise split apart into a huge beetle and hundreds of snakes.

Zhou Ying's energy had reversed all of Fenghe's creations in one fell swoop.

Even more astoundingly, it had regrown flesh when there was none to be found—it had regenerated whole bodies from just a constituent part, as though a lizard was able to regrow from its chopped-off tail...

Considering how many lifeforms comprised the creations that Fenghe had made, the process of regrowth was unsurprisingly gruesome. He had attached half a body to an arm, an extra brain to another creature, split apart a brain into fourths and pasted them all around a body, added and subtracted and duplicated body parts all over...

Fenghe's own body was being affected by the wave of vitality. Flesh grew out of his compound eyes, which Fenghe decisively pulled out of his body.

Scales appeared on his arms, which grew massively until they bulged into the talons of a gigantic dragon. Fenghe cut them off without fear. All sorts of lifeforms rushed out of his stomach. Fenghe

was no longer able to control his body, and the modifications that he had made to himself were becoming undone.

Despite his life's work being unraveled, Fenghe didn't seem to be fearful, angry, or frightened. He smiled so happily that Zhou Ying was rather disturbed by the sight.

"So this, this is the true meaning of life, the pinnacle of creation! I thought myself a pilgrim on this path, but I've clearly gone off-track—this is how life is, how life should be! Life is far more frightening, far more miraculous, than I could ever have imagined!"

Three different heads grew out of Fenghe's body, turning him into a four-headed nightmare.

Zhou Ying stared at him placidly, her face a mask of calm. "Those who seek this forbidden path will ultimately be devoured by their own creations."

The rock spirits shied away at the frightening sight that seemed to go against natural law. The creatures that Fenghe had created began to balloon into a mass of flesh. All sorts of reconstituted lifeforms and alien races tried to escape from the mass of flesh, but they were trapped within.

Even Fenghe, the sura king who had seemed nigh-undefeatable, who was himself composed of a number of lifeforms spliced together, was suffering a similar fate.

Fenghe wasn't the strongest of the nine godsons of the monarch of stars because the sura kings' specialties and weaknesses countered each other's. If Moyan were here, Fenghe's combat strength would be greatly reduced, and the same would be true for Gaoyuan. However, on brute strength alone, Fenghe was no weaker than any other sura king.

Lifeform after lifeform, alien race after alien race, tried to escape from Fenghe's ballooning body, tearing it apart in their desire to do so.

The rock spirits had never seen a horror film, and when they saw Fenghe's body literally bursting apart from within, they quailed in fear.

Each creature that burst out of Fenghe's body was itself an amalgamation of a number of creatures, which likewise swelled up into a ball of flesh on striking the green pulse of energy radiating from Zhou Ying.

And all this had been caused by Zhou Ying, she who had become a goddess of nature.

Zhou Ying radiated an imposing but benevolent aura. Her long hair fluttered in an immaterial breeze. The green pulse of energy that limned her body made her look beautiful, sanctified, and holy, as though she were a true goddess.

And yet it was her who had caused the nightmares that lay in front of them now.

Fenghe's body had been torn apart by the creatures inhabiting his flesh. Over ninety percent of his body had been composed of other lifeforms, even his brain. Under the effects of Zhou Ying's frightening aura, he was unable to preserve even the basic structure of his body.

His body continued to morph and pulse as more and more lifeforms tried to rush out. Nevertheless, amid this nightmare, Fenghe continued to laugh. "This is the true meaning of life! This is its pinnacle! Beautiful and cruel, palliative and dangerous—I was a fool not to have realized this sooner!"

"[Avatar of the Fae: Earthbound Prison]!" Zhou Ying released all her stored energy at once, causing the ground to quake as thousands of jade-green wood dragons rushed out of the earth.

Each was at least thirty meters long, and they easily covered the skies with their combined bodies. Almost as one, they swooped down to the fleshy remnants of Fenghe and his creations, turning them into petrified wood...

#### Chapter 474: The Death of Fenghe

The lifeforms and alien races that were regenerated from Fenghe's creations were nothing more than piles of living flesh.

After all, their souls had vanished upon their death, and they had no agency or ability to think.

Over a dozen wood dragons wrapped around the mass of flesh that Fenghe had become. More and more lifeforms and alien races tried to emerge from the mass, but they were prevented from doing so by the wood dragons. In the end, as the wood dragons coiled around the mass more and more tightly, the sounds grew weaker until they vanished entirely.

Green saplings sprouted from the wood dragons, turning the gigantic pit into a strange, warped forest that looked like a bonsai when viewed from above.

Thus ended the life of Fenghe.

By yet another location in the second realm, Niutou and his forces had reached a large river which was blocking their way.

A raft flowed down the river, carrying a man garbed in white, a long spear in one hand. His eyes gleamed coldly as he stared at Niutou and his troops.

"They're here!"

Niutou frowned as he stopped moving forward. He could see the man atop the raft staring at him with eyes like twin spears.

"There's a man on the river, your highness," one of his attendants murmured.

Even before the battle began in earnest, the two fighters' auras were already clashing against one another. Niutou rushed out with a bull's charge, whereas the man on the river struck forward as though he were the tip of a spear. The raft tilted from side to side, but the man's body never seemed to move.

The skies turned dark, and a gust of wind blew past. One of Niutou's fighters yelled out, "Human, if you don't want to die, scam!"

The tip of the man's spear hit the surface of the river, and an icy bolt shot toward the minotaur who had shouted.

The bolt had shot out so quickly that the minotaur had no idea what had happened; Niutou was the one who had to draw his weapon, a gigantic spiked mace, and shield the offending minotaur with it.

The icy bolt struck the mace, which hardly moved with the impact. The minotaur who had shouted at the man so arrogantly was so scared that he collapsed to the ground. Had Niutou not defended him, his brain would have been pierced through.

The man in the raft called out, "If you want to make it over, you'll have to get past me first."

Niutou asked, "Are you the assassin sent by Renhuang? No, the shock troops?"

"I am Fang Yi from Renhuang." Gusts of wind rose beneath Fang Yi's feet as thunder struck ominously above them.

Niutou asked a question he had been very curious about since he set off. "Do you have a girlfriend, or perhaps a wife? And does your governor?"

Fang Yi couldn't help tightening his fingers around his spear.

Niutou smiled. "I don't have any malicious intent. I simply want to have sex with your girlfriend or wife."

Fang Yi's face turned cold. Wind revolved around his body, and lightning discharged into the air.

Niutou cried out in mock surprise. "Could it be? Don't you even have a girlfriend yet? How unfortunate!"

"Take this!" Fang Yi struck before Niutou could rattle off any more nonsense. Yelling, he dashed forward with his spear in hand, striding across the river's surface, wreathed in wind and storm.

The spear shot forward with incredible force.

Niutou took the blow with his spiked club, continuing casually, "Surely there's no need to be so angry? At the very least, I should hope your governor has one. Why don't you introduce me to her? I simply want to meet her, and then to have sex with her right in front of your governor's eyes..."

Fang Yi thrust his spear forward once more, so quickly it left dozens of afterimages in all directions, each of which seemed to strike Niutou independently.

Niutou waved his mace around as Fang Yi continued his advance, the clash of steel against steel causing sparks that shot into the air. The power of wind and storm circled Fang Yi and ravaged his surroundings, causing Niutou's subordinates to fall back.

The weather itself seemed to respond to Fang Yi's anger. Lightning flashed in mid-air, thunder trailing not far behind. The winds spun around him so rapidly it seemed as though Fang Yi was in the eye of a twister.

Niutou was no longer able to defend against his blows casually. He faced Fang Yi and responded to him with his full attention. As Fang Yi's attacks grew faster and faster, however, Niutou was unable to keep up, and he was sent flying. There were a few cuts across his arms and legs, and he had barely avoided a critical injury.

He frowned. "Aren't you overreacting? Could it be that your governor doesn't have a girlfriend or wife either? How pitiful you humans must be! Shall I introduce some to you? My kingdom has quite the selection of beautiful women, or even minotaurs or sura would do as well. You don't have to thank me. While you and your girlfriend are deep in the throes of passion, I'll come to collect my fee."

Niutou was, evidently, besotted with cuckolding others—and even himself.

"[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. Niutou's face grew alarmed as he was knocked back once again.

Fang Yi glared at him. "Today will be the day you die."

Niutou dragged himself out of the hole in the ground in which he had landed. His horns turned a vibrant jade-green, and his eyes a bloody red. As he roared, his muscles bulged, and he grew taller and taller. Coarse hair grew out of his head and back in a shade of dark green.

Niutou grew from two to five meters tall, and his gigantic spiked mace no longer looked so mismatched with his body. He sent the mace crashing down on Fang Yi.

"[Wind's Spirit]! [Floating Clouds]!" Wrapped in wind, Fang Yi shifted to the side by a few dozen meters, so quickly it looked as though he had teleported. The mace crashed down and sent huge waves of force around the point of impact, crushing the wooden raft on the river and splitting the river in two.

It was true that all these sura kings were perverted in one way or another, but they were each absurdly strong, almost as though their perversion granted them strength.

Fang Yi turned back to the river, and his eyes burned with fighting intent. Only by facing such opponents would he be able to grow stronger and stronger.

A flash of lightning marked the resumption of battle. Wind and lightning crackled on Fang Yi's spear as Niutou charged forward like a train straight for him.

"[Wind's Spirit]! [Floating Clouds]!" Fang Yi again darted a few dozen meters away, avoiding Niutou's charge.

The minotaurs began howling at the sky.

"His highness is enraged now—this human's going to be beaten into meat paste!"

"No one has managed to take a blow at full force from his highness before."

Positioning his spear horizontally, Fang Yi charged forward as quick as a bolt of lightning.

"[Heaven's Judgment: Tribulation of Lightning]!"

Hurled forward by wind and storm, the spear struck with incredible force.

Chapter 475: Rondo of Wind and Storm

Fang Yi's spear sent wind howling and lightning flashing through the skies. The spear thrust was so quick it left dozens of afterimages in all directions, surrounding Niutou completely.

Niutou sent his mace whirling horizontally around him, causing the ground to crack as wind buffeted Fang Yi. Under the effects of [Rondo of Wind and Storm], Fang Yi nevertheless stood firm, then sent another dozen spear thrusts toward Niutou.

Niutou continued to wave his spiked mace, but despite his strength, he had neither the speed nor agility to catch Fang Yi. Fang Yi continued thrusting, only to find Niutou's muscles as strong as armor in their own right—all his spear could do was leave behind a few faint marks on Niutou's skin.

"This leather's too tough!" Fang Yi struck once and again, dozens of afterimages flooding Niutou from all directions. The aura of wind and storm around him grew even stronger.

Niutou continued waving his spiked club in order to disrupt the effects of Fang Yi's aura, but the speed disadvantage proved to be a serious detriment.

As Fang Yi attacked, Niutou's body was buffeted by billowing winds and a gathering storm, and the two fighters persisted in a fragile stalemate.

"[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.

With a flurry of techniques, Fang Yi's spear broke the stalemate, piercing Niutou's chest and sending blood spraying everywhere. Fang Yi smiled, but so too did Niutou. His pectorals contracted, squeezing the spear in place while he smashed down with his club.

The resulting force sent the wind exploding from the origin of the impact, and a huge crater could be seen in the ground where Fang Yi had been standing. He had darted back almost as soon as he realized what was going on—he hadn't expected Niutou to be so daring as to give up on defense in order to have an opening against him.

Another spear appeared in his hand, around which a snake seemed to writhe. This was the newest peak-grade soulshard he had received, that from a stormwind serpent. Yelling, he dashed forward with his spear in hand, trailed by a cyclonic gust of wind.

Niutou pulled out the spear trapped in his chest. His arms bulged with corded muscle, and his eyes flashed blood-red.

His green horns shone even more brightly, and his muscles bulged to such an extent that they seemed to be like a suit of armor in their own right, suppressing the wound he had taken in its entirety. He met Fang Yi's charge with a wave of his mace.

An explosion rang out with the force of thunder. The energy of the impact ravaged the land, causing it to crack in two. No one else could remain standing after the explosion.

A peal of thunder rang out in the sky, and white-silver lightning tore the sky apart. Wrapped in wind, Fang Yi leapt high up into the air. His spear caught a strike of lightning, charging up his body and making him look like a storm god.

"[Heaven's Judgment: Stormwind Explosion]!" Wind and storm combined and crackled at the tip of Fang Yi's spear, and a dragon's howl echoed resoundingly in the air. As he manipulated his spear, a tower of lightning crashed down on Niutou.

Niutou bent his thighs and clenched his fists. The muscles all throughout his body tensed, and his arteries and veins bulged as though there were worms crawling underneath his skin. He sent his mace whirling through the air.

The tremendous force of wind seemed to divide the very sky in half, splintering space all around it.

The tower of thunder crashed against the spiked mace, sending yet another explosion booming through the air and choppy waves along the river. The stormclouds that had gathered over the

battlefield were torn apart. Rays of sunlight shone down on man and sura with a clash of spear and mace.

Niutou howled out, his strength increasing by yet another level. His muscles were like steam engines, continuously producing more and more energy as the fight dragged on. Steam wafted out of his nose.

As wind and lightning crackled around the spear, Niutou's spiked mace began to crack, then broke in half. The difference wasn't in their own strength, but rather their weapons'.

Seeing the crackling spear headed right for him, Niutou hurriedly lowered his head, causing the spear to strike his horns instead. The ground beneath Niutou began to sink, and half his body was forcibly pushed within. Nevertheless, thanks to the strength of his horns, he was able to resist the spear attack.

Niutou planted both his hands in the ground and pulled, dragging up a huge chunk of earth and rock which he tossed at Fang Yi in mid-air.

Fang Yi whirled his spear, dodging the attack with the spin of his body. His spear flashed in midair and cut downward, slicing off one of Niutou's horns.

As the clod of earth and rock rushed toward him, Fang Yi activated [Wind's Spirit] and [Floating Clouds], dodging each attack by a hair's breadth.

Niutou planted his feet firmly on the ground as he leapt upward like a rocket, his fists reaching for Fang Yi.

Fang Yi flew up into the air, darting behind the boulders that Niutou had tossed upward.

Niutou pummeled each boulder into smithereens, but he was unable to catch up to Fang Yi. He roared in rage. His muscles bulged, and he punched the very air, sending a frightening burst of wind toward Fang Yi.

Meanwhile, Fang Yi leapt off a boulder, thrusting forward with his spear.

"[Heaven's Judgment]! [Tiger's Howl, Dragon's Bellow]!" Along the spear's breadth rose a dragon of wind and a tiger of thunder. As they twined around each other, the tip of the spear gleamed, crackling with concentrated power. The spear shot straight toward Niutou's back from behind.

Niutou, still looking all around for Fang Yi, never noticed the incoming attack. Fang Yi had been waiting for this opportunity all along—the spear pierced cleanly through Niutou's back and out his chest.

In disbelief, Niutou glanced at the spear tip that penetrated his chest before sending a powerless punch backward at Fang Yi.

Fang Yi clutched the heft of his spear with both hands, rotated in mid-air, then launched off by kicking Niutou's head, simultaneously pulling out his spear and sending him flying.

The minotaurs and sura were shocked to see Niutou's defeat. They simply couldn't believe that their sura king had lost to a mere human.

Niutou had seemed like an undefeatable existence to them, but Fang Yi had somehow wounded him mortally. They rushed forward to their fallen king, trying to save him from death...

#### Chapter 476: The Death of Niutou

Before Niutou's troops could save their king, however, arrows, daggers, and the river itself blocked their path. The hunters that had lain hidden throughout the fight finally showed themselves.

"Just sit back and watch your king die!"

Even if the minotaurs and sura could get to their king in time, it was already too late.

Hurled forward by wind and storm, the spear shot forward with incredible force. Fang Yi's spear sent wind howling and lightning flashing through the skies. The spear left dozens of afterimages in all directions, surrounding Niutou completely.

"[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. Its tip pierced Niutou's chest and pinned him against the ground.

Niutou's vitality and constitution were so immense that, despite all his injuries, he continued to struggle. His arms and legs pounded the ground, sending dust rising into the air and cracks propagating from where he lay.

"In your next life, you'd better hope you aren't born a sura or a minotaur!"

Fang Yi's hands clenched tightly around the haft of his spear as he forced the tip of the spear down, causing spurts of fresh blood to sully his armor. Half the spear penetrated Niutou's body as Niutou's eyes bulged and his heart finally beat its last.

Fang Yi then pulled out his spear, revealing Niutou's pulsing red heart for all to see.

When the minotaurs and sura saw their king's exposed heart, they knew it was too late.

"We have to run! Our king is dead!" The minotaurs and sura turned and fled without any hesitation, shocked beyond measure by Fang Yi's frightening strength.

Fang Yi shouted, "Kill them all! Leave none alive!"

The human hunters who stood on the opposite end of the river shore hurriedly gave chase.

Fang Yi sucked in a deep breath as he lay by Niutou's body. It had been a difficult fight, and he had expended a significant fraction of his stamina.

He was certain his troops could easily deal with the runaway forces of Niutou without his involvement; he wanted a break.

Taking out his doublegrowth flower, he reported the good news to Zhang Lie.

Within Renhuang, Zhang Lie was seated in front of a map on which six routes had been sketched. Three of them led to a red cross. Zhang Lie marked a fourth one, Fang Yi's route, with a cross as well.

"There are two remaining," he murmured to himself.

His gaze fell on the remaining two routes.

By the time Fang Yi had killed Niutou, Hong Xi and Yang Ze had made their way to Suiyue.

Suiyue responded calmly, without panicking. He got off his luxurious carriage, which was as large as a three-man bed. It was decorated with pink curtains.

Suiyue sighed. "So people really are on their way."

Hong Xi frowned. "You seem to have known that we would show up."

Suiyue shrugged. "Moyan seems to have perished. I was wondering if anyone would come for me, and, unfortunately for you, I was right. Should I consider you foolish or arrogant?"

Hong Xi and Yang Ze each drew their weapons. "There's no need for idle chatter. Let's fight!"

Suiyue cocked his head at them. "Let's discuss something beforehand."

Hong Xi and Yang Ze both frowned.

Suiyue slowly walked toward the front of the party. "Face me alone, and I shall do the same. Let's not involve our subordinates."

Hong Xi smiled. "I didn't expect you would look out for your subordinates."

Suiyue shrugged again. "They're not my subordinates, but rather my lovers.

"Your highness!" the old sura called out, blushing. Their antics sent shivers up Yang Ze and Hong Xi's bodies.

"I don't think there's an issue with that." Yang Ze agreed with Suiyue's suggestion. Preventing casualties on Renhuang's side would be beneficial to them as well.

"It's settled, then."

Suiyue's subordinates were all old sura, and though the hunters of Renhuang were confident that they could take them down, it might easily cost them some of their number.

"Once you die, we'll round them all up," Hong Xi murmured.

The old sura called out, "Your highness, we can fight! Let us do so!"

Suiyue snorted. "Stand back! Don't involve yourself in this fight. This is a command!"

Though they grumbled upon doing so, the sura gave Suiyue a wide berth. They had seen sura kings fight in the past, and they knew how devastating their techniques would be. Suiyue was, in their opinion, a particularly strong fighter.

Hong Xi activated [Eclipse] and [Black Sun] simultaneously. An aura of white moonlight burst forth from her feet, as if proclaiming her purity; the black sun behind her, however, seemed to mark her as a devilish witch.

The two contrasting auras simultaneously took effect.

When Suiyue noticed his power weakening, he smiled. "Interesting."

He charged forward in the blink of an eye as a giant shark appeared behind Yang Ze's back. Yang Ze swung down with his greatsword, and the giant shark flicked its tail and launched itself toward Suiyue.

Suiyue's fist knocked the shark back. Under the effects of [Mirrored Refraction], Yang Ze seemed to phase in and out of existence, moving as rapidly as a fish darting through the water. He launched [Fists of the Silent Sea] toward Suiyue out of nowhere, who hastily blocked the attack with his arms.

Ripples of water drenched the combatants, and a fog rose into the air.

Yang Ze used the fog surrounding the battlefield as a means of shrouding himself while he attacked continuously with [Fists of the Silent Sea], sending ripples into the air.

The ripples intersected, crossed, and bypassed each other as though they were in a dream, with reality and imagination intertwined.

Suiyue felt like a small canoe unmoored in a choppy ocean, repeatedly being slammed back and forth by wave after endless wave. In mere moments, his body was bruised and battered all over. He howled out loudly, forcing the fog to retreat.

"[The Boundless Blade: Yawning Wave]!" Yang Ze shot forward with yet another technique, one that Zhang Lie himself had imparted to him. This blow sucked in all the fog from the surroundings and pierced through Suiyue's chest with what seemed to be unstoppable momentum.

"[Fists of the Silent Sea: Reflection of Sun and Moon]!" Hong Xi followed up with her own technique, punching Suiyue in the face with a fist burning with black flame and wrapped with white moonlight.

They had used their strongest techniques initially in an attempt to end the battle in one fell swoop, before Suiyue had a chance to reverse time. However, they had clearly underestimated Suiyue, or rather, the power of such time-reversal techniques—after all, Suiyue had long since ingrained the technique into his mind, and he could activate it even when unconscious...

#### Chapter 477: Time Reversal

Despite the fact that he had lost consciousness and was perhaps inches from death, Suiyue had ingrained his time-reversal technique so deeply within his body that it activated the moment before he would have died.

The sword that Yang Ze had pierced through his body was forcibly retracted, Hong Xi was pushed aside, and Suiyue's wound quickly regenerated.

Suiyue looked no different than before, but in truth, he was twenty full years younger.

"As expected, such a technique is a headache to deal with," Yang Ze cursed.

Suiyue chuckled. "No matter how many times you kill me, nothing will change."

In the past, all the opponents who had seen this technique activated would begin to despair immediately.

"Wouldn't it be better for you to just lie dead?"

Neither Hong Xi nor Yang Ze wavered, however.

Suiyue praised, "As expected of hunters who are willing to seize the initiative against all odds. Your wills might be strong, but I wonder how long they'll last against me?"

After hearing Zhang Lie analyze Suiyue's methods, the two of them would hardly back down at this juncture.

Yang Ze brandished the sword in his hand. "Against you? If we can kill you once, we can kill you twice! I don't believe you'll be able to keep reversing time without suffering any consequences from doing so."

Hong Xi chuckled coldly. "Indeed, just how many times will you be able to revive?"

"That'll depend on how many times you can kill me." Suiyue still seemed rather relaxed—there were a few enemies in the past that also persevered for quite some time, but by his third or fourth reversal, their stamina had depleted to such an extent that they could barely continue, whereas Suiyue remained at full power. In the end, as their willpower broke, Suiyue would launch a counterattack and defeat them easily.

A giant shark appeared behind Yang Ze's back. Yang Ze swung down with his greatsword, and the giant shark flicked its tail and launched itself toward Suiyue.

This time, Suiyue chose to dodge. Under the effects of [Mirrored Refraction], Yang Ze seemed to phase in and out of existence, moving as rapidly as a fish darting through the water. He launched [Fists of the Silent Sea] in Suiyue's direction. Ripples of water drenched the combatants, and a fog rose into the air.

Yang Ze used the fog surrounding the battlefield as a means of shrouding himself while he attacked continuously with [Fists of the Silent Sea], sending ripples into the air. The ripples intersected, crossed, and bypassed each other as though they were in a dream, with reality and imagination intertwined.

Yang Ze launched another [Fists of the Silent Sea], magnified by the fog surrounding him, once again leaving Suiyue battered and bruised.

Suiyue shouted unhappily, "I dare you to use another technique!"

"Oh? Why should I? It looks like it's working just fine." Yang Ze laughed.

Stomping his foot, Suiyue sent a burst of energy all around him, dispersing the fog surrounding them. Then, he punched toward his back.

However, Yang Ze was nowhere to be seen. When Suiyue turned back around, he saw Yang Ze standing over a hundred meters away, waving at him cheerily.

Suiyue's face fell.

"[Moon Seeker]!" From behind, Hong Xi flew toward him, a radiant moon's aura shining by her feet. She kicked him in the head, causing him to stumble and fall, then pierced him through with her moonlit sword.

His heart vanished in a beam of light— but once again, Hong Xi was pushed aside as Suiyue reversed time once again. This time, his body was fifty years younger.

Every time he was revived, Yang Ze and Hong Xi killed him. This cycle repeated seven more times; by the eighth time, Suiyue's strength had deteriorated to such an extent that he was barely fit to be considered a sura king.

If his strength were to fall again, he would drop to the level of a sura lord instead.

The distinction between a sura king and a sura lord was just one word, but that one word represented a massive drop in strength.

"I know that each time you reverse time, your body gets younger, and the more times you reverse time in short succession, the more time your body loses. By this point, you're barely a sura king, aren't you? You're done for!"

"Hah! Am I? And how much stamina do the two of you have after killing me eight times?"

Against Yang Ze's taunting, Suiyue used his trump card. He burnt his blood, his potential, and his lifeforce simultaneously. His body turned blood-red, and capillaries appeared all over his skin. His body gave off pops and cracks like a series of fireworks, and his strength and aura seemed to increase by orders of magnitude.

If he could reverse time, he was likewise able to draw from future reserves of time, crushing his boundless future for an immense short-term strength. He was a sura king, and he would continue advancing almost without end. By burning his potential and lifeforce, the strength he would receive in exchange was extreme—Suiyue estimated that he was at about seven or eight times his peak strength.

With his future strength exhausted, his body shriveled until he seemed like an old sura, but the light burning in his eyes was fearsome. His heart beat like a furnace, steam pouring out of his body. Despite all appearances, he radiated such energy that the very air turned scorching-hot.

Suiyue had thought about the best way to make use of his strength.

Techniques and frameworks that dealt with the heart of natural law, of the fabric of space and time itself, were the most abstruse and the most difficult to comprehend.

Suiyue's understanding of time, despite immense effort, was incomplete. He was unable to make use of its full strength, and using the technique in its current state required a commensurate sacrifice on his part.

Except for reversing the damage to his body, it barely had a purpose at its current stage, and even Gaoyuan's regenerative capabilities were superior. After all, each time he used the technique, his strength would decrease more and more.

Fortunately, his opponents had expended a commensurate amount of stamina.

In the end, Suiyue settled on a rather unique strategy: to make use of secret, risky one-time techniques that drew on his lifeforce and potential to dramatically augment his strength for mere moments. Such techniques would ordinarily incur heavy penalties after the battle, and a hunter who used such techniques had to be prepared to give up on his career afterward.

Someone like Suiyue, who had used three such techniques in rapid succession, might die from the aftereffects—but he could simply reverse time and nullify those effects. As a result, he favored

using such one-time techniques when pressed—he was uniquely capable of restoring his body to peak condition despite the drawbacks of those techniques.

By now, Suiyue's body had turned red all over. His emaciated body was stick-thin, but his eyes burned as bright as fire. Long, brittle hair fluttered in the wind, and his heart beat like a furnace.

"I had thought dealing with you humans would be an easy task, but I'll admit that I've underlooked all of you. Alright, playtime's up. It's time for you to perish!"

#### Chapter 478: Infinite Save States

The reason he hadn't used his ultimate techniques early on was because of his pride as a sura and his belief that the humans, strong though they might be, wouldn't be exceptional.

He thought it would be easy enough to deal with the humans with just his strength as a sura king; during the course of the battle, however, Yang Ze and Hong Xi had come at him so quickly that he had no time to activate them.

This had been Suiyue's first opportunity to launch a counterattack instead. Upon seeing what was happening, Yang Ze hurriedly activated his blood-ant soulshard, whereas Hong Xi began circulating [Syzygy] at full power.

A giant shark appeared behind Yang Ze's back. Yang Ze swung down with his greatsword, and the giant shark flicked its tail and launched itself toward Suiyue.

Suiyue's fist knocked the shark back. Under the effects of [Mirrored Refraction], Yang Ze seemed to phase in and out of existence, moving as rapidly as a fish darting through the water. He launched [Fists of the Silent Sea] toward Suiyue from all directions, giving him no space to retreat.

Suiyue ignored the attack as he dissipated the seemingly endless fog with a casual punch.

"[Fists of the Silent Sea: Reflection of Sun and Moon]!" Hong Xi followed up with her own technique, punching Suiyue in the face with a fist burning with black flame and wrapped with white moonlight. Suiyue grabbed that fist and hurled her toward Yang Ze instead.

As Yang Ze caught Hong Xi, Suiyue rushed forward and threw out a punch. When it landed on Yang Ze's body, however, it vanished into nothing but fog.

Suiyue frowned. That wasn't Yang Ze's true body at all!

Under the effects of [Mirrored Refraction], Yang Ze seemed to phase in and out of existence. Suiyue crushed another Yang Ze, who exploded into a fine mist of water vapor; another ten Yang Zes had appeared. Suiyue waved a hand and they all vanished into mist.

However, things weren't over yet. Suiyue, surrounded by a fine mist of water, found himself caught in between fantasy and reality.

"[The Boundless Blade: Shark Horde]!" Over a hundred translucent red and blue sharks shot toward Suiyue. Whenever he defeated one, another would open its maw wide and bite a piece of flesh off of Suiyue's body. When Suiyue defeated this next one, three more would appear. There seemed to be no end to the frenzy of sharks.

Each shark defeated burst into mist, amplifying the effect of the illusory technique. The mist continued to expand, giving the sharks more room in which to maneuver. More and more sharks surrounded Suiyue. Suiyue's body, thin and emaciated, barely had any more flesh that could be consumed. The sharks tore at his bones instead.

Despite the use of his secret techniques, Suiyue seemed incapable of dispelling the illusory field around him.

In the end, he slammed both his fists against the ground, causing a huge crash as dust and rubble filled the air. The mist dispersed in a large area around him, but the moment that happened, a group of sharks swam forward to fill the emptied space. Suiyue sent a flurry of punches in their direction, causing them to explode and surround him in yet another wreath of mist.

Suiyue's ultimate technique was indeed incredibly strong, and he could produce an attack ten to twenty times stronger than he ordinarily was able to, but he had chosen the wrong opponent.

Yang Ze's style of fighting was to disorient and confuse his opponent, and he countered a heavy hitter like Suiyue completely.

Suiyue knew that, if he allowed Yang Ze's illusions to continue, the effects of his secret techniques would expire and he would perish. Counting on the strength of his physical body, he rushed out of the field of fog, smashing apart the sharks in his way. Waiting for him at the outskirts was, however, Yang Ze.

"[The Boundless Blade: Shark Frenzy]!"

Waves splashed as Yang Ze swung his sword, a gigantic shark by his back. As Yang Ze infused genetic energy into the technique, the shark materialized into reality, swimming forward as he launched his attack.

As Suiyue tried to block with his hands, the sharks coming up from behind grabbed and held them back, allowing the shark in front to open its maw and bite off Suiyue's head.

Hong Xi headed over cautiously and asked, "How did it go?"

Yang Ze retrieved a vial from his storage space, a stamina recovery potion that the Yeluo had concocted. After he downed it, he said, "It's going to be a long slog."

Although Yang Ze's attacks looked as though they consumed a lot of stamina, the endless conjuration of sharks from mist was remarkably energy-efficient given a suitable environment, and Yang Ze was prepared to keep this up if need be.

As he expected, blood and brain matter began to regenerate, and Suiyue's crushed skull restored itself.

"[The Boundless Blade: Yawning Wave]!" Yang Ze struck again, and Suiyue's head burst apart again, but it continued to restore itself.

Yang Ze used the same technique again a few times to no avail, concluding, "There's no point in attacking him while he's under the effects of time reversal."

When Suiyue was fully restored, he found himself a few hundred years younger, his strength far below that at his prime. The moment he came back to consciousness, he burnt his blood and consumed his potential.

His body turned blood-red, and capillaries appeared all over his skin. His body gave off pops and cracks like a series of fireworks, and his strength and aura seemed to increase by orders of magnitude.

Suiyue suddenly grew thin and emaciated. With his future strength exhausted, his body shriveled until he seemed like an old sura, but the light burning in his eyes was fearsome. His heart beat like a furnace, steam pouring out of his body.

Despite all appearances, he radiated such energy that the very air turned scorching-hot.

"Whether you reverse time ten times, a hundred times, a thousand times—it's all meaningless!"

A world of mist once again enveloped Suiyue, and hundreds of sharks surrounded him. This time, while his body was still largely intact, Suiyue rushed out of the boundary of the attack.

Yang Ze asked, "Hong Xi, have you ever played video games before?"

Hong Xi shook her head. "As a child, my clan was in dire straits. I had to take care of my brother, and I had no time to do so."

"In some sense, Suiyue's ability is much like reviving in a game. The only difference is that we're in the real world, not a game world."

Suiyue tried to escape the bounds of Yang Ze's technique, but he found that, no matter what, he seemed to be trapped within an endless field of fog.

Yang Ze smiled. "The real world's a terrible game, without any specific mechanics or gameplay objectives, and one in which the players can turn on each other."

As Suiyue's body grew more and more battered, he seemed to come to a realization. "You vile human, you tricked me!"

The only reason Suiyue had managed to escape from the field of water was because Yang Ze had allowed him to do so, inducing in him the belief that he would easily be able to escape the sphere by doing so the next time around.

Yang Ze roared in laughter. "I have to have a few tricks to deal with someone like you, don't I?"

In rage, Suiyue leapt high into the air, but this too was within Yang Ze's predictions...

#### Chapter 479: The Defeat of Suiyue

Suiyue leapt upwards and emerged from the top of the illusory technique surrounding him. Before he could get his bearings, however, Yang Ze struck.

"[The Boundless Blade: Shark Horde]!" Waves splashed as Yang Ze swung his sword, a gigantic shark by his back. As Yang Ze infused genetic energy into the technique, the shark materialized into reality, swimming forward as he launched his attack.

Suiyue tried to defend, but he was still knocked to the ground by the attack, his chest caved in as he lay limply on the ground.

Yang Ze slowly walked up to him. Just then, Suiyue suddenly opened his eyes wide and struck with one attack that encapsulated all his remaining energy. Space trembled and cracked; this attack felt as though it could shatter heaven and earth, but it zipped harmlessly through Yang Ze.

Yang Ze's body rippled upon being attacked by Suiyue, the effects of [Mirrored Refraction] triggering again and again. Nevertheless, the attack passed through his body without doing any damage, as though he was only ever an illusion.

The sword in his hand swung down toward Suiyue, chopping off his head.

As though a movie was being rewound, Suiyue's head reattached itself to his body, and he got another hundred years younger. At this point, he looked much like a sura in the prime of his youth.

When he regenerated, Suiyue asked, "What was that technique?"

"The peak of [Mirrored Refraction]—[Reflected Sight, Refracted Vision]."

Without wasting any more time, Suiyue once again reached for his one-time techniques. He burnt his blood and consumed his potential. His body turned blood-red, and capillaries appeared all over his skin. His body gave off pops and cracks like a series of fireworks, and his strength and aura seemed to increase by orders of magnitude.

His body suddenly grew thin and emaciated. With his future strength exhausted, his body shriveled until he seemed like an old sura, but the light burning in his eyes was fearsome. His heart beat like a furnace, steam pouring out of his body.

Compared to before, however, he was only barely at the level of a sura king despite using all his secret techniques.

A world of mist once again enveloped Suiyue, and hundreds of sharks surrounded him. This time, Suiyue chose to flee rather than to escape the illusory realm. After reversing time once and again, his abilities had regressed to such an extent that he was hardly Yang Ze's opponent.

He had dropped below the level of a sura king, and the power he could draw on was diminished greatly as a result. After dying twice more to Yang Ze, he had lost even the ability of escaping from the sharks unscathed.

Trapped in the world of mist, Suiyue let out howls and curses.

Yang Ze continued maintaining his technique as he waited for Suiyue to make a move. Not long later, he waved a hand, and the mist parted before him.

Hong Xi asked, "How did it go?"

"Look!" Yang Ze pointed before him. The sura king Suiyue had disappeared, and in his place was a sura baby.

Upon seeing Yang Ze and Hong Xi, the baby began to bawl.

Yang Ze frowned. As a hunter, he felt it was immoral to lay a hand on the young and the elderly. Were his opponent still a sura king, it wouldn't have been a problem, but against a sura baby, unable to defend itself...

Hong Xi sighed as she glanced at the bawling baby. "Let's bring him back and let our captain handle him."

The old sura watched on from the distance as the mists parted, leaving a baby behind. Despair could be seen in the gazes of many of the sura.

When Hong Xi moved to pick up the baby, several of the sura took a deep breath as they strode forward with their weapons, followed quickly by the others.

Yang Ze frowned. "My agreement with Suiyue is still in effect. Don't sacrifice your lives for nothing."

The sura replied, "Without our king, there'd be nothing left for us—we'd all merely be waiting for our deaths regardless. Except for his highness, no one has or will value us, treating us as nothing more than disposable trash—we who were once the most seasoned warriors in the realm! Return the sura king Suiyue to us!"

Despite their age, the sura warriors' aura didn't seem to have diminished at all.

Hong Xi snorted. "Go on, leave! You know just as well as we do that we can't hand him over."

The sura began to roar.

"Even if I have to die, I'd rather do so in front of my liege!"

"Hand over his highness!"

"My life for the king!"

"Looks like we have no choice!" Yang Ze's face was icy as he waved an arm, sending the human hunters behind him surging forward.

This was an unequal battle—although the hunters were strong and in their prime, the old sura were all willing to die for their convictions, and if they could drag more humans down with them, so much the better.

Despite their frailty and lack of strength, the old sura were surprisingly difficult to handle. Even when splashed with the Yeluo poison, they refused to fall before taking some part of a human hunter—an arm, a leg, a ear—with them.

In the end, Yang Ze himself had to take to the battlefield to kill all the sura, who died to the last in search of their king.

Everyone glanced at their corpses in a heavy silence, punctuated only by a baby's cries. Despite the long slog, despite the carnage that littered the battlefield, Yang Ze had finally won.

The army of the dead killed every living creature in sight, sura, alien race, and genetic lifeform alike. It grew stronger the more ground it covered, until the very sight of a zombie on the horizon would cause the nearby lifeforms to rush away.

Sun Mengmeng and her hunters observed the necromantic army from the top of a valley.

The army was so massive that it seemed like a patch of darkness, one that stretched so far into the distance that its borders couldn't be seen. The corpses emitted black smoke as they moved, and it

seemed almost as though a storm cloud were traveling above them.

If this army were to reach Renhuang, it would cause an unmitigable disaster.

Sun Mengmeng couldn't help but worry at the size of the army lying in wait for them.

"Ten thousand, thirty, fifty, a hundred, two hundred, three hundred thousand..."

The zombies were so numerous that it was almost impossible to count how many of them there were. Shicang had mobilized almost his entire kingdom in his pursuit of them.

A hunter beside her asked, "Sun Mengmeng, will we be able to find Shicang from among these troops?"

If they could snipe him from afar, the necromantic army would be dealt with almost immediately.

However, Sun Mengmeng, who was standing atop the leader of the rock spirits' head, shook her head with a frown. "I don't see him anywhere, and I doubt we would be able to snipe him from afar even if we wanted to."

Another hunter asked, "Can we really deal with such a large army by ourselves?"

Sun Mengmeng replied earnestly, "Of course! Don't forget that the governor devised a set of strategies and countermeasures just for us. Everything will be fine, I'm sure of it!"

Chapter 480: Underworld's Arrow

Upon hearing Sun Mengmeng's words, her gathered subordinates nodded.

"What lies behind you is Renhuang, the city we've built together with a massive investment of time and energy on our part—our city! We can't let these zombies get anywhere close. Let's return them to the ground where they belong!"

The hunters and rock spirits cheered. "Yes, Captain Sun!"

The hunters quickly made their move, hiding all around the valley as the army of the dead inched forward slowly. Their senses, diminished greatly in death, were incapable of detecting the Renhuang forces all around. As the dead walked deeper and deeper into the valley, everyone looked toward Sun Mengmeng, waiting for her signal to act.

Sun Mengmeng shook her head.

As the dead made it over halfway through the valley, the hunters' hearts began to beat so quickly they felt as though their hearts would jump out of their chests. They covered their mouths, afraid that their breathing would be overheard by the dead proceeding right below them.

They wiped the cold sweat on their forehead, each second a struggle.

The hunters and rock spirits looked toward Sun Mengmeng once more, who shook her head again stoically. When the vanguard of the dead began walking out of the valley, Sun Mengmeng knew that it was time to act.

She suddenly stood up and shouted, "Now!"

On Sun Mengmeng's command, the hunters and rock giants lying in wait immediately began pushing boulders down the valley. The boulders rumbled like thunder as they fell to the bottom of the valley, accelerating with every second.

None of the boulders were able to do much damage to the zombies by themselves; after all, they were in the second realm, and even the zombies here were sturdier than average humans. However, the boulders were able to delay and distract the zombies while the hunters struck with bow and spear.

Rays of energy trailed forth from the hunters as they attacked the zombies who had just pushed aside the boulders that had landed on top of their bodies, instantly decimating their number.

"[Lunarflame Shot]!" Fire-attuned genetic energy burst from Sun Mengmeng's body as her body erupted in flames. As she pulled the greatbow taut, the bow and arrows likewise began to burn.

Her right hand, with which she drew back her bow, blurred. Countless arrows of purple flame shot out of her bow like a meteor shower, tinting the air purple and giving the valley a phantasmagorical appearance. The air turned dry and arid, as though a cataclysm was nigh.

The army of the dead began to burn as the battlefield became a sea of violet flame, cremating the zombies in a magnificent display.

The hunters of Renhuang began to holler in amazement, their confidence soaring to its peak. From what they could see of her strength, Sun Mengmeng was clearly on a similar level as their governor, Zhang Lie.

The zombies at the edge of the valley, shocked by the sudden attack, began climbing up the valley. So numerous were the zombies that they filled the entire valley even after the ambush from the forces of Renhuang.

"Don't let these zombies climb up the valley!"

The rock giants continued summoning and tossing boulders down at the zombies, whereas the hunters began attacking them with their long-ranged specialties.

As the battle dragged on, the corpses on the battlefield only grew and grew, revealing dark-red blood and white bone. The reanimated corpses, destroyed and revived and destroyed once more, were a grotesque sight to behold.

The zombies continued climbing further and further up a tower of corpses until they were almost able to reach Renhuang's forces.

Sun Mengmeng cast [Black Sun], forming a cordon of purplish-black flame around her. She activated her most impactful soulshards for battle, transforming from a young woman to a fierce warrior with a chitinous carapace, wreathed in black flame.

"[Netherworld's Gaze]!" Sun Mengmeng shot out dozens of arrows toward the battlefield, sending pillars of purplish-black flame flaring toward the skies. The pillars exploded in mid-air and transformed into a violet moon, whose rays of light struck the zombies and caused them to burn.

All across the valley, the corpses of the dead started to be linked together by genetic energy, forming a gigantic humanoid zombie the size of the entire valley.

"[The Nine Moons of the Underworld]!"

Nine more flaming moons appeared in the sky, so bright they eclipsed the sun and dyed the entire land in shades of purple and black. In the valley enveloped by the purple suns were countless zombies clambering up its walls, the ground littered with bone and rotting flesh. It was a hellish scene.

The nine flaming moons fell as they struck the gigantic zombie from nine different directions, igniting purple flame all over his body. The zombie began to disintegrate.

Just then, frightening howls came from behind Sun Mengmeng.

Sun Mengmeng turned around to see a pack of over a hundred wolves right about to pounce on her from the back. The leader of the rock spirits reacted instantly. He barreled into them like a train, causing their bones to splinter and break.

After the wolf zombies were crushed to pieces, pinpricks of black light floated over to the leader of the rock spirits' body.

"As expected."

Zhang Lie's hypothesis had been right: except for robots, everything in this realm had a soul.

Shicang's necromancy relied on controlling these souls, and Zhang Lie hypothesized that he had used some special technique to extract those souls, then pollute or manipulate them in such a way that they could be controlled, before sending them back into their dead bodies. This was the truth behind his necromantic army.

While Sun Mengmeng was distracted, that army had been massing together into a gigantic tower of corpses over two hundred meters tall, causing the forces of Renhuang to be taken aback.

"What are they doing?!"

As the tower got taller and taller, it began to shake violently. At three hundred meters tall, it suddenly began to topple over in the direction of the Renhuang hunters.

Sun Mengmeng's eyes widened. Fire-attuned genetic energy burst from Sun Mengmeng's body as her body erupted in flames. She created a glowing purple-black moon in mid-air, which burst apart and destroyed the tower of corpses. As the corpses fell, the zombies made use of the force of the explosion to propel themselves toward the forces of Renhuang...