

## U. Warlord 741

Chapter 741: Just a Coincidence

If Zhang Lie wanted to take over the worlds of east and west, no one would be able to stop him. There was simply no need for him to manufacture such a ploy; it was a needless waste of time for all involved.

Li Zongming now understood very well that Zhang Lie wasn't interested in becoming king of the realm. Otherwise, with his strength, he would be able to take over hundreds of large worlds, let alone just these two.

Zhang Lie said, "My plans with Qianqian depend on what she wants with me. I will respect her wishes, but I'd like to keep her by my side if possible."

Without the life-and-death situations they faced together, there was no means by which their deep-seated love for each other could blossom.

Nevertheless, Zhang Lie didn't intend to give up. He wanted to keep Li Qianlin by his side so that they could develop their feelings for each other over time, but Zhang Lie didn't intend to force her to agree. If Li Qianlin wanted to leave, Zhang Lie would accompany her, instead.

Now that he was in the third realm and had saved Li Qianlin from a terrible fate, there was nothing urgent that he had to do. Why not relax and spend some time with her instead?

Li Zongming sighed. "I won't meddle in the affairs of the young. Qianlin has grown of age, and it's past time I granted her her freedom."

A hatchling had to leave its nest at some point, after all.

Li Zongming sighed. His voice was gentle, perhaps somewhat lonely, as though he had suddenly grown old. "Qianlin's an adult now, one with her own desires, her own life, and her own freedom. I shouldn't have forced her into what I thought was the best life for her. To be honest, it likely wouldn't have gone as I planned. With you at her side, I can relax."

Zhang Lie was very surprised by Li Zongming's change of heart. "What made you change your mind?"

"Ever since her mother died, I've been too overprotective of Qianlin. I keep wanting to give her the very best, as though I'm trying to compensate for something. I wanted to steer her toward the best future for her. With her mother gone, I had to put in twice as much effort to make sure she grew up well—but what I thought best almost destroyed her life."

By now, Li Zongming had found out what had almost happened to Li Qianlin before her wedding, and what Duan Gen had attempted in her rooms.

The king of the realm had the authority to play back a recording of the past in a certain region of space to understand the truth of what happened there, unless that ability was blocked by someone of the same level of strength.

Zhang Lie possessed that ability, but why would he try to hide Duan Gen's ignoble deeds?

Li Zongming was shocked beyond measure upon seeing what had happened. To think that Duan Gen was such a bastard—and that he hadn't noticed! If not for Zhang Lie's appearance, his daughter's life would have been irrevocably ruined—and he would be responsible.

The more he investigated Duan Gen, the more shocked he became. Duan Gen was far more vile than he seemed even at first glance—he was filth, utter trash, the worst of human scum. The moment Li Qianlin was betrothed to him, he had raped and killed her personal attendant right in the palace itself, ignoring any semblance of his authority.

He shuddered to think what might have happened to his daughter.

Li Zongming sighed. "I leave my daughter in your hands. Please apologize to her on my behalf."

"Why don't you apologize to her yourself?"

"I can't bear to speak to her. I'm far too ashamed of myself," Li Zongming replied, seemingly growing even older in an instant.

"But she's already here."

As Zhang Lie spoke, the teary-eyed Li Qianlin deactivated the soulshard Zhang Lie had given her.

Li Zongming stared at her in surprise. "Ah, this—"

Li Qianlin rushed forward and pulled her father into a deep embrace.

The father and daughter ended up chatting for the entire afternoon before Li Zongming found Zhang Lie in a secluded corner of the palace. "I truly have to thank you. It's been far too long since my daughter and I had a heartfelt conversation, and I understand her plans now. I heard my daughter mention that you were searching for these unusual fragments."

Li Zongming sent a box floating toward Zhang Lie.

Zhang Lie opened it to find tattered pieces of the map he was reconstituting—ten pieces in all.

This was the largest haul Zhang Lie had had since he started collecting these scraps.

Li Zongming explained, "I tried to collect these fragments when I was young, thinking that I might be able to uncover their secret once I amassed enough of them."

Although Li Zongming didn't know of the provenance of these scraps or what they represented, the material alone was noteworthy.

Even a king of the realm was unable to destroy these fragments or view their past history; they were made with a power eclipsing even these kings.

"However, after spending so much time and effort collecting just ten fragments to no avail, I gave up."

Who knew how many more fragments were out there—ten thousand, a hundred thousand, a million? Li Zongming had turned over what seemed like the entire world for those ten scraps, and he couldn't fathom how much harder it would be to collect more.

"At any rate, these fragments are useless to me, so I might as well hand them over to you. If you manage to collect them all, I hope you'll let me know just what they signify."

Zhang Lie knew the secret behind these scraps, but he didn't reveal it. It was a secret he would keep.

"Of course."

Li Zongming asked directly, "That said, would you like a new wedding between you and my daughter?"

You might already have a marriage mark, and your marriage was recognized by the will of the world, but..."

Li Zongming couldn't help but smile faintly at the thought of the wedding. No one could have expected that Zhang Lie would appear in such a dramatic fashion, nor that he would be able to properly establish the vows with Li Qianlin.

He was even more gratified to see that the marriage mark hadn't been annulled.

As long as both parties were willing, that mark could be dissolved at any point.

With the mark present, neither of the couple would be able to betray the other. While they remained in the world of the east, they would be punished by five strikes of lightning if they tried to do so; just the thought of betrayal would lead to a warning from the will of the world.

Given Zhang Lie's strength, however, he didn't think such punishment would do anything against him, though he was a little worried that Zhang Lie would take advantage of his daughter as a result.

"With regards to the wedding, I'm willing to defer to Qianqian. If she wants another wedding, I certainly won't object."

"Who wants to marry you?! That's not something I've settled on yet," Li Qianlin interrupted their conversation.

Zhang Lie turned around to see that she had packed up. "Really? Where do you intend to go now, Qianqian?"

"I'm leaving with you, of course! Don't misunderstand me—I'm not interested in being your companion, just in the manifold worlds at large. I heard that you were planning to leave for a human settlement a few worlds away, and I'm interested in going there too. We're just traveling in the same direction, you hear?"

Chapter 742: A Crippled Beggar

Zhang Lie smirked. He knew what Li Qianlin was thinking, but he didn't expose her.

"Hey, say something! What's with that evil smile?" Li Qianlin called out.

"Nothing, it's nothing." Zhang Lie knew that Li Qianlin was rather thin-skinned at heart.

Quite a fair bit of the contents of the western treasury, with Zhang Lie's approval, went to line the pockets of the aliens of the Milky Way who participated in the battle.

There were simply too many treasures around, and in such great quantities that their eyes blazed with greed upon seeing them.

They were very excited: from start to finish, they were in no danger at all, and yet they had reaped such substantial rewards.

Following Zhang Lie was the best decision they had ever made. Quite a lot of the aliens decided that they would stick to Zhang Lie no matter what, following him wherever they went.

The "fee" for this treatment was the scraps that Zhang Lie was collecting.

None of the aliens had been able to identify what good these shards were; better to give them to Zhang Lie to get in good standing with him.

In order to demonstrate their strength and capabilities, the four prime races even began buying these scraps in bulk.

A rumor from who-knew-where suggested that these scraps were the key to a massive secret, one that might be related to limit fragments. As a result, the limit fragment research society that Amurong had spearheaded likewise began purchasing these scraps in earnest, dramatically increasing the difficulty of acquisition for these scraps.

Many of those races who possessed some such scraps began hoarding them as they waited for their value to appreciate, and those who didn't have these scraps tried to scrounge them up.

The Milky Way had somehow ended up in a scrap-collecting frenzy.

Zhang Lie only found out about this affair later. He immediately told the four prime races to halt what they were doing, or the scrap bubble would only keep growing and growing.

With the efforts of the four prime races, however, most of the scraps had become consolidated with just a few parties. The four prime races sent all the scraps they could acquire to Zhang Lie, an impressive collection.

Zhang Lie had only managed to collect a few dozen on his travels, but the aliens of the Milky Way, in conjunction with the four prime races, had managed to acquire almost three hundred.

It took Zhang Lie quite a few days to piece together as many of the scraps as he could. With about sixty percent of the scraps in his possession, he was able to make out the outline of the map.

"This is..."

Zhang Lie frowned as he scrutinized the partial map he had assembled.

"Was there such a place in the third realm...?"

Zhang Lie didn't think so, but the location the map suggested seemed somehow familiar to him. It looked as though he would have to gather the remaining scraps before he could uncover the secret in earnest, but this was no easy feat.

Despite the aliens' best efforts, they had only managed a 60% completion. The remaining 40% would be far harder to find.

Zhang Lie thought to himself, "It might be time to mobilize all the worlds of the third realm, then..."

Naturally, Zhang Lie would compensate the aliens of the Milky Way who had brought him scraps of the map. He portioned out another fraction of the treasures from the king of the west's treasury among those aliens as reward.

One of the affairs that rocked the Milky Way was the fact that the four prime races were collecting these scraps of an unknown map; another was Zhang Lie's ranking on the warlord leaderboard.

Zhang Lie, who had recently just ascended to the third realm and had just appeared on the warlord leaderboard, was now rocketing up the rankings.

He had catapulted from the 90th position to the 30th position—Warlord Xing Ying had given up his position to Zhang Lie, claiming that he was far inferior to him.

The denizens of the Milky Way were shocked by how fast Zhang Lie was ascending the ranks—and even more shockingly, none of the other warlords disagreed with his new ranking.

Not only had Zhang Lie been the fastest warlord ever, he was now the speediest to ascend up the ranks as well.

Those in the third realm at least had four months to witness and grow used to Zhang Lie's progress up the ranks, but to those back on Earth, all this had happened in just two weeks.

Some citizens lambasted the four prime races for indulging Zhang Lie's every whim just because he was the pioneer of the limit fragments they now depended on, but such criticism quickly vanished.

After all, the hundred races of the Milky Way had all agreed that Zhang Lie deserved his new spot on the ranking.

Zhang Lie was unaware of what was going on back in the Milky Way, but even if he were, he wouldn't have cared.

Right then, Zhang Lie and Li Qianlin, along with Dong Mingxing, who had been dragged along as a companion, were seated at a teahouse in order to watch a beggar.

Li Qianlin and Dong Mingxing were very curious about just how one specific beggar was faring. That beggar was dressed in nothing but rags, dirt and dust all over his body. His eyes had been gouged out, and he had lost one arm and one leg. He was emaciated and pale, and garnered pity just by existing.

He was fervently begging, "Please, sir, please, madam, I've gone a few days without food!"

This was hardly entertaining to any other onlooker. None of the passersby walking along the streets paid any heed to the beggar, not expecting that he had once been the crown prince of the realm—Duan Gen!

Upon witnessing the pitiful Duan Gen, neither Li Qianlin nor Dong Mingxing knew how to behave. Was this really the arrogant, talented bastard who had once graced the halls of nobility?

Dong Mingxing sighed. "So these are his circumstances now."

The passersby hurried along the road, ignoring the beggar. Despite how pitiful Duan Gen was, no one was willing to spare him any charity.

The world of the west was an unsafe place now that Zhang Lie had invaded with his army, which meant that everyone kept their purses closed and doors shut as they tried to figure out how to navigate the insecure future ahead.

And if they were struggling themselves, who among them would be willing to donate to beggars?

Duan Gen had spent a whole day begging to receive just a few paltry copper coins.

He grabbed onto the hem of a passersby's pants as he pleaded, "Please, sir, anything will do!"

The man kicked him away impatiently, causing the coins to topple out of his bowl. The few coins within scattered onto the streets. A few thugs rushed out of an alley and picked them all up, then ran off...

Chapter 743: The History of the Worlds

Duan Gen no longer had any eyes, but his circumstances meant that his ears had grown far more sensitive.

Upon realizing that his copper coins had been stolen, he hurriedly picked up his walking stick and hobbled into the alley where the thugs had disappeared.

Crippled though he had become, his body still possessed no small amount of physical strength.

The moment he rushed into the alley, however, he was met with yells. "Damn beggar! Who do you think you are to chase us down like this?!"

One club after another smashed into Duan Gen's face, causing him to crumple to the ground. Another thug snatched away his walking stick while the others pummeled him until he was bleeding and bruised all over.

The five thugs spat on Duan Gen's prone body, and one of them finally pulled out three copper coins. "Here, I'll even fund your medical expenses for you."

Duan Gen trembled as he arduously picked up the copper coins like a flea-bitten dog desperately scrounging for a bone.

Li Qianlin cried out, "Those thugs!"

Zhang Lie smiled. "What's the matter? Do you pity him?"

Li Qianlin sighed. "No. If not for Duan Gen's current straits, I'd have been the first to volunteer to cripple his other leg, too!"

Dong Mingxing also sighed. "I know what he's done, but seeing what's happening to him now..."

Zhang Lie shook his head. "You women are far too sympathetic to villains."

Dong Mingxing replied, "In fact, I very much doubt that that beggar is truly Duan Gen. Given how prideful he is, he shouldn't be willing to become a beggar even if the alternative was death. Just how did you manage it?"

For a prince to suddenly become a pauper, especially a prince like Duan Gen—Dong Mingxing couldn't believe it.

"I have a few tricks. You're welcome to guess at them," Zhang Lie offered.

In the alley, Duan Gen slowly got up and hobbled away.

Dong Mingxing frowned. "I suppose he really had no other choice... but would a man like him really be able to accept it?"

Li Qianlin hummed thoughtfully. "Do you mean that, now that he's a beggar, he has no choice but to remain one?"

Zhang Lie shook his head.

Dong Mingxing ventured, "What else would he do? Mourn the past?"

Li Qianlin turned to Zhang Lie. "We can't guess what you did. Will you tell us?"

Zhang Lie shook his head with a smile. "I changed my mind. Don't be too nosy."

Li Qianlin:...

Dong Mingxing:...

Li Qianlin changed the topic. "Given how he's doing, I doubt he'll be able to hold out for much longer."

Zhang Lie's smile widened. "Don't worry. I won't let him die so easily."

Killing Duan Gen would be a trivial affair for Zhang Lie, but that would be far too kind for someone like Duan Gen.

Zhang Lie had to exact his revenge through slow, deliberate torture.

Zhang Lie continued, "When he's about to starve to death, someone will bring him porridge. When he's about to freeze, someone will generously donate him a blanket. Don't worry—he won't die."

Li Qianlin's eyes narrowed. "Were you responsible for those thugs just now, too?"

Zhang Lie smiled faintly. "Am I so vulgar? That was clearly a random occurrence."

Zhang Lie denied the claim, but neither Li Qianlin nor Dong Mingxing believed him. They even began to pull their chairs farther away.

They swore to themselves never to rouse Zhang Lie's ire in the future, or they might very well be subject to his cruel vengeance.

The two women had been curious about what would happen to Duan Gen, only to realize that the rest of his life would be lived out in abstract misery. Despite what he had done, the two women were starting to pity him...

Zhang Lie changed the topic. "Right, has your father told you what he plans to do with the west?"

Li Qianlin countered, "Do you know how a large world forms?"

"From the original three thousand that this realm possessed?"

"No, not quite. There were three thousand worlds in all in this realm—all of which you would consider small worlds. There were no medium-sized or large worlds around."

Zhang Lie's eyes widened. He understood, now—"As the worlds warred with each other, the victor absorbed the loser, and some worlds grew larger by accretion!"

Li Qianlin nodded. "Exactly so. My father even had his own hypothesis regarding the formation of the realm. He believed that the third realm originally consisted only of one large world, which then split into three thousand due to some unknown event."

Zhang Lie found this explanation surprisingly plausible. The first and second realms had been composed of a singular large world, so the three thousand worlds of the third realm did seem rather unusual.

Dong Mingxing ahhed in understanding. "In that case, your father's trying to merge the worlds of east and west to form an even larger world? And that might only be his first step."

Li Qianlin rolled her eyes. "He does want to form a larger world, yes, but your insinuation about realm domination is completely unfounded.

The position of king of the realm is a cage. The only way someone would be able to combine all the worlds into one is if they weren't a king of the realm but was nevertheless able to kill all the kings of the realm..."

Li Qianlin and Dong Mingxing both turned to Zhang Lie as one. Well, here was one such person.

Zhang Lie leaned in. "Oh? How do you combine multiple worlds together?"

Li Qianlin replied, "You simply have to merge two proofs of kingship together with your genetic energy."

"Let's try that if we get the opportunity, then. Alright, you've both had a chance to see how this bastard ended up. It's time for us to depart now, I think."

There was no reason for the three of them to remain in the world any longer.

Just as they exited the teahouse, however, they found Ren Kunjing rushing over.

Zhang Lie leapt over to Ren Kunjing's side, whereupon Ren Kunjing called out in a panic, "Zhang Lie! I've finally found you!"

Zhang Lie frowned. "What's wrong?"

"Something's happened to the humans!"

Zhang Lie's brows rose, and a wave of power gusted out from him. Like a hurricane, that wave of power swamped the entire street, sending the passersby flying away. "Any who dare to attack the humans shall perish!"

So immense was the pressure surrounding Zhang Lie that the nearby houses began to creak and groan, and Ren Kunjing, who was standing right beside him, was almost forced to the ground. He wheezed, "Zhang Lie, I can't speak properly!"

Zhang Lie hurriedly reined in his energy.

Ren Kunjing continued, "This is information I received from the Milky Way. Apparently, the world on which the human settlements are located is currently under attack."

Zhang Lie was unable to return to Earth, but the other aliens under his control were able to do so themselves and return with corresponding information.

"Ever since the humans figured out where you were located, they've been trying to send out delegations to reach you, but the human world isn't on good terms with its neighbors. The humans wanted to make use of a wormhole connected to a neighboring world, but they ended up clashing with the race located there!"

#### Chapter 744: The Empty-Headed Mengtai

Zhang Lie's face turned cold. "We'll set out for the human world immediately. Those who oppose the humans will learn a lesson—that I'm the champion of mankind!"

Zhang Lie and the Jinghun set off with a group of genetic lifeforms in tow, not expecting that the aliens of the Milky Way were right there waiting for them. It looked as though they had all decided to follow Zhang Lie's lead.

The humans of the third realm were active on a medium-sized world. Because they weren't indigenous to the realm, they weren't eligible to become kings of the realm.

Instead, their world was led by indigenous draconians, who were on very good terms with the humans. They helped out and watched over each other, considering the large number of relatively strong enemies nearby.

The draconians and humans existed on equal footing.

The humans required the draconians to maintain control over the world, whereas the draconians, low in population, required the manpower of the humans. The two species coexisted in harmony.

Not only had Zhang Lie met these draconians before, he even had quite a few friends among them. The draconians looked much like humans, though they had the pupils and horns of a dragon. In combat, they were able to effect a draconic transformation.

The completeness of this transformation determined a draconian's strength; the closer to a pure dragon they could become, the stronger they were. Cultivation for draconians involved trying to activate the latent potential in their blood and bloodline.

Draconians tended to be hot-tempered, forthright, and blunt, but they respected those with intelligence.

The most unusual draconian was their current clan head, the wise sage Liszt. He was a deeply intelligent draconian, one who would have quickly become the king of the realm of a large world if not for his lack of ambition.

Was there a correlation between those of high intelligence and an aversion to material things like money and power? Liszt wasn't interested in power; it was sufficient for him to see the draconians survive through the ages.

Instead, he preferred to cultivate heroes, heroes of legendary deeds and triumphs. Many of the strongest fourth-realm human hunters had been personally trained by him. According to the sage, he had been waiting for a hero of legend, a once-in-a-lifetime talent, whom the entire realm would revere and laud. This hero would unite the three thousand worlds of the realm and be recorded forevermore in the annals of history.

Zhang Lie shook his head at this notion—a hero of such caliber was the stuff of an overactive imagination. He asked, "Just what race dared to provoke the humans?"

He was a human himself, and had spent quite some time in the third realm. He had quite a good idea of what races were most hostile to humans here—essentially all the races that populated the nearby worlds. The humans were alone in a sea of enemies, and there were so many of them that he didn't know who the aggressor was.

"The Mengtai," Ren Kunjing reported.

Zhang Lie thought for a moment. "You mean those giants the size of mountains, the big-headed and brainless ones? To be honest, I'm surprised they haven't gone extinct given the average intelligence of their kind."

Ren Kunjing was a little taken aback. "You seem to be very familiar with this race, Zhang Lie."

Although Zhang Lie had been in the third realm for almost half a year, he had never set foot in human territory.

There were three thousand worlds and three thousand races in the third realm. Even a warlord like Ren Kunjing, who had been in the third realm for who knew how many years, couldn't guarantee that he knew even half the races around.

Zhang Lie rolled his eyes. "Of course I had to ascertain how the humans were doing in the third realm before ascending from the second. I simply didn't expect that my preparation would be in vain, given the unusual circumstances of my arrival."

Ren Kunjing nodded; Zhang Lie's explanation made sense.

Fortunately, in the three worlds they had to hop between, there were aliens from the Milky Way familiar with where the wormholes were located on each world.

Otherwise, if Zhang Lie were working alone, it would have taken him far longer to find the required wormholes to advance through his journey—the two-week journey might have stretched out to a whole month, or even four.

The next world, the last one before arriving at the human world, would be the most difficult to pass through: it was the Mengtai homeworld.

The aliens of the Milky Way asked for Zhang Lie's instructions on how to proceed.

Zhang Lie's eyes glittered with malice. "We'll attack them directly, of course. Invade the largest Mengtai settlement and kill their king of the realm. We'll let them know the power of humans, of the enemy they've chosen to make!"

The Mengtai were a nomadic race, and they didn't have a capital. However, the nomads primarily wandered around a central region where the king of the Mengtai was situated.

Zhang Lie and a number of the aliens of the Milky way knew where that region was, and they quickly set out to find it. Along the way, they encountered quite a few Mengtai.

The Mengtai were as large and strong as bears, but their appearance and aura were even more fierce. They had long claws and gigantic mouths with sharp canines that revulsed the eye.

Zhang Lie and his followers quickly made their way to the central region where the Mengtai were located.

The Mengtai immediately grew wary upon seeing a large group of foreigners in their territory, and a band of Mengtai blocked the aliens' way. "Who are you?"

Ren Kunjing turned to Zhang Lie. "What should we do?"

"Let's knock. It's only common courtesy."

The Mengtai frowned. Who was this idiot? There weren't any doors around!

Li Qianlin blinked. "Weren't we here to cause trouble?"

The Mengtai were growing increasingly annoyed at being treated as though they weren't there.

"Answer us! Who are you, and why have you come here?"

Nevertheless, Zhang Lie continued ignoring him as he leisurely answered Li Qianlin's question.

"We're here to cause trouble, yes, but we're individuals of high moral standing. We'll remain polite and courteous."

The Mengtai warriors, incensed at being ignored, exploded with fury. Their eyes turned bloodshot, and they prepared to attack Zhang Lie and his delegation outright.

However, before the Mengtai could strike, a blur of red light whizzed past the Mengtai warrior, who was neatly cut into multiple pieces.

"Brother!"

The other Mengtai gaped at the sight. They whirled their heads as they searched for the red blur, which slowly resolved into the shape of a dark red mantis hovering in the air.

Compared to the Mengtai, it was far smaller—perhaps only the size of their heads, but its scythes were almost twice as long as its body. They were charged with killing intent and shone with a cold gleam.

Despite its small size, it radiated a frightening aura, one that immediately made the Mengtai grow wary. Just looking at the mantis made them feel as though their lives were in danger; their hearts beat like drums, as though pounding on their ribcages in an attempt to get them to leave.

"What's this?" The Mengtai decided to run away to warn their clan head, but by the time they saw the mantis for themselves, it was already too late...

#### Chapter 745: A Polite Greeting

As the red light flared again, the Mengtai warriors fell to the ground, their heads separated from their bodies.

Zhang Lie stepped forward and clenched his fists tightly. "Now, let me politely introduce myself to the Mengtai clan!"

A gigantic pale-blue fish materialized from Zhang Lie's back and soared toward the clouds as though it was leaping out of water. It hovered above Zhang Lie's head. It was so large that it was almost like a whale in size, and it seemed as though it could swallow up the sun and moon.

Genetic energy condensed over Zhang Lie's body, and howling winds began to rage over the plain. It struck where the Mengtai were located, sending countless tents flying into the air.

Zhang Lie's technique possessed such strength that it made the very air warp.

The Mengtai all came out of their tents to inspect what had caused the disturbance, and they were frightened stiff by the giant pale-blue fish they found floating through the air.

A titanic figure appeared from the midst of the Mengtai, roaring as loud as a cannon.

"[Fists of the Silent Sea: Soar]!" Zhang Lie met the roar with a punch. Ripples of energy spread out from Zhang Lie, warping the space around him. The fish above his head transformed into thousands of far smaller fishes, melding with the force of Zhang Lie's punch as it launched toward the titan.

The titan tried to shield the area against the onslaught of the tsunami-like wave of force, but to no avail. All he could block was a small portion of the attack. The humongous wave swept through the clearing and the people he was trying to protect.

The wave crushed whatever resistance it met; it swallowed up the young and old, males and females alike. The water turned blood-colored. Bones and canvas were carried along the waves as Zhang Lie's attack finally dissipated.

The shocking scale of the attack shocked all the onlookers, especially Li Qianlin and Dong Mingxing. They had both witnessed how strong Zhang Lie was—he had slain the king of the west in front of them, after all.

Li Qianlin turned to her companion and muttered hesitantly, "He seems to have grown even stronger..."

Zhang Lie's attacks were even larger and stronger in scale than when he faced the king of the west. Just how had Zhang Lie grown so much stronger in so short a period? Neither Li Qianlin nor Dong Mingxing had any sense of just how strong the man in front of them was.

What sort of 'polite greeting' was this? Zhang Lie was just battering them all down with force! Just what grudge did he bear against them?

The aliens of the Milky Way understood Zhang Lie's sudden increase in strength very well: after all, he had just obtained twenty disaster gene fragments, and it was only natural that his strength would increase in leaps and bounds.

After the tsunami passed, all that was left before them was a mess of ruins. The entire Mengtai campsite, about as large as a medium-sized city, had been destroyed.

The tents that had once dotted the region had all been yanked out from the ground and turned into nothing more than tattered scrap. Even a layer of grass and topsoil had been pulled into the air.

The only lifeform that remained standing was a mix of a lion and a bear. He looked somewhat like the other Mengtai, but yet somehow different. His body was as large as a mountain. A bull's horns grew out of his head, and a pair of wings sprouted from his back like a cape.

This was the clan head of the Mengtai, the king of the realm of this world—Beiqi.

Beiqi was battered and bruised all over. There were wounds all over his body, and much of his fur had been scraped or tugged away. Bone was visible on his claws and one leg, a result of his disastrous attempt to block Zhang Lie's attack.

Not only did he fail, he even became gravely injured as a result.

As he watched the tribe he had raised from the ground up perish in a freak tsunami, Beiqi's body shook. He howled into the air, crying out, "Just what have I done to provoke such a response?!"

The aliens of the Milky Way glanced at each other with a smile. How pitiful were those who lived without living, who died without understanding why they died! This king's tribe had perished, and he didn't even know why.

Zhang Lie replied, "If someone's targeting my race, surely it makes sense for me to target theirs back."

Beiqi's eyes widened. "You're a human?"

As far as he knew, humans were a weak race, without any notable strength to their name. The Mengtai and the humans had been feuding with each other for a very long time. If not for the draconians, Beiqi expected that the Mengtai would have been rid of the humans multiple times over by now.

Of course, it wasn't as though the humans were simply parasites. Without the humans around, the Mengtai would have been able to wipe out the draconians, instead. The humans and draconians were mutually dependent on each other: the humans didn't boast any particularly strong fighters, while the draconians were at a numerical disadvantage, and could easily be overwhelmed by sheer numbers alone.

As far as Beiqi could recall, there were no strong humans around. Who was this strange human who had decimated his tribe in one fell swoop?

Warlord Xing Ying volunteered, "Zhang Lie, how about letting me handle this fellow?"

The starbeast Xing Ying had identified this as a good opportunity to demonstrate his skills in front of Zhang Lie. The warlords of the other three prime races all glared at him, envious and regretful that they hadn't seized this opportunity for themselves.

Beiqi was even more surprised, then. This large group of aliens was being led by a human? How could this be? Humans were weak and pitiful!

Beiqi could hardly believe his eyes. The alien who had just spoken was like the human's lapdog—and the other aliens around were making regretful expressions, as though they too wanted to be lapdogs themselves!

When had humans gained the qualification to lead such a large, diverse group of aliens? How could this be?

Zhang Lie shrugged. "As you will. If you want to have some fun, so be it. Just be careful."

Xing Ying whistled. Stellar energy surrounded him, morphing into feathers that covered his entire body. His wings outstretched, Xing Ying transformed into a gigantic starbeast who seemed as though he could devour the stars in the sky.

Stellar light shone from his golden feathers. His aura flared as he demonstrated his full strength.

After transforming into a starbeast, Xing Ying was no smaller than Beiqi himself.

The two gigantic beasts began to fight tooth and claw. Xing Ying's claws rent the sky, and his feathers shot toward Beiqi like meteor showers. Beiqi and Xing Ying clashed against each other over and over again, crushing mountains in the wake of their attacks.

Despite the forcefulness of their clash, neither party was able to emerge completely victorious.

#### Chapter 746: Assault on Mankind

The aliens of the Milky Way, watching the two beasts brawling, began to shout and cheer in excitement.

Zhang Lie watched the fight as a spectator. At the beginning, he found it quite entertaining—it had been a long time since he had watched other people fight, rather than fight himself. The fact that the two combatants were both giant beasts also lent the fight some novelty, but the more he watched, the more boring it all seemed to become.

Zhang Lie's face was expressionless as he observed the proceedings.

The fight was hardly exciting at all; to his eyes, the combatants were brawling inelegantly like two giant babies. Their techniques were childish and unusual, and even watching two babies fight might have been more entertaining.

Zhang Lie felt this way because he was simply too strong, far stronger than the two combatants. As a result, he found the match rather insipid and dull, even though everyone else was having a good time.

By then, the two gigantic beasts had begun tearing at and into each other. Their fight was brutal and barbaric, as though they really were two wild beasts rather than intelligent lifeforms in their own right.

The aliens of the Milky Way whooped.

Xing Ying had transformed into his starbeast form, a golden eagle. Although all his stats had increased greatly, even he couldn't escape from the grasp of Beiqi, who was as large as a mountain and had the strength of one to boot. It was almost impossible for Xing Ying to escape his grasp.

Seeing that Beiqi was about to rip off Xing Ying's wings, Zhang Lie sent his two disaster-grade lifeforms into the fray.

Red Comet transformed into a beam of red light that shot toward Beiqi, instantly bloodying him all over. The other lifeform was the massive radiant-scaled beast that had originally belonged to the king of the west. It pounced forward and opened its maw wide, preparing to bite down on Beiqi's flesh.

Beiqi sent it flying away with a bat of his claw.

The fight between two gigantic beasts was now between four, and it was even three against one.

The three beasts instantly took the upper hand and forced Beiqi onto the defensive. Realizing that he would be unable to beat the three beasts together, Beiqi immediately tried to run—but Zhang Lie certainly wouldn't let him leave quite so easily. He finally struck.

A fish composed of genetic energy materialized behind Zhang Lie. He pointed a finger at Beiqi, launching a wave of sword energy at him. The fish surged forward like a shark, riding the wave expertly and clamping down on Beiqi's neck as Beiqi struggled futilely.

The energy flooded Beiqi, sending him crashing down to the ground as the aliens of the Milky Way cheered.

Blood-red rain poured from the skies, and Zhang Lie extended his palm to catch a drop in his hand. "It's the third time I've encountered this phenomenon."

The aliens of the Milky Way, along with Li Qianlin and Dong Mingxing, gasped. Some would be hard-pressed to witness such a phenomenon once in their lives, and Zhang Lie had done so thrice?

The aliens of the Milky Way were particularly shocked, because they knew that Zhang Lie had only been in the realm for less than a year. Was Zhang Lie cursed? Witnessing such an unlucky phenomenon three times in short succession couldn't have been mere chance.

Meanwhile, the humans were blaring warning sirens and sending reports wherever they could. Everyone in the human settlement had been dragged into the conflict, a legendary war at the border of the draconian world and the Mengtai one.

The two worlds were very close together, and the wormhole connecting them was very short—so short that you could almost see one world from the other.

In order to prevent enemy invasion, the draconians had built a great wall by the exit of the wormhole on their end, one over a thousand meters tall and thirty meters thick, difficult to climb and surmount. It was made of a special type of reinforced stone that granted it particular hardness and resilience.

It had withstood all manner of weather, all number of battles, without falling.

Both worlds had committed hundreds of thousands of force to the battlefield; the Mengtai had dispatched almost all their warriors over.

However, the humans and draconians couldn't afford to do so. They were being attacked by multiple forces at the same time, so they had no choice but to split their fighters and protect all the wormhole exits they could.

The Mengtai had instigated this attack, but upon seeing that the draconian world was about to be taken down, the other races nearby likewise attacked the world as one, hoping to gain some of the spoils from the assault.

The two warlords of mankind had been seriously wounded, and the sage of the draconians had personally taken to the battlefield. Even so, they weren't able to hold back the enemies' advance.

Dragons soared through the air, spraying their fiery breaths onto the battlefield, but some doughty Mengtai warriors leapt up high and began tearing at their wings.

More and more aliens of all sorts appeared: giant birds burning with black flame, monsters with green skin, trees with pitch-black bark...

Mankind fought, and fought, and fought some more.

The invaders didn't expect just how stubborn and persistent the humans and draconians would be. Despite being bombarded by attacks on all fronts, they were somehow resilient enough to fend them all off.

The humans didn't seem as though they would give up without a fight.

In the past, the aliens would have retreated by now; no one was interested in fighting to the death against such crazed fools. However, this was a rare opportunity to defeat these pesky foes once and for all.

Basically all the enemies that the humans and draconians had from the nearby worlds were gathered together for this one battle. Who knew when such an opportunity would come again? Furthermore, if they were to retreat, the humans would surely take revenge on them once they recovered from this beating.

With victory right before their eyes, the aliens certainly weren't willing to give up.

Atop the wall, a gigantic gray dragon gripped onto the stone tiles with its claws as its tail swept aside all foes who dared to draw near. Its eyes were like sapphire gems, as deep as the sea, with intelligence and wisdom beyond measure. A long beard grew from its chin. Quite a few of its scales had been torn off in the heated battle, and blood covered its body. One of its wings was bent unnaturally and stained with blood.

A catapult tossed a gigantic fireball toward the wall, striking it like a meteor and exploding upon impact. The gray dragon deftly struck down as many fireballs as it could from the air, but there were so many of them that it couldn't defend against them all. As the fireballs struck the gray dragon's body, it howled in pain before falling from the wall with a great thud.

The aliens swarmed the fallen dragon, as though intending to devour it alive.

The draconians and humans fought on to the best of their ability, but they were so outnumbered that they were only being pushed farther and farther back.

As the gray dragon fell, the aliens all whooped and cheered, while the humans' and dragons' morale dropped to a nadir...

Chapter 747: Isolated

The strongest warrior of the Mengtai stepped forward. He was almost as large and tall as the Mengtai chieftain. His stature was such that even his allies feared him.

In truth, the Mengtai champion and the Mengtai chieftain were related. The warrior was the younger brother of the chieftain; they shared the same father, but were birthed to different mothers.

The Mengtai champion was as strong as the Mengtai chieftain—yes, even though the chieftain was the king of the realm. Just like a mid-rank warlord, the Mengtai champion boasted power on par with that of a king without being one himself.

Right then and there, he was mocking the gray dragon that had just fallen from the walls.

"So you can be subject to this sort of indignity too, draconian sage!" The Mengtai champion shook his head. "With your strength, I expected we would be able to have a good fight—but your kin dragged you down with them."

The sage had expended all his effort trying to protect the wall as well as the humans and draconians on it, and it was difficult for him to exert his full strength. He had no choice but to remain on the wall, a sitting duck, as he shielded it from all attacks.

The Mengtai champion sighed. "Near the boundary of the world, your authority as king of the realm is greatly diminished. You're basically asking to die."

The gray dragon shook himself as he rose erect, then roared at the Mengtai warrior.

The Mengtai champion shook his head. "Human or draconian, you won't save either today."

The draconian sage finally spoke up. "I am the king of this realm, I and no other! If the world dies, I die with it; if the world lives, I live with it!"

He stood anew, invigorating the gathered human and draconian troops. The draconian sage was the pillar that held up this world and all the lifeforms on it.

The Mengtai champion sighed again. In a pitying tone, he replied, "You, the strongest of the draconians, shouldn't die in such a pointless manner. Why not join us instead?"

The draconian sage replied with his actions, not with words. It swiped its claws toward the Mengtai warrior. As exhausted and weary as it was, however, the Mengtai warrior easily parried his blows, sending him flying. The gray dragon crashed into the side of the wall, causing the ground to quake and the wall to shake.

The wall, which had been riddled with holes from the shrapnel and projectiles fired during the invasion, finally gave out. With a huge crash, the wall that had formed an indelible part of this world's history, that had survived more battles than anyone present, finally collapsed.

The crash was so loud that it shook the entire battlefield. The humans' and draconians' morale, so recently relit, was extinguished with the destruction of the wall.

Frightening claw marks scored the draconian sage's belly. Blood leaked from the wounds, which were so deep that his internal organs almost seemed to be visible.

A rain of blood fell from the skies. The humans and draconians looked up at the bloody light that radiated from the high heavens, and pained cries echoed throughout the battlefield.

The will of the world itself was crying out in agony; the rain of blood was its tears. It was clear what had happened: the king of the realm had just perished.

The Mengtai champion began to laugh. "Hahaha, the king of your world is dead! This world's done for!"

The humans and draconians, their hands trembling, looked down at the destroyed wall and the dead king. What power would defend this world against the invaders' onslaught?

The Mengtai champion's eyes gleamed with cold light. "And the root cause of all this is you humans."

The reason the Mengtai and the other aliens had suddenly invaded this world, breaking the unstable equilibrium that maintained everything in a fragile balance, was the humans. They saw the humans grow noticeably stronger in a frighteningly short period of time, causing them all to feel a sense of peril.

One could argue that this effect had originated from Zhang Lie, or rather, from the limit fragments that he had disseminated.

When humans began adopting these limit fragments in earnest, the humans of the third realm quickly grew stronger.

Potion #1 and Potion #2 had likewise become widely available after Zhang Lie unveiled their recipe. When these third-realm hunters consumed those potions, their combat strength increased by a shocking two or three times.

In the past, humans had been unable to compete with the Mengtai. One Mengtai would be able to kill two or three humans in a battle, and only a few elites were able to fight on equal footing.

However, as limit fragments spread more and more widely, humanity as a whole grew far stronger. By now, an ordinary third-realm hunter could take down two or three Mengtai with ease.

As humanity grew stronger and stronger, the stable conditions of the kingdom of Limit in the second realm meant that the hunters ascending to the third were in far better shape than before.

The butterfly effect that Zhang Lie had caused, the initial unveiling of limit fragments, was growing into a storm that would swallow up the entirety of the dimensional world. Its ramifications were already obvious in the third realm.

In just a single year, the number of human hunters in the draconian world had grown by a third, and their overall strength by three or four times. It was obvious just how much stronger the humans would become if left unchecked.

Not only that, after Hong Tianqi remade the united world federation, humans were also considered much more highly within the Milky Way itself. The confidence and pride that the newer generation of human hunters now possessed was the source of a massive blooming of talent.

For those who knew what to look for, the signs of the humans' future development was obvious.

Quite a few alien races in worlds neighboring the draconian world could sense the burgeoning human threat. They were certain that, at this rate, the humans would end up swallowing all the worlds around within the year.

The draconian world wasn't on good terms with many of the worlds around, and even those that were allied with the draconians didn't particularly want to see humanity rise up.

After all, among the manifold worlds, any alliance could be broken with sufficient incentive.

That was why so many aliens had gathered to attack the draconian world.

The circumstances of this conflict were particularly devastating to the humans. The draconian world was surrounded by a large number of now-hostile worlds, which would bar any reinforcements from being transported over.

None of the neighboring worlds would permit any reinforcements for the forces they were trying to destroy, after all. In just mere moments, the humans became isolated from the rest of the world.

This was a product of the humans' new age; their ancestors had hardly faced this problem. Before Zhang Lie appeared out of nowhere, humanity was a far weaker race, and they had to protect themselves from the other races of the Milky Way by taking advantage of the alien worlds all around them.

What they feared most of all weren't genetic lifeforms or these races indigenous to the dimensional world, but rather the aliens of the Milky Way who were in direct competition for soulshards and genetic lifeforms.

They never expected that the humans would ever become the dominant race of the Milky Way, so strong that even the four prime races were all but subordinate to them...

#### Chapter 748: A Morale-Crushing Blow

The rapid growth of humanity caused the alien races in the nearby worlds to be on high alert. Eventually, the races decided to launch a pre-emptive strike and kill the threat in the cradle.

However, these races didn't expect that the humans would have grown so strong as to be able to repel their combined assault. Even the Mengtai had lost quite a few fighters, but the Mengtai champion wasn't upset at all—instead, he was relieved.

It took the combined forces of all the aliens in neighboring worlds to suppress the humans and draconians.

If the humans had had a little more time, they might even have won the conflict and destroyed all the nearby races instead.

Although the king of the realm had the authority to seal off the wormholes leading from one world to the others, that authority wasn't completely impenetrable. A warlord-class alien would be able to do so at great expense: not only would it require immense strength, breaking such a seal would unleash an immense spatial rift, one that would immediately wreak havoc on the wormhole itself. Only under exceptional circumstances would it be sensible to take such risks.

The invading aliens had snuck into the draconian world before launching a sneak attack on the humans and draconians.

Meanwhile, the Mengtai champion had personally broken through the seal between his world and the draconian world. Because of how close the two worlds were, the spatial rift didn't persist for long.

The Mengtai champion shouted, "Draconians, heed my words! There's no need for you to die just because of the humans in your midst. You're all indigenous to this realm, unlike those human invaders! We only intend on killing the humans. We'll let you go if you kill one of your comrades around."

The Mengtai beside him all began to heckle at the draconians. "Right, right, we'll let you go as long as you do as our champion says!"

"None of us will attack you if you have a human head."

"Go on, kill the humans around you! We Mengtai will happily accept you as our slaves!"

The humans glanced warily at the draconians all around them. Although they had been close allies, so close they trusted each other with their backs, who knew whether the draconians would be tempted by this offer immediately after their king had perished and their wall had fallen?

One of the humans called out, "Ignore their words! They're despicable trash who want to turn us against each other!"

One of the draconians stood forward. "I'm an indigenous member of this world. I have a family, brothers, parents—I really don't want to die here. My wife just gave birth to a son, and they're waiting for me to go home."

The humans' faces fell. It was only natural: no one wanted to die a pointless death. It would be foolish to refuse the Mengtai's offer; the draconian fighters couldn't live just for themselves, but also for their families and relatives. It was a regretful act of betrayal, but the humans understood their decision.

The Mengtai champion smiled. He would allow the draconians and humans to clash against each other and whittle each other down, reducing the casualties that his side would have to take. More importantly, he and his warriors would be treated to a good show.

Once the draconians got rid of the humans, they would kill the draconians to the last, leaving not a single one behind.

Now that they were enemies of the draconians in truth, they had to eradicate them all. Otherwise, there was always the possibility that the draconians would one day grow strong enough to contend against them.

However, the draconians' subsequent actions were completely antithetical to the Mengtai champion's plan.

The draconian who had just spoken sucked in a deep breath and continued, "But if I betray my ally, my family and relatives would surely look down on me. Even if I do survive, shame will forever be my cloak and shroud, and my conscience would burn in hell."

The draconian shouted in a rally, "Betrayal or death—I choose betrayal! If you want to kill the humans, you'll have to kill us all! You Mengtai trash—you're the ones fit to be our slaves, not the other way around! Come at us if you dare: I'll see how many of you I can drag down with me!"

The draconians' fighting spirit burned.

Somehow, they hadn't been overtaken by despair. Their morale soared. Indeed, if their choices were betrayal or death, who among them would choose betrayal? And if they were about to die, then there was nothing to fear.

The humans cheered.

Zhang Lie very much liked the draconians because of their backbone.

The Mengtai champion didn't want to face such a group of draconians, and neither did his kin. "Your king is dead! What strength could you hope to bring to bear against us?" one of the Mengtai warriors shouted back, hoping to dissuade the draconians with words alone.

However, the draconians retorted, "If our king died here, it would be honorable to accompany him in death!"

"We live together, and we die together!"

"None of us draconians would be afraid of death!"

The human fighters were likewise emboldened by the draconians' resolve. "Brothers, we humans will fight with you to the last!"

"We humans will fight with you to the last!" the other human hunters chorused.

The Mengtai champion frowned.

Rather than turn on each other, the humans and draconians seemed to have derived some ridiculous camaraderie from his words.

"And if you die, what of your children? What of your parents and families? Have you ever considered who lies beyond the walls you guard? You might want to die with your friends, but can you afford to forsake your families? When you all perish, we'll trample on your kin, we'll rape your wives and daughters! Draconian blood shall stain the land, now and forevermore!"

"The humans, on the other hand, aren't even from this world. Only these human hunters will suffer; their families will be completely safe, realms apart from you and us."

The draconians' eyes all turned red with anger as the Mengtai champion continued to threaten them. "Think of your family. Even if we don't strike, our allies very well might."

Some of the Mengtai began to shout, "Even if none of you attack the humans, your families will all become our slaves, never to rise beyond their station!"

The draconians did start to hesitate now. They weren't afraid of death, but what of their families?

Seeing that the threat had been effective, the Mengtai champion continued, "From the moment your king died, draconians, you've lost this fight! There's no chance you and the humans can win! There are only two options in front of you: kill the humans beside you and live, or perish with your families."

One of the Mengtai echoed, "Go on! Choose: your comrades-in-arms, or your family? I would surely choose my own family—blood is thicker than water! If you kill those around you, you and your family will live!"

#### Chapter 749: Sudden Reversal

All the Mengtai fighters began to smile maliciously. They had never harbored any intention of letting go of the draconians. They simply didn't want to dirty their hands further—to watch a good show as the draconians turned on the humans.

To the Mengtai, the draconians had no choice but to comply. Their king had perished, and they had lost any chance at agency. With their strongest fighter dead, what was there to fear about the draconians?

The Mengtai champion simply wanted to watch the draconians and humans turn on each other—and to save his warriors a few deaths.

Upon sensing that the draconians were faltering, the Mengtai champion continued, "With the death of your king, your resistance is futile. Why sentence yourselves and your families to death? Live on!"

As the draconians fell into a moral conundrum, a voice interrupted, "I don't think I'm quite dead yet!"

The voice was so familiar that everyone was taken aback. They turned to the speaker—the draconian sage, who was slowly getting up as he clutched his chest. Because of his serious injuries, he was unable to maintain his draconic form. His body slowly shrunk until he became a white-robed elder.

Upon seeing that the sage was still alive, the draconians and humans let out relieved expressions. They had been saved from making a terrible choice, a terrible mistake!

The Mengtai fighters' eyes widened. They shouted, horrified, "The draconian sage isn't dead!"

The Mengtai champion's face turned dark. "Sage, how have you resurrected?"

The sage coughed violently. A few drops of blood spattered his lips. "I never died."

The sage had only gone unconscious because of the severity of his wounds—and he had just woken up from his daze.

The draconians hurriedly rushed toward the sage to help him tend to his injuries.

The Mengtai warriors frowned. If the sage was alive and well, just which king of the realm had died? The will of the world had indeed grieved for one such king just now...

The Mengtai champion's eyes suddenly widened. He thought of one possibility, but it was so ludicrous that he refused to entertain that thought. "Impossible, absolutely impossible!"

Some of the humans were looking up at the sky. Red though it might be, the skies grew progressively clearer as they extended into the territory of the humans and draconians—but red filled the entirety of the Mengtai skies. The humans understood what had to have happened. "If it's not our king that died..."

The draconian sage quickly understood what was going on as well. He sighed. "The world has to be mourning for a reason. If I'm still alive, then another king of the realm has to have perished. Your world is the closest—I recommend checking up on your king."

The Mengtai warriors glanced at each other, not comprehending what the sage was talking about—or, more accurately, choosing not to comprehend it.

How could they accept such an unbelievable truth?

The Mengtai champion's eyes turned blood-red. "You... you killed my elder brother?!"

Everything had been going according to plan—until now. The king of the Mengtai had fallen!

One of the Mengtai warriors asked, his voice quavering, "Behemoth, what are they talking about?"

Behemoth was the name of the Mengtai champion. The humans found it rather funny how different the names of the two Mengtai brothers were. Whereas the Mengtai chieftain had the name of a pig

[1], the Mengtai champion was named for a mythological beast. It was apparent who the favored child was.

The Mengtai warriors stubbornly refused to consider the truth.

"Champion, what do the draconians mean? It's clear that the draconian sage was the one who died—but now it's suddenly our chieftain that perished?"

"Right, how could that be the case?"

"Behemoth, you have to teach them a lesson!"

The humans laughed as they mocked the Mengtai. "What, you still don't understand? While you were all here attacking us, your chieftain was killed!"

Behemoth's eyes turned blood-red. "It had to be you, all of you! You were only pretending to fight seriously—but in truth, you sent an assassin to take down my elder brother while we were all distracted! Draconian sage, this has to be your doing!"

The sage sighed. "Unfortunately, though I would have dearly wanted to do that, we humans and draconians are spent just from repelling all your invasion attempts. It's not us, but someone else. At this point, does it really matter who? You'd better head back to your settlement and see what's going on!"

The draconian sage hoped that Behemoth would retreat with the Mengtai. Only then would the humans and draconians gain some breathing room to repair the damage that had been wrought on their world, to deal with the aliens invading from all other fronts.

Realizing what the draconian sage was trying to do, the humans began to mock and taunt the Mengtai. "Don't you understand? You were betrayed by your allies! You allowed them to pass through your homeworld, but do you think those aliens are really your allies? No! You might want to get rid of us humans and draconians, but those aliens would be perfectly fine getting rid of you guys instead!"

The Heifeng, whose members were gigantic birds burning with black flame, immediately called out, "Ridiculous! Nonsense!"

The humans were using the Mengtai's own tactics against them. The Mengtai had been trying their best to convince the humans and draconians to betray each other; now, it was time for the humans and draconians to sway the Mengtai instead.

The humans continued, "You allowed the other aliens to pass through your lands, and they took that opportunity to kill your king! Otherwise, how do you explain your king's sudden death? What other cause could there be for his death except for a sneak attack from these other races?"

The more the humans talked, the darker Behemoth's face became. The Mengtai all began glancing at their allies furtively, with distrust and simmering rage.

The Mengtai and their allies had far weaker a bond than the humans and draconians, and the death of the Mengtai chieftain was a crippling blow. The Mengtai were therefore easily roused to arms by the humans' words.

The Mengtai fighters' eyes had all turned red, and the other alien fighters immediately got into defensive stances.

The humans and draconians smiled gleefully: their plan was working!

Behemoth roared in outrage, "Enough! If I don't bring your heads back with me, there's no way I can face my dead brother and my kin!"

The Mengtai warriors all howled, recovering from their rage and temporary lapse of judgment. They turned to target the humans and draconians, who understood that Behemoth had made up his mind to kill them.

The Mengtai's proof of kingship was kept in a secure location that would be difficult to find. Furthermore, even if it were to be stolen, the perpetrators would hardly make it out of the Mengtai homeworld—Behemoth would find and defeat them first.

However, with the Mengtai chieftain dead, the Mengtai's largest settlement had likely suffered serious losses. Behemoth and his warriors had to show that the Mengtai's sacrifice had been worth something.

If they were to fail to bring back even the draconian sage's head, Behemoth's reputation would instantly plummet.

Furthermore, this was the best chance to take down the humans. If the humans were to survive, they would surely take revenge on the Mengtai. Behemoth wasn't confident that he would be able to take down the humans if they were to invade.

Just as Behemoth was about to strike, however, an ear-splitting crash came from behind him. A gigantic pale-blue fish soared toward the clouds as though it was leaping out of water...

#### Chapter 750: A Massive Explosion

A fish? No, that was no mere fish—it was the size of a whale, one that could swallow up sun and moon alike!

Howling winds began to rage over the battlefield, sending everyone stumbling.

The whale that had suddenly appeared above their heads shocked all the fighters. The pressure it gave off was so immense that no one dared to breathe.

"[Fists of the Silent Sea: Soar]!" Zhang Lie punched forward with a roar. Ripples of energy spread out from Zhang Lie, warping the space around him.

The giant fish hovering in the sky crashed down toward the ground. With a gigantic quake, the Mengtai walls cracked and crumbled, unable to withstand the onslaught of waves that were thousands of meters high. All the Mengtai were stupefied.

The walls that they had erected had withstood their fair share of assaults from the humans and the draconians, and generations of warriors had shed blood on the wall.

How many enemies had the wall stopped? How much invaders' blood had the wall absorbed? For all that it represented, the wall crumbled to just one punch from Zhang Lie.

Everything happened so quickly that even Behemoth couldn't react in time. One moment, everything was fine; the next, the wall had been entirely destroyed. Rubble flew like meteors and landed on the battlefield.

Because the Mengtai and the other aliens were standing close to the Mengtai side of the battlefield, they found themselves under heavy bombardment. Quite a few warriors lost their lives to the rubble from their very own wall, and the Mengtai catapults were smashed to pieces.

The draconians and humans, who were quite far away, suffered no such injuries.

After the flood of water, the water-attuned genetic energy exploded through the air, and the aftershock caused all manner of spatial rifts to disrupt the battlefield. The Mengtai and the other aliens weren't fast enough to escape the devastation, and they were crushed to pieces.

The only survivors were those that were far from the wall to begin with.

The surge of energy shook heaven and earth, causing an even larger spatial rift to spawn from the entrance to the wormhole on the Mengtai world, wreaking further devastation.

Behemoth stared at Zhang Lie in shock. What was going on? This was far too frightening! He had never expected that there would be a human who could grow so strong as to command heaven and earth. This was no power a living creature should be able to possess—even he, the Mengtai champion, would have died to the attack if he were standing in its vicinity.

This wasn't on the level of a simple 'attack' anymore—it was 'annihilation'.

A group of people appeared where the wall had once stood. Despite the spatial rifts rampaging around them, the group of people seemed not to care. They strode forward directly, an action the aliens all thought to be suicidal. The spatial rifts ahead were so strong that they could rip even a fourth-level beast to pieces; who would try to brave its might?

The group of people walked out through the spatial rift completely unharmed, as though the spatial rift were only a gentle breeze to them. Who were these people who could brave the might of a spatial rift with nothing but their bodies?

The Mengtai warriors widened their eyes, disbelieving what they were seeing. Such ferocious spatial rifts—were these even living beings?!

Although the Mengtai couldn't claim to have the strongest physical constitution among the inhabitants of the three thousand worlds, they were surely among the strongest in that regard. Even the Mengtai didn't dare to brave these spatial rifts with their bare bodies—but these people seemed entirely immune!

Only the strongest of the Mengtai, the champion Behemoth, as well as the draconian sage understood what they were seeing. These people weren't braving the rifts with their bare bodies, but rather shielding themselves from the spatial rifts with their own strength and their own authority over space.

Their leader was the most amazing of them all. Behemoth simply couldn't comprehend what he was doing—despite walking at the very front and hence having to deal with the majority of the force of the spatial rift, he sauntered as though he were simply strolling through his backyard.

Light refracted around his body, and the force of the spatial rifts gradually grew weaker the closer they got, until they barely had the strength of a weak breeze.

Behemoth was certain that he would never be able to master spatial force and his own energy to this extent, not now, and not in a hundred years.

It was only because of the team's leader that the rest of the team was able to stride through the spatial rift safely.

As they drew closer, Behemoth was able to identify them clearly. Their party was unusual in that it wasn't composed of just one race. There were all sorts of strange races in that one group, some of whom even Behemoth hadn't seen before, along with two fifth-level beasts: a blood-red mantis and a giant covered with shining scales, with a palace on its back.

Behemoth would have a hard time against just the two fifth-level beasts together, let alone the members of the party. He didn't even dare look directly at the party's leader. Was that sort of strength, that sort of aura, really something a living being could possess?

Behemoth didn't understand how the Mengtai had roused that man's ire.

Suddenly, among the humans came excited cries. "Ah, it's Zhang Lie, the champion of mankind Zhang Lie!"

"Zhang Lie's here to save us!"

"He's here with the other aliens of the Milky Way, too!"

Indeed, the party was composed of Zhang Lie and the aliens accompanying him.

Because they would have to march through spatial rifts, Zhang Lie didn't bring too large a group with him. Only warlord-level hunters were eligible to join him, along with the two disaster-grade lifeforms.

Although Zhang Lie was able to counter much of the spatial rifts' strength with his own abilities, the members of the group still had to be individually strong in order to resist the rifts' assault on their bodies.

The cheers of the humans behind him meant that the arrival of this party would be a nightmare for the Mengtai. Clearly, the humans recognized this party, which had to have mobilized for them.

Behemoth scrutinized the party's leader even more closely. Although he looked like a human, Behemoth didn't dare think of him as one. Firstly, he could hardly believe that humans could become so strong, and secondly, if the leader of that party were truly a human, he and the other Mengtai were all dead meat.

Unfortunately, it seemed they were all about to die.

Behemoth finally understood how his brother, the Mengtai chieftain, had fallen. The man in front of him would have dealt with his brother in no time at all. Behemoth didn't dare think further about what might happen, and he had no time to do so. He had to give his last command now, before he lost the nerves to do so entirely.

"Rush over to the humans and draconians! Only by doing so can we live!"

