

## U. Warlord 981

Chapter 981: Something's Wrong

Everyone shook visibly. What a crazy plan this was...

The blood lord explained, "As commanders of superior worlds, all of you surely know that there exists another realm beneath this realm, known as the sura realm."

The commanders nodded. As those in positions of power, they were trusted by their respective superior kings and had commensurate knowledge about their realm. They were aware of the existence of the sura realm.

The blood lord continued, "I initially learned of it from a few aliens. The death spirit king, as someone who has the power to go against the other nine superior worlds combined, must likewise be aware of its existence. After analyzing the data I received from these aliens, I came to an unexpected conclusion. There are many dimensional cracks in the third realm. Through these cracks, you can pass into the second realm, the sura realm—though at a price."

Zhang Lie was also shocked. "The death spirit king isn't intending to attack the sura realm, is he?"

The sura realm was where his kingdom of Limit was located. There were large numbers of humans there, as well as disciples of the Zenith Dojo. Most importantly, there were many people that Zhang Lie knew well in the second realm.

The blood lord nodded and continued, "Once the death spirit king learned of the means by which he could descend to the sura realm, he decided to do so in order to strengthen his base of power while waiting for the superior worlds to grow lax. Even he would be hard-pressed to absorb the three thousand worlds of the third realm at the moment—instead, he can easily start by absorbing the world's energy of lower realms and grow stronger before trying to absorb the third realm again."

Zhang Lie recalled his past life. Back then, the death spirit king hadn't attacked the second realm. Had they successfully prevented his plan then? In his past life, the allied forces had suffered greatly as a result of this confrontation. Could that have been because they were trying to stop the death spirit king's frightening plan?

The blood lord added, "As far as I'm aware, the death spirits found a huge dimensional crack that connected to the second realm. The death spirit king used his own strength to forcibly widen that crack until it was large enough to accommodate a great deal of troops. His intention is to send a huge number of black spirits through the crack into the second realm."

Zhang Lie murmured thoughtfully, "As far as I know, descending from the third realm to the second will transport you to an unknown location in the second realm, and you'll have to pay a heavy price for it."

Musi Yu was the quintessential example.

"The death spirit king's forces will certainly suffer greatly as a result, and he might not be able to gain anything by taking this risk. It wasn't certain how much of the black spirits' combat strength could be preserved if they were to descend to the second realm, and it was certainly plausible for the hunters of Limit to be able to dispatch them easily."

The blood lord asked, "And if they were to bring a few of their battleships with them?"

Zhang Lie's expression grew far more serious. If these battleships were able to descend to the second realm, even if they lost partial functionality, they would be particularly troublesome to deal with.

The battleships had the potent ability to convert living beings into black spirits. Even without any combat strength being preserved, that ability alone would prove disastrous for the second realm.

Zhang Lie asked, "Surely the will of the third realm and of the sura realm will stop this incursion?"

"The will of the third realm has been dormant for millennia, and no one knows whether it'll make a move. Do you think the will of the sura realm will be any match for the death spirit king?"

If the will of the third realm were going to play an active role in the management of the realm, it would already have stopped the death spirit king from consuming the various wills of the world.

Even if the death spirit king were to send his forces into the sura realm, the will of the third realm would do nothing about it. At the very least, Zhang Lie couldn't count on external help.

Until the death spirit king were strong enough to threaten the will of the third realm itself, it wouldn't make a move—and by then, it would be too late.

The blood lord continued, "The death spirit king is intending to dispatch black spirits into the sura realm, destroy it, then transfer the resulting world's energy back into the third realm."

Nightdemon spoke up. "If that's truly the death spirit king's plan, we have to stop him at any cost. The death spirit king would be unstoppable if he were to grow any stronger."

The other commanders agreed.

The blood lord said, "I've already sent several of my kin to spy on the death spirits, and I know where the dimensional crack is located. We can stop their plan at any time."

The frost spirit commander nodded. "After an exhausting battle, our fighters are likely all weary and exhausted, and it's not ideal to fight under such circumstances. We can let them rest for the night and set off tomorrow to topple the death spirit king's plans."

The other commanders all agreed.

After Zhang Lie returned to the draconian party, Hong Xi asked, "Master, how did the discussions go?"

Zhang Lie thought for a moment. "During the battle tomorrow, Hanxiang, leave with the draconian world's forces. Don't participate."

"Why?" Zhang Hanxiang asked.

Hong Xi frowned. "Master, was there a problem during the meeting?"

Zhang Lie mirrored her frown. "There wasn't—but something feels very strange."

"What was strange about it?" Hong Xi asked.

"I can't put my finger on it, but there's something fishy going on."

Zhang Lie knew that, in his past life, the allied forces had suffered greatly during this battle, allowing the death spirits to set their plans in motion. However, he couldn't reveal this information to the two women.

He was confident that he could survive even on the worst of battlefields, but not Zhang Hanxiang.

Zhang Hanxiang's brows grew furrowed. "Brother, are you undergoing menopause?"

"What?!"

"You're losing sleep, you're feeling bothered, and you're becoming suspicious of everything!" Zhang Hanxiang ticked the criteria off with her fingers.

Zhang Lie glared at his sister. "The first and the third aren't true, and the second is all because of you!"

Zhang Hanxiang consoled her brother. "Brother, there's no need to worry too much. Wouldn't it be strange for the other worlds to see you sending your forces away without being able to explain why?"

Zhang Lie nodded grudgingly.

Even if a mishap were to occur, Zhang Lie would be able to save Zhang Hanxiang and Hong Xi. He wouldn't mind saving the other humans and draconian forces if he could, but under unforeseen circumstances, the only lives he could guarantee were the two women.

However, by now, there were fewer and fewer calamities that he couldn't control in the third realm...

Chapter 982: Forced Into It

With the shattered battlefield broken into chunks, the allied forces each chose their favorite chunk and camped there overnight.

In the void, there were no celestial bodies to serve as markers of time, and the third realm possessed no clocks. However, there were still methods that the various forces could use to track the progress of time.

The next day, at the appointed time, the allied forces gathered and headed toward the dimensional crack under the direction of the blood lord.

Not all the allied forces did so. The king of evil and the decaying king's forces continued to proceed toward the heart of death spirit territory.

The remaining forces set off with the blood lord.

Zhang Lie asked curiously, "Where's this purported dimensional crack? I understand if you were unwilling to reveal its location last night in case of an accident, but now that we're about to set off, shouldn't you tell us?"

The blood lord laughed. "It's precisely because we're just about to set off that I can't tell you. If there were a traitor among us, wouldn't it be problematic?"

The captain of the solar corps smirked at Zhang Lie. "Could there be a traitor among us, I wonder?"

Zhang Lie refused to interact with the idiotic captain of the solar corps.

The blood lord shrugged. "I don't know if there are any traitors, but we shouldn't ignore that possibility. I hope you'll understand why I need to be cautious."

Zhang Lie didn't push further. The forces continued onward into a dead world, one filled with familiar black sand. The world was rather large, and it had likely been a peak large world before its downfall.

The blood lord led them toward a gigantic abyssal crack. Zhang Lie and the others could feel dense spatial energy seeping out of that crack, leading to another world beyond.

The blood lord explained, "The other side of the dimensional crack leads to the sura realm."

The frost spirit commander asked, "Where are the death spirits? I don't see any of them. Are we supposed to wait here?"

"The death spirits have already arrived," Zhang Lie shouted.

The sand in the desert began to shake as countless battleships emerged from underground, surrounding everyone in sight. Black spirits flooded from the battleships, as numerous as raindrops in a storm. They surrounded the allied forces.

The frost spirit commander grew alarmed. "A trap!"

"An ambush!" Zhang Lie's face grew dark. As he expected, something would go wrong.

The blood lord suddenly swelled to multiple times his size. He struck the captain of the solar corps, who was standing beside him, with a massive palm. No one expected the blood lord to suddenly betray them all.

The captain of the solar corps, caught unaware, suffered the brunt of the impact. A blood-red mark was imprinted on his chest, and frothing golden blood sprayed out of his mouth.

"Why?!" The captain of the solar corps refused to believe what the blood lord had done.

The blood lord immediately retreated after his sneak attack, without giving the others the opportunity to retaliate.

The blood lord's betrayal was wholly unexpected.

Zhang Lie thundered, "To think that someone like you would become the death spirits' lackey!"

The frost spirit commander refused to believe his eyes. "Why would you do something like this? The death spirit king destroyed Blood Heaven—and you're working for him?!"

The blood lord narrowed his eyes. "This realm goes to the strong. The death spirit king was stronger than the blood king, and I naturally submitted to him. What's wrong with that?"

The frost spirit commander howled, "Have you forgotten that the death spirit king ruined your world? And even then, you were willing to kneel to the death spirit king and become one of his lackeys?!"

The blood lord shook his head. "That's a ridiculous claim. I never felt the need to take revenge for the destruction of my world—or rather, I was the one who caused that destruction to begin with."

"What?!" Everyone grew even more shocked.

The blood lord boasted, "If I didn't betray the blood king, Blood Heaven wouldn't have been destroyed. It was because I provided the death spirit king with sensitive information that he managed to destroy the blood king. I instigated this whole affair!"

The frost spirit commander shouted, "You must be crazy—why ruin your own world? You know what the death spirit king would do to it!"

Nightdemon chuckled coldly. "We all call the death spirit king a lunatic, but we didn't realize there was a lunatic in our midst, too."

"A lunatic?" The blood king shook his head. "No, I'm more rational than any of you here."

The frost spirit commander shouted, "Don't you know what the death spirit king is intending to do?"

Nightdemon called out, "The death spirit king's goal is to devour all three thousand worlds, then the realm itself. If you allow him to do so, even my base form, the king of primordial chaos, won't be able to do anything to stop it."

The blood lord shrugged. "And so what? Isn't that fine?"

The frost spirit commander shook his head. "It's useless. This fellow's gone nuts!"

Nightdemon was stupefied. "More than a lunatic. He's willing to be devoured by the death spirit king, to benefit the death spirit king to the detriment of all. I simply don't know what to say."

Zhang Lie gave the blood lord a thumbs up. "Even for a lackey, it's hard to be such a diligent bootlicker."

The blood lord narrowed his eyes. "You seem to be misunderstanding something. The death spirit king himself promised me that I would survive the ordeal. As long as he's able to devour all three thousand worlds to become an existence never before seen in the realm, he'll confer me my own world."

The frost spirit commander snorted. "Do you really think the death spirit king will keep his promise?"

The blood lord shrugged. "Nothing is certain in this world—you'll have to gamble at one point or another. And what if I win?"

Nightdemon frowned. "As far as I'm aware, you were already a great lord of Blood Heaven, and you were responsible for managing essentially all of its operations. What caused you to want to work with the death spirit king?"

The blood lord's face turned wretched. "If your boss were a pig who spends all day thinking about sex, who only thinks with the lower half of his body, you'd want to work with someone more ambitious, too. I don't know how that piece of trash ever became the king of the realm. All he tells me to do is to find him more women, not to strengthen or expand his domain!"

The blood lord's aggrieved expression was clearly the accumulation of long years of grudges and misgivings.

He clenched his fists. "The blood king has sex with any female lifeform—two-legged, four-legged, eight-legged, even twelve-legged! And you know what he likes? To make others watch him while

he has sex with those females. Do you know how many times I've had to resist the urge to vomit while watching him? I have nightmares about him! Who knows when he might suddenly develop an interest in men and come at me instead?"

#### Chapter 983: All Sorts of Schemes

Zhang Hanxiang slammed a palm into one of the blood demon underlings, flash freezing and shattering it into flecks of ice. She whirled around, glancing at the blood demons that were surging forward to attack them.

"Your leader might be a fool, but are all of you going to join him in his craziness?"

The blood demons smiled wryly. "We don't have a choice, either. Our world has been destroyed. There's no one else to lead us but him. The death spirit king is too strong, and if we don't want to become black spirits ourselves, all we can do is surrender."

The blood demon warriors surrounded the allied forces.

"If not for the fact that we're still useful, if not for the fact that the blood lord pleaded for mercy on our behalf, we'd already have been converted into black spirits."

"Against the death spirits, we have no way to survive other than to become lackeys."

"We're doing what we do in order to live."

Despite the blood demon warriors' tone, they clearly didn't intend on holding back.

"We don't want to drop our grudges, but what strength do we have to take revenge?"

"It's difficult enough for us to survive..."

"We don't want to die with Blood Heaven."

"Don't listen to these bastards! No one held a blade to their necks and forced them to betray us." Hong Xi manifested a silver sword with her genetic energy.

There had been plenty of opportunities for the blood demon warriors to inform the allied forces of the impending ambush while the blood lord was working with them, but none of the blood demons did so. They were greedy to live, yes, but it was clear that they also thought nothing of the allied forces' lives.

"[The Hidden Moon]!" Hong Xi's sword, imbued with moonlight, seemed to cut apart a silvery veil. The blood demons around her were slaughtered.

Zhang Hanxiang nodded, and a blizzard formed around her. Her hands glowed brightly in blue, freezing heaven and earth and sending the battlefield into the deep of winter. A burst of icy energy emanated from her, freezing large patches of the black spirits.

The blood lord cried out, "Who knows when the blood king would have developed an interest in men? Or rather, he's already done so. He was looking at me strangely, and he was just waiting for an opportunity to get me in bed!"

In the end, was the blood king the one at fault?

The blood lord smiled in a crazed fashion. "Rather than let him push me down and take me like a wild beast, I might as well take the initiative and get rid of him first."

Zhang Lie:...

Nightdemon:...

The frost spirit commander:...

It felt as though the blood lord had gone crazy after the stress of dealing with the blood king for so long.

The blood lord continued, "I was intending to launch a sneak attack on you guys during the battle yesterday, but I didn't expect how strong you were. Even millions of the death spirits' battleships weren't able to do anything to you, so I could only work on a Plan B instead."

The captain of the solar corps cried out, "Is there anyone around who can save me? I think I can make it!"

Zhang Lie and the others, preoccupied by their conversation, had left the captain of the solar corps unattended.

The captain of the solar corps was moaning in pain as he rolled around on the ground, vomiting up golden blood as he did so.

Zhang Lie said, "Blood lord, your plan won't succeed. Even this ambush won't stop us here."

The frost spirit commander added, "If you don't want your kin to perish in this black desert, surrender now."

"You're the ones who will perish here!" The blood lord raised his hands high up in the air. As though signaled, all the death spirits' battleships glowed a vibrant purple.

Nightdemon cocked his head. "Is this all you've got?"

The frost spirit commander continued, "Tens of thousands of these purple lasers might threaten us, but only that. They won't be enough to kill all of us, not by far."

At the most, these lasers might kill large swathes of the aliens, but they would do nothing against the strongest existences among the allied forces.

On the other hand, the commanders present could easily destroy the death spirit battleships.

"Indeed?" The blood lord grinned ferociously. "We'll find out, won't we?"

Unease suddenly rippled through Zhang Lie.

"This desert will become your graveyard." The blood lord waved his hand, and the death spirits' battleships began to shoot their lasers.

Purple light filled the skies. Tens of thousands of purple beams formed a flood of light. The frost spirit commander and Nightdemon attempted to shield against the lasers as Zhang Lie's face grew visibly alarmed. He realized what the problem was, now—the lasers weren't shooting toward them!

"Block the lasers!" The space around Zhang Lie trembled as blue genetic energy gathered and rippled around his arms. With a twist of his wrist, a frightening aura descended on the world. The skies began to darken, and a fish the size of a whale materialized in the air.

"[Fists of the Silent Sea: Soar]!" A huge wave soared into the air. As Zhang Lie punched forward, the fish slammed its huge tail on the ground and sent a torrent of water surging into the air. Ripples of energy spread out from Zhang Lie, warping the space around him. The towering waves looked like enraged black dragons as they blocked the path of the purple lasers.

Pale blue explosions erupted in the skies in flashes of blue genetic energy and purple light. However, Zhang Lie's [Fists of the Silent Sea: Soar] only managed to block a fraction of that light. There were simply too many lasers. A portion of the purple lasers passed through his attack.

Meanwhile, Nightdemon and the frost spirit commander were stunned. They could understand why Zhang Lie wanted to defend against the attack, but why was he so alarmed about it?

The two of them quickly understood what was going on. The purple light arced over the skies. From the very beginning, the death spirits' battleships hadn't been targeting them.

Neither the death spirits nor the blood lord were fools. They knew that ten thousand battleships would be insufficient to kill them. Instead, the purple lasers shot toward... the abyssal rift, the one that the blood lord had brought them toward, which lay right before them.

The blood lord cried out, "Go to hell!"

As the purple light shot into the depths of the rift and exploded, spatial fluctuations rippled from the rift. A giant cyclone formed around them.

The frost spirit commander barely remained on his feet. "Just what's going on?"

Zhang Lie's brows furrowed. "Do you remember the spatial fluctuations we sensed from the abyssal rift?"

The frost spirit commander was shocked. "Wasn't that something the blood lord made up to fool us all?"

"Given what just happened, it looks like it's the real thing..."

Chapter 984: Punch That Bastard

"Don't joke with me. Are you saying that there's a real dimensional rift down this abyssal crack?!"

"There's a limit to how far jokes should go!" the frost spirit commander yelled, but there was nothing that could be done now.

The explosion from the purple lasers sent everything plunging into the abyss. Aliens, black sand, black fog—all were dragged within.

The blood lord watched the spatial storm unfold around him. His body was shielded by a gigantic shadow of blood. He roared in laughter. "Revel in this overwhelming sense of despair—it's the last thing you'll feel!"

A large number of the aliens were hurled down into the rift by the spatial storm, then torn to pieces within.

"Save me!" the captain of the solar corps cried shrilly. His body glowed with bright light, like a burning sun, as it was flung out into the abyss.

The captain of the solar corps tried to save himself, but no one had the time to spare him any attention.

He desperately clung to the ground, but his heavily wounded body was no match for the fearsome energy contained within the spatial storm. Furthermore, there was no purchase to be found in the sand of the black desert. The captain of the solar corps found himself flung into the rift amidst shrill screams. No one could guarantee that they could survive the resulting spatial turbulence, not even the commanders or superior kings themselves.

It was likely that the captain of the solar corps had perished.

The spatial storm, like a meat grinder, ground the unfortunate aliens to pulp, including the blood demons who worked with the blood lord.

The blood demons cried, "Blood lord, this isn't what you promised!"

"We're kin, aren't we?!"

"What are you doing? Do you want our entire race to go extinct?!"

The blood lord was unmoved. He stood calmly, rather far away from the storm, quietly watching as everything was pulped around him. He glared coldly at the blood demons. "I told you all roughly about the plan, didn't I? It's your own fault you didn't move away from the explosion in time and didn't prepare anything to save you from it! Why should I step forward to rescue pieces of trash like you?"

There was nothing to grab onto within the desert, not even a boulder. Hong Xi reacted quickly, shouting, "Everyone, hold each other's hands!"

The humans, draconians, and aliens of the draconian world immediately responded to her orders. They grabbed hold of each other. The gigantic mammoths proved to be bulwarks against the storm, protecting and shielding their fellow fighters.

When the other aliens saw what Hong Xi's forces were doing, they immediately mimicked their actions. Regardless of whence they came, what they were, their background, their bodies—all the aliens grabbed ahold of each other, forming a giant mass.

The frost spirit commander punched the ground, sending a shockwave of ice across the desert and freezing everyone's legs to the ground—but only for a few moments. As the storm grew fiercer, the ice began to splinter, and it seemed liable to crack at any moment.

The blood lord gritted his teeth. "Damn it!"

He wanted to see all the allied forces fall into the abyss. If the strongest among them were to survive, how would he be able to report his failure to the death spirit king?

His eyes glowed red as he tried to break apart the aliens.

"Don't just stand there—help us!" the frost spirit commander shouted at Nightdemon and Zhang Lie, who were standing still, seemingly unperturbed by the storm.

"Truly cold-blooded, isn't he?" Zhang Lie's eyes glinted as he stared at the blood lord.

"Wh—" The frost spirit commander didn't understand how Nightdemon and Zhang Lie could be so much stronger than he was, despite them all being the commanders of their respective worlds.

Nightdemon turned to Zhang Lie calmly, speaking as though he were inquiring about what they would have for dinner that night. "Would you rather save our forces and have me deal with that fellow, or the opposite?"

"I want to punch that bastard, of course!" Zhang Lie replied.

Nightdemon dipped his head. His white coat turned a dark, blood-red color, as though it were dyed with blood. "Then I'll rescue the forces."

The red deepened and darkened until it was almost black. When the entire coat had turned dark red, it flashed black and opened wide, transforming into a pair of bat's wings. Nightdemon took to the air, rotating rapidly as he unfurled his wings and morphed into a gigantic bat. A fiery-red eye widened, then split into three. Everyone nearby felt a deathly sense of fear.

Nightdemon spat out a roughly spherical object patterned with red veins. On closer inspection, it turned out to be a polyhedron with many faces, each of which were nearly black, carved with geometrical precision.

The faces were haphazard, irregular, and multifaceted, sharply distinct from the regular octahedra that formed the death spirits' battleships.

The frost spirit commander cried out, "This is the Shining Trapezohedron, the legendary weapon that was used to kill the death spirit king's strongest subordinates during the first war against the death spirits!"

As the trapezohedron rose into the air and began to refract light, it glowed with radiance. The space within its domain, a multifaceted polyhedron extending almost a thousand meters from its center, was projected onto each face.

Each face was like an independent mirror of the space within, unable to affect the other faces around it.

The spatial rift and storm were trapped within one face.

The allied forces, including the aliens, humans, draconians, and even the blood demons, were trapped within another face. They tried to walk out of their face, only to find themselves on another face of the trapezohedron.

There were 24 such faces in all, and 24 corresponding dimensions.

As Nightdemon's eye moved, the Shining Trapezohedron shrank to its original size. All the forces were trapped within, even the frost spirit commander.

Zhang Lie was immensely shocked by the artifact that Nightdemon had used. As expected of a clone of the strongest king—his strength was incomparable to that of a common fighter.

Nightdemon curled his wings around him and returned to his white-coated form as the shining polyhedron landed in his palm. He smiled, as though what he had done was paltry, insignificant. He

turned toward Zhang Lie. "I've saved the forces. It's time for you to punch the blood lord to a pulp, don't you think? And I'll leave the death spirits to you as well."

Chapter 985: Let Me Join In

Zhang Lie rolled his eyes. "Nightdemon, you might as well deal with this traitor yourself as well."

Nightdemon shrugged. "Give the traitor some dignity, won't you? He tried his best to sacrifice his allies to the death spirit king, but I easily foiled his plans alone. Wouldn't that make him seem useless, like a fool?"

The blood lord stared at the site of the ambush in shock. He gritted his teeth, as though he had suffered some grave indignity. He had tried his best to carry out the ambush, but Nightdemon had ruined all his plans with just a single attack.

Zhang Lie nodded and stepped forward. "You're right. We should show some care to our dear traitor."

"I'll cheer you on from the back, then!" Nightdemon stepped a few steps back.

Wilbow, scion to the king of keys, likewise retreated. "Someone as weak as I am would only be a hindrance if I stayed."

The frost spirit commander, who had been sucked into the Shining Trapezohedron without any resistance whatsoever, trembled as he watched the scene unfold.

"Don't think you've won just yet. I'm not some bystander that any of you can easily take down!" The shadowy figure behind the blood lord took on an even more garish shade of red. Red light flared from his body, as though flames of blood burned around him.

The blood lord was on the level of a superior king. He had been hiding his strength and biding his time—no one had known that he was at this level of strength.

Nightdemon had sent all the forces in the vicinity into the Shining Trapezohedron, but the spatial storm continued to grow and move around the desert. Black sand scoured the air, propelled by the wind.

Blue genetic energy gathered around Zhang Lie as space vibrated. The ripples spread out over his arm. He flicked his wrist. A frightening aura descended on the world. The skies began to darken, and a fish the size of a whale materialized in the air.

"[Fists of the Silent Sea: Soar]!" A huge wave soared into the air. As Zhang Lie punched forward, the fish slammed its huge tail on the ground and sent a torrent of water surging toward the sky.

Ripples of energy spread out from Zhang Lie, adding to the chaos.

Water-attuned genetic energy thundered through the sky like black dragons. Waves lapped each other, growing higher and higher in a crescendo. The entire desert seemed to vibrate, repelling the storm and sending it into the path of the death spirits' battleships.

The death spirits, realizing how fearsome a foe Zhang Lie was, immediately retreated in order to avoid the shockwaves resulting from his battle with the blood lord.

The blood lord considered his opponent seriously. Although he had witnessed Zhang Lie's prowess for himself on the battlefield, it was only when they were opposed to each other that the blood lord truly realized how frightening Zhang Lie was.

Pale blue genetic energy rushed out of Zhang Lie's body to form waves that seemed to split the sky. The spatial storm was quelled within moments. The blood lord struck the energy with a fist, echoed by the blood shadow to his back.

A frightening explosion occurred where the two attacks met. Black sand filled the sky for a region ten thousand meters in diameter, as though a bomb had detonated deep down by the seafloor. Even from afar, the death spirits felt the impact of the explosion.

The death spirit commander sent an urgent message to the entire fleet of battleships: "Retreat, retreat!"

The explosion of energy was like a ravenous beast that swallowed up all life in its vicinity. The blood lord was sent flying from the explosion.

"[The Boundless Blade: Yawning Wave]!" Zhang Lie extended his pointer finger like a sword, and water-attuned genetic energy gathered around it. As he waved his finger, sword energy erupted like a wave, accompanied by a giant shark.

The sword energy pierced through the blood shadow as the blood lord clutched his chest, severely wounded by Zhang Lie's attack. "You're not at the level of a superior king."

Zhang Lie's strength went beyond—the blood lord himself was at that level, and even he was no more than a punching bag for Zhang Lie. He couldn't repel or defend against any of Zhang Lie's blows.

A pale blue shark swam toward him, opening its bloodthirsty maw. The blood lord shouted, "You might be strong, but the death spirit king is even stronger! You don't understand just how frightening he is—anyone who sees his true form will become fearful of him, will submit to him, will venerate him!"

The shark bit down, swallowing the blood lord whole.

Nightdemon clapped. "Excellent. Despite the fact that the blood lord was hiding his strength, you still had him dancing in the palm of your hand."

"You overpraise me, Nightdemon. Will you release our allies now?"

"Aren't you going to deal with these battleships first?" Nightdemon looked into the distance, at the swiftly retreating death spirits. "They're about to get away."

Upon witnessing the death of the blood lord, the death spirits realized that their plan had failed, and they immediately tried to flee.

"Don't worry. I've accounted for them—and since they've come all the way here, we can't let them leave so easily, can we?" Zhang Lie's gaze was calm, but he spoke with the commanding tone of a ruler. As he spoke, a golden beam of light whizzed through the sky, darting back and forth among the battleships and cutting them down.

Nightdemon smiled, not particularly surprised. "Marvelous."

The moment the spatial storm began, Zhang Lie had commanded Gold Comet to fly toward the death spirits' battleships, and to attack them the moment they showed signs of retreating. Not a single ship was to escape.

Although Nightdemon appeared unperturbed, he couldn't help but glance at Zhang Lie a few times. For Zhang Lie to have planned this far in advance, before the battle even began, meant that he had predicted this outcome.

Despite the sudden ambush, what Zhang Lie was thinking of was instead to not let his enemies get away. In other words, despite the overwhelming odds against the allied forces, Zhang Lie felt as though he had everything under control.

The implication was that there were trump cards up his sleeve that he had yet to display to them, that he would have been able to deal with the problem easily even if he hadn't done anything.

Nightdemon's estimation of Zhang Lie went up a few notches.

"Shall we head toward the battleships together?" Zhang Lie suggested.

"Please, lead the way." Nightdemon bowed courteously. His white coat, as though dyed with blood, turned a dark red again.

Sticky, pitch-black genetic energy oozed from Zhang Lie.

Wilbow flexed his body. "I'll join in too, if you don't mind."

The red of Nightdemon's coat deepened and darkened until it was almost black. When the entire coat had turned dark red, it flashed black and opened wide, transforming into a pair of bat's wings.

Nightdemon took to the air, rotating rapidly as he unfurled his wings and morphed into a gigantic bat with a brilliant white smile the shape of a crescent moon, as though he were mocking the entire world. A fiery-red eye widened, then split into three. Everyone nearby felt a deathly sense of fear.

"[Ninecarp Transformation]!" A black serpent materialized behind Zhang Lie, by now so large and so developed that it resembled the world-swallowing serpent Jormungandr. It let out a threatening hiss as its scales clicked together.

Wilbow howled as his body swelled.

#### Chapter 986: After the Battle

The gigantic black serpent towered over the spatial storm, a red-eyed bat flapping its wings by its head. Beside the bat was a creature with a goat's head, sharp ears, the upper body of a human, and the lower body of an octopus.

The serpent and the red-eyed bat shot forward. With two existences as strong as superior kings and a monarch-grade lifeform in the vicinity, the death spirits' downfall was inevitable.

More and more battleships exploded in the sky in blossoms of violet flame.

The remaining skirmishes finished quickly. Nightdemon flew away from the spatial storm, then released the forces from within the Shining Trapezohedron. He turned toward Zhang Lie. "How should we deal with these blood demons?"

While the spatial storm was in effect, Nightdemon had grabbed all the forces on the battlefield, including the blood demons. Now that the battle was over, it was time to decide what to do with them.

"Shall we kill them?" Nightdemon asked calmly, as if this were a trifling matter.

The blood demons jumped up in shock, then quickly knelt down and begged for mercy.

Zhang Lie thought for a moment. "It would be a waste to kill them all like that. The unclean world's forces are depleting rather quickly, aren't they? Why don't we send them there?"

The blood demons' eyes widened as they thought of the terrible fate that awaited them.

"No, please! Please spare us, we know what we did wrong, we won't dare do it again in the future!"

"We don't want to become like those monstrosities!"

"We were forced to participate in this betrayal against our will! Please don't send us to the unclean world—it would be a fate worse than death."

Nightdemon grinned, his teeth visible. "Do you have any other option?"

Hong Xi shook her head. "If you were worried about this, you shouldn't have betrayed us from the beginning."

Zhang Hanxiang's face was a mask of disdain. "Don't you think you need to pay for your betrayal?"

The frost spirit commander stared at the blood demons with stony eyes. "Shut your mouths. Don't you know how many of our forces died thanks to you?"

The betrayal of the blood lord and the resulting spatial storm that was created sucked away a part of the king of black fog, and the captain of the solar corps himself perished in battle. At least a third of the allied forces had been lost because of the storm, a toll more deadly than the initial battle against the death spirits itself.

The blood lord's betrayal hadn't gotten rid of the strongest allied forces, but it did cull the weak. If not for Nightdemon's timely response, the allied forces might very well have been killed to the last.

Wilbow shook his head. "The crime you've committed isn't something that can be washed away with just a few pleas."

The blood demons had caused far too many to die.

A third of the allied forces—four million warriors, out of a grand total of thirteen million, had lost their lives as a result of this betrayal, and the blood demons thought they would be able to resolve everything with a simple plea for mercy? Even if Zhang Lie and the other commanders were magnanimous enough to do so, the allied forces as a whole certainly wouldn't.

The alien warriors, in particular, were staring daggers at the blood demons. If Zhang Lie and the others were to let them go scot-free, morale would drop significantly—and they themselves wanted the blood demons to pay for their crimes.

After all, members of their own race had been lost because of the spatial storm.

The blood demons replied innocently, "We were all led astray by the blood lord! We didn't have a choice."

Zhang Lie shrugged. "According to the laws of the Milky Way, you're all accomplices. The mastermind might have died, but you're still guilty. You should be glad that we haven't killed all of you yet."

Being sent to the unclean world might be a fate worse than death.

The blood demons' punishment marked the end of the first battle against the death spirits. The blood lord's betrayal had been costly, but thankfully, the commanders had learned that the death spirit king wasn't so crazy as to try to send troops down to the second realm.

The outcome of this investigation was positive, even though the losses the allied forces had incurred in the process were unacceptable. Zhang Lie in particular was relieved to hear that the kingdom of Limit was fine.

The humans and draconians had suffered losses, but Hong Xi had reacted quickly enough that they were mitigated to some extent. The blood demons' betrayal was unexpected, but their response to the sudden crisis wasn't too bad. As for the other commanders' forces—Zhang Lie didn't care about them.

Given that the war was still in progress, there was no time for the fighters to mourn the dead. The frost spirit commander asked, "What are our plans going forward?"

The strength that Zhang Lie and Nightdemon had displayed had won the frost spirit commander's respect, and he unconsciously spoke to them as though they were his superiors.

Nightdemon said, "Let's meet up with the king of evil and the decaying kings' forces. I expect they've made quite a bit of progress in pushing into enemy territory."

No one could communicate with the king of evil and the decaying kings' forces, nor the giants of the king of chaos. Those three factions set off on their own toward the heart of death spirit territory.

When they returned to the battlefield, they found that the spatial storm had annihilated the bodies of the fighters that had been sucked into it, not even leaving their corpses behind.

The fighters were largely unafraid of death, but reclaiming the corpses of the dead and burying them in their hometowns was a matter of honor, one that the companions of the fallen deeply regretted being unable to accomplish.

Even so, the war was ongoing, and there was no time for the fighters to wallow in sorrow. Their hurt, pain, and tears would have to be kept for after the war was over. The allied forces set off again, following their original planned route, into the heart of the death spirits' territory.

They encountered no battleships along the way, but quite a number of shattered and dead worlds. Black sand floated in the air and made up the ground. The fighters grew tense as they walked forward.

Zhang Lie noticed a monster from afar, one from the world of primordial chaos. According to Nightdemon, this monster was known as a night growler.

When Nightdemon noticed the night growler drawing close, he underwent his bat transformation and flew over to it. The night growler waved its hands and feelers, as though trying to communicate with Nightdemon.

Zhang Lie flew over to his side, followed swiftly by the frost spirit commander and Wilbow.

Zhang Lie asked, "What's going on?"

Nightdemon frowned. "The troops led by the coffin-carrier, along with the unclean world's monstrosities, were attacked by the death spirits' battleships. The death spirits have them surrounded at the moment."

Zhang Lie blinked. "You can communicate with this monster?"

Wilbow asked, "Aren't you more curious about the fact that these night growlers are intelligent?"

The frost spirit commander took a step back and looked at the two commanders. "Don't you think we're focusing on the wrong issue here? Shouldn't we be more worried about our allies' forces?"

Chapter 987: Shocking the Battlefield

Zhang Lie blinked. "You can communicate with this monster?"

Wilbow asked, "Aren't you more curious about the fact that these night growlers are intelligent?"

The frost spirit commander took a step back and looked at the two commanders. "Don't you think we're focusing on the wrong issue here? Shouldn't we be more worried about our allies' forces?"

Zhang Lie gave the frost spirit commander a thumbs up. "Quite so!"

Wilbow nodded. "Indeed, that should be our priority."

Zhang Lie turned to him. "What should we do, then?"

The frost spirit commander spread his arms. "What do you mean? We have to help them out, of course!"

"That's reasonable." Zhang Lie and Wilbow simultaneously nodded.

The frost spirit commander glanced at both Zhang Lie and Wilbow. "Neither of you seem all too concerned..."

"Well..." Zhang Lie and Wilbow glanced at each other.

Wilbow gestured politely. "Please, you may go first."

Zhang Lie replied, "As the son of the king of keys, you should begin."

Wilbow waved his hands. "I insist! Please take the lead."

The answer was very straightforward: they weren't the ones who were surrounded by death spirits, and they didn't much care about the forces associated with the king of evil and the decaying king.

The frost spirit commander broke them both off. "Enough! We have to set off immediately."

"Indeed, that's sensible!" Zhang Lie and Wilbow simultaneously nodded.

The frost spirit commander turned to Nightdemon. "Nightdemon, may I ask where these forces currently are?"

"It'll lead us there." Nightdemon pointed at the night growler.

The night growler quickly led them to the scene of the battle, whereupon they saw the besieged troops.

A huge death spirit battleship floated in the air. If their ordinary battleships were the size of skyscrapers, this one was the size of a small city. Watching it float was a breathtaking spectacle. Surrounding it were large numbers of ordinary octahedral battleships, like buildings that formed the city.

The battleships were surrounding the forces of the king of evil and the decaying king and attacking them in a one-sided fashion.

Although the coffin-carrier was extremely strong in one-on-one combat, even it was unable to do much against the violet lasers that came at the forces like raindrops in a storm. The moment a bone giant formed from the sea of bones that the decaying king controlled, it was obliterated by a fusillade of purple lasers.

Nightdemon frowned. "That huge battleship is the flagship of the death spirits' forces. The death spirit king is in it, I'm certain."

Zhang Lie was shocked. "Is the death spirit king that easy to rouse to action?"

Nightdemon replied, "As far as I'm aware, the death spirits have funneled all their resources into their king. They likely don't have anything to spare on making another death spirit on the level of a superior king.

"In other words, if we can smoke the death spirit king out of his battleship and kill him, we'll have won the war." Zhang Lie's eyes glowed—this was a chance to end the conflict immediately!

A voice announced from the death spirit king's battleship: "Your resistance is futile. The other allied forces won't be coming to help you. They've already fallen into our trap, and they're likely all dead by now."

The aliens who accompanied the corpse-carrier were shocked. "What?!"

The voice from the battleship taunted, "None of you expected it, did you? The blood demons allied with us long ago. In order to deal with you allied forces, we've laid out a trap that can kill even the strongest superior king."

The aliens grew even more astounded. The blood demons, who had had their world destroyed by the death spirits, were traitors that were loyal to them?!

One alien shouted, "No, that's impossible! This is clearly something the death spirits have made up to lower our morale! We can't be tricked!"

The voice from the battleship chuckled coldly. "Whether or not I'm lying, I think all of you know full well. Why haven't the allied forces arrived yet? It's because they can't—they're dead."

The frost spirit commander called out, "Our allies are losing morale quickly. Aren't we going to strike now?"

Zhang Lie nodded. "We'll strike immediately."

Nightdemon laughed. "Didn't they claim that we were dead?"

Wilbow smiled. "We'll show them that we've returned from the dead, then."

The frost spirit commander called out, "Everyone, charge forward!"

Zhang Lie and Wilbow simultaneously gave the same order as the allied forces charged.

The space around Zhang Lie trembled as blue genetic energy gathered and rippled around his arms.

With a twist of his wrist, a frightening aura descended on the world. The skies began to darken, and a fish the size of a whale materialized in the air. A howling gale swept over the battlefield. As more and more genetic energy gathered around Zhang Lie's arms, it looked as though he were at the heart of a whirlpool.

"[Fists of the Silent Sea: Soar]!" A huge wave soared into the air. As Zhang Lie punched forward, the fish slammed its huge tail on the ground and sent a torrent of water surging into the air. Ripples of energy spread out from Zhang Lie, warping the space around him. The towering waves looked like enraged black dragons, flooding the battlefield.

An ocean materialized out of thin air. Waves surged forward, sounding like peals of thunder, like a herd of horses galloping. They smashed into the death spirits' encirclement and sent many of their battleships careening into the ground.

A huge rumble shook the heavens, and the entire battlefield quaked. The explosion shattered space and sent waves of force rippling all around it. The death spirits' battleships exploded in violet fireballs.

The explosion of energy was like a ravenous beast that swallowed up all life in its vicinity. Huge boulders were sent flying, and large quantities of the death spirits with them. Like long bolts of cloth fed into a washing machine, their bodies twisted and contorted, then were torn to pieces.

By brute force, the colossal blue waves created a gap in the death spirits' encirclement, shocking them all. None of them had been prepared for the sudden attack that seemed to have come out of nowhere.

Their first thought was that there were more allied forces and reinforcements than they had expected, not that the blood lord had failed. From their perspective, the blood lord's plan had been flawless—and they certainly didn't suspect that Zhang Lie and the others would be able to break free from the trap easily.

Subsequently, the other commanders of the allied forces made their move.

The frost spirit commander unleashed his technique, manifesting a blizzard on the battlefield. The temperature dropped rapidly as a layer of frost formed across the ground. As he howled, the frost spirits' soul-chilling cries swept over the battlefield.

Chapter 988: An Astounding Strength

Nightdemon stepped forward. His white coat, as though dyed with blood, turned a dark red.

The red of Nightdemon's coat deepened and darkened until it was almost black. Then, it flashed and opened wide, transforming into a pair of bat's wings.

The black wings wrapped around Nightdemon as he took to the sky. When they unfurled again, he had morphed into a gigantic bat with a brilliant white smile the shape of a crescent moon, as though he were mocking the entire world.

A fiery-red eye widened, then split into three. Everyone nearby felt a deathly sense of fear.

The aliens might not know who Nightdemon was, but the death spirits did—he was the devil who had given all the death spirits nightmares the first time they opposed him in battle.

"Nightdemon!" an enraged voice bellowed from within the death spirits' flagship, so loud it could be heard throughout the entire battlefield.

Zhang Lie smiled. "It looks like someone remembers you fondly."

Nightdemon didn't respond. With a flap of his wings, he tore into the battleships.

"I suppose I'll join them too." Wilbow transformed into his monstrous form, with a goat's head, a human's upper body, and an octopus's lower body. His tentacles writhed as he slowly proceeded into the battlefield.

As Wilbow leisurely proceeded forward, Zhang Lie and the others joined the battlefield and transformed the state of the battle. The coffin-bearer seized an opportunity to strike. The coffin on its back opened up, revealing a black, bony arm.

An unknown dark fluid seeped out of the bones, flooding the battlefield and devouring everything in sight. Anything it touched melted in the blink of an eye.

The dark flood shot into the sky and rained down on the battlefield. The corrosive rain forced everyone, ally and enemy, to expend a bit of energy to shield themselves.

"This fellow is troublesome not just to his enemies, but to his allies as well..." As before, Zhang Lie and the others would have to be cautious of the death spirits and also of their purported allies.

He had seen the various superior worlds' forces hurt their allies in all sorts of different manners, as though all their troops were designed to cause disruption to everyone and anyone: the king of chaos's night growlers, the unclean world's gray monstrosities, the world of black fog's black fog, Blood Heaven's blood demons, and now the world of death's coffin-carriers.

Further, the king of keys' son, Prince Wilbow, neglected his duties and avoided doing much of anything at all.

Hurting their allies seemed to be a signature of the superior worlds. To date, only the world of blazing sun, the white world, and the newly evolved Zongming world had yet to follow in their footsteps.

"This war's too hard to fight!"

The death spirits weren't overly strong; Zhang Lie's allies were simply too unreliable.

Hong Xi activated all her combat-oriented soulshards in one fell swoop. A fan of feathers materialized in her left hand, and a moonlit sword in her right.

Behind her, multicolored light flared.

The domain of [Eclipse] spread out beneath her feet. She walked forward, moonlight radiating from her every move. A black sun appeared behind her, sparking where it touched the moonlight at her feet.

Wind howled. The sword in her right hand gleamed like the radiant moon. As she waved her fan, she summoned a silver twister in the air, one that affected the entire battlefield.

Zhang Hanxiang shot forward, trailed by the wind. Behind her were a large group of human and alien forces.

Zhang Hanxiang was surrounded by snow and frost. She thrust forward with her palms, turning a black spirit to a sculpture of ice with every strike. Subsequently, those sculptures cracked, destroying the black spirits entirely.

The forces that had rushed forward with Zhang Hanxiang weren't the humans, who had grown far stronger than they had been, but rather the mammoths. Their bulky bodies and froststeel armor allowed them to crush any obstacles before them. The most eye-catching among them was a golden mammoth.

"A hero shines when serving the nation and its people. You evil creatures, face my sword of justice!" The broadsword that the golden mammoth held crashed into the ground, sending boulders flying into the sky. The massive force of impact struck the black spirits like a careening train.

Subsequently, the golden mammoth waved its broadsword around, generating huge gusts of wind that swept across the battlefield and pushed the black spirits back.

Hong Xi, standing behind the golden mammoth, was shocked to no end.

"Just where did Master find such strong aliens...?"

The mammoths were such strong fighters that they equaled Hong Xi and Zhang Hanxiang, who had maxed out their disaster gene fragments, in battle.

On the shattered battlefield, the mammoths had no time to demonstrate their strength before the death spirits were pushed back and defeated.

Subsequently, just like the other forces, they were incapable of doing anything against the spatial storm that the blood lord had summoned.

As the mammoths grew used to the battlefield, in their second confrontation against the death spirits, they finally revealed their true strength.

This was the steel tide that Zhang Lie recalled from his past life—one that had grown stronger in this one, because of the presence of the golden mammoth.

Chen Fan murmured by Hong Xi's side, "If I'm not mistaken, that golden mammoth is Li Feng's girlfriend..."

"Li Feng's girlfriend?!" Hong Xi was gobsmacked. She was more surprised than if the death spirits were to suddenly pull out 300,000 troops from nowhere.

The other humans around her were all very interested in this conversation.

"To think that Li Feng had such unique taste..." Zhang Hanxiang was among those humans. "I truly underestimated Li Feng..."

Chen Fan shrugged. "I'm not sure of the details, but I always see Li Feng together with this golden mammoth. I wouldn't be surprised if Li Feng were to get married to her."

Everyone glanced at the blood-drenched golden mammoth.

She clutched the hilt of her sword, imbuing it with the strength of her body. Her muscles bunched, so thick that no human could ever hope to match her.

This was a difference in biology and physiology. As she unleashed her sword strike, the resulting shockwave was as though a storm had passed through the area. The ground cracked, boulders flew every which way, and huge numbers of black spirits were sent flying. A long furrow was left in the ground.

The human hunters, upon witnessing the golden mammoth's strength, gulped down their saliva.

Was Li Feng able to withstand that? They couldn't help but imagine what it would look like for Li Feng and the golden mammoth in bed.

Hong Xi hesitated before suggesting, "Given Li Feng's strength, he'd surely be able to manage...?"

The human hunters nodded. That... was likely...

#### Chapter 989: Finally Making a Move

"It's not the time to be gossiping about others!" Zhang Hanxiang, who had returned to combat, warned the gossiping hunters.

A blizzard formed around Zhang Hanxiang. Her hands glowed brightly in blue, freezing heaven and earth and sending the battlefield into the deep of winter. A burst of icy energy emanated from her, freezing large patches of the black spirits.

Hong Xi manifested a silver blade with her genetic energy. Subsequently, she activated [The Elusive Moon], then followed swiftly behind Zhang Hanxiang with a superior-grade illusory leopard soulshard. In the blink of an eye, she appeared before the black spirits.

"[The Hidden Moon]!" The sword, imbued with moonlight, seemed to cut apart a silvery veil in the sky.

Upon seeing the huge gap in the death spirits' encirclement, and the flood of forces that were now pouring into the battlefield, Zhang Lie commanded, "Toss the blood demons in!"

Zhang Lie was waiting for a good opportunity to deal with these traitors; the aliens too had been anticipating it.

"I'll send you all off, then!" Zhang Lie appeared right in front of the blood demons.

The blood demons begged for mercy, trying to demonstrate remorse for what they had done, but Zhang Lie ignored them all. The blood demons had caused the death of four million allied forces, and they would have to pay a commensurate price.

The blood demons were unable to resist as Zhang Lie grabbed them and threw them toward the gray monstrosities of the unclean world.

As the aliens watched the blood demons trace out arcs through the sky before landing amidst the monstrosities, they began to cheer, as though they had finally exacted their revenge.

Whether or not the blood demons would end up in the midst of the black spirits, the gray monstrosities, or somewhere in their vicinity would depend on luck.

Even though the captain of the solar corps had perished, the solar corps remained on the battlefield.

A new leader was chosen from among the corps, who would command the battle in lieu of their fallen captain. Piercing golden light covered up the sky and illuminated the void. A radiant storm, like a flood of gold, manifested over the battlefield.

The frost spirits laughed shrilly. They summoned a blizzard which merged with the radiant solar storm and tore apart huge numbers of black spirits and battleships.

A voice came from the death spirit flagship. "The blood lord, that useless bastard! His plan failed!"

The black bat into which Nightdemon had transformed flew around the flagship, laughing. "It looks like it's the end for you, then."

Zhang Hanxiang leapt upward to avoid a black spirit's attack. She conjured a pair of ice skates out of ice, then began gliding over the frozen ground, gaining momentum with every slide. Her body was as limber and agile as an acrobat's.

Zhang Hanxiang moved so quickly that she left a series of afterimages behind her wherever she went. Where she passed, black spirit after black spirit would fall.

With the inclusion of the allied forces, the battle grew rather unfavorable to the death spirits. The allied forces, which should have been destroyed by the blood lord's betrayal, had appeared unscathed. Once they joined the battlefield, the death spirits lost their numerical advantage.

After the coffin-carrier sent black rain pouring down from the skies, a gigantic black skeletal arm emerged from the coffin and grabbed a hold of the bottom of the death spirit flagship. The flagship shook, as though the skeletal arm were trying to pull it all the way down to the ground.

The nearby battleships continuously fired their purple lasers at the coffin, but the coffin-carrier seemed to be somehow immune to their attacks. The purple lasers had no obvious effect on it.

The battleships surrounding the flagship subsequently made their move. They rushed toward the coffin-carrier and continuously battered it until it stumbled back.

There were six such battleships in all, each octahedral, but they were dozens of times larger than an ordinary death spirit battleship.

Nightdemon flew toward the flagship, widened his mouth, and launched a supersonic wave at the flagship that caused it to rock violently. As the battleships flew toward Nightdemon, he immediately retreated.

Zhang Lie snapped his fingers. "Go, Gold Comet!"

Gold Comet had been eager to make a move. It rubbed its scythes against each other in anticipation. The next moment, it morphed into a beam of gold that ricocheted around the battlefield, leaving a long scar on the flagship.

The battleships tried to chase after it, but they were simply too slow.

Nightdemon took the opportunity to launch another attack at the flagship, forcing the battleships to return—until Gold Comet attacked as well. Despite the fact that Gold Comet's scythes weren't able to do much damage to the flagship, it was able to attack in rapid succession, and move so quickly that none of the battleships could catch it.

Nightdemon and Gold Comet were like mosquitoes that nipped their target and then quickly flew off, prioritizing their safety over dealing damage.

None of the battleships were able to catch the two of them, and they eventually gave up on doing so. Instead, they surrounded the flagship and began to move more and more rapidly, forming a barrier of wind around it. Zhang Lie was intimately familiar with this tactic: they were generating twisters of wind that would shield the flagship.

If the battleships were allowed to continue what they were doing, a twister of immense size would swallow up the battlefield, absorbing both the black spirits and the allied forces.

The commanders of the various allied forces certainly weren't about to let such a disaster occur.

The coffin-carrier stumbled forward once more. The skeletal arm that protruded from the coffin swept apart two battleships, and Nightdemon dealt with one on his own.

At this critical moment, even Wilbow couldn't remain idle any longer. He blasted aside one of the battleships. The frost spirit commander likewise took action, sending a punch forward and freezing half a battleship before being knocked aside.

Zhang Lie also did his part.

"[The Boundless Blade: Yawning Wave]!" He extended his pointer finger like a sword, and water-attuned genetic energy gathered around it. As he waved his finger, sword energy erupted like a wave, accompanied by a giant shark. The sword energy pierced through a battleship, and the shark devoured it whole.

"Don't think you can get away with this!" a voice roared from the flagship.

Wilbow smiled coldly. "And why not?"

"Do you really think you can win? All of you, die!" The entire flagship burst with light. A tremendous amount of energy gathered within it, causing Zhang Lie's face to go pale.

As the flagship made its move, the other battleships all stopped what they were doing, ignored the enemies before them, and spread out all over the battlefield. They wrapped themselves up in black cloth bandages, turning into large black orbs, as they fled the flagship.

Hundreds, thousands of purple lasers shot out of the flagship like a light show.

The superior worlds' commanders didn't expect the sudden attack, which happened too quickly for them to do anything about. Nightdemon and Wilbow were sent flying from the impact of the purple lasers, while the coffin-carrier was smashed into the ground by them.

All those around the flagship, be they aliens, black spirits, or even the nearby battleships, were struck by the purple lasers. The battleships, shielded by their layers of black bandages, bounced away, whereas the aliens and black spirits were annihilated entirely.

#### Chapter 990: Divergent Opinions

No one could have expected that the one who would kill the most death spirits in this battle wasn't Zhang Lie, Nightdemon, or even the coffin-carrier—but rather the death spirit flagship.

The battleships were evidently prepared for this technique, and they immediately readied their defenses as soon as the flagship made its move. They suffered few, if any, losses.

The flagship's sudden attack rebalanced the scales of victory.

The humans and draconians were also affected by the lasers, but because they hadn't charged forward, they didn't lose too many of their fighters.

The warlords had slaughtered their way into the heart of the black spirits, but they were each individually strong. Few died, though many were injured.

Nightdemon flapped his wings. "I didn't expect the death spirits to have such an ace up their sleeves. I've been somewhat seriously wounded. I'll leave the rest to you, then."

Zhang Lie rolled his eyes. "Nightdemon, aren't you embarrassed?"

"Ah, you've caught me." Nightdemon flapped his wings and took to the air again.

The bombardment of purple lasers might have been devastating to anyone else. Nightdemon was likewise injured because he was in such close proximity, but it wasn't particularly serious. There were too many lasers, and the energy spread too diffusely, for Nightdemon to have received a critical injury.

Nightdemon praised, "As expected of the death spirit flagship. The death spirits must have sunk quite a lot of resources into building it—likely even the majority of their resources."

Zhang Lie nodded. "In other words, if we can destroy it now, the death spirits won't be able to bring out a second one."

Nightdemon leaned back. "Don't joke around—if the death spirits had a second such flagship, I might just cry!"

"It's almost time for you to make a move, I think," Nightdemon told Zhang Lie. "No one else will be able to stop the flagship, and if you allow it to run rampant through our forces, they'll quickly fall apart."

Zhang Lie looked into the distance. "Before that, Nightdemon, would you be able to defend against this blow?"

The flagship launched another fusillade of purple lasers. This time, however, they were concentrated in the same direction. The attack was like a blinding sun, one whose radiance covered up the entire battlefield.

The next moment, the intense purple beam shot out of the flagship, thousands of times thicker than that from an ordinary battleship. If the beam were to strike the allied forces, all but those on the level of Nightdemon and Zhang Lie would die.

Nightdemon hurriedly spat out his Shining Trapezohedron, which struck the purple laser head-on. Purple light exploded over the entire battlefield, as though an apocalypse had drawn near.

The Shining Trapezohedron captured as much of the potency of the laser as it could within its twenty-four faces. Zhang Lie did the same, using his spatial manipulation to weaken the intensity of the laser.

The Shining Trapezohedron absorbed the purple laser and sent twenty-four weaker beams flying out every which way, some landing on the battlefield and dealing significant damage to the black spirits and allied forces, and others shooting through the sky and striking the death spirits' battleships.

Nightdemon took advantage of the characteristics of the Shining Trapezohedron to reflect and redirect the direction of the laser, turning it against the death spirits and destroying a considerable fraction of their battleships.

Even so, the capacity of the Shining Trapezohedron was limited, and the purple beam was too intense for the Shining Trapezohedron to redirect it all. As it shook and trembled violently, it was pushed back by the laser.

Hong Xi, noticing that something was amiss, immediately commanded, "Everyone, retreat! Move beyond the reach of these purple lasers!"

The humans and draconians carried out Hong Xi's command immediately.

The other aliens didn't understand what they were doing. "Why are you retreating now? It's clear that his highness Nightdemon has taken control of the purple light!"

Hong Xi shook her head. "It's beyond his capacity to handle."

"What do you mean?" Nightdemon had indeed blocked the purple laser.

Zhang Hanxiang clarified, "He won't be able to hold it back for long."

"That's impossible! Don't you know who he is? His highness Nightdemon, clone of the strongest king, the king of chaos! Surely he'll be able to block the attack completely."

"We need to trust in his highness."

"Don't you recall what happened during the ambush? We were all about to die from the spatial storm, but Nightdemon saved us all!"

Many of the aliens refused to believe Hong Xi's words on account of their blind faith in Nightdemon, but Hong Xi and the forces of the draconian world were different.

Compared to Nightdemon, they trusted Zhang Lie more. Before they set off, Zhang Lie had emphasized not to trust in their allies or in the other superior worlds, including their commanders and even the other superior kings.

Nightdemon hadn't done anything to hurt the allied forces so far, and he had even saved everyone using the Shining Trapezohedron. Although this should have engendered some faith in him, the

forces of the draconian world trusted Zhang Lie with their very lives. Zhang Lie had told them not to blindly trust in the other superior worlds, and they would listen to his command.

When Hong Xi noticed that something might be going wrong with the situation, what she turned to wasn't her own judgment, or to Nightdemon's strength, but rather Zhang Lie's words.

However, the other aliens hadn't received such a warning. They instinctively followed the strong.

"You're lowering the allied forces' morale!"

"Nightdemon is the clone of the king of chaos. What can that battleship do against him?"

"Right, we need to believe in Nightdemon!"

Compared to Hong Xi, who was largely unknown among the three thousand worlds of the third realm, Nightdemon, who had no small amount of fame, clearly seemed much more reliable.

One alien even called out, "All of you bastards, don't you dare retreat! This commander's blind!"

Another alien pointed at his head. "Your commander's crazy! How did she make it to her position?"

A third alien taunted, "If your superior king were to learn about this, he'd be so angry that he'd spit blood. Don't you think Nightdemon will be able to handle this? You cowards!"

"You must be so frightened of the lasers that you can't think of anything but turning tail and running! All this is just an excuse to flee from the battlefield, isn't it?" The aliens around them all began to laugh.

Zhang Hanxiang snorted. "Feel free to stay here if you want to die. Hong Xi, let's go!"

However, the aliens stood still, refusing to budge and open a path for the draconian forces' retreat...