

War God 661

Chapter 661: You are already surrounded!

All of you, come at me together.

The words stunned the entire field.

Everyone, including Lu Shangfeng, stared at Lin Mu in astonishment. They had no idea where he got his confidence from.

But on the whole field, only Han Xiaochuan was not surprised in the slightest. With Lin Mu's current Cultivation Level, the six military zone instructors weren't enough to challenge him, even if a few more joined in. It could even be said that Lin Mu fighting them was nothing short of bullying.

However, the people from the six military zones didn't know this. They only felt that Lin Mu was being far too arrogant.

"Instructor Lin, do you have any idea what you're saying?" the instructor from Army Blade Camp demanded, his expression turning ugly. He felt utterly humiliated.

The instructors from Mad Battle Camp and Blood Fiend Camp felt the same, their faces tinged with indignation.

Challenge them all at once? If they really did that, wouldn't it be mortifying if word got out? Losing would be shameful, and winning would bring no glory.

"What's wrong? Scared?" Lin Mu asked, looking at them.

He genuinely didn't want to waste time. Lin Mu was fully confident he would win the military competition. Moreover, the agreement with the Martial Alliance was in just two days. After sorting things out here, he had to go to Demon City to retrieve Qin Luoli. He simply did not want to waste his time here.

"Instructor Lin certainly has a commanding presence," Wu Liang, the instructor from War Dragon Camp, said at this moment. "Since you want to fight, I have no objections, of course."

Everyone looked towards Wu Liang. They knew his personal strength and his status in the army were both extremely high, so no one spoke up after hearing his words.

"However," Wu Liang hesitated for a moment before continuing, "right now, our troops are in the middle of the competition. If we're going to fight, let's wait until the competition is over. How about it?"

Wu Liang directed his question to Lin Mu. Being able to defeat Ruan Shan in a single move proved that this Divine Machine Camp instructor was quite powerful. Wu Liang also wanted to trade a few blows with him to see who was stronger. But the most important thing now was to see if Divine Machine Camp truly had the ability to challenge all six other camps.

"I think Instructor Wu makes a good point," Lu Shangfeng chimed in. "As the instructors of the seven military zones, we old folks are certainly interested in seeing you all have a match. But right now is the competition. Let's discuss everything else after it's over."

In truth, Lu Shangfeng was giving Lin Mu a way out. After all, wanting to take on six opponents at once seemed far too exaggerated to him. If Lin Mu won, the six military zones would be greatly disgraced. And if Lin Mu lost, it would reflect poorly on Xiao Xuan. By the time the competition was over, Lu Shangfeng believed Lin Mu would be too embarrassed to bring it up again. In his view, it was completely impossible for Divine Machine Camp to challenge six military zones on its own.

"Hmph, if you want to fight, then let's fight! Stop dithering," Ruan Shan huffed, clearly irritated. "Since you want a one-on-six, I have absolutely no objections."

Clearly, Ruan Shan was still nursing a grudge over his defeat. The chance to team up with the other instructors and beat Lin Mu is a rare opportunity. This kid is too arrogant. A joint effort could suppress his overbearing attitude.

"Let's do as Elder Lu says," Han Xiaochuan finally spoke up.

He couldn't help but feel a mix of amusement and exasperation. This Lin Mu really knows how to cause trouble. The soldiers below are still competing, yet here he is, an instructor, picking a fight. How embarrassing would it be if word of this got out?

The moment Han Xiaochuan spoke, even Ruan Shan dared not insist.

"Hmph. Kid, I'll deal with you later!" Ruan Shan shot Lin Mu a cold glare, taking the opportunity to recover from his injuries.

Lin Mu remained noncommittal.

Seeing him fall silent, the leaders from the major military zones breathed a collective sigh of relief. For some reason, they all felt this instructor from Divine Machine Camp was a massive troublemaker. One wrong move and he might just poke a hole in the sky.

On the training field, everyone was lost in their own thoughts.

Amid the entire debate, only one person had remained silent: the instructor of Jiaolong Camp, Wang Ye. Throughout the process, he had been observing Lin Mu with a faint smile, his thoughts a mystery.

「In the great mountains.」

Several units moved swiftly through the jungle like flying arrows.

"Stop!"

Suddenly, Zhang Feng, the former instructor of Wolf Slayer Camp, halted. Ever since Ruan Shan had taken his position, Zhang Feng had been reassigned as a team leader within the camp. He was participating in this military competition for one reason: to wash away his prior humiliation. A few days ago, Lin Mu had led Divine Machine Camp and nearly wiped out Wolf Slayer Camp, a memory that had become a thorn in Zhang Feng's side. Because of this, he had personally requested Lu Kai to let him fight Divine Machine Camp.

This was his only chance, and he would absolutely not let it slip away.

This time, several members of Wolf Slayer Camp had been replaced, as the others still hadn't recovered from their injuries. But the presence of these new men was equally formidable.

"Teacher Zhang, what is it?" one of the Wolf Slayer Camp members asked, seeing his hand signal.

Zhang Feng's expression was grave. "Something isn't right."

As the former instructor, Zhang Feng's personal strength and his grasp of battlefield tactics were extremely precise. Nearly ten minutes had passed since the competition began. While the path they chose up the mountain didn't overlap with other teams, they had stayed as close as possible to Divine Machine Camp. Strangely, however, he hadn't seen a single one of their soldiers.

This was completely illogical from any standpoint. Victory in the military competition wasn't just about capturing the flag in the shortest time. It was about eliminating as many other teams as possible along the way. Only this could truly demonstrate the strength of each military zone's secret unit.

Every team participating in the competition had this goal, and Zhang Feng was no exception. His sole purpose was to defeat Divine Machine Camp.

"It seems they've figured out our objective," Zhang Feng sneered, issuing orders to his men. "Monkey, take thirty men and circle around to the front. Block Divine Machine Camp's path! Weasel, you take thirty men and flank from the left. Don't let a single one of them escape! As for the right, leave it to me."

Determination flashed in his eyes. "Whether Wolf Slayer Camp can redeem its honor depends entirely on this!"

"Yes, sir!" the men of Wolf Slayer Camp roared, a fierce battle lust igniting in their eyes.

"Remember, regroup in ten minutes! Don't screw this up!" Zhang Feng's eyes glinted sharply. "This time, I want Divine Machine Camp completely annihilated!"

More than ten minutes later, the members of Wolf Slayer Camp were stunned when they regrouped at the designated location.

They hadn't seen a single person from Divine Machine Camp.

"Teacher Zhang, we found no one!" Monkey reported, his voice tinged with frustration.

"My side is clear too."

A flicker of confusion crossed Zhang Feng's eyes. How could that be? Given their speed, Divine Machine Camp couldn't possibly have gotten ahead of them. Based on his calculations, this was the only path they could have taken up the mountain. Could they have not ascended at all?

"Wrong!"

Zhang Feng's expression suddenly changed, and he yelled, "Everyone, retreat!"

However, before Wolf Slayer Camp could react, twenty figures burst out from the surrounding woods, completely encircling them.

A man nicknamed Monkey stepped out from behind a tree, a sly grin on his face as he looked at the members of Wolf Slayer Camp.

"Surrender. You're surrounded."

Chapter 662: Twenty People Battle a Hundred!

Looking at the twenty men from the Divine Machine Camp, everyone from the Wolf Slayer Camp was stunned.

Just these twenty men claim to have us surrounded? Are they out of their minds?

"Everyone, be careful! Watch out for tricks!" Zhang Feng whispered a warning, squinting at Monkey as he asked, "Why are there so few of you?"

Although he was looking at Monkey, his gaze kept flickering to the surroundings, worried this was a ploy by the Divine Machine Camp.

"Stop looking around," Monkey said. "It's just us."

Zhang Feng didn't believe a word, but he replied, "With just the few of you, you want to take down my Wolf Slayer Camp? Isn't your appetite a little too big?"

These people from the Divine Machine Camp are unbelievably arrogant! Do they really think my Wolf Slayer Camp is the same as it was before?

"To deal with losers like you, this many of us is more than enough," Monkey said. "Alright, brothers, let's finish this quickly!"

As Monkey finished speaking, the members of the Divine Machine Camp charged out like fierce tigers.

"Shameless boasting!" Zhang Feng roared in anger. "Your Divine Machine Camp is far too arrogant!"

"Weasel, take a few men and watch the perimeter! Don't let other teams take advantage of us!" Zhang Feng shouted, deploying his men as he rushed forward. "We'll end this fight fast, then we'll hunt down the rest of the Divine Machine Camp."

"Yes, sir!"

A few men from the Wolf Slayer Camp quickly dispersed to stand guard.

As for the Divine Machine Camp's mere twenty men... how could they possibly fight against the hundred-plus members of the Wolf Slayer Camp?

A five-on-one fight?

However, a shocking scene unfolded.

The moment the fight began, dozens of men from the hundred-strong Wolf Slayer Camp were felled by the twenty members of the Divine Machine Camp. These fallen men were knocked out by a single punch from a Divine Machine Camp member, taken down in the first exchange.

"So weak," Monkey scoffed with disdain, looking down at the fallen Wolf Slayer Camp members. With a swift movement, he charged directly at Zhang Feng.

"The esteemed instructor of the Wolf Slayer Camp joining the fray himself. It seems your Yue Province Military Region really is all out of people."

Monkey always had a sharp tongue, taunting Zhang Feng even as he attacked. This filled Zhang Feng not only with anger but also with shock.

How are the men from the Divine Machine Camp so strong?

Back in Yue Province, although the Wolf Slayer Camp had been defeated by them, Zhang Feng had just assumed they had sent out their strongest few fighters. But now, facing Monkey himself, he realized that the men of the Divine Machine Camp were a pack of monsters.

Hitting them felt like striking solid iron; they seemed to feel nothing. But getting hit by one of their punches felt like being struck by a car—the pain was excruciating.

BANG!

Monkey knocked Zhang Feng back with a punch and smiled. "Don't lose focus during a fight."

Zhang Feng narrowed his eyes. "Well, now. I admit I underestimated you!"

"But to think you can devour my Wolf Slayer Camp with just twenty men is pure fantasy!" Zhang Feng took a deep breath, and a powerful aura emanated from his body.

An Inner Strength Martial Artist! Zhang Feng was an Inner Strength Martial Artist!

"Everyone, stop holding back! Finish them off first!"

As Zhang Feng gave the order, several other members of the Wolf Slayer Camp also erupted with powerful auras, not much weaker than his own.

There were a total of five masters at the Internal Energy Peak!

These men had all been trained by Ruan Shan in just a few days. Any one of them could be considered a master of the Martial Way. Ruan Shan himself was at the Internal Energy Peak and possessed an incredibly terrifying training method that could boost a person's strength in a short period. Although there were some adverse side effects, they would leave no permanent damage with careful recuperation.

This was the Wolf Slayer Camp's true trump card.

"Oh? Inner Strength Martial Artists, are we?" Monkey was a little surprised, but he showed no sign of panic. Instead, he declared, "Brothers, time's up. Let's end this!"

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

The moment Monkey spoke, all twenty members of the Divine Machine Camp shuddered. An overwhelming aura erupted from each of them.

Zhang Feng's expression changed drastically as he cried out in shock, "Inner Strength Martial Artists!"

And not just one or two, but a full twenty Inner Strength Martial Artists!

"How is this possible?!" Zhang Feng's eyes filled with disbelief as he stared at the men from the Divine Machine Camp in horror.

Twenty Inner Strength Martial Artists were enough to sweep through a troop of a thousand men. Where on earth did the Jinan Military Region find twenty such fighters? And these men were only a fifth of the Divine Machine Camp. How strong could the others possibly be?

Could it be...

As a horrifying thought crossed his mind, a look of extreme shock appeared in his eyes.

"I told you not to lose focus during a fight!"

While Zhang Feng was still reeling, a figure suddenly appeared before him.

A fist came smashing down!

Zhang Feng instinctively raised his arms to block.

CRACK!

The sound of bone fracturing echoed as Zhang Feng was sent flying, collapsing limply on the ground.

One move. The instructor of the Wolf Slayer Camp, defeated just like that.

For a moment, the expressions on the faces of the Wolf Slayer Camp members changed drastically.

However, the Divine Machine Camp did not let up. They exploded forward with terrifying speed, swiftly defeating one Wolf Slayer Camp member after another.

Five minutes. In just five short minutes, every member of the Wolf Slayer Camp was on the ground, completely out of the fight.

Monkey plucked an identity tag from Zhang Feng's uniform and said with a grin, "Teacher Zhang, thanks a lot."

"Let's go!"

After taking all the identity tags from the Wolf Slayer Camp members, the Divine Machine Camp instantly became a torrent that vanished into the mountain forest.

Only after the Divine Machine Camp was long gone did the men from the Wolf Slayer Camp come to their senses.

"Instructor Zhang, we..."

Just then, the few Wolf Slayer Camp members who had been standing guard ran back. When they saw the scene before them, their faces paled.

When Zhang Feng saw his subordinates, all of them injured and disheveled with their identity tags missing, he spat out a mouthful of blood.

"Divine Machine Camp... you are ruthless!"

At the same time the Wolf Slayer Camp was being annihilated, in another location within the mountains, a figure quickly dove into a stretch of thicket where a team of over a hundred men lay hidden.

"Captain, reconnaissance is complete. There's only one path ahead. It's tough, but it's no problem for us."

Before him, a man nearly 1.9 meters tall stood looking toward the mountaintop, his entire body radiating a potent Evil Qi. This man was the captain of the Blood Fiend Camp, and those behind him were all its members.

"Excellent," the captain of the Blood Fiend Camp said. "This time, we're only going for the flag. Let the other teams fight however they want."

"The captain is wise," the scout chuckled. "That Divine Machine Camp Instructor dared to make such a big claim. He's doing us a favor by drawing everyone's attention now."

The Blood Fiend Camp's captain replied, "Never underestimate that Instructor Lin from the Divine Machine Camp. If he didn't have real ability, would the Wolf Slayer Camp have been so devastated by him?"

"In any case, we'll let the Divine Machine Camp attract all the fire. We'll just take the flag."

The captain smiled faintly, but then his expression suddenly changed. He abruptly looked up in a specific direction.

There, a man of similar stature was grinning at him, his expression like that of a predator spotting its prey.

It was Ma Biao of the Divine Machine Camp.

Ma Biao chuckled. "The Blood Fiend Camp's captain is mine."

"The rest are all yours!"

Chapter 663: One-on-One, Loser Withdraws!

"Captain, aren't we going up the mountain?"

Somewhere on the mountainside, a man built like an iron tower watched the area below, his expression impassive. Behind him, numerous powerfully built men were sitting or lying around, their faces a picture of leisure.

One of them, looking somewhat bored, asked casually.

"What's the rush?" someone else chimed in. "Do you think you can figure out the captain's plan?"

"What plan? We're the closest to the summit. Can't we just go get the flag first?"

"You don't know a thing!" the other man retorted, his voice a mix of anger and frustration. "It would be simple for our War Dragon Camp to just take the championship! But the captain doesn't just want to win; he wants to defeat every single other team as well."

The first man finally understood. He hesitated and said, "But that won't be easy."

"Others might not be able to do it, but with the captain here, I'm very confident," another man said with a laugh. "Our War Dragon Camp has already won the championship twice; one more win is no big deal. But if we can defeat all the other teams while taking the title? Now, wouldn't that be epic?"

"Exactly. The captain is always thinking long-term."

"Of course. That's why he's the captain."

Hearing his subordinates' discussion, the tower-like man finally turned around. "All right, everyone stay alert," he said. "Don't let anyone slip past our guard."

"What's there to be afraid of?" a man scoffed. "Across all the major military regions, who would dare to challenge our War Dragon Camp?"

"Exactly. Aside from the Jiaolong Camp trained by Instructor Wang, I don't take any of the other units seriously."

At the mention of Wang Ye, even Long Hao, captain of the War Dragon Camp, showed a respectful expression.

However, Long Hao continued, "Instructor Wang goes without saying. He's a legend. But that Divine Machine Camp..."

"The Divine Machine Camp?" someone interjected. "What about them, Captain? Are you worried they might snatch the victory from under our noses?"

Long Hao shook his head. "It may seem hard to believe, but it never hurts to be cautious."

"Captain, relax. Even if all the other major units joined forces, the War Dragon Camp wouldn't give them a second thought."

Someone laughed. "As for the Divine Machine Camp, they're even less of a concern. Their instructor is just a grandstanding clown."

"Is that so?"

Just then, a cold voice cut through the air.

"I'd like to see where the War Dragon Camp gets the audacity to speak of Elder Brother Mu that way."

As his voice faded, a tall figure appeared in the sight of everyone from the War Dragon Camp. The man was even taller than their captain, Long Hao. He wore a vest, revealing bulging, dragon-like muscles that rippled with a sense of explosive power. What was more alarming was the aura emanating from this person, a force so potent it made every member of the War Dragon Camp's expression change.

"He's the captain of the Divine Machine Camp!" someone recognized Shi Potian, a flicker of surprise on his face.

"Someone from the Divine Machine Camp is here?"

In an instant, every member of the War Dragon Camp was on their feet, their expressions wary. Several of them moved quickly to secure the perimeter.

Watching the War Dragon Camp snap into a battle-ready state in the blink of an eye, Shi Potian nodded slightly. As expected of the team that had won the grand military competition twice in a row, their reaction time was indeed impressive. However, that was all there was to it.

"Captain, no anomalies detected. He's alone," someone whispered in Long Hao's ear.

Long Hao frowned. "He's alone?"

"Absolutely certain!" An unusual expression crossed the subordinate's face, clearly surprised that Shi Potian would dare to come by himself.

"Interesting." Long Hao looked at Shi Potian. "I don't know what your purpose is, but by coming here alone, aren't you afraid your Divine Machine Camp will be wiped out in your absence?"

Shi Potian shook his head. "You should be more worried about your own War Dragon Camp."

"Heh, what an arrogant brat!" Before Long Hao could speak, someone from the War Dragon Camp leaped out and pointed at Shi Potian. "Kid, do you have any idea who you're talking to? We're the War—"

However, before he could finish his sentence, Long Hao suddenly shouted, "Watch out!"

But it was too late. The next moment, the man was sent flying backward, embedding himself heavily in the cliff face.

"So fast!" The expressions of the War Dragon Camp members shifted as they stared at Shi Potian.

"So, you've come here looking for trouble!" Long Hao narrowed his eyes. "I had no intention of seeking trouble with your Divine Machine Camp, but since you've come knocking on our door, don't plan on leaving!"

"Get him!" Long Hao took a step back, leaving Shi Potian to his men. Dealing with Shi Potian alone wasn't worth his personal intervention.

Three men from the War Dragon Camp immediately stepped forward, surrounding Shi Potian tightly.

"I suggest you all attack me at once," Shi Potian said, shaking his head slightly as he looked at the three men. "Otherwise, you won't get another chance."

It wasn't arrogance. It was simply that the men from the War Dragon Camp truly posed no threat to him.

"What arrogance!" Enraged, the three men attacked instantly.

THUD! THUD! THUD!

Shi Potian's leg shot out in a series of swift kicks, sending all three men flying backward at the same time.

"The War Dragon Camp?" Shi Potian said, his hands clasped behind his back. "Is this all you've got?"

This statement thoroughly enraged the War Dragon Camp.

"How outrageous!"

"Damn it! I've never seen someone so arrogant in my life!"

Just as the men were about to rush forward, Long Hao raised a hand to stop them. He looked at Shi Potian, his expression turning grave. "No wonder you dared to challenge the War Dragon Camp all by yourself. It seems you have some skill."

Shi Potian looked at Long Hao and said seriously, "A one-on-one duel. If I win, your War Dragon Camp withdraws from this competition. If I lose, my Divine Machine Camp will withdraw."

"What did you say?" Long Hao stared at Shi Potian in shock. A duel? The loser withdraws from the competition?

"Captain, stop wasting your breath on him! I'll take him down!" a member of the War Dragon Camp yelled, unable to restrain himself any longer, and charged forward.

CRACK!

However, in the blink of an eye, Shi Potian had the man by the throat.

Shi Potian looked at Long Hao and said, "You don't have to agree. But I guarantee your War Dragon Camp will never get a chance to go for the flag."

"I will take you all down, one by one."

The words were utterly audacious. Every member of the War Dragon Camp's eyes turned red with fury, looking as if they wanted to tear Shi Potian to shreds.

"Fine!" Long Hao said suddenly. "I accept your challenge!"

"Captain!" his men cried out, but as they were about to intervene, Long Hao ordered, "All of you, stand down!"

Long Hao looked at Shi Potian. "We'll have our duel. If I lose, the War Dragon Camp withdraws. If you lose, you don't have to withdraw; you only need to stand by and watch."

"How about it?"

Shi Potian, however, shook his head. "Whoever loses, withdraws."

"Then we'll do it your way," Long Hao said with a nod, stepping forward.

In an instant, all the men from the War Dragon Camp spread out to form a circle, glaring daggers at Shi Potian.

"Don't worry, the captain will definitely win!" one of the War Dragon Camp members said.

"Of course, I know that. The captain is a disciple of Teacher Wang; his strength is not to be underestimated. It's just that this captain from the Divine Machine Camp is insufferably arrogant!"

"Don't worry. He'll get what's coming to him soon enough."

In the center of the circle, Long Hao stared intently at Shi Potian.

The next moment, he took a gentle half-step back with his right foot, placed one hand behind his back, and raised the other in a formal gesture.

"After you."

Shi Potian smiled faintly. He tapped his foot on the ground once, then gave a light stomp.

BOOM!

As the ground shook violently, Shi Potian suddenly appeared in front of Long Hao, his fist crashing down

Chapter 664: The Terrifying Divine Machine Camp!

The wind rose as the fist arrived!

Long Hao's expression shifted slightly. He sidestepped and raised his hands, preparing to block Shi Potian's punch. However, Long Hao had underestimated the power behind that fist.

It was only when his hands made contact with Shi Potian's fist that Long Hao knew what true, unadulterated power felt like. He was a disciple of Wang Ye and had naturally grasped the True Meaning of Tai Chi. He had already mastered the essence of "Four Tael Moves a Thousand Catties" to a profound level.

Yet, when the force exceeded a thousand catties, I can't possibly block it. Long Hao admitted to himself.

BANG!

With a muffled thud, the members of the War Dragon Camp suddenly saw their captain sent flying backward.

PFFT!

Before he even hit the ground, Long Hao spat out a mouthful of blood, his face turning pale.

Just one move. With a single move, the formidable captain of the War Dragon Camp was defeated.

Everyone in the War Dragon Camp stared at Shi Potian in disbelief, their eyes filled with shock. They knew better than anyone just how powerful their captain was. Within the entire Capital Military Region, Long Hao's strength was easily among the top ten.

Yet, Long Hao had lost. He had lost to the captain of the Divine Machine Camp.

Doesn't that mean the Divine Machine Camp's overall strength is greater than the War Dragon Camp's?

At this thought, the way the members of the War Dragon Camp looked at Shi Potian completely changed. At the same time, a hint of admiration emerged. Although they were reluctant to accept it, Shi Potian had proven himself with his strength.

"Fine fist technique!" Long Hao wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth, his eyes showing a touch of approval as he looked at Shi Potian.

"Let's go!" With a wave of his hand, Long Hao turned and left.

"Captain!" Seeing Long Hao leave, the expressions of the War Dragon Camp members shifted.

"A bet is a bet, and we honor our losses."

Long Hao spoke only these few words, and the men of the War Dragon Camp fell silent. Since Shi Potian had won, they had to accept defeat gracefully.

"I admit, you're very strong," Long Hao suddenly stopped and looked at Shi Potian. "But it won't be easy for your Divine Machine Camp to defeat the other units by yourselves. After all, not every captain is as reasonable as I am."

The members of the War Dragon Camp finally left without any hesitation.

"Thank you," Shi Potian said, cupping his fist toward Long Hao's retreating back before turning to leave himself.

As for winning the Grand Competition, Shi Potian wasn't worried at all. He believed in his men from the Divine Machine Camp, and he believed in Lin Mu even more.

"Captain, we finally caught up!" At that moment, several members of the Divine Machine Camp reached him. Seeing he was unharmed, they breathed a sigh of relief.

"Captain, the men from the War Dragon Camp are no pushovers," one of them said reassuringly. "Even if we can't beat them, we could have just kept our distance and trailed them until reinforcements arrived."

Shi Potian shook his head. "No need. The War Dragon Camp has already withdrawn from the competition."

"What?" The members exchanged disbelieving glances.

"Captain, what happened?" they asked, staring at him in astonishment. The War Dragon Camp withdrew? Are you kidding?

"They lost, so naturally they were too embarrassed to continue," Shi Potian explained no further, instead leading his men to reinforce the others at full speed. Though they were filled with questions, they followed quickly.

「Meanwhile, on another front.」

The captain of the Blood Fiend Camp lay on the ground, looking at Ma Biao in disbelief. "How are you all so strong?" he exclaimed.

Ma Biao plucked the identity tag from the captain's uniform and said with a grin, "Take a guess."

The captain of the Blood Fiend Camp nearly choked on his rage. Seeing his tag taken, his eyes looked fit to burst. But soon, he hung his head in defeat.

There was nothing he could do. These men from the Divine Machine Camp are a bunch of freaks! Monsters! With just over twenty of them, they took down all one hundred of us from the Blood Fiend Camp. Who would believe that?

But it was the undeniable truth. Every single person in the Divine Machine Camp possessed incredible combat strength. It was as if they couldn't feel pain or be injured. No matter how the men of the Blood

Fiend Camp struggled, it was futile. Even a five-on-one assault was useless; instead, they were easily and decisively dispatched by the men from the Divine Machine Camp. If they're not freaks, what are they?

Moreover, the Divine Machine Camp's fighting style was utterly ferocious. Each of their punches landed with unstoppable force. The entire battle was over in less than ten minutes.

It was terrifying! If the regular members of the Divine Machine Camp are this fearsome, how powerful must their captain be? The Blood Fiend Camp's captain didn't dare to imagine it. All he knew was that this Grand Competition was nothing more than the Divine Machine Camp's personal show.

"Let's go, brothers!" After clearing the battlefield, Ma Biao led his men up the mountain, moving at an incredible pace and disappearing into the jungle in the blink of an eye.

Witnessing the speed the Divine Machine Camp still possessed after a battle sent the members of the Blood Fiend Camp into despair.

What in the hell is going on?! This was the thought on every Blood Fiend Camp member's mind.

「On another mountainside.」

"Captain, something seems off."

The Army Blade Camp was advancing at full speed up the mountainside, intending to reach the summit as quickly as possible. Along the way, they remained vigilant for ambushes from other teams. However, by the time they reached the halfway point, they hadn't seen a single soul.

The captain of the Army Blade Camp frowned, a sense of unease creeping into his heart.

"Everyone, stay alert! Have the scouts heighten their vigilance. If anything seems wrong, retreat immediately!"

The captain of the Army Blade Camp was a scar-faced man with a fierce appearance and an icy aura. His men were the same, each one like a blood-stained military blade, ready to deliver a fatal blow to the enemy at any moment.

"Yes, sir!" Several scouts quickly departed to reconnoiter the area.

RUSTLE, RUSTLE!

Just then, a faint sound came from the woods, like someone running rapidly through the undergrowth.

"Careful, enemy attack!" The captain's gaze sharpened. In an instant, the entire Army Blade Camp formed a defensive formation, ready for battle.

The footsteps grew closer. However, the captain of the Army Blade Camp felt a flicker of doubt. He could tell from the sound that the runners' breathing was ragged and their footsteps were chaotic. It's as if... they're fleeing in a panic.

"Is that Captain Fu of the Army Blade Camp up ahead?"

Just as the captain was pondering this, a burly man stumbled out of the jungle. His face was pale, with blood still trickling from the corner of his mouth. It's a member of the Mad Battle Camp!

The Army Blade Camp's captain recognized him at a glance. He remained wary, but he was also shocked. The men of the Mad Battle Camp are injured?

As the captain hesitated, considering whether to eliminate these few members of the Mad Battle Camp, the man quickly raised his hands. "Captain Fu," he said, "I've come to discuss something with you."

"Oh? And what do you have to discuss with me?" the captain of the Army Blade Camp asked in a low voice, his eyes growing even more guarded. This was the Grand Competition; he couldn't trust anyone but his own men.

"It's a bit embarrassing to say," the man from the Mad Battle Camp began, "but we were ambushed. Even our captain was captured."

The man's words sent a jolt through the Army Blade Camp's captain. The captain of the Mad Battle Camp was captured?!

"Who did it? Was it the War Dragon Camp or the Jiaolong Camp?" he asked, covertly making a hand signal.

"Neither!" the man from the Mad Battle Camp spat through gritted teeth. "It was the Divine Machine Camp!"

Chapter 665: Joining Forces!

"Divine Machine Camp?"

The Army Blade Camp captain raised his eyebrows. "How could Divine Machine Camp possibly be a match for your Mad Battle Camp? You're lying!"

The captain was about to order his men to attack when the man from Mad Battle Camp hurriedly said, "Captain Fu, every word I've said is the absolute truth!"

"The people from Divine Machine Camp are despicable," he said, his eyes filled with fury and indignation. "They laid countless traps to lure us in. In the end, they even captured our captain. I barely managed to escape with my brothers, and we came straight here to ask for your help."

The Army Blade Camp captain's brow furrowed slightly. He and the Mad Battle Camp captain were comrades from the same unit and had a good relationship. In the last grand competition, they had even joined forces, both performing exceptionally and earning considerable accolades.

"I know you and our captain are on good terms, Captain Fu. Even though our camps are different, we're still comrades," the man from Mad Battle Camp said confidently. "I came to you because our captain said you are the only one who can save him."

The Army Blade Camp captain looked hesitant.

The man from Mad Battle Camp pressed on, "Don't worry, Captain Fu. We just want to rescue our captain. If we succeed, I guarantee that Mad Battle Camp will help your Army Blade Camp win the championship!"

"Oh?" The Army Blade Camp captain narrowed his eyes. "And what's your guarantee?"

"This!" The man tossed something over. It was several dozen identity tags, all belonging to Mad Battle Camp. "Captain Fu, these are our identity tags. With these, you should feel assured, right?"

The Army Blade Camp captain was tempted.

"If our two powerful camps join forces, even if we can't take first place, securing one of the top two spots is definitely possible!" the man continued. "Divine Machine Camp may be strong, but they only captured our captain by relying on favorable terrain and treacherous schemes. If we team up, taking them down will be child's play!"

"Captain, be careful. It could be a trap!" one of the Army Blade Camp members warned.

But after a moment's hesitation, the Army Blade Camp captain said, "He's not wrong. Divine Machine Camp's performance in past competitions has been lackluster. They only seem better this time because they got a new instructor, but I heard their training period was quite short. There's a limit to how strong they could have gotten. If we can ally with Mad Battle Camp, take out Divine Machine Camp first, and then go after War Dragon Camp and Jiaolong Camp, our chances of victory will be much higher."

War Dragon Camp and Jiaolong Camp are the two strongest teams in this competition.

"But..." The man from Army Blade Camp still felt something wasn't right.

"Fortune favors the bold," the Army Blade Camp captain said, clenching his fist. "This isn't the first time we've worked with Mad Battle Camp. Let's trust them this once. If they try to pull a fast one, Army Blade Camp is more than capable of dealing with them."

"The captain's right! Mad Battle Camp is no match for us!" another chimed in.

"Let's do it!"

The man from Mad Battle Camp said, "If you don't agree, Captain Fu, you can keep these identity tags as a gift. I'll still tell you where Divine Machine Camp is. As for the rest of us... we've already lost. We have no face to stay here any longer."

With that, he turned to leave.

"Wait!" The Army Blade Camp captain suddenly stopped him. "I agree."

"Thank you, Captain Fu!"

「A dozen or so minutes later, somewhere near the summit.」

The man from Mad Battle Camp pointed ahead. "Captain Fu, Divine Machine Camp's hiding place is just up ahead."

The Army Blade Camp captain was puzzled. "If they're already this close to the summit, why haven't they gone for the flag?"

The man sneered. "You don't know the half of it, Captain Fu. Those guys from Divine Machine Camp are incredibly arrogant. I heard their captain say he wants to eliminate every other unit before he takes the flag!"

"Oh, that arrogant?" A cold glint flashed in the Army Blade Camp captain's eyes. "I'd like to see what gives them that kind of confidence! Brothers, stay sharp! Once we wipe out Divine Machine Camp, we'll be one step closer to the championship!"

The men of Army Blade Camp chuckled softly, appearing completely relaxed.

"Alright, men, time to get to work!"

At his command, the Army Blade Camp members instantly fanned out, charging at full speed toward their designated points.

"Where is everyone?!"

However, when the members of Army Blade Camp arrived, they found the area completely deserted.

"Damn it, we've been tricked!" The Army Blade Camp captain's expression changed as he realized what had happened.

He whipped around to find the man from Mad Battle Camp, but he was already gone. The traitors had vanished without a trace!

"Fall back! Now!" the Army Blade Camp captain bellowed, preparing to withdraw.

However, just then, figures suddenly emerged from the surrounding woods. They appeared like ghosts, their auras powerful, and quickly surrounded the men from Army Blade Camp.

A man stood before them, watching the Army Blade Camp captain with a wry smile.

"Jiaolong Camp! Why is it you?!" the captain cried out, his face paling in shock.

The man chuckled. "Surprised, Captain Fu?"

The Army Blade Camp captain's gaze darkened. He looked past the man to a person standing behind the enemy lines and said gravely, "So this was all a trick by your Jiaolong Camp!"

The Jiaolong Camp captain replied, "How can you call it a trick? On the battlefield, the victor is king. You're trapped. Surrender now, and you can spare yourselves a beating."

"Old Fu, just surrender," a man behind the Jiaolong Camp captain said, his face etched with guilt. "You can't beat them."

The Army Blade Camp captain was furious. "Huang, I can't believe I trusted you!"

The man was none other than the captain of Mad Battle Camp. His face filled with even more shame as he looked down. "I had no choice. I made a bet with Jiaolong Camp... and I lost."

The Army Blade Camp captain's eyes flickered. Lost a bet? Is Jiaolong Camp really that strong?

"Of course, you do have a second option," the Jiaolong Camp captain said with a grin. "Our target this time is Divine Machine Camp. If you agree to cooperate with my Jiaolong Camp, I can guarantee Army Blade Camp third place." He'd already promised second place to Mad Battle Camp.

"Captain, let's fight them!"

"Yeah! Jiaolong Camp is too treacherous!"

The men from Army Blade Camp were enraged by the deception.

The Army Blade Camp captain remained silent.

"So, what's your decision?" the Jiaolong Camp captain, Zhou Dahu, asked. "Don't worry. As long as you agree to cooperate, I, Zhou Dahu, am a man of my word. I swear it on the name of our Teacher Wang!"

Teacher Wang... Wang Ye!

After a moment of hesitation, the Army Blade Camp captain took a deep breath. "I agree to your terms."

"Excellent." Zhou Dahu beamed. "You've made the right decision."

He gazed off into the distance, murmuring to himself, "Mr. Lin, oh, Mr. Lin... I wonder whose team is stronger? The Divine Machine Camp you trained, or the Jiaolong Camp trained by Teacher Wang? I truly can't wait to find out!"

Chapter 666: Just give it a try and you'll know!

On the training ground, the crowd watched through the screens, their expressions varied.

Jiaolong Camp, Mad Battle Camp, and Army Blade Camp had joined forces, preparing to set a trap for Divine Machine Camp. This was quite rare.

But that was how the military competition worked. Apart from using forbidden methods, forming alliances was not prohibited. After all, there could only be one champion. The performance of each unit was also being evaluated and recorded by specialists.

However, could Divine Machine Camp really withstand this?

Everyone had seen what happened earlier. The soldiers from Wolf Slayer Camp had been defeated. So had those from Blood Fiend Camp. Even the War Dragon Camp members had withdrawn from the competition. Now, with the three remaining camps joining forces, would the miracle created by Divine Machine Camp finally come to an end?

Everyone looked toward Lin Mu, only to find his expression incredibly calm.

Wang Ye suddenly spoke up. "Instructor Lin, this has nothing to do with me."

Lin Mu simply nodded. He didn't care.

To be honest, a competition like this is just a waste of time. It would be better to have a free-for-all right here on the training ground. Whoever falls, leaves the field! That would be much more straightforward!

"Hmph, Divine Machine Camp, this is as far as you go!" a voice from the Yue Province contingent scoffed. It was Ruan Shan, who was clearly pleased. With Wolf Slayer Camp's loss, he had also lost face.

The few representatives from the Lanzhou Military Region also looked displeased. But considering Divine Machine Camp had defeated Blood Fiend Camp with their own genuine strength, they had to acknowledge the camp's might, however reluctant they were.

"Losers should know when to stay quiet," Lin Mu said without even glancing at Ruan Shan.

The remark nearly made Ruan Shan spit blood. The others could only shake their heads helplessly. This Instructor Lin really picks a fight with everyone he sees.

However, the looks Lu Kai and the others gave Lin Mu were filled with a hint of surprise. This kid... his personality is a bit overbearing, but he definitely has skill. For them, winning or losing the competition was no longer important. They were more interested in the unit's combat effectiveness and the instructor's strength. Clearly, Lin Mu had earned the recognition of most people through his abilities.

Now, all that was left was to see how Divine Machine Camp would handle the upcoming situation.

...

「In the mountains.」

A figure sped through the terrain, moving at an extraordinary speed. If anyone saw this, their jaws would surely drop. How could a person move so fast!

"Leng Feng, there's a problem!" a member of Divine Machine Camp reported as he rushed into a patch of jungle, his expression grave.

"What is it? Haven't you found the Army Blade Camp members yet?" Leng Feng frowned slightly but showed no signs of impatience. Time was the same for both sides.

"No," the man said. "But I've noticed something strange."

"What?"

The man hesitated before speaking. "A lot of time has passed, and it's not just Army Blade Camp. We haven't seen a single person from Mad Battle Camp or Jiaolong Camp either."

Leng Feng spun around sharply. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely!"

Leng Feng pondered for a moment. Then, as if he had realized something, he suddenly closed his eyes. The others watched his actions, not daring to disturb him.

Although Leng Feng was young, his performance in Divine Machine Camp had been nothing short of exemplary. His growth was so rapid that it made even Jiaolong feel inferior and caused many veteran members to be ashamed of their own progress. Thinking back on the short time he had trained under Teacher Lin, his comrades were even more astounded.

In just three short months, no one knew just how strong Leng Feng had become. But within the entire Divine Machine Camp, aside from Captain Shi and Teacher Lin, Leng Feng was considered absolutely invincible!

...

At this moment, Leng Feng was expanding his Divine Sense, swiftly searching the surroundings.

A few minutes later, he snapped his eyes open. A flash of purple light flickered within them as he gazed toward a specific location. Over there, he could sense a number of aura fluctuations. Moreover, thanks to his Supreme Divine Pupils, his eyesight was astonishing, allowing him to see things over a thousand meters away.

Retracting his gaze, Leng Feng blinked to ease his somewhat sore eyes, and a faint smile touched his lips.

"Leng Feng, what's the situation?" Seeing his expression, the Divine Machine Camp members looked at him with anticipation.

"Jiaolong Camp, Mad Battle Camp, and Army Blade Camp have joined forces. Looks like they want to have a big fight with us," Leng Feng said, the smile on his face growing wider.

"The three camps have joined forces?" The men from Divine Machine Camp were stunned for a moment, then said excitedly, "Doesn't that mean..."

"Hehehe." The group exchanged glances and let out a series of eerie chuckles.

"Let's go. We'll rendezvous with the others first," Leng Feng said as he stood up, a blade of grass dangling from his mouth. "Since they want to play, let's play a big game!"

...

Back on the training ground, the observers watched the Divine Machine Camp members, who were split into several teams, quickly converging. Everyone looked perplexed.

"What are the members of Divine Machine Camp doing? Instead of seizing this chance to go up the mountain and capture the flag, they're regrouping?"

"Indeed, this seems like a miscalculation," Lu Shangfeng said thoughtfully. "Although fighting the other teams would perfectly showcase their strength, Divine Machine Camp doesn't stand much of a chance with three camps joining forces."

"You're all overthinking it," Lu Kai said. "Divine Machine Camp is acting this way because they clearly don't know the other three have teamed up. I believe their original plan was to gather their full strength to eliminate one of the other teams first. Little do they know, the other three have already joined hands."

The crowd nodded slightly in agreement. Ruan Shan glanced at Lin Mu, a cold smirk on his lips, while Wang Ye simply sat with his eyes closed, seemingly unconcerned with the competition.

The most anxious ones were Kong Lin and the others. If Divine Machine Camp had gone for the flag at this point, they would have had a high probability of winning the championship. But by choosing to regroup, they were very likely to fall into the others' trap.

"Alas, all we can do is leave it to fate," Kong Lin sighed. "Divine Machine Camp has already come much further than I ever expected."

...

「In the mountains.」

The fog grew increasingly thick, severely affecting visibility.

At this moment, Ma Biao and Monkey were rapidly heading toward the rendezvous point. He was on his way to support his brothers.

"Stop!"

Suddenly, Monkey's eyes sharpened as he warily scanned his surroundings. He vaguely felt that something was not right. The jungle was deathly silent, without even the chirping of insects. The other members of Divine Machine Camp also grew vigilant, slowing their pace and advancing cautiously.

"Something's wrong," Monkey said, licking his lips. "It looks like we've been encircled."

"Haha, you're absolutely right," a loud laugh rang out. Men from Army Blade Camp emerged from the forest, surrounding Monkey and his squad.

Monkey's gaze hardened. He could sense several auras within the Army Blade Camp's ranks that were just as strong as theirs.

"You think you can stop us with just Army Blade Camp?" Monkey said, feigning a relaxed tone. "Even the Wolf Slayer Camp was no match for us. What makes you so confident?"

The captain of Army Blade Camp smiled. "Our goal isn't to defeat you. Just holding you here is enough."

Monkey's brow twitched. "So that's how it is," he said. "You all certainly think highly of our Divine Machine Camp. But with just your Army Blade Camp, you won't be able to hold us back!"

"Try us and find out!" the Army Blade Camp captain retorted.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the mountain, Ma Biao's squad had been similarly surrounded by Mad Battle Camp. Their goal was also just to detain Ma Biao and his men.

As for the remaining Jiaolong Camp, their whereabouts were unknown.

Chapter 667 Really boring!

The wind howled.

The flags fluttered.

Two troops faced each other on the mountaintop.

"Divine Machine Camp!"

"Jiaolong Camp!"

The Jiaolong Camp, led by Zhou Dahu, and the Divine Machine Camp, led by Jiaolong, had finally met.

"Captain, Monkey and the others haven't arrived yet," Leopard whispered to Jiaolong.

Jiaolong nodded. "They probably won't be able to make it."

The moment he saw the men from Jiaolong Camp, Jiaolong understood. The Jiaolong Camp had already made their move, trapping the rest of the Divine Machine Camp members on the path.

Their objective was simple: deal with his group first, seize the flag, and then go after the rest.

Divide and conquer. That was the Jiaolong Camp's goal.

"So what do we do next?" Leopard asked, a hint of worry in his voice.

Because the members of Jiaolong Camp were not to be underestimated. Naturally, a unit personally trained by Grandmaster Wang Ye wouldn't be filled with ordinary characters.

"Heh, no worries," Jiaolong said with a laugh.

"If the Jiaolong Camp wanted a real, no-holds-barred fight with us, I wouldn't be very confident," Jiaolong explained. "But since they've allied with two other units, it proves they aren't completely confident they can handle us."

Leopard's eyes lit up. "Captain, you mean..."

Jiaolong nodded. "Let's wait and see what the Jiaolong Camp has to say."

Zhou Dahu looked at Jiaolong and said, "Captain Jiaolong, we meet again."

As captains of their respective military regions' secret units, Zhou Dahu and Jiaolong knew each other. The Sichuan-Shu region had even approached Jiaolong in the past, asking if he would consider leaving the Divine Machine Camp to join theirs. But Jiaolong had refused.

Jiaolong nodded. "It's been a while."

"Now that it's just our two teams left, how should we fight?" Zhou Dahu asked.

"However you want to fight," Jiaolong replied. "My Divine Machine Camp will oblige."

Zhou Dahu sighed. "Jiaolong, to think that after all these years, you still have the same temper."

Proud and full of confidence. He just didn't know where Jiaolong's confidence came from.

Ever since Teacher Wang became the Jiaolong Camp's instructor, their strength had improved by leaps and bounds.

In fact, Zhou Dahu disdained using tricks to split up the Divine Machine Camp. But the higher-ups were placing great importance on this competition and couldn't tolerate any mistakes. With no other choice, Zhou Dahu could only have the other two teams hold up the rest of their men. As for facing the few dozen men Jiaolong had with him now, it already felt a bit like bullying.

"In that case, let's not waste any more words," Zhou Dahu said. "One-on-one duels or a gauntlet? You make the call."

"Actually, before the competition, Instructor Lin mentioned that this type of competition is meaningless," Jiaolong said.

Zhou Dahu was a little surprised.

Instructor Lin? The Divine Machine Camp's instructor? The one even the commanding officers respectfully address as Mr. Lin?

"I'm quite curious what your instructor had to say," Zhou Dahu admitted.

"Instructor Lin said that for people at our level, so-called competitions are utterly meaningless. It would be better for everyone to have a straightforward clash, and the loser goes home," Jiaolong explained.

"Of course, he meant my Divine Machine Camp challenging all six military regions."

Zhou Dahu's eyebrow twitched.

What a bold statement from the instructor of the Divine Machine Camp. Challenge all six military regions? That Instructor Lin was either a madman or a fool.

"Heh, your Instructor Lin truly is an odd one," Zhou Dahu said with a hint of disdain, a new sense of contempt for the Chief Instructor of the Divine Machine Camp blooming in his heart.

"Instructor Lin is certainly an extraordinary person," Jiaolong said. "That's why, in his eyes, the six military regions really don't amount to much."

"Just empty words," a member of the Jiaolong Camp sneered. "You only dare say that because your instructor isn't here. Otherwise, I could take him down with a single punch."

"Oh? Is that so?"

Just then, a calm voice drifted up from the mountain path, where a figure was slowly approaching.

It was Shi Potian.

Seeing Shi Potian, Zhou Dahu and his men were surprised. Didn't he order the Mad Battle Camp to intercept this man? How did he get here?

The Jiaolong Camp members didn't know much about Shi Potian, but they knew that anyone serving as a captain of the Divine Machine Camp had to be powerful. His presence could bring unexpected complications.

"Was it you who said you could take down Elder Brother Mu with one punch?" Shi Potian asked, his cold gaze fixed on the man from Jiaolong Camp who had spoken. "Since that's the case, I'd like to see what gives you the right to make such a claim."

The moment he finished speaking, Shi Potian vanished.

"What incredible speed!"

The man from Jiaolong Camp's expression changed, but he didn't panic. His strength was considerable, easily placing him in the top ten of his unit. Therefore, facing Shi Potian's sudden attack, the man simply scoffed, drew his hands in a circle, and pushed out fiercely.

BANG!

However, as soon as his palms shot forward, his own expression shifted. A massive force surged toward him, sending him flying backward.

Shi Potian looked at the man and shook his head. "You dare to speak so arrogantly with such pathetic strength. I really don't know where you get your confidence!"

The faces of the Jiaolong Camp members turned ugly. Zhou Dahu, however, watched Shi Potian with a grave expression. This man was not only fast but also immensely powerful, not much weaker than Zhou Dahu himself.

"It seems I've underestimated your Divine Machine Camp," Zhou Dahu said with a laugh. "Since that's the case, let's not waste any more time. Let's begin."

"My thoughts exactly." Shi Potian nodded and pointed at Zhou Dahu. "Since we are the captains of our respective teams, let us begin. Of course, you're welcome to attack me all at once."

All of them at once? Is he looking down on us this much? The Jiaolong Camp members' expressions soured at his words.

"I alone am more than enough to deal with you!" Zhou Dahu snapped, his anger flaring. "Prepare yourself!"

With a low shout, Zhou Dahu charged toward Shi Potian like a tiger descending the mountain.

However, in the next moment, Zhou Dahu froze, because his fist had been caught.

Shi Potian merely chuckled and kicked out.

BANG!

Zhou Dahu was sent flying, landing heavily on the ground.

At that moment, everyone from both the Jiaolong Camp and the Divine Machine Camp was utterly shocked.

Is Shi Potian that strong? Even Zhou Dahu is no match for him?

In truth, it wasn't just them; even Shi Potian himself didn't know just how strong he had become.

"How is this possible?" Zhou Dahu's eyes filled with horror. He had clearly used seventy percent of his strength, yet he was defeated in a single blow. This...

In reality, it wasn't that he was weak, but that Shi Potian was too strong. Everyone, including the high-ranking military leaders, had severely underestimated the power of the Divine Machine Camp.

Looking at the stunned members of his unit, Shi Potian said, "What are you all standing around for? Finish the fight."

The members of the Divine Machine Camp finally snapped out of their daze. With a collective roar, they charged at the Jiaolong Camp.

The next moment, a one-sided slaughter began.

Watching the Jiaolong Camp fall back in defeat, Shi Potian walked over to the flag, plucked it from the ground, and shook his head. "How boring."

Chapter 668: The Grace of Guidance Should be Acknowledged as a Master!

"Is it over, just like that?"

On the drill ground, the crowd stared at the screen, unable to snap back to reality for a long while. The Jiaolong Camp, personally trained by Wang Ye, had been defeated just like that? And it had only taken a few minutes from start to finish.

It wasn't just the Jiaolong Camp. The troops from the other major military regions had met the same fate, utterly crushed by the Divine Machine Camp without a trace of a fight left in them.

The people from the Divine Machine Camp are simply a bunch of freaks!

This was the first time such a situation had occurred since the military competition's inception. One team was taking all the glory!

This is nothing short of a miracle!

The crowd suddenly turned their heads to look at the somewhat bored Lin Mu, their hearts pounding with even greater shock.

But the most astonished of all was Kong Lin. How long had it been since Lin Mu began training the Divine Machine Camp? Less than three months! For every member of the Divine Machine Camp to break through their limits and shine so brightly in the competition in such a short time was something Kong Lin had never dared to imagine.

The other commanders wore strange expressions. All of our troops lost? And to the same unit, no less! Frustration was natural, but it was overshadowed by a sense of genuine respect. After all, no other unit could have achieved such a feat.

Although the matches themselves weren't very exciting and the other units' true capabilities weren't fully showcased, the power of the Divine Machine Camp had completely conquered everyone.

"Alright," Han Xiaochuan said, unsure whether to laugh or cry. "Since the Divine Machine Camp has already won the championship, let's call this competition to an end."

Xiang Yunlong and the others nodded in agreement. In truth, they knew it was over the moment the Jiaolong Camp joined forces with the other two units.

The most embarrassed person, naturally, was Xiang Yunlong. He had thought the Jiaolong Camp could put up a proper fight against the Divine Machine Camp. He never expected Zhou Dalong to privately collude with two other teams to target them. Such an act was, of course, rather dishonorable.

"Well then, since it's over, we should be heading back." Lu Kai also stood up, ready to leave. The Wolf Slayer Camp had been defeated by the Divine Machine Camp twice in succession, and he no longer had the face to stay.

"Wait!"

Suddenly, Lin Mu spoke up. He looked at Ruan Shan. "Didn't you say you wanted to challenge me after the competition ended? Now, I'm giving you the chance."

Ruan Shan's expression was awkward. He had been defeated by Lin Mu in a single move, and now the Divine Machine Camp had won. He had no grounds to bring up the challenge again.

"Instructor Lin, Mr. Ruan was in the wrong earlier. I hope you can forgive him." Lu Kai glanced at Ruan Shan, shook his head slightly, then cupped his fist toward Lin Mu. "As for the matter with the Shenqi Pharmaceutical Company, I've already investigated it thoroughly. I will give you a full account."

Hearing this, Ruan Shan tried to interject, "Commander Lu, this matter—"

"Shut up!" Lu Kai snapped. He then turned to Lin Mu and said, "I wonder what your thoughts are, Instructor Lin?"

Just as Lin Mu was about to speak, Kong Lin quickly interjected, "Lin Mu, since Commander Lu has spoken personally, the least you can do is show him some respect."

"Fine," Lin Mu said after a moment's thought, nodding. "I'll consider it a gesture of respect for Commander Lu."

"Thank you, Instructor Lin!" Lu Kai cupped his fist. "I will consider myself in your debt for this favor. If you need anything in the future, please don't hesitate to ask!"

Ultimately, Lu Kai left. Before departing, Ruan Shan shot Lin Mu a resentful glance. It was obvious he hadn't accepted the outcome.

After the people from Yue Province had left, Wang Ye, who had been sitting quietly to the side, suddenly opened his eyes and looked at Lin Mu.

"Instructor Lin, how about we exchange a few moves?"

The other leaders, who had been about to leave, froze. Wang Ye was challenging Lin Mu?

This...

Everyone knew that Wang Ye was a Martial Arts Grandmaster! Although Wang Ye's name wasn't on the Heavenly List, not a single Grandmaster dared to underestimate him. This was because he was so powerful that he no longer needed some empty title to prove his worth.

Han Xiaochuan, however, seemed to realize something, and his expression changed slightly. "Wang Ye, can we perhaps discuss this another day?" he proposed, really not wanting to see a dispute erupt between the two.

Lin Mu, however, simply nodded. "Fine."

"This place is too small. Let's go outside," Lin Mu said before taking the lead.

The crowd hurriedly followed. While everyone knew of Wang Ye, not many knew Lin Mu. At least, those from the other military regions only knew that the Divine Machine Camp he trained was formidable. As for his personal strength, no one truly knew if he was strong or weak. Yet, for him to accept a challenge from Wang Ye, he must have some confidence. At this thought, everyone grew excited. Even a magnate like Lu Shangfeng was intrigued.

One was a Martial Arts Grandmaster of long-standing renown; the other, a legendary instructor whose troops had taken the top spot. In a battle between these two, who would prove stronger?

...

On the drill ground, Wang Ye, dressed in a long robe, announced his name. "Wang Ye of Wudang!"

"Lin Wudi of River City," Lin Mu replied after a moment's thought.

Wang Ye nodded. "The Jiangling Wang Family doesn't have much to do with me, but they still bear the Wang surname. While they brought about their own annihilation, I would be unworthy of my title as Grandmaster if I did nothing. I have long heard of your peerless combat strength, Lin Wudi—that you are invincible. I would like to see for myself just how great the gap between us truly is."

As he finished speaking, Wang Ye's expression became incredibly solemn. A faint breeze stirred, and an aura like wind and clouds emanated from his body. In the next moment, the wind surged and the clouds billowed!

Wang Ye made his move, but he stopped just as suddenly. A finger was pointed at his brow, hovering just half an inch from his forehead.

"I have lost." Wang Ye's aura vanished as if it had never been, and his expression was somewhat dejected.

"No," Lin Mu said, retracting his finger. "You didn't lose to me. You lost to yourself."

"You wanted to challenge me to use this as an opportunity to break through to the Divine Communion Realm, but your path is misguided."

The shock in Wang Ye's eyes intensified as he stared at Lin Mu in disbelief. How on earth did this guy see my true intentions?

Lin Mu smiled faintly. "To break through to the Divine Communion Realm is actually very simple. The principle of Tai Chi Fist emphasizes an upright body and a relaxed mind leading the vital energy. Your intent leads the energy, and the energy drives your power. Hands, eyes, body, technique, footwork, essence, energy, spirit, strength, and skill—these ten must be unified to encompass the Tai Chi and balance the Yin and Yang. Only when body and mind are one can you reach a state of great accomplishment!"

As Lin Mu turned to leave, his voice drifted back to Wang Ye. "You have mastered the physical aspects—the hands, eyes, body, technique, and footwork—but you have yet to truly grasp the spiritual ones: the essence, energy, and spirit. If you can comprehend this point, with your talent, Reaching the Divine will not be difficult!"

Upon hearing Lin Mu's words, Wang Ye's entire body trembled. He abruptly closed his eyes. The breeze swirling around him began to change. Strangely, it split into two colors—one black and one white, swirling together like a Tai Chi symbol.

BOOM!

In the next moment, a muffled sound erupted from within Wang Ye's body. His eyes snapped open. He held the two-colored breeze in his hand as if he were holding Yin and Yang itself.

So that's how it is! A slight smile touched Wang Ye's lips. He gave Lin Mu a deep bow. "Wang Ye thanks Master Lin for his guidance!"

Such profound guidance elevated an advisor to the status of a teacher.

Meanwhile, the onlookers had no idea what had just transpired. Didn't Wang Ye challenge Lin Mu? Why is he bowing and thanking him now?

Chapter 669: Heavenly Lake Plan, Legend of the Immortal Gate!

The competition came to a hasty conclusion. Nobody could discern anything from the battle between Wang Ye and Lin Mu.

Therefore, after the people from the other military regions had left, Kong Lin sought out Lin Mu.

"Instructor Lin, that battle... was truly spectacular!" Kong Lin said, having taken a long moment to find the right word.

In fact, this competition was far from spectacular. It was simply because the Divine Machine Camp was too strong—strong enough to completely crush the other major military regions. But Kong Lin was indeed in high spirits. The Divine Machine Camp had won, which meant they wouldn't have to be disbanded.

"I told you I would bring a championship back for you," Lin Mu said. "I kept my word."

"To be honest, before today, I didn't believe a word of it," Kong Lin responded with a wry smile. "But after seeing the Divine Machine Camp's performance today, I realize just how wildly mistaken I was."

Lin Mu remained noncommittal.

"Speaking of which," Kong Lin said, taking out a box, "this is a reward from the higher-ups. See if it's of any use to you."

Lin Mu took the box. As soon as he opened it, his eyebrows shot up. Inside was a dark brown stone, and within it, faint flickers of lightning seemed to dance.

Thunderstone!

A flicker of shock crossed Lin Mu's face. Thunderstones only formed in the heart of concentrated lightning, and such things were incredibly hard to come by, even within the Immortal Realm. But Lin Mu had not expected Kong Lin to produce such an item.

"This is useful to me," Lin Mu said, nodding as he accepted it.

For those who cultivated Thunder Law, a Thunderstone was a priceless treasure one could only dream of finding. Lin Mu could use it to enhance the attributes of the Yulong Sword. Although the effect would be limited, it was better than nothing. The greatest use of the Thunderstone, however, was for setting up formations. Any ordinary formation could have its power doubled by incorporating a Thunderstone.

"I'm glad it's useful," Kong Lin said with a sigh, seemingly troubled by something he couldn't bring himself to say.

"If you have something on your mind, Elder Kong, just say it."

Kong Lin hesitated for a moment. "Actually, this stone was found by Leng Feng's father."

Lin Mu had heard a few things about Leng Feng's father. Before Lin Mu, Leng Yan had been an instructor for the Divine Machine Camp, but he went missing during a secret mission. The military had searched for a long time to no avail and eventually had no choice but to give up. But Leng Yan had been one of Kong Lin's most prized soldiers, and the matter had always weighed on his mind.

"Back then, Leng Yan took his team to Heavenly Lake on a classified mission. Three days later, he disappeared. This stone was the only thing his men managed to send back," Kong Lin explained. "At the time, the matter was classified as top secret. The higher-ups also made efforts to study this stone, but aside from extracting some substance to create gene potions, their research made no other headway."

After a pause, he added, "Frankly, the higher-ups were reluctant to part with this stone. They're giving it to you, first, as a reward, and second..." He took a deep breath. "The higher-ups have a mission for you."

Lin Mu frowned. "What mission?"

"They're planning to restart the Heavenly Lake Project," Kong Lin said gravely. "They want you to lead a team to Changbai Mountain and investigate the truth of what happened back then! This mission could be just as dangerous as Leng Yan's, so you have the right to refuse."

The Heavenly Lake Project? Lin Mu stared at the Thunderstone, pondering for a moment before asking, "When does it start?"

"The sooner, the better!"

Sensing the urgency in Kong Lin's voice, Lin Mu knew something unexpected must have happened there. But he had pressing matters of his own and realized he wouldn't be able to go.

"How about this," Lin Mu suggested. "I'll have the Divine Machine Camp go first. If anything happens, I'll make a personal trip. How does that sound?"

Compared to the Heavenly Lake Project, Lin Mu's priority was bringing Qin Luoli back as soon as possible. He didn't want to delay that matter for even a second.

"That could work," Kong Lin said. "Although the higher-ups are anxious, this project has been shelved for a long time. Even restarting it will require some preparation. I can ask them for a delay and have them wait until you get back."

"That would be for the best." Lin Mu suddenly asked, "What exactly is this Heavenly Lake Project?"

Kong Lin shook his head. "I'm not entirely sure about the specifics." His demeanor suddenly became mysterious as he lowered his voice. "But I've heard that Heavenly Lake is connected to legends of the Immortal Gates."

"Legends of the Immortal Gates?" Lin Mu's heart stirred. Could it be? Are there other Cultivators in this world besides me?

Kong Lin, however, shook his head and chuckled. "That's just baseless rumor. How could there be real immortals in this world? It's all nonsense."

Lin Mu, however, held a different view. In the history of Huaxia, there were the Great Qin Qi Cultivators, not to mention countless myths and legends, like Laozi leaving the pass, the Fengshan Ceremony on Taishan, and the Yingkou Dragon Fall incident. There's no smoke without fire. Legends only become legends because later generations are too far removed to access that level of reality.

If that's the case, then I really do need to make a trip to Heavenly Lake.

"Alright, don't overthink it. Someone from the Military Department will brief you on the specifics when the time comes," Kong Lin said. "If you really want to go, handle your own affairs first. This can't be rushed."

Lin Mu nodded, said his farewells, and left.

Watching Lin Mu's retreating figure, Kong Lin muttered, Immortals? I think you're the one who acts like an immortal.

「Back at the base.」

The members of the Divine Machine Camp were celebrating wildly. After several years, they had finally won the championship again. For them, it was truly a day worth celebrating.

Lin Mu didn't join the commotion. Instead, he sat on a reef, staring blankly at the bright moon in the sky.

Luo Li, wait for me. I'm coming to get you tomorrow!

Since learning that Qin Luoli had gone to Demon City, Lin Mu had been filled with worry and a rising anger. The Qin Family had dared to force Luo Li's hand. At the thought of this, a murderous intent stirred in Lin Mu's heart. He didn't know how many heads would roll on this trip to Demon City.

"Lin Mu, what are you doing here?" A fragrant breeze drifted by as Kong Ying approached. She smelled of alcohol, and her face was flushed, clearly quite tipsy. She'd obviously had a lot to drink.

"What are you looking at? Come on, have a drink with us!" Seeing Lin Mu looking at her, Kong Ying's pretty face turned even redder. She pulled on his arm, insisting, "Let's go! You led everyone to victory, and they all want to have a drink with you!"

Without giving him a chance to refuse, Kong Ying dragged Lin Mu toward the crowd.

The atmosphere at the base grew even more electric with Lin Mu's arrival. By the end of the night, many of the Divine Machine Camp members were drinking and crying at the same time. Lin Mu didn't laugh at them. For the men of the Divine Machine Camp, winning the championship again had been their greatest wish. Now that it was fulfilled, they needed to let it all out.

It wasn't until midnight that most of the Divine Machine Camp members had passed out drunk on the beach. Kong Ying could barely even sit up straight and was half-leaning against Lin Mu.

"Lin... Lin Mu... Will you... will you forget about me someday...?" Kong Ying murmured, completely drunk.

Chapter 670: The Determination of the Martial Alliance!

「Early the next morning.」

Members of the Martial Alliance found Lin Mu.

"Congratulations on winning the championship, Instructor Lin!" Liang Yousheng said, clasping his fists the moment he saw Lin Mu, his face filled with a sincere smile.

As soon as the results of the grand military competition were announced, the Martial Alliance had received the news. Therefore, Yao Kuohai had impatiently sent Liang Yousheng to find Lin Mu and prepare for the battle at Changbai Mountain, which was just a few days away.

Liu Wen also spoke up. "Instructor Lin is truly a once-in-a-century genius. To think you trained the Divine Machine Camp into a ferocious fighting force in just three short months."

"To stand alone against the forces of the six major military regions is completely unprecedented."

Liang Yousheng chuckled. "It seems our Martial Alliance's decision to partner with you was a stroke of genius."

The stronger Lin Mu is, the better our chances are in the battle at Changbai Mountain.

"Let's hear it. What do you want from me?" Lin Mu asked, feigning ignorance.

Liang Yousheng and Liu Wen exchanged a glance and nodded. Liang Yousheng then said, "Instructor Lin, to be frank, we came to remind you that your battle with Lin Wudi is less than ten days away."

The initial agreement was for three months, and that time was now nearly up. Meanwhile, it seemed some news was spreading from River City.

"I know," Lin Mu replied with a smile. "Since I gave you my promise, I naturally haven't forgotten."

"Of course, we believe you are a man of your word, Instructor Lin, but about that Lin Wudi..." Liang Yousheng hesitated.

"Just say what's on your mind." Lin Mu was about to leave for Demon City and had no time to waste with people from the Martial Alliance.

"Well, it's like this." Liang Yousheng coughed before explaining, "Just yesterday, news came from River City that Lin Wudi has slain countless top international assassins. He even killed King Jiasuo."

"Is that so?" Lin Mu feigned surprise. "What does that have to do with me?"

"Instructor Lin, this matter most certainly concerns you," Liang Yousheng said gravely.

Lin Mu adopted an expression of rapt attention.

Liang Yousheng continued, "If the rumors are true, it means this Lin Wudi is even stronger than we imagined. The outcome of your battle with him is difficult to predict."

"Hmph," Lin Mu snorted, feigning dissatisfaction. "He's just King Jiasuo. He wouldn't last three moves against me. What does that make Lin Wudi?"

He was well aware of the Martial Alliance's intentions. They were simply gauging his chances of winning. But since the Martial Alliance wanted to play games, he was prepared to play a big one.

Hearing this, Liang Yousheng replied with a solemn expression, "Instructor Lin, I know you are exceptionally strong, but we cannot afford any mistakes in the fight against Lin Wudi!"

The Martial Alliance had already invested a great deal to get Lin Mu to agree to the fight. Moreover, ever since the news from River City reached them, dissenting voices had emerged from within the Alliance, strongly demanding that Lin Wudi be invited to join. If Lin Wudi were to agree, it would complicate matters immensely.

Fortunately, this Lin Wudi had always been as elusive as a divine dragon, showing its head but never its tail, making him nearly impossible for ordinary people to track. It would not be easy for the Martial Alliance to find him. Their only chance to kill him was the battle at Changbai Mountain. As long as Lin Wudi died, even if the Martial Alliance Leader came out of seclusion, he would not be in a position to object. Furthermore, with Lin Mu present—a man no weaker than Lin Wudi—he believed the Martial Alliance Leader might reconsider his views.

"So?" Lin Mu looked at Liang Yousheng.

Liang Yousheng's expression suddenly turned serious as he spoke.

"Lin Wudi must die!"

This was the stance of Yao Kuohai and certain other factions within the Martial Alliance.

"Lin Wudi has killed many of our people and shown blatant disregard for the rules of our Alliance. If he doesn't die, how can the Martial Alliance maintain its standing?" Liang Yousheng declared. "Therefore, to ensure you can slay him in this upcoming battle, the Martial Alliance has made several arrangements."

"Oh?" Lin Mu's interest was piqued, but he asked casually, "I wonder what kind of arrangements your esteemed Alliance has made?"

Liang Yousheng simply chuckled. "That, I cannot disclose. You will find out when the time comes, Instructor Lin."

"But rest assured, as long as you give it your all in this battle, Lin Wudi is doomed to die!"

Hearing Liang Yousheng speak with such certainty, Lin Mu knew the Martial Alliance must have a trick up their sleeve. They were confident they had a plan that could ensure his death. Unfortunately for them... they didn't know. He was Lin Wudi!

"Good. In that case, I am relieved," Lin Mu said, feigning great delight. "Cooperating with your Alliance was truly the right choice."

"Haha, of course," Liang Yousheng laughed heartily. "Now that you are aware, Instructor Lin, do not forget our agreement."

"Don't worry," Liang Yousheng promised with absolute certainty. "On the day Lin Wudi meets his tragic end, I will personally recommend you to join our Martial Alliance. By then, not only will you gain immense benefits, but your Cultivation Level will surely rise as well."

"Excellent." With a magnanimous wave of his hand, Lin Mu declared, "Rest assured, I won't go back on my word when the time comes!"

"Haha, with your word, Instructor Lin, I am relieved," Liang Yousheng said, nodding with a smile. "Since that is settled, please make your preparations. We will take our leave now."

「After leaving the base.」

Liu Wen asked curiously, "Elder Liang, what backup plan has the Martial Alliance prepared that gives you such confidence in killing Lin Wudi?"

Liang Yousheng smiled mysteriously and revealed a small part of the secret.

"Didn't Lin Wudi kill King Jiasuo? This time, our Martial Alliance has directly contacted the person behind the King of Thunder."

Liu Wen was stunned, a look of pure shock filling his eyes.

"You actually..." His voice trembled, as if he had guessed at something of monumental significance.

"You alone should know of this matter," Liang Yousheng warned him. "It is best you do not breathe a single word of it. You are well aware of how severe the consequences would be."

Of course, Liu Wen knew how grave this was.

After all, King Jiasuo was a man from the Dark Web. The Martial Alliance dared to collaborate with the Dark Web and even reached out to the person behind the King of Thunder? If the higher-ups were to find out, who knew how many in the Martial Alliance would have to die!

A hint of ruthlessness flashed in Liu Wen's eyes.

As long as he could kill Lin Wudi, he would bear any cost! Lin Wudi, you killed my brother. This time, you are going to die!

...

Standing at the window, watching Liang Yousheng and Liu Wen depart, Lin Mu's lips curled into a faint, cold smile.

A moment ago, he had overheard their entire conversation.

The Dark Web? The person behind the King of Thunder? Bring it on! I'd like to see just how many people want me dead!

Just then, Lin Mu's eyebrows twitched. A Spiritual Energy Seed he had planted quivered slightly.

I didn't expect Alice to actually make it here.

He murmured to himself, "It seems she's run into some trouble... Since you've come all this way, I might as well go take a look."

With a flicker of his body, Lin Mu vanished on the spot.