

## Wizard 759

Chapter 759: God Descends! (4)

He Had a hidden Ancient Saint powerhouse by his side.

Otherwise, Monka would have surrendered long ago, being the astute person he was.

"Monka, with the strength of your clan alone, how can you be a match for the combined forces of our two tribes? Don't make meaningless struggles; surrender quickly!" urged the Swift Clan Leader.

"Don't waste words; come at me together and let me roast you with the endless power of scorching heat!" Monka said fearlessly.

On the city wall, Kane, one of Monka's military commanders, looked nervous. "This battle might be more ominous than auspicious. With only Monka, how can he stand against two Ancient Saint-level powerhouses? Oh, that Fire Lizard lad, why is he also rushing onto the battlefield? Isn't this just causing trouble?"

During this time, Levi had been dealing with Kane as a seeker of knowledge, showing a mild and humble attitude, completely different from the arrogant demeanor of the Fire Lizard tribe.

Kane had initially assumed that Levi was a cultured person like himself.

Who would have thought that this kid would quietly follow Monka, the city lord, onto the battlefield?

"Well, since that's the case, there's nothing more to say. We've given you the chance," sneered the Scales Clan Leader.

"Time is of the essence. Let's quickly take down Black Line City and report back." After saying this, the Swift Clan Leader led his Lizardman army toward the battlefield.

The Swift Lizards were born with astonishing speed, and the Swift Clan Leader, who practiced the "Rift Sky Ancient Saint Technique," instantly turned into a blur, wielding a long sword that tore through the battlefield, heading straight into the fray.

"Hahaha, this is exhilarating!" The Swift Clan Leader laughed heartily, thoroughly enjoying the slaughter.

On the other side, Monka had already engaged in a fierce battle with the White Scales Clan Leader. Black and white clashed on the battlefield, and no Lizardman dared to approach the combatants.

"This is the power of an Ancient Serpent powerhouse. Although it's far from an Ancient Saint, it's still enough to kill three rounds in these ordinary Lizardman armies," Kane remarked nervously. Having witnessed battles at the Ancient Saint level, he wasn't particularly surprised by this minor skirmish.

The Swift Clan Leader killed a Black Line tribe member with a swing of his long sword. Suddenly, he noticed that within his army, there seemed to be a Fire Lizard warrior clad in armor, engaged in combat.

"Seeking death!"

The Swift Clan Leader plunged into the battlefield; his speed was too fast, and most attacks couldn't land on him.

"Rift Sky Slash!"

Using his own Ancient Saint technique, he executed a devastating slash that swept through everything in its path.

However, in front of the Fire Lizard warrior, the attack was extinguished with a single sword strike.

"Interesting. You can withstand one of my strikes. I didn't expect Monka to have invited an Ancient Serpent-level powerhouse." The power of the Rift Sky exploded, and the Swift Clan Leader's figure suddenly disappeared.

Levi, riding a massive beast, calmly watched as the Swift Clan Leader's illusory figure rotated around him, attempting to confuse him.

"Fancy moves!"

The tidal force of Rift Sky Slashes surged towards Levi.

Bang, bang, the explosive sounds echoed.

Levi did not directly crush his opponent but rather engaged with them using the power of an Ancient Serpent.

At this moment, the Swift Clan Leader's once confident heart became filled with uncertainty.

"So strong in speed, able to be compared with my Rift Sky power. Does the Ancient Saint technique of the Fire Lizard tribe excel in speed as well?" The Swift Clan Leader began to doubt his life choices.

As the battle progressed, Levi remained unscathed, while the Swift Clan Leader was panting heavily, spitting out snake-like tongues, and his body trembled from exhaustion.

He knew he was not a match for this Fire Lizard warrior; even though the opponent wasn't an Ancient Saint, the difference wasn't too significant.

He began a hasty retreat, turning into a blur, attempting to escape right under Levi's nose.

Levi wielded the reforged Frostmourne, pointing the sword to the sky, and the power of Gray Destruction erupted!

With a single sword strike, a vanishing crack appeared in the Swift Lizard army ahead.

Any Lizardman in the trajectory of the Gray Destruction sword light met their demise!

"Don't run!"

Levi drew the Blood Feather Bow, and a Blood Imprisonment Awl appeared on it.

With ease, he pulled this level 3 Blood Artifact—a bow like a full moon, and an arrow like a shooting star, like a true ancient general, he released an arrow!

The Swift Clan Leader, who had been fleeing as an illusion, grunted. The Blood Imprisonment Awl pierced through his body, causing him immense pain.

Subsequently, one by one, the Blood Imprisonment Awls penetrated the body of the Swift Clan Leader.

In the end, he knelt half on the ground, gazing forward with a vacant look, having breathed his last!

Witnessing the sudden death of their tribal leader, the other Swift Lizard warriors were shocked, unsure of what to do for a moment.

The White Scale Clan Leader also noticed something amiss.

"Dead? How is that possible? Who in the Black Line tribe can kill the Swift Clan Leader, known for his speed and agility?"

The next moment, a blood-red figure had already rushed to the forefront of the battlefield. Together with Monka, they besieged the White Scale Clan Leader!

"Surrender, White Scale. Look at your subordinates; they are all in fear..." Monka shouted loudly.

"Impossible! I..."

Before the White Scale Clan Leader could finish his words, he was already sent flying by a punch from Levi, crashing into the ground and causing the earth to crack.

"White Flame!"

Enveloped in anger, the White Scale Clan Leader emitted white flames from his entire body, a manifestation of the "Phosphorus Fire Power" burning within him!

If he surrendered, what awaited him was the retaliation of the meticulous Cyan Scale Ancient Saint. That would be genuine despair.

"If you can't see the situation, then perish!" Monka's scorching slash, accompanied by waves of heat, entwined with the white-flamed White Scale in battle.