

Chapter 1111

Clang!

Norvin held the Infernal Blade and blocked Andrius' attacks again and again.

However, after continuous battles, his physical strength, energy, and vitality were all greatly depleted. Coupled with the injuries inflicted by the insects earlier, it seemed like he was running out of strength.

Compared to a young man like Andrius, his advantage lay in rich experience, but his physical strength was an absolute disadvantage!

Now, facing Andrius' fierce attacks, Norvin was forced back step by step and soon pushed to the edge of the arena.

In another few steps, he would either be stabbed to death by Andrius or thrown into the air by his spear.

Either way, he would be defeated and forcibly eliminated from the competition!

"Norvin!"

Andrius' momentum was overwhelming, and his attacks were relentless, not giving Norvin a chance to catch his breath. "It's impossible for the Swallows to become the Alliance Chief. In your next life, learn how to be a decent person!"

Swoosh-

The next moment, the long spear thrust out, aiming to pierce Norvin's throat.

As the head of the Swallows, Norvin was the true culprit behind the destruction of the Kleins twenty years ago. Andrius was determined to kill him today.

Furthermore, Old Hagstorm had assured him that he would cover everything, so Andrius could act as he pleased.

In that case, he had no reason not to kill Norvin!

Thus, his moves were merciless with no hint of hesitation.

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Swoosh!

Just then, a dark figure flew in from a distance and appeared in front of Norvin, deflecting Andrius' Argentum Qjlin Spear

Then, the figure stood still.

He was an old man, dressed in a dark blue robe that fluttered even without wind. In the snowy world, he remained untouched without any signs of dampness or moisture.

Just by standing there, he exuded a powerful aura that overshadowed the crowd.

It was none other than the Swallows' forebearer, Duncan Swallow!

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Swoosh!

Whoosh!

Rustle!

At the same time, fighters, forebearers, and guardians of various families also appeared on the stage, each bursting with formidable aura and strength.

What was terrifying was that the frightening auras emanating from these people surpassed Andrius'.

They were all big names in Florence for many years.

Whoosh!

The Martial Gods stepped forward, surrounding Andrius and intending to join forces to suppress him.

"Heh..."

Andrius showed no fear facing the surging auras. A meaningful smile appeared at the corner of his mouth.

Phweet-

A melodious flute rang out, carrying an unusual fluctuation..

Rustle...

Insects emerged from all directions.

However, this time, the scale was many times larger than before.

Countless insects covered the sky and obscured the sun, turning the vast world of white snow into a blood-red scene.

Then, the Insect Ruler's slow but mocking tone echoed through the venue. "Gentlemen, the show has just begun. Are you that impatient and eager to attack?"