

The First Heir - Chapter 1839

Crack!

When Fulton's fist collided with Spencer's sword energy shield, the shield instantly cracked and shattered. The raging energy tore through the void and the terrifying pressure exploded in all directions.

Bang!

Fulton's powerful force from the punch did not dissipate.

Instantly, Spencer's entire body was knocked down by Fulton's powerful punch. He fell back and crashed into the ground like a ball of silver light!

Rumble!

A huge pit more than ten meters wide appeared in the ground. For more than ten meters, the land turned into scorched earth where all the grass was singed!

Fulton's punch directly broke through Spencer's kingship energy field. This was their difference in strength.

The huge lightsaber that was high in the sky also instantly disintegrated and crumbled!

The sword of kingship dissipated in a flash, fading into nothing.

Fennel stood on the spot and frowned. Seeing this scene, a flash of helplessness appeared on his face before he retracted the red dragon halberd.

At the same time, Spencer was covered in cuts and bruises. They were wounds caused by Fulton's punch and the backlash from his sword energy.

The clothes on Spencer's body had ripped apart and turned to ashes. With his eyes wide open, he looked at the blue sky and the white clouds. He saw a few fallen leaves that danced before his eyes.

He lost!

Was this the strength of the king of the disciple of the seventh zone?

Was this the power of the punch from an undefeated legend?

Spencer chuckled. He was upset about the loss but also very satisfied. If he fought with the power gained from the rampage, perhaps he could have killed Fennel today. However, the price would be the destruction of Hampton.

Spencer saw the resolute face that was reflected in his eyes, always so serious and cold.

"Spencer Dunley, per the lord's order, the source of your kingship power will be retracted," Fulton said coldly.

Spencer laughed, violently coughed out a few mouthfuls of blood, and said, "Fulton Hash, if I'm not mistaken, the source of my kingship is for him, right?"

Fulton's cold eyes that were like knives twitched slightly. He said, "There are some things that you aren't authorized to know. Although you've lost the source of kingship, you won't die. The lord's compensation to you is the essence of life, which can sustain your vitality for ten years."

After that, Fulton tossed a test tube filled with red liquid. It fell from the air and landed quietly next to Spencer's head.

Spencer glanced at the test tube with red liquid and laughed miserably as he said, "On the lonely path of kingship, I have finally reached this step."

Fulton did not answer but looked at Spencer quietly, waiting for him to finish speaking.

Spencer asked with a miserable smile, "When did you make me a target?"

Fulton replied, "No one can figure out the lord's plans. You're just a pawn. Although there's been a slight deviation, this is ultimately your destiny and also what awaits us."

Spencer was silent as he looked at the blue sky and white clouds. After a long while, he asked, "Is he the chosen one?"

Fulton nodded and answered, "Yes."

Spencer understood. Suddenly, he seemed to have figured many things out. He said, "Time is running out. I hope he can grow up soon."

“He’s growing,” Fulton replied. Then, he reached out with one hand, made a grabbing motion between Spencer’s eyebrows, and said, “It’ll be painful, but you should be able to bear it.”

Spencer did not speak but closed his eyes and smiled.