

Chaotic 1091

Chapter 1091: Devastating the Yama Hall (Two)

“The Flame Mercenaries want to take on the Yama Hall. It’ll be troublesome for the Yama Hall now...”

“Not necessarily. The Flame Mercenaries may be very strong, but they have only developed in the past few decades after all. On the other hand, the Yama Hall has stood on the Tian Yuan Continent for over a hundred thousand years. Their heritage is very great, so if the Flame Mercenaries want to wipe them out, it won’t be easy...”

“The Flame Mercenaries already have the capability to take on the Yama Hall. Both of them will suffer great casualties from this battle...”

“The Flame Mercenaries has already reached into the millions. I wonder how many people they are going to mobilize...”

The matter about the Flame Mercenaries clashing with the Yama Hall became the center of attention for many people. Many of them discussed the news.

In a desolate region of the Tian Yuan Continent, a pitch-black palace stood quietly in a group of mountains. The palace was covered by boulders, so even if someone flew over from above, they would struggle to notice its existence. It was extremely well-hidden.

The black-clothed Bi Dao sat in a room within the palace. He was pale-white while an odd gleam of light flickered in his eyes, like two dancing will-o’-wisps.

Walls of flames connecting the floor to the ceiling of the room surrounded Bi Dao, trapping him there. Although the flames lacked any heat, they possessed a stunning force. Not only could they scorch the air, they could even melt space, causing the space around the flames to distort and warp.

“Brat, you’ve really brought disaster to me. You’ve actually entered the divine hall of the Yama Hall. Now we’re both trapped here,” venerable Poisonsword said with a sunken face. His resentment for Bi Dao had already become bone-deep.

Over the past few days of being trapped here, venerable Poisonsword had tried many times to charge out, but every attempt was obstructed by the black flames. The flames were called Demonic Hellfire, and they were extremely harmful to the soul. They restrained venerable Poisonsword who was just a soul.

“I didn’t think that they’d be people of the Yama Hall either, let alone the fact that this would be such a powerful divine hall,” Bi Dao said with a communication technique. His voice was extremely stern. He had miscalculated, underestimating this group of murderers.

“Hahaha, descendant of the Bi family, have you thought it through? Are you going to hand over the beast fur or not? If you do, we might be able to give you a chance and spare your life. Otherwise, there will only be death.” A husky voice rang from the darkness as a black-cloaked man slowly appeared outside the flame. He coldly stared at Bi Dao.

Venerable Poisonsword’s flickering eyes locked onto the man. He became hesitant as he thought inside, “That brat’s actually gotten me trapped in this divine hall, and my soul is being injured by the Demonic

Hellfire. I don't have much power left either, so it's impossible for me to escape. There is only death. I need to find another way to survive."

He finally made up his mind after hesitating. Clenching his teeth, he said, "Call the Yama of your organization. I have something to say to him."

"Have you finally made up your mind? I am the Yama, so go on ahead," laughed the man.

"Yama, I am venerable Poisonsword who once freely wandered the continent. After facing the end of my life, I used a secret technique to protect my soul, and now I share the same body as this brat, Bi Dao. If you can assist me in taking over this body, I am willing to help your Yama Hall do three things. Of course, I will also hand over that beast fur you are talking about," said venerable Poisonsword.

"Old bastard, you've betrayed me!" Bi Dao fell into a fury as his soul immediately began to struggle. He wanted to forcefully break free of venerable Poisonsword's restraint and regain control of his body.

"Venerable Poisonsword? Is it that venerable Poisonsword who had a foot planted in Saint Emperor and clashed against a Saint Emperor ten times without suffering defeat?" The Yama became surprised, and his eyes immediately lit up.

"Correct, that's me!" Venerable Poisonsword raised his chest and proudly replied. His eyes flickered violently as he did everything he could to restrain Bi Dao.

The Yama stared at venerable Poisonsword for a while before coldly laughing. He said, "I never thought it would actually be the infamous venerable Poisonsword. Though, you should know that once you enter this divine hall, there's only death unless a Saint Emperor comes personally. Right now, your life is completely in my hands. If you want it back, three things is far from enough."

"Then I will do ten things," venerable Poisonsword said with a deep voice.

"No, no, no, that's still not enough. Venerable, if you want to live, there is only one way, and that is to join our Yama Hall and become a Protector King," chuckled the Yama.

"Okay, I agree!" Venerable Poisonsword agreed in the end after hesitating a little.

The Yama immediately began to laugh without restraint, "I welcome venerable Poisonsword for joining our Yama Hall..."

Before he could finish speaking, a violent boom rang from outside. The entire divine hall violently shook, and both the Yama and venerable Poisonsword stumbled since they were completely caught off guard. They almost fell.

"God dammit, what's happening?" The Yama's face changed, and he immediately vanished into the darkness. When he reappeared, he was on the top floor of the divine hall. Cracks had already appeared on the ceiling of the divine hall as streaks of sunlight flooded in. They illuminated the dark interior slightly.

"T- the divine hall's been broken." The Yama immediately paled in fright as he looked at the crack. He involuntarily cried out, "Has there been a Saint Emperor who has come to destroy our divine hall?"

Although he was shocked, he responded extremely quickly. With a flip of his hand, a few pieces of jade appeared, and he immediately crushed all of them.

Figures moved about within the divine hall, and the ten Protector Kings, completely shrouded in black cloaks, appeared by the Yama's side. They stared at the cracked ceiling in shock.

Outside, Jian Chen, Rui Jin, Hei Yu, Hong Lian, the white tiger, and the five Saint Rulers of the Flame Mercenaries levitated above as they stared down at the black divine hall. Hei Yu wielded a machete as he radiated with a chilling pressure. It was the weapon that possessed origin energy.

The five Saint Rulers stood side by side behind them. They carried a huge banner—the banner of the Flame Mercenaries.

“This divine hall's rather tough. It must have been made by an extremely powerful Saint Emperor. I'd like to see how many times it can endure my attacks though,” sneered Hei Yu. Another powerful blade Qi appeared out of nowhere and struck the divine hall, causing it to tremble violently once more. It shattered quite a few rocks in the surroundings while the cracks grew larger.

“May I inquire which senior has come, and why you are targeting our Yama Hall? Has our Yama Hall offended you in any way?” A husky voice rang out from within, but the person did not appear.

“The captain of the Flame Mercenaries, Jian Chen, has come personally. Yama Hall, why don't you hurry up and come receive him?” The Saint Ruler carrying the banner called out. His voice was thunderous, spreading through the surroundings.

“So it's captain Jian Chen. My Yama Hall has failed to welcome you from afar, so please forgive us. However, may I ask when have we offended captain Jian Chen?” The Yama's voice rang out from within.

“Many years ago, I was targeted by your organization in the City of God when I moved around under the name of Yang Yutian. I've come for revenge today,” Jian Chen coldly answered.

“Captain Jian Chen, I am the current master of the Yama Hall. I did not know about this, but I will definitely investigate the matter with everything I have. If it is true, we are willing to hand over the assassin who targeted you back then. I hope captain Jian Chen can spare the Yama Hall,” the Yama submissively replied. He had heard about Jian Chen long ago, and he knew that Jian Chen was someone that even the ten protector clans could do nothing to.

“It won't be that simple. Senior Hei Yu, please destroy this divine hall for me,” Jian Chen said coldly as dense killing intent appeared in his eyes.

“I've never felt what it's like to destroy a divine hall, so let me try it today.” Hei Yu became rather excited, before flying up to the divine hall. His machete glowed with a dazzling light as he mercilessly chopped at the divine hall.

Bang! Bang! Bang!...

Violent sounds constantly rang out. Every strike from Hei Yu was no weaker than a Saint King's attack. The divine hall quickly began to shatter under Hei Yu's constant attacks. The entire top portion of the divine hall was removed.

The trembling of the divine hall had already alerted all the assassins within it. Many of them lost their usual composure and began to panic.

The Demonic Hellfire on the first floor of the divine hall disappeared. Bi Dao's eyes flickered while Venerable Poisonsword remained in control. He gazed at the shaking divine hall in shock and suspicion as he murmured, "What's happening to the Yama Hall? Why is the trembling so powerful? Has an enemy come for revenge, and are they attacking the divine hall right now?"

He immediately became extremely emotional when he thought what could be happening. He seemed to see hope of escaping.

Chapter 1092: Devastating the Yama Hall (Three)

"Bi Dao you brat, how dare you place me in jeopardy, almost dooming me eternally. Once I get out, I'll let you have it real good. Don't blame me for not showing you mercy now that you've acted so heartlessly," venerable Poisonsword viciously said.

"Venerable Poisonsword, aren't you going to keep the promise between us?" Bi Dao coldly asked. His voice was hoarse.

"Keep it my ass. You've made it so difficult for me. I almost died to the Yama Hall. Your bloody promise can go to hell." Venerable Poisonsword was completely without fear now. After controlling Bi Dao's body for so long, his soul had grown much more accustomed to the body. He was very confident that he could suppress Bi Dao's resistance and thus gain full control over the body.

"Once I get out of here, the first thing I'll do is devour your soul and make up for the overconsumption of my soul," said venerable Poisonsword. The two of them communicated in their consciousness, so no outsider could hear them.

At this moment, the divine hall swayed once more and shook violently. It almost caused venerable Poisonsword to lose his footing.

The top portion of the divine hall had been completely destroyed, revealing the interior to the sunlight. Hei Yu did not seem to want to chop the divine hall in half with a single stroke, so he currently shaved away at it stroke by stroke.

Hei Yu and Hong Lian did nothing, standing coldly by Jian Chen's side. They stared coldly at the ruined divine hall.

At this moment, Rui Jin and Hong Lian's eyes suddenly narrowed. Just as they were about to move, Jian Chen turned in an instant and drew the Emperor Armament at the same time, stabbing out with unbelievable speed.

With a boom, Jian Chen's Emperor Armament collided with a black dagger that had suddenly appeared out of nowhere. Afterward, the black-robed Yama appeared there, quickly retreating with the dagger in his hand. Bright red blood sprayed from his mouth, drifting through the air in the form of mist.

"Your hiding technique is extremely great, but tricks like that are useless against me," Jian Chen wielded the Emperor Armament as he sneered at the Yama.

As soon as he said that, another ten Saint Weapons appeared out of nowhere, silently stabbing at Jian Chen with a dark light.

The ten Protector Kings of Yama Hall had struck out at the same time.

Jian Chen smiled scornfully. With a jolt of his arm, he stabbed out ten times in an instance, and it became difficult to distinguish between what was real and false with the blurs. Every stroke cut through space, creating a small crack. They were all extremely accurate, striking the ten Saint Weapons with the utmost precision.

The Saint Weapons in the hands of the ten Protector Kings suddenly shattered. They were destroyed by the Emperor Armament like a hammer taken to a nut, while a small, bloody slash appeared on their necks, before quickly expanding.

Not only did Jian Chen's attacks shatter their Saint Weapons, it even cut through their necks. Slivers of brutal Chaotic Force entered their heads from their neck, wiping out their souls.

The ten Protector Kings were killed off in a single clash with Jian Chen. Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint Rulers were as weak as an ant before a Seventh Heavenly Layer Saint King. They could not even resist.

Boom!

Hei Yu had lost interest in playing any more. With a deafening boom, he swung out as hard as he could and split the ruined divine hall in half. All the formations within collapsed before the attack.

The divine hall had been completely destroyed. Losing their greatest protection, all the assassins hiding within flew out and fled in all directions.

"Hahahaha, I'm right. There really is a supreme experts who's come to seek trouble with the Yama Hall. Even the extremely tough divine hall has been destroyed. God is on my side, I'm finally free!" Venerable Poisonsword laughed aloud as he charged out of the ruined divine hall. He did not stick around, joining the group of assassins as he fled into the distance as fast as he could.

"Senior Rui Jin, don't let them escape, or there'll be endless future troubles," Jian Chen coldly said, before charging at the Yama who had just ambushed him.

"Don't worry, leave it to me," Rui Jin nonchalantly replied before forming a seal with his hands. He called out, "Secret technique of the Dragon clan, Dragon's Domain!"

The surroundings suddenly lit up, and in that instant, the deep-blue sky disappeared. The entire world became coated in a thick layer of golden light that expanded in all directions to several kilometers away with Rui Jin as its center. It formed an independent world, severing the connection to the outside and thus trapping all the assassins in there.

Also, a mysterious power filled the golden world, firmly trapping them all where they could not move at all.

There were quite a few Saint Rulers hidden among the assassins that fled. Trapped by the mysterious power, they immediately began to struggle as hard as they could, but even with their strength as Saint Rulers, they could not break free no matter how much they tried.

Yama was also affected. Although it did not immobilize him, he seemed to have sunk into quicksand, where his movements became slow.

Jian Chen charged toward him threateningly with the Emperor Armament. With a black flicker, the weapon stabbed mercilessly toward the Yama with a destructive energy.

A sliver of panic appeared in the Yama's eyes. Even at his peak, he was not Jian Chen's opponent, much less now that his body was restricted, dulling all his movements. It made it even more impossible for him to block Jian Chen's attacks.

"Jian Chen, are you really going to kill all of us? There are quite a few assassins of the Yama Hall outside. Aren't you afraid that they'll come hunting your Flame Mercenaries with their assassination skills?" The Yama called out in alarm, wanting Jian Chen's determination to kill to waver.

However, the Yama's threat did nothing. Jian Chen's Emperor Armament stabbed mercilessly into his chest, impaling him. Slivers of destructive, brutal Chaotic Force entered the Yama's body through the Emperor Armament, destroying all signs of life within him as they snaked toward his soul.

The Yama's body was reduced to a bloody mess before the brutal Chaotic Force. The violent pain caused him to shriek, and the top of his head immediately shattered. His soul had fled from his body, escaping into the distance.

A gleam of light flashed through Jian Chen's eyes. Controlling the surrounding space with his thoughts, he trapped the Yama's soul so that he could not flee.

The Yama was a Saint King, but he was extremely weak as a soul. He could not break free from the space frozen by Jian Chen with Jian Chen's comprehension at the Ninth Heavenly Layer of Saint Ruler.

The Yama's body fell out of the sky. With his sharp eyes and quick hands, Jian Chen immediately removed the Space Ring from the Yama's finger, before quickly checking it.

A while later, Jian Chen's face lit up in joy. He pulled out a rock with a radius of half-a-meter from the Space Ring and involuntarily smiled without restraint, "Hahaha, this trip was not a waste! I've finally found the Heaven's Soulstone!" Jian Chen felt extremely excited after obtaining the rock. He felt several hundred times more excited over this than wiping out the Yama Hall since he needed to find fewer and fewer materials for the Azulet swords now.

The Yama's soul immediately understood that the rock was extremely important to Jian Chen when he saw how Jian Chen rejoiced after obtaining it. He immediately used a communication technique on Jian Chen, "Captain Jian Chen, I can tell you where this rock comes from if you let me go."

Jian Chen stared blankly as he pointed the glowing Emperor Armament at the Yama's soul. With dense killing intent in his eyes, he coldly said, "Speak. Where does this rock come from?"

"I will tell you if you agree to let me go. Otherwise, I won't say anything even if you kill me." The Yama replied with no room for disagreement.

"If you don't talk, I'll wipe out your soul right now and then learn this from another person." The killing intent in Jian Chen's eyes deepened while the terrifying energy from the Emperor Armament ripped through space. It seemed to be trying to suck the Yama's soul into the void.

Sensing Jian Chen's killing intent, the Yama knew that Jian Chen was not joking. Making up his mind, he decided he might as well tell him and said, "This rock comes from the Wasteland Continent."

"The Wasteland Continent? Isn't that the place the Hundred Races inhabit?" Jian Chen whispered inside before swinging his hand. The Emperor Armament cleaved through the Yama's soul, wiping it out.

The master of the Yama Hall disappeared from the world just like this with his strength at the Fourth Heavenly Layer of Saint King.

Jian Chen rejoined Hei Yu, Rui Jin, and the others with the Emperor Armament dripping with Saint King blood. He coldly stared at the assassins from the Yama Hall trapped in the Dragon's Realm. He then turned to the five Saint Rulers that had followed along. He said, "Kill all those here without mercy!"

"Yes, captain," the Saint Rulers replied in unison. They were all extremely polite. They immediately charged toward the cloaked people, killing the assassins below Saint Ruler at leisure.

Down below, venerable Poisonsword in Bi Dao's body was immobilized by the mysterious force within the Dragon's Realm. He immediately began to panic when he saw that the group of experts who had destroyed the divine hall had begun killing off the assassins. He called out, "Seniors, I am not a member of the Yama Hall. I was trapped in there until you came along and destroyed the Yama Hall. That was how I managed to break free. Please spare me, seniors."

Venerable Poisonsword meekly begged the people who had easily destroyed the divine hall for his life. Even with his former strength, he would not dare to offend them, much less now.

Chapter 1093: Saving Bi Dao

Venerable Poisonsword in Bi Dao's body mixed in with the group of assassins. Coupled with the fact that Bi Dao also wore long, black robes, he did not attract Jian Chen or the others' attention, until he spoke.

Jian Chen and Rui Jin turned to venerable Poisonsword at the same time. Rui Jin's expression remained the same as before, but Jian Chen's eyes suddenly narrowed. He blankly stared at venerable Poisonsword as his expression changed very quickly.

Even after so many years, Jian Chen was still able to recognize Bi Dao. Bi Dao was his mother's brother as well as his uncle by blood. He would never forget one of his few relatives.

"Uncle!" Jian Chen cried out in surprise, immediately flying toward him.

A sliver of amazement crossed over Rui Jin and Hong Lian's faces when they heard what Jian Chen said. They followed Jian Chen.

Venerable Poisonsword had obviously heard Jian Chen's cry as well, which stunned him. He became rather puzzled.

"Xiangtian, it's actually Xiangtian. He's actually Xiangtian..." Bi Dao's soul began to violently pulse, no longer as calm as it was before.

"Xiangtian? What Xiangtian? Brat, you recognize these people?" Venerable Poisonsword jumped inside as he felt an ill omen.

At this moment, venerable Poisonsword could feel the mysterious power immobilizing him disappear. He had regained his freedom, but he dared not flee. Any attempts of resistance and escape before an expert like this were futile.

“He’s my nephew. Venerable Poisonsword, I’d like to see how you kill me now,” Bi Dao gnashed his teeth. He began to violently struggle in attempt to regain control over his body.

“What! Your nephew!?” Venerable Poisonsword paled in fright. He worked hard to suppress Bi Dao’s soul as his heart churned.

“That’s completely impossible, you brat. Your nephew cannot be older than you, and you’re not even a hundred years old. How can you have such a powerful nephew? Bi Dao, do you really think that I’m a kid you can trick?” Venerable Poisonsword loudly voiced his thoughts, but he was not confident with what he was thinking at all. Jian Chen’s call of uncle was already perfect evidence.

Jian Chen had arrived by venerable Poisonsword’s side. He stared at venerable Poisonsword in shock, and just when he wanted to speak, he seemed to sense something. His expression changed as his eyes suddenly narrowed. He called out, “You’re not my uncle! Who are you?”

Venerable Poisonsword’s body shook as he became uneasy. However, it was already too late for him to make up for what he did, so he shamelessly said, “Nephew, I’m your uncle. Don’t you even recognize your uncle Bi Dao anymore?”

Jian Chen sharply glared at him, before he pointed the Emperor Armament in his hand at venerable Poisonsword, radiating with an aura of destruction. He called out, “You still want to lie? Speak, who are you?” A powerful killing intent began to surge from Jian Chen.

Venerable Poisonsword’s heart shivered when he saw how Jian Chen did not fall for his trick.

Rui Jin and Hong Lian arrived by Jian Chen’s side. Their eyes flashed with gleams of light as they stared fixedly at venerable Poisonsword.

“Jian Chen, this body has two souls. Someone is forcefully suppressing the soul of the original owner and, hence, controlling the body.” Rui Jin explained.

Jian Chen’s expression changed, and he yelled at venerable Poisonsword, “Leave my uncle’s body at once, or I’ll wipe you out.”

Venerable Poisonsword’s expression changed as well. He said, “Your uncle is still alive. I’ve fused with your uncle’s soul right now, so if you kill me, your uncle will die as well.”

Jian Chen’s heart sank. If Bi Dao had suffered any physical damage, there were many ways to heal it regardless of how heavy it was. However, matters would become extremely annoying when they were related to the soul.

“He still hasn’t gained full control over the body, so he’s still not the owner of it. I have ways to deal with him,” Hong Lian suddenly informed them. She extended a finger toward Bi Dao’s chest and stabbed into his heart, removing a droplet of dark-red essence blood. At the same time, a ball of white flames appeared out of nowhere in Hong Lian’s left hand. With a flick of her right hand, Bi Dao’s essence blood shot into the white flames.

The flames turned a red-white as soon as the essence blood entered, and with a wave of her left hand, the flames immediately surged toward Bi Dao's body.

Hiss! Although it was just a small ball of flames, the flames spread very quickly once they touched Bi Dao. They encased him with a bright surging fire.

"Argh!" Venerable Poisonsword immediately shrieked out in pain under the scorching of the fire. The flames produced no ordinary fire; they were extremely harmful to the soul, where even someone like venerable Poisonsword could not resist.

Hong Lian casually spoke when she saw Jian Chen's worried expression, "Don't worry, your uncle's essence blood has already been fused into the flames by me. It cannot harm your uncle at all and will only target objects that do not belong to your uncle. Using it to deal with that foreign soul in your uncle's body is extremely suitable for the situation."

Jian Chen immediately stopped worrying when he heard her explanation.

The flames rolled around Bi Dao's body. Although they did not give off any heat, there was no doubting their strength. The marks left behind by venerable Poisonsword in Bi Dao's body were slowly burned away.

Venerable Poisonsword's shrieks became more and more painful and more and more chilling. Enduring the scorching, he no longer had any extra strength to suppress Bi Dao's soul, allowing Bi Dao to regain control over his own body once again. Venerable Poisonsword's shrieks also became pulses of a soul in Bi Dao's head.

"You old bastard, didn't you want to devour my soul before? Let's see who will be devouring whose soul now." Bi Dao was not a weakling. Without even talking to his nephew, he immediately began to devour venerable Poisonsword's soul instead.

Originally, it would have been impossible for Bi Dao to devour the soul of a Saint King at Great Perfection with his powers, but venerable Poisonsword's soul had become extremely weak under the scorching of the flames. Since his soul was also in Bi Dao's head, Bi Dao was provided with this rare opportunity to devour the soul.

However, Bi Dao's current strength was just too low. His appetite was nowhere great, so Bi Dao reached his limit as soon as he devoured a tiny portion—venerable Poisonsword was still a Saint King at Great Perfection, even though his soul had become extremely weak. It was impossible for Bi Dao to devour it all in a short amount of time.

The flames that burned venerable Poisonsword's soul gradually subsided, and his soul stopped shrieking. All that was left was a gray pearl floating in Bi Dao's head. It was filled with the presence of the mysteries of the world and the dense power of a soul.

"That foreign soul that's taken over his body has been wiped out. As long as a small portion of the soul remains in your uncle's body, the comprehensions of the mysteries of the world in the foreign soul will remain because of the wonders of my fire and the environment, so if your uncle can absorb all of it, his strength will greatly increase. It is a great opportunity for him." Hong Lian nonchalantly spoke.

Afterward, she raised her hand and a ball of flames rushed out of Bi Dao, returning to her hand before disappearing.

Jian Chen obviously became extremely happy knowing that Bi Dao had obtained such a great opportunity to increase his strength. He arrived by Bi Dao's side and asked out of concern, "Uncle, are you alright? How do you feel?"

Bi Dao slowly opened his eyes. They were filled with weakness and exhaustion. He had yet to convert the portion of the venerable Poisonsword's soul he had devoured into his own, while even more fragments of the soul and mysteries of the world remained in his head. The weakness in his soul was due to the suppression he suffered as well as the fact that his body's control was forcefully seized from him.

Bi Dao looked at Jian Chen with mixed emotions as gladness filled his face. After so many years, his nephew was becoming more and more outstanding.

"Xiangtian, you're fine now. The Yama Hall was the mysterious people who wiped out our Bi family long ago. Only you can complete the revenge now," Bi Dao said.

Killing intent surged in Jian Chen's eyes when he heard that. He grit his teeth, "I never thought that the mysterious people who wiped out the Bi family back then was the Yama Hall. I can finally avenge the Bi family now.

"Uncle, go rest first. Leave everything to me," Jian Chen said to Bi Dao. He gazed around and saw that a large portion of the thousand or so assassins of Yama Hall had been slaughtered by the five Saint Rulers. Only a dozen or so Saint Ruler assassins remained.

Although there was the punishment of Celestial Decay if Saint Rulers or above killed those below Saint Ruler, that was only applicable to massacres, targeting those who kill millions of people. Just killing a thousand people would not lead to Celestial Decay.

Violent booms constantly vibrated around. The battle in the distance became even more intense. The five Saint Rulers now worked together as they encircled the Saint Ruler assassins, killing them one by one.

The Saint Ruler assassins were all limited in their movements. Although they could counterattack, it was very difficult for them to move, so even if they were more powerful, they could not resist the joint attacks of the five Saint Rulers. In the blink of an eye, two of the weaker Saint Ruler assassins were killed off by the five Saint Rulers.

On the other hand, the slaughter of those above Saint Ruler would not increase the sins of a person and lead to Celestial Decay, no matter how horrifying the slaughter was.

Jian Chen coldly stared at the remaining Saint Ruler assassins. With his Emperor Armament, he used the Illusionary Flash, charging toward them from where he was in the form of a blur. Everytime he passed by one of them, the Emperor Armament would turn into a black streak of light and a head would be launched into the air.

Even Saint Rulers at the Ninth Heavenly Layer were not Jian Chen's opponent. Very soon, all of them died to Jian Chen's hands. Their souls were all wiped out as blood dyed the sky, falling like rain.

Jian Chen's white robes fluttered as his long hair swept about. He stood in the air with his Emperor Armament, which dripped with blood, seeming just like a god of slaughter. He glared at the destroyed divine hall and coldly called out, "How much longer are you going to hide, you, the real experts of the Yama Hall? Are you still not going to come out."

He had learned from Changyang Zu Yunxiao that there was not a lot of Saint Kings in the Yama Hall, but there was more than one.

Suddenly, an extremely thin spike appeared behind Jian Chen. It stabbed at the back of Jian Chen's head with lightning speed and utter silence, wanting to wipe out his soul in a single stroke.

Chapter 1094: Spectral Elder

Suddenly, an extremely thin spike appeared behind Jian Chen. It stabbed at the back of Jian Chen's head with lightning speed and utter silence, wanting to wipe out his soul in a single stroke.

The spike had appeared suddenly, without any prior signs. Even as it shot out, it was completely silent, not radiating with any energy. It was extremely fast, enough to rival Jian Chen's sword.

Jian Chen's eyes suddenly narrowed. Although he failed to notice the killing strike from behind him, he could sense everything since he had expanded his presence. Using the Illusory Flash, he left a blur where he was standing before and appeared three meters away. The Emperor Armament in his hand cut through space as it stabbed at the spike.

The black spike passed through Jian Chen's afterimage before returning with unbelievable speed. It collided with the Emperor Armament.

With a boom, the Emperor Armament struck the tip of the spike. A terrifying energy erupted, wreaking havoc in the surroundings, causing the area to violently tremble.

Jian Chen took a few steps back from the great force. A silver-clothed figure could vaguely be seen that quickly retreated. The figure seemed to be fused with the surroundings, becoming extremely faint to the point where it was barely visible. The next moment, the figure suddenly vanished, disappearing completely.

Jian Chen finally became rather stern. He knew he had come across a true expert now. To be able to match his Emperor Armament, not only did his opponent reach the Seventh Heavenly Layer of Saint King, his opponent also possessed an extremely profound concealing technique. He could fuse with the surroundings, and even Jian Chen's presence was not enough to sense where he was.

"What a great concealing technique!" Jian Chen could not help but praise. Many people knew techniques where they could hide themselves from others. Those were only small tricks, but these small tricks could not escape the senses of Jian Chen's presence. However, the assassin's concealing technique was able to hide from Jian Chen's presence in such a way that Jian Chen could not find him.

"You must be the previous Yama of the Yama Hall," Jian Chen emotionlessly said. He fully expanded his presence and paid attention to everything, keeping his guard against the life-threatening attack that the hidden assassin could deal at any moment.

"I am the Spectral Elder of the Yama Hall, not the former Yama. Captain Jian Chen, since you want to devastate the Yama Hall, I can only lay my hands on you," an old voice rang out from the empty space, making it impossible to pinpoint where the speaker was.

Jian Chen slightly frowned. His presence had already enveloped the entire Dragon's Domain, but he failed to find where the person was hiding.

"Jian Chen, this person's concealing technique has already reached a state of absolute mastery while my grasp over the Dragon's Domain has yet to reach perfection. It is unable to limit his movements, and I can't find where he's hiding," Rui Jin said to Jian Chen through a communication technique.

Jian Chen chuckled at the sky, "Finally an opponent equal to me. Spectral Elder, so what if your concealing technique has reached a level of perfection? You still can't make sneak attacks on me. Senior Rui Jin, senior Hei Yu, and senior Hong Lian, leave this person to me."

"Hmph, you're too confident, Jian Chen. You'll die for sure today. Unless I am facing a Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint King, no one can survive my assassination skills," the Spectral Elder's voice rang out once more, but it was still impossible to find where he was.

Suddenly, the black spike appeared behind Jian Chen again. It shot toward Jian Chen silently and by following the trajectory of the spike, an extremely vague figure could be seen. It seemed like a cloud of smoke.

A sharp gleam of light flickered through Jian Chen's eyes. He wanted to stab the Emperor Armament back and engage in a battle with the Spectral Elder, but the Spectral Elder did not bother to tangle with him too much. He hid in the empty space once more where Jian Chen lost track of him.

With a cold face, Jian Chen constantly stabbed at the empty space before him. He created a dense net of blurs that enveloped the space in front of him as he tried to force the Spectral Elder out of hiding.

However, the black spike appeared once more at this moment on Jian Chen's left side. The spike fused with the surrounding space, arriving near Jian Chen in an instance. It easily pierced through Jian Chen's body, puncturing his left shoulder. It traveled all the way to his left shoulder bone.

Jian Chen roared as the Chaotic Force within him surged. All of it gathered in his left shoulder and by enduring the heart-stabbing pain, he used the bone to stop the spike from advancing as he swiftly attacked the Spectral Elder with the Emperor Armament, which was filled with an aura of destruction.

The Spectral Elder coldly snorted as Saint Force surged out of the spike, shattering Jian Chen's left shoulder bone. He removed the spike and then quickly retreated, wanting to hide in empty space again.

Unfortunately, Jian Chen did not give him that chance. The instant the Spectral Elder hid in empty space again, the Emperor Armament passed under his arm, leaving behind a wound. A sliver of Chaotic Force entered the wound from the Emperor Armament, quickly destroying the Spectral Elder's flesh and blood.

Although he was powerful, his body was nowhere near as tough as Jian Chen's body. He was unable to withstand the Chaotic Force as the intense pain from the Chaotic Force caused him to involuntarily grunt. Afterward, his body completely disappeared in empty space without leaving behind a single drop of blood.

Jian Chen snickered. He had a wondrous connection with Chaotic Force. Even though the Spectral Elder had hidden in empty space, Jian Chen could find where he was through the sliver of Chaotic Force that had entered his body.

“Spectral Elder, I’d like to see where you run off to now!” Jian Chen took a single step and traversed thousands of meters. The Emperor Armament stabbed at empty air.

Ding!

The Spectral Elder blocked Jian Chen’s Emperor Armament with the Saint Weapon in his hand. He could no longer remain hidden in space, finally appearing before Jian Chen.

He was a bald, old man, skinning and small. He wore a silver robe made out of some unknown material, which was tightly wrapped around him.

The area below his arm had already become red with blood. The residual Chaotic Force was forcefully being suppressed by the old man’s powerful Saint Force, preventing it from expanding.

“How is this possible? How did you find where I was?” The Spectral Elder stared at Jian Chen in shock.

“Your hiding techniques are useless before me. Let’s have a solid battle with our own strengths,” sneered Jian Chen. He attacked the Spectral Elder once more with the Emperor Armament.

The Spectral Elder did not buy it. With a flash, he disappeared into empty space once again, but he was immediately discovered by Jian Chen, forcing him out of hiding.

“Hmph, my Void-movement technique may be ineffective against you, but I can still kill you.” The Spectral Elder no longer hid in empty space. A vast surging energy leaked from him as the black spike in his hand began to glow with dark light. He began engaging in an intense battle with Jian Chen.

Every assassin of the Yama Hall rarely engaged in open battles. They were more used to assassinations, often using the easiest method to catch the opponent off-guard and deal a fatal blow. Now that the Spectral Elder’s assassination techniques were useless against Jian Chen, he could only fight him head-on.

The Spectral Elder was an assassin, but he was still a Seventh Heavenly Layer Saint King. He had gone through countless battles on the edge of life and death, so he was extremely powerful even without his assassination techniques. He possessed extremely rich experience in combat.

Violent booms filled the surroundings. The Emperor Armament in Jian Chen’s hand had already turned into a vicious black dragon, moving so fast that space shattered. His Emperor Armament stabbed out continuously in the form of blurs, moving extremely quickly. Each strike was sharp and fast and filled with viciousness, only aiming to harm the Spectral Elder.

The spike in the Spectral Elder’s hand stabbed out quickly as a terrifying energy wrapped around it. It was no slower than Jian Chen’s attack speed, but the only difference was that every attack from Jian Chen was extremely fluid, flowing from one to another like water. It seemed to possess some other profoundness at the same time. On the other hand, the Spectral Elder focused more on power. Each strike possessed an earth-shaking might, wanting to suppress Jian Chen with supreme strength.

It was an intense clash, a battle between power, a collision of strength. More importantly, it was a fierce fight of life and death.

Jian Chen matched the Spectral Elder with his Emperor Armament, fighting to the point where the surroundings fell into chaos. Even Rui Jin's Dragon's Domain violently trembled.

The two of them clashed over a thousand times very soon. They both were dyed with blood and wounds littered their bodies. No one gained an advantage.

"Ancient secret technique, Devouring the World!" The Spectral Elder suddenly bellowed out. He exhaled after opening his mouth. Immediately, a huge ghost's face appeared, opening its pitch-black mouth toward Jian Chen before sucking violently.

Faced with the sudden suction, Jian Chen immediately flew toward the ghost's mouth. Jian Chen saw the glimmering of stars within the pitch-black mouth—the boundless cosmos.

This was an extremely powerful ancient secret technique. Jian Chen knew that once he was sucked into it, he would probably be released in that region of outer space, without any hopes of returning.

Jian Chen drew closer and closer to the mouth. The suction was extremely powerful and had already locked onto him. He could not escape.

Jian Chen roared at the sky as Chaotic Force wildly ran through his body like wild horses. The Emperor Armament glowed with a blinding, dark light as a presence of destruction filled the domain. He then sliced as hard as he could at the ghost face, causing it to violently tremble.

Jian Chen struck out over ten times in that short instance. Each attack utilized all he had, causing the ghost face to continuously tremble. In the end, it ripped apart into several pieces.

Spurt! With the ancient secret technique shattered, the Spectral Elder also suffered a backlash. He vomited a mouthful of blood and paled. The injury this time was bad, much more severe than all the wounds he had received earlier.

Chapter 1095: The Former Yama

Jian Chen reacted extremely quickly. After breaking through the ancient secret technique, he immediately attacked the Spectral Elder. He sent a huge sword Qi, ten meters long, toward the Spectral Elder.

The Spectral Elder was no longer as powerful as before. After blocking the attack, he moved back several dozen meters uncontrollably. Before he had regained his footing, Jian Chen had already appeared in front of him through the Illusory Flash. The Emperor Armament fused with the surrounding space and radiated with a terrifying energy, stabbing toward the Spectral Elder's head.

In that crucial moment, the space around Jian Chen suddenly froze. Jian Chen's motion paused, and his strike headed toward the Spectral Elder's head slowed.

Jian Chen roared out. His long hair and clothes danced about wildly as surging Chaotic Force shook up his insides. He broke through the frozen space, but the obstruction still affected him. Not only did he lose a perfect opportunity to kill the Spectral Elder, the Spectral Elder had stabbed out and punctured his chest.

“Jian Chen, I’ll take your life with us if you want to wipe out the Yama Hall,” at the same time, Jian Chen heard a voice. A black-robed, young man, who seemed to be in his twenties, silently appeared beside the Spectral Elder. He held the exact same spike as the Spectral Elder, stabbing at Jian Chen’s forehead with lightning speed.

“That’s a Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint King,” Rui Jin’s expression changed as he watched on from afar. He immediately disappeared from where he was, swiftly rushing over.

Rui Jin was very fast, but the young man was even faster. The black spike arrived before Jian Chen’s forehead in an instance. Rui Jin could not save Jian Chen even with his speed.

Jian Chen could not dodge at all. The attack had locked onto his presence, so he felt like he could not avoid it no matter what he tried. All he could do was take it forcefully.

The moment before death, Jian Chen became extraordinarily calm. A golden streak of light flashed from his forehead during a crucial moment and a fist-sized golden tower immediately flew out. It collided with the black spike in the form of a golden streak of light.

With a great boom, the life-threatening attack that came from the young man was successfully blocked by the saint artifact.

A sliver of pity appeared in the young man’s eyes. He glanced in Rui Jin’s direction, and he immediately became stern. He swung a palm full of dense energy toward Jian Chen’s chest before immediately disappearing into empty space. He had vanished.

Jian Chen vomited a mouthful of blood as he was blown away like a broken kite. His chest had completely caved in, his ribs had all shattered, and his organs had all ruptured. His injuries were severe.

Killing intent flashed through the Spectral Elder’s eyes when he saw how heavily injured Jian Chen had become. He immediately pursued Jian Chen, wanting to end his life.

Rui Jin had already arrived where the young man was before. With a sunken face, glaring eyes, and a glimmering, golden body, a vast pressure filled with anger appeared in the surroundings. He had clearly been angered.

“Magical beast, I know I’m not your opponent, so farewell today!” The young man’s cold voice rang out from empty space.

“Argh!” On the other side, Jian Chen furiously roared. Chaotic Force rampaged within him, quickly healing his injuries. Although it was impossible for him to make a full recovery in such a short amount of time, he suppressed his injuries as fast as he could.

“Spectral Elder, I can still claim your life even if I’m heavily injured,” Jian Chen yelled out. His battle intent increased, and not only did his might fail to decrease, it had become even greater than before.

This was the strongest aspect of the Chaotic Body. With a powerful body and vitality, Jian Chen possessed battle prowess far greater than ordinary people. Unless he came across people that were far stronger than him, he could take on people at the same level as him even if he was heavily injured.

The bloodied Jian Chen began fighting the Spectral Elder once more. He was even more wild and even more bold than before. He cast away everything and fought the Spectral Elder in a way that traded blow

for blow. The saint artifact floated above his head, ready to block a sneak attack from the hiding Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint King at any moment.

By himself, Jian Chen possessed the might of a Third Heavenly Layer Saint King. He only possessed strength at the Seventh Heavenly Layer because of the Emperor Armament, so the Seventh Heavenly Layer was his current limit. It just happened to be equal to the Spectral Elder's strength, so as the two ferociously fought, their wounds constantly increased.

The residual Chaotic Force in the Spectral Elder's body had already been forced out by his supreme strength, so it could no longer deal any more damage to the Spectral Elder.

With a cold expression, Rui Jin growled, "My Dragon's Domain is a smaller realm, independent from the outside world. Unless you are at Great Perfection as well, you cannot escape."

"If I don't come out of hiding, you can't find me either. I can perform sneak attacks on you all the time," said the young man.

"Your status in the Yama Hall must be extraordinary with your strength. If I've guessed correctly, you should be the master of the Yama Hall that was heavily injured by the sect master of the Bloodsword sect a thousand years ago," replied Rui Jin. He had some understanding in regards to the Yama Hall's current strength from what Jian Chen had told him before.

"Correct, I am the previous Yama. Now that my wounds have completely healed, I am roughly just as strong as you. I may not be your opponent, but if I pester you, I will irritate you. Magical beast, do you think there's a need for us to brawl it out," said the former Yama. He feared Rui Jin, so he wanted to stop fighting with him.

Scorn filled Rui Jin's eyes. He said, "The Void-movement technique of your Yama Hall truly is admirable, to be able to hide from the senses of my Dragon's Domain. It really is powerful, but finding you is as easy as a flip of my hand." With that, Rui Jin produced a loud dragon's roar at the sky. It was earth-shaking, possessing might that destroyed the surroundings. The terrifying sound wave caused the surrounding space to toss like waves.

The roar contained a sliver of the Dragon clan's pressure. Since the pressure originated from a Golden Divine Dragon, a king of the Dragon clan, it was much stronger than the pressure of ordinary dragons. It could harm the souls of people.

The five Saint Rulers of the Flame Mercenaries fell unconscious, falling out of the sky. They had been knocked out by Rui Jin's earth-shaking roar.

Jian Chen and the Spectral Elder were also affected during their ferocious fight. Both of them felt a heart-stabbing pain in their souls, causing them to become sluggish and stop fighting temporarily.

However, Jian Chen's soul was far more powerful than his current strength, so he recovered before the Spectral Elder. He immediately stabbed the area between the Spectral Elder's eyebrows with the Emperor Armament, wiping out the Spectral Elder's soul and killing him off.

Rui Jin's roar caused the surrounding space to violently tremble. The space tossed and turned like the surface of the ocean where waves rose one after another, forcing the former Yama out of hiding. He appeared a thousand meters away.

“Former Yama, even if you’re at Great Perfection, you don’t have the capability to irritate me. Killing you is easy. Unless you are a Saint Emperor, you have no right to discuss anything with me.” Rui Jin coldly spoke. The Dragon clan was a powerful and prideful clan, not to mention Rui Jin who was a king of the clan.

Rui Jin appeared silently next to the former Yama. Without using any weapons, he extended his hands in the direction of the former Yama’s head.

The former Yama became stern. Invisible World Force immediately condensed, all of it gathering on the black spike in his hand. It then shot toward Rui Jin’s hands in a flash.

Rui Jin’s expression remained the same. His hands were covered by a layer of golden scales in an instant, catching the black spike.

A vicious light flickered through the former Yama’s eyes. Terrifying energy loudly erupted from the black spike in attempt to blow one of Rui Jin’s hands off. However, it did nothing.

“You overestimate yourself if you want to take me on.” Rui Jin’s hand tightly grasped the former Yama’s weapon. The densely-packed scales on his hand were extremely tough; even an attack from a Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint King would struggle to harm him.

At this moment, Rui Jin slowly raised his left hand as it rapidly changed, turning into a golden dragon’s claw in the blink of an eye. The five long claws flickered with a pressing cold light as they stabbed into the former Yama’s chest with lightning speed.

The sharp claws impaled the former Yama, and the brutal force created a huge hole in the former Yama’s chest.

Blood sprayed from the former Yama’s mouth. He was heavily injured, and he abandoned his weapon without a second thought. Pulling back, his figure quickly began to dull. He wanted to hide in empty space.

Rui Jin took several steps through the air where each step could shatter space. They produced terrifying ripples in space, causing it to become extremely unstable. The instability prevented the former Yama from hiding. The dragon’s claw flickered with a dull, golden light as inscriptions flashed. The claw came down from above, traveling toward the former Yama’s head.

In that instance, time seemed to stop. Even the air stopped, freezing everything. The space below Rui Jin’s claws seemed to turn into an independent domain, a domain without time. The former Yama’s movements halted.

Rui Jin’s giant claw flickered with golden inscriptions. It fell from above with incomparable force, and the moment that it came in contact with the former Yama’s head, his head loudly exploded. His soul had been wiped out before it could even break out of his body.

The claw continued down without any reduction in speed. It fell from above, heading down, continuing into the former Yama’s body. With just a few booms, the former Yama’s body was squashed into pieces. He died without a full corpse.

The former Yama was a Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint King. He was an expert who stood at the very apex of the continent, yet someone so strong as him could not even withstand a blow from Rui Jin.

Jian Chen felt deeply shocked when he witnessed just how easily Rui Jin had slain a Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint King. He could not remain calm. This was a battle where Rui Jin purely used his own strength against the former Yama without any use of his origin weapon.

A Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint King could not even fight back before Rui Jin.

“Rui Jin sure is worthy of being a dragon king. His strength is too terrifying. Our differences are just too great. It would’ve been impossible for me to kill that former Yama so easily if it were me,” Hei Yu sighed in amazement. He too felt shocked by Rui Jin’s terrifying strength.

Chapter 1096: Fragments of a Saint Tier Battle Skill

Killing a Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint King was like nothing to Rui Jin. He did not even glance at the squashed former Yama a second time. Instead, he turned around to look at the bloodied Jian Chen and asked, “Jian Chen, are you fine?”

Jian Chen sucked in a deep breath and slowly calmed himself down. Rui Jin’s supreme strength that slaughtered a Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint King deeply shocked Jian Chen. The Ninth Heavenly Layer stood at the very apex of Saint King. It still possessed some difference from Great Perfection, but this difference was tiny. Yet, the difference had become so extreme when it involved Rui Jin, becoming as wide as a chasm.

A Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint King could not resist Rui Jin. They could not even injure him.

Jian Chen shook his head, “I thank senior Rui Jin for your concern. I still can support myself.” Jian Chen’s voice was a little weak. His injuries from the battle against the Spectral Elder did not affect him much. On the other hand, the palm strike from the former Yama had heavily wounded him. If it were not for his Chaotic Body, he would have collapsed long ago.

Bi Dao flew over to Jian Chen’s side. Hong Lian’s pearl had blocked off Rui Jin’s earthshaking roar for Bi Dao. After all, the pearl could defend against all soul attacks, which was why he remained unaffected.

“Xiangtian, now that the Yama Hall has been devastated, the revenge of our Bi family is complete as well. This is all because of you. You’re very heavily injured right now, so you should go recover quickly, just in case it leaves behind any future problems.” Concern filled Bi Dao’s voice. Although Jian Chen’s strength left him deeply astounded, right now was obviously not the time for them to catch up.

Jian Chen nodded. Then, he ordered the five Saint Rulers who had just woken up to clean up the battlefield. Afterward, he entered the artifact space, while Rui Jin and the other two watched over the saint artifact.

Covered in blood, Jian Chen sat in the center of a room within a well-adorned hall of the palace. He completely bathed in extremely dense origin energy of Radiant Saint Force, which allowed his wounds to quickly recover.

The white-robed artifact spirit stood silently by Jian Chen's side. He controlled the Radiant Saint Force origin energy, as it continuously entered Jian Chen's body. Coupled with the recovery of his Chaotic Body, Jian Chen's severe wounds started to vanish at an unbelievable rate.

Jian Chen did not use his own Radiant Saint Force origin energy. When he initially broke through to Class 7, he did not manage to fuse a lot of the origin energy into his soul, so this origin energy was a consumable. Every strand would disappear after he used it. It would be even more difficult to replenish than Chaotic Force. He needed his current Radiant Saint Force origin energy to form a foundation so that he could reach Class 8 in the future.

On the Tian Yuan Continent, the abilities of every single Radiant Saint Master was inborn. It would be decided as soon as they were conceived, so it was impossible to become a Radiant Saint Master after birth. As a result, it was much easier for Radiant Saint Masters to undergo breakthroughs. All a Class 6 Radiant Saint Master needed was to fuse some of the Radiant Saint Force origin energy into his soul to reach Class 7. Breaking through to Class 8 only needed accumulation, one needed to use vast amounts of Radiant Saint Force origin energy to increase the quality of their soul. That was the secret to reaching Class 8.

However, there had only ever been one Class 8 Radiant Saint Master in the ancient times. The world lacked Radiant Saint Force origin energy, so it did not offer the conditions required for the birth of Class 8 Radiant Saint Masters.

However, Jian Chen possessed the saint artifact that specially refined Radiant Saint Force origin energy. He possessed an overwhelming advantage, so reaching Class 8 was only a matter of time for him.

Jian Chen fully recovered after four hours. He left the room after he changed into a set of clean clothes. Then, he asked the artifact spirit about the elite members of the Flame Mercenaries he had sent into the artifact space.

"Master, they have constantly fought magical beasts, continuously increasing their experience in battle and their mastery over Heaven Tier Battle Skills. A small portion of them have broken through to Heaven Saint Master now, while the rest are all Earth Saint Masters," reported the artifact spirit.

Jian Chen nodded in satisfaction, "They really are improving quite quickly. I haven't poured so many heavenly resources into them for nothing. Once they reach the peak of Heaven Saint Master, I'll send them to Mercenary City and get Xiao Ling to assist them in breaking through to Saint Ruler. Artifact spirit, remember that none of them are allowed to die in here."

"This one understands. But master, even though the heavenly resources have improved their constitutions, merely a good constitution will not allow one to reach Saint Ruler. They need to have high levels of comprehension, and I've observed every single of them. I've discovered that almost all of them have no hope of reaching Saint Ruler. Their limit is Heaven Saint Master," said the artifact spirit.

"You don't need to worry about this. There is a wondrous item in the sea realm called the divine water of the world. It possesses marvelous effects on the soul. Once consumed, it can make up for this aspect that they lack," Jian Chen said confidently. He was extremely confident in regards to everything. This group of people had followed him the earliest out of everyone. They were also the same people who

joined the Flame Mercenaries the earliest, so he poured everything he had into raising them. He wanted to develop them into the core power of the Flame Mercenaries.

Jian Chen could not help but grow excited when he thought about the fact that the Flame Mercenaries would have several dozen Saint Rulers as their core power in the future.

Although the current Flame Mercenaries possessed enough people who could stand at the very top, it was far too lacking in terms of experts that belonged to the center—not too weak or strong. They were nowhere near ancient clans. However, this aspect could not be made up for in a short amount of time, and it needed to be accumulated over time.

Boom!

At this moment, a rumble shook up another hall nearby. A pressure that originated from the world permeated the surroundings. It was extremely powerful and heavy as if a supreme lord had descended, which caused everything to submit to its rule. It could deeply shock anyone.

Jian Chen stood outside his own hall, as he stared deeply at the hall where the sound came from. He remained silent.

“Master, your friend is trying to alter the Saint Tier Battle Skill. He has tried things like this many times in the past few years, almost demolishing the hall several times. I ended up toughening his hall specially,” the artifact spirit said as some helplessness filled his face.

“The Octoterra Emperor left behind this Saint Tier Battle Skill. Its might is far greater than battle skills that Saint Kings can create, so it won’t be easy if Nubis wants to alter a Saint Tier Battle Skill for members of the Sea race so that it suits magical beasts. However, he seems to have achieved some success now. I just wonder how much time he needs before he completes it truly,” murmured Jian Chen. Reminiscence filled his eyes. Nubis had already gone into seclusion for many years now, so he somewhat missed the times where they had fought and struggled for their lives together.

Jian Chen left the artifact space. When he appeared in the outside world again, Rui Jin’s Dragon’s Domain had already vanished. The surroundings had returned to their previous state, while the great banner of the Flame Mercenaries was firmly planted on the highest point of the ruined divine hall. It danced and moved about in the wind, signaling the victory of the Flame Mercenaries.

The five Saint Rulers arrived before Jian Chen and passed over a Space Ring. They said, “The after battle clean-up is complete. All the Space Rings and treasures within the divine hall have been stored in there.”

As soon as Jian Chen accepted the Space Ring, Rui Jin flew out from the ruins. He held two square, stone tablets that were a meter wide and long, as he arrived before Jian Chen. He said, “Jian Chen, look what this is.” He directly flung the two pieces of stone toward Jian Chen as he smiled.

Jian Chen caught the two tablets with a single hand and his hand immediately sunk. The two tablets that were not very big were extraordinarily heavy, actually more heavy than gold. There were clear images distinctly carved into them, but it was incomplete.

Jian Chen raised the two tablets and carefully examined the images. Afterward, a gleam of light flashed through his eyes, and he immediately pulled out a similar stone tablet from his Space Ring. The three stone pieces were the same in both size and color, just that the carvings differed.

“These are fragments of a Saint Tier Battle Skill!” Jian Chen exclaimed in surprise. The Saint Tier Battle Skill fragment in his possession was obtained when several kingdoms formed a coalition and attacked the Gesun Kingdom. He had found it in the treasury of the Qiangang Kingdom.

“Correct, these are fragments of a Saint Tier Battle Skill. It seems like it has been split into six pieces,” Hei Yu said indifferently. A Saint Tier Battle Skill may mean nothing to Jian Chen, but it was much, much more than that to the Flame Mercenaries.

Jian Chen stowed the three fragments away before thanking Hei Yu. Then, he left with everyone else. Jian Chen had already sent Bi Dao into the artifact space so that he could properly recuperate.

Hei Yu personally ripped open a Space Gate to the Changyang clan in Lore City. After that, they left with Jian Chen.

The surroundings fell into a deathly silence once more with their departure. Only a large pile of corpses and a devastated divine hall stood there. A light breeze traveled through the place and blew the bloody smell everywhere.

Only a bunch of ruins and corpses remained of the Yama Hall, which was one of the three great assassination organizations that had stood on the Tian Yuan Continent for over a hundred thousand years.

Jian Chen let the five Saint Rulers return to Flame City by themselves after they returned to the Changyang clan. Afterward, he paid a visit to Bi Yuntian’s room all by himself. All he found was his mother sitting by her bed, as she sewed a piece of clothing lined with golden silk.

“Mother!” Jian Chen called out. Although she was already more than fifty years old, Bi Yuntian still had the appearance of a lady in her twenties. Time left no mark on her face, but she did seem much more mature and much more dignified.

Chapter 1097: Visiting Dragon Island Once More (One)

Bi Yuntian’s face immediately lit up with joy when she saw Jian Chen stride through the doorway. Deep love filled her eyes as her hands stopped working. She stood up with the piece of clothing still in her hands and smiled, “Xiang’er, perfect. Try on this piece of clothing to see if it fits. I’ve sewn it according to your body shape after buying some supreme cloth from outside.”

Jian Chen’s heart warmed up from his mother’s love. Outside, he was a cold expert who shook the continent and someone that various forces feared, but at home, he was an extremely obedient and filial child.

“Mother, let’s talk about this later. I have something much more important,” Jian Chen said. Afterward, a streak of golden light shot from the spot between his eyebrows and turned into a fist-sized golden tower. With a flash of golden light, the black-robed Bi Dao suddenly appeared in the room.

“Brother!” Bi Yuntian immediately cried out when she saw Bi Dao. Great surprise filled her face.

Bi Dao also noticed Bi Yuntian, who stood beside him. Immediately, he became stunned as he blankly stared at her. Disbelief flooded his face.

“Sister, w- w- weren’t you... how are you still alive?” Bi Dao’s face was filled with surprise. To him, his sister had been murdered several years ago; she should have become a pile of dirt by now.

After death had separated these siblings for so many years, they had a lot to say once they were together again. Bi Yuntian revealed the secrets of her revival, which immediately stunned Bi Dao. An even greater sense of happiness filled his gaze as he looked at Jian Chen. He sighed inside. His nephew kept shocking him more and more. Not only had he become a supreme expert, but he had also become a Class 7 Radiant Saint Master at the same time.

Bi Dao also spoke about his encounters outside over the past few years. Ever since Bi Yuntian had died, he had wandered the Tian Yuan Continent alone, personally finding ways to increase his strength. In the end, he discovered a several-thousand-year-old heavenly resource that a Class 6 Magical Beast guarded. He obtained it after he had chased away the magical beast with a Heaven Tier Battle Skill. He used it to reach Heaven Saint Master.

Afterward, he continued to wander the Tian Yuan Continent. He entered the depths of the Soul-claiming Mountains within the Karl Empire and was poisoned. He also faced the pursuit of a few powerful poisonous Class 6 Magical Beasts. He hid in venerable Poisonsword’s old dwelling after he fled. Venerable Poisonsword’s soul saved him.

In the end, the two of them had a discussion and reached an agreement. Venerable Poisonsword would help him complete his revenge, and he would offer his body to venerable Poisonsword in return.

However, he had never thought that the events he would experience would be so dramatic. Not only was venerable Poisonsword wiped out, a portion of his soul and comprehensions of the mysteries of the world remained in Bi Dao’s head, benefiting him greatly.

Bi Dao spoke indifferently, but Bi Yuntian could still feel the amount of pain Bi Dao had endured during those years. Tears continuously rolled down her face as she sobbed, “Brother, it has really been tough for you over the past few years. You’ve done too much for our Bi family.”

“No, I haven’t done much. The one who’s done a lot is Xiangtian. He has devastated the Yama Hall that wiped out our family back then, so our revenge is finally complete,” Bi Dao sternly explained. He understood extremely well that he would probably be dead now if it were not for his nephew.

Afterward, Bi Yuntian told Bi Dao that their ancestor, Bi Hai, was completely fine, which Bi Dao rejoiced over.

During that night, Jian Chen returned to his room with the Space Ring from the five Saint Rulers. He spent four hours checking through the thousand plus Space Rings inside. He found countless purple coins and monster cores of various classes. There were several dozen Class 7 Monster Cores and even five Class 8 ones.

Class 8 Monster Cores could only be obtained after the death of a magical beast at the level of Saint King. Jian Chen had found them in the Space Rings of the Spectral Elder and the former Yama. Only experts at their levels could obtain such high class monster cores.

Jian Chen had even found numerous Heaven's Soulstones in the Space Rings of other assassins. Clearly, the rock was not valuable to them. Every high-level assassin of the Yama Hall possessed a small piece that had been carved into a unique shape as a token of identification.

Jian Chen put away all the Heaven's Soulstone and the Class 7 and 8 Monster Cores. He did not even glance at the purple coins a second time. He planned to give them all to Bi Lian the next time he visited Flame City.

"And to think that back then, I would work as hard as I could, kill without regard for myself, and dance on the edge of life and death just for those purple coins and low class monster cores. Now, these items are basically trash to me," Jian Chen smiled brilliantly as he stared at all the Space Rings on the floor. He immediately laughed at himself while he involuntarily thought back to the days when he would constantly fight to live.

A while later, Jian Chen returned to his senses. He stored all the Space Rings from the Yama Hall into a single Space Ring before he left the room. He stared at the pitch-black sky as he suddenly rose from the ground. He shot off into outer space with a wild gust of wind and disappeared in the blink of an eye.

A huge, silver-white divine hall floated above the Tian Yuan Continent in outer space. It just happened to be above the Gesun Kingdom. Bright and clear moonlight flowed around the divine hall. The hall continuously absorbed Moonlight Force.

Jian Chen charged into outer space like a comet. He landed steadily outside the main entrance of the divine hall. Currently, the main entrance was tightly closed. Jian Chen seemed rather insignificant compared to the majestic entrance with his stature that had not even reached two meters.

At this moment, a rumble rang out. The closed door slowly opened and revealed a beauty in a white dress. She held a scepter and stood silently in the doorway.

She was You Yue.

You Yue sweetly smiled when she saw Jian Chen outside the doorway. She hugged one of Jian Chen's arms intimately and softly said, "Jian Chen, my master said you had come, but I didn't believe her at all. I didn't think you'd actually come. Have you come to see me?"

Jian Chen gently smiled. He said as he stared at You Yue's joyful face, "Yue'er, I've come specifically to see you. Cultivating is extremely boring, especially when you have to cultivate alone in outer space, so I was wondering if you could endure the loneliness."

You Yue smiled even more sweetly. She looked at Jian Chen with affection, "It is boring and lonely, but as long as I work hard, I won't drag you down once I become powerful. At that time, I can roam the world with you."

Jian Chen became stunned. He suddenly felt distressed for some reason, and the Heavenly Enchantress and Huang Luan quickly flashed through his head. He owed You Yue far too much.

"Yue'er, I promise you that once I deal with all my matters, I'll hold a grand marriage with you in the Gesun Kingdom," Jian Chen swore to You Yue. This was something that had originated from the bottom of his heart.

“Alright!” You Yue nodded her head slightly as she happily smiled. Afterward, she sat down on the door sill and hung onto Jian Chen’s arm, staring at the huge moon in a daze.

Jian Chen and You Yue sat together on the steep door sill in cold and silent space, gazing at the stars in the distance. That night, the two of them did not say much. It was pure silence while they carefully cherished this lovely moment.

The next day, Jian Chen unwillingly bid farewell to You Yue. Then, he returned to the Changyang clan. He got Hei Yu to construct a Space Gate to Flame City, so that he could drop off the huge fortune he had obtained from the Yama Hall. After that, he described the materials needed for the Azulet swords in detail to Bi Lian, so that she could use the entire organization’s power to search the continent. Once the items were found, he ordered her to purchase them no matter the price.

After handing over the matters he needed to Bi Lian, Jian Chen and Hei Yu visited Mercenary City together.

Bi Dao remained with the Changyang clan. He had just obtained a portion of venerable Poisonsword’s powers, so he needed quite a bit of time to absorb it. Only then would it become his own power.

Rui Jin and Hong Lian entered the saint artifact. They would only appear by Jian Chen’s side when he needed them while Hei Yu remained outside to accompany Jian Chen.

Mercenary City warmly welcomed Jian Chen once he arrived. He met with the grand elder without any obstructions.

Jian Chen could clearly feel an odd presence on Tian Jian at this time. He could closely sense that Tian Jian’s vitality was leaking away at an extremely slow rate.

Jian Chen knew that Tian Jian had approached the end of his life long ago. Saint Kings only had a lifespan of six thousand years, and Tian Jian had reached Saint King five thousand years ago. Coupled with the time he had spent cultivating before he had reached Saint King, there was not much more of his six-thousand-year lifespan left.

Jian Chen suddenly felt a deep sorrow within him. Tian Jian had helped him too, too much before. He had begun to view Tian Jian as his own family member long ago, so he just could not bear to helplessly watch Tian Jian leave him. However, he was unable to change Tian Jian’s fate with his current powers.

“Jian Chen, I’ve already learned about the matters with Ming Dong. Thank you for earning such a great opportunity for Ming Dong.” Tian Jian’s white clothes fluttered in the wind. He remained as free and approachable as before. Although Ming Dong was not connected to Tian Jian by blood in any way, Tian Jian still treated him as his own son because of the connection of his ancestor.

Jian Chen stared deeply at Tian Jian as his emotions became complicated. He secretly sighed inside and avoided the topic of Tian Jian’s lifespan. He said, “Ming Dong is a brother of mine, and we’ve gone through thick and thin together. I should be helping him, so there’s no need to thank me, senior Tian Jian.” Jian Chen paused slightly before he continued, “Senior Tian Jian, I’ve mainly come this time to see Tie Ta. May I ask where he is?”

Chapter 1098: Visiting Dragon Island Once More (Two)

“Come with me,” smiled Tian Jian. Then, he led Jian Chen through a palace and, in the end, stopped before a huge square.

A three-meter-tall, burly man swung a huge ax in the center of the square while sweat poured from him. An extremely powerful battle intent enveloped the entire square. The elevated battle intent could affect every single person’s soul and make their blood boil. It could reawaken the desire for battle hidden within everyone.

The huge man’s every stroke was natural. The strokes flowed perfectly and flawlessly between one another. They all possessed a heart-shaking might as if they could split the entire world in half.

Jian Chen could even feel the battle intent as he stood at the edge of the square. The blood within him boiled. He felt tempted to find someone and engage in battle.

“Tie Ta sure is the war god of the Hundred Races. The speed at which his strength increases is astonishing. Without any intentional cultivation in the past few years, he has become this powerful already. The energy within him is probably at the Fifth Heavenly Layer of Saint Ruler, but he should be able to match Eighth Heavenly Layer Saint Rulers. If he uses the Mysteries of War, he might even be able to fight Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint Rulers,” Tian Jian explained with a deep voice that carried many emotions.

At this moment, Tie Ta seemed to notice Jian Chen and Tian Jian’s arrival. He stopped swinging his ax and excitedly ran over with it on a shoulder. He said in a low, muffled voice, “Jian Chen, you’ve come! I’ve already stayed here for so long. I’m about to die from boredom. Just say something on my behalf to senior Tian Jian to convince him to let me go. I want to go outside.” Tie Ta grumbled. Without Ming Dong by his side, he became even lonelier during these past few years.

“Tie Ta, actually, I’ve come to find you this time to take you out,” smiled Jian Chen.

“Really? Jian Chen, are you sure that you’re not tricking me?” Tie Ta’s eyes immediately lit up as joy crossed his face.

“Of course it’s true. As your best friend, I would never trick you even if I have to die,” Jian Chen replied.

Tian Jian frowned slightly and sternly said, “Jian Chen, Tie Ta’s identity is extremely special. If you take him outside, it’s extremely likely that someone who knows about the matters of the ancient times will recognize him. It’ll become troublesome then.”

“Don’t worry, senior Tian Jian. Since I’m brave enough to bring him out, I can obviously protect him. Even if the ten protector clans come, they won’t be able to touch him at all. At that time, all I need to do is throw Tie Ta into the Bright Moon Divine Hall, and then they’ll be helpless.” Jian Chen was filled with confidence. He had the perfect insurance for Tie Ta’s safety.

Tian Jian did not add anything else since he knew that Jian Chen had already made up his mind. He understood Jian Chen’s powers extremely well, so he did not stop Jian Chen from taking Tie Ta out.

Jian Chen left Mercenary City with Tie Ta. Then, he asked Hei Yu to rip open a Space Gate to Dragon Island. He entered it with Tie Ta by his side.

They arrived outside Dragon Island after they passed through the Space Gate. They could immediately smell the moist sea breeze and below them was the deep-blue sea. Before them was an extremely dense region of fog that connected the sky with the surface of the sea.

“Jian Chen, why’ve you brought me here?” Tie Ta scratched his head as he asked Jian Chen in confusion.

Jian Chen smiled mysteriously, “Tie Ta, you’ll find out later on. Come, follow me, but do be careful. Once you enter the fog, it’s a region of illusion. Everything you see in the fog is fake, so do not treat it as if it is real.” Jian Chen took a step into the fog first while Tie Ta followed close behind. The black-robed Hei Yu stepped into the fog last, behind both of them.

As they passed through the mist, the three of them experienced many attacks from the odd fish, but it did not pose any harm to them. The illusions in the mist constantly appeared and conjured various images to affect their mental state. However, now that Jian Chen’s soul was extremely powerful, they could no longer affect him much.

“Dad, mom, grandpa, why have you appeared here?” Suddenly, Jian Chen heard Tie Ta’s voice. Clearly, Tie Ta had fallen into an illusion. Even with Jian Chen’s warning, the illusions were just too realistic. It was almost impossible to distinguish between real and fake, which caused people to fall for them very easily.

Jian Chen’s heart tightened. Just as he wanted to pull Tie Ta’s arm and swiftly rush out of the region of mist, the imprint of the war ax on the center of Tie Ta’s eyebrows began to flicker with a faint golden light. Immediately, an extremely powerful battle intent began to radiate out, shattering the illusion and causing the mist to violently surge.

“So it was fake. These illusions are just too powerful. I had actually thought it was real earlier,” Tie Ta sighed in amazement.

The three of them passed through the region of mist very quickly. They flew at a low altitude, below ten meters, as they headed for the center of the island. Jian Chen and Tie Ta ripped to shreds all the living corpses they came across.

When Jian Chen had entered this place with the Heavenly Enchantress for the first time, they had feared the living corpses very much. They would detour around any they came across, unwilling to provoke them so easily if at all. However, these living corpses were nothing to Jian Chen now. Even the Saint King living corpses they came across were weak, like ants before Jian Chen.

Jian Chen, Tie Ta, and Hei Yu passed through the mountains and forests and broke through many formations in the meantime. They arrived at an empty piece of land in the center of the island very quickly.

“Weird. I clearly remember that it was this place, so why is it gone now?” Jian Chen looked around as he mumbled in doubt.

“Jian Chen, why’ve you brought me here? Is there some kind of treasure?” Tie Ta could not help but ask once more. He felt extremely curious.

Jian Chen said nothing. After he pondered for a while with a frown, an idea flashed through his head. He mumbled to himself, “There are many formations hidden on Dragon Island. It’s extremely difficult for

people to detect it. Maybe the droplet of Aergyns' blood is hidden in the empty space as well. A spot where it'll only appear if the formation has been triggered." Jian Chen believed this idea more and more as he thought about it. Afterward, he called out the white tiger and told Hei Yu and Tie Ta to wait where they were. He jumped on the back of the white tiger and began to run around wildly.

Jian Chen did not dare to risk himself in the formation formed from a drop of Aergyns' blood. Aergyns was someone who had surpassed Saint Emperor, so no matter how confident Jian Chen was, he did not wish to test the might of the killing formation. He could still remember that the Saint King corpses that entered the killing formation were silently turned to dust.

Suddenly, Jian Chen's vision began to change. The green mountains disappeared, and he suddenly appeared in a bleak wasteland. There was no vegetation, and it stretched as far as the eye could see. No one knew just how large it was.

"This is the place," Jian Chen rejoiced inside and immediately thought of the previous war god he had encountered here.

A surging battle intent suddenly filled the bleak world and completely engulfed the region. It seemed to have become its own domain. A condescending aura filled the battle intent, as if only the owner of the aura was supreme.

Jian Chen had rarely ever come across such a powerful battle intent. It seemed to possess a terrifying might that was able to rip through space and destroy worlds.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

With a series of booms, the ground began to violently tremble, like an earthquake was occurring. A golden figure appeared on the edge of Jian Chen's vision. The figure possessed great stature and was clad in golden armor. He carried a golden war ax on his shoulders, and his eyes burned with battle intent. He seemed to have been born for battle.

He was the war god from ancient times, Aergyns. Even though he was conjured from a droplet of blood, he still possessed the might of a war god.

Jian Chen's body shook, and he immediately paled. Every step taken by Aergyns seemed to land on his heart, which made Jian Chen feel like his heart was about to shatter.

Jian Chen's senses were much more powerful than before since this was his second time experiencing this formation. Although he possessed strength that rivaled Seventh Heavenly Layer Saint Kings, he felt fragile before the golden figure. He even felt disillusioned, where even Saint Emperor who fell into the formation would not be able to face Aergyns.

Although the differences between Saint Ruler, Saint King, and Saint Emperor were huge, they all belonged to Sainthood. Aergyns had surpassed Saint Emperor and stepped into the Origin realm. The Origin realm and Sainthood were two completely different realms of cultivation. The differences could be described as chasms.

The difference between Saint Emperors and those in the Origin realm were akin to Heaven Saint Masters and Saint Rulers.

“Xiao Bai, let’s leave, quick,” Jian Chen called out to the white tiger. The battle intent had already locked onto him and had rendered him motionless.

Seriousness also filled the white tiger’s eyes. After the supreme battle intent enveloped it, it too could feel the strength of the opponent. The white tiger immediately growled and leaped out of the formation without any obstructions.

As the white tiger pulled Jian Chen out of the formation, the surrounding scenery returned to its previous state. The space behind them rippled violently. They could clearly see a droplet of golden blood floating in the middle of the air.

“Tie Ta, come quick,” Jian Chen called out to Tie Ta, who was quite far away.

Tie Ta and Hei Yu immediately shot over from afar and arrived before Jian Chen with a few steps. The two of them gazed unblinkingly at the droplet of golden blood that hung in the air.

“What is this? I actually feel a fear that originates from the depths of my soul. It makes me tremble, and I can feel an extremely powerful and pure energy hidden inside,” Hei Yu closely stared at the golden droplet of blood. He felt extremely astounded since even Saint Emperor could not give him such an intense feeling.

Chapter 1099: Legacy of the War God

Tie Ta’s gaze became rather complicated. At that moment, his heart struggled to remain calm, beginning to wildly beat and shiver. Even his burly body shook slightly as a deep feeling of sorrow radiated from him.

“Jian Chen, just what is that? Why do I feel so sad and painful when I see it? Jian Chen, I feel horrible inside,” Tie Ta’s expression suddenly became extremely pained. Even he did not know why he felt like that.

“That’s the blood of the war god Aergyns. Tie Ta, the owner of the blood is your predecessor,” Jian Chen explained with mixed emotions.

“What! This is blood left behind by the ancient war god, Aergyns?” Hei Yu was shocked. However, he eased up soon and said, “No wonder, no wonder my body shakes. So it’s a droplet of essence blood from Aergyns.”

Tie Ta stood there blankly as he stared at the droplet of golden blood. Two clear streaks of tears ran down his face. He was the new war god. Although he was different than the previous god, they possessed a similar bloodline that came from the same origins. Tie Ta seemed to see the previous war god leading his clansmen into war as he stood before the droplet of blood, searching for a safe place for his clansmen with all he had before dying heroically in a foreign land.

A deep sorrow welled up in Tie Ta. He seemed to have formed a subtle connection with the droplet of blood before him.

The space in front of him blurred and the golden droplet of blood became fainter and fainter, as if it would disappear into the empty space at any moment.

The formation there would only be activated if someone entered it. Otherwise, it would remain well-hidden in empty space. Now that Jian Chen had already left after triggering it, the formation would disappear soon.

At this moment, the drop of golden blood began to forcefully move up and down. A blinding golden light radiated from the droplet, forcefully stopping the formation's power. An extremely powerful ripple of energy erupted from the blood with a surging battle intent.

Bang! Bang! Bang...

With several consecutive booms in the surroundings, the energy from the blood broke through the formation which restricted it, causing the surrounding mountains and rocks to crack. No longer restricted by the formation, the supreme battle intent and terrifying energy within the blood immediately began to radiate out, enveloping the entire island. It caused the mountain ranges to violently tremble.

The drop of blood turned into a golden streak of light as it flew toward Tie Ta. It then disappeared into his forehead. Immediately, the battle ax imprint between Tie Ta's eyebrows began to radiate with blinding light, outshining the sun. The golden glow illuminated the world, dying the world gold.

Tie Ta could not help but close his eyes. His consciousness had already entered a bleak world completely enveloped by a supreme battle intent.

However, not only did Tie Ta fail to find the battle intent to be uncomfortable, he found it to be extremely warm and comforting. The feeling was like a child who had entered his mother's bosom after leaving home for many years.

Ten meters in front of Tie Ta, a man clad in golden armor stood with his arms crossed and with his back to Tie Ta. A supreme presence radiated from him, as if he was a god of the world.

Tie Ta could not see the man's face, but he felt extremely close to the man. This closeness was hundreds even thousands times more powerful than what he felt with his parents.

"My name is Aergyns. I am a member of the warring gods. Only those who are connected to me by blood can awaken this imprint..."

A heavy voice boomed through the world. It was powerful and contained a strong attack toward souls. Only those of the warring gods could withstand it.

"To think that the people of the warring gods are born from the world, blessed by the world, and inherit their abilities from the world. Our battle prowess is peerless, yet I died in a foreign battlefield in the end. What a pity, what a regrettable matter..." A deep sorrow filled the world. This was the feeling that Aergyns had left behind all those years ago.

"The magical beasts went too far. They invaded my homeland and chased away my citizens. I led my clansmen to fight the magical beasts, but I was forced to flee since I could not defeat the Winged Tiger God. I then turned to the Tian Yuan Continent, yet I was stopped by Mo Tianyun. To think that I was a warring god, possessing peerless battle prowess and abilities that came from the world itself, invincible against those at the same level of cultivation, but I was still not the Winged Tiger God or Mo Tianyun's opponent. What a joke, what a funny joke..."

“I’ve already died, but I still worry about my citizens. New war god, go complete my final wish. Protect my citizens well and help them find an even more beautiful world. In return, I shall bequeath this drop of essence blood upon you...”

With that, Aergyns’ body suddenly shattered, disintegrating into countless fragments.

“The Winged Tiger God and Mo Tianyun are unfathomable. They have already broken through the limitations of life and survive with the world. They are eternal, so do not avenge me.” The moment before Aergyns had completely turned into fragments, another voice boomed through the sky. Afterward, Aergyns completely disappeared and the bleak world loudly shattered apart.

The fragments of Aergyns were split into two portions. One consisted of fragments of memories that entered Tie Ta’s soul while the other fragments were the energy within the essence blood, which fused with Tie Ta’s body.

Immediately, Tie Ta felt many things appear in his head. These things were all the battle comprehensions of Aergyns, containing many frighteningly powerful Mysteries of War.

The droplet of essence blood had already turned into a powerful energy that flowed through Tie Ta’s body. Although there was very little of it, it was still energy left behind by Aergyns. It contained vast amounts of energy of the world that had been compressed into a tiny droplet, so it was extremely terrifying and powerful.

Just that tiny amount of energy was enough to rival a portion of all the energy within a Saint Emperor, enough to rival several Saint Kings.

Tie Ta’s entire body was coated by a blinding golden light. He continuously absorbed the memories of Aergyns as the extremely-pure energy flowed unceasingly into his body. It was converted into Tie Ta’s own power at an unbelievable rate.

Warring gods were birthed by the world and were richly endowed with advantages. As Aergyns possessed the same bloodline as Tie Ta, there were no backlashes or consequences for Tie Ta as he increased his strength through the energy Aergyns had left behind.

Tie Ta’s presence rapidly strengthened, and the power within him increased quickly as well. He went from the Fifth Heavenly Layer to the Sixth Heavenly Layer very quickly, and not only did his rate of increase fail to show any signs of slowly down, it instead skyrocketed, becoming faster and faster.

Jian Chen and Hei Yu stood thirty meters away as they stared at Tie Ta unblinkingly, silently watching over him.

“Looks like Aergyns’ drop of essence blood is being absorbed by Tie Ta. This is a droplet of blood left behind by someone who has surpassed Saint Emperor. The energy hidden inside is so terrifying that it can even injure Saint Emperors, yet Tie Ta’s obtained it so easily,” Hei Yu emotionally sighed as he looked at Tie Ta with some envy.

“I’ve guessed correctly. Aergyns’ droplet of blood really is extremely beneficial to Tie Ta. Now that Tie Ta has come across this item, I wonder what level his strength will reach.” Jian Chen was filled with anticipation.

Seventh Heavenly Layer...

Eighth Heavenly Layer...

Ninth Heavenly Layer...

Tie Ta's strength skyrocketed at an incomparable pace. In just half a day, he reached the Ninth Heavenly Layer of Saint Ruler from his original Fifth Heavenly Layer, bypassing four lesser cultivation levels.

Jian Chen clenched his hands as he stared at Tie Ta without blinking at all. Although Saint Ruler and Saint King both belonged to Sainthood, the difference between the two was still very great. He wondered if Tie Ta could borrow the energy within the blood to break through the barrier of the Ninth Heavenly Layer and reach Saint King.

Tie Ta's presence at the Ninth Heavenly Layer slowly increased. Now, the energy he needed for each level of cultivation was increasing, which was why it took him longer and longer to break through.

Finally, Tie Ta's presence reached the very peak of the Ninth Heavenly Layer. As Jian Chen watched with much anticipation, a vast and surging pressure immediately appeared from Tie Ta's presence. It was extremely weak at first before quickly strengthening and blanketing the surroundings.

At the same time, the supreme battle intent sandwiched within the presence underwent a qualitative change, becoming much more powerful than before.

Suddenly, a golden streak of light cut through the sky. It passed through the forbidden altitude of the Dragon Island and landed accurately in between Tie Ta's eyebrows, on the imprint of the battle ax.

This was the world passing on its teachings. Warring gods were born from the world and were blessed by the world. Every time they entered a new cultivation realm, the world would pass on teachings.

Tie Ta subconsciously raised his head and pointed the imprint at the sky. He accepted the teachings of the world as mysterious information appeared from the void, entering between Tie Ta's eyebrows through the golden streak of light.

In a desolate continent, a group of life forms vastly different from humans inhabited the land. There were ten-meter-tall giants as well as handsome- and pretty-winged elves with pointy ears. There were also dark-skinned dwarves that were no taller than a meter, and even rockmen completely made from stone.

The continent was known as the Wasteland Continent, home to the Hundred Races. It was inhabited by a myriad of races, not just a single race like humans. However, there were some races who seemed extremely similar to humans.

At the center of the continent stood a mountain range that reached into the clouds. It was barren, without any vegetation. There were odd rock formations that stood around the dangerous terrain. It was unscalable.

At the highest peak of the mountain range, a divine golden hall radiated with blinding light all year round. It stood there silently and radiated with a simple but ancient presence. It had existed for countless years and was almost as old as the ground.

Chapter 1100: Shock of the Hundred Races

The divine hall was the most sacred place among the members of the Hundred Races. It was the pillar of support for the entire continent—the War God Hall!

Currently, a wrinkly, winged, old elven man with pointy ears sat on the ground within a majestic hall of the War God Hall. He glowed with a green light as his vitality rapidly leaked away. His soul was quickly weakening as well, and even his skin was shriveling up.

Hundreds of people with different statuses sat before the elven man. Sorrow filled all of their faces.

“Don’t feel sad, don’t be sorrowful. Life and death are things everyone needs to go through. I am only leaving sooner,” the elven old man indifferently smiled. He was a hall elder of the War God Hall, having reached the Great Perfection of Saint King long ago. He was currently facing the end of his life. His soul would completely dissipate without much longer. All that would be left would be his body.

“Dzohar, go without worry. I shall be accompanying you in a hundred years,” a red-robed old man hoarsely said. His mood was extremely heavy. He too was a hall elder, and his name was Yenson, and he only had a hundred years left.

The elven old man looked at the sky and deeply sighed, “Reaching Saint Emperor is becoming more and more difficult now...” His soul was rapidly dissipating into the surroundings. He had already reached the end of his life, and the moment his soul completely vanished, he would have passed away.

Suddenly, he became surprised. His eyes immediately began to shine with interest as he cried out, “T- this is the presence of the war god... I actually feel the presence of the war god. The war god of the Hundred Races has finally reappeared.”

What the elven old man said was shocking, so shocking in fact that the expression of everyone present changed.

“Dzohar, what did you say? You’ve sensed the presence of the war god?” A hall elder with similar strength cried out in astoundment.

Everyone there became shocked. Disbelief flooded all of their faces, but that disbelief was soon replaced by ravishing joy.

The war god of the Hundred Races had disappeared for over a million years. The war god meant a lot to the Hundred Races; not only was he the god to all members of the Hundred Races, he was their pillar of support and a sign for the blossoming glory of the Hundred Races.

The elven old man became extremely excited. He said with a trembling voice, “My soul is dissipating into the surroundings, so it fused with the world for a very short instance. In that moment, I sensed the presence of the war god.”

“Dzohar, are you sure it’s the war god? Are you completely sure?” A white-robed hall elder asked. He too was extremely excited.

The elven old man stood up and gazed into the distance. He confidently said, “I’ve sensed the presence of the war god many times in the forbidden grounds, and this supreme battle intent can only come from the war god. No one can imitate it, so it can’t be wrong. It can’t be wrong at all. It must be the war god.

Our war god has finally descended to this world, and the Hundred Races can soar once more," The old man became extremely emotional as two turbid streaks of tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Can you sense where the war god is right now? We'll go welcome the great war god immediately," a hall elder urgently inquired.

The soul of the old man dissipated faster and faster as his vitality leaked away. He became more and more shriveled. He shook his head and said with a face full of pity, "I could only sense the war god's presence the moment my soul dissipated into the surroundings and became part of the world. I cannot sense where the war god is."

"We'll send orders to find the great war god. Even if we have to search the entire continent, we need to find the war god," a well-respected elder of the War God Hall emotionally said.

"Now that the new war god has been born, we need to collect the remaining beast furs as soon as possible so that the war god can become even more powerful. Otherwise, I worry that the magical beasts and humans will harm him before he fully matures," said a burly middle-aged man. Although he sat on the ground, he was still five meters tall. He was the patriarch of the giants.

"I've just received news that the assassination organization we had secretly developed on the Tian Yuan Continent has been devastated by someone. The difficulty of finding the beast furs on the Tian Yuan Continent has become too great now," a hall elder said with a deep voice.

"What? The Yama Hall's been wiped out? Doesn't that mean the only way for us to find where the beast furs are is to cast the secret technique?"

"The price to cast the secret technique is far too great. It needs the sacrifice of a Saint King at Great Perfection and the activity it creates is just too large. Not only will we find out, even the protector clans will know. We cast the secret technique several times in the past with a few elders, but the furs all ended up in the hands of the protector clans even though we found where they were. It's almost impossible to take them back once the protector clans get their hands on them."

"With the searching done by over ten elders in the past, thirteen of the eighteen beast furs have appeared. We are only in possession of four of them. The remaining nine are with the protector clans and Mercenary City of the Tian Yuan Continent as well as the Beast God Hall. We don't know where the five final beast furs are."

"If we need to gather all eighteen pieces, we need to get the beast furs in the hands of the protector clans and the Beast God Continent. We need to go to war with them sooner or later, so it's no problem if they know where the beast furs are."

The upper echelon of the War God Hall discussed the situation. Today was the day when a hall elder was supposed to pass away from old age, and it was supposed to be a day filled with sorrow. Instead, the atmosphere had reversed because of the news of the rebirth of the war god. Nothing was more important to the Hundred Races than the rebirth of the war god.

The old elf said, "You're right. Now that the war god has appeared once more, we need to assemble all eighteen beast furs in the shortest amount of time possible. We will end up fighting the protector clans and the Beast God Continent sooner or later, so why should we worry about the remaining beast furs

falling into their hands now? My life should be dissipating into the world anyway, so my life is as useless as a feather, but it looks like I can utilize my life for an even greater cause. Why don't I sacrifice my life and find the remaining five beast furs?"

"We can only do that now. Dzohar, you don't have much time left, so immediately cast the secret technique to find the remaining beast furs. Jarlie, immediately use the War God's Order to summon all the Saint Kings of the continent so they can gather at the War God Hall as soon as possible, and then send emissaries to scour the entire continent for the great war god," the fire-robed Yenson decisively handed out commands.

"Summoning all the Saint Kings of the Hundred Races? Elder, are we declaring war on the Tian Yuan Continent?" Everyone in the hall became shocked.

The hall elder shook his head. At that moment, his eyes became extremely narrowed, as if he could look through space. He seemed extremely terrifying as he coldly said, "No, we are not declaring war on the Tian Yuan Continent. We are declaring war on the protector clans. If the other beast furs appear, people of the protector clans will definitely go forth to collect them for themselves. Their clans will definitely be weakened by this, and we will take advantage of their weakness to attack the protector clans. We will take back the beast furs."

"Esteemed elder, will we really succeed if we attack the protector clans?" A famed expert among the people asked.

The elder replied, "Our overall strength may pale in comparison to the Tian Yuan Continent by a lot, but our experts have all gathered together this time. Even if the ten protector clans work together, they cannot stop us."

On the Tian Yuan Continent, the ten protector clans and Mercenary City were the supreme rulers without a doubt, but there were also many ancient clans and large organizations other as well as quite a few hermit experts who resided in desolate regions. As a result, even though the Hundred Races was far weaker than the whole Tian Yuan Continent, they were strong enough to deal with just the protector clans.

With the War God's Order out, all the Saint Kings of the Wasteland Continent ripped open Space Gates to make their way to the War God Hall. Although many of them were very far away, traversing the distance was just as easy as breathing for the Saint Kings.

Very soon, over two hundred Saint Kings gathered at the War God Hall. It was a huge number, all the Saint Kings of the Hundred Races.

Yenson was a hall elder of the War God Hall. He had reached the Great Perfection of Saint King many years ago and had already lived for six thousand years. He had a hundred years left before the end of his life, which was why he possessed such great prestige on the continent. He was one of the few who stood at the very top among the Hundred Races. He explained the rebirth of the war god as well as the plan to search for the beast furs, informing everyone.

All the experts that had gathered there became extremely excited when they heard that the war god had been reborn. Some of the older members had even begun to uncontrollably cry.

At the same time, the elven hall elder sacrificed his life to cast the secret technique to search for the beast furs. The map of the Tian Yuan Continent appeared in the empty space before him and constantly grew. In the end, a city and an ancient mountain range appeared as two golden balls of light constantly flickered in the two images.

The elven elder's body quietly turned into ash after casting the secret technique. Even his skeleton was not left behind, but his soul had already dissipated. All that was left was his will.

“Most of my energy has already dispersed, so I could only find two of the five beast furs. The three others have been obstructed by a mysterious force, so I couldn't find them. However, I am certain that the three of them are together...”