

Chaotic 741

Chapter 741: Killing Intent on the Ferry (One)

As the setting sun passed down in the sky, dusk was left behind. It was already evening.

Outside the City of God, one of the capitals of the continent, it was yet another lively night by Fragrance River. On the two river banks, thirty meters apart, hung many festive lanterns of yellow and green, while many people strolled leisurely about along the riverbanks. There were plenty of young couples talking about love beside the river.

On the surface of the river, there were various floating restaurants of different sizes, slowly travelling through the water with various colored lanterns strewn over them. Sweet melodies and elegant sounds of zithers originated from the floating restaurants, and echoed across the entire river. Sometimes, the loud conversations of a few aristocrats could be heard from the ferries.

At the largest dock on Fragrance River, there was a huge ferry, around three hundred meters in length. It was docked quietly there, like a huge beast from antiquity. On it were plenty of multi-colored lanterns, dyeing the ferry an assortment of colors. It was extremely entrancing. Near the dock, there were over one hundred sailors and servants in uniforms, who stood sternly in two rows, as if they were waiting for something.

With such a huge ferry docked there and the great formation from the people, it was rather rare. As a result, it caused the passers-by to all glance at it, and point at the giant ferry and discuss it.

“Isn’t that the largest and most luxurious floating restaurant, the Inky Stratus? Why has it stopped there? And why is there such a grand reception? This is quite rare.”

“Tonight, the Inky Stratus’ has been reserved by someone. Otherwise, why would they be wasting time and not making money by stopping here for nothing?”

“The Inky Stratus is the most luxurious, as well as the most expensive floating restaurant. I heard that eating a meal there costs something equivalent to several month’s worth of expenditures for ordinary people. Just which wealthy person reserved the entire Inky Stratus?”

Just when everyone was pointing and discussing the ferry, a luxurious carriage bolted over from the distance. It stopped slowly close to the dock and shortly afterwards, three people got off it.

Of the three people, two of them wore long, white robes with slender statures, and bore a shiny blue badge on their chests. As for the other person, he was a large, built man in tight, black clothing.

The three of them were Jian Chen, Quan Youcai and the Sixth Cycle Heaven Saint Master that the union had sent to protect Jian Chen, Yang Ling.

With the appearance of the two Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters, Jian Chen and Quan Youcai, an intense hubbub immediately appeared in the crowd that had gathered nearby. They all looked away from the ferry, towards Jian Chen and Quan Youcai. Deep respect and admiration appeared in their eyes, along with some jealousy.

Jian Chen and the other two ignored the sounds of discussions from the surroundings, and directly walked towards the huge ferry docked right ahead.

A beautifully-dressed middle-aged woman immediately walked over slowly to Jian Chen's group from in front of the ferry, and courteously bowed to them. He said, "Esteemed Radiant Saint Masters, the most famous floating restaurant, the Inky Stratus, has already completed its preparations. Please board the ferry!" With that, the middle-aged beauty stepped to the side and made an inviting gesture towards Jian Chen's group.

Jian Chen's gaze paused on the huge ferry. He said calmly, "Other than those who are needed, let the remaining people stay here, to welcome the eight great clans of the City of God, as well as some other renowned clans.

As soon as she heard the eight great clans of the City of God, a shock immediately flashed across the middle-aged woman's eyes, and her expression became even more courteous. She said, "Esteemed Radiant Saint Master, this servant will definitely carry out your orders!"

Jian Chen's group of three strided into the ferry. As they passed by the hundred or so people, all of them bowed simultaneously towards Jian Chen and exclaimed, "We invite the Radiant Saint Master to board the ferry!"

Jian Chen paused slightly in his steps, and he furrowed his eyebrows. He who always preferred to keep a low profile clearly was not too used to such a treatment. However, he recovered soon after, he disappeared into the ferry.

Jian Chen had already reserved the most famous and most luxurious ferry, the Inky Stratus, two days ago. It took up quite a lot of money, but compared to his wealth which could rival countries, it was insignificant.

After Jian Chen's group disappeared into the ferry, there was another hubbub of discussion on the riverbank. However, not long after the hubbub began, the hurried sounds of gallops echoed in the distance once again.

It was a luxurious carriage with over twenty large men on Class 5 Magical Beasts escorting it, quickly galloped over from the city. It stopped at the entrance to the dock very soon and on the carriage, there was a banner waving in the air, and it bore the word 'Cheng'.

"Isn't that a carriage from the Cheng family, one of the eight great clans of the City of God? And those guards on the Class 5 Magical Beasts, they must be the elites of the Chang family. Since the person in the carriage requires to be escorted by the elites of the family, his status must be extremely special." Immediately, several people began to gossip and discuss, and revealed a light of deep interest in their eyes.

At this moment, the carriage door opened. A middle-aged man in long white robes, bearing a similar blue badge, climbed down from the carriage, before entering the ferry along with an old man.

Not long after the middle-aged man entered the ferry, the hurried sounds of another carriage echoed in the distance once again. This time, it was a luxurious carriage escorted by several dozen large men in golden armors. In the end, it too stopped at the entrance to the docks, and an old man in embroidered robes climbed down from the carriage. Under the protection of two large, middle-aged men, he strode into the ferry.

“That’s the carriage of the Zhou family, one of the eight great clans of the City of God. Who would’ve thought that they’ve come too...” Some people recognised the identity of the group of people and immediately cried out softly in surprise.

Suddenly, a scorching wave of heat rolled in from the distance, as if the surrounding air was on fire, and caused the temperature of the river bank to rise.

“It’s the Fire God clan, and the head of the eight great clans. Even the people from the Fire God clan have come.” There were several immediate exclamations of surprise from the crowd.

There seemed to be a burning red cloud in the murky distance. Over twenty people on Class 5 Magical Beasts escorted a carriage. The people wore long, fire-red robes and gave off a scorching, fire-attributed presence. As they approached the lake, the thin vapor over Fragrance River slowly turned to thick mist.

“The Fire God clan is extremely powerful. Not only are they the head of the eight great clans, I heard that their strength is already approaching the rulers of the City of God, the Zaar family.”

“I heard that there is an extremely lengthy history to the Fire God clan. That they are an ancient clan that had survived from the ancient times and they say that in the ancient times, the Fire God clan was one of the most powerful forces on the Tian Yuan Continent. Just that with so many years, the clan’s slowly declined, and fell to such a level today.”

“The Fire God clan always keeps a low profile in the City of God. Who would’ve thought that they’d come to Fragrance River in such a grand scale. I really wonder what will happen tonight!”

“Quick, look, more have come. That’s people from the Saer clan. I never thought that another of the eight great clans would come.”

“Heavens, those people are from the Madison clan. Just what is going on tonight? Half of the eight great clans have actually come...”

“Aren’t they from the Qilong clan? The Qilong clan of the eight great clans have also come...”

“Quick, looks, isn’t that the carriage from the Hou clan? I never thought that even people from the Hou clan would come...”

“And that, isn’t that people of the Decken clan? My god, people from all eight great clans have actually gathered and from the guards that have come, the people clearly possess quite some status in their clans. Just what day is it today?”

As the eight clans gathered, it immediately caused quite a large commotion at Fragrance River. Very soon, the news of the eight great clans gathering at Fragrance River spread like wildfire. Even the smaller ferries floating about in the river could not help themselves but grow slightly closer, and even the zither sounds and sweet songs reverberating on the surface of the river became quieter.

As the people of the eight clans all entered the ferry, the Inky Stratus, which had been docked there for quite some time, it also began to leave slowly. It broke the surface of the water, and slowly floated towards the centre of the river.

On the deck of the Inky Stratus, there were large round tables placed about, all already filled with exotic delicacies.

Jian Chen said a few words to the people of the eight clans, before they all sat down.

“I have long heard that brother Yang Yutian possesses extraordinary talent, and reached Class 6 despite only being twenty four, with talent in practising Radiant Artes approaching Class 7. In the beginning, I didn’t believe it, but after seeing you two, I realised brother Yang Yutian really is a dragon among men. Brother Yang Yutian must have gained much from three months of seclusion in the Radiant Saint Tower.” The speaker was an old man, and a member of the Qilong clan. His status was extremely great, as he was also a Class 6 Radiant Saint Master.

Jian Chen chuckled, “The old senior must be praising me. I’ve indeed made a few slight gains from the Radiant Saint Tower. My trip to the Radiant Saint Tower has overturned my understanding towards Radiant Saint Masters.”

“What slight gains, it’s clearly a huge harvest.” Quan Youcai muttered to himself rather unhappily beside Jian Chen, as he disagreed with what Jian Chen had said very much.

Even though Quan Youcai’s voice was relatively soft, it was heard by everyone there. They all immediately gazed towards Quan Youcai, especially some of the Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters there, they all looked at Quan Youcai with a great jealousy.

“I have long heard master Quan Youcai has raised his abilities of Radiant Artes to an extremely high level, and challenged the expert who ranked seventh of the ten great Radiant Saint Masters, and it ended in a draw. After a hundred years of hard work, master Quan Youcai’s strength surely has increased by quite a lot.” The speaker was an average-looking middle-aged man. His tone was relatively cold. He wore long, white robes with a blue badge on his chest, he was also a Class 6 Radiant Saint Master.

Quan Youcai chuckled, “Of course. A hundred years ago, my strength was equal to Li Moxin, but after a hundred years, Li Moxin definitely is no longer my opponent.” Speaking up to there, Quan Youcai suddenly stared at the middle-aged man with an ill intention and giggled, “Saer Langke, you also hold the position in the ten great Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters, and you’re ranked sixth. When we have time, why don’t we exchange some pointer?”

An undetectable coldness flashed across the middle-aged man’s eyes, but his expression remained unchanged. He said indifferently, “Perfect. When I have the time, we can properly exchange some pointers.”

Chapter 742: Killing Intent on the Ferry (Two)

Jian Chen’s gaze towards Quan Youcai carried some astonishment. He did not think that Quan Youcai, someone as thick-skinned as a pig and rather unreliable, would actually possess the strength to challenge the ten great Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters.

Force the first time, there was some change to Jian Chen’s opinion of Quan Youcai. He could not help but believe what Quan Youcai had said to Lin Bai about how he had a rather great attainment in Radiant Artes slightly, though it was only slightly.

Noticing Jian Chen’s change, Quan Youcai immediately revealed a smile that he believed to be enchanting and giggled at Jian Chen, “How is it, brother Yang Yutian? Do you finally believe it now? I,

Quan Youcai, am not as deplorable as you've described. If you discuss matters with me, an esteemed Class 6 Radiant Saint Master, not only will you not suffer losses, it'll even benefit you extremely greatly at my expenses. Shouldn't you give this a serious consider?"

Jian Chen shook his head with a slight smile. He did not say anything, though he thought to himself, "This Quan Youcai really does harp on those three great Radiant Artes."

"Three months ago, I heard that brother Yang Yutian has unprecedented talent and is a modern prodigy. Not only have you reached Class 6 at a young age of twenty-four, your talent in practising Radiant Artes is close to one of a Class 7 Radiant Saint Master. Currently, it's getting closer and closer by the day to the fight for a chance at breaking through to Class 7. The elimination competition will begin in a month's time. I wonder how confident brother Yang Yutian is for obtaining a position in the top ten?" A luxuriously-robed old man said. He was the one in control for the Hou clan, master Hou. He was also a Class 6 Radiant Saint Master.

The remaining members of the clans at the tables all cast their gazes towards Jian Chen. They clearly cared very much about the answer to the question.

Hearing master Hou's question, Quan Youcai immediately revealed a shocked expression. He stared fixedly at Jian Chen, clearly also astounded by Jian Chen's age and talent. However, he recovered soon after and thought to himself, "No wonder this Yang Yutian can break through the seals to those three Radiant Artes, his talent for Radiant Artes actually approaches Class 7. Though, I wonder about his current strength and to what level he can use Radiant Artes."

Jian Chen smiled, "Master Hou is too kind. It was only because I was rather lucky that I reached Class 6 so quickly. However, in regards to the elimination battle in a month's time, I'm not confident that I will obtain a position in the top ten, but I will definitely give it my all."

"I, Cheng Jian, believe brother Yang Yutian will definitely enter the top ten. After all, Yang Yutian's talent for Radiant Artes is almost similar to a Class 7 Radiant Saint Master, exceeding all of us. I trust that placing within the top ten is nothing difficult for brother Yang Yutian. Here, let us celebrate in advance for brother Yang Yutian in obtaining a place in the top ten in the name of the Cheng family," said the refined, middle-aged man of the Cheng family as he raised his glass of wine towards Jian Chen.

After drinking the wine, Chang Jian continued, "Brother Yang Yutian, I have a proposal. In the elimination battle a month away, why don't we work together? That way, both our chances at placing top ten will greatly increase. I wonder how brother Yang Yutian feels about it?"

"Brother Yang Yutian, Cheng Jian's proposal is pretty good. If we work together, our chances at the top ten will greatly increase." As soon as Cheng Jian finished what he was saying, an old man spoke out.

Master Hou began to laugh, "Whenever it is the time of the elimination battle, the eight great clans of the City of God will almost always work together. Brother Yang Yutian, why don't you work together with us? That way, the chance of survival inside will be much greater than when you are alone."

Afterwards, the remaining people of different clans all spoke out to invite Jian Chen to join them. They knew that Jian Chen's future accomplishments would greatly exceed their own, just from looking at his talent.

Jian Chen did not accept the invitations of the eight clans. He hesitated for a while and during that time, he could not help but remember the words spoken by the president, "Right now, the Holy Empire is not so peaceful, so it's best to avoid getting too close with organisations related to the three great clans."

Thinking up to there, Jian Chen made his decision. He said apologetically to the people, "I understand everyone has good intentions, but in the battle a month away, I do happen to have my own plans, so I am unable to be with everyone."

What Jian Chen had said immediately caused many people at the tables to change in expression. Even the lively atmosphere seem to freeze at that instant and in the next moment, the deck of the ferry became abnormally quiet, that even the sound from a dropped needle could be heard clearly.

A while later, the heavy atmosphere was finally broken, "Brother Yang Yutian, you must consider well. Going by yourself is extremely dangerous, making it extremely difficult to place within the top ten in the end." It was an old man who spoke up, and he came from the Fire God clan.

Jian Chen rejected him without any hesitation, "I thank everyone's good intentions, but I have already made up my mind, so there is no need to say any more."

At the dining tables, the expressions of a few people became stern, while an undetectable silver of coldness flashed across the eyes of others.

At this moment, the dozing white tiger on Jian Chen's shoulder suddenly opened its eyes, staring fixedly at the surface of the river.

Suddenly, the calm river surface was broken. Thirty people in dark clothing leapt out, lunging towards the tables at lightning speed as they flickered with colored lights from different attributed Saint Force. No one was spared, with Jian Chen, Quan Youcai and people of the eight clans becoming their targets for attack.

"Protect master Hou!"

"Protect the young master!"

...

On the ferry, the guards of the eight clans immediately sprinted onto the deck, retreating quickly and protecting their masters while rushing up to some of the dark-clothed people, engaging in intense battles.

"Fuck, around thirty Heaven Saint Masters! What a large scale!" Quan Youcai cried out in alarm. A ball of white clouds formed below his feet, and he disappeared from the deck of the ferry in the blink of an eye. He fled faster than a rabbit.

Of the thirty-odd Heaven Saint Masters, around twenty of them went for the eight clans, while the remaining dozen or so all went for Jian Chen. The eight clans all possessed Heaven Saint Master guards who guarded their masters tightly, and retreated from the deck as they repelled the attacks from the dark-clothed men.

All the people of the eight clans displayed stern expressions. They had brought plenty of Earth Saint Master guards, but there were only a dozen or so Heaven Saint Masters, which was a great gap to the

number of people trying to kill them. Not long after the battle began, the people of the eight clans were slowly forced into the hold of the ship. There were also many guards of the eight clans that had been injured from the attacks, covered in blood.

Suddenly, a ball of dazzling light illuminated the pitch-black sky, and purged the sky of much of its darkness. A few highly-regarded Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters of the clans all struck out, and each cast Radiant Artes from their hands towards the dark-clothed men.

Currently, the people of the eight clans had already been forced below the deck by the twenty-odd assassins, while Jian Chen remained seated at the dining tables, perfectly calm and collected, while holding his head up high against the disaster. As for his surroundings, there were already a dozen or so men who had locked onto him, and currently approached him at lightning speeds.

A powerful ripple of energy originated from behind him. Three assassins approached Jian Chen first, and lunging at him. With their Saint Weapons glowing with a special attributed light, they were chock-full of Saint Force.

The corner of Jian Chen's lips curled into a mocking smile. He tilted his head and downed the glass of good wine. Without even looking backwards, he said softly, "Radiant Saint Shield!"

The surrounding Radiant Saint Force began to gather around Jian Chen at an unbelievable pace, and formed a silvery shield with a diameter of a meter, blocking the strikes behind Jian Chen.

Although the Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters were battling against the assassins, they would always subconsciously glance past Jian Chen. When they witnessed how quickly Jian Chen had congealed the Radiant Saint Shield, they were all astounded. Jian Chen's speed at pulling up Radiant Saint Force was something they could not achieve even at full strength and looking at Jian Chen's unfazed demeanour, he did not even seem to give it his all.

"This Yang Yutian really does possess talent for Radiant Artes that approaches Class 7. Just his speed of condensing a Radiant Saint Shield is already much greater than us." Several Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters thought to themselves.

At this moment, the Saint Weapons of the three Heaven Saint Masters simultaneously collided with Jian Chen's Radiant Saint Shield, and carried along with the weapons a powerful ripple of energy. The Radiant Saint Shield, completely condensed of Radiant Saint Force, seemed like an extremely sturdy piece of steel. Each time it was struck it gave off a great loud clang, so deafening that it had become rather painful.

Although the Radiant Saint Shield had blocked the simultaneous attacks of the three Heaven Saint Masters, it was covered in a layer of spider-web cracks. Shortly afterwards, Jian Chen pointed gently towards the shield and it immediately shattered with a loud sound. It turned into countless small pieces of shrapnel, and shot towards the three Heaven Saint Masters at lightning speed like a white rain.

The expressions of the three Heaven Saint Masters changed slightly. Vigorous Saint Force immediately surged from their bodies, and formed a barrier around their bodies to receive the shield shrapnel.

“The Radiant Saint Shield can actually be used like that. I’ve really widened my understanding today. Brother Yang Yutian really is impressive. You actually discovered an attack like that.” Quan Youcai stared fixedly at Jian Chen from the hold of the shift, and sighed with praise.

“But brother Yang Yutian needs to receive the attacks of a dozen or so Heaven Saint Masters at the same time. Can he endure it? Should I help him out?” Quan Youcai thought for a little before speaking, “Nevermind. Although I, Quan Youcai, indeed has some strength, I’m helpless against so many Heaven Saint Masters. And since brother Yang Yutian seems so confident, let’s just observe the situation first, and have a look at brother Yang Yutian’s strength in the meantime.”

“Radiant Saint Sword!” Jian Chen did not pause in his actions. Just as the Radiant Saint Shield transformed into countless fragments and shot towards the three Heaven Saint Masters, a huge sword around two meters in length immediately condensed in front of him. With a swing of his hand, the giant sword became a white flash, and sped towards another black-clothed assassin.

The assassin did not treat the Radiant Saint Sword too importantly. To him, although Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters possessed a certain level of offense, it was still not enough to threaten him, much less a young man in his twenties.

However, when the Radiant Saint Sword collided with the assassin’s Saint Weapon, it immediately produced a great bang. The man’s expression changed greatly, and he immediately spat out a mouthful of blood, as he was knocked backward with great force by the Radiant Saint Sword

Just a single Radiant Saint Sword from Jian Chen had caused a powerful Heaven Saint Master to vomit blood and retreat. This had caused all the other assassins who surrounded Jian Chen to be surprised, and just stare at Jian Chen in disbelief.

“Impossible, since when did Radiant Saint Sword become so powerful!” An assassin could not control himself and exclaimed aloud.

Chapter 743: Killing Intent on the Ferry (Three)

“Everyone be careful, this person’s Radiant Artes are much more powerful than other Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters.” A Fifth Cycle Heaven Saint Master called out to alert his companions, before he used his full strength. As the great Radiant Saint Force constantly surged into his Saint Weapon, it also began to glow greatly, before he swung it at Jian Chen.

An extremely great sword Qi shot out from the assassin’s Saint Weapon. It shot forwards like a lightning bolt, and carried a sliver of pressure that originated from the world.

At the same time, another four assassins around Jian Chen swung their Saint Weapons in a similar fashion. They all shot out a powerful sword Qi at Jian Chen. Each sword Qi carried slivers of pressure that originated from the world, which locked tightly onto Jian Chen.

“You even dare to make a fool of yourself with mere Earth Tier Battle Skills!” A sliver of disdain appeared on Jian Chen’s face. He slowly unfolded his hands from his chest and called out, “Radiant Saint Sword! Radiant Saint Shield!”

The surrounding Radiant Saint Force quickly began to move violently. It gathered around Jian Chen’s hands at an unbelievable speed, and formed into four Radiant Saint Swords that radiated with soft light

around Jian Chen's left hand, while a giant, three-meter-wide shield appeared near Jian Chen's right hand.

The scene caused the Class 6 Radiant Saint Master to stare wide-eyed once again.

"How... how is this possible? Yang Yutian actually... actually condensed four Radiant Saint Swords and a Radiant Saint Shield together in such a short time!" Master Hou was no longer able to remain calm. He stared dumbfoundedly at Jian Chen, as if he had just witnessed something impossible.

"Heavens! Brother Yang Yutian's strength is just too impressive. Not only can he simultaneously condense four Radiant Saint Swords and a Radiant Saint Shield, the speed it took him is several times greater than me. My god, just how does he do it?" Quan Youcai's mouth was agape, while the shock in his heart had already reached an unreturnable state.

"Brother Yang Yutian indeed is very powerful. With just a single hand, he's done something that completely surpassed all of us. Even the person who places first in the top ten Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters probably can't cast five Radiant Artes at the same time to such a level." The refined, middle-aged man of the Cheng family sighed emotionally in his heart. His gaze towards Jian Chen was filled with shock and disbelief.

Saer Langke stared sternly at Jian Chen. His eyes flickered with a gleam of light and he said softly, "This Yang Yutian is much stronger than I've anticipated."

"What a pity that he's unwilling to join us. Once the battle starts, we'll become enemies sooner or later." The old man from the Fire God clan said softly, also with a gleam of light flickering in his eyes.

Hearing that, a cold light flashed across Saer Langke's eyes and he said no more.

Swish! Swish! Swish! Swish!

With four ear-piercing wooshes, the four Radiant Saint Swords formed streaks of white light, that rushed towards the four Heaven Saint Masters and their Earth Tier Battle Skill sword Qi.

Bang! The four Radiant Saint Swords collided with the four sword Qis, and immediately produced a great sound of collision. As they slammed into each other, the Radiant Saint Swords and the sword Qi actually collapsed at the same time mid-air. It formed a violent energy which rippled in all directions. It caused the largest ferry of Fragrance River, the Inky Stratus, to rock from side to side, while the waves created reached several meters high. The dark sky was completely illuminated from the white light given off by the Radiant Saint Swords as they collapsed.

Jian Chen immediately used his right hand to block his chest. The Radiant Saint Shield seemed to be pulled along by an invisible force, and it followed Jian Chen's right hand and moved from Jian Chen's side to right in front of him. As it floated there, it helped Jian Chen block the havoc-wreaking energy ripples.

At the same time, a few remaining assassins flew in from behind Jian Chen, and swiped at him with their Saint Weapons at the same time.

A cold light flashed across Jian Chen's eyes. The Radiant Saint Shield remained in front him, but he called out with a deep voice, "Radiance Burst!" As soon as he finished speaking, the Radiant Saint Force in a

radius of five kilometers immediately became violent. The originally gentle, sheep-like Radiant Saint Force actually suddenly became explosive, like a vicious tiger, and it all gathering around Jian Chen in less than half a second. They became raindrop-sized balls of white light, and each carried a forceful energy, as if it was sharp sword Qi that was capable of piercing rock.

At the same time, the Radiant Saint Swords in the hands of the clan members quickly began to dim, and disappeared soon after. Afterwards, a Class 6 Radiant Saint Master cried out in astoundment, "How is this possible!? All the Radiant Saint Force in a radius of five kilometers has all disappeared!"

The Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters all revealed extremely astonished expressions, and they gazed at each other. The shock in their hearts had already reached a limit; they were not even able to speak anymore. All the Radiant Saint Force in a radius of five kilometers had been sucked clean, so that even they were unable to continue casting Radiant Artes. They had lived for so long, yet this was something they had never encountered.

"Brother Yang Yutian, you're just too impressive. You've actually sucked up all the Radiant Saint Force in the surrounding area, so that even other Radiant Saint Masters are no longer able to cast Radiant Artes. My admiration for you surges like the endless waves of the river. Brother Yang Yutian, from today onwards, you are my idol." Quan Youcai stared at Jian Chen in interest, and his face was covered with an expression of admiration.

Jian Chen's expression was cold, as if he did not realise how great of an impact he was to the Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters of the eight clans. Cold light flickered in his eyes and a sharp but undetectable killing intent appeared. He called out with a deep voice, "Radiance Burst, go!" With Jian Chen's gesture, the countless points of light formed from Radiant Saint Force surged at the assassins behind him, like a moth lunging at a fire.

The powerful strength Jian Chen had displayed before was witness by all the black-clothed assassins, so even against such an underwhelming attack, they did not dare to be complacent at all. Vast amounts of Radiant Saint Force immediately surged violently from their bodies, forming a thick barrier around them to block the attack from the points of light. At the same time, they swung their Saint Weapons constantly, and smashed the points of light.

The specks of light formed from Radiant Saint Force seemed insignificant, but each speck carried a powerful and sharp force. As soon as they collided with the Saint Weapons in the hands of the assassins, they gave out consecutive, metallic screeches.

"Argh!" An assassin gave out a mournful cry. The specks of light had broken through his protection formed from Saint Force, piercing deeply into his body. The great pain caused him to cry out "Help me!" on impulse.

Although the specks of light was blocked for the other assassins, the situation for them was not great either. The specks were just too densely packed, as numerous as rain. Many of the specks broke through the swings of their Saint Weapons, and collided with the barrier formed from Radiant Saint Force, causing it to tremble greatly.

“This fucking thing is just too powerful! My protection from Saint Force can’t hold much longer. It’s going to fail soon! Retreat!” An assassin with a shaking barrier cursed aloud. He gave up on this opportunity to attack Jian Chen, and quickly retreating backwards.

“Is this goddamn Radiant Saint Master Class 6 or Class 7? Why is he so overpowered? We actually can’t get any closer to him.” Several assassins all swore aloud. They were all forced back by Jian Chen’s Radiance Burst, and were forced to give up on their attack and protect themselves.

“Do you just want to retreat like this? How can it be so easy?” A sneer formed on Jian Chen’s face and with a deep voice, “Radiant Saint Sword!” As soon as he finished speaking, three white streaks of light suddenly began to flash, as they quickly flew towards the ferry and struck at one of the retreating assassins.

“He- he- he- he actually condensed a Radiant Saint Sword from over five kilometers away, and then got them to fly in!” When the Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters witnessed what was happening, they were immediately dumbfounded.

“This Yang Yutian really is so skilled to be able to do such a maneuver. He condensed a Radiant Saint Sword over five kilometers away, and then controlled the swords to fly in from so far away. Unbelievable.” The Class 6 Radiant Saint Master from the Cheng family mumbled at a slight loss.

As for Saer Langke, his expression became extremely ugly, while the complexions of the members from other clans fluctuated.

“Be careful from behind!” An assassin discovered the three Radiant Saint Swords flying in from the distance and immediately cried out to warn his companions. Meanwhile, his eyes were wide-open as he stared at the three faraway Radiant Saint Swords with disbelief. The three swords actually flew in from over five kilometers away.

Hearing the cry of warning, the other black-clothed assassins all noticed the Radiant Saint Swords flying in from behind, each was greatly surprised.

The three Radiant Saint Swords directly shot towards one person each. The swords possessed strength equivalent to the full-powered blow from a Heaven Saint Master. As the first sword collided with the person’s Saint Weapon, it knocked him backwards quickly, while he produced a muffled cough from his throat. He was already heavily injured.

Before the person could even return to his senses, a second sword shot towards him. Although it was successfully blocked by the person, he spat out a mouthful of blood onto his hand which held the Saint Weapon that had already become numb from the clash. His right hand with the Radiant Weapon drooped powerlessly.

Closely afterwards, the third Radiant Saint Force Sword attacked the heavily-injured man, basically right after the second sword. It pierced the man’s chest and when it had entered half way, it suddenly exploded, and blasting the assassin’s body to shreds. Even his soul was unable to escape, instantly killing him.

A Heaven Saint Master had fallen by the hands of a Class 6 Radiant Saint Master just like this, not to mention the fact that it was under a situation of many-against-one, attacking from all directions.

After killing a Heaven Saint Master, Jian Chen did not show any happy emotions. His expression remained just as cold, while powerful killing intent exuded from his eyes. He then pointed his right hand at the sky with his head held up, and gazed at the pitch-black sky, "Judgement's Sword!"

Chapter 744: The Strength of God's Descent

"What!? Judgement's sword!? Is it one of the three great Class 7 Radiant Artes, Judgement's Sword!?" The people from the eight clans were immediately astounded, and stared at Jian Chen in absolute disbelief.

"Impossible! Yang Yutian is only a Class 6 Radiant Saint Master! How can he obtain the secret manual to practising Judgement's Sword? I heard that it's impossible to obtain it without being Class 7, and also impossible to practise!"

"Yang Yutian must be faking it. It's a bluff. How is it possible for him to cast one of the three great Radiant Artes, Judgement's Sword?"

The Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters of the eight clans all spoke out. Most of them did not believe that Jian Chen could really use Judgement's Sword.

"Impossible. It's only been so long and brother Yang Yutian can already use the three great Radiant Artes. Is he not Class 7 but instead Class 7?" Quan Youcai who was hiding in the hold of the ship stuck out his head, staring fixedly at Jian Chen.

At this moment, a white light appeared in the distant horizon, illuminating the pitch-black sky. It created a unique scene, which attracted the attention of countless people on the distant riverbanks. The white rays of light were all Radiant Saint Force, that gathered towards Jian Chen from five kilometers away.

Jian Chen pointed at the sky with one finger. The vast quantities of Radiant Saint Force quickly condensed at the tip of his finger, and soon condensed into a silvery-white holy sword, ten meters in length. The sword radiated with dazzling light, and dyed the entire area snow-white.

Moreover, there was a surging pressure that originated from the sword, which caused the surrounding space to become sticky. When the other Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters faced the pressure, they even struggled to breathe.

Jian Chen stood perfectly straight on the deck of the ferry, under the silvery-white sword. He seemed just like a god, standing between the earth and the heavens. His cold expression and sharp gaze were filled with a certain sternness, as if he was holy and could not be offended.

"This... this... this is really the Judgement's Sword!" A Radiant Saint Master of the eight clans cried out with a trembling voice.

"No, that's not the true Judgement's Sword. The true Judgement's Sword would cause a phenomenon several times greater than it is now. Although Yang Yutian has cast Judgement's Sword, it's only a small portion of the true Judgement's Sword." Master Hou said with a low voice. Even though the Judgement's Sword cast by Jian Chen was far from the true arte in terms of strength, it was still an incomparable deed in their eyes.

The expressions of the assassins who had surrounded Jian Chen became extremely ugly, and they cried out, "This is bad, this is one of the three great Radiant Artes, Judgement's Sword. It can even kill Saint Rulers. Retreat, you definitely cannot be locked on by it. No one can escape it alive."

Hearing that, the assassins in the surroundings immediately dispersed, flying into the distance as they fled.

Suddenly, Jian Chen swung his hand. The sword condensed on the tip of his finger transformed into a streak of silvery-white light, and shot towards the slower assassins at the back like a lightning bolt.

The sword was extremely fast, not allowing the assassins to escape at all. It passed through them, but the places it had cut through were not fatal. However, the sword was the Judgement's Sword, one of the three great Radiant Artes so it carried an extremely great energy, killing them instantly.

Jian Chen's two eyes seemed to explode with a flickering of light, like two lanterns in the dark night. In the next moment, his presence actually formed an extremely wondrous connection with the Judgement's Sword. After the sword slaughtered the assassins it had actually continued to pursue the other darkly-clothed men, under Jian Chen's control

With the speed of the Judgement's Sword, it had killed another three assassin in less than a second. Afterwards, it continued to pursue the other with no change in speed.

"No, this isn't the real Judgement's Sword. The real Judgement's Sword's strength is definitely not just this. Whatever. Since we can't run, we might as well work together and cast a Heaven Tier Battle Skill together to break that incomplete Judgement's Sword." An assassin clearly understood the Radiant Arte, so he called out immediately to try and save them.

The remaining few assassins all gathered together, casting Heaven Tier Battle Skills simultaneously. Immediately, a powerful pressure began to permeate the surroundings, locking tightly onto the sword that shot over. A few Heaven Tier Battle Skills shot from the hands of the assassins, and collided violently with the sword, mid-air.

Boom! Followed by a deafening rumble, the sword and the several Heaven Tier Battle Skills collapsed together in the middle of the sky. The powerful energy ripples wreaked havoc on the surroundings, lifting up the water below to a height of a dozen or so meters. Even the ferry was greatly affected, with huge cracks appearing on the deck. It soon covered the entire ferry, while the bow of the ferry was essentially destroyed.

The several dark-clothed assassins were knocked backwards by the powerful energy ripple. Even with the Radiant Saint Shield covering Jian Chen in front, it caused Jian Chen to take several steps back after receiving the energy ripples with the shield.

On the other side, the eight clans had already stopped their battles with the twenty-odd assassins. All of them gazed at Jian Chen.

As a Class 6 Radiant Saint Master, the arte cast by Jian Chen all by himself had shocked them all. Of the dozen or so Heaven Saint Masters that surrounded him, close to ten were already dead, while there were only the last few remaining.

The twenty-odd assassins around the members of the eight clans and the other Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters looked at each other. Afterwards, the assassins seemed to be connected on a mental level, all abandoning the people of the eight clans and rushed at Jian Chen. At that time, all of their gazes became icily-cold, including the people of the eight clan. Powerful killing intent began to permeate from them, clearly making up their minds to actually kill Jian Chen.

A dozen or so of the assassins all attacked Jian Chen with their strongest attack in a circle, while the others shot into the sky. They floated high in the sky, charging up their Heaven Tier Battle Skills.

Seeing that, Quan Youcai's expression changed greatly. He mumbled in a voice which only he could here, "Mother of god, the people of the eight clans are going too far. Are they trying to silence him by killing him? Yang Yutian's the disciple of the president. If they do that, wouldn't they offend the president? Sigh, it's such a pity that I only have this much strength. It's certain death for against so many Heaven Saint Masters. I don't even have the chance of escaping. Brother Yang Yutian, it's not that I don't want to help you, it's that I really can't. I hope you are able to survive without harm. If anything really happens to you, I will definitely report it to the president and get him to take revenge for you."

Feeling the killing intent from the darkly-clothed assassins, Jian Chen's gaze became completely frozen over. A powerful killing intent began to permeate from his heart.

"Master Yang Yutian, you leave quickly. I'll block them." A heavy voice appeared. It was Yang Ling, standing in front of Jian Chen and blocking him with his large body. His expression was determined. At this moment, Yang Ling had already accepted death. Even if he had to die here, he needed to let Jian Chen escape safely.

Looking at Yang Ling's muscular body, Jian Chen was deeply moved. His gaze became complicated. He could clearly feel that Yang Ling had already accepted his death, to die for someone who he had only known for less than three days and did not have any particular feelings for.

At that very moment, Jian Chen's impression of Yang Ling skyrocketed.

"Ahhhh!" Yang Ling who stood in front of Jian Chen had no clue about how his status in Jian Chen's heart had already underwent a great change. He gave out a long roar to the sky, and rushed towards the dozen or so assassins with a giant sword in his hand and without any fear. He carried a spirit with no fear in death.

Even though Yang Ling was a Sixth Cycle Heaven Saint Master, the dozen assassins had an advantage in numbers after all. Also, they were not weak, with several being Fifth Cycle Heaven Saint Masters. As a result, as soon as he began fighting with them, he was suppressed by people at a similar level to him. Afterwards, he was struck in the chest with palm strikes from two assassins, causing him to spray blood from his mouth, already heavily injured. In the end, three Saint Weapons were thrust ruthlessly at his body, punching holes in his chest, heart and his dantian.

"Master Yang Yutian, leave!" Yang Ling gave a heart-wrenching roars as blood flowed from the corner of his mouth. He used his own body to stop a few assassins from moving, to give time for Jian Chen to run.

Although Yang Ling knew Jian Chen was very strong, he was facing up against over twenty Heaven Saint masters, with several of them charging Heaven Tier Battle Skills at the same time. Once they struck forth with the battle skills, even Sixth Cycle Heaven Saint Masters would die, without a doubt, not to mention

the fact that Jian Chen had already gone through several battles before, consuming all the Radiant Saint Force in a radius of five kilometers. He had already expended a lot of his energy. Even if he currently still had some ability to fight, he was not able to resist against twenty Heaven Saint Masters working together in Yang Ling's eyes. This was why Yang Ling had accepted death to make time for Jian Chen to escape, because he was responsible for Jian Chen's safety.

Jian Chen stared dumbfoundedly as the three Saint Weapons pierced Yang Ling's body. His killing intent had already reached the absolute limit as he said icily, "None of you will be leaving today!" Jian Chen quickly formed a weird seal with his two hands, slowly closing his eyes. At that moment, he seemed to fuse with the world.

Suddenly, there was an extremely bright light that appeared in the pitch-black sky. It was as dazzling as the sun above the nine heavens. It illuminated the entire area, not only painting the surrounding river in a near bright like daytime glow, it even illuminated a small portion of the City of God, ten kilometers away. It alarmed countless people in the city.

'What... what's this?' The sudden change caused the twenty-odd assassins to stop. They all looked into the sky, astounded.

"What- what- what... what is that thing?" On the ferry, the Class 6 Radiant Saint Master raised their heads one after another to look at the sky, all bearing shocked expressions.

Within the City of God, a dozen or so people appeared from nowhere above eight huge manors. They gazed at the powerful white light in the sky several dozen kilometers away. The depths of their eyes were filled with great worry.

"That's the forbidden arte, God's Descent. There's a Class 7 Radiant Saint Master casting the forbidden arte!"

"No, this is different from how it's described in the records. Although it's caused a great commotion, it's strength seems a little weaker."

"Yep. This God's Descent seems strong but it's actually nothing. It can only pose some non-lethal threats to First or Second Heaven Layer Saint Rulers."

...

In the headquarters of the Radiant Saint Master Union, the president who sat cross-legged on the top floor, cultivating suddenly snapped open his eyes. He arrived beside the window in a flash and gazed into the distance in shock. He mumbled, "That's the God's Descent. No, that's the incomplete version. It only possesses the form but not the power. I actually can't feel any origin energy in it. Just which prodigy discovered a method like this? Although the arte's strength will greatly diminish when cast like this, it doesn't require the offering of longevity. No! I must go and see!" On a white cloud, the president shot out from the window into the distance like a lightning bolt.

Chapter 745: Arrival of the President

On the Inky Stratus, the near twenty darkly-clothed assassins were astounded by the phenomenon that had occurred. At that moment, a strong feeling of uneasiness had suddenly appeared in all their minds.

“Everyone quickly kill him! We must not let him cast that arte!” An assassin cried out, before rushing at Jian Chen first, no longer paying any attention to Jian Chen’s strength.

Afterwards, the remaining assassins all returned to their senses and rushed at Jian Chen, wanting to disperse Jian Chen’s Radiant Arte while he was still charging up. Although many of them had no idea what Radiant Arte it was, they understood just how powerful it was just from the great commotion caused by it.

In the sky, the assassins who could use Heaven Tier Battle Skills also completed their preparations. A great pressure weighed down on the area, locking tightly onto Jian Chen.

God’s... Descent!

A ripple, visible with the naked eye, quickly spread out from Jian Chen in all directions. Wherever the ripple passed by, it would caused the space to instantly freeze. The assassins who rushed at Jian Chen were all frozen in various poses, unable to move at all.

In that moment, time seemed to stop.

All the people of the eight clans were also trapped by the invisible force. The ferry stopped floating along the river, the river water stopped flowing and even the breeze completely disappeared. The several people in the sky who had completely charged up their Heaven Tier Battle Skills and were ready to cast them were forcefully locked in place. The vast energy corralled the shapeless power of the battle skills, without a single sliver leaking out at all.

The entire world went silent in that moment. The only change was with the white light in the sky, where it became brighter and brighter, more and more dazzling before in the end, it descended from the sky as a huge light pillar, a hundred meters in length, encasing everyone present within it.

Jian Chen maintained a weird hand seal, standing close-eyed on the deck of the ferry. In the moment he was enveloped by the pillar of light, he felt a wondrous connection form between his mind and the pillar.

In the area encased by the pillar, it seemed to become a different domain. In the domain, Jian Chen was god, the all-powerful god, the god that controls life. Unless someone possessed strength that exceeded the domain and exceeded the absolute limits of the domain, no one could escape its judgement.

The several Heaven Tier Battle Skills in the air quickly dispersed, turning into strands of energy of the world and disappeared into the surroundings. Shortly afterwards, the dark-clothed assassins who had cast the Heaven Tier Battle Skills began to slowly turn into dust at an observable rate, disappearing into the sky.

Shortly afterwards, the twenty-odd men on the deck slowly began to disintegrate too, turning into dust. There was no blood, nor any clothes left behind. Even the Spatial Rings they wore on their fingers turned into dust, disappearing into the world. It was extremely strange.

In the blink of an eye, over thirty Heaven Saint Master assassins died, with no one spared.

Even though it was an incomplete God’s Descent, its strength was nothing Heaven Saint Masters could resist.

When all the assassins had passed away, the giant pillar of light that had descended from the sky quickly disappeared. All those who were trapped inside also regained their mobility, and the frozen time began to flow again. The ferry broke through the water, and the river water also began to flow slowly, producing light splashing sounds.

Jian Chen slowly opened his eyes. His eyes were filled with fatigue. His straight body on the deck seemed to suddenly be blown around in powerful winds, tottering about.

Although the God's Descent and Judgement's Sword were both known as one of the three great Radiant Artes, the God's Descent was a forbidden technique after all. Their strength could not be compared. Just from the single casting of God's Descent, it had almost sucked Jian Chen's soul dry. At this moment, Jian Chen's eyelids were extremely heavy. Even keeping his eyes open was an extremely difficult task, and his brain currently throbbed with a great headache.

His current status was like a normal person who had not slept for three days. Not only was he extremely exhausted, he had over-exerted his mind, creating extremely great pain that was difficult to bear with.

The people of the eight clans all stood there absolutely dumbfounded, but they returned to their senses without much time. Although they were immobilised before, they could still think, witnessing the unbelievable scene clearly. Over twenty Heaven Saint Masters were turned to dust, bit by bit, just like that from the white pillar of light, without any resistance. They could not even struggle. It caused great shock to them.

After all, the person who had done that was not a Class 7 Radiant Saint Master, but a Class 6 Radiant Saint Master, the same of them, not to mention it was a twenty-four-year-old!

Many streaks of white light cut across the dark sky, quickly flying over from the distance, before stopping right about Fragrance River.

The first person was a ruddy, white-robed old man. Beneath him was a cloud completely formed from Radiant Saint Force. He seemed like an immortal.

The person was the president of the Radiant Saint Master Union and behind him, there were many Class 7 Radiant Saint Master elders. Within them included the ninth elder, fourteenth elder and fifth elder, who Jian Chen had met before.

The president quickly glanced across the Inky Stratus, stopping as soon as he reached the exhausted Jian Chen. A sliver of shock flashed across his face and he cried out, "Yang Yutian, did you cast that God's Descent from before?"

Jian Chen stared at the president in the sky rather lifelessly and said, "Yang Yutian greets master. Master has guessed correctly. The God's Descent from before was indeed cast by disciple, though it is incomplete."

The shock on the president's face become stronger and stronger. Even the elder who stood behind the president stared at Jian Chen with a gaze of disbelief.

"Yang Yutian, perhaps you've broken through the seals of the three great Radiant Artes?" The president asked once again.

Jian Chen nodded his head slightly. He no longer had the strength to speak anymore. Right now, he was quite tempted to just topple over on the spot and sleep soundly. Not only did the over-exertion of his mind create great exhaustion and a great headache, it made Jian Chen feel like his soul was about to disappear.

“Hahahaha, good, good, good. You are indeed my disciple! Yang Yutian, your actions have made me very impressed.” The president began to laugh aloud; he was extremely joyful. With a gesture of his hand, a dense ball of Radiant Saint Force formed a cloud, pulling Jian Chen from the ferry. He said with concern for the first time, “Yang Yutian, you’ve currently over-exerted yourself. You need to quickly heal. I’ll take you back.”

Shortly afterwards, the president looked towards the people of the eight clans and his gaze immediately turned into a glare. With a deep voice, he said, “You eight clans better know your place. Otherwise, even with the Zaar family covering you, my Radiant Saint Master Union will definitely not let you off.”

Hearing that, the expressions of the people all changed. It became dead silent immediately.

Carrying Jian Chen, the president flew from the area, directly proceeding to the headquarters of the union. The fifth elder looked at the bloody ferry and sighed softly. He thought to himself, “The people of the eight clans have gone a little too far. Yang Yutian is someone highly regarded by the president after all. Fortunately he’s fine, otherwise, perhaps the president’s temper will be lit once again.” The fifth elder waved his hand, and a ball of gentle Radiant Saint Force immediately dragged the heavily-injured Yang Ling into the sky. Afterwards, he followed behind the president, back to the headquarters of the union.

With their departure, all the people left were the people of the eight clans and the coward Quan Youcai. All of them stood there, still badly shaken. The strength of God’s Descent had completely stunned them.

“Sigh, what you’ve done this time is a little overboard. Though, fortunately the situation hasn’t reached an irreparable level.” An old voice resounded in the sky about the ferry, entering the ears of every person from the eight clans.

Ten meters above the ferry, a dozen or so people of different ages had already appeared at a certain time. They seemed to be a part of the world, without using any energy to float in the sky. They seemed more like ordinary people than anything else.

The people of the eight clans were all greatly shocked. They immediately knelt on the ground and called out, “Descendant greets the ancestor!”

“Sigh, all of you go back now. Don’t do something too obvious next time. Once people grab you by the handle, even the clan will be sucked into it. The Radiant Saint Master Union definitely cannot be provoked.” An old man sighed gently. Waving his hand, he left with the white-robed Radiant Saint Master and Heaven Saint Master guard beside him.

Afterwards, the ancestors of the various clans all left the ferry with their own clan members one by one. Soon, there was no one left on the deck of the ferry at all.

“They’ve all left, so why am I still staying here? The Inky Stratus in the most famous ferry of Fragrance River. Now that it’s been so heavily damaged, the fees are probably quite high. It’s quite fortunate that

brother Yang Yutian is fine. Though, brother Yang Yutian's strength is a little too overwhelming. He can even cast the forbidden arte. I must learn the forbidden arte from brother Yang Yutian." Yuan Youcai mumbled to himself as he walked out from the hold of the ship, before condensing a white cloud under his feet, leaving the ferry.

Just when Quan Youcai was leaving, a middle-aged beauty ran out from the hold. She cried out in tears, "Esteemed Radiant Saint Master, the ferry was destroyed by you. You can't leave! How do I explain it to my boss?"

"Piss off, what has it got to do with me, Quan Youcai? It's not like it was me who broke the ferry. If you want compensation, go find the eight great clans. This is all because the eight great clans asked for it, that they couldn't find anything better to do." The echoes of Quan Youcai's voice could be heard from the sky. The voice grew fainter and fainter, before finally completely disappearing.

Chapter 746: Outstanding Prodigy

In the City of God, Jian Chen was brought to a quiet room at the headquarters of the Radiant Saint Master Union by the president. The president said with a gentle tone, "Yang Yutian, you should rest here. When you fully recover, come and find your master. Master has some things he wants to speak with you about."

"Yes master!" Jian Chen replied courteously, before he entered the room. He sat cross-legged on the cushion in the room and slowly closed his eyes.

The president glanced at Jian Chen with a smile. At that moment, his impression of his disciple already began to soar, because Jian Chen's performance tonight had even made the president hold him in high esteem.

In the Hou clan of the eight clans, master Hou locked himself in a room, unwilling to see anyone after he was brought back by the ancestor of the clan.

In the luxurious moment, master Hou currently sat on his bed in deep thought. The light in his eyes constantly flickered, while his complexion constantly varied.

Tonight on the ferry, the great strength displayed by Jian Chen had shocked master Hou greatly, especially the scene where the strength of God's Descent had slowly turned the twenty-odd assassins to dust. It was like a brand, searing deeply into his mind, unable to be removed.

He would never forget what he witnessed that night, never forget the strength of God's Descent, much less forget the person who caused all of it, a twenty-four-year-old! Yang Yutian!

"Yang. Yu. Tian." Master Hou mumbled to himself with a soft voice, and his gaze immediately turned into a glare. He said softly again, "Yang Yutian, I never thought you would actually be so strong. Not only do you have a grasp on the Judgement's Sword, one of the three forbidden artes, you even know the most powerful forbidden arte, God's Descent, and you can successfully cast it. Perhaps even in all the Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters, you can reign supreme with such great strength."

"Too bad. Since you're unwilling to join hands with us eight clans, we'll become enemies sooner or later in the competition in a month's time. We won't be able to avoid clashing with each other. And with what happened tonight, you'll probably realise soon that it was all organised by the eight clans. We

wanted to test you. Too bad none of us thought you'd be so strong, which caused our plan to completely spiral out of control."

"Whatever. Since there's already enmity between us, I can only go all in. Yang Yutian, just blame that you appeared at the wrong time." A sliver of killing intent flashed across master Hou's eyes. Shortly afterwards, he gazed towards the door and called out in a deep voice, "Golden guard!"

The door opened, and a person completely clad in golden armor walked in. He clasped his hands, "What does master Hou require!"

"Golden guard, go contact the other seven great clans. There's something important I want to discuss with them." Master Hou said.

"Yes, master Hou!" The gold-armored guard left.

...

In the Saer clan, the average-looking middle-aged man, Saer Langke, currently sat on a lower seat in a grand hall with a dark expression. A sliver of powerful killing intent would flash across his eyes from time to time.

At this moment, a purple-robed, dashing middle-aged man strode into the hall. He directly walked up the stair to a raised pomp, and sat down on the central seat.

"Langke, just what has happened? Why have you alarmed the ancestor who never comes out of seclusion?" The purple-robed man stared rather sternly at Saer Langke down below.

"It's all because of Yang Yutian, father. Yang Yutian is really strong. He actually knows God's Descent, a Radiant Arte where only Class 7 Radiant Saint Masters can cast. He wiped out all the people our eight clans sent to test him." Saer Langke said with a soft voice.

The purple-robed man's expression changed slightly and he exclaimed with a deep voice, "What? He knows God's Descent? Perhaps he's already a Class 7 Radiant Saint Master?"

"He's not Class 7, and the God's Descent he cast was not the true God's Descent. He probably obtained the arte, and then found a method in which Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters could cast it." Saer Langke said.

"I recall that he only entered the Radiant Saint Tower for a mere three months. It's unbelievable that he could reach such a level in three months." The purple-robed man gave out a sigh.

Saer Langke stared fixedly at the middle-aged man and said, "Father, Yang Yutian must be eliminated. Not only is his existence an obstruction to us placing top ten, it's also extremely bad for the Zaar family's plans."

The purple-robed man could not make up his mind, so he did not reply immediately.

"You've put it well. This Yang Yutian must be eliminated!" Suddenly, a heavy voice reverberated in the hall. In the centre of the hall, a tightly-dressed, middle-aged man had already appeared at a certain time.

The middle-aged man's body was extremely muscled. He was stocky, and over two meters in height. His uncovered arms were clad with large muscles. His hair was several inches long, while his square face carried an unconcealed valiance. On his forehead, there was a heart-wrenching scar, which made him seem even more fierce.

"I greet the ancestor!" The purple-robed man and Saer Langke bowed towards the large man at the same time. They were both extremely courteous.

That person was the strongest and oldest ancestor of the Saer clan, a powerful Saint Ruler!

The ancestor stood there with his arms crossed, "I already know about the matter with Yang Yutian. He is indeed an outstanding genius and if he continues to grow, he will definitely become the president of the union. It's just a pity that his existence interferes with the Zaar family's plans.

"The current president of the union only has around a hundred years before he'll pass away from old age. Without him, the union will greatly weaken in the future and with that, it'll become much easier for the Zaar family to control the union. But in a hundred years, Yang Yutian'll be able to reach a great level similar to the president with his talent. So, we have to eliminate him."

"Ancestor, is the idea of eliminating Yang Yutian from the Zaar family?" The purple-robed man asked cautiously.

The ancestor nodded slightly.

"Yes, ancestor, I'll immediately go organise this." This time, the purple-robed man did not hesitate at all.

"Remember, you must never send our own people to kill Yang Yutian, and you must not leave any evidence. The Zaar family wants to control the entire empire and is about to declare war on the other two great clans. In such an important time, you definitely must not offend the neutral union." The ancestor said with a deep voice. Afterwards, he suddenly disappeared from the hall.

Just at this moment, a guard hurried in from outside. He knelt on one knee and said, "Reporting to the patriarch, master Hou from the Hou clan has sent an invitation for the patriarch and the young master to go to the Hou clan. There's something important to be discussed!"

"I understand. You can leave." The purple-robed man waved his hand and dismissed the guard.

Once the guard left, a sliver of light flashed across Saer Langke's eyes. He said, "Master Hou has actually sent an invitation to discuss important matters right now. Father, I think this is most likely related to Yang Yutian."

The purple-robed man nodded slightly, "Since master Hou has sent an invitation, let's go there through the secret tunnel."

In the middle of the night, the huge city had already become extremely quiet. The wide streets were desolate, without anyone there at all.

At this moment, in an area a hundred meters below the Hou clan, there was a large basement, with a dozen or so striking people sitting around a long table.

“Everyone, I’ve invited everyone here for a reason. I believe most of you have already guessed it. Yes, the reason why I’ve invited everyone here today is to handle Yang Yutian,” A powerful killing intent flashed across master Hou’s eyes.

“I’ll be honest. Before I came here, I received a message from my ancestor, to get us to eliminate Yang Yutian. This Yang Yutian’s existence has already greatly impacted the Zaar family’s plan.” An old man in fiery-red robes said. He was the one in control for the Fire God clan.

Master Hou smiled slightly, “I believe there’s quite a few of you who’ve also received a similar message. Since it’s like that, let us cut to the chase and discuss how we can handle Yang Yutian without using our own forces!”

“I suggest we go find the assassination organisations to handle this. Those assassination organisations are good with assassination, and are essentially impossible to guard against. If we let them handle it, not only will there be a greater chance in the task being completed, we won’t be exposed either.” A middle-aged man suggested.

“This is a decent idea. Of the three great assassination organisations, the Baleful Yin Force of the Bloodsword Sect is strange and mysterious. They can influence the target’s mind in an undefendable way. Before the Baleful Yin Force, even Saint Rulers will be affected. If we request the Bloodsword Sect to move, perhaps even just a Heaven Saint Master is enough to handle Yang Yutian.”

“It’s a pity that after the battle between the three a thousand years ago, the Bloodsword Sect retired from the continent. It’s as if the entire organisation had suddenly vanished. They can’t be found no matter how you look.”

“Since it’s impossible to find the Bloodsword Sect, why don’t we request for the other two assassination organizations? After the battle a thousand years ago, although the Bloodsword Sect, the Yama Hall and the Underworld Sect were all greatly damaged and went into hiding, the Yama Hall and the Underworld Sect have emerged again in the recent years. They’ve both just taken a lower profile than before. And our Zhou family already knows several of the places where they can be contacted!”

“Then we might as well get the people from both the Yama Hall and the Underworld Sect at the same time. We eight clans don’t lack money. As long as they complete the mission, we’ll make sure we fulfil them their best of our ability.”

After all discussions were completed, the people of the eight clans all departed one by one, returning to their clans through the secret tunnels.

In the luxurious estate of the Cheng family, the refined, middle-aged man, Cheng Jian, currently stood with his head up, gazing at the dark sky. He sighed deeply. Cheng Jian’s status in the Cheng family was quite great; he already knew all about the things that the eight clans were about to do to Jian Chen, which made him could not help but feel helpless. According to what he originally thought, he wanted to become friends with Jian Chen and even if he could not become friends, he would definitely not become an enemy of Jian Chen. However, things would often be unexpected. He had never thought that final situation would reach such a severe stage. Jian Chen actually provoked the Zaar family’s killing intent.

“A genius, a true prodigy. A person with unprecedented talent has finally appeared on the continent with so much difficulty, and now his life is to be ended at such a young age.” Cheng Jian gave out a deep sigh. His face was filled with regret.

Chapter 747: The Grand Elder

The next morning, everything that happened at Fragrance River the night before spread throughout the City of God like fire. The news of several unknown Heaven Saint Masters attacking the eight clans reverberated throughout the city; especially the huge pillar of light that descended from the sky in the end, it became a hot topic for discussion.

For some time, no matter if it were the main streets, alleyways, inns or teahouses, the hubbub of people discussing what happened the night before at Fragrance River could be heard everywhere. Many people expressed different views to the topic, which soon created several versions of what happened, spreading about.

The eight clans who directly caused it did not say anything on the matter, and all remained silent.

Today, a figure shot towards the depths of the City of God like a lightning bolt, arriving outside the Radiant Saint Master Union headquarters, floating in the air.

The person was a white-robed, middle-aged man. He possessed a medium stature, while his head full of long hair was untied. It draped backwards rather casually, gently swaying in the breeze. His facial features were well-defined, vaguely bearing his handsome appearance when he was still young. His eyes were extremely profound, vast like the starry sky, as if it contained a world inside.

His arrival did not alert anybody. Even the people below continued to enter and exit the building, with no one realising his existence. He seemed to be transparent.

The middle-aged man floated before the huge castle of the union. Gazing towards the highest tower, he said, “Adami, I’ve completed what you’ve requested me to do.”

At the highest tower that the man looked towards, an old man flew out on something that seemed like a cloud and arrived before the man. The old man was the president of the union.

The president looked at the man with a smile while a sliver of excitement flickered in the depths of his eyes. He said, “You’ve brought the essence blood of a Soaring Centipede? How’s the quality?”

A palm-sized white jade bottle appeared in the man’s hand. He said with a smile, “Soaring Centipedes are just so rare, especially high class Soaring Centipedes. They’re even less common. In order to find the Soaring Centipede you requested, I travelled the entire continent, before finally finding a Soaring Centipede that matched up to what you wanted on the Arctic Continent, colonised by the Hundred Races. I spent a great effort before finally obtaining some essence blood from them.”

A sliver of shock flashed across the president’s eyes, “Hao Wu, even with your strength, you spent a great effort in obtaining the essence blood? Perhaps there were powerful people who interfered on the Arctic Continent?”

The man chuckled, “I met a few elders of the War God Hall on the continent. Though, we didn’t end up fighting. That Soaring Centipede was rather strong though. It already evolved seven colors, and it was at

least as powerful as a Fifth Heavenly Layer Saint King, also possessing its bloodline technique. I battled for three days and three nights with it, before finally obtaining some essence blood. This is from a seven-colored Soaring Centipede, so it should be enough for 特尔林克 to recover from being poisoned.”

“What!? The essence blood of a seven-colored Soaring Centipede!?” A sliver of joy flashed across the president’s eyes and he hurriedly followed up, “The essence blood from a seven-colored Soaring Centipede is much more potent than that from a six-colored Soaring Centipede. With this bottle of blood, 特尔林克’s poison is no longer a problem. Hao Wu, you’ve really helped us out greatly this time.”

“Adami, don’t put it like that. How can it be compared to saving my daughter’s life? Alright, since the item has been delivered, I shall be leaving first.” As he spoke, he gazed into the distance of the City of God. There was a sliver of complicated emotions in his eyes.

The president hesitated slightly before saying, “Hao Wu, you might not be at the Holy Empire, but you probably understand the situation with the Holy Empire very well. Won’t you show some resistance and prevent what the Zaar family is currently doing? Do you really wish to see the Holy Empire fall into infighting? After all, this once was your home.”

The man sighed gently. His expression was extremely complicated.

“Hao Wu, although so many years have passed, she still loves you dearly. You perhaps may be the only person who can change her decision. You should go talk to her!” The president said earnestly.

The man closed his eyes in some pain and waved his hand, “Adami, you should stop mentioning it. I’m ashamed to see her. It’s me who is unworthy of her.”

The president sighed, “Hao Wu, if you don’t go and intervene, perhaps my Radiant Saint Master Union will change owners after a hundred years. Her intentions are not just swallowing the other two great clans.”

“Adami, if she really moves against the union, I will stop her.” With that, the man did not stay any longer, turning around and flying out of the City of God.

The president gazed deeply at the man as he disappeared into the distance. After a long while, he sighed at the sky. He carried a helpless expression, and entered the tower once again.

At the same time, around fifty kilometers from the union headquarters, a middle-aged beauty in a dark-green dress floated silently at an altitude of several kilometers. She stared into the distance with her slender eyes, displaying a complex expression.

“It’s been three thousand years. Three thousand years. A whole three thousand years. Hao Wu, have you really not come to see me, not even once? Do you know that even though you’ve made me heartbroken before, I’ve never hated you? I’ve really never hated you. I only hate the senior members of the clan. They prevented us from being together. If it were not for their interference, I would never do such things.”

“Hao Wu, since you’re unwilling to see me, I can only force you to see me in a hundred years.”

...

The president directly entered the union headquarter with the jade bottle of seven-colored Soaring Centipede essence blood. He went to a room in the depths of the building and as soon as he opened the large door to the room, a warm, white light immediately poured out from inside.

In the centre of the room, there was a large bed, where a white-haired, wrinkle-faced old man currently slept in. By the side of the bed, there was a white-robed Radiant Saint Master with a purple badge, constantly gathering and pouring Radiant Saint Force into the old man.

Towards the walls in the room, there were another four white-robed Radiant Saint Masters, all sitting on the ground, cross-legged and eyes closed. They all possessed purple badges too, and were actually all Class 7 Radiant Saint Masters.

“Elder Ma, you should stop for now. I’ve brought the essence blood of a Soaring Centipede. The poison in the grand elder’s body can finally be neutralised.” As soon as the president entered the room, he spoke out.

Hearing that, the Radiant Saint Master who constantly gathered Radiant Saint Force stopped. A sliver of exhaustion appeared on his face, but it was soon replaced by joy, “Wonderful, the grand elder finally can be cured now.”

The four other Class 7 Radiant Saint Masters who sat by the walls recovering, all opened their eyes at the same time. They looked at each other, each revealing expressions of joy.

At this moment, the old man who slept in the bed slowly opened his eyes. He said powerlessly, “I, an old bag of bones, has really caused quite a lot of trouble. The Soaring Centipede is a beast of antiquity and the total amount of them present on the Tian Yuan Continent can be counted on one hand, so high class Soaring Centipedes are even rarer. President, you must’ve paid a great price to obtain this essence blood.”

“Grand elder, you are the pillar of support for the union. The union is willing to pay an even greater price to save you. Come, consume the essence blood and let’s purge the poison from your body.” The president opened the bottle lid and slowly fed the grand elder the blood.

As soon as the blood from the bottle came in contact with his mouth, the grand elder’s complexion finally took a turn for the better. The poison in his body was currently receding quickly.

Soon enough, the grand elder drank all the blood in the bottle. The president placed down the jade bottle and formed a weird hand seal in front of him. With a deep voice, he cried out, “Divine Healing!”

A huge, two-meter-wide pillar of light descended from the sky, completely enveloping the grand elder who was on the bed. It worked with the essence blood of the Soaring Centipede, purging the poison in the grand elder’s body.

The situation lasted for an hour, before the giant pillar of light finally disappeared. The president opened his eyes as he would normally and looked towards the grand elder on the bed with concern, “How is it? Has the poison been completely purged?”

At this current moment, the grand elder had a healthy glow. He seemed to be energetic and brimming with vitality, as if he was a completely different person all together when compared to his previous ill complexion.

The grand elder sat up in the end and revealed an expression of joy from recovering from the illness. He said, "The poison that's bothered me for so many years is finally gone. Soaring Centipede poison really is strong, no wonder it's ranked second among all the poisons. Unless there was the essence blood, even Class 7 Radiant Saint Masters would not have been able to cure me."

"Congratulations on the grand elder making a full recovery!" The five other Class 7 Radiant Saint Masters all arrived before him and congratulated him. They all carried unconcealable joy.

Radiant Saint Force was unable to rid of such powerful poison. In the past few years, the poison in the grand elder's body was forcefully suppressed by five Class 7 Radiant Saint Masters with Radiant Saint Force as they took turns, preventing it from spreading. This was the reason why the grand elder could survive until today."

"Grand elder, you've only just recovered. You should spend a few days to recuperate." The president said.

The grand elder nodded with a smile, "President, although I've spent this period of time in bed, I still know some things about what happened outside. I heard that an unprecedented prodigy appeared in our union not long ago. I have to see him after a few days."

Mentioning Yang Yutian, the president could not help but reveal a sliver of happiness. Towards his new disciple, he was extremely satisfied, "Last night, Yang Yutian was embroiled in an intense battle. He's overexerted himself, so he might need a few days to recover. Grand elder, you should first recuperate a little without worrying too much. When Yang Yutian comes out, I'll personally let you go see him."

Chapter 748: Coming out of Seclusion

Two days later, in a room within the Radiant Saint Master Union headquarters, Jian Chen who sat on a cushion slowly opened his eyes. That very moment, a visible spark literally flashed across his eyes, and disappeared in the blink of an eye. Shortly afterwards, Jian Chen eyes which were bright like lanterns gradually dimmed, and recovered to how they were before.

"After two days of recovery, I've finally completely recovered from casting God's Descent. And I seem to feel that my soul has become stronger. Even my presence has increased from the original fifteen kilometers to twenty kilometers." Jian Chen mumbled to himself on the cushion.

Shortly afterwards, everything that had happened two days ago on the ferry flashed past his eyes. It caused Jian Chen's neutral expression to become rather cold, and he tightly clenched his two hands that were placed on his knees. A vicious sliver of light flashed across his eyes and he growled, "Eight clans, I remember what you did that night. I will come looking for you to pay back several fold one day. It won't be far away."

No matter if it was Jian Chen or the president of the union, they all knew very well that the black-clothed assassins were people of the eight clans when around thirty of them attacked the ferry.

Jian Chen knew even better that it was only the eight clans attempting to test him, to find out his true strength. Originally, they did not intend to kill him, but when the strength Jian Chen demonstrated became stronger and stronger, the people of the eight clans also felt more and more threatened. This was why they ended up wanting to kill Jian Chen.

The anger in Jian Chen's mind lasted for a while, before finally calming down. He muttered, "After that battle two days ago, my understanding of Radiant Artes has increased, especially towards Judgement's Sword and God's Descent. Although it's not the true thing, I can now cast them with much greater ease. It's the same with the other artes, and their strength have also increased by quite a bit."

"I've already grasped the method of casting the Radiant Saint Shield very well. Speaking of which, although the defence of the shield I cast that night was quite strong, the Radiant Saint Force within did not seem to be able to perfectly meld together. If I can do that, the strength of the shields should increase even more."

Although Jian Chen was a Class 6 Radiant Saint Master, his talent in Radiant Artes directly approached Class 7. As a result, he possessed great talent in practising the artes. With just his own understanding of the artes, he found many problems and shortcomings very quickly.

"The day of the competition is getting closer and closer by the day. Although I'm extremely confident that I can defeat all the Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters, it'll still be quite troublesome for me to fight several dozen Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters working together, unless I expose my strength as a fighter. There's no need for me to get out so quickly, so I'll just continue my seclusion and do some comprehension. When I fix all the problems I've found, my strength as a Radiant Saint Master will definitely improve by quite a lot."

Making up his decision, Jian Chen immediately closed his eyes and continued his comprehension of Radiant Artes.

In the blink of an eye, a dozen or so days had passed. Currently, there was only half a month left before the competition, and an increase in Radiant Saint Masters in the City of God had appeared. They could be seen almost everywhere, with no lack of azure or blue badged Radiant Saint Masters.

Currently, almost all the high class Radiant Saint Masters scattered across the Holy Empire and those from the other two capital cities had gathered in one area. It brought a high to the union, which happened once every fifty years.

Today, the room in which Jian Chen had gone into seclusion slowly opened. The white-robed Jian Chen slowly walked out from inside and compared to a dozen or so years ago, Jian Chen seemed even more ordinary, though he seemed to possess a special air about him. Combined with his snow-white robes, Jian Chen carried a sage-like bearing.

Just as Jian Chen exited the room, a series of soft steps sounded in the distance. It was the white-robed ninth elder, who walked towards Jian Chen with a smile. His gaze towards Jian Chen carried unconcealed admiration.

"Yang Yutian, you've finally come out! Come with me quickly to go see the president. The president has waited for you for several days already." The ninth elder said warmly.

"Yes, ninth elder!" Jian Chen replied and glanced at Xiao Bai who lay on his shoulder, before quickly following behind the ninth elder.

In the period of seclusion, Jian Chen never forgot to feed the white tiger. However, after feeding Xiao Bai a ten-thousand-year-old heavenly resource two days ago, the tiger had fallen asleep.

Jian Chen understood slightly that perhaps the tiger was about to break through to Class 6. After all, the tiger had stopped at the peak of Class 5 for quite a while already.

“Yang Yutian, other than seeing the president, there is also the grand elder of the union. Although you’re the disciple of the president, you must be respectful in front of the grand elder.” On the way, the ninth elder said sternly to Jian Chen.

“Yang Yutian understand!” Jian Chen replied with a soft voice.

The ninth elder continued, “The grand elder is the pillar of support for the union. He possesses strength only second to the president. Even the vice-president is not as strong as the grand elder!”

“Ninth elder, just how strong is the grand elder? And how strong is master?” Jian Chen experienced a wave of curiosity. This question had already dwelled in his mind for a very long time, because he discovered that even though all the elders of the union were Class 7, there was a great disparity between them.

The ninth elder looked at Jian Chen and said, “Yang Yutian, we primarily use Radiant Artes to distinguish the strength of Class 7 Radiant Saint Masters. Do you still remember the place where you took the second test? That place is where we accurately test the strength of Radiant Saint Master. You drew over forty percent of the Radiant Saint Force from the barrier, approaching fifty percent, so your talent for Radiant Artes was approaching Class 7. You were also much more powerful than regular Class 6 Radiant Saint Masters, because if you want to draw out fifty percent of the Radiant Saint Force in the seal, only Class 7 Radiant Saint Masters with a sliver of origin energy can do that.”

“As for the fourteenth elder and me, we can only draw out fifty percent, so our strength is still at the fifth level. The fifth elder that you’ve seen is much stronger than the fourteenth elder and me. He can draw out sixty percent, and has already reached the sixth level.”

“Then what level has master reached?” Jian Chen stared at the ninth elder in interest.

A sliver of admiration appeared in the ninth elder’s eyes, “The president is the most powerful person in the entire union. He has already reached the tenth level, and if not for the untraversable ditch to reaching Class 8, perhaps the president would’ve reached Class 8 long ago.”

“As for the grand elder, he is the second strongest in the union, only second to the president. He has already reached the ninth level.”

“Below the grand elder, there is the vice-president, the second, third and fourth elders. They’ve all reached the seventh level. Though, I heard that the vice-president has almost broken through the seventh level. As for the remaining elders, they are all at the fifth or sixth level.”

With that, the ninth elder looked towards Jian Chen, “Jian Chen, do you understand how strength is distinguished between Radiant Saint Masters now?”

Jian Chen nodded his head, “Then that means that I am currently at the peak of the fourth level, only a step away from the fifth level?”

“Correct. In the competition half a month away, you have to obtain a place in the top ten no matter what, Yang Yutian, and then enter the saint artifact to obtain a sliver of origin energy. Only with that

origin energy can you reach Class 7 successfully. As for this energy, it disperses naturally in the world, so it can only be obtained in the saint artifact. This is the only way to reach Class 7, but it's not easy to obtain the origin energy. Alright, we're here. Yang Yutian, you should go in. The president and the grand elder are currently waiting for you inside." The ninth elder stopped before the door and did not enter.

Jian Chen walked in and arrived in a room that was extravagantly decorated. In the centre, there was a tea table, and two white-robed old men currently sat facing each other, conversing with a smile. One of them was the president of the union, to no surprise.

Jian Chen's arrival naturally attracted their attention. The president said to the old man next to him, "Grand elder, this is the genius who's recently appeared, as well as the third disciple I've taken, Yang Yutian. Yang Yutian, this is the grand elder of the union. Why don't you quickly greet the grand elder?"

"Yang Yutian greets the grand elder!" Jian Chen immediately bowed towards the old man. After understanding the grand elder's strength from the ninth elder, Jian Chen no longer dared to link the old man to regular Class 7 Radiant Saint Masters. This was because there were also huge disparities between Radiant Saint Masters, similar to First Heaven Layer and Ninth Heavenly Layer Saint Rulers. The difference was extremely huge."

The grand elder's gaze landed on Jian Chen, and he examined him. Shortly afterwards, his expression froze and a certain light flashed across his eyes. He laughed, "Not bad, not bad at all. He really is a dragon among men!"

The president chuckled aloud, "My disciple's talent is absolutely extraordinary. Not only has he obtained the three great Radiant Artes, he even cast Judgement's Sword and God's Descent. Although the power of the two artes was greatly reduced due to the lack of origin energy, he still discovered a method. This is extremely rare."

A sliver of shock immediately flashed across the grand elder's eyes. He could not help but closely examine Jian Chen, while the light in his eyes constantly flickered. This was because on Jian Chen, he could feel an extremely weak sliver of the origin energy of Radiant Saint Force. Other than him, even the president was unable to sense it, because the sliver of origin energy belonged to him.

Chapter 749: The Zaar Family's Invitation

"Yang Yutian, come and sit next to master. Master does not have much time to live anymore and can only live for another hundred years. To be able to accept a disciple like you in my remaining life, I can die without regrets." The president was melancholy. He did not have much time left, unless he reached Class 8.

Jian Chen sat down beside the president.

The president looked at Jian Chen and said, "Yang Yutian, other than calling you here to see the grand elder, there's something else I need to tell you about." The president's expression slowly became solemn and he continued, "The Zaar family of the City of God has wild ambitions. Not only do they want to absorb the other two clans, the union has also joined their list of things to possess. A few days ago, when the grand elder was out travelling, he was injured by a mysterious person. Not only was he heavily poisoned, he also encountered many unknown experts who tried to kill him. In the end, he went

through many twists and turns before returning to the City of God, and has only just recovered. I have always suspected that the Zaar family was responsible for this.”

“For now, there is me guarding this place, so they won’t go overboard for some time. But after I pass away in a hundred year’s time, they will probably move against the union. As for your existence, it possesses as a huge obstacle for the Zaar family. Although they make little of your strength, you will probably reach my current level in a hundred years. As a result, the Zaar family will probably move against you. In this period of time, you should stay in the City of God and not go travelling. In the city, we can ensure your safety at all times.”

Jian Chen became slightly heavy-hearted. He said, “Yes master, disciple understands.”

“Alright, I’ve told you what I need to tell you. You can go and properly prepare for the competition in half a month’s time. You have to place within the top ten. Only by reaching Class 7 can you pose a threat to Saint Kings. Although the price will be quite big, this is the only way you can handle Saint Kings.” The president waved his hand and dismissed Jian Chen.

Jian Chen stood up and bowed towards the president, before leaving.

Just as Jian Chen left, the grand elder looked towards the president, “President, you don’t have much time left. We need to increase our pace with the plan. Once you reach Class 8, our Radiant Saint Master Union will greatly strengthen.”

The president sighed gently. He looked at the ceiling and his expression was rather complicated, “Ever since the ancient times, there has been no one who has reached Class 8. The past presidents of the union have thought up countless ideas, and they’ve all failed. Reaching Class 8 is just too difficult. Also, I have a feeling that perhaps I will never reach Class 8 in this life.”

“No matter what, this is the only chance after all. It doesn’t matter if it doesn’t work. We still have to try it.” The grand elder said with a soft voice.

“The battle between the three clans will probably begin after the saint artifact is activated. Let’s proceed with the plan after their battle has subsided. If I fail in the end, I’ll use my life as a price and cast the forbidden arte to rid the union of its threat.” Determination appeared in the president’s eyes.

...

Jian Chen owned his own house in the headquarters. After leaving from where the president was, he had returned to the house and currently, he sat cross-legged on the bed silently, in deep thought.

The Zaar family wanted to move against the union, while he himself had become the greatest obstruction that prevented the Zaar family from gaining control of the union. He had become one of their targets, soon to be killed. Jian Chen had never anticipated something like this. Currently, the development of the situation had already exceeded what he expected.

“It’s not like anyone knows my true identity. If push comes to pull, I’ll just leave the City of God directly after I reach Class 7. I’ll just assume my identity as a fighter and after I possess enough strength, I’ll reveal my identity as a Radiant Saint Master to the Zaar family. When that happens, I will possess the power that can even cause dread to the union.” Jian Chen thought to himself.

At this moment, someone knocked the door outside.

Jian Chen focused his gaze and immediately stopped thinking. He looked towards the door and said, "Come in!"

When the door opened, a white-robed old man walked in from outside. It was the grand elder of the union.

Jian Chen's expression froze. He immediately stood up and bowed courteously, "Yang Yutian greets the grand elder!"

The grand elder gently closed the door and stared at Jian Chen in wonder. Shortly afterwards, he gently waved his hand, and a purple medal immediately flew out from Jian Chen's Space Ring, landing in his hand.

The situation immediately surprised Jian Chen. The scene of when he first obtained the purple medal quickly flashed across his mind, causing him to become cautious.

The grand elder gently rubbed the purple medal, while the wonder in his eyes increased. He asked unhurriedly, "Yang Yutian, I wonder where you obtained this medal from."

"Grand elder, this was something I once found on a rotting corpse in a magical beast forest. Perhaps grand elder recognises this item?" Jian Chen spoke carefully. However, he stared fixedly at the grand elder's expression, observing any changes.

In Jian Chen's mind, he could not help but think back to the situation when he first obtained the purple medal. The medal was gifted to him by a mysterious old man in a carriage. Jian Chen did not see the old man, but instead felt a profound presence from the man. Afterwards, he had guessed at that time the old man was definitely heavily injured, from the constant coughing that followed.

And now, connecting it with the fact that the grand elder had been poisoned a few years ago, Jian Chen was almost certain that the old man who had given him the medal was the grand elder.

If his identity was exposed, the fact that he was a fighter would be exposed too. This was something extremely bad. At least, it was very possible that he would lose the opportunity to reach Class 7.

The grand elder stared at Jian Chen with a forced smile, "Of course I recognise this item. This was originally mine." In the grand elder's mind, he slowly thought back to the scene a few years ago.

At that time, he was first poisoned, then heavily injured by several experts. In the end, although he repelled the people, he was unable to suppress the speed at which the poison spread throughout his body. He was unable to use Radiant Saint Force to fly, so he concealed his tracks and disguised himself as a merchant, hiring a few mercenaries to escort him. Once he arrived at somewhere safe, he used the communication jade to contact the union. Afterwards, the president personally came to take him back safely to the City of God.

However, during his journey, he met a young man. Although the young man was very weak, he felt that the young man's future would definitely be very great from intuition, a man among dragons. As a result, he left him the purple medal. The medal was something that represented his identity, and also

contained a sliver of his Radiant Saint Force origin energy. It was for the future, that if destiny allowed it, when they met again.

Right now, not only did the grand elder discover the purple medal he had originally given away on Jian Chen, he could see the shadow of the young man he had met years ago on Jian Chen's face.

Jian Chen immediately felt rather uneasy. He did not fear the grand elder, but rather, he feared that his identity would be exposed, foiling his plans and efforts.

"Grand elder, since this medal belongs to you, let's return it to you today," Jian Chen said cautiously, while he stared fixedly at the grand elder for any changes in emotion. Although Jian Chen currently felt extremely anxious, he seemed calm as ever. Even his gaze when he observed the grand elder's expression remained extremely normal.

The grand elder gently examined the medal, before looking at Jian Chen, "I gave this away years ago. Since you've obtained it through chance, it means that you are fated to be connected to the medal. It's best if you keep the medal. Although it's not very precious, it contains a sliver of my Radiant Saint Force origin energy inside. Once you reach Class 7, you should have uses for the medal, because there other abilities to it. It can contain some origin energy," The grand elder passed the purple medal to Jian Chen once again, before striding away. When he arrived at the door, his footstep paused slightly, looking at Jian Chen once again. He said, "Yang Yutian, I hope you don't forget the president of the union is your master. The relationship between the two of you may not be very deep, but the president values you very much and has high hopes, and more importantly, he treats you as the future pillar of support for the union. Don't make us disappointed." With that, the grand elder walked away.

Jian Chen's complexion immediately began to vary. What the grand elder said before he left echoed in his mind. He was not sure whether the grand elder had realised his identity, but it made Jian Chen constantly ponder what it meant.

The next day, a white-robed, middle-aged man found Jian Chen and said, "Esteemed master Yang Yutian, the patriarch of the Zaar family invites you to visit the clan as a guest."

"The Zaar family!" Hearing that, Jian Chen furrowed his eyebrows slightly. The light in his eyes flickered slightly and he said, "I understand, you can leave."

After the middle-aged man left, Jian Chen's complexion immediately became overcast. After pondering slightly, he said, "Although the Zaar family has ill intention towards me, we still haven't reached that step between us. Also, the Zaar family is the true ruler of the City of God and can't be compared to the eight clans. Since they have invited me today, they shouldn't try to harm me. If I don't go, perhaps it'll just worsen our relationship ahead of time. Whatever, I guess I have to go. I better tell master before I go though, just in case."

...

At the same time, in a mountain range several millions of kilometers away, five messy-haired old men sat cross-legged in a cave.

“Goddammit, those four protectors from the Bloodsword Sect really do linger. They’ve chased us for so long and still aren’t willing to let us go.” An old man swore angrily. Anger covered his face, while on his body, there was a spine-chilling wound.

“The four protectors possess very powerful Baleful Yin Force. As soon as they use it against us, we’ll die for sure. We can’t tangle with them anymore. If this continues, not only will we fail the tiger king’s mission, we’ll die to the four protectors.”

“We can’t drag it out anymore. We need to quickly find Jian Chen. Once we finish the tiger king’s mission, we’ll leave here with the two other Class 7 Monster Cores.”

“I have the blood of Jian Chen’s parents. Situ, use the blood as a lead to cast the Great Soothsaying Technique.”

Chapter 750: The Zaar Family

Old man Situ accepted the two droplets of blood. Afterwards, he fused the two droplets together, and placed it in the centre of his eyebrows. As soon as the blood droplet came in contact with his brow, it disappeared immediately.

Old man Situ closed his eyes. A while later, he suddenly opened them, and a dazzling gleam of light exploded in his eyes. He yelled deeply, “With my soul as the path and the blood as the lead, with the energy of the world, the Great Soothsaying Technique!” A red light shot out from between his eyebrows. Under the control of old man Situ’s mind, it drew an extremely mysterious, blood-red image. Profound Qi of the mysteries of the world flowed about the image and shortly afterwards, it turned into a dark red, five-pointed star, disappearing back into old man Situ’s forehead.

The Great Soothsaying Technique was special. It was discovered by the five of them in the cave of a Saint King several hundred years ago. All five of them had tried comprehending it, but only old man Situ grasped some of the bare basics of the technique.

The Great Soothsaying Technique was not used to attack. It was used to forecast the future, a technique similar to divining. However, old man Situ’s comprehension of the Great Soothsaying Technique was still at a beginner’s level, only able to utilise some of the basics. This included searching for certain people throughout the boundless continent with the use of some special equipment or items.

Old man Situ shut his eyes tightly. His rosy complexion paled at a rate visible with the naked eye. He stayed like this for fifteen minutes, before snapping open in eyes, “City of God, the Holy Empire!”

“Let’s go to the Holy Empire immediately. Otherwise, the four protectors from the Bloodsword Sect will come looking for us soon. The hiding technique we got from that Saint King cave is useless against the four of them.” Old man Mateng said with a deep voice.

“This cannot be delayed. Move out immediately.”

...

In the depths of the Cross Mountains concealed a huge palace, known to exist by few. At this moment, a burly, fierce-looking middle-aged man currently sat on the cold floor within a decorated room. His complexion was overcast.

He was one of the two kings of the Gilligan clan, the tiger king.

“My strength has fallen from the Second Heavenly Layer to the first as a Saint King, and I can’t recover it in a short period of time. Stepping out of the depths of the mountains this time has actually made me pay such a heavy price.” The tiger king clenched his fists tightly as he gnashed his teeth in anger.

“My strength might have decreased, but if I can complete the ruler’s mission, everything is worth it. The ruler will definitely not mistreat me.” A sliver of interest flashed across his eyes and he continued, “The growth of the Winged Tiger God’s a little unexpected. I can’t drag this out for too long, or else once the Winged Tiger God really does become powerful, it’ll be hard to deal with. I wonder if old man Situ’s group is successful or not. I’ll give them another month and if they don’t succeed in that time, I can only report the developments to the ruler.” A sliver of determination flashed across the tiger king’s eyes.

At this very moment, a white-robed, middle-aged scholar suddenly appeared in the room. He stared at the tiger king with a complicated expression, “Is it really worth it? The Winged Tiger God is the god of the beast race and is paramount. Only under its leadership did our beast race become so prosperous. The ruler is already committing a monstrous crime by doing things like this.”

The tiger king stared coldly at the middle-aged scholar and said expressionlessly, “Peng king, we, the beast race, only needs the existence of the ruler to be prosperous. The current times is not like the ancient age where experts were as common as forests; before us, the Beast God Continent, the Tian Yuan Continent is too weak to put up a fight.”

“Tiger king, you must not underestimate the experts of the Tian Yuan Continent. On the continent, there are also humans who can fight against the ruler.” The scholar said.

The tiger king sneered and a sliver of disdain appeared in his eyes, “Are you talking about that traitor of the Pure Cleansing Heart Pavilion, that person who spends his days in the seven emotions and six desires? How is he the ruler’s opponent?”

“Tiger king, the news of the Winged Tiger God has already been received by the ancestor of my Peng clan on the Beast God Continent. There is still time for you to turn back.” The scholar said.

“Looks like your Peng clan has chosen to stand with the Winged Tiger God. I must persuade you, there’s still time for you to change your time. Otherwise, once the ruler successfully obtains the Winged Tiger God, your Peng clan will be facing a devastating calamity!” The tiger king replied coldly.

Hearing that, the scholar sighed gently. He did not say anything else as his figure slowly disappeared from the room.

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In the Holy Empire, there was a luxurious carriage bearing the symbol of the Radiant Saint Master Union, rolling down the wide streets of the City of God. Within the carriage, the white-robed Jian Chen sat with the small white tiger on his lap, eyes closed, resting. Beside him was his bodyguard, Yang Ling.

The heavy injuries sustained by Yang Ling back on the ferry had been healed personally by an elder of the union, so he had already fully recovered. Currently, he sat coldly within the carriage, silently protecting Jian Chen.

In the jolting carriage, Jian Chen slowly opened his eyes. He looked at Yang Ling and said, "Mr. Yang Ling, I wonder how long has it been since you reached the Sixth Cycle as a Heaven Saint Master?"

"Esteemed Master Yang Yutian, Yang Ling has already stopped at the Sixth Cycle for close to a century." Yang Ling replied emotionlessly, but in his gaze towards Jian Chen, it contained unconcealed respect.

"A century!" Jian Chen mumbled to himself in shock. That was around four times his current age.

"Yang Ling, I believe that you'll break through and reach Saint Ruler without much more time." Jian Chen said with a smile. Currently, Yang Ling held a status vastly different from before in his heart.

Yang Ling's expression became gloomy, "How would it be so easy to reach Saint Ruler? There's so many people on the Tian Yuan Continent, as well as quite a few prodigies. But just how many of them become Saint Rulers?"

Jian Chen paused for a while, "Mr. Yang Ling, if I get the chance in the future, I want to find a method to help you out."

Hearing that, Yang Ling's interest was piqued, as a gleam of light flashed across his eyes. A sliver of joy appeared in the depths of his eyes. To him, what Jian Chen had said meant that he would ask for a Saint Ruler to come and direct him after he had reached Class 7.

The luxurious carriage rolled through the large streets of the city, before finally stopping before a grand manor. The manor was extremely large; although it was not as grand as the headquarters of the union, it radiated with a thick, ancient presence, as if the manor was not a manor, but rather an old man who had lived for countless years and experienced the changings of time. It could deeply affect the mood of people.

At the main entrance to the manor, ten silver-armored guards stood like statues, without moving at all. Each of them possessed the strength of an Earth Saint Master. Above the main entrance hung a huge plaque high up above. Two words were written elegantly on the plaque: Zaar family!

Here was the number one clan of the City of God, as well as one of the three great clans that controlled the Holy Empire, the Zaar clan. It was an owner of one of the seven capital cities on the continent.

"Are you perhaps master Yang Yutian?" Just as Jian Chen dismounted from the carriage, an ancient voice echoed from within the manor. A blue-robed old man walked out from inside. His tone was warm, without any arrogance, while his two eyes flickered with a wise light, constantly examining Jian Chen.

Jian Chen clasped his eyes at the old man, "I am indeed Yang Yutian. I have come to visit under the esteemed patriarch's request!"

The old man chuckled, "This old servant, the secondary caretaker of the Zaar clan, greets master Yang Yutian. Master Yang Yutian, the patriarch is already waiting in the main hall. Please come along with me."

"Then I'll be troubling the caretaker to lead the way!" Jian Chen's actions and words were learned and refined. He was not arrogant or reckless, not humble or pushy. Even though he had come to the greatest clan in the City of God, he remained unperturbed, calm as ever.

Witnessing this, the secondary caretaker could not help but nod secretly in his mind, "This Yang Yutian really is something else!"

Jian Chen and Yang Ling followed the caretaker into the Zaar family. Afterwards, they passed through various rooms under the caretaker's lead, before finally arriving in the central, majestic hall. At the very end of the hall sat a middle-aged man in purple and gold robes. He was the patriarch of the Zaar clan and beneath him, various people of different ages sat in two rows.

Jian Chen stood in the centre of the hall and clasped his hands at the middle-aged man in ease, "Yang Yutian greets the patriarch."

A gleam of light flashed across the patriarch's eyes. He closely observed Jian Chen, before slowly revealing the sliver of a smile on his face, "I have heard that master Yang Yutian's talent is unprecedented, and was also accepted as the union president's third disciple long ago. Seeing you today, brother Yang Yutian indeed is a dragon among men. Please, please sit." The Zaar family patriarch did not act pretentious at all, receiving Jian Chen in a way where they were completely equal.

This was because the Zaar family patriarch knew very well that the Zaar family and the Radiant Saint Master Union were basically existences of the same level. His status as the patriarch in the Zaar family was not even as great as Jian Chen's status in the Radiant Saint Union.

The patriarch of the Zaar clan was not someone who held power, but was only a spokesmen. He was basically a caretaker, completely abiding to his master's orders, as well as handling some everyday household chores.