

God Emperor 451

### **Chapter 451: Hearing the Lan You Song after 800 years**

A hundred million pieces of Spiritual Crystals seemed to be a sky-high price, and it was enough to scare away many Monks in the Fish-dragon Realm.

However, in Zhang Ruochen's opinion, it was acceptable. The most important thing was that it was the mansion where the Half-Saint used to live. He must've had left behind some powerful defense strategy.

How important was the defense strategy?

When the Silver Sky Mercenary Group was destroyed, its importance was set in stone.

If the defense strategy of the Silver Sky Mercenary Group was stronger and more powerful, how could the Monks of the Black Market be able to break in?

Sometimes, setting up a powerful defense strategy cost more than 100 million pieces of Spiritual Crystals.

Moreover, the grass, trees, houses, posts, and soil of a place where the Half-Saint had lived for a long time would sanctify to a certain degree. Even drinking the spring water would prolong the life of an ordinary people.

The so-called "Even the dog swaggers when its master wins favor," held some truth.

Therefore, the former residence of the Half-Saint was definitely a sanctum that everyone wanted. It could only be bought at the Auction House.

Lu Youcai was able to buy the mansion of the Half-Saint at the price of 100 million pieces of the Spiritual crystals. Maybe the other party sold it at a low price since he was part of the Sword Sanctum.

"Let's go, take me to have a look," Zhang Ruochen said eagerly.

Lu Youcai immediately took a carriage with Zhang Ruochen. They went out of the Courier Station of Martial Market, and walked toward the Avenue of Kings not far from the Saint Academy.

While the carriage moved forward, Lu Youcai said, "The street of the Avenue of King has a total length of 34,000 meters. On the either side of the street, there are a total of 432 mansions. The owners of the mansions are either Half-Saints or the senior personnel of the powerful Saint family. Don't even mention the Black Market heretics, not even the disciples of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect heresy would dare step into the Avenue of Kings."

Since Lu Youcai was a presbyter of the Sword Sanctum who was in charge of the foreign affairs, he immediately found out that Zhang Ruochen was in danger when he was with the Silver Sky Mercenary Group.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and slowly took a deep breath. He showed an exhilarating expression and said, "What a thick Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi. The street of the Avenue of Kings is indeed very unique, and it is really a Holy Land for practicing."

Lu Youcai said with a smile, "Brother Zhang, have you ever heard that there is a holy meridian in the Saint Academy?"

"Of course."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "It was said that there is a Saint Mountain in the depths of the Saint Academy. At the bottom of the Saint Mountain lies a holy meridian that has been deposited for a hundred million years. It can release the Holy Qi."

"If the warriors breathe the Holy Qi and practice their skills, practicing for one year would equal to ten years of hard work. It is a pity that only the Half-Saint in the Saint Academy can open up an abode of fairies and immortals in the holy mountains. The ordinary Saint has no such treatment."

The Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi was the foundation of all cultivation.

When the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi was condensed to a certain degree, it would become a Spiritual Vein full of the Spiritual Qi.

The Spiritual Vein had been deposited under the ground for millions of years and was condensed by the pressure of the earth. When it was impacted by some special forces, it would turn into the holy meridian.

The holy meridian could transform the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi into the Holy Qi.

In the depths of the Saint Academy, there was such a holy meridian that had a history of more than 100 million years.

Lu Youcai said with a smile, "Hehe! A branch of the holy meridian of the Saint Academy flows out from the Saint Academy, and passes through the underground floor of the street of the Avenue of Kings. Although there is no Holy Qi at the bottom of the street of the Avenue of Kings, there is very thick Spiritual Qi."

"So many of the powerful Saint families let their outstanding disciples live in the residences on the street of the Avenue of Kings. Many people are fighting over such a sanctum."

Zhang Ruochen was slightly interested. He asked curiously, "In that case, why does the owner of the Half-Saint mansion sell it at such a low price? A mansion like this would be sold for at least 500 million pieces of Spiritual Crystals at the Auction House."

Lu Youcai showed a strange smile and said, "Ask the owner of the Half-Saint mansion yourself when you meet her. You will know then."

Zhang Ruochen always felt that there were something more in Lu Youcai's words. Things might not be so simple. He wondered what kind of person the owner of the Half-Saint mansion was.

The street of the Avenue of Kings was very busy and it was full of people and carriages. There were countless warriors who travelled through the road.

The carriage stopped outside a magnificent vermilion mansion. Stone Kyilins were standing on both sides of the gate.

The Kylins were not made of stone, but they were the real Kylin Stone Beasts. They were alive and savage beasts of the fourth level of the superior class.

The body of the Kylin Stone Beasts was seven meters tall. Their bodies were as hard as iron. The kylin blood flowed in their body. They were the original inhabitant of the Cloud-stone Primitive World.

The army of the First Central Empire broke through the Cloud-stone Primitive World and enslaved a large number of Stone Beasts. They brought them to the Kunlun's Field and sold them at high prices for guarding mansions.

Two of them opened their eyes and bent their forefeet. They knelt on the ground and saluted to Lu Youcai, Zhang Ruochen, and Nie Honglou. They spoke in human language, "Welcome, distinguished guests."

Lu Youcai smile and said, "Brother Zhang, the two Kylins Stone Beasts are at the fourth level of the superior class and are capable to burst out an attack comparable to the warriors in the Final State of the Heaven Realm. In the Martial Market, they at least cost 2000,000 pieces of Spiritual Crystals to buy one. They are one of the free gifts for purchasing the mansions."

Nie Honglou was quite impressed. He said, "So as long as we buy this mansion, Zhang Ruochen will be the owner of these two beasts from now on?"

"Of course. Mr. Nie, are you also interested in buying the Former Residence of the Half-Saint?" Lu Youcai asked.

Nie Honglou shook his head and said, "I can't afford it."

Although Nie Honglou was a superior in the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm, and his strength was profound, he had used all his money to purchase the practicing resources, so he didn't have much left.

Let alone 100 million pieces of Spiritual Crystals, even 10 million was not a feasible amount for him at that moment.

Although he could not afford it, he knew clearly about the growing potential of the Kylin Stone Beast.

If they were given a lot of kylin blood, they could even grow into fifth level savage beasts.

A fifth level savage beast was comparable to a Monk in the Fish-dragon Realm, and the price could exceed 10 million pieces of Spiritual Crystals.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the two Kylin Stone Beasts. He nodded his head and continued to follow Lu Youcai and walked into the gates of the mansion.

When he just entered the gate, a group of beautiful maids came out to meet him. All of them were dressed in clean white clothes. They didn't look like servants at all. Instead, they were like rich girls from royal families. Two of them had reached the Earth Realm.

"Welcome, distinguished guests."

The maids bowed. They were especially respectful to Zhang Ruochen.

It was because that Zhang Ruochen might be their master in the future.

“Rise! All of you.” Lu Youcai said with a smile.

This mansion was very large. It not only had an artificial mountain that was several hundred meters tall, but also small lakes, a peach forest, a bamboo forest, and a pine forest. The further you walked inside, the more quiet and peaceful it got.

Zhang Ruochen paused outside the Orchid Valley and pointed to a certain direction in the void space with his five fingers.

SWOOSH!

Suddenly, a layer of white light screen appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen’s fingers.

One could see with one’s naked eyes that streaks of Inscription of Array flowed on the light screen.

Zhang Ruochen deliberately activated the array in the mansion. He wanted to test the intensity of the array.

“What a powerful defense array. It should be a sixth level array. Moreover, there is Saint Power left by Half-Saint, which is enough to fend off the full attack of the Half-Saint.”

Zhang Ruochen was amazed. He said, “The Defensive Array is worth more than 100 million pieces of Spiritual Crystals. Who is exactly the owner of this mansion? How can he be willing to sell it at a low price as 100 million pieces of Spiritual Crystals?”

When Zhang Ruochen was puzzled, a melodious flute sound came from the bamboo forest in the distance.

The flute sound was beautiful. It was like the sound of nature coming from above the Nine Heavens.

PHHF!

The breeze stirred the bamboo leaves, which letting out unique rhythmic sound. It echoed each other with the flute sound.

Hearing this flute sound, Zhang Ruochen immediately froze and stopped breathing. He seemed to be petrified.

His eyelids kept twitching. Many thoughts emerged in his mind, “The Lan You Song? But how?”

At this moment, a beautiful girl’s face appeared in Zhang Ruochen’s mind.

That was his cousin, Kong Lanyou.

800 years ago.

“Cousin, why do you always only practice your sword skill every day? Can you play with me?”

A young girl with a pair of beautiful peacock wings giggled. She held the dress with one hand and crouched down by the creek. She used another hand to scoop up the water and splash it on Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took back his sword and shook his head. He said, "Lanyou, you are so playful and don't work hard, how will you lead the half-peacock human to the Prosperity Avenue?"

Kong Lanyou stuck out of her tongue and put her hands on her hips. She laughed, "You are here and you can protect me! Please don't practice the sword anymore and play with me for a while. Just for a few minutes, okay?"

"No, I have a bet with sister Chi Yao, I must succeed in practicing the Nine Yang Sword earlier than she does," Zhang Ruochen said seriously.

"Huh, you only think of your sister Chi Yao all the time and never think about me. I don't like you anymore! Woo woo!"

Kong Lanyou sat on the floor and was very upset. She rubbed her eyes with both hands and began to cry.

Zhang Ruochen sighed and looked at a green bamboo that was not far away. He swung the sword and two streaks of sword Qi flew out. They chopped the green bamboo into three sections.

He grabbed one of the bamboo tubes and held it in his hand. He knocked it on Kong Lanxuan's head and said, "Lanyou, stop. I'll play a song for you, okay?"

"Hee hee, I lied to you, I wasn't crying. What kind of song will you play for me?"

Kong Lanyou laughed and made a funny face. She immediately grabbed Zhang Ruochen by his arm and stayed close to him. She opened her round eyes and asked curiously.

Zhang Ruochen also smiled and put the bamboo tube on his lips. He said, "I wrote this Lan You Song especially for you."

"Wow! Cousin, you know how to play a vertical flute?" Kong Lanyou was surprised.

"Nonsense, of course, I do. We even take the same music class... It's just that you fall asleep every time in class," Zhang Ruochen said.

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After a long while, Zhang Ruochen shook his head and woke himself up from his memories. He was full of emotion as if he just had a dream.

He never thought that after 800 years he could still hear the Lan You Song.

Who on earth could it be?

## **Chapter 452: Kong Lanyou**

Zhang Ruochen was unaware that Lu Youcai had not bought the Half-Saint mansion. In fact, it was originally an estate of the Sword Sanctum.

Entering the bamboo forest, he walked along a quiet stone path following the direction of the flute.

Suddenly, it stopped.

PHHF!

There was now only the sound of water flowing from the creek and bamboo leaves rustling in the wind.

Moments later, the melodious voice of a woman came from the Bamboo Pavilion next to the brookside. "Deep in the woods, I stay alone. I have only the moon for company."

The voice was familiar but difficult to place.

Zhang Ruochen gazed towards the Bamboo Pavilion. He saw a woman with white hair sitting with her back to him.

Her hair was white as snow.

She held a yellowed bamboo flute in her hand and said again, "Zhang Ruochen, how do you know this poem?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes widened. His heart began to beat hard in his chest and there was a roaring of thunder in his ears.

This time, he had heard it clearly!

It was indeed her voice.

After eight hundred years.

Eight hundred years later, and they actually had the opportunity to meet once again. The playful young girl he once knew was now crowned in silvery hair.

CLIP-CLOP!

Zhang Ruochen tried to conceal his feelings. With heavy footsteps, he took one step at a time into the Bamboo Pavilion until he stood opposite Kong Lanyou.

Kong Lanyou concealed her aura to the extreme; no one could feel the power fluctuations around her body. She seemed like an ordinary woman, sitting there elegantly. She shifted her beautiful eyes and stared at Zhang Ruochen.

It was just like in the scroll. The woman in the scroll looked like a goddess above the Nine Heavens. She was graceful, calm, quiet and otherworldly.

Her face had not change much in 800 years. Her fair white skin was more delicate than a baby's. She had bright red lips and long eyelashes.

Her eyes were dark and resembled jade, giving an unpredictable feeling. They were extremely bright and seemed to be able to see through Zhang Ruochen's soul.

Although her face was not old, her long green hair had faded to white, symbolizing the passing of time.

It was wrong. Such beauty with white hair.

Zhang Ruochen was very agitated, but he had to keep calm and restrain his emotions. He tried to look away from her as he was afraid she would see through him.

*"How could it be her?"*

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to unite with her. He remembered 800 years ago, the last time he saw her, the moment before he was killed by Chi Yao.

How could it be a coincidence?

Had his death been planned by Chi Yao and Kong Lanyou?

He had always trusted Kong Lanyou, just as he had trusted Chi Yao. And yet, he had died under Chi Yao's sword.

Could he still trust Kong Lanyou?

He stared at the ground and cupped his hands, bowing. He said with a trembling voice, "Predecessor, I am Zhang Ruochen."

Once upon a time, Kong Lanyou had seen him as a role model. She had followed him around, pestering him like a small tail that could not be thrown off.

But now, Zhang Ruochen did not dare to identify on the same level. He could only address himself as a junior.

Kong Lanyou carefully analyzed him. She did not ignore his small movements or glances.

After a long while, she said, "Zhang Ruochen, you haven't answered my question. How do you know that poem?"

He took a deep breath and hid all his emotions. He said, "Predecessor, are you interrogating me?"

Kong Lanyou put down the flute in her hands, and her voice was colder. "You have never seen me before. How do you know that I am a predecessor? What if I am your peer?"

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "Even though my cultivation is lacking and can't see through your cultivation, I have seen some aspects of the world and know that you are by no means an ordinary person. Besides, one's eyes cannot conceal secrets. Your eyes are full of knowledge and you have experienced the vicissitudes of the world."

Kong Lanyou did not blink. She stared intensely into Zhang Ruochen's eyes, attempting to see through him.

After a moment, she said, "When I mention the poem, a normal person would certainly ask me how I know it. However, you were not surprised at all and questioned me instead. Why is that?"

Zhang Ruochen was screaming internally.

The once playful little girl had become so shrewd. He had said just one sentence and she had discovered all its flaws.

Zhang Ruochen did not show his panic and put on a doubtful look instead. "When I was in the Sword Sanctum, I would say this poem. Aren't you from the Sword Sanctum?"

Kong Lanyou frowned. She hit the cotton. Zhang Ruochen dodged all her strength.

*"Does he really think I am from the Sword Sanctum, or is he deliberately pretending to think so?"*

Confused, she sat back. She asked for the third time, "How do you know that poem?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "This is a secret. Please forgive me but I cannot tell you."

"Must I force you?"

Kong Lanyou showed a firm expression in her eyes.

An invisible momentum erupted from her body and raced toward Zhang Ruochen, like a tsunami.

She controlled the power with great skill. However, while strong, the momentum was within the boundary of Zhang Ruochen's tolerance.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised, "Even if you attempt to force me, it won't work."

"Is that right?"

Kong Lanyou smiled and lifted one of her slender white arms. Suddenly, the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi turned into Spiritual Qi streams and gathered toward her palms. It condensed into a cyclone.

The Qi-spinning Palm, a simple Human Stage Inferior Class martial technique, became incredibly unpredictable under her regulation. It seemed to be even more powerful than a Ghost Level martial technique.

"Zhang Ruochen is a guest of our Silver Sky Mercenary Group. If you hurt him, don't blame me if I harm you."

Nie Honglou was responsible for Zhang Ruochen's safety. He certainly would not stand by. He immediately took a step forward and flew up. He stretched his hands like a giant bird spreading its wings.

Blaze came out of his hands. His arms swung in a circle and condensed a huge ball of fire, attacking Kong Lanyou.

Kong Lanyou hummed and gently waved her arms.

The spherical cyclone in her hand flew out, sending Nie Honglou and his fireball flying.

With a bang, the fireball disintegrated, leaving only streaks of smoke.

Nie Honglou landed 33 meters away. His body landed on the ground lightly, like a bamboo leaf.

Nie Honglou touched his chest to find out if he had suffered any injuries. He was okay.

This caused him to be even more fearful.



He was in the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. A superior like Silvermoon could defeat him, it made little sense to leave him unharmed like this.

It was obvious that this white-haired woman's cultivation was above Silvermoon, and her control of her power was exquisite.

Was she a Half-Saint?

Nie Honglou was shocked. He did not dare to strike out again.

If the other side became hostile, Zhang Ruochen and he would be turned to flying ash with one palm.

Zhang Ruochen was still very calm. He spared a glance at Kong Lanyou. "Even if you try to force me, it will be no use. Everyone has their secrets, don't they?"

"I won't force you."

Kong Lanyou retracted her momentum. "To be honest, I am quite curious about you and have investigated you. Before the age of 16, you were weak and sickly. You couldn't even open up the Sacred Mark."

"Then, when you got older, you opened up the Sacred Mark. And in a short period of three or four years, you grew from a sick young boy who stayed in bed all the time to a young king who was well known in the Eastern Region. What did you experience when you turned 16?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "Everyone is saying that I became the Golden Dragon's disciple and Buddha Emperor's descendant. My cultivation advanced rapidly, and I became an elite man."

"I do not believe that."

Kong Lanyou shook her head. "According to the information that I have, you were in the Completion of the Earth Realm when you got the Dragon Pearl. You are a genius student at the School of the Martial Market. And when you were 16 years old, it wasn't the martial technique of Buddhism that you practiced, but the Sacred Sword Skill of low-class of Spiritual. I want to know, how do you know the Sacred Sword Skill?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "Your information is quite detailed. Is it really worth for someone like you to spend so much effort investigating a junior like me?"

"It's worth it! Why wouldn't it be? Even if I spend another 800 years, it would still be worth it. As long as there is a result." Kong Lanyou narrowed her misty eyes.

Zhang Ruochen's heart ached. It took all his restraint not to rush forward and tell her that he was the one she was looking for; he was her relative from 800 years ago, possibly her only relative left.

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### **Chapter 453: Sword Contest**

Confronted with Kong Lanyou's question, Zhang Ruochen contemplated for a moment before he answered. "When I got the Good-luck Sword, an idea flowed into my mind, and then I learned Sacred Sword Skill. I never knew the reason why."

Although he could not bear to lie to her, Zhang Ruochen still continued to do so.

Kong Lanyou raised her sharp and white chin, revealing a slender neck. "Is it true? May I know the set of Sacred Sword Skill you practiced?"

Kong Lanyou once saw Zhang Ruochen practicing Sacred Sword Skill. She thought in her heart that a person's image could be changed – his eyes could be disguised and his actions could be changed. However, the Tao of the sword was difficult to change.

If he was really the Zhang Ruochen that she knew, she was confident that she would be able to find out from testing him.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "Predecessor, as long as you do not mind my rude sword technique, I'd like to have a fight with you."

"In that case, please show me how profound the swordsmanship of the King of the younger generation of the Eastern Region is."

Kong Lanyou stood up, revealing her slender figure and elegant temperament. She walked out of the bamboo pavilion and stood at the end of the stone trail.

"Swoosh!"

As she waved her arms, two currents of sword Qi flew out from Kong Lanyou's fingertips. It cut off a bamboo pipe as thick as a thumb from the top of a bamboo.

The bamboo tube was jade green and a meter long.

Zhang Ruochen's spine was straight as a javelin, making him look outstanding. With the same trick, he also cut off a one-meter-long bamboo tube. He held it in his hands and stood ten steps away from her.

She said, "You've reached the Medium State of the Heaven Realm."

"Yes."

He was not surprised. With her current strength, she could naturally see through his cultivation.

Kong Lanyou nodded and said, "My cultivation is much higher than yours, and my understanding of martial arts is also far above yours. For the sake of fairness, I will suppress my cultivation at the Mid Stage of the Heaven Realm, just three levels lower than yours."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "You, my predecessor, should be very clear about my strength. In the same realm, there are few men in the entire Eastern Region who can fight with me. I advise that you suppress the realm at the Medium State of the Heaven Realm, same as me. Otherwise, I'm afraid that you will be defeated badly."

In any case, she was Zhang Ruochen's cousin. Even if 800 years had passed, her image in his heart was still the little girl who was inclined to cry.

Zhang Ruochen certainly did not want to be underestimated by her and wanted to compete with her in a fair battle.

At the same time, he wanted to know how powerful this little girl had become.

Eight hundred years had passed; she should have made some progress.

“You can talk big after defeating me.”

The corner of her mouth twitched up, a slight smile appearing on her face.

Meanwhile, she had lifted the bamboo tube with her right hand, moved her feet, and changed her shape rapidly. She suddenly appeared in front of Zhang Ruochen and hit his right shoulder.

In the distance, Nie Honglou squinted at Kong Lanyou drawing the sword and said, “This predecessor is really confident. Doesn’t she know that against someone within the same realm, Zhang Ruochen is invincible?”

Lu Youcai said, “Whenever somebody reaches a certain realm in cultivation, one’s perception about movement and Tao of the sword will reach another height, which is beyond our understanding.”

“Nevertheless, it’s impossible for her at the Mid Stage of the Heaven Realm to defeat Zhang Ruochen who is at the Medium State of the Heaven Realm.” Nie Honglou shook his head.

He was also a master, so he knew Zhang Ruochen’s strength well.

In the same realm, few people could withstand Zhang Ruochen’s one movement.

Besides, her cultivation would be three levels lower than his.

“Let’s wait for the results! Being the predecessor, she will not do things she’s not sure of,” Lu Youcai said.

Lu Youcai did not know the white-haired woman’s real identity either. He only knew that even her ancestor was very respectful to her. She must be very important!

Perhaps she was a saint.

“Sacred Guiding Sword! ”

Kong Lanyou’s first movement was the first move of Sacred Sword Skill.

Her movements were natural and smooth, like a swordsman directing the way. With a wave of her hand, the bamboo tube went out.

Zhang Ruochen had already practiced Sacred Sword Skill to The Perfection of Martial Arts, so he immediately found a way out when she displayed Sacred Guiding Sword.

“Sacred Wave Sword!”

It was still a movement of Sacred Sword Skill. As he turned his arms, the sword Qi gushed out and turned into waves, sweeping toward Kong Lanyou.

“Swish—”

However, Kong Lanyou's sword technique suddenly changed. A white light stabbed his chest through the waves of sword Qi.

The ordinary movement of Sacred Sword Skill became unpredictable. It was not the sword technique of the low-class of Spiritual anymore, but even beyond that of the Ghost Level.

Zhang Ruochen reacted really quickly. However, he was still a little late in lifting his sword to block the bamboo tube.

"Bang!"

The bamboo tube skillfully broke through the Celestial Bodyshield, hitting him between two of his ribs.

He felt pain – more pain than being stabbed by a real sword. The Genuine Qi throughout his body went retrograde, causing him to lose his ability to fight.

Zhang Ruochen felt weak. He sweated profusely, one hand on the ground as he panted for breath.

Kong Lanyou withdrew her sword and lifted her chest, saying proudly, "How was it? Even if I kept my cultivation at the Mid Stage of the Heaven Realm, you couldn't withstand my strike."

"How could this be?"

Zhang Ruochen was reluctant to concede defeat to this little girl. One strike! Moreover, she had suppressed her cultivation at the Mid Stage of the Heaven Realm, which was three levels lower than his.

It was impossible 800 years ago. Back then, Zhang Ruochen could easily beat her to the ground with just one hand.

Kong Lanyou said, "Although you've achieved Heart Integrated into Sword and practiced Sacred Sword Skill into the Perfection, you still have some subtle flaws, but you still can't them with your current cultivation. What's more, your fighting experience is far less than mine. Besides, you are worse in controlling your strength."

Zhang Ruochen gradually recovered after running his Genuine Qi and adjusting his breath for a moment. He was no longer unreconciled, instead, he humbly analyzed Kong Lanyou's words and said, "I'd like to thank you for your guidance."

Kong Lanyou stared at Zhang Ruochen deeply and asked, "Are you really not him?"

"Who? Are you talking about me?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Kong Lanyou sighed again and stopped questioning. "Actually, your control of power is already quite remarkable. When I was at your cultivation, I was far inferior to what you are now. Your talent is high, so you should set a higher goal.

"I lived in this mansion for a while. I believe you also know its value.

"I will live in this mansion for the next month. If you can accept ten of my strokes within a month, I will present this mansion to you without asking for a single cent. What do you think?"

Zhang Ruochen's heart skipped a beat. He asked, "Why would you do this?"

“Because, your name... is Zhang Ruochen.”

Kong Lanyou’s eyes glazed over with deep feeling as if she was recalling something.

Lu Youcai stood in the distance, staring at Zhang Ruochen with an extremely envious gaze.

He knew that the white-haired woman in front of him was probably an amazing saint.

Zhang Ruochen could get instructions from a saint and the saint helped him to practice swords. Such an opportunity could not be found. Even those who were descendants of the Saint Gentries never enjoyed such treatment.

However, he did not know that Zhang Ruochen was secretly complaining.

Within such a short interaction, she had already tested him many times. Several times, she had almost found his flaws.

If he spent a month living with her, he might not be able to hide the truth.

What should he do?

Kong Lanyou wore a space ring. Suddenly, it emitted a circle of white light on the surface. A 156cm- long combat sword flew from inside and suspended in midair.

“Abyss.” Zhang Ruochen stared at the sword, exclaiming secretly in his heart.

The sword that hung in mid-air was just the Good-luck Sword, but Chi Yao had named it “Abyss”. Zhang Ruochen also used this name.

The sword had been completely restored, with an ink black blade and a thick body. Even the broken sword tip was recast and restored.

Kong Lanyou held the sword as if talking to herself. “Do you know that this sword is not only named the Good-luck Sword but also called Abyss? Its former owner was called Zhang Ruochen, same as you.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “When I got this sword, I was informed of these things from the ideas sent from the sword.”

Zhang Ruochen did not know how many things Kong Lanyou had found, so he did not dare talk nonsense. He could only attribute all to the Ancient Abyss Sword.

Zhang Ruochen quickly changed the topic and stared at the Spatial Ring on her finger, saying, “How did you get a Spatial Ring?”

Kong Lanyou said, “You auctioned off so many Spatial Rings at Omen Ridge. Can it be hard for me to get one?”

Apparently, she had already been to Omen Ridge.

Moreover, she had found out that the person who auctioned the Spatial Ring was not Lei Jing but Zhang Ruochen.

“Don’t you want to know how I got those Spatial Rings?” Zhang Ruochen said.

Kong Lanyou said, "I don't want to know. I'm much more curious whether you can move the Abyss Ancient Sword after it was repaired."

"Why not?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

Kong Lanyou said, "The Good-luck Sword, after restoration, weighs 675kg when the inscriptions are not activated."

"Even so, I can hold it." Zhang Ruochen said.

Kong Lanyou said, "The sword spirit in the sword has revived and recovered a faint consciousness. If she is unwilling, no matter how powerful you are, you can't move the Abyss Ancient Sword unless she approves you to be her owner.

"But the Good-luck Sword will only allow one person to be her master. He's the son of Emperor Ming from 800 years ago, Zhang Ruochen.

"Although you're also called Zhang Ruochen, you're not the son of Emperor Ming, so she may not accept you."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What will happen if I can't hold the Good-luck Sword?"

"I'm sorry, but then I must take away the Good-luck Sword because it doesn't belong to you."

Looking at Zhang Ruochen sharply, Kong Lanyou wanted to know if this Zhang Ruochen in front of her could be accepted by the Good-luck Sword.

If he could get the approval of the Good-luck Sword, then even if he was not that Zhang Ruochen, he was surely inextricably linked to that Zhang Ruochen.

#### **Chapter 454: Hundred Inscription Weapon**

Upon reaching the level of Holy Weapon, any sword could breed Sword Spirit.

Or rather, any sword that breeds Sword Spirit was considered a Holy Weapon.

Floating in mid-air, the pitch dark Abyss Ancient Sword was absorbing Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi as if it had life.

Eight hundred years ago, the Abyss Ancient Sword had already bred a sword spirit. However, after the blade was cut off, the sword spirit also suffered heavy loss and fell into a dormant state.

The sword spirit was only revived and began to recover its weak consciousness when the Ancient Abyss Sword was restored by the Sword Sanctum and its blade began to absorb Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi.

With Kong Lanyou watching, Zhang Ruochen walked beside the sword and reached to stroke its primitive body.

Kong Lanyou stared at Zhang Ruochen and the Abyss Ancient Sword. She held her breath. Under her sleeves, she instinctively squeezed her fingers.

She had never been this nervous ever since she reached the Saint Realm.

“Swoosh!”

The Abyss Ancient Sword trembled a bit, emitting a black brilliance, and then turned into a light shuttle. It flew up, circled around Zhang Ruochen, and finally fell into his hands.

Zhang Ruochen grasped the hilt, feeling as if he'd been reunited with a long-lost relative. His blood and the Blood Meridian of the Abyss Ancient Sword had found each other again.

His five fingers tightly clenching the hilt, he immediately turned his arm and stabbed forward with the sword.

“Clang!”

The sword slashed through the air, emitting a cheerful sword sound.

The light on the sword tip glittered with spirituality.

Upon witnessing this, Kong Lanou seemed to have received a jolt of electricity. Rushing forward, she confronted Zhang Ruochen and said, “You are him. Tell me you are him.”

He took his sword back and straightened his body before asking, “What are you talking about, predecessor?”

“Don't you pretend that you don't know me! I know You're Zhang Ruochen, the person from 800 years ago!” Kong Lanyou was yelling.

Zhang Ruochen remained very calm as he said, “I'm sorry. I don't know what relationship you have with the former owner of this sword, but I'm sure that I'm not the one you are looking for. May I ask whether the person from 800 years ago is still alive?”

There was bitterness in Kong Lanyou's eyes. She took a step back and shook her head. “He... he is dead. I saw him die in front of me 800 years ago.”

Looking at her painful appearance, Zhang Ruochen also felt sad. “Since this is so, you should learn to let it go. Eight hundred years have passed. The dead have already left and turned into dust. Those who are living should not remain immersed in grief.”

Kong Lanyou took a deep breath and closed her eyes. “Go away, please!”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and took three steps back. He turned around and withdrew from the bamboo forest with Lu Youcai and Nie Honglou, leaving the mansion.

Left alone in the bamboo forest, Kong Lanyou spoke to herself. “Do you think it is him?”

In the void, an old voice spoke. “They're very much alike, but it is definitely not the same person. Although he seems to know that something happened 800 years ago and is deliberately hiding it. He is a bit weird.”

Her eyes flew open, cold and sharp. She said, “Since the Good-luck Sword accepted him, it means that he must have some sort of relationship with the man from that year. What secret is he hiding?”

...

...

Having returned to the Courier Station of Martial Market, Zhang Ruochen's heart was perturbed.

"How could she be associated with the Sword Sanctum? What realm has she reached? She claims she saw me die in front of her. Has she had any contact with Chi Yao? Was she related to the thing before?"

Seeing a loved one from 800 years ago, he was both happy and scared.

If this was so, then even she was his enemy. What a sad thing it would be.

In the end, Zhang Ruochen decided to keep his thoughts at bay and focused on the Abyss Ancient Sword instead. He said, "Take things as they come. When I am strong enough, I will be able to uncover the truth."

"Swoosh!"

The Abyss Ancient Sword flew into the air, sword tip down and hilt up. It rotated slowly in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Inscriptions flowed on the sword like a spider web.

"With 108 basic inscriptions and 18 medium-level inscriptions, the sword should be a preliminary Holy Weapon."

Empress Chi Yao's Blood Drop Sword was able to absorb the blood of creatures so that it eventually grew into a Peerless Legend Sword that terrified all the monks in Kunlun's Field. The Abyss Ancient Sword could grow powerful in a similar manner by absorbing other weapons.

As long as enough weapons were refined, the sword would surely develop to the same level as the Blood Drop Sword.

Holy Weapons were divided into three levels: Hundred Inscription Weapon, Thousand Inscriptions Weapon, and Ten-thousand- Inscription Sacred Weapon.

The so-called "Hundred Inscription Weapon" referred to a weapon with more than 100 basic inscriptions and over 10 medium level inscriptions.

More inscriptions meant more power.

Currently, the Abyss Ancient Sword could only be regarded as the lowest grade Holy Weapon.

Nevertheless, being a Holy Weapon, even if it was the weakest, it could burst forth with immense power.

He grasped the hilt with both hands and injected Genuine Qi into it, continuously activating the inscriptions on the blade.

Gradually, it became heavier and heavier while emitting brighter and brighter light.



At the Medium State in the Heaven Realm, he could only activate the 72nd basic inscription in the blade, which released 10% of the power of the Holy Sword.

Only by fully activating the inscriptions in the sword could the full power of the Holy Sword be exerted.

“Soul-repose Shadowing.”

Zhang Ruochen held the sword with both hands, pulling out a long sword shadow, and then chopped down.

An illusory image of a 23-meter giant sword emerged above the Abyss Ancient Sword and then fell vertically, hitting the ground. With a loud bang, Sword Qi pierced through the earth and left a deep hole.

“The strength of this sword should be close to the full blow of a monk of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

He then released the Martial Soul and suspended it on top of his head to control the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi, and then continued to inject it into the blade.

Actually, the current strength of his Martial Soul was comparable to the Sixth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, having reached the peak of his current cultivation.

While mobilizing the Martial Soul, he activated 99 basic inscriptions in the blade. The aura that the Abyss Ancient Sword emitted became stronger.

Swish!

Inspired by the sword, Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi condensed into hundreds of sword-shaped Qi, flying around him, just like a rain of swords.

With a flick of his arms, he chopped down with the sword.

Suddenly, countless Sword Qi also flew off, hitting the light wall of the array in the Courier Station of Martial Market and forming a circle of ripples.

“It seems my current cultivation is still far from being able to display the true power of the Abyss Ancient Sword.”

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged and embedded the sword into the ground. At the same time, he took out the Violet Thunder Sword, a Tenth Level Genuine Martial Arms.

The Ancient Abyss Sword automatically flew up and hit the sword body of the Violet Thunder Sword. With a loud clang, a crack appeared on the surface of the latter.

“Swoosh!”

Streaks of black light emerged from the tip of the Ancient Abyss Sword. It quickly rotated to form a black vortex.

The Violet Thunder Sword broke into metallic particles that then flew into the vortex and merged with the Abyss Ancient Sword.

The Violet Thunder Sword completely disappeared soon after.

Zhang Ruochen once again lifted the Abyss Ancient Sword and found that not only did the sword body become heavier, but a basic inscription of electrical nature had also appeared on it.

The total number of basic inscriptions was now 109.

“Will the Abyss Ancient Sword add another inscription every time it takes one weapon?”

In order to confirm his hypothesis, he took out the Dragon Bone Spear, an Eleventh Level Genuine Treasure, and used the Abyss Ancient Sword to refine it.

As expected, another basic inscription appeared on the sword, for a total of 110.

“Both the Violet Thunder Sword and the Dragon Bone Spear are invaluable magical weapons, but they only added two basic inscriptions to the Abyss Ancient Sword.” Zhang Ruochen sighed.

The Violet Thunder Sword was actually worth 370,000 Spiritual Crystals.

The Dragon Bone Spear was even more valuable, worth more than 1,000,000 Spiritual Crystals.

If they were used to buy pills instead, it would be enough to allow large families and Suzerains to cultivate a large number of young disciples.

Yet after absorbing them, only two basic inscriptions were added to the Abyss Ancient Sword.

Continuing his experiments, he let the Abyss Ancient Sword take ten more Genuine Martial Arms. Among them, two were Eighth Level Genuine Martial Arms, and one was a Seventh Level. The remaining pieces were all weapons below the Seventh Level.

After absorbing 10 Genuine Martial Arms, only one basic inscription was added to the Ancient Abyss Sword.

After analysis, he finally concluded that the Abyss Ancient Sword would add a basic inscription after absorbing a Ninth Level or higher Genuine Martial Arms.

As for Genuine Martial Arms below Ninth Level, it needed to take 10 or even dozens of pieces before adding one basic inscription.

Of course, refining weapons would not only increase inscriptions but also absorb the vital essence of the weapons, making the combat sword sharper and harder.

“The Abyss Ancient Sword is currently a Hundred Inscription Weapon. I don’t know how many weapons it will need to upgrade to a Thousand Inscriptions Weapon?”

Holy Weapons were very precious. Even some half-saint families only had one or two Hundred-Inscription Weapons, and they were already regarded as Family Treasures.

Only those who were rich and powerful Saint Families had a Thousand Inscriptions Weapon.

In two days that followed, he spent 60 million Spiritual Crystals to purchase 100 pieces of Tenth Level Genuine Martial Arms in the shops of the Martial Market Bank.

The least of Zhang Ruochen’s concerns was Spiritual Crystals. Even if he had bought 100 pieces of Tenth Level Genuine Martial Arms, he still had 300 million pieces of Spiritual Crystals.

The wealth in spiritual crystals and various treasures that he now possessed was even comparable to the wealth accumulated by a Half-Saint family over centuries.

As long as it could enhance the power of the Abyss Ancient Sword, it was worth spending spiritual crystals on, no matter how much it cost.

### **Chapter 455: Heavenly Ring**

In the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel, it took five days for the Abyss Ancient Sword to completely absorb 100 pieces of the tenth level Genuine Martial Arms and turn them into the sword blade power.

The total number of basic inscriptions on the Abyss Ancient Sword was now 210.

The number of medium level inscriptions was still 18.

The power of the sword had reached a new level. Zhang Ruochen was far from being able to display its true power with his current cultivation.

*The Abyss Ancient Sword's spirit was still not fully revived. It was estimated that the sword spirit could heal the wound until the Abyss Ancient Sword reached the level of Thousand Inscriptions Weapon.*

Zhang Ruochen practiced sword technique in the internal space of the Time and Space Spinel.

He envisioned himself playing against Kong Lanyou.

Kong Lanyou could turn one simple Sacred Guiding Sword move into a magic trick. She could easily defeat Zhang Ruochen.

The power of the same sword technique actually varied greatly when displayed by different people.

"I can't even resist one of her moves. It is a huge challenge to block 10. I have one month. If I succeed, my control of power will surely reach an unprecedented height."

Zhang Ruochen had been imitating Kong Lanyou's posture and strenuous manner all day, hoping to comprehend something from it.

He had performed one move of Sacred Guiding Sword more than 1,000 times.

Finally, he made great progress, noticing the subtlety of Kong Lanyou's sword technique.

Just as he calmed down and prepared to refine, he heard Blackie's voice outside the Time and Space Spinel, "Zhang Ruochen, the Sword Sanctum carriage has come to pick you up. It's waiting outside the Courier Station of Martial Market. They say that the three day deadline is up and the Sword Sanctum disciples are ready fight in the Heavenly Ring."

Shocked by Blackie's voice, the feeling of mystery in Zhang Ruochen's mind suddenly disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to continue to capture the feeling, but it was no use.

He sighed and walked out of the internal space.

The disciple of the Sword Sanctum was Lu Fantian. Zhang Ruochen had indeed promised to fight with him.

“I was defeated by Kong Lanyou with one sword move. It was not just because I didn’t have enough control over the power, but also because my actual combat experience was inadequate. I will take this opportunity to go to the Heavenly Ring and have a nice fight. Maybe it will help me improve more quickly.”

After thinking it through, Zhang Ruochen climbed into the Sword Sanctum carriage and went to the Coliseum of the Martial Market in the Seventh District.

The Coliseum of the Martial Market in the Seventh District was where the most intense battles in the Eastern Holy Land, even in the entire Eastern Region, took place. Many God’s favored sons gathered there.

Disciples of various Colleges and Martial Clubs could enter the Coliseum of the Martial Market to fight at any time. They weren’t just looking to become famous in one battle; they also wanted to refine themselves, improve their combat skills and gain fighting experience.

Lu Fantian had a great reputation in the Eastern Region. He had a Body of Sacred Tree and had reached the Heaven Realm at a young age. Among his peers, few people could match him.

In this generation, if there weren’t incredible geniuses like Zhang Ruochen, Bu Qianfan, and Di Yi, with Lu Fantian’s talent, he would surely shine brilliantly and become a benchmark of the time.

However, he had been born at the wrong time. In this era, there were not only several Saintly Beings, but also many talents in the Ultimate Realm, such as Zhang Ruochen and Bu Qianfan. His fame was suppressed.

Even so, Lu Fantian’s talent could not be underestimated. He had not only reached the Final State of the Heaven Realm, he had also refined the Purple Cloud-patterned Eaglewood, practiced into a Body of Sacred Tree, and reached its Peak.

Lu Fantian had just challenged seven consecutive warriors on the Heaven Board and succeeded.

He was currently engaged in his eighth battle. The man who played against him was Yi Qusheng, a disciple of Hanging Sect. He ranked 5,800th on the Heaven Board and his military merits had reached 287,000.

The Heaven Board recruited all the warriors of the Heaven Realm in Kunlun’s Field. Only those who had ten winning streaks in the Heavenly Ring, or who had accumulated 10,000 military merits in the Battlefield of the Primitive World were eligible to enter the Heaven Board.

The number of warriors on the Heaven Board had reached more than 370,000, and all of them were under the age of 60.

Warriors who could enter the top 10,000 were all first-class masters. Most of them had special physical qualities. Moreover, they were in the Yellow Realm, the Black Realm and the Earth Realm, and were close to the Ultimate Realm.

It could be said that the top 10,000 warriors on the Heaven Board were one-in-a-million talents. In a hundred years, they would rule Kunlun's Field. The vast majority of them would become dominators.

Yi Qusheng, who appeared to be in his early 30s, was dressed in a pale blue scholar robe and two neat beards on his chin. He dressed like a man of letters.

He had reached the Completion of the Heaven Realm at the age of 38. His talent was higher than the disciples of many powerful Saint families.

However, he was actually turning 58 this year and his cultivation was still in the Completion of the Heaven Realm.

For 20 full years, he had not been able to break through the limit of mortals.

In spite of this, his strength had continued to improve, and he had ranked in the top 10,000 on the Heaven Board for the past 20 years.

Although his realm did not break through the limit of the mortal warrior, the strength he erupted had already surpassed its limit. It was enough to compete with a monk at the First Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

"Lu Fantian, you have only reached the Final State of the Heaven Realm, and you dare to challenge me. Aren't you being arrogant?" Yi Qusheng held an iron fan in his hand and showed a leisurely look.

In Yi Qusheng's eyes, Lu Fantian was still too young. Even if he had won seven times in a row, it was nothing remarkable.

He had also been very arrogant at Lu Fantian's age and won 31 times in the Coliseum of the Martial Market.

So what?

Now, his cultivation was still at the Completion of the Heaven Realm and he had failed to reach the Fish-dragon Realm.

The Holy Road was difficult to reach!

Lu Fantian placed his sword transversely and his eyes were firm. He said, "Yi Qusheng, you are old! I will replace you and become the 5,800th person on the Heaven Board from today on. To be honest, I have never treated you as an opponent. My opponent is someone else, I'm just using you to practice."

"You will not brag like this once I kick you out of the Heavenly Ring."

Yi Qusheng was a bit angry. He mobilized his Genuine Qi, then rushed toward Lu Fantian and struck out a handprint.

**BANG! BANG!**

The two masters fought fiercely.

A loud noise rose up in the Coliseum of the Martial Market. Nearly 12,000 warriors sat watching the battle between Lu Fantian and Yi Qusheng.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen walk in, Lu Xuan immediately rushed down and took hold of his arm.

“Zhang Ruochen, you’re finally here! My elder brother is a warlike. He can’t wait to go to the Coliseum and challenge warriors on the Heaven Board. He has already defeated seven people.”

Zhang Ruochen looked toward the Heavenly Ring. He said, “Your brother’s strength has progressed. I remember he used to rank 300,000th on the Heaven Board. Now, he’s actually challenging Yi Qusheng, a top 10,000 warrior.”

Lu Xuan smiled. “With my brother’s current strength, it is not hard to defeat Yi Qusheng. Of course, it is because of the Purple Cloud-patterned Eaglewood that you gave him. After refining the Eaglewood, his Body of Sacred Tree reached its Peak. According to the Master, my brother’s current physical quality is enough to contend with a Saintly Being.”

Zhang Ruochen carefully observed the battle. He could not help nodding his head and gasping in admiration. “They are very powerful, their martial techniques are ingenious, and the moves are fluent. They have almost played warriors’ strength to its limit. Few people under the Fish-dragon Realm can match this.”

If Zhang Ruochen did not use his Martial Soul, there was no absolute certainty he could defeat Lu Fantian based on his current strength.

Moreover, Zhang Ruochen could feel that Lu Fantian was hiding some of his skills. He did not use all his strength when fighting against Yi Qusheng.

Zhang Ruochen had been able to absorb the Half-Saint’s Light and advance his Martial Soul to the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

With the help of the powerful Sword Sanctum, Lu Fantian certainly had the ability to find Half-Saint’s Light and enhance his Martial Soul. Even if his Martial Soul had not reached the Sixth Change, it was not much lower.

Zhang Ruochen felt for the first time that the fight between him and Lu Fantian would probably be a fierce one. It would not be easy to defeat him.

Zhang Ruochen was sitting in the Spectator Stands, when he suddenly noticed a familiar petite figure. She wore aquamarine robes with a white jade belt around her slim waist outlining her curvy figure.

It was Duanmu Xingling.

Duanmu Xingling was sitting behind Zhang Ruochen. The teenage girl always had a charming smile on her face. “Zhang Rouchen, I heard that you will play against the Sword Sanctum disciple, so I came to the Coliseum first thing this morning. I’ve been waiting for you for a long time.”

Ever since he discovered Duanmu Xingling’s true identity, the relationship between them had been awkward. They were no longer as intimate as they once were.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Duanmu Xingling and smiled. “Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, it’s been a long time.”

Duanmu Xingling grinned. A tinge of regret crept into her voice. "We all live in the Courier Station of Martial Market, but you never take the initiative to see me. Certainly, it's been a long time."

"I knew that once you discovered my true identity, our relationship would never be the same."

She said her last sentence using sound wave, so only Zhang Ruochen could hear it.

She took a deep breath, and said in a self-deprecating tone, "You keep your mind on preparing for the next fight. Don't worry about me. I've just been thinking too much recently. Lu Fantian is a powerful opponent, you must not take it lightly. If you defeat him, I will give you a Five Elements Spirit Treasure."

### **Chapter 456: Master Gathering**

With joyfulness in his eyes, Zhang Ruochen immediately asked, "Which kind of Five Elements Spirit Treasure did you get in the Five Elements Primitive World?"

In the Five Elements Primitive World, he had obtained three kinds of Five Elements Spirit Treasures, including a Black Glazed Spinel, a Purple Agarwood, and a Golden Ganoderma Lucidum.

However, he still lacked two kinds of Spirit Treasures.

Naturally, he was ambitious in Martial Arts. He did not only want to practice into the Treasured Bodies of Double Spirits or the Treasured Body of Three Spirits, but also the Five Elements Chaotic Body, which was beyond Saintly Being.

Without ambition, how could a man become a person of importance?

Without ambition, how could a warrior become a peerless superior?

"One of the Spirit Treasures is the Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil."

Duanmu Xingling blinked her eyes and said with a smile, "If you can defeat Lu Fantian, I can give you Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil."

"No. I also got three kinds of Five Elements Spirit Treasures, so I can exchange the Black Glazed Spinel and the Purple Agarwood with you," Zhang Ruochen said.

Until he had developed to the Treasured Body of Metal Spirit, Zhang Ruochen would not exchange or sell the Golden Ganoderma Lucidum because it was rare. However, he had many Black Glazed Spinels and Purple Agarwood.

Duanmu Xingling could feel Zhang Ruochen's estrangement from the conversation.

He had never refused her gifts before.

She looked at him deeply and said nothing.

"Boom!"

Suddenly, a deafening yell was heard in the Coliseum of the Martial Market. All the people stood up and called the name, "Lu Fantian."

While Zhang Ruochen was communicating with Duanmu Xingling, Lu Fantian defeated Yi Qusheng, who fell off the Heavenly Ring.

Actually, Yi Qusheng ranked in the top 10,000 on the *Heaven Board*, so he could compete with superiors of the First Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Unexpectedly, he had lost to Lu Fantian so quickly that he only had time to use 92 movements.

“Surprisingly, Lu Fantian, at the Final State of the Heaven Realm, was able to defeat Yi Qusheng within 100 movements. Within five years, he will definitely be in the Completion of Heaven Realm. After several years’ hard work, he will have a chance to enter the top 10 on the *Heaven Board*.”

“Impossible! It’s 10 or 100 times harder than breaking through to the Fish-Dragon Realm. The first 10 people on the *Heaven Board* are Saintly Beings, blessed from above. They can fight against Saintly Beings in the same realm.”

“Haven’t you discovered that Lu Fantian is not much weaker than those Saintly Beings now, based on his current strength?”

“What? Is he so strong now?”

All the people in the Coliseum of the Martial Market were stunned by Lu Fantian’s strength. Some old masters of the Fish-dragon Realm predicted that he would have the chance to enter the top 10 on the Heaven Board within 10 years.

Throughout the whole of Kunlun’s Field, millions of people had been listed on the *Heaven Board*. However, only those first 100 or 10 persons would be remembered and known in the world.

So, the top 10 on the *Heaven Board* was a great honor.

If in a prolific period of great talents, even Saintly Beings might not be able to enter the top 10 on the *Heaven Board*.

An elder in a purple robe sitting above the Heavenly Ring announced, “Lu Fantian of the Sword Sanctum defeats Yi Qusheng of the Hanging Sect. He replaces Yi Qusheng and rises to the 5800th position on the *Heaven Board*. At the same time, he obtains 287,000 military merits. Lu Fantian, do you still want to challenge?”

Lu Fantian stood in the center of the Heavenly Ring, turned around, and stared at Zhang Ruochen. He raised his arms and waved his sword, saying, “Zhang Ruochen, since you’ve come, let’s have a fair fight. Today, I want to compete with the young king of the Eastern Region. I wonder how powerful you are.”

Following his eyes, all the people looked at Zhang Ruochen.

“What? Zhang Ruochen also came to the Coliseum of the Martial Market. Lu Fantian wants to fight him.” A surprised, young warrior, about 10 years old looked around for Zhang Ruochen.

A big, tall, bald man in a cotton garment, was sitting in the first row. He looked ugly and ferocious, like a butcher.

However, his eyes were extremely deep, and they sparkled with wisdom, revealing a temperament that contrasted sharply with his figure.



The bald man crossed his arms and said to the young man, "Didn't you know that? Today, I came specially to the Coliseum of the Martial Market to see them fight. It must be a splendid fight because both of them are top warriors. If they don't fight at least once, no one will know who is stronger."

On his waist hung four tokens, including a black Yellow Iron Token, a green Black Copper Token, a white Earth Silver Token, and a golden Heaven Gold Token, which respectively represented that he entered the *Yellow Board* in the Yellow Realm, the *Black Board* in the Black Realm, the *Earth Board* in the Earth Realm, and the *Heaven Board* in the Heaven Realm.

The Yellow Iron Token was imprinted, "No. 1 on the Yellow Board." The Black Copper Token was imprinted, "No. 1 on the Black Board." The Earth Silver Token was imprinted, "No. 1 on the Earth Board."

Covered by the other three tokens, the marking of the last Golden Heaven Token remained hidden. Naturally, his rank on the *Heaven Board* was unseen.

Startled by his ranks on the *Yellow*, *Black*, and *Earth Boards*, the young warrior did not dare to speak anymore.

On the left of the bald man sat a veiled young woman.

Her eyes were uncovered and very beautiful.

Naturally, she also saw the three tokens on the bald man's waist. With a pretended lightness, she snorted and said, "I don't think so. Zhang Ruochen is only about 20 years old, and he has only practiced Martial Arts for a few years. However, Lu Fantian has already turned 26, so his martial cultivation must surpass Zhang Ruochen's."

The bald man said, "In this fight, you're optimistic about Lu Fantian?"

The veiled woman laughed and said, "If they were in the same realm, Zhang Ruochen might be stronger than Lu Fantian. But for now, Zhang Ruochen still can't compete with Lu Fantian."

"Perhaps!" The bald man said.

Today, many masters on the *Heaven Board* hid in the Coliseum of the Martial Market, among whom were some who had been famous for years. Usually, they sought experience in the Battlefield of the Primitive World or secluded themselves for refining.

When they heard that Lu Fantian wanted to openly challenge Zhang Ruochen, one of Six Great Kings among the new generation, many superiors on the *Heaven Board* who had secluded themselves for refining came specially to watch the battle.

Many of them wanted to know Zhang Ruochen's actual strength. Meanwhile, they wondered if he deserved the name "a young king."

If he did not deserve it, many people would take action to replace him.

The name "young king" could almost be compared with "the top ten on the *Heaven Board*."

Trees leave a shadow, and people want to be famous.

Many young warriors stood beneath and looked up to them. They were always ready to rush up and dethrone them.

Under the public gaze, Zhang Ruochen carried the Ancient Abyss Sword behind his back, walked to the Heavenly Ring step by step, and stood opposite Lu Fantian.

In an instant, the whole Coliseum of the Martial Market quieted down. Countless eyes were blazing.

Zhang Ruochen looked calm and undisturbed, saying, "Brother Lu, you must have consumed a lot of Genuine Qi since you've fought eight times. I can wait an hour for you. Let's fight after you are restored to your peak."

Lu Fantian instantly took a Huiqi Pill and began to restore his Genuine Qi in the center of the Heavenly Ring.

He obviously valued this battle very much. He knew that Zhang Ruochen was hard to conquer, so he would not be sloppy.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen also closed his eyes to recall Kong Lanyou's Sacred Guiding Sword. He wanted to keep comprehending the subtle sword technique.

Although he had achieved Heart Integrated into Sword, he was just at the Initial Stage. Among those in the Heaven Realm and the Fish-dragon Realm, he was very remarkable. However, he still lagged far behind Saints.

If he could comprehend even 10% or 20% of the essence of Kong Lanyou's Sacred Guiding Sword, he would definitely be able to enter the Intermediate Stage of Heart Integrated into Sword.

An hour passed very quickly.

Lu Fantian opened his sharp, intelligent eyes again, and said, "Zhang Ruochen, I'm restored to my peak. Draw your sword!"

"Ok, the let's fight!"

Without opening his eyes, Zhang Ruochen mobilized Qi with his fingers. The Ancient Abyss Sword immediately flew out of its sheath and fell into his hands.

"Swish!"

He casually displayed one movement, which was "Sacred Guiding Sword." He had practiced it in his mind numerous times.

It seemed just one stroke, but it actually formed countless sword shadows. In the end, they converged into a sword path that extended more than 10 meters in front of Lu Fantian.

Just a simple Inferior Class, Spiritual Stage sword technique deeply troubled Lu Fantian, who could not stand up to it. His momentum instantly broke down, and he had to retreat quickly.

If he had not retreated, he would have been unable to deal with Zhang Ruochen's next sword movements.

Kong Lanyou's cultivation was so amazing that her "Sacred Guiding Sword" technique was almost a saint's teaching. She not only had a sword fight with Zhang Ruochen, but she also gave him directions.

Zhang Ruochen was so smart that he had understood many truths of the movement in one day. Unconsciously, his sword techniques improved a lot.

That was why he could force such a superior like Lu Fantian to draw back with only "Sacred Guiding Sword."

Lu Fantian stood firm, bending his legs and lowering himself into a defensive stance to meet Zhang Ruochen's fierce sword attack. He discovered that Zhang Ruochen was still using the sword technique "Sacred Guiding Sword" as his second movement.

"Why this movement again?"

Lu Fantian developed a headache.

This sword technique seemed simple, but it actually had infinite variation, so he did not dare to stay in its path.

Thus, he dodged again.

Until Zhang Ruochen showed a killing move, Lu Fantian would keep cautious.

He had to prove his strength as a young king in this battle. He could not afford to be defeated or careless.

Many of warriors sitting on the Spectator Stand were confused and puzzled at this fight.

"Zhang Ruochen is fighting Lu Fantian with his eyes closed. Is he so arrogant?" The veiled woman said, frowning.

She thought that Zhang Ruochen disrespected his opponent, as he was fighting Lu Fantian with his eyes closed.

Duanmu Xingling laughed and said, "Whether he fights with eyes opened or closed, there is no difference. Don't you know that Zhang Ruochen's talent in Spiritual Power is better than that of his martial arts?"

Then, Duanmu Xingling cupped her chin, stared at the Heavenly Ring with her beautiful eyes, and said, "Moreover, I think that Zhang Ruochen is not fighting but coming into some practicing state. He must be comprehending a profound sword technique."

### **Chapter 457: Sacred Wood Sphere**

"Is Zhang Ruochen perceiving profound sword techniques?" Duanmu Xingling said.

The masked woman's eyes flashed disapprovingly, showing her disagreement with Duanmu Xingling's words.

She said coldly, “What Zhang Ruochen wielded is the Sacred Sword Skill, which is a low-class Spiritual martial technique of the Yin and Yang Sect. In Yin and Yang Sect, even a warrior of the Black Realm can succeed in the practice of this sword technique. Even if it is profound, how deep could it be?”

Despite the thin veil covering her face, her extraordinary temperament could not be concealed. One can imagine that under the veil must be a stunning face.

Her bright eyes were filled with scorn. She regarded Zhang Ruochen as a young and famous warrior who had become conceited because of his success and reputation.

From her point of view, people like Zhang Ruochen were like frogs at the bottom of a well – once they met a real superior, they would easily fall into a bottomless abyss.

Duanmu Xingling turned her eyes and said, “The ‘profound’ that I was talking about is not sword technique movement but the sword technique realm contained in the sword technique. Don’t you know that Zhang Ruochen has achieved Heart Integrated into Sword? Among young warriors, Zhang Ruochen has a peerless sword technique realm.”

“That’s not necessarily true. Seeing as Zhang Ruochen was able to practice Heart Integrated into Sword, naturally, there may be a sword technique genius who can also practice Heart Integrated into Sword realm.”

The masked girl spoke in a confrontational manner while staring coldly at Duanmu Xingling.

Duanmu Xingling made no concessions and laughed. “If that is so, then we shall wait and see. The Coliseum is right there. The outcome will be decided soon.”

On the Heavenly Ring, Lu Fantian had dodged Zhang Ruochen’s Sacred Guiding Sword seventeen times in a row.

Lu Xuan stood up with her hands on her hips and shouted with some annoyance. “Elder brother, can you do it or not? If not, get out of the Coliseum immediately. You cannot bring disgrace upon the Sword Sanctum!”

Hearing this, Lu Fantian became flustered. He glared at Lu Xuan grimly.

It wasn’t just Lu Xuan – the other warriors in the Coliseum of Martial Market were getting impatient.

Originally, they thought it would be a wonderful battle between two geniuses; they did not expect it to be so boring.

From beginning to end, Zhang Ruochen only attacked Lu Fantian with the same sword technique, while Lu Fantian just kept evading Zhang Ruochen’s attack.

If this kept on, what was there to see?

Actually, Lu Fantian fought humbly and had no choice but to keep evading because he could not anticipate Zhang Ruochen’s next movements.

After seventeen movements, Lu Fantian finally found resolve in his heart and was ready to fight back.

When Zhang Ruochen displayed his 18th Sacred Guiding Sword, Lu Fantian counter-attacked instead of evading. Lu Fantian held a long sword inlaid with gold wires and stabbed straight forward.

“Crash! Crash!”

The two swords interlocked, giving off sparks. There was a shrill noise from the friction.

Finally, a real fight. The Coliseum of the Martial Market began to settle down again.

The talents of the Heaven Board who had come especially to watch this battle concentrated their attention on the match with bated breaths. They wanted to see the sword techniques of Zhang Ruochen and Lu Fantian – just how good were they?

With one move, Zhang Ruochen and Lu Fantian separated and retreated to different sides.

In just a few moments, Lu Fantian launched an attack. Holding the hilt, he mobilized the Genuine Qi from his entire body and gathered it in his arms, and then he suddenly slammed down his sword.

It was a very domineering sword.

It was smooth and clean, without any fancy tricks.

From the Spectator Stand, the crowd could clearly see that a sword Qi wave flew out of Lu Fantian’s sword, separating the air left and right to form a magnificent sword technique waterfall.

Faintly, everyone could hear the rumbling sound of a waterfall, shaking their souls.

“That sword is terrifying. Lu Fantian is indeed very strong. The power of his sword alone is enough to fight recklessly against a Monk in the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.” Duanmu Xingling’s heart tightened and she began to worry about Zhang Ruochen.

Lu Fantian’s power was beyond Duanmu Xingling’s expectation.

Actually, the Fish-dragon Realm was above the realm of humans.

A person who has reached the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, also called Innate Embryonic Breath, could make Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi as his or her food to reach the Foodless Realm.

Such persons were called Monk instead of Warrior.

As long as the person entered the state of genuine fetal respiration, he or she would not suffocate or starve to death even if they slept at the bottom of the river for one year. It was truly beyond the realm of mortals, therefore, countless warriors yearned for it.

Lu Fantian was powerful enough to fight against a Monk in the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Facing Lu Fantian’s strong sword, Zhang Ruochen still closed his eyes.

He still kept calm and fought against Lu Fantian with another move of Sacred Guiding Sword.

However, this move seemed to be a bit different from his previous moves.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen still shook his arms, but then, the sword Qi from him showed a series of shadows and flew in all directions, forming six sword paths.

“Bang! Bang!”

The sword Qi hit each other and made a series of crackles.

Afterward, Zhang Ruochen continued to display his sword movement. In a flash, 36 moves of Sacred Guiding Sword were shown. Each move had a different sword technique.

Meanwhile, Lu Fantian kept fighting against Zhang Ruochen’s sword techniques but failed to hit back.

“How did this happen? How can Zhang Ruochen’s low-class of Spiritual sword technique suppress me?”

“I was wrong. Zhang Ruochen is using swordplay comprehension. His seemingly simple sword technique contains the true essence of sword techniques.”

Only by breaking Zhang Ruochen’s state of swordplay comprehension could Lu Fantian cause Zhang Ruochen to stumble.

Only in this way could Lu Fantian get an advantage.

After thinking about this, Lu Fantian stopped fighting Zhang Ruochen and retreated to the edge of the Coliseum. Then, with both hands, he lifted the combat sword over his head.

He mobilized the Qi of Sacred Tree in his body to form a Sacred Wood Sphere.

On the Coliseum, the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi began to condense into green vines and leaves that were tougher than real vines and sharper than real leaves.

Vines and leaves grew crazily, covering the whole Coliseum.

Only the Body of Sacred Tree could practice the Sacred Wood Sphere.

In this domain, everything was controlled by Lu Fantian.

Even a simple leaf could immediately become a sharp weapon.

Sensing the impending danger, Zhang Ruochen woke up from the state of swordplay comprehension. Without hesitation, he instinctively wielded the sword, cut the vines and leaves, and struck Lu Fantian.

“Zhang Ruochen, you’ve finally entered the state of battle!” Lu Fantian said.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen launch an attack, Lu Fantian was not afraid but happy. He manipulated a root vine to smash toward Zhang Ruochen.

Every vine was a sword.

Dozens of vines collided with Zhang Ruochen’s Celestial Bodyshield, making a loud shock sound of Genuine Qi, cracking Zhang Ruochen’s sword movement and forcing him to take two steps backward.

## **Chapter 458: The Universal Sword Technique**

“It is indeed the Sacred Wood Sphere. Kind of interesting.” Zhang Ruochen smiled.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen could have also released the Space Domain to meet Lu Fantian’s Sacred Wood Sphere head on, but he did not.

He wanted to refine his fighting skills in this battle. He hoped that he could defeat a stronger, superior force like Kong Lanyou, with a weak, backward force.

That was to win with skill.

“Zhang Ruochen, a really powerful movement still lies ahead.”

Lu Fantian roared loudly, “Sacred Tree Martial Soul!”

He released his Martial Soul and it appeared above him.

Lu Fantian’s Martial Soul was not a human shape but a giant Sacred Tree. It was very much like the Sacred Prime Tree painted on the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

Although it was just an illusory image, it still gave people a feeling of grandeur and magnificence. It was like a sky-high Divine Tree rooted in the center of the Heavenly Ring.

“Sacred Tree Martial Soul.” Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes.

Very few people could practice into a diverse Martial Soul.

Such people were either particularly strong or particularly weak.

Obviously, Lu Fantian was the former.

Under the support of the Martial Soul, Lu Fantian’s strength increased considerably. The green light exuded from his body turned the entire Martial Market battle into a world of green.

Zhang Ruochen could clearly feel that the Martial Soul’s strength was equal to a Monk at the Fourth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. It was very powerful.

“Deadwood can be carved.”

Lu Fantian rushed forward. In the blink of an eye, he had reached Zhang Ruochen’s side and applied a Spiritual Stage Superior class sword technique, the Deadwood Sword Technique.

A stroke of sharp breath attacked toward Zhang Ruochen’s waist.

Zhang Ruochen’s body shrank. He moved backward one step and fended off with his sword.

POW!

A powerful force passed into his arms through the blade. His arm went numb, and the Abyss Ancient Sword almost flew out of his hand.

With a bang, the tip of the combat sword pierced through his robe, leaving a 3-centimeter wound on his waist.

Zhang Ruochen immediately regulated his Genuine Qi. His feet glided backward smoothly. He landed ten meters away and stood firm.

A masked woman in the Spectator Stand smiled. "The so-called Six Young Kings of the Eastern Regions are nothing compared to this. If Lu Fantian's sword was quicker, that attack would have opened Zhang Ruochen's intestines."

"Lu Fantian may have the Sacred Wood Sphere and the Sacred Tree Martial Soul; Zhang Ruochen has a few tricks up his sleeve too." Duanmu Xingling sneered.

In fact, Duanmu Xingling was also very confused. Why had Zhang Ruochen not displayed his Martial Soul? Did he think that he could defeat Lu Fantian without it?

She shook her head.

Although she was quite confident in Zhang Ruochen's strength, Lu Fantian was not weak. Especially, his Martial Soul, it was more powerful than many Monks in the Fish-dragon Realm. He was indeed a master among masters.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the hole in his clothes and gently shook his head. *"I wasn't able to dodge it completely. The disparity between Kong Lanyou and me is so large."*

If it were Kong Lanyou, she could certainly have ducked Lu Fantian's sword with ease. She would have even fought back and hurt him.

*"Right! If I were Kong Lanyou, how would I have held Lu Fantian's sword back?"*

A bright light flashed through his mind. He seemed to enter a state of swordplay comprehension.

Lu Rutian could tell that something was wrong with Zhang Ruochen. *"His attention seems to not be focused on the battle. He seems to be refining something."*

*"This cannot not be allowed."*

"He cannot enter a state of refining. If that happens, even if I defeat him, I will not be recognized and approved by everyone."

Lu Fantian regulated his Genuine Qi fully and roared, "Zhang Ruochen, are you here to fight or not?"

"I am certainly here to fight," Zhang Rouchen replied. "As long as you force me to use the power of the Martial Soul, I will do my best to fight with you. If not, your strength is only enough to accompany me while I refine."

What he had said sounded light, but actually it was very domineering, full of confidence and pride. Even if Lu Fantian had the Body of Sacred Tree, he could only help Zhang Rouchen's swordplay comprehension.

"He is so handsome! My brother is much weaker compared to him!"

Lu Xuan's eyes sparkled. She gazed at Zhang Ruochen passionately.



Duanmu Xingling's gaze also sharpened. She realized for the first time that Zhang Ruochen was actually confident.

Soon, she saw why.

Zhang Ruochen was a humble person in daily life. However, he was full of ambition, confidence and endless fighting spirit when it came to the Martial Arts.

Standing on the Coliseum, he was a warrior. If anyone wanted to challenge him, he must take out his strength and make Zhang Ruochen feel that he was qualified to fight with him.

"The king of the younger generation is indeed very proud. If Lu Fantian hadn't tried, I would have liked to fight with him," the masked woman said with a sneer. "When he is defeated ruthlessly, he will know that there is always someone better than him. From that time on, he will converge his arrogance."

It wasn't just the masked woman. Some masters on the Heaven Board who were standing outside also felt that Zhang Ruochen was too arrogant. Among them, several top-ranking masters were eager for a fight. They were ready to ascend the Heavenly Ring and teach Zhang Ruochen a lesson.

Lu Fantian was also irritated by Zhang Ruochen's words. He snorted coldly. "In that case, I won't be modest anymore."

"Heaven, earth and human create all things."

The Gold Wire Sword revolved in a circle on Lu Fantian's hand. It formed into countless sword Qi shadows and gathered into a sphere, letting out a swooshing sound.

The sword Qi sphere spun. It quickly moved toward Zhang Ruochen.

"One makes two (Yin and Yang), two make three (Heaven, earth and human), three generate all things. It is the Universal Sword Technique," Zhang Ruochen said.

Many people in the coliseum also recognized the sword technique Lu Fantian was applying. They let out sounds of amazement.

The Universal Sword Technique was an Inferior Class Ghost Level sword technique. It contained infinite changes; it was also endless.

With cultivation in the Heaven Realm, he had been able to practice a Ghost Level martial technique into the succeed. It certainly shocked many people.

Even Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised.

A few months prior, when Zhang Ruochen and Di Yi had fought in the Underwater Dragon Palace, Di Yi had practiced the Inferior Class Ghost Level techniques, Human King Fist and Hades Sword Skill into Small Success.

In the Stairway to Heaven, when Zhang Ruochen had fought against Bu Qianfan, the Inferior Class Ghost Level martial technique, broadsword technique of Army Suppressing and Prestige Destroying Bu Qianfan applied had been close to the level of the succeed.

Now, what level they were in was unknown.

Zhang Ruochen had not yet succeeded in practicing any type of Ghost Level martial arts.

Even the Sword Ripple of Ten Channels was only a Superior class Spiritual Stage martial technique. Only the power of ten fingers linked could reach the Inferior Class of Ghost Level.

Lu Fantian was not much older than them, but it was indeed remarkable that he could practice an Inferior Class Ghost Level martial technique into succeed.

### **Chapter 459: Eleven Swords**

“Sword Defending!”

Facing Lu Fantian’s Universal Sword Technique, Zhang Ruochen immediately calmed down and regulated the Heart of the Sword. His palm hit the hilt, sending the Abyss Ancient Sword flying.

SWOOSH!

The Abyss Ancient Sword was extremely fast like a streak of black light. It formed an arc in the air and flew through the Universal Sword Technique’s circle of the sword Qi. Then it stabbed towards the center of Lu Fantian’s back.

Zhang Ruochen’s arms glowed with blue light.

The Blue Genuine Qi ran rapidly through his meridians and into his Qi Sea. It collected into his thumbs.

Two sword waves flew out of his thumbs.

Lu Fantian knew that Zhang Ruochen had reached Heart Integrated into Sword. He was not surprised at all when Zhang Ruochen displayed his Sword Defending Technique.

He remained calm and sped up his pace.

BOOM!

He used the Universal Sword Technique to crush Zhang Rouchen’s two sword waves. He swung his arm. He struck out a sword radiance and chopped down at Zhang Ruochen’s neck.

He attacked to defend.

As long as he forced Zhang Ruochen to defend passively, the Sword Defending Technique would lose its effectiveness.

Although Lu Fantian’s sword technique had not reached Heart Integrated into Sword, it had reached the Peak of Sword Following the Heart.

“Boundless Universe, and a sword goes to the gods.”

The third swordsmanship of the Universal Sword Technique had overwhelming power. The sword Qi was as cold as ice that had been frozen for 10,000 years. The sword radiance was more dazzling than the burning sun.

“What a powerful sword attack,” Zhang Ruochen secretly praised.

If Zhang Ruochen had not regulated the power of his Martial Soul, he would not have been able to fend off the attack.

“Nice! The Body of Sacred Tree deserves its reputation.”

Zhang Ruochen took the Abyss Ancient Sword back and laughed loudly. He displayed the Shadow of the Royal Wind Dragon, moving his feet constantly. He kept dodging and attacking like a roaming Divine Dragon. He wanted to break Lu Fantian’s Universal Sword Technique with ingenious force.

Many dragon-shaped illusory images appeared on the platform of the Heaven Stage. They were shuttling back and forth within the sword Qi.

Lu Fantian asked, “Zhang Ruochen, why have you still not released your Martial Soul?”

“Almost,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Lu Fantian was confused. “What?”

“You haven’t shown your full strength yet. I will release my Martial Soul when you show your last card.” Although Zhang Ruochen had gone through a dreadful experience, he still had not regulated his Martial Soul.

Lu Fantian could not force him to display his Martial Soul with his current strength.

“As you wish.”

He ran his Genuine Qi. Lu Fantian’s long hair stood up straight on his head. Like a Demon Lord, he shouted loudly, “Martial Soul Combined Sword.”

The Sacred Tree Martial Soul that had been standing above Lu Fantian, turned into a soul shadow. It flew to his front and merged with the Gold Wire Sword.

SWOOSH—

The Gold Wire Sword emitted golden light. It formed an illusory image of a huge, four-meter sword. The shadow of the giant sword wrapped around the blade.

The Gold Wire Sword seemed to have produced its own spirituality. It was rapidly absorbing the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi.

Zhang Ruochen narrowed his eyes, staring at Lu Fantian’s sword. “That’s... That’s...”

Zhang Ruochen had thought that Lu Fantian’s sword was only an eleventh-level Genuine Martial Arms. When he opened his Skyeye, he saw clearly that it was a wooden sword.

It was a wooden sword made from the Sacred Prime Tree.

The gold silk on the sword was not embedded, it was the meridians of the Sacred Prime Tree.

It must be understood that the Sacred Prime tree had been cut in the Middle Ancient Times.

According to legend, each vessel made from the Sacred Prime Tree contained spirituality. These vessels could absorb Spiritual Qi and improve themselves automatically. They could even feed Spiritual Qi back to their owner.

Any vessel made from the Sacred Tree was a priceless treasure. Ordinary Genuine Martial Arms were no comparison.

In other words, Lu Fantian's Sacred Wood Sword could improve itself. If it was able to absorb enough wood-natured Qi of Origin, it would have the opportunity to become a Holy Sword.

Other people's Martial Souls certainly could not be integrated with the Sacred Wood Sword, but what Lu Fantian practiced was the Sacred Tree Martial Soul.

The integration of the Sacred Tree Martial Soul and the Sacred Wood Sword could increase its power. It could absorb the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi. It pushed the power of the Sacred Wood Sword to the extreme.

Zhang Ruochen immediately released his Martial Soul and regulated the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi to gather toward him.

His strength increased quickly. He grabbed the Abyss Ancient Sword and ran Genuine Qi to activate the inscription on the sword. He met the battle head-on.

He had to do his best and have a real fight with Lu Fantianin.

BOOM!

The two swords intersected, like two strikes of lightning struck together.

Lu Fantian trembled. He could not withstand the power. He took a step back.

*"My Martial Soul is very strong, but... Zhang Ruochen's Martial Soul is actually stronger than mine."*

Lu Fantian felt that the Sacred Wood Sphere seemed to be broken.

BOOM!

BOOM!

Zhang Ruochen displayed 11 moves in a row. The power was stronger and stronger. When he applied the eleventh sword, Lu Fantian was pushed to the edge of the Coliseum.

SWOOSH! Sword radiance flashed.

The Abyss Ancient Sword pointed at Lu Fantian's neck. It reached just above his throat. If Zhang Ruochen exerted his force slightly, he could chop Lu Fantian's head off.

Lu Fantian clenched his teeth. His eyes showed disbelief. He stared at Zhang Ruochen opposite him.  
*"This... This is your real strength..."*

Zhang Ruochen retracted his sword. *"I used all my strength. I really respect you."*

Lu Fantian said in a self-deprecating tone, "If we had fought three days ago... At that time, I hadn't refined the Purple Cloud-patterned Eaglewood, I wouldn't have lasted three moves. No wonder you didn't want to fight with me."

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "That is not necessarily true. My sword technique had also not reached its current level three days ago."

Why did Zhang Ruochen say that?

Lu Fantian stared at Zhang Ruochen with slight confusion. He did not ask any further questions. He could only guess that Zhang Ruochen had some kind of adventure in the last three days.

Zhang Ruochen's sword technique was indeed brilliant and intimidating.

Lu Fantian had never admired anybody. But today, he had really been conquered by Zhang Ruochen's sword technique.

I will remember today's defeat. We will surely have another chance to fight in the future."

Lu Fantian walked down the Coliseum.

Although he admired Zhang Ruochen's attainments of sword technique, he could not admit defeat. If he could reach the Completion of Heaven Realm, he would surely defeat Zhang Ruochen.

How could he reach the Completion of the Heaven Realm in a short time?

The Battlefield of the Primitive World!

Lu Fantian decided to go to the Battlefield of the Primitive World to experience life and death. Only by continuing to fight, could his fighting skills and will to fight improve further. In the future, he would overcome Zhang Ruochen.

The Purple-gowned Elder on the Heaven Stage Coliseum nodded his head. He announced with a smile, "Zhang Ruochen, from the School of the Martial Market defeated Lu Fantian from the Sword Sanctum. He is now 5,800th on the Heaven Board and has acquired 287,000 military merits."

"He defeated Lu Fantian in a mere 11 moves. The name of the young king really deserves its reputation," a big bald fellow laughed loudly. He was becoming more and more interested in Zhang Ruochen.

"Lu Fantian only ranked 5,800th on the Heaven Board. Even if Zhang Ruochen defeated him, it's not a big deal." The masked woman sneered.

The bald guy spared a glance at her. "Lu Fantian's strength is absolutely not as simple as being ranked 5800th. If he had not encountered Zhang Ruochen, with his strength, he would certainly have been able to enter the top 2000 on the Heaven Board, even higher. Moreover, Lu Fantian's cultivation is only at the Final State of the Heaven Realm. There is still a large space for him to improve."

"Really? Then I'll have a try and see how powerful Zhang Ruochen is."

She flew down. The masked woman stood in the Heavenly Ring, opposite to Zhang Ruochen, in a flash.

Many martial arts masters were present, but few of them could see her bodily movement clearly.

Several young geniuses who had been sitting next to her were surprised. They suddenly realized that a great master had sat by their sides.

“What an awesome woman. The bodily movement she displayed is out of my reach. Who on earth is she? Is she also a master on the Heaven Board?”

“Surely she is a master on the Heaven Board. Otherwise how could she challenge Zhang Ruochen?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the masked woman. He had a sudden familiar feeling. He was sure he had met her before.

He regulated his powerful Spiritual Power to observe the woman. After a few moments, he had a ready answer. “It’s you.”

“You can see through me?” She asked.

“Your camouflage is flawless,” he replied. “Even warriors in the Fish-dragon Realm cannot see through your real identity. However, you can’t hide from me.”

He called out her name, “The God’s favored daughter of the Black Market Excellence Hall, Orange Star Emissary. Am I right?”

The Orange Star Emissary had not made much contact with Zhang Ruochen. She had only met him a few times, and each time she had been clad in a veil.

It was impossible for Zhang Ruochen to see through her true body. Unless his Spiritual Power had reached 41st level.

**BOOM!**

When Zhang Ruochen called out the masked woman’s name, everyone in the Coliseum of the Martial Market was shocked. They all exclaimed.

It was known to all that the Martial Market Bank and the Black Market were old enemies. They had been fighting both with open and secret means for many years. Their grievances were extremely deep. Who could think of that an Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall dared to enter the territory of the Martial Market Bank?

### **Chapter 460: Orange Star Emissary**

“What? Is she really one of the Seven Star Emissaries of the Black Market Excellence Hall, the Orange Star Emissary?”

“It is said that the Seven Star Emissaries are top geniuses in the Black Market Excellence Hall. They are just as strong as Saintly Beings and are extraordinary figures.”

“The Orange Star Emissary is about the same age as Lu Fantian. She is 25 years old this year. However, she ranks much higher than Lu Fantian on the Heaven Board. She is 643rd.”

“The Orange Star Emissary can enter the top 1000 on the Heaven Board at such young age. I’m afraid she’ll be able to hit the top ten on the Heaven Board in the future.”

Although young warriors of the Black Market and the heresy could not enter the Coliseum of the Martial Market to fight in just ways, they could still enter the Battlefield of the Primitive World and accumulate military merits. In this way they could also be on the Heaven Board.

Of course, there were also Evil Warriors who disdained being on the Heaven Board.

The way they proved their strength was simple. They defeated famous masters on the Heaven Board.

Di Yi was one such warrior. Although he was not a master on the Earth Board, he had defeated the top ranking Bu Qianfan with only three sword movements. He had been famous ever since.

The masked woman made no effort to disguise her identity. She said, “Yes, I am indeed the Orange Star Emissary.”

Hearing that, a group of warriors dressed in black armor rushed in from outside the Coliseum. They surrounded the Heavenly Ring.

People from the Black Market were not allowed in the Coliseum of the Martial Market. They certainly would not let her just leave.

The Orange Star Emissary spared a glance at the warriors below. She sneered. “Huh? Is the Martial Market Bank so afraid that if I defeat Zhang Ruochen, the Saint of the Saint Academy, I will dishonor them? They can hardly wait to catch me.”

Xie Yun’an, a Purple Robe Elder, crossed his hands behind his back and walked out of the group of warriors. He stood below the Heavenly Ring with a smile. “Haha! The Orange Star Emissary’s gracious presence in the Coliseum of the Martial Market must be warmly welcomed. Do you plan to stay today?”

As a Purple Robe Elder, Xie Yun’an’s cultivation had to be unfathomable. He had a very high status in the Martial Market Bank and was specially in charge of keeping order in the Heavenly Ring.

Catching an Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall was a great piece of work. Xie Yun’an would never let such an opportunity slip away.

“You? You are ineligible to decide whether I should stay or leave.”

The Orange Star Emissary spared a disdainful glance at Xie Yun’an. Then, she ignored him and looked at Zhang Ruochen. “How about we make a bet?”

“What?” Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Orange Star Emissary replied, “We have a fair fight. If I win, you let me go. If you win, I will fold my hands for capture and be at your disposal. What do you think?”

Xie Yun’an, who stood below the Heavenly Ring, sneered. “Today, it is me, not him, that will determine your destiny!”

The Orange Star Emissary replied, “Zhang Ruochen is number one in the Saint Academy. He is likely to become the headmaster’s disciple, and even the young headmaster of the School of the Martial Market.

You are just a Purple Robe Elder. Yet you dare to look down upon him. I have to say that you're future at the Martial Market Bank is going to be in jeopardy!"

Xie Yun'an's expression changed. He pondered carefully about what was at stake.

His current position as a Purple Robe Elder was indeed more honorable than Zhang Ruochen's identity as Saint. But Zhang Ruochen was not an ordinary Saint, he was top among all the Saints.

Almost every number one Saint would become the headmaster's disciple.

The identity of headmaster's disciple was much honorable than Purple Robe Elder. They were not on the same level.

As the Orange Star Emissary said, if he offended Zhang Ruochen, he would certainly have hard time ahead of him in the Martial Market Bank.

"How dare you, evil woman of the Black Market,' Xie Yun'an said harshly. "When did I belittle Brother Zhang? He is a Saint of the Saint Academy, one of the Six Great Kings of the young generation in the Eastern Region, and the pride of our Martial Market Bank. I have always admired him. Today, I finally get to see him in person. Brother Zhang, this evil woman of the Black Market dares to challenge you, how should I deal with her?"

Seeing Xie Yun'an's face, the Orange Star Emissary gave a pleasant smile. Yet there was disdainful expression in her eyes.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Since she has already ascended the Heavenly Ring, she is a challenger. I would like to have a fair fight with her."

The Orange Star Emissary could not help looking at him with respect. "You really want to have a fair fight with me? Since it's a fair fight, is our bet still on?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled. "If you win, I will let you leave."

"You have a lot of guts," said the Orange Star Emissary.

Without warning, she flew from the ground and leapt forward in one step. She stood before Zhang Ruochen.

She pinched her two fingers into a sword skill and stabbed toward his neck.

She was very fast; beyond the discernibility of the naked eye.

Just when she thought she was about to succeed, she suddenly discovered that her two fingers seemed to have hit an iron wall.

She felt extreme pain in her fingers, and the bones felt like they were broken.

The Orange Star Emissary fixed her eyes. She did not know when Zhang Ruochen had stretched out a palm to block her two fingers. His palm was covered with golden Dragon Scales.

*"His reaction is so fast. And he is very powerful. He can withstand my attack without even moving his body. He is so strong that even Lu Fantian could only withstand 11 moves."*



Only after fighting with Zhang Ruochen could she understand how horrible his cultivation really was. It was far beyond her imagination.

She quickly put away the contempt in her heart and mobilized Genuine Qi to the extreme. She wanted to fight Zhang Ruochen with all her strength.

However, he was faster than her. He struck out a handprint first.

The palm power, like a flood without break, poured down and buried her.

“Devil Moon in the Sky.”

She put her hands together. Her Martial Soul mobilized the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi. Above her head, it condensed into a black full moon.

The full moon was gloomy and filled with Absorbing Qi. It absorbed his palm power, making it invisible.

He laughed loudly. “What you have practiced is the Moon Picture of Demons in the Omen Lithograph. It can absorb the quintessence of the moon and refine it into your body, and then you can practice into an Acquired Yin Moon body. No wonder you can fight against a Saintly Being.”

“No, you’re wrong. I was born a Lunar Body. It’s not acquired.” The Orange Star Emissary snorted coldly.

Practicing the Moon Picture of Demons, one could absorb the quintessence of the moon and then practice into a Lunar Body. However, it would be an Acquired Yin Moon body.

The Orange Star Emissary had an Innate Lunar Body. It was much more powerful.

The Moon Picture of Demons itself was an extraordinary exercise, at the same level as the Picture of Omen’s Congential Magic Qi that Di Yi practiced. Together with her Innate Lunar Body, the strength she exposed was certainly unusual.

“Even if you are an Innate Lunar Body, I will defeat you.”

Zhang Ruochen pulled out the Abyss Ancient Sword and quickly spun his arm. He stabbed it toward her chest from a very tricky angle.

The Orange Star Emissary immediately controlled the black devil moon to fend off his sword movement.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen’s sword movement staggered. He struck out a backhand and chopped toward Orange Star Emissary’s neck behind.

Her expression changed. He quickly dodged.

Zhang Ruochen’s sword attacked like a shadow following its form. He broke her devil moon.

SWOOSH!

When he applied his tenth movement, he left her with three bloody sword marks. The tip of his sword landed on her glabella.

The Orange Star Emissary’s ten fingers kept emitting evil energy. She did not admit defeat. She wanted to continue fighting.

“If you strike out, you will die,” Zhang Ruoyun said softly.

His tone seemed to be calm, however it gave people an unquestionable feeling. It made the Orange Star Emissary tremble in her mind. She felt the resolute will in his words.

She did not dare to gamble. She sighed and gradually withdrew the evil energy in her hands. Her eyes were dimmed. “I only fended off ten movements, one move less than Lu Fantian. I looked down on you!”

When Zhang Ruochen defeated Lu Fantian in 11 movements, the Orange Star Emissary had not been impressed. She didn't think he was powerful. She just thought that Lu Fantian did not deserve his fame.

However, now that she had personally confronted him, she knew how powerful his sword techniques actually were. His sword technique and realm were not something that a young warrior should have and reach.

It was not because Lu Fantian was not powerful enough, but because Zhang Ruochen was too incredible.