

Chapter 501 - Sword of Time, Swift and Neat

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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“The Tree Progenitor will always stand guard beside the blood pool. Given my current martial cultivation, I am not a match for him.”

“Since it is so, I will practice first and raise my strength. It will not be too long before my Spiritual Power increases to 42nd level.”

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged at the bottom of the blood pool. A layer of space pushed the blood water away and formed a sphere.

Placing the Yin Yang Wooden Graph on the ground, he stretched out his hands and slowly unrolled the picture.

The world in the picture was expansive and wide, the mountains were extraordinary, the rivers surged, and every flower and blade of grass seemed to contain boundless spirituality.

Particularly the Sacred Prime Tree. It was lifelike. Each brush stroke was grand and majestic, and it gave one a sense of the transformations of the world.

Zhang Ruochen stretched out a palm and pressed it against the scroll. He injected his Genuine Qi into it.

SWISH!

Gradually, a portion of the inscriptions began to activate and give off a brilliant light.

It was so bright it hurt his eyes. It was like a light sword had flown up and pierced his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen could only close his eyes against his will for the time being.

When he opened his eyes again, he found that the scenery before him had changed completely.

He was now standing below a steep black mountain. Compared to the mountain, he was as insignificant as a speck of dust.

No, it was not a mountain.

It was the giant trunk of an ancient tree.

It was so thick. At first glance, it appeared like a mountain, completely blocking one's gaze.

Zhang Ruochen looked up.

He could not tell how tall the ancient tree was. Its branches passed through a layer of cloud and only a few thick branches and giant leaves could be seen through the clouds.

A single leaf was like a giant green boat floating in the sky. If it fell, it could probably cover a small mountain entirely.

This entire world was overflowing with Spiritual Qi.

“Could this be the legendary Sacred Prime Tree?” He wondered.

Suddenly, a wave of exhaustion washed over him. He felt his eyelids become heavier and heavier as his body became soft. Sitting under the tree, half his body was leaning against the tree as he slipped into a deep sleep.

In his dream, Zhang Ruochen heard an old voice call out, “Heaven and Earth become one to create millions of lives. Yin and Yang meet to create the four seasons. The sun and moon across to create the Cycle of the Universe.”

“Who is talking?”

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes with great difficulty and his sight gradually cleared to see an elder not far away. He was

performing a sword technique.

As he did so, he chanted.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't see the elder's true body.

The elder's body was like an illusory image. Sometimes it coalesced and sometimes it dissipated, even his voice was intermittent. It made it very difficult to hear what he was saying.

After an entire day of observation, Zhang Ruochen found that the elder's bodily movements and sword technique had reached an extraordinary level. It was like he was using the sword to tell some incredible truth between heaven and earth.

That truth was related to "time", so it had to be about the origin of time.

A moment, an hour, a quarter-hour, a day, a month, a season, a year, a cycle of sixty years, a Yuanhui.

It was like the origin of space: Infinity created the Tai Chi, Tai Chi created the Yin and Yang, Yin and Yang created the Four Images, and the Four Images created the Eight Trigrams.

The origin of time also came from nothing: a moment created two hours, two hours created half a day, and half a day created 365 circulations. Afterward, it created the 12 months, the four seasons, the rapid passing of time, a cycle of sixty years, and a Yuanhui.

Time was divided into nine scales: a moment, a quarter-hour, an hour, a day, a month, a season, a year, a cycle of sixty years, and a Yuanhui.

At this moment, the sword technique the elder was demonstrating seemed to be the process of the birth of time. Every move and every pose was full of mystery, it gave one an expansive and profound feeling.

"If you want to practice the Sword of Time, you must first catch the Time Mark. A mark is just a moment."

As the elder chanted, he walked through his paces and swung his sword.

However, his sword did not have a shadow, rather, it was a streak of light and it moved at a terrifying speed.

“The first movement of the Sword of Time, Swift and Neat.”

“The second movement of the Sword of Time, Eight Changes of Scale.”

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“The fourth movement of the Sword of Time, Cycle of the Universe.”

...

“The sixth movement of the Sword of Time, Alternate Seasons.”

“The seventh movement of the Sword of time, Light of Fleeting Time.”

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes wide but only saw the first movement of the Sword of Time. He could still see remnants of the seemingly traceless sword technique.

However, the following sword techniques became unpredictable and contained boundless rules of heavenly way. Zhang Ruochen watched until his head was about to explode but he still could not understand it.

The rest of the sword techniques were too profound. If Zhang Ruochen forced himself to try and study it, his Spiritual Power would probably break.

When all was said and done, it was because Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power was too weak.

Since it was so, he would first practice the first movement of the Sword of Time, Swift and Neat.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to summon the Abyss Ancient Sword but found that his hands came up empty. Never mind the Abyss Ancient Sword, he didn’t even have his Storage Ring.

Since he had no sword, he used his hand as a sword.

His index and middle finger closed together, and he straightened out his arm. Following the movements of the

elder, he stepped through the paces and executed the sword technique.

After practicing for nine days, Zhang Ruochen lost count of the number of times he had demonstrated and practiced the sword technique before perfecting the elder's paces and sword movement.

Zhang Ruochen felt his sword technique had improved greatly but he still had not captured the quintessence of Swift and Neat, he had only learned the superficial sword movements.

When he struck out with his sword, there were still traces of his movements. He had not reached the traceless realm.

“Given my current sword technique realm, I've probably already reached the Intermediate Stage of Heart Integrated into Sword. Yet I am unable to learn this sword technique?”

He stopped. He felt distressed and confused.

At this moment, the elder's voice rang out again, “If you want to practice the Sword of Time, you must first capture the Time Mark. A mark is just a moment.”

“A mark is just a moment.”

Zhang Ruochen muttered this to himself. Suddenly, his eyes lit up like he had understood something.

According to the

The Mystery of Time and Space

, space had an Inscription of Space and time had a Time Mark.

Lines of Inscriptions of Space could be piled together to form an independent space world.

A number of Time Marks could gather together to form a long river of time.

“I understand! The first movement of the Sword of Time, Swift and Neat, is referring to the ‘moment’ of understanding the different divisions of time.”

“What is a moment? A Time Mark, that is a moment.”

“Only by capturing a Time Mark and incorporating it into the sword technique can Swift and Neat be truly demonstrated.”

Where was the Time Seal?

The Time Mark was everywhere. What was important was whether or not one could control the Time Mark and use it themselves.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and closed his eyes. He began to recall the explanation of the Time Mark in

The Mystery of Time and Space

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If someone, at this moment, dove to the bottom of the blood pool they would see Zhang Ruochen sitting cross-legged inside a round Qi shield with his eyes closed. One of his hands was resting on the wooden graph while the other was holding a sword skill and gesturing.

He's brows tightened and then relaxed again, over and over.

Just as he was comprehending the sword technique, a Martial Soul shot out from above his head and hovered in the blood water.

The Martial Soul appeared very divine, like God's shadow. It even managed to absorb the Sacrifice Power in the blood pool.

This was the False God Body Zhang Ruochen had mastered a long time ago.

The False God Body allowed a Martial Soul to become a False God, absorb the power of sacrifice and change it to its own cultivation.

However, at this time, all of Zhang Ruochen's energy was focused on comprehending the sword technique. He did not know his Martial Soul had felt the power of sacrifice and had flown out of his body on its own to absorb the power.

The Sacrifice Power entered the Martial Soul then transferred into his body and became a large amount of Genuine Qi. It circulated rapidly through his Meridians.

BOOM!

Zhang Ruochen's Martial Arts realm increased quickly. It broke through the realm and suddenly entered the Completion of the Heaven Realm.

Chapter 502 - The Inner World of the Scroll

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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With the breakthrough of the realm, Zhang Ruochen's body trembled violently.

All his pores opened, exploding a tremendous power to absorb the Spiritual Qi between Heaven and Earth.

His body was completely wrapped in a vortex of Spiritual Qi. It did not disappear until a few days later.

Zhang Ruochen laughed, and shouted, "I've captured it! I've captured it! I've finally captured the mark of time."

"The Sword of Time, Swift and Neat."

His eyes remained closed, as if he was still asleep.

He acted out a sword skill with his arms. As he struck the sword out sharply, it turned into a streak of light and sliced.

"Swoosh!"

The sword radiance cut through the Space Domain and ripped a hole.

Blood water poured in swiftly, completely submerging him.

As he opened his eyes, he threw his hands to the left and right, to support the Space Domain.

He looked at his hand, and then, the YinYang Wooden Graph on the ground. He said to himself,

"Amazing! The Sword of Time can actually break open the Space Domain. But, how was I able to practice it

successfully?”

Zhang Ruochen rubbed his temple and tried his best to remember.

He remembered that when he pressed his palms over the YinYang Wooden Graph, he seemed to have seen a huge ancient tree and an old man practicing sword technique.

He felt like he had practiced sword technique with the Elder for several months.

At the same time, it had only been an instant.

“It’s the same sensation I had the last time. It seemed like a long time, but it also felt like only a moment. But, this time, it’s much clearer than the last time. I’m sure that I’m learning sword techniques with an Elder. The first move is called the Swift and Neat.”

Zhang Ruochen tried hard to remember, but he couldn’t recall anything. There were only vague images in his mind.

“Did I go into the inner world of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph?”

Since the Yin Yang Wooden Graph absorbed the Wood Spirit Primitive World’s Qi of Origin, the Sacred Prime Tree should have developed enough to hold up the inner world of the graph.

At the thought of this, he immediately injected the graph with Qi. With a swoosh, golden light arose from its surface.

The rays of sunlight were as delicate as threads of silk. They gathered together and turned into a space door.

Zhang Ruochen stepped out and into the door as if walking through a curtain of light. He stepped into a lush emerald grassland.

The whole world was luxuriantly green. He could vaguely see huge towering mountains with deep ridges and vast forests surrounded by clouds and mist in the distance. It was a surreal landscape.

A moment ago, he’d been in a dimly-lit blood pool.

And now he was in an independent world, a paradise, isolated from the real world.

“This is... This is the scroll world of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. What is the difference between this world and the real world? It’s amazing! I wonder which realm Saint Monk Xumi reached to be able to create a world by himself.”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. He immediately thought of the Buddhism idea of “one flower, one world, and one bodhi.”

He took a deep breath. The air he breathed was saturated with the delicate fragrance of earth, flowers, and plants. A powerful Spiritual Qi surged into his body and ran through his meridians.

“The intensity of Spiritual Qi here is almost the same as in the wildlands of Omen Ridge. However, it is far from comparable to that in the East Region Saint City.”

The intensity of Spiritual Qi determined the quality of a practicing environment.

But, it was not absolute.

If he had enough spiritual crystals, he could lay out a Spirit Gathering Array.

As a result, even in a Spiritual Qi Picture Scroll World with relatively poor Spiritual Qi, it would not affect the practice.

Most importantly, when ten days passed in the Scroll World, only one day passed in the external world.

It was most helpful to his practice.

He looked at the horizon and quickly saw the Sacred Prime Tree. He displayed a body movement and flew from the ground.

Before long, he came to the top of a hill close to the tree.

In the distance stood a withered tree stump, approximately 100 meters tall.

It looked like a huge flat round table. It stretched beyond what the human eye could see.

Dense and innumerable growth rings were imprinted on the stump. He could not tell how many thousands of rings there were. Each ring was like a page that recorded an ancient story.

An ancient flowing power came from the stump, which was like an ancient tree, recording endless secrets.

Zhang Ruochen was extremely shocked. “Is this the Sacred Prime Tree in the legend?”

There was a well-known legend in the Kunlun’s Field about the Sacred Prime Tree. It was said that it was a Divine Tree that connected heaven and earth, also known as the “Rod of Kunlun.”

In the Medieval Ancient Times, over a hundred thousand years ago, it had been chopped down. From that time on, no one in Kunlun’s Field could become a god. As a result, historians determined that “the broken Sacred Prime Tree” marked the end of the Medieval Ancient Times.

According to Blackie, Saint Monk Xumi had transplanted its roots into the inner world of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

It was highly likely that it was this huge stump in front of Zhang Ruochen.

He spread out his arms and went with the flow. He came to the top of the stump and fluttered down lightly.

“It really is the stump of the Sacred Prime Tree. It still exudes such strong Spiritual Qi, even after such a long time. It seems to have a more advanced airflow, probably the legendary Holy Qi.” Zhang was surprised.

In the inner world of the scroll, the closer you got to the stump, the stronger the Spiritual Qi was.

And if you stood on the stump, the Spiritual Qi was as rich as that of the Saint Mountain of Saint Academy, even more.

This stump beneath his feet was like a huge flat Martial Arts field, extending to infinity. He walked for a long time before he came to the center.

In the very center of the stump, a new seedling was growing.

This new seedling had been growing for many years and had become very strong, with a trunk diameter of over 100 meters. It was like a high steep mountain soaring directly into the clouds.

He could feel the new seedlings huge vitality clearly.

“This is the place I went in my dream. It’s here. This is the new seedling of the Sacred Prime Tree. It is already propping up the world inside the scroll.”

He looked for the Elder under the tree but could not find him.

“Blackie has been sealed in the Scroll World forever, so he is certainly very familiar with this world. I can’t find the reason, so I have to leave and consult with him. Then I will have a better understanding.”

He looked up with awe in his eyes. He clasped his hands together, bowed to the new seedling, and turned away.

He didn’t know how long he had been practicing. He was afraid to miss the ten-day appointment, so he hurriedly withdrew from the Scroll World.

“Swoosh!”

He went through the space door and returned to the bottom of the blood pool once more.

The Yin Yang Wooden Graph flashed into a speck of light. It flew between his eyebrows and suspended in his Qi pool.

He took a deep breath, and gradually calmed himself.

He discovered he had already reached the Completion of the Heaven Realm and his Spiritual Power had increased to level forty-two.

He had expected his Spiritual Power to reach level forty-two.

After all, if there had been no breakthrough in Spiritual Power, he would not have been able to learn Swift and Neat, the first movement of Sword of Time.

But, how had he broken through to the Completion of the Heaven Realm?

After all, he had just broken through to the Final State of the Heaven Realm. He had estimated he would need to practice for at least another half a year before he could break through to the Completion.

When he perceived the Sword of Time, had his Martial Soul turned into a False God Body and absorbed the Sacrifice Power in the blood pool? This was the only possibility he could think of.

He released Spiritual Power and merged it into the blood pool. As a result, he found that the Sacrifice Power in the blood pool faded gradually.

It seemed that he had been in the blood pool for a long time. Otherwise, it would have been impossible for him to break through to the Completion of Heaven Realm.

He looked serious and said to himself.

“I hope it hasn’t been more than 10 days.”

He transported Genuine Qi to his legs and stepped on the bottom of the blood pool. With the help of the recoil power, he shot up like an arrow.

Chapter 503 - The Great Secret

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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With a rumble, a massive red bubble suddenly emerged out of a calm blood pool.

With a swoosh, Zhang Ruochen flew out from the broken bubble.

Tree Progenitor, who had always kept on the side of the blood pool, was alerted when he saw the movements of the pool. Zhang Ruochen surged out of the blood, surprising Tree Progenitor. Seeing this, Tree Progenitor exclaimed, “Extraterritorial Death, you have not been refined into the bloody water by the Sacrifice Power of the blood pool.”

Zhang Ruochen fell on the stone table at the edge of the blood pool. He smiled and said, “Sorry, I have disappointed you.”

Zhang Ruochen then looked over to the entrance of the stone ladder that leads above. He stepped out and walked into the void. He turned into a shadow and rushed to the stone ladder, ready to leave.

“Extraterritorial Death, you can’t leave just yet.”

Tree Progenitor would not let Zhang Ruochen leave. It caught up with Zhang Ruochen by mobilizing the wooden Spiritual Qi and gathering the powers to its arms. Tree Progenitor’s wooden arms were vigorous and powerful.

It threw both its palms simultaneously.

Before Tree Progenitor’s palms even touched Zhang Ruochen, the shockwaves of Tree Progenitor’s palms have reached the

vest on Zhang Ruochen's back.

Zhang Ruochen quickly turned around and gathered the strength of the Spiritual Power. He pushed both of his palms forward, and in a split second, wisps of Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi converged to the center of his palm, forming streaks of lightning.

The streaks of lightning merged and formed two orbs, each half a meter wide.

Boom!

Two forces collided.

The altar shook wildly causing dust to fall.

Struck by the power of the thunderbolt, Tree Progenitor's wooden arms were charred and fumed black smoke. Some parts were even lit up.

On the ground and the stone wall, there were thunderbolt snakes hissing.

Zhang Ruochen was gone by the time the black smoke disappeared.

"Damn, Extraterritorial Death's power has increased so much in such a short time."

Tree Progenitor was grim, it gritted its teeth in hatred and shouted in rage. It stepped on the stone ladder and ran upwards.

Tree Progenitor seemed to have suffered the most from the fight, but Zhang Ruochen was not left unscarred either. His arms were injured and unable to move.

"Tree Progenitor has indeed achieved the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Even if it's not good at fighting, it's superior to me in the realm.

Zhang Ruochen rushed upward and gathered Genuine Qi to heal his arms.

An intense wave of power came from behind him. Without a doubt, Tree Progenitor had caught up with him.

To dodge, Zhang Ruochen used Space Moving seven times in a row and finally reached the stone gate at the top of the altar.

It was much easier to open the stone gate from the inside of the altar because there was no sacrifice needed to open it.

Zhang Ruochen put his palm on a pit of the stone gate and injected Genuine Qi into it. After a while, the lines of the stone gate lit up.

Zhang Ruochen put his palm on the pit of the stone gate and injected Genuine Qi into it. After a while, the lines of the stone gate lit up.

Zhang Ruochen took a step forward and rushed out of the stone gate.

Outside the stone gate, there was a loud roar, “Extraterritorial Death, come out. Hurry up, form the formation to suppress him.”

Below the altar, 5 Kings of Treemen and 108 Millennial Treemen made a circle. They stood to face different directions, following some mysterious rules.

Each treeman released a ray of light towards the top of Zhang Ruochen’s head and covered him with a light screen.

Immediately, a strong mountain-like force fell upon Zhang Ruochen.

The Holy Wood Array for God Destruction was made up of 108 Millennial Treeman, and their strength was comparable to that of 108 cultivators of the Fish-dragon Realm.

It will be difficult for Zhang Ruochen to escape because once you are trapped, even a superior of the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm might not survive.

“Extraterritorial Death, even with all of your skills, you won’t be able to escape today,” said a King of Treemen laughingly as he stands at the edge of the Holy Wood Array for God Destruction.

No one knew, but there was a mosquito-sized black cat on the branch of the King of Treemen.

The black cat stood up and snorted, “How dare a hopeless treeman be so arrogant. I’ll teach you how to behave.”

“Who’s talking?” The King of Treemen said harshly.

“Swoosh!”

Blackie quickly expanded and became a 33-meter-high behemoth. It waved its sharp claws and instantly severed the King of Treemen’s trunk.

Blackie’s claws were as sharp as the Holy Weapon.

Blood poured endlessly out from the trunk.

After the King of Treemen fell, the once powerful Holy Wood Array for God Destruction fell immediately.

The huge array collapsed from the outside to the inside.

Zhang Ruochen seized the opportunity and immediately gathered Genuine Qi to a Dragon Lock Chain on his wrist.

This Holy Weapon is powered by Genuine Qi to activate inscriptions. The Dragon Lock Chain circled his wrist and turned into an enormous iron rope as thick as a bucket, before flying out like a Roaring Steely Dragon.

“Swoosh!”

The Dragon Lock Chain entangled a Millennial Treeman’s trunk with Zhang Ruochen’s arm. Zhang Ruochen swung his arms forcefully and broke out a giant force that directly pulled the Millennium Treeman from the ground, throwing it out.

A Millennial Treeman’s root has a depth of at least ten meters deep, and some are even rooted several hundreds of meters underground. Nevertheless, the Dragon Lock Chain was able to pull it up. That was how powerful the chain was.

Zhang Ruochen and Blackie worked together, and they were able to knock out a large number of treemen quickly, successfully enlarging the damage on the Holy Wood Array for God Destruction.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to go on fighting after absorbing the Origin Qi of the Primitive World of Wood Spirit. He ran

Genuine Qi with full strength to stimulate meridians of his legs.

“Boom!”

His body rushed from the top of the altar like a shell and flew hundreds of meters before landing onto Blackie’s back.

“Let’s go!”

Zhang Ruochen exclaimed.

With a swoosh, the wings on Blackie’s back stretched to about sixty-six meters.

Its wings fluttered, stirring up a forceful wind that blew away all surrounding treemen and made the faraway treemen waver in the air. The wind also blew off leaves causing them to fly in the air.

“Where should we go?”

Tree Progenitor rushed out of the stone gate. When it saw Zhang Ruochen standing on Blackie, its eyes flamed with fury. Then it extended its arms into a thousand-kilometer-long wooden rod, continually whirling to wrap itself around Blackie’s neck.

Zhang Ruochen threw the Dragon Lock Chain to intercept the wooden rod.

An iron chain and a wooden rod fought in the air like two pythons.

Finally, after encountering a series of attacks, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie succeeded in escaping from the siege of the Treeman tribe.

Blackie’s speed allowed him to leave the towering altar behind quickly. Even with its skillfulness in speed, Tree Progenitor was still too slow compared to Blackie.

“Zhang Ruochen, you were in the altar for such a long time that I thought Tree Progenitor had killed you!” Blackie said as it flew.

Zhang Ruochen picked up the Dragon Lock Chain and wrapped it around his wrist, turning it into a bracelet. His face

was grave when he asked, “How long did I stay inside the altar?”

“You’ve been there for almost ten days. If you didn’t come out today, I would’ve gone inside to find you.”

Blackie paused and said, “My research shows that there is something wrong with the altar. It had only existed for less than 600 years, and it was not built by the Treeman tribe, but by the strength of the Human tribe.”

“The inscriptions on the altar are very complex. Only people with the 50th level Spiritual Power can engrave those inscriptions.”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised, “If a man’s Spiritual Power has reached the 50th level, he should already be sanctified in Spiritual Power. How can someone like that come to the Primitive World of Wood Spirit to build an altar?”

Psychic Sage’s means were even more unpredictable and unpreventable than those used by the Martial Saints.

“Each of them had extraordinary supernatural powers and was worshipped and admired by the world’s warriors.”

“How did they end up to the Inferior Primitive World?”

Blackie continued, “I also discovered that the altar appears to be somewhat related to some remote coordinates in the extraterritorial.”

Zhang Ruochen was smart enough to understand the situation, even only with a little bit of explanation.

His face became grave as if he had discovered a great secret. He said, “You are saying that this altar is just one of them. The other primitive worlds will have the same altars.”

Blackie nodded and said, “If an altar is the cornerstone of an array, then the altar inside the Blackwood Field is just one of many cornerstones. In the vast void space, there would also be an altar in another Primitive World. All the altars connect to form a huge array, which can cover more than half of Kunlun’s Field.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “It’s not just an altar. If my suspicions are correct, the whole Primitive World of Wood Spirit is actually just a cornerstone of the array.”

“Oh! Did you discover some secrets in the altar?” Blackie asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Qi of Origin of the Primitive World of Wood Spirit is suppressed under the altar. I guess those treemen are not even aware of this secret.”

Once the altar is built, the Qi of Origin can power the altar.

In fact, to draw on the Qi of Origin was to bring out the Spiritual Qi of the Primitive World of Wood Spirit.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen is saying that the Primitive World of Wood Spirit is just a cornerstone of an array.

Blackie laughed and said, “A project of this size is uncommon in the history of Human tribe. I don’t know who is in control of all of this. The man must be more charming than me. It’s definitely not easy! Haha!”

Zhang Ruochen snorted and said, “No one else can do this, except for the central organization of the imperial court in the First Central Empire. What is Chi Yao doing? Is she going to refine the entire Kunlun’s Field and Primitive Worlds?”

Zhang Ruochen suspected that the reason why the warriors above the Fish-dragon Realm were forbidden to enter was to prevent them from discovering the secrets.

Even if the warriors of the Heaven Realm enter the Primitive World of Wood Spirit, they would not be able to reach the depths of Blackwood Field. What’s more is that even if they saw the altar, they will not know its purpose.

Hearing Zhang Ruochen’s words, Blackie laughed and said, “It might not be Empress Chi Yao who is behind this. It could be a high-ranking official of the Ministry of War who plotted all of this in the Battlefield of Primitive World. Why are you so sure that it’s her? Aren’t you being biased?”

Chapter 504 - The Patrol Army of the Primitive World

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Blackie's advice was rational to a certain extent.

He hated Chi Yao. Naturally, he also felt prejudice toward her.

Once there was animosity, it was easier to misjudge her, thus getting further and further from the truth.

“Since the secret has been discovered, of course, we have to check it out.” Zhang Ruochen said. “In addition to the Primitive World of Wood Spirit, the imperial court's Ministry of War has also divided other primitive worlds into forbidden zones with many restrictions. These worlds are likely to have similar altars. But it's imperative that we return to the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain without delay!”

“Ships from the Ten-thousand fields Tavern should be arriving at the Primitive World of Wood Spirit in a few days,” said Blackie. “How do we go back?”

Zhang Ruochen's mouth rose slightly and he laughed. “The patrol army of the Primitive World of Wood Spirit will probably have ships in the Primitive World too. Hmm!”

Zhang Ruochen's eyes shrunk, and he looked up to the sky. On the horizon, he could see two rows of black dots inching closer. They were surrounded.

It was two army patrol teams. They wore heavy armor, carried spears in their hands and stood atop the heads of Purple Tigerlike Dragon Beasts. They quickly drew nearer to Zhang Ruochen and Blackie.

“This is Fang Li, captain of the first team of the patrol army. Identify yourselves immediately.”

Although he was hundreds of kilometers away, Fang Li’s voice pierced through the void space like dull thunder in Zhang Ruochen’s ears.

Zhang Ruochen felt pain in his eardrum and his whole world began to tumble in confusion. He had to run exercises to alleviate it.

“What a great master he is! I can’t believe that the Ministry of War dispatched such a powerful person to patrol the Primitive World of Wood Spirit. It appears that the Primitive World of Wood Spirit has a large secret.”

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to be careless. He immediately ordered Blackie to stop. They levitated in midair carefully, on guard against the patrol army.

The 10 sergeants were arranged in a fan shape about 333 meters away.

The captain, Fang Li, stood in the center. He was a muscular man with long arms, and a thick silver spear in his hand, like a great God of War.

Fang Li had only glanced at him, but Zhang Ruochen felt a chill creep through his back. He could clearly perceive that Fang Li’s cultivation had reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

His strength was more than ten times that of the Tree Progenitor at the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. They were not at the same level of power at all.

He had been able to kill the Tree Progenitor with just one move.

This was a real battle-seasoned master. Timid people would kneel down to beg for mercy before him just because of his momentum.

On the other side, the sergeants of the second patrol army team had drawn closer and were also arranged in a fan shape.

The captain of the second team was very thin and sallow.

However, he was not weak. His cultivation had also reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. He was at the same level as Fang Li.

“What should we do? Wipe them out?” There was a harsh countenance in Blackie’s eyes.

“Don’t worry,” Zhang Ruochen replied. “Just wait a minute.”

A sergeant from the first team rode his Purple Tigerlike Dragon Beast to Zhang Ruochen. Coldly, he said, “Do you know that our captain was speaking to you? If you do not tell us your name, you will be punished as a trespasser.”

The sergeant displayed a Flip & Grab Technique. He crossed his arms, and a blaze of flames came from his two hands. He tried to grab Zhang Ruochen by the shoulder.

Zhang Ruochen stepped back, escaping the sergeant’s hands.

He struck the sergeant in the chest with a thump.

The sergeant flew backwards and fell onto the back of the Purple Tigerlike Dragon Beast.

“Dare to fight back, you’re damn rebellious.”

The sergeant’s eyes grew cold. He took out a spear from the iron chain on his savage beast’s back. He grasped the spear, ready to rush forward again.

“Long Yun, you are not his opponent, move back quickly.” Fang Li, the captain of the patrol army, called out.

The sergeant, Long Yun, felt great awe for Fang Li and dared not to complain. He withdrew immediately.

Fang Li glared at Zhang Ruochen with his beady eagle eyes.

“Long Yun’s martial cultivation is at the Completion of the Heaven Realm. Although he is not a warrior of the Heaven Board, he is a superior who has experienced dozens of battles in the Battlefield of Primitive World. You fought him off with only one move, you are a master of the Heaven Board, correct?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “What if you were on the Heaven Board? If you hadn’t reached the Fish-dragon Realm, you

would just be a mortal man.”

“It seems that you have a clear estimation of yourself. Since that’s the case, there is no need for me to join the battle. Come with us!” Fang Li said.

Fang Li did not think that Zhang Ruochen had any connection to the accident in the Blackwood Field. He assumed that Zhang Ruochen was a trespasser and was ready to take him back and detain him.

Any other time, Zhang Ruochen would not mind going back with them. After all, the Martial Market Bank would certainly negotiate with the Ministry of War because of his status and he would be released.

But he was anxious to return to Chaotic Millionverse Mountain. If he was treated as a trespasser, he would have to delay for a long time before he could go back.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t answer for a long time and Fang Li was impatient. His eyes revealed a chill.

They caught and killed smugglers.

He lifted his palms slowly. He directed his strength with his palms, and the clouds above the sky shook, then condensed into the shape of a handprint.

The cloud handprint was several meters long. It floated above Zhang Ruochen’s head, liked the Five-finger Mountain.

It was an Inferior Class Ghost Level martial technique, Surprise Cloud Palm.

Obviously, Fang Li had practiced the Surprise Cloud Palm to the Perfection of Martial Arts. His cultivation was extremely profound and far beyond mortal. The Surprise Cloud Palm he displayed could break out admirably wonderful power.

“Just take a chance!”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and took out the token of the Commandery Prince of Yunwu Commandery. “Captain Fang, what are you doing? I just came to the Primitive World of Wood Spirit to gain experience. How did I offend you?”

After seeing the token in Zhang Ruochen's hand, Fang Li's eyes returned to normal. He took his palms back.

The huge handprint above the sky dispersed.

All the pressure vanished.

"Yunwu Commandery Prince." Fang Li looked at the token carefully and frowned slightly.

The titles of nobility in the First Central Empire were divided into "Kings of Heaven", "Kings of Domains", and "Kings of Counties".

Thereinto, each title was divided into three grades.

The token in Zhang Ruochen's hand represented the nobility of the "inferior Commandery Prince". Among the titles of nobility, it was the lowest grade.

That is, the lowest nobility.

However, even the lowest nobility still belonged to nobility. And they had the qualifications to come to the Primitive World of Wood Spirit for experience.

It was as difficult as climbing up to the sky for a warrior to obtain a title of nobility, even if it was the lowest rank. He had to accumulate a considerable number of military merits in the Battlefield of the Primitive World to be awarded the title of nobility.

The possession of a title of nobility was equivalent to the government officials of the First Central Empire. People who had a title of nobility enjoyed preferential treatment and had access to many places that ordinary warriors couldn't go.

Zhang Ruochen had not put his experience in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit in the Ministry of the War records. Actually, he was wagering that Duanmu Xingling had already pulled some strings in the Moon Worship Demonic Sect to help him file in the Ministry of War.

Duanmu Xingling had visited the Primitive World of Wood Spirit and said that Zhang Ruochen had not filed in the Ministry of War.

She was going to pull some strings at the Moon Worship Demonic Sect and oversee the filing.

She had made arrangements with him to return to Chaotic Millionverse Mountain within ten days, thus she would definitely help him file. She might even have made some arrangements in advance.

Of course, all this was just Zhang Ruochen's speculation. He wasn't completely certain this had happened. He could only hope for now.

After all, the captains of the two teams were Monks in the Fourth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. They had the ability to fight warriors in other realms.

It was better not to fight unless it was necessary.

Fang Li's eyes kept changing. "Ye Chuan, is Zhang Ruochen, the Yunwu Commandery Prince on the record?"

Ye Chuan, took out a jade-carved letter, looked it over and nodded his head. "Yes."

Fang Li looked at Zhang Ruochen again. "Since you are the Commandery Prince of the Yunwu Commandery, I will not stop you, but there are a few things that I would like to ask. Did you just come from Blackwood Field?"

Zhang Ruochen stored the token and smiled. "I just discovered that there was great movement in the Blackwood Field. I thought there were some treasures to be found, so I went there looking for opportunity. However, I didn't dare go any further. It is said to be quite dangerous inside."

Fang Li looked into Zhang Ruochen's eyes, trying to gage whether he was lying. "A large number of treemen died in Blackwood Field. It must have been the work of a great master. Did you see anyone suspicious?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. "No. Do you have any other questions? If not, I'm going to go."

"No," Fang Li answered.

After Zhang Ruochen and Blackie left, the captain of the second team, Ye Chuan, rode the Purple Tigerliked Dragon

Beast up to Fang Li's side. He stared at the dark spot in the distance. "Fang Li, do you believe what he said?"

Fang Li looked rigorous. He shook his head. "Although he hid very well, I still think he is suspicious. His cultivation has just reached the Completion of Heaven Realm, but I couldn't even see through him. Such a person claims that he dared not to break into the Blackwood Field. Would you believe it?"

Ye Chuan stroked his spear silently and laughed. "Of course I don't believe it."

As he spat out the "I", the spear in his hand stabbed out quickly.

By the time he said "believe", his spear had pierced through Fang Li's backbone.

Fang Li's body split in two.

Such a great superior died so imperceptibly. He could never have expected that he would be killed by his teammate.

Ye Chuan looked unperturbed. He shook his arm quickly and Fang Li's dead body flew out.

With the bloody spear in his hand, he laughed. "Of course I don't believe it because he is totally a trespasser. However, since the Saintness wants me to help him and try to conceal his identity, I have no other choice but to kill you."

Chapter 505 - Returning

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

” Captain Ye, you... ”

The remaining sergeants of the patrol were astonished. They paused, staring at Ye Chuan.

Experienced sergeants knew that Ye Chuan was dangerous and immediately grabbed their lances in an attempt to defend themselves.

“What are you looking at? Don’t you know that the master of the Moon Worship Sect has killed people?”

Ye Chuan smiled mockingly and had a murderous look in his eyes. His body suddenly disappeared into black gas. From that black gas emerged 18 phantoms that flew towards the sergeants in the room.

The 18 phantoms possessed the bodies of the sergeants.

Ye Chuan still stood firmly on the back of a savage beast with a spear in his hand, as if he had not moved at all.

“Bang Bang!”

The sergeants of the patrol and the 18 beasts burst into a cloud of bloody fog, leaving nothing but several broken bones which fell from midair.

The pungent smell of blood lingered in the air.

“Too weak.”

Ye Chuan stood on the head of the purple tiger-like dragon. He fixed his gaze on Zhang Ruo Chen leaving and chased after him.

“Someone is chasing us. Maybe it’s the patrol who realized something was wrong and wanted to kill us,” Blackie said coldly.

Blackie emitted a black light and began gathering power to fight.

Zhang Ruochen calmly said, “No, he belongs to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. You should stop now. The senior sister apprentice, Duanmu, told him something.”

With his spiritual power, Zhang Ruochen could see objects a hundred miles away even without opening his sky eye.

He used his spiritual power to observe the patrol, which was how he knew exactly what had happened.

Ye Chuan chased after Zhang Ruochen and was surprised when Zhang stopped. He asked, “Why didn’t you escape when you saw me coming?”

Zhang Ruochen laughed and said, “You killed Fang Li and the 18 sergeants. Obviously, we are friends and not enemies. Why would I escape?”

“Really?”

Ye Chuan was keen on uncovering Zhang Ruochen’s strength, so he secretly mobilized his true chi and ran in through his meridians. He unexpectedly flew from the savage beast’s back.

He used sophisticated bodily movements and exhibited advanced martial techniques. He walked into the open space and stood on the smooth ground. He swiftly stabbed Zhang Ruochen with his spear, moving like lightning.

Ye Chuan barely had to use any strength to fight with a warrior of the Heaven Realm.

That being said, that little bit of Ye Chuan’s power is so strong that it is almost the same as a Tree Progenitor’s strongest attack.

Zhang Ruochen knew he was facing a superior and had to be careful. He gripped the handle of his weapon with certainty, raised his arms and swung it.

The first move made by the Sword of Time was swift and neat.

Though it seemed like just one move, the Sword of Time actually produces a series of moves simultaneously.

Zhang Ruochen just learned the “swift”, a move among thousands of moves he has yet to learn.

Zhang Ruochen preferred to make the first move with the Sword of Time using sword techniques called Swift Swordsmanship.

One move, one moment; one move, one change.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen quickly drew his sword and carved the top of Ye Chuan’s head.

Ye Chuan’s cap was sliced off by the sword, revealing long black hair that fell over his cheek.

Ye Chuan was shocked and quickly retreated onto the savage beast’s back. He stared at Zhang Ruochen who stood across him and said, “You moved your sword so fast. I would have been unable to avoid it if you had gone for my neck instead.”

Zhang Ruochen put away his sword and said, “If you had used all your strength, I might not have been able to cut off your cap.”

“You don’t have to be modest. I would not have been able to escape your sword even if I used all my strength. You were too fast,” Ye Chuan said.

Ye Chuan didn’t know that Zhang Ruochen’s sword technique contained the Power of Time. He was terrified at how fast Zhang Ruochen was able to draw his sword. He was still sweating all over.

At that moment, he felt like he almost died.

The Power of Time was harder to detect than the Power of Space because it left no trace.

Only the Half-Saint who was knowledgeable on the laws of the universe could feel the very faint changes of time.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen's Sword of Time still had its limitations. For one, it could only kill someone within a close range.

Its sword techniques were also disconnected and movements were made independently of one another.

If an enemy was not killed during the first strike their sword would not be able to move momentarily.

If Ye Chuan fought with Zhang Ruochen again, he might keep a distance of more than ten meters between them. In that case, even if Zhang Ruochen would be able to quickly draw his sword, he would not be able to hurt Ye Chuan.

Although Zhang Ruochen was able to secretly move swiftly, his technique would eventually be exposed. If he were to use it now, it would only be to test the power of this move for future use.

The Sword of Time was still full of power. If it were used, even a master like Ye Chuan could be killed.

Ye Chuan stared at Zhang Ruochen intensely and said, "Are you really a warrior of the Heaven Realm?"

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, "Of course."

Ye Chuan may suspect something over time. After all, he was the most intelligent person in the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. He had also reached the Heaven Realm and entered the Heaven Board.

Ye Chuan had reached the fourth change in the Fish-Dragon Realm but he almost died by the sword of a warrior of the Heaven Realm. Even if he told other people, no one would believe him.

Ye Chuan put away his spear and said, "No wonder you were chosen by the Saintness. You are unrivaled and I admire you."

Zhang Ruochen didn't know if Ye Chuan knew Duanmu Xingling's status. He then asked curiously, "Who is the Saintness?"

Ye Chuan laughed and said, "If the Saintness hasn't revealed her identity to you, maybe it is not time. However, she ordered

me to help you in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit, so I'll try my best to help you.”

Ye Chuan paused and contemplated for a few moments. He then turned serious and said, “Through my investigation, I have discovered that there is a great secret hidden in the depths of Blackwood Field. Since you've been there, can you tell me anything about it?”

Ye Chuan was obviously exploring the Blackwood Field secret to report it to the Moon Worship Demonic Heresy.

Maybe that's why he hid in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit.

The secret of Blackwood Field was of great importance.

After careful consideration, Zhang Ruochen decided to tell Ye Chuan something.

If Zhang Ruochen were to leave the Primitive World of Wood Spirit, the Qi of Origin would disappear and the whole world would begin to collapse.

An event of this scale would definitely disturb high levels of the Ministry of War, who would begin a thorough investigation. With their connections, Zhang Ruochen, who would have snuck into the Primitive World of Wood Spirit, would definitely be found.

The best course of action would be to let the Moon Worship Demonic Heresy stop the Ministry of War.

Zhang Ruochen explained, “There is an altar in the depths of the Blackwood Field, which was engraved with inscriptions. I assume it was made by the Psychic Sage.”

Zhang Ruochen's findings intrigued Ye Chuan. He turned serious and said, “I've also been to the depths of Blackwood Field and observed the altar from a distance. It seemed highly unusual, so ordinary people could not have built it.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I entered the altar and found something even more shocking.”

“What is it?” Ye Chuan asked.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Qi of Origin in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit has been suppressed under the altar.”

“What?” Ye Chuan was shocked.

His facial expression kept changing, unable to contain his thoughts and emotions until he realized the seriousness of this situation. Such an important finding had to be reported to the High-level of the Moon Worship Demonic Heresy.

Ye Chuan stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Why did the Ministry of War do this? What was the purpose?”

Zhang Ruochen laughed and said, “If you don’t know, how would I know? Besides, the Qi of Origin is very strong. I would not be able to get close to it.”

Ye Chuan nodded.

Ye Chuan wasn’t aware of the fact that the Qi of Origin in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit had been taken by Zhang Ruochen. After all, the Qi of Origin was quite powerful. Even though it was only the origin of Qi in the Inferior Primitive World, it could only be controlled by a Half-Saint.

Regardless of how great Zhang Ruochen’s swordsmanship was, he was only a warrior of the Heaven Realm. Before the Qi of Origin, he was nobody.

Zhang Ruochen said in a serious tone, “I want to go back to the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain immediately. I wonder if Captain Yek knows.”

Ye Chuan put his thoughts away and said, “The Saintness has already ordered and arranged it. I’ll take you to a Primitive World boat.”

Zhang Ruochen thought,

“She deserves to be the Saintness in the heresy because she has energy beyond the expectations of ordinary people.”

Amongst the Inferior Primitive World, the Primitive World of Wood Spirit was at the highest level. Even if the Ministry of War brought a command into effect, many noble young men would come forward for the experience.

Under Ye Chuan's leadership, Zhang Ruochen and Blackie got on a ship to return to the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain. There were also other noblemen on the ship.

While standing on the ship, Zhang Ruochen looked down and asked, "Captain Ye, why don't you return to the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain with us?"

Ye Chuan said with a smile, "I have to deal with some things first. When I'm done, I'll go back."

Zhang Ruochen nodded, understanding what Ye Chuan was saying.

Fang Li and the 18 sergeants died tragically, so he had to write an explanation. Ye Chuan wouldn't leave the Primitive World of Wood Spirit until he had handled it.

Ye Chuan watched the ship fly away from the ground. His eyes turned cold and he said, "What is the Ministry of War planning? I did not expect the Qi of Origin in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit to be suppressed under the altar. I have to report it to the Half-saint Tongxu immediately."

When it comes to the Qi of Origin in a Primitive World, Ye Chuan had to be very careful. He had to report it to the Half-saints of heresy and have them solve it.

Chapter 506 - Heir of Kunlun Field

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

For the past two weeks, all the warriors from Chaotic Millionverse Mountain had talked about was Huang Shenyi. He was first on the Heaven Board and was challenging Huang Yanchen.

When the news came out, everyone was very curious. Who was Huang Yanchen? Why had Huang Shenyi written her a letter of challenge?

Many masters on the Heaven Board had come to Chaotic Millionverse Mountain to watch the battle.

It was certainly not for Huang Yanchen, even though news of her beauty had spread among the younger generations.

The person they really were interested in was Huang Shenyi.

No one knew how many geniuses and talents had been born in Kunlun's Field. Only General Huang Shen Yi had accumulated more than 10 million military merits.

If things continued, he would be able to accumulate 30 million military merits and reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

Who didn't want to beat such a person?

The top ten masters on the Heaven Board wanted to see Huang Shenyi's true strength.

If they could defeat him, they would get more than 10 million military merits. They would then have the opportunity to enter the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

Below the stone tablet of the Heaven Board, was the Coliseum of the Martial Market. It had been opened by the Martial Market Bank and was dedicated to serving warriors of the Primitive World. If they won several consecutive battles in the Coliseum of the Martial Market, they would get a huge of Spiritual Crystals.

Of course, the longer their winning streak was, the higher the reward would be.

The Coliseum of the Martial Market was not too large; it could only hold 3,000 spectators. Ten days ago, all the tickets had sold out. The most valuable tickets even sold at the sky-high price of 50,000 Spiritual Crystals, but someone still rushed to buy them.

Today was the last day of the battle between Huang Shenyi and Huang Yanchen. The three thousand seats in the Coliseum were already filled.

“Huang Yanchen is not even ranked in the Eastern Region Saint Academy. Why is Huang Shenyi lowering himself and challenging her?” A young man wearing a blue jacket asked coldly.

It was Xun Long. He was ranked seventh on the Heaven Board and was the absolute superiority of Confucianism in the Central Region. His cultivation was unfathomable.

Zhuang Xingtian smiled. “Brother Xun, you may not be aware. Although Huang Yanchen cannot be regarded as a master, her fiancé is an unbeatable figure. It is said that he is the Buddha Emperor’s descendant. In my opinion, the man Huang Shenyi really wants to deal with is him.”

“Oh! Really?”

Xun Long was slightly surprised. He said, “I have been secluding myself for refining ‘Saint’s Fire’ for the past three years. I have never even heard of the Buddha Emperor’s descendant.”

This time, it was Zhuang Xingtian’s turn to be shocked. “Have you really ignited Saint’s Fire?”

Xun Long smiled. “I ignited Saint’s Fire three years ago. After three years of refining, the holy gas has filled my body. Saint’s Fire has spread all throughout my Meridians.”

The practice of Confucian Sect was different from that of warriors. They paid more attention to the practice of Spiritual Power. At the same time, they had to ignite Saint’s Fire in their bodies. This was regarded as surpassing mortals and entering into the Fish-dragon Realm.

Xun Long was quite invincible. He had ignited Saint’s Fire but still suppressed his realm at the Completion of the Heaven Realm.

After three years of refinement, his strength had gone a step further. He had practiced Saint’s Fire to the realm of Fire Refining Meridian.

Even for a monk in the Fish-dragon Realm, it was not an easy task to reach that realm.

Zhuang Xingtian sighed. “Brother Xun, for the sake of Huang Shenyi, release yourself from refining.”

Xun Long was quite proud of himself. He smiled faintly. “Huang Shenyi is indeed a genius, the likes of which we have not seen for 100 years. Unfortunately for him, he met me at a bad time. Defeating him three years ago was not difficult. After three years, I have only one goal, to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.”

Xun Long’s gaze was fixed on Zhuang Xingtian. “Don’t be so hard on yourself. Seven years ago, you were already the sixth person on the Heaven Board. For the past seven years, you have been experiencing life overseas and fighting savage beasts in the sea area. Is there any improvement in your strength?”

Zhuang Xingtian nodded his head and smiled. “There are indeed some improvements.”

Xun Long said, “I remembered seven years ago, you practiced Life-death Seal to the realm of Hairbreadth Escape on the fifth floor. Now you have reached the sixth level, the Realm of Destined Death, right?”

When Zhuang Xingtian's expression lifted, there was a glimpse of pride in his eyes. "No, it is the seventh level, 'No Distinction Between Life and Death'."

The smile on Xun Long's face suddenly disappeared. "You are too ambitious. You want to use Huang Shenyi as a stepping stone to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm."

"We're both in the same boat." Zhuang Xingtian smiled. "I also had an adventure, otherwise it would have been impossible to break through to the seventh level."

Xun Long said, "Huang Yanchen and the Buddha Emperor's descendant, are too young. They are certainly no match for Huang Shenyi. So, today it may be just you and I that can defeat Huang Shenyi. Brother Zhuang, do you want to go first?"

Zhuang Xingtian shook his head and laughed. "Let it be. I am very interested in the Buddha Emperor's descendant. Let him fight against Huang Shenyi first. I will fight later."

Xun Long snorted coldly. "The Buddha Emperor's descendant has an unearned reputation. He does not dare to fight with Huang Shenyi. You may be willing to wait. I don't want to wait any longer."

He stood up and flew to the center of the Heavenly Ring.

Beneath his feet, purple air was flowing. It was Confucian Sect's awe-inspiring righteousness.

Huang Shenyi closed his eyes and stood in the center of the Heavenly Ring. He felt a sense of awe-inspiring righteousness. He opened his eyes slowly and looked around.

At this moment, Xun Long appeared and stood opposite him.

"Huang Shenyi, you do not have to wait," Xun Long said. "I see that the Buddha Emperor's descendant is afraid to come to the Coliseum. I will fight with you."

Huang Shenyi stared at him carefully. "Xun Long, seventh on the Heaven Board?"

"Yes, it is me." Xun Long was full of air.

There was an uproar. No one had expected that the first man to fight with Huang Shenyi would be Xun Long, a man of equal prestige.

“He is a genius from the Aristocratic Family of Saint Xun. He is said to have ignited Saint’s Fire three years ago. Has he still not broken through to Fish-dragon Realm?”

“He is only a disciple, don’t take it too seriously.”

“What do you know? Xun Long has indeed ignited Saint’s Fire. He could be deliberately suppressing the realm, trying to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.”

“Three years ago, his cultivation was so scary. I wonder what he is like now?”

“This was worth it! We can see a confrontation between Huang Shenyi and Xun Long. This ticket was worth every penny.”

Originally, the spectators had felt that Huang Yanchen and Zhang Ruochen were too weak. If they fought with Huang Shenyi, they would likely be killed in one move. There would be nothing to see.

However, the appearance of Xun Long made everyone excited.

The Heaven Board’s 676-meter-high stone tablet, was like a giant rectangular stone mountain on the side of the Coliseum.

Standing on top of it, you could clearly see the fighting inside.

Of course, the Heaven Board was very sacred. If someone dared to climb the stone tablet, even if they were a Half-Saint, they would be killed by the Vessel Spirit of the Heaven Board.

However, two people stood at the top.

One was an elder, and the other was a young woman wearing a veil.

The elder wore a purple robe and his head was full of white hair, giving a sage-like demeanor. If Zhang Ruochen was here, he would be able to recognize him. It was the Vessel Spirit of the Heaven Board.

The woman sitting on the opposite side of the Vessel Spirit of Heaven Board was covered in a faint haze. One could only vaguely see her perfect and flawless figure, and that she possessed snow white skin like jade. She was full of mysterious beauty.

Permitted to sit opposite the Vessel Spirit, she was not an ordinary person. She was a very mysterious person in the Eastern Region, even in the entire Kunlun's Field, the Saint Lady.

The only thing that the world knew about her was that she wrote the

Eastern Region Report

.
She held a book in one hand and a pen in the other. Her voice was soft and beautiful. In a leisurely manner, she said, "Ten days ago, the Empress gave a secret order and asked me to give her a list of heirs. The list is a matter of great importance and relates to the future of Kunlun's Field. I did not dare make a quick uninformed judgement so I came to ask the predecessors of the Heaven Board."

The Vessel Spirit's expression changed. "Empress' cultivation is omnipotent (reach the sky and piece the earth) and life is long. It's possible she could live another thousand years. How can she suddenly think about picking an Heir for Kunlun Field? Is she trying to abdicate?"

The so-called "Heir of Kunlun Field" was the son of Kunlun's Field. He would succeed the emperor in the future and become the master of Kunlun's Field.

The Saint Lady shook her head. "The Empress' heart is not something that we can see. According to her, we need to pick out nine heirs from Kunlun Field to start with, and each one must be a genius. Predecessor, do you think Huang Shenyi is qualified to be the first candidate for heir of Kunlun Field?"

The Vessel Spirit smiled. "Young lady, you are already a Psychic Sage. Your ability of seeing and knowing people is

already above mine. Do you really need to ask me for a small thing like this?”

Saint Lady replied, “Huang Shenyi’s current strength has certainly reached the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. However, in this era, geniuses are coming out in large numbers, and the dragons and fish are jumbled together. It is difficult to determine.”

The Vessel Spirit said, “I can only tell you this. Huang Shenyi reached the Ultimate Realm of the Yellow Realm. If he has also reached Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm, he has reached the Ultimate Realm twice. He could have great potential.”

“I see.”

Her beautiful eyes brightened slightly. The pen in her hand moved gently as she wrote the name “Huang Shenyi” on the scroll.

Of course, this did not mean that Huang Shenyi was already a candidate for Heir of Kunlun Field, just that his name had been temporarily written. The Saint Lady also had to personally meet him to determine whether he was suitable as a potential candidate.

Chapter 507 - Cultivated Divine Body and Xuanwu

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Huang Shenyi and Xun Long began fighting on the Heavenly Ring.

Both Huang Shenyi and Xun Long were very powerful. Their fight lasted for 130 moves in succession and the winner still could not be determined.

“Saint’s Fire.”

Xun Long was full of rage. He clenched his fists and ignited indigo sparks from his body. His Confucian scholar costume burst into flames and produced a crackling sound, before turning into ashes.

The meridians beneath his skin turned completely blue, as though they were chains of flame. They were weaving into a net inside Xun Long.

Huang Shenyi squinted and said, “You’ve practiced Saint’s Fire to such a realm. It seems that your Cultivated Divine Body should have reached Small Success.”

Xun Long had a Saintly Being, which was called the “Cultivated Divine Body.”

Generally speaking, only a man of the Fish-dragon Realm could practice his Saintly Being into reaching Small Success. In this way, he could really encourage the strength of a Saintly Being.

Those whose Saintly Being achieved Small Success could defeat many enemies of the same realm.

For example, if a Monk of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm were to practice his Saintly Being into the Realm of Small Success, he would be able to fight with 100 Monks of the same realm by himself.

He would be able to defeat a group of people single-handedly.

Most importantly, none of the Monks who could break through to the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm were weak.

Xun Long was stronger than the other Saintly Beings of Small Success because he had practiced his Saintly Being into Small Success when he was at the Completion of Heaven Realm, which was deemed incredible.

“Those who had Saintly Being of Small Success, might not be invincible when competing with those of the same realm.”

Huang Shenyi’s eyes became very sharp and a light white spot appeared between the eyebrows.

“Swoosh!”

A meter long Holy Sword flew out between his eyebrows and landed in his hand.

It looked like a sword but did not have sword edges. Instead, it was like a pen made of black iron.

Huang Shenyi held the Holy Sword and spun it quickly, drawing a sword circle with a diameter of ten meters around his body. As the sword began glowing, some inscriptions appeared on the edges and suspended in the air to form an array.

Xun Long’s arms were completely wrapped in blue Saint Fire. Then he threw a punch.

Light from the array emerged and turned into a light cover.

“Boom!”

Xun Long smashed the light cover with one strike.

With unstoppable power, he clenched his fists and aimed it at Huang Shenyi. As one would imagine, once struck by his fist, Huang Shenyi would fall apart.

Huang Shenyi looked dignified. He took a step back and used a Holy Sword to draw a sword circle in the ground again.

Huang Shenyi drew seven sword circles in succession, forming seven arrays which could withstand the power of Xun Long's punch.

After Xun Long threw a punch, Huang Shenyi took a step forward and stabbed Xun Long's lower abdomen quickly.

Although he had a Saintly Being of Small Success, Xun Long did not dare to block the Holy Sword's strike with his body.

He immediately retreated and kept his distance from Huang Shenyi. Then, he threw another punch and hit the body of the Holy Sword. With a bang, the Holy Sword swerved in another direction, away from where it was initially headed.

“Bang Bang!”

The two continued to fight against each other and could not stop fighting.

There were sword radiance and firelight everywhere in the Coliseum.

At the top of the stone tablet of

Heaven Board

, Saint Lady nodded and said, “One could consider Huang Shenyi a genius in martial arts. In using of the array, he has also reached the realm of a master. As for his sword technique, he has accomplished Heart Integrated into Sword. If my eyes do not deceive me, his spiritual power has also reached the 41st level.”

“He is close to being flawless and is very well-rounded. Only a few people of the same realm would be able to fight him.”

“Xun Long is a young king in the Central Region and has been called a rare Genius by Xun Family. In fact, Emperor Wen who was one of the Nine Emperors 800 years ago, is as strong as Xun Long.”

The Vessel Spirit of the

Heaven

Board

nodded, saying, “The Xun Family of the Central Region is one of the eight Aristocratic Families in Confucianism in the Middle Age. They have a long history and have built a profound foundation. Xun Long has been deemed a once-in-a-thousand-year genius of the Xun Family because he has his own special talents. However, although he could fight the young Emperor Wen, it may be hard for him to be as good as Emperor Wen.”

The Yellow Realm, the Black Realm, the Earth Realm, and the Heaven Realm were the four mortal realms. If a man had great intelligence, it meant that he had a better foundation. However, it did not guarantee his ability to become a Saint.

Not to mention the level of Emperor Wen.

The most important factor in becoming a Saint was one’s mind.

Alternatively, an untalented yet strong-willed man could gradually move forward by doing solid work. Those with great potential may even surpass the formers.

Those who demonstrated exceptional talents at the Four Mortal Realms may not be able to move on because of their weak mentality. They began falling behind at the Fish-dragon Realm and achieved very little success.

Regardless of how talented people at the Four Mortal Realms were, reaching the Ultimate Realm in each realm just meant that they had higher starting points.

Only upon reaching the Fish-dragon Realm could they judge who were the real dragons or fish.

If you were a dragon, you might be able to practice and advance from the First Change to Nine Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in just a few years.

If you were a fish, it would be difficult to succeed even if you tried hard throughout your life.

Of course, other than talent and mind, there were other factors to take into consideration. Only those who were outstanding in

various aspects could be candidates for the Heir of Kunlun Field.

Saint Lady said, “Xun Long was talented and could become one of the candidates for the Heir of Kunlun Field. Write his name down and conduct an investigation.”

After saying that, Saint Lady began writing “Xun Long” on the scroll.

The Vessel Spirit of the

Heaven Board

laughed and said, “This era reminds me of the period a thousand years ago when men of talent came out in succession. But finally, only the Nine Emperors grew up. Some of the other talents died an unnatural death, while the others exhausted their potential. In the end, they all failed to become the strongest. After all, only a few people could succeed after a fierce fight.”

“The era of the Nine Emperors has passed and a new era has come,” said Saint Lady.

...

Suddenly, there was a change in the Coliseum.

“It’s time to put an end to this!”

Huang Shenyi clasped his palms together, holding the Holy Sword between his hands.

A black vortex appeared behind him and swallowed all Spiritual Qi and light. A strong power that from ancient times merged with his body.

When the power burst, all the warriors in the Coliseum of the Martial Market felt suffocated and trembled with fear.

Xun Long also felt a tremendous pressure. He raised his head, opened his mouth, and roared loudly.

“Crackle!”

Xun Long’s body generated a loud noise. His bones stretched outward, making him 10 meters tall, turning him into a Fire

Skull Titan.

Words flew out from the Fire Skull Titan's skeleton one by one like a starry sky and were arranged based on a strange rule.

The power of Small Success of Cultivated Divine Body was completely triggered.

His bones, like a sealed book, sent out a lot of Spiritual Qi.

“Boom!”

The clash from their strikes meeting blew them both backward.

The difference was that Xun Long fell off the Heavenly Ring and Huang Shenyi still had half his feet on the edge of the Coliseum.

Xun Long's body contracted and restored its original appearance. He stared closely at Huang Shenyi who was standing on the Coliseum and felt lost, saying, “What's the power of your last move?”

Huang Shenyi also withdrew his power and said coldly, “It's the power of Xuanwu, an ancient mythical beast. When I experienced it in the Primitive World of Xuan Wu, I risked my life for an adventure to gain the inheritance of Xuanwu.” “So you were doomed to lose. However, you should be grateful because you're the first person to come out of a fight with me alive.”

“Really? You were just lucky enough to win by half a move. The next time we fight, I may not lose.” Xun Long was extremely arrogant and could not admit defeat. He snorted and returned to the Spectator Stand.

“The inheritance of the ancient Mythical Beast Xuanwu?”

All the warriors present gasped.

Duanmu Xingling who stood on the Spectator Stand looked dignified and said, “Huang Shenyi was lucky to receive Xuanwu's inheritance. It is said that Xuanwu's power is strong enough to kill Gods.”

Huang Yanchen furrowed her brows and firmly said, "Let me go into this war. Huang Shenyi's power is so frightening that even if Zhang Ruochen were to return, he would still not be able to defeat Huang Shenyi. If someone must die, let me go!"

"Yanchen, why would Huang Shenyi not kill Zhang Ruochen if he could kill you? If you went into the Coliseum now, you would die," Duanmu Xingling said.

Huang Yanchen, Duanmu Xingling, and even Ao Xinyan who was confident in Zhang Ruochen's strength worried about him after seeing how powerful Huang Shenyi is.

She secretly prayed in her heart.

"Zhang Ruochen, I wish you never came back. The fight was hopeless. No one was worthy of being Huang Shenyi's opponent in the same realm."

Once Zhang Ruochen came back, he must fight Huang Shenyi. The result was certain. It would be difficult to save his life.

Huang Shenyi stood on the Coliseum and stared at Huang Yanchen, saying, "Commandery Princess Yanchen, you promised to fight me by today. Were you speaking the truth? If you are afraid to fight, I would let you off because you are a woman."

"Huang Shenyi, are you laughing at me?", Huang Yanchen stood up and said angrily.

Huang Shenyi said, "No, I would not dare to do such a thing. After all, your father was the Half-Saint of East Region Saint Mansions. Laughing at you would mean I was also laughing at your father."

Huang Yanchen clenched her fingers very angrily.

Saint Lady stood on top of the stone tablet of Heaven Board and slightly frowned. She thought Huang Shenyi's was acting despicably. He threatened a woman whose cultivation was far lower than his and lacked a broad vision or a selfless mind.

Someone who could become a supreme dominator, regardless of the path they follow, be it evil, righteous, or even demonic would hardly be of a narrow mind.

At that moment outside the Coliseum of the Martial Market, appeared a faint voice, “Huang Shenyi, did you not know that if you want to challenge her, you must defeat me first. If you do not win, what qualifications do you have to challenge her?”

Zhang Ruochen who wore a martial robe came inside, looking as though he has travelled a long way. His body was still covered in dust. It was clear that he had just returned to the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain and immediately came to Coliseum of the Martial Market.

Zhang Ruochen had stayed in the Primitive World of Wood Spirit for nearly a month. Throughout the month, he had not fully-rested once and either practiced or fought with the treeman. No matter how strong his Spiritual Power was, he could not withstand it.

Upon walking into the Coliseum of the Martial Market, he looked very different and exhausted. However, he still stood up straight. He walked into Heavenly Ring step by step and said, “You should have known that she is my fiancée. Whoever wanted to challenge her should first defeat me.”

Chapter 508 - Avatar of Sword Qi

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen's appearance created quite a stir in the Coliseum of the Martial Market.

After all, Zhang Ruochen was the 16th master on the Heaven Board

and held the title of The Successor of Buddha. Instead of Huang Yanchen, people were now anticipating his fight with Huang Shenyi.

“Zhang Ruochen...unexpectedly, he really came back...”

Ao Xinyan looked at Huang Yanchen who was not far away, feeling complicated and worried.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen's opponent, Huang Shenyi, ranked first on the

Heaven Board

.

Based on the strength that he had just displayed, Huang Shenyi seemed almost invincible, like an unbeatable warlord.

Moreover, according to legend, nobody had walked off the Coliseum alive after fighting Huang Shenyi except for Xun Long.

However, could Zhang Ruochen's strength even be compared to Xun Long's?

Ao Xinyan was very certain about Zhang Ruochen's strength – although he was indeed very strong, he was still too young. At least for now, he was not comparable with superiors like Xun Long and Huang Shenyi.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen appear, Orange Star Emissary sneered and said, “Had Zhang Ruochen hidden and practiced for a few years, he might have caught up with Yellow God Emissary. I didn't expect that he would be so stupid as to come back in advance. After today, there won't be any more Buddha Emperor's descendant.”

Having heard Zhang Ruochen's words, Huang Yanchen was naturally very touched, however, what Orange Star Emissary said made sense: It was not the right time for Zhang Ruochen to come back.

If he died under Huang Shenyi's sword because of her, she would never be able to forgive herself.

Huang Yanchen quickly walked down from the Spectator Stand and stopped Zhang Ruochen who was about to appear in the Coliseum. With her beautiful royal blue eyes staring into his, she shook her head.

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, “Senior sister apprentice, it is just Huang Shenyi, there is nothing to worry about.”

“This trouble I caused, let me deal with it myself. As for cultivation, you're... a little bit more profound than me. In the future, you can avenge me.”

There was a firm and resolute look in Huang Yanchen's eyes.

As always, Huang Yanchen was very arrogant and unyielding, pressing forward with an indomitable will.

She felt that she alone should answer for what she did. She did not want to involve Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen reached out and grasped Huang Yanchen's wrist, saying, “We have a long future ahead. If whenever there is trouble you always go and solve it yourself, then of what use am I? You are my fiancée. It is my duty to stand in front of you and protect you from the storm, right?”

Huang Yanchen's white teeth tightly bit her lips as tears sparkled in her eyes before teardrops finally slipped down her face.

Duanmu Xingling heard Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen's words from afar. Seeing their closeness, she felt somewhat envious and distressed.

Huang Shenyi was smiling smugly on top of the Heavenly Ring.

It didn't matter how despicable his methods were, he had achieved his goal and forced Zhang Ruochen out.

He had previously been defeated by Di Yi when he ran for the position of young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall, however, he had not been convinced. He had always thought that he was more outstanding than Di Yi.

Di Yi only became the young master because he had a stronger family background. When it came to talent, he believed that he was superior to Di Yi.

Di Yi had not only been defeated by Zhang Ruochen, he had even lost the Demon's Heart, bringing disgrace to the Black Market Excellence Hall.

By his estimation, if he could defeat Zhang Ruochen, or even kill him, then the high-level leaders of the Black Market Excellence Hall would certainly reconsider and he would be appointed as young master.

"Zhang Ruochen, today is the day of your death!"

After he obtained Xuanwu heritage, the first person Huang Shenyi had wanted to deal with was Di Yi. However, since Zhang Ruochen had appeared, then he would kill Zhang Ruochen first. With such an achievement, would anyone refuse to obey his orders when he returned to the Black Market Excellence Hall?

Huang Yanchen retreated. Zhang Ruochen ascended the Heavenly Ring with firm and steady steps until he stood in front of Huang Shenyi.

With one hand holding a sword and the other behind his back, Huang Shenyi spoke, “Zhang Ruochen, you’re too impulsive. You will ruin your future for a woman. With your talent, you had great potential to become a saint as long as you did not encounter me. Why do you have to do such a stupid thing?”

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, “You have been waiting for me. How could I disappoint you?”

Coldness entered Huang Shenyi’s eyes as he said, “Do you still think you can leave the Coliseum alive today? Don’t you think I can chop your head off before you can even give in?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “Give in? Why should I give in?”

Huang Shenyi had thought that Zhang Ruochen would immediately give in or flee after stepping onto the Coliseum. This way, he could have saved his life even if he lost face.

However, he never thought that Zhang Ruochen would be so arrogant as to really want to fight with him. “Haha! Zhang Ruochen, do you think that by defeating Di Yi you are now invincible amid your contemporaries? I have the inheritance of the ancient Mythical Beast Xuanwu. If you fight with me, you’d be like an egg trying to crush a stone.”

“It’s just Xuanwu heritage, not the real Mythical Beast Xuanwu itself. Even the strongest person in the world may eventually taste defeat, not to mention...you are not.” Zhang Ruochen said indifferently.

“Humph! Against you, I am more than enough.”

Huang Shenyi wanted to stop this meaningless debate with Zhang Ruochen. In his eyes, the moment that Zhang Ruochen stepped onto the Heavenly Ring he was already a dead man.

“Zhang Ruochen, your sword technique cultivation is not that good, right? Then I’ll defeat you with my sword technique. Let me show you who the real master is.”

“Clash!”

Huang Shenyi moved his finger and the Holy Sword in his hand turned into a black light, flying out toward Zhang

Rouchen's heart.

Zhang Ruochen felt a little surprised with Huang Shenyi's Sword Defending Technique. He did not expect that Huang Shenyi's sword technique was so profound that he had realized Heart Integrated into Sword.

However, Huang Shenyi was only at the Initial Stage, but Zhang Ruochen was already at the Intermediate Stage.

Zhang Ruochen combined two fingers to form a sword skill and pointed forward. With a clash, the Abyss Ancient Sword flew out of the sheath – it was also a Sword Defending Technique move.

“Clang! Clang!”

The two Holy Swords quickly clashed over the Coliseum.

Sword Qi flew out of the blade, turning into thousands of sword shadows, passing around the two people, colliding and attacking each other.

Zhang Ruochen stood still like a God of Swordsmanship. With the Heart of the Sword he controlled Sword Qi, turning it into a deluge of Sword Qi, initiating an active attack against Huang Shenyi.

That blast of Sword Qi was formed from the convergence of hundreds of sword shadows, threatening to devour Huang Shenyi.

“His sword technique is surprisingly powerful!”

Realizing that Zhang Ruochen's sword technique realm was above his, Huang Shenyi knew that he could not defeat Zhang Ruochen with only the power of sword technique.

“Break!”

He suddenly took a step forward, grasped the hilt, mobilized Genuine Qi throughout his entire body, and swung the sword toward the deluge of Sword Qi that was moving past.

With a boom, the torrent of Sword Qi dissipated with just one stroke of Huang Shenyi's sword.

“Clang!”

However, the Abyss Ancient Sword flew out from behind the flow of sword Qi and struck towards Huang Shenyi's glabella.

Huang Shenyi's reaction was extremely fast. He immediately swung his sword and hit the body of the Abyss Ancient Sword, deflecting the sword technique.

“Swoosh!”

The Abyss Ancient Sword spun in the air, curving, and then moving behind Huang Shenyi before it stabbed toward his back.

In a flash, the sword had penetrated Huang Shenyi's Celestial Bodyshield.

Quickly turning around, Huang Shenyi held his sword with both hands and once again was on the defensive.

With straight arms, he continuously injected Genuine Qi into the sword blade, stimulating the power of the Holy Sword before stabbing out.

The edges of the two swords collided with each other.

Tremendous power passed from Huang Shenyi's arms to his legs and then to the ground.

Under the impact of that power, a loud crash shook the whole Heavenly Ring. Without the protection of the Inscription of Array, the Coliseum would have probably been torn apart.

Just as Huang Shenyi thought that he had warded off the Abyss Ancient Sword, from both sides of its blade flew out two Sword Qi illusory images, aiming at Huang Shenyi's eyes.

“How is it possible?”

Huang Shenyi's face changed. At the critical moment, all power in his body was mobilized. A whirlwind surged up from his feet and he quickly withdrew his sword and retreated.

Although the two currents of Sword Qi did not hit his eyes, one of them had flown by his temple, cutting the skin and leaving a half-inch-long wound.

Huang Shenyi retreated to the edge of the Heavenly Ring before stopping. He stared at Zhang Ruochen across him with

amazement, “Avatar of Sword Qi – you’ve reached the Intermediate Stage of Heart Integrated into Sword?”

“Swoosh!”

The two Avatars of Sword Qi flew back and reunited with the Abyss Ancient Sword.

Zhang Ruochen reached his hand out and grasped the hilt of the Abyss Ancient Sword. He sighed lightly, “Such a pity, so close.”

That blow just now, it was indeed such a pity.

Had Huang Shenyi’s reaction been slightly slower, the two Avatars of Sword Qi could have penetrated his head.

The most important sign of the initial stage of Heart Integrated into Sword was to condense the Heart of the Sword and display the Sword Defending Technique.

A flying sword could kill people tens of miles away.

The most important sign of the Intermediate Stage was to display the Avatar of Sword Qi.

When the cultivation of a warrior reaches a certain level, he would be able to condense the avatar, which could help him carry out tasks.

So with the sword.

Upon reaching the Intermediate Stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword, warriors could make the sword condense into the Avatar of Sword Qi.

The Avatar of Sword Qi was condensed from 99 currents of sword Qi. Although its bursts of power were not as good as that of the sword itself, it was surprisingly effective, making it difficult to guard against.

“Boom!”

The battle in the Heavenly Ring caused an uproar in the audience.

The warriors who were present were all shocked, jaws dropping. They never thought that Zhang Ruochen was so

powerful.

Chapter 509 - Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Huang Shenyi's massive strength had been witnessed by everyone present.

Even Xun Long, who was superior, was only able to force Huang Shenyi to step backward before finally getting defeated.

It was thought that with Zhang Ruochen's strength, he would not be able to resist even one move from Huang Shenyi.

Nobody expected that Zhang Ruochen would be so powerful that he could hurt Huang Shenyi while standing motionless and using only the power of sword technique.

Someone exclaimed, "However strong you are, there will always be someone stronger. For every able person, there is always one still abler."

Watching from the Spectator Stand, both Duanmu Xingling and Huang Yanchen were slightly relieved.

Duanmu Xingling gently touched her pointed chin with her five slender, jade-like fingers. Her round eyes had a look of astonishment. "Zhang Ruochen's strength has reached such a remarkable level, no wonder he was so confident."

In the past, Duanmu Xingling was confident about her strength. As long as she unleashed the seal power, she was certain she could easily defeat Zhang Ruochen.

But now, she felt that even if she unlocked the seal and used all her strength, she would not be able to defeat Zhang Ruochen.

“He...is unexpectedly so formidable...” Orange Star Emissary seemed at a loss, staring at Zhang Ruochen in amazement.

Just half a month ago, Zhang Ruochen was even weaker than Pei Ji.

After only half a month, he was now able to contend with Huang Shenyi.

“Zhang Ruochen claimed that he would go to the Primitive World of Wood Spirit for an important matter. Did his strength advance rapidly because of that important matter?”

Orange Star Emissary mood was extremely complicated.

The more powerful Zhang Ruochen was, the more difficult it would be for her to escape. Now, she could only hope that Huang Shenyi was only beaten back because he had underestimated the enemy.

Huang Shenyi had the inheritance of Xuanwu, so he could certainly reverse the situation.

Zhuang Xingtian, who ranked sixth on the Heaven Board

, looked amazed and said, “In the Heaven Realm, Zhang Ruochen has already reached the intermediate stage of the Heart Integrated into Sword. He is truly a genius of sword technique. Among his contemporaries, those who want to have a sword fight with him will probably lose. Huang Shenyi getting this far is already pretty good.”

Xun Long snorted in contempt and said, “This Buddha Emperor’s descendant indeed has an incomparable attainment in sword technique. However, Huang Shenyi’s strength is not merely manifested in sword technique.”

“Huang Shenyi’s real strength lies in his talent in the array. Together with the inheritance of Xuanwu, he’s almost flawless.”

“No matter how brilliant the Buddha Emperor’s descendant’s sword technique is, can it break the defense of Xuanwu?”

Zhuang Xingtian also nodded and said, “Without the inheritance of Xuanwu, Huang Shenyi will definitely lose the fight today. However, since he has the inheritance of Xuanwu, he is practically invincible. He has at least 80 percent chance of winning.”

On the Coliseum.

Huang Shenyi hid his contempt, fixed his eyes on Zhang Ruochen and said, “Zhang Ruochen, I seem to have underestimated you. With the strength you’ve shown, you’ve made me determined to take this fight with you seriously.”

“Ah! Your strength is pretty good, too. However, your disposition is worse than Di Yi’s. I’m afraid that you’ll lose today,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Huang Shenyi hated when others compared him with Di Yi; his heart was filled with senseless anger.

Huang Shenyi shoved his left palm forward. In the center of his palm, a black hole suddenly appeared.

If someone were to watch the black hole carefully, they would find that a few wisps of wind were rotating around it.

“Swoosh! Swoosh!”

Six three-foot-long golden swords flew from the center of his palm consecutively. Suspended above the ground, it surrounded Zhang Ruochen, forming a sword array.

“Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying.”

Six blasts of Genuine Qi flew from the center of Huang Shenyi’s palm and were separately infused into the six golden swords.

The Six-hilt Golden Sword was a holy weapon. Under the impetus of Genuine Qi, inscriptions began to appear on the surface of the blade.

Suddenly, all the inscriptions flew out, interwove and converged with each other like a cobweb, before forming a

giant illusory image of Xuanwu.

If observed from afar, it looked just like a giant Xuanwu laying on the Heavenly Ring, its enormous body covering the Coliseum completely.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen was in the shadow of the illusory image of Xuanwu as well, pressed under its body.

“Huang Shenyi has six golden swords at the level of Holy Weapon. It seems that he indeed has the inheritance of Xuanwu. I wonder, did he obtain any other treasure aside from the Six-hilt Divine Sword?”

“Huang Shenyi already has a particularly high attainment on the array. Now, with the aid of the Six-hilt Divine Sword, his fighting strength will be enhanced. No matter how outstanding Zhang Ruochen’s sword technique is, he won’t be able to resist anymore!”

Even some Half-Saint families hold only one Holy Weapon as the Family Treasure.

Huang Shenyi, on the other hand, took out six swords successively, which was indeed enviable and terrifying. With so many holy weapons, in the same realm, who could oppose Huang Shenyi?

Under the suppression of the illusory image of Xuanwu, Zhang Ruochen’s body trembled violently. He felt as if a huge iron mountain was pressing upon his body, all his bones almost crushed into pieces.

“Zhang Ruochen, since you were able to force me to use the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying, even if you die in the Coliseum, you’re already particularly extraordinary.”

Huang Shenyi sneered, a hideous expression on his face.

He immediately mobilized his Spiritual Power and melded it into the black Holy Sword in his hand. Then, using the holy sword as a pen, he inscribed the boundary of the sword array with the Inscription of Array.

As the number of Inscription of Array increased, and the pattern of inscriptions of sword array became more

complicated, the power of sword array was strengthened as well.

The illusory image of Xuanwu became more and more solid, like a real Xuanwu that had come from the Reckless Waste, passed through time and space, and come to the Coliseum, giving people a sense of depression and suffocation.

Even those who stood on the Spectator Stand could feel the overwhelming pressure, making their legs tremble.

At the top of the stone tablet of the Heaven Board, Saint Lady's eyes sank as she said, "Confronted with the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying, Zhang Ruochen still won't give in?"

Saint Lady didn't despise Zhang Ruochen. On the contrary, she thought highly of him and had already written his name on the scroll.

Therefore, she didn't want such a genius to die in the Coliseum.

"If he could give in, why must he still hold on?"

As long as the green hills were there, one needed not worry about firewood.

Vessel Spirit of the

Heaven Board

said with a smile, "Though Zhang Ruochen looks easygoing, his heart is actually very proud. How could he easily give in?"

Saint Lady sighed and said, "Unfortunately, the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying is so powerful that a warrior of the Heaven Realm can't withstand it. Can we only watch him die in the sword array?"

"Not necessarily," Vessel Spirit of the

Heaven Board

said.

Saint Lady's expression changed as she said, "Could it be that Predecessor knows that Zhang Ruochen still holds other trump

cards?”

Vessel Spirit shook its head and said, “I can’t see through him either. He seems to be covered by a layer of mist to hide all his secrets.”

“Predecessor, is there such a thing that you can’t see through?”

Saint Lady puckered her lips slightly and chuckled. She didn’t believe that Vessel Spirit could not see through Zhang Ruochen. She believed that it just didn’t want to tell her Zhang Ruochen’s secrets.

After all, Vessel Spirit was the deceased sage of the Martial Market Bank.

Zhang Ruochen was one of the most remarkable talents in the young generation of the Martial Market Bank. It was normal that the Vessel Spirit would refuse to tell his secret to her.

Vessel Spirit of the

Heaven Board

just laughed and said, “Young girl, you’re so smart. However, as the proverb goes, clever persons may be fooled by their own cleverness. I really can’t see through Zhang Ruochen, I have no need to deceive you. It is precisely because I can’t see through him that I don’t believe he will die in the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying.”

Saint Lady did not make any comment but just said, “Predecessor, if you don’t want to say too much, I won’t ask you anymore. If he doesn’t die in the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying, I’ll go see him and find out his secrets myself. Predecessor, you should believe that I can do it.”

Right then, Saint Lady uttered a surprised “eh,” softly and looked down toward the Heavenly Ring. She said, “What’s he doing now?”

In the center of the sword array, Zhang Ruochen had begun to move his body slowly, following the footwork, he moved his feet gently. He also began to move his arms, slowly making handprints.

In such a critical moment, he was practicing the palm technique called the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm while within the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying.

As he struck out handprints faster and faster, the Dragon Pearl in his heart started to rotate rapidly. The surface of the Dragon Pearl glittered with bright golden radiance.

“The greater the pressure is, the stronger the power of Dragon Pearl becomes.”

When he struck out the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm for the seventh time, his body suddenly burst out with a deafening dragon roar.

“Divine Dragon Transformation!”

Golden scales began to emerge on the surface of Zhang Ruochen’s skin. His arms and legs turned into dragon claws. He turned into a golden dragon that was more than ten feet long.

“Boom!” The giant golden dragon crashed through the illusory image of Xuanwu, circling around the Heaven Stage, and then striking at Huang Shenyi’s head with a golden claw.

In Huang Shenyi’s eyes, the dragon claw grew larger and larger until his pupils were completely reflecting gold.

“Not good!”

Huang Shenyi reacted quickly and immediately took one step to the left.

Even so, the golden dragon claw still swiped his right shoulder.

With a crack, the bones of his right shoulder were smashed into powder. Half of his body grew numb.

Huang Shenyi flew out at an oblique angle before falling to the ground awkwardly. His mouth was full of blood, and even the black Holy Sword was thrown out of his hand before finally slipping below the Coliseum.

Without any hesitation, Huang Shenyi turned over and stood up, then rushed into the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God

Slaying.

“Awoo!”

In order to continue the triumphant chase, the golden dragon flew out again and hit the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying with a claw.

Huang Shenyi clenched his teeth tightly and released all the Genuine Qi in his body to mobilize the Six-hilt Divine Sword.

The six Holy Swords started spinning around rapidly.

Under the impetus of Inscription of Array, the illusory image of Xuanwu became alive and came to fight with the golden dragon.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’m afraid that it’s not that easy to defeat me. Although you’ve displayed Divine Dragon Transformation, I will slaughter this dragon – you.”

Huang Shenyi looked pale, blood gushing forth from all his pores as if his body was about to burst.

Obviously, he was suffering tremendous pressure to control the Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying.

“Go to hell.”

As Huang Shenyi lifted his arms, the six Holy Swords instantly combined together and turned into a giant sword, hanging in mid-air, striking toward the golden dragon’s neck.

Chapter 510 - A Stunning Stroke

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Divine Dragon Transformation was a unique martial arts technique of the Superior Class at Ghost Level.

However, regardless of how powerful the technique was, Huang Shenyi could not resist the combination of six Holy Swords with his flesh and blood.

The golden dragon's head was going to be cut off by the six Holy Swords.

All the warriors present held their breath and widened their eyes, watching in nervousness. The winner of the battle between Zhang Ruochen and Huang Shenyi would soon be decided.

“It's over. I will still be the winner. Ha-ha!” Huang Shenyi laughed and glared at him sadistically.

Suddenly, the light of the golden dragon faded into a cloud of golden dragon Qi.

With the Abyss Ancient Sword in his hand, Zhang Ruochen flew out of the clouds, through the wave made by the six Holy Swords, rushed towards Huang Shenyi, and stabbed him.

“How can Zhang Ruochen separate himself from the Divine Dragon Transformation?” Xun Long expressed in astonishment.

Zhuang Xingtian nodded and said, “Zhang Ruochen can only resurrect himself by giving up the Divine Dragon

Transformation. Though he is young, he is able to respond to dangerous situations faster than Huang Shengyi can.”

Xun Long scoffed and said, “With the Divine Dragon Transformation, Zhang Ruochen can fight with Huang Shenyi’s Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying. Without it, he is no match for Huang Shenyi. Now, how can they compete?”

“To solve the crisis, Zhang Ruochen had no choice. He has to give up the Divine Dragon Transformation, otherwise, he’ll be severely injured.” Zhuang Xingtian said.

In the coliseum, fights varied from minute to minute. The winner could be decided at any moment.

Zhang Ruochen or Huang Shenyi could lose if one of them made a careless move.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen swung his sword swiftly and thrust it to Huang Shenyi’s forehead.

Huang Shenyi was much slower than Zhang Ruochen and could not avoid this stroke. Then and there he could only use his amulet treasure.

Huang Shenyi’s amulet treasure was a fingernail-sized blue turtle shell.

He injected the Genuine Qi into the turtle shell.

Suddenly, the turtle shell emitted blue light and formed a circle-shaped Qi shield.

Like a stone hitting the surface of the water, the Abyss Ancient Sword hit the Qi shield and formed an ever-widening circle of genuine Qi-ripples.

The Abyss Ancient Sword gradually moved slower. The tip of the sword stopped completely when it was three inches away from Huang Shenyi’s forehead.

Beads of sweat appeared on Huang Shenyi’s forehead. If he were to make the slightest move, the Abyss Ancient Sword would pierce through his head.

“Xuanwu Power, God Eater of the Black Cave.”

Huang Shenyi’s bones, muscles, and meridians completely tightened. Every bit of his strength was drained. He raised his wounded right arm with difficulty and merged his hands together.

A black dot appeared behind his back.

That black dot suddenly transformed into a circular black vortex, swallowing all the genuine Qi and light around it.

He has used this move to beat Xun Long in the past.

“Again.”

Xun Long clenched his fists and his pupils shrunk.

He knew how powerful this move was better than anyone else. It was an unbeatable move. As long as he did not break this move, he would never win in a battle with Huang Shenyi.

Could Zhang Ruochen break through it?

Xun Long shook his head. He didn’t think Zhang Ruochen could withstand this move.

The people spectating from the stand observed that Zhang Ruochen advanced forward instead of retreating.

“Good!”

Huang Shenyi stood firmly, lifted his hands, and struck down, throwing the black vortex out.

“Swift and neat.”

Zhang Ruochen silently read his mind.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen slashed his sword.

The sword moved quickly, hissed and turned into a flash of light, tearing the black vortex into two.

Time stood still for a moment in the heavenly ring.

Zhang Ruochen then returned to the ground lightly. With one movement of his arm, the Abyss Ancient Sword moved in a circle and returned to its sheath.

While in mid-air, Huang Shenyi widened his eyes and raised his body as a bloody line appeared on his neck.

The bloodline went around his neck.

“Poof!”

Huang Shenyi’s head separated from his neck. His head and body fell on different sides of the room with a bang.

Like a ball, his skull bounced on the coliseum floor several times before finally rolling over.

In an attempt to stand up, his headless body struggled with his arms and feet before finally laying on the ground, losing signs of life completely.

A unique genius failed to fully develop and died on the Heavenly Ring.

The whole coliseum fell silent.

Even masters like Zhuang Xingtian and Xun Long shivered. They stared at Zhang Ruochen standing in the coliseum in shock.

Zhuang Xingtian gulped and after a long pause he asked, “Have you clearly seen what moves he used for the last stroke?”

Xun Long shook his head and said, “No. The stroke is so terrible! If I were in Huang Shenyi’s position, I would not be able to survive it.”

On top of being arrogant, Xun Long was also conceited. He never took Zhang Ruochen seriously.

However, he changed his mind after seeing Zhang Ruochen’s last stroke. He felt that Zhang Ruochen had an unfathomable strength and was a worthy opponent.

Xun Long was not the only one who thought so. Zhuang Xingtian also thought the same.

Regardless of who won, Zhuang Xingtian wanted to enter the coliseum to challenge the winner and compete for NO.1 on the Heaven Board

After seeing Zhang Ruochen's last stroke, however, he became uncertain because he has not figured out a way to break through that sword technique.

If he could not break through that sword technique, he would lose.

Zhang Ruochen's last stroke was truly amazing. People only saw a flash of light and not the actual movement of the sword.

A group of mysterious people walked into the Coliseum of the Martial.

There seemed to be a cold air around them, and they had murderous looks in their eyes. All the warriors in the Coliseum of the Martial stepped back and made way for them.

Among them, there was a man who walked in front and wore a black robe and a gold metal mask on his face only showing a pair of eyes.

With his hands behind his back, he walked with a strong stride, showing extraordinary temperament.

Once he reached the bottom of the Coliseum, he raised his head to look at Zhang Ruochen who stood above him and said, "What a fast stroke! What sword technique did you use?"

Zhang Ruochen immediately recognized him.

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised and calmly said, "Swift and Neat."

The man wearing the gold mask was Di Yi, the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall.

Only he had that kind of temperament, which elicited gloominess, elegance, nobility, and viciousness at the same time. Wherever he was, he always stood out from the crowd.

In fact, Di Yi arrived at the Coliseum of the Martial early but did not show up. Instead, he watched the fight between Zhang Ruochen and Huang Shenyi silently.

"The speed of that sword technique is worthy of the name of 'Swift and Neat'."

Di Yi nodded in admiration, but changed the subject, saying, “This move is not unbreakable. If I were to stand about ten meters away from you, you cannot hurt me. Although you can draw the sword very fast, your footwork may not be as fast, right?”

Simply put, as long as the opponent was faster than Zhang Ruochen, Zhang Ruochen would fall behind in footwork. So, no matter how fast he drew the sword, it was useless.

Zhang Ruochen admired Di Yi. In some respects, Di Yi was far more than ordinary.

Seeing Zhang Ruochen display the sword movement once was enough for him to identify the weakness of the “Swift and Neat” technique. Xun Long, Zhuang Xingtian, and Hang Shenyi were not as good as him in their observation skills.

Of course, the reason why Di Yi pointed out the weaknesses of “Swift and Neat” was to suppress Zhang Ruochen’s imposing manner and not to break through his sword technique.

First of all, no one was faster than Zhang Ruochen in the fish-dragon realm. Even Di Yi was not as fast as Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen could definitely catch up with him. Once caught up, Di Yi was doomed to die.

Secondly, a Monk wanted to defeat Zhang Ruochen within ten meters. It could be said that it was as difficult as climbing to heaven.

Even if he knew the weaknesses of Zhang Ruochen’s sword movement, Di Yi could not fight Zhang Ruochen easily.

Though he was already dead, Huang Shenyi left behind seven Holy Swords.

The six Holy Swords among them could form a collection of swords with unparalleled power. They would be priceless treasures.

Each holy sword was a priceless treasure. Even the Monk of the Fish-dragon Realm and half-saints would compete for them.

Nevertheless, there were seven Holy Swords.

Since Huang Shenyi was of Xuanwu descent, he would surely obtain lots of great treasures, not just seven Holy Swords.

Were there other treasures hidden in Huang Shenyi's body?

Di Yi smiled and ordered, "The person who can stand in the Coliseum, collect the Yellow God Emissary's skeleton and retrieve his remainings will be the next Yellow God Emissary."

"Boom!"

The eyes of the warriors in the Black Market who stood behind Di Yi lit up in excitement upon hearing these words.

Everyone wanted to be promoted. Everyone wanted to be a man of importance.

If one could become the new Yellow God Emissary, he would rise in the Black Market and become a man of importance who would be revered by countless Evil Warriors.

Chapter 511 - Third on the Heaven Board, Bishui Cheng

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Retrieving Huang Shenyi's body was no easy task.

Because Zhang Ruochen still stood in the Coliseum.

Was he just going to stand and watch them take away the Holy Sword and Huang Shenyi's body?

Di Yi smiled at Zhang Ruochen and walked toward the other side of the Coliseum. In one quick move, he picked up Huang Shenyi's sword from the ground.

This sword was also a Holy Weapon.

When Zhang Ruochen fought with Huang Shenyi earlier, the Holy Sword fell below the Heaven Realm Battle Stage, wedged into the stone planks.

All Holy Weapons were valuable, regardless of what power they possessed. Of course, Di Yi wanted to take it first.

This was only one of them. There were still six others on the Battle Stage.

Who would be brave enough to collect all six swords?

A Knight wearing a shiny bone-colored armor holding a Dragon Bone Spear charged into the Heaven Realm Battle Stage and hoarsely yelled, "By the young master's order, I have come to collect the Yellow God Emissary's body. I hope Prince Zhang will allow me to do so."

Having said this, the Knight walked toward Huang Shenyi's body.

Di Yi always did things meticulously. He was evil yet he wanted to take the moral high ground.

Di Yi already made things very clear. He was only sending someone to collect the body and remains and was not fighting for the treasure.

If Zhang Ruochen got in the way of his plan, he would be showing disrespect to the dead.

If it were up to a very pedantic person, they may have watched helplessly as Di Yi sent someone to take away the Holy Weapon and body.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Since the Yellow God Emissary lost to me, everything of his should now belong to me. Are you openly stealing what is mine?”

As he said this, Zhang Ruochen stomped the ground with his foot and generated a powerful amount of Genuine Qi into the ground, sending the Six-hilt Divine Sword flying.

“Swoosh”

Immediately afterward, Zhang Ruochen swung his arm, sending out a burst of Genuine Qi which formed a wave, picking up the six-hilt golden Holy Sword.

Each sword shrunk rapidly and by the time they landed on Zhang Ruochen’s palm, they were only 6 centimeters long. They looked like six sword-shaped golden leaves.

The Knight huffed coldly and no longer put up with Zhang Ruochen’s actions.

With a turn of his arm, the Dragon Bone Spear in his hand began to spin quickly.

Red flames surged out of the tip of the spear, forming a spiral of light. It flew toward Zhang Ruochen’s palm, attempting to capture the Six-hilt Divine Swords.

For the Knight to have the courage to ascent to the Battle Stage and fight Zhang Ruochen for the Yellow God Emissary’s position, it was clear that he was a very valiant person.

When he had been in the Heaven Realm, he had been a top master. In fact, he was once in the top ten thousand of the Heaven Board.

Now, he had surpassed the limit of mortals and charged into the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, the “Innate Embryonic Breath”. His strength was now much more powerful than ever before.

In terms of fighting strength, he was a bit more powerful than Huang Shenyi who was at the Completion of the Heaven Realm. After all, he was one large Realm ahead of Huang Shenyi.

“You dare come within 10 meters of my sword? Are you really not afraid of it?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were cold. He charged forward. Quickly drawing his sword, he swung downward.

Within the split second he struck, Zhang Ruochen caught a Time Mark and used it in the sword technique, demonstrating the Swift and Neat technique.

“Thud!”

The Abyss Ancient Sword disappeared into a streak of light and sliced through the Knight’s neck. It pierced through his armor and chopped his head off.

Blood gushed out of his neck like a column of water, staining half of the Battle Stage blood red.

The air was saturated with the stench of blood.

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was sharp and he was confident in his chances of success. He scanned the Evil Warriors of the Black Market standing below him and said, “I will challenge whoever ascends the Heaven Realm Battle Stage and will not show mercy.”

Killing was prohibited in the Chaotic Millionverse Mountain, but the Heaven Realm Battle Stage was the only exception.

Zhang Ruochen had to establish his dominance and had to defeat the Evil Warriors of the Black Market decisively. Otherwise, there would be an endless stream of people

ascending the Battle Stage to fight for Huang Shenyi's body and remains.

Regardless of how powerful Zhang Ruochen was, there was a limit to the amount of Genuine Qi he could use.

He had to intimidate them through killing. Only then would they be afraid and not dare to ascend the Battle Stage.

“Zhang Ruochen, don't be so arrogant. I, Bishui Cheng, will challenge you.”

Bishui Cheng rose from the Spectator Stand, spreading his arms. Genuine Qi poured out of his palms and formed Genuine Qi wings. Like a big bird, he landed on the Heaven Realm Battle Stage.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Bishui Cheng standing across from him and said, “Bishui Cheng? The third on the Heaven Board. Bishui Cheng?”

“Yes, that is me.”

Bishui Cheng held his hands in front his chest whilst replying in a cold and arrogant manner.

Zhang Ruochen said, “As far as I know, you are not a warrior of the Black Market.”

Bishui Cheng glanced at Di Yi who stood below the Battle Stage and said, “Di Yi said that the person who brought back Huang Shenyi's body and remains would become the new Yellow God Emissary but did not specify that the person had to be a warrior of the Black Market. Di Yi, I want to be the new Yellow God Emissary. This is possible, right?”

Di Yi laughed loudly and said, “Of course it is. You are very welcome to join. It is wise of you to choose the Black Market, as it is very admirable. However, Zhang Ruochen is very powerful and hard to defeat. You have to be careful.”

Bishui Cheng laughed coldly and said, “I am wearing the Bishui Holy Armor. Regardless of how advanced Zhang Ruochen's sword technique is, it will be pointless if he is unable to break my armor. When his sword technique fails, how can he fight me?”

In Bishui Cheng's opinion, Zhang Ruochen only had powerful sword techniques.

So long as Zhang Ruochen's sword could not pierce through his armor, it should not be difficult to defeat him.

If he defeated Zhang Ruochen, he would not only be first on the Heaven Board and receive 12,410,000 military merits, but he would also become the Black Market's Yellow God Emissary.

How could he miss this amazing opportunity of killing three birds with one stone?

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Bishui Cheng and saw that his body was indeed covered in a green armor. It looked as if the surface of his body was coated with pieces of crystal, covering his entire body and not leaving a single gap.

The Bishui Holy Armor was a Holy Weapon level armor. It was made of 9999 thousand-year-old turtle bones adorned complicated inscriptions inside. Not only did it have powerful defensive powers, it also had a certain amount of offensive power.

A Holy Weapon level armor was even more precious and rare than a Holy Weapon level sword.

When compared with a Holy Weapon of the same level, the Holy Armor was 10 times more valuable than a Holy Sword.

Since he was wearing a Holy Armor, Bishui Cheng did not think very highly of Zhang Ruochen. He thought he was already invincible.

Bishui Cheng said, "Zhang Ruochen, you should hand over the Six-hilt Divine Sword and Huang Shenyi's body now so that I wouldn't have to come to get it."

Zhang Ruochen smiled, "You are overly confident! Your strength is still very low. Without the Bishui Holy Armor, you probably wouldn't be able to rank third on the Heaven Board."

"You dare underestimate me?"

Bishui Cheng was very angry and he clenched his hands.

Since he was young, people have always looked up to him and praised him. No one had ever underestimated him like this.

Zhang Ruochen said, "I am not underestimating you, I am only speaking the truth. In fact, I won't even need my sword to defeat you."

"Zhang Ruochen, since you have insulted me, I will tear you into pieces."

Bishui Chen quickly took three steps forward and charged toward Zhang Ruochen.

The Bishui Holy Armor reflected a blinding green light. With the push of Genuine Qi, the armor on Bishui Cheng's fingers grew and transformed into sharp claws.

In that instant, the claws reached for Zhang Ruochen's heart. Immediately after, a burst of strength surged through his arms and he tore toward both the left and right direction.

His claws charged to no avail, only piercing through empty air.

"Behind you."

Zhang Ruochen stood behind Bishui Cheng and used the "Nine-folds of the Elephant Power" technique, exploding out with 12 times the power. He struck Bishui Cheng's back.

"Boom!"

Bishui Cheng flew out face first, falling off the Battle Stage.

Laughter echoed through the Coliseum in mockery.

"He does not know his limits. What kind of a person is Zhang Ruochen? Bishui Cheng thought that wearing a Holy Armor would allow him to defeat Zhang Ruochen?" Zhuang Xingtian smiled while shaking his head.

Xun Long said coldly, "I am embarrassed that my rank on the Heaven Board is below his."

Zhuang Xingtian said, "Given Brother Xun's power, he should be ranked in the top three of the Heaven Board."

Xun Long arrogantly said, "Following Huang Shenyi's death, only Brother Xun and Zhuang Ruochen are worthy of being

my opponents in this world.”

Zhuang Xingtian shook his head and pointed toward Di Yi’s direction, “Do you see the man wearing the mask? His name is Di Yi and he is the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall. He is not even 18, yet his strength is unfathomable. Though he had once lost to Zhang Ruochen by half a move, his natural talents are not below that of Zhang Ruochen’s...”

“Brother Zhuang, look quickly. Bishui Cheng has ascended the Battle Stage again. Haha! What an idiot.”

Xun Long had no interest in Di Yi. He only considered Zhang Ruochen a worthy opponent.

Xun Long smiled and said, “The Bishui family was once a dominator in the southern domain and had given birth to over 10 Saints. It is a pity that they declined over the years. I thought that the birth of a talented man such as Bishui Cheng would revitalize the family, but I was wrong.”

On the Battle Stage.

Bishui Cheng roared, “Zhang Ruochen, I was careless just now, allowing you to defeat me. This time, you won’t stand a chance. Not only does my Bishui Holy Armor have strong defensive powers, it also has strong offensive powers. Try hitting me again. The power of the Holy Armor’s counterstrike is enough to break your palm.”

Zhang Ruochen’s furrowed his brows. He did not understand how Bishui Cheng was able to survive with such low intelligence.

How could he be third on the Heaven Board?

Zhang Ruochen lost interest in him and did not wish to continue fighting him. Regretfully he said, “Bishui Cheng, you are overly dependent on the Bishui Holy Armor. You have long lost your way. Martial Arts is about refining your own body. Weapons and armor are, in the end, external things. If you don’t understand this, you will never be able to become a Saint no matter how talented you are.”

Chapter 512 - First on the Heaven Board, Zhang Ruochen

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“I don’t need you to teach me Martial Arts.”

Bishui Cheng was filled with surging blood-lust as he snorted coldly.

He spread his arms wide and Genuine Qi emanated from his armor, becoming waves of water. It made sounds like waves slapping against the rocks on shore.

“Splash!”

He spread out his five fingers and, with water waves trailing from them, he struck toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen’s right foot stepped back as he dodged Bishui Cheng’s handprint.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen’s right hand pressed down on the hilt of his sword. With the sword still in the scabbard, he held it like a battle club and swung down toward Bishui Cheng’s abdomen.

The inscription of the Bishui Holy Armor emerged and interwove into an array pattern. As Zhang Ruochen’s attack made contact, it was blocked by the array.

The sword scabbard did not land on Bishui Cheng’s body, however, the power behind it pushed Bishui Cheng back over 10 meters. He almost fell off The Coliseum again.

Just as Bishui Cheng was congratulating himself, Zhang Ruochen had already charged in front of him and jumped up, striking his head.

Even though the Bishui Holy Armor blocked Zhang Ruochen's palm strength, Bishui Cheng still found it difficult to endure the wave of power. His legs went soft, and he knelt on the Coliseum with a heavy thud.

Zhang Ruochen swung out with the sword scabbard again and struck Bishui Cheng's neck. Like strong wind violently sweeping fallen leaves, Bishui Cheng was sent flying out, landing outside the Coliseum.

“Bang!”

This time, Bishui Cheng couldn't climb back up.

The earlier strike that Zhang Ruochen had landed on his head had already stunned him.

The truth was, even without wearing the Bishui Holy Armor, Bishui Cheng was not weak. At least, compared with Pei Ji who ranked forty-first in the Heaven Board, Bishui Cheng was more powerful. He could be considered a top master in the Heaven Realm.

However, the person he had met was Zhang Ruochen. Whether in speed, strength, or Martial Arts power, Zhang Ruochen surpassed him. It was not a difficult thing for Zhang Ruochen to defeat him.

After Bishui Cheng was knocked off the battle stage, an elder from the Bishui family immediately ran over and picked him up from the ground.

The elder glanced toward the Coliseum with grateful eyes and said, “Many thanks.”

He knew very well that Zhang Ruochen had already shown mercy.

The elder then immediately took Bishui Cheng and left the Heavenly Ring.

Di Yi looked in the direction that the elder of the Bishui family had gone and smiled to himself. “The Bishui Holy Armor is a

pretty good treasure. Bishui Cheng didn't even apply one-thousandth of its power. What a waste. Looks like I will have to find time and go to the Bishui family to borrow it and give it a try."

"Whoosh!"

Zhang Ruochen sent out a streak of ice cold Genuine Qi from the palm of his hand. He froze the water vapor in the air and sealed Huang Shenyi's body in ice.

Taking the body, Zhang Ruochen walked down from the Heavenly Ring and said, "Di Yi, I am going to take Huang Shenyi's body. Rest assured that I will bury him well."

"Wait!"

Di Yi came forward and stopped Zhang Ruochen as he was walking off the Coliseum.

With one hand holding the frozen body and the other resting on the hilt of his sword, Zhang Ruochen asked, "Do you want to fight me?"

Di Yi shook his head and laughed. "We will eventually fight again, but not right now. How about we make a deal instead?"

"What deal?" Zhang Ruochen said.

"You can take Huang Shenyi's body and the Six-hilt Divine Sword, I won't stop you. However, you've already taken away one Emissary, you can't take away a second one, right?"

Di Yi's gaze turned toward the Orange Star Emissary and revealed a glimmer of a smile.

Zhang Ruochen also turned to look at the Orange Star Emissary. "You want me to let her go? But she is now my captive."

Di Yi smiled and said, "Zhang Ruochen, one cannot be too greedy. Of the two Emissaries, you can only take one with you. Whether the live Emissary or the dead Emissary, you can choose. Am I not being kind enough?"

Zhang Ruochen's expression did not change. "What if I take both of them?"

Di Yi's smile vanished and his eyes became a bit colder. He looked toward the Coliseum of the Martial Market. "This is the Coliseum of the Martial Market, the Martial Market Bank. There are countless masters here. Of course, I can't fight with you. However, I remember the three-year engagement between you and the Commandery Princess Yanchen is about to draw to a close, right? You wouldn't want the happy event to become a funeral?"

A streak of coldness flashed through Zhang Ruochen's eyes. "Are you threatening me?"

"Swoosh!"

"Swoosh!"

...

Sensing the murderous intent from Zhang Ruochen's body, the Cyan-robed Emissary and the Green-robed Emissary immediately flew out from behind Di Yi to stand on either side of him, so they could protect him in the middle.

The Cyan-robed Emissary and the Green-robed Emissary were both top masters in the Fish-dragon Realm – one male and one female. Supernatural aura of power emanated from their bodies as if they were about to strike out and crush Zhang Ruochen.

"Cyan-robed and Green-robed Emissary, do not be so rude. This is the Myriad Chaos Mountain, we have to do things according to the rules. How could we use martial arts to resolve it?"

Di Yi stretched out a hand, gesturing to the Cyan-robed and the Green-robed Emissaries to back down.

Di Yi's gaze remained fixed on Zhang Ruochen. "Zhang Ruochen, let me kindly remind you that one person's strength, no matter how powerful, is always limited. In front of the entire Black Market, your power is like a speck of dust – not worth mentioning at all. I hope you will consider carefully before making a decision."

"There is no need to consider, I have already made my choice. I am taking both Emissaries. At the same time, I will warn you

that if you dare to bring harm to anyone around me, I will kill you myself.”

Zhang Ruochen’s tone was very calm but his eyes were very sharp, it gave one a sense of unswerving persistence.

Di Yi’s hands clenched tightly. He was furious, but he managed to hold back the anger in his heart as he waved his hand and said, “Very well, let’s go!”

Di Yi left the Coliseum of the Martial Market and all the Evil Warriors from the Black Market followed him out.

Staring at Di Yi’s retreating figure, Zhang Ruochen’s gaze was rather grim.

Di Yi was a man with many tricks up his sleeve. As long as he was alive, he would always be a threat.

However, it was not an easy thing to get rid of Di Yi. There was always a large number of warriors from the Black Market around him. Even the upper echelons of the Martial Market Bank wanted to kill him but still had not succeeded. How could Zhang Ruochen do it?

“Swish!”

A powerful light emanated from the Heaven Board’s stone tablet. The words “Zhang Ruochen” disappeared from it.

A moment later, the words “Zhang Ruochen” reappeared, this time on the top of the Heaven Board, becoming the first name on it.

A chain of numbers appeared behind his name: Military Merit, 12,417,000.

First place on the Heaven Board meant one had success and recognition. One would be known as the Invincible Lord of Battle in the same realm.

It was expected that Zhang Ruochen’s name would soon spread all over Kunlun’s Field. He would become the role model for many hot-blooded young men, and become an object of worship and adoration for countless young women.

Ao Xinyan was the first to come over, stopping below the Heavenly Ring. Greeting Zhang Ruochen, she said with admiration, "Group Leader, you're now ranked first on the Heaven Board. Furthermore, you've also killed the Yellow God Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall. When you return to the Saint Academy, you will certainly receive a generous reward."

Huang Yanchen, Duanmu Xingling, Luo Shuihan, and all the other young talents from the East Region Saint Mansions also came forward to congratulate Zhang Ruochen.

Reaching the top of the Heaven Board was very remarkable.

In the East Region Saint Mansions, young disciples who were able to enter the top ten of the Heaven Board would immediately be singled out and nurtured. They could even become candidates for the future patriarch of the family clan.

Becoming first on the Heaven Board was as difficult as climbing to heaven. For the East Region Saint Mansions, the last time someone reached the top of the Heaven Board was 600 years ago.

Huang Yanchen belonged to a branch of the East Region Saint Mansions. Since Zhang Ruochen was her fiance, then naturally, he was also a member.

"Brother Zhang, you don't have to worry about Di Yi's threat. Your wedding to my cousin, Yanchen, will certainly take place in the East Region Saint Mansions. Even if you lend him courage, he won't dare to make trouble." Chen Tianran slapped his chest and spoke confidently.

Chen Tianshu also spoke up. "Exactly, although the Black Market is powerful, the Chen family is not weak. Even if a Saint from the Black Market came to cause trouble, we promise that he will not leave alive."

Zhang Ruochen's expression remained serious as he said, "Let's go back first, and then discuss slowly."

Everyone from the East Region Saint Mansions, together with Huang Yanchen, Duanmu Xingling, Ao Xinyan, and Luo

Shuihan from the Saint Academy, was temporarily living in the Ten-thousand Fields Tavern.

The Ten-thousand Fields Tavern was a giant building that took up a vast expanse of land. Apart from the military camps, soldiers of Primitive World who came to the Myriad Chaos Mountain could only stay here.

Of course, it was much more comfortable to live at the Tavern than in a military camp.

At present, Zhang Ruochen was sitting in Duanmu Xingling's room with his chin on his hand. His gaze was distant as he pondered about things.

Duanmu Xingling stood below an ancient bronze lamp. Under the light, her skin appeared radiant and white, her features were clear, and she looked extraordinarily beautiful.

Two of her fingers were also on her chin, mimicking Zhang Ruochen's appearance. In her beautiful eyes, there was a charming smile as she said, "Zhang Ruochen, you've been alone with me in my room for so long, are you not afraid that Sister Chen will get jealous? What exactly is the matter? Speak quickly. You may not be in a hurry, but I am!"

Zhang Ruochen seemed to have finally figured something out. He raised his head and said, "Senior sister apprentice Duanmu, I want to ask you to help me with something."

Duanmu Xingling seemed startled before letting out a laugh. "Did I hear correctly? You are asking me to help you? You are the first on the Heaven Board. Zhang Ruochen, you are asking me, a weak woman, to help you. Are you not afraid of being laughed at if this gets out?"

"Will you help me or not?" Zhang Ruochen solemnly asked.

"I will."

Duanmu Xingling replied without any hesitation.

She knew that if it wasn't something truly important, Zhang Ruochen would not ask for her help.

Chapter 513 - Subduing the Orange Star Emissary

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Duanmu Xingling asked, “What exactly do you need my help for?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “First, I captured the Orange Star Emissary, then I killed the Yellow God Emissary. I have caused the Black Market Excellence Hall to be humiliated and have greatly angered them. They will definitely come for revenge.”

“Although the Black Market’s power in the East Region Saint City is not as powerful as that of the Chen family and the Saint Academy, it has great power in the entirety of the Eastern Region. They have gathered together countless Evil Masters.”

“I am not worried that they will come to fight me, but I am worried they will go to Omen Ridge and hurt my family. Although the Martial Market Bank will definitely protect them, the masters of the Black Market are sinister and cunning. I am afraid that something will go wrong.”

Duanmu Xingling nodded and said, “You want me to send a Monk of the Demonic Sect to Omen Ridge to secretly protect them?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Given the power of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, even if they intercept the people of the Black Market along the way, it shouldn’t be that difficult, right?”

Duanmu Xingling tapped her chin and said, “Since Di Yi has already said that he will cause trouble on the day of your

wedding to Sister Chen, he will certainly put a good deal of effort to do this.”

“If a fight really broke out, it might cause a large-scale clash between the Demonic Sect and the Black Market. It might even cause a Saint-level battle.”

“Zhang Ruochen, I can only say that as your senior sister apprentice, I will do my best to help you this time, but I am not sure whether or not I can beat Di Yi.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Many thanks, senior sister apprentice Duanmu.”

Duanmu Xingling rolled her eyes and tilted her chin up, showing a clear-cut profile as she said, “Is saying thanks enough? Is there no tangible thank you gift?”

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and then took out five kilograms of Black Glazed Spinel Crystal and five kilograms of Purple Cloud-patterned Eaglewood out of the Storage Ring and handed them to Duanmu Xingling, once again saying, “Many thanks, senior sister apprentice.”

A gleam of disappointment appeared in Duanmu Xingling’s eyes.

She put the Black Glazed Spinel Crystal and the Purple Cloud-patterned Eaglewood away, saying with some resentment, “You’re just like a piece of wood, there isn’t any difference at all.”

Duanmu Xingling then took out a 17-centimeter jade casket out of her Storage Bracelet and handed it to him. “Of the Five Elements Spirit Treasure, you’re just missing Blood Saint-cultivation Soil, right? I know you can’t open your mouth to ask me for it; now I am taking the initiative to give it to you. Do you want it?”

Duanmu Xingling’s beautiful eyes sparkled and her lashes fluttered as she looked at Zhang Ruochen closely. Her eyes held a look of love.

Just then, her words seemed to hold another meaning, as if she wasn’t just giving the Blood Saint-cultivating Soil to Zhang Ruochen but also giving him something else.

Zhang Ruochen accepted the jade casket and held it in the palm of his hands. In a faint voice, he said, “Many thanks.”

Duanmu Xingling bit her lip and said, “If you like to thank people, then you can do it for a lifetime!”

After saying these words, Duanmu Xingling turned. Her eyes stung and her heart felt like it had been squeezed by a hand, it felt very pained.

She understood – she and Zhang Ruochen would never be together.

There was an insurmountable gap between them.

Duanmu Xingling took a breath and hid her emotions. The door creaked as she opened it and quickly walked out.

Zhang Ruochen put the Blood Saint-cultivation Soil away and followed her out.

Huang Yanchen was standing in the yard, right below the osmanthus tree. Her hands were behind her back and she was waiting quietly. Her beautiful eyes occasionally darted toward the door of Duanmu Xingling’s room.

Although she knew that nothing untoward would ever happen between Zhang Ruochen and Duanmu Xingling, it was still very difficult to pacify her emotions.

The Orange Star Emissary sarcastically said, “Pathetic! Your fiance and your best friend are in a room together but you can only guard the door outside. Haha! If I were you, I wouldn’t be this stupid.”

“If you say another word, I will immediately carve ten sword marks onto your face. Do you believe me?” Huang Yanchen said.

The Orange Star Emissary huffed coldly but didn’t speak any further.

With the sound of the door opening, Duanmu Xingling and Zhang Ruochen came out one after the other.

Huang Yanchen let out a sigh of relief and did her best to appear natural. She immediately went forward and asked,

“Have you reached an agreement?”

She did not know – and did not want to know – what Zhang Ruochen and Duanmu Xingling had been talking about, so she could only ask in this way.

Duanmu Xingling nodded and said, “We have come to an agreement. I am going to make a trip back to East Region Saint City right now. Sister Chen, I’ll see you when you get married to Zhang Ruochen!”

Having said this, Duanmu Xingling did not pause, leaving immediately.

Zhang Ruochen looked toward Blackie. Using sound transmission, he secretly said, “The internal space of the Yin Yang Wooden graph is already supported by the Sacred Prime Tree. There are some secrets that I want to ask you about.”

Blackie laughed out loud, “Zhang Ruochen, there are no outsiders present. There is no harm in speaking about the secret of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.”

Other than Zhang Ruochen, Blackie, and Huang Yanchen, the Orange Star Emissary and Ao Xinyan were also present.

Zhang Ruochen did not want the Orange Star Emissary and Ao Xinyan to know of the secret of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph but since Blackie had already spoken of it, there was no need to continue keeping it hidden.

After all, Blackie was not just a simple cat, rather, he was a medieval monster that had been sealed for one hundred thousand years. Whether in terms of wisdom or wile, he was not someone the present Zhang Ruochen could match.

Since he dared to speak about the secret of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, then he must be able to ensure that this secret would not be revealed.

Huang Yanchen asked curiously, “What Yin Yang Wooden Graph?”

Not only was Huang Yanchen curious, the Orange Star Emissary and Ao Xinyan were also very curious.

“Since you want to know, then I will tell you.”

The Sacred Mark between Zhang Ruochen's brows appeared and formed a strange and complicated mark.

“Swish!”

The Yin Yang Wooden Graph flew out of the Sacred Mark on his glabella and hovered in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie stood on a thousand-ton black stone and said, “The Yin Yang Wooden Graph is a tree leaf from the Sacred Prime Tree that Saint Monk Xumi refined into a picture. At the same time, it is also a space treasure.”

“The Yin Yang Wooden Graph has already acknowledged Zhang Ruochen as its master. He only has to inject his Genuine Qi into the scroll to be able to open the inner world within the scroll.”

“The flow of time inside the scroll is completely different from that on the outside. If a warrior practiced for ten days inside the Scroll World, only a day would have passed on the outside. In other words, if one used the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, it would increase the warrior's rate of practice tenfold.”

“But in reality, it is nowhere near as simple as just tenfold. In the Scroll World, there is a Sacred Prime Tree, it is also known as the Heaven and Earth Root. With its help, the Scroll World has become a Holy Land for practice.”

Hearing Blackie's words, Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and the Orange Star Emissary were all shocked.

“Impossible, impossible.”

The Orange Star Emissary immediately shook her head and said, “During the Middle Ancient Times, the Sacred Prime Tree was chopped down by a terrible man, how could it still exist in the world? Besides, how could a mere painting be able to fit the legendary Sacred Prime Tree?”

The Sacred Prime Tree was named thus because its power was comparable to that of a god.

In fact, in the eyes of the later generations, the Sacred Prime Tree was the last of the gods of Kunlun's Field.

How could a mere painting hold a god?

Even Huang Yanchen and Ao Xinyan didn't believe it, much less the Orange Star Emissary.

Their gaze turned toward Zhang Ruochen.

Blackie liked to tell tall tales; he was not believable, but Zhang Ruochen's words were trustworthy.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at them; he didn't want to explain further. "Since everyone already knows of the secret of the Wooden Graph, then let's enter the internal world of the scroll together."

Zhang Ruochen placed one palm against the surface of the Wooden Graph and injected his Genuine Qi into it.

"Swish!"

A moment later, a streak of light shot out from the scroll and formed a space door.

They all walked through together and entered the internal world of the Wooden Graph.

The Spatial Ring that Zhang Ruochen had created was already very magical but compared to the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, it was not even worth mentioning.

This was a true Space Treasure!

With Zhang Ruochen in the lead, they came to the stump of the Sacred Prime Tree. Seeing it from afar, it looked nothing like a tree trunk – it looked exactly like an endless plain.

One could imagine just how big the tree was when it was still alive.

A great surge of Spiritual Qi and Holy Qi came from the tree stump, dissipating outward like layers of waves striking against their hearts.

"This... this is the Sacred Prime tree?"

The Orange Star Emissary's eyes were wide open. Her entire person had been frozen by the aura emanating from the Sacred Prime Tree.

Compared to the Sacred Prime Tree, she was like an ant.

Blackie leaped up like a streak of shadow before landing on the stump of the Sacred Prime Tree. With pride in his age and experience, he said, "How is it? By practicing here, you can absorb the Holy Qi emanating from the Sacred Prime Tree and, with my pointers, I trust that the practice of your physical quality will succeed before too long."

Of course, Blackie was referring to the Orange Star Emissary and Ao Xinyan.

The Orange Star Emissary was very moved. She secretly thought to herself that if the time inside the Wooden Graph was truly ten times that of the outside, with the additional help of the Sacred Prime Tree, she would be able to break into the Fish-dragon Realm within two months. Within three years, she would be able to shoot into the Half-Saint Realm.

Of course, three years in the external world would be 30 years inside the Scroll World.

She could focus on practicing in the Scroll World and seclude herself for refinement while Zhang Ruochen would be entangled by everyday affairs and would not have much time to practice in the Scroll World. Thus, her practice speed would certainly surpass his.

If she could reach the Half-Saint Realm, would she have to worry about dealing with a cat and Zhang Ruochen?

By then, she would be able to kill Blackie and Zhang Ruochen and steal the treasure that was the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. In the future, she would certainly become the most powerful in Kunlun's Field.

"In this case, I will endure it for now. I'll let Zhang Ruochen think that he has already subdued me. Once my practice has succeeded, then I will viciously crush him beneath my feet."

The Orange Star Emissary thought in her heart.

Up till now, she had always thought that Blackie was just a war pet that Zhang Ruochen kept, and had not given him much thought.

However, she did not know that Blackie's power was sealed in the Scroll World inside the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. Even if a

Saint charged into the Scroll World, Blackie would be able to kill him.

Of course, no matter how strong Blackie was, Zhang Ruochen was able to use the power of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph to suppress him.

It could be said that it was one item subduing another.

Zhang Ruochen glanced toward the Orange Star Emissary and said, “The secret of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph cannot be revealed. Since I have brought you in, I will not let you out so easily. If you still do not obey me, then I will have to kill you now.”

Zhang Ruochen’s intention to kill the Orange Star Emissary had never changed.

The Orange Star Emissary pretended to be very terrified and quickly went down on one knee. Respectfully, she said, “The practice environment inside the Yin Yang Wooden Graph is ten times better than that of the Black Market Excellence Hall. With the help of such a treasure, you will surely become the master of Kunlun’s field. I am not an unreasonable woman. From this day on, I am willing to serve at your side, either as a servant or a slave. I will never waver in my loyalty.”

Zhang Ruochen stared deeply at the Orange Star Emissary. He couldn’t be bothered to figure out whether she was being truthful or telling a lie. In any case, as long as she was willing to bend her head in submission, he could let her live for now. It was fine for her to practice in the Scroll World. She might be of great use in the future.

Chapter 514 - The Harvest

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen's gaze turned toward Ao Xinyan. "Junior sister apprentice Ao, from today onwards, you and the Orange Star Emissary will seclude yourselves for refining inside the Scroll World. If you have any questions while practicing, you can ask Blackie."

The Scroll World was a unique Holy Land for practicing. Naturally, Ao Xinyan was willing to practice inside. At the very least, she had to raise her cultivation to the Fish-dragon Realm.

Only after reaching the Fish-dragon Realm can one be considered a supernatural being, having truly stepped onto the Holy Road.

The Orange Star Emissary and Ao Xinyan both wanted to work hard to raise their cultivation and increase their strength, so they didn't waste any more time. They sat cross-legged at the side of the stump of the Sacred Prime Tree and began to run their exercises to start their practice.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen, Blackie, and Huang Yanchen walked towards the heart of the tree stump, gradually approaching the newly-sprouted Sacred Prime Tree seedling.

A glimmer of worry appeared on Huang Yanchen's face. She turned and looked in the direction of the Orange Star Emissary. "Zhang Ruochen, you must not be blinded by the Orange Star Emissary's beauty. Her words are not to be trusted.

"I think that she has only submitted to you so that she can practice in the Scroll World, to use this unique environment to

make herself more powerful. Once her practice is done, she will definitely fight her way out of the Scroll World.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “I understand.”

Blackie walked on his two hind paws and laughed loudly.

“Anyone can tell that her submission is fake. For a little girl, she is very scheming. It doesn’t matter, I have a way to control her. “I can teach her true submission. Zhang Ruochen, are you interested in teaching her yourself?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “I have no interest. She is the person you want, naturally, I will give her to you to discipline. I only hope that there won’t be trouble in the future because of her.”

Blackie huffed coldly. “How is it possible that I won’t be able to subdue her? You, however, you have to help me find two other physical qualities, a Genuine God Body and an Innate Extreme Yang Body. Of the five physical qualities, not even one can be missing.”

“I will help you keep an eye out for it,” Zhang Ruochen said.

The two people and the cat soon came to the new sprout of the Sacred Prime Tree.

The Spiritual Qi was even thicker here.

The Spiritual Qi of wood nature, in particular, was flowing through the air as if in streams before finally condensing into a cloud of white fog.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the giant sacred wood in front of him and said, “Blackie, do you remember the matter I told you about before? When I obtained the Qi of Origin from the Wood Spirit Primitive World, I entered that mysterious realm again. At that time, I saw an elder practicing the sword in front of the Sacred Prime Tree. Do you know who that elder is?”

Blackie was a bit surprised. His eyes rolled around, thinking for a moment, then he shook his head. “I have stayed a total of a million years in the Scroll World, I have never seen an elder practicing the sword.”

“But...”

“But what?” Zhang Ruochen’s gaze became serious.

It seemed that Blackie was recalling something. “Saint Monk Xumi, an old Buddhist monk, once demonstrated a set of sword techniques here. Perhaps the elder you saw practicing the sword was a shadow left hundreds of years ago by Monk Xumi.”

“A shadow can remain for so long?” Huang Yanchen was somewhat doubtful.

Blackie said, “Naturally, other shadows cannot do so. However, Saint Monk Xumi, the Buddhist Monk was not an ordinary person. The fluctuations in his power were too strong, it was enough to twist this piece of space. It is not impossible for you to see his shadow once again after a million years.”

“There is indeed this possibility.” Zhang Ruochen nodded his head.

In the entire world, probably only Saint Monk Xumi and Zhang Ruochen could meld time into their sword techniques.

In Zhang Ruochen’s heart, he guessed that at that time, the Sacred Prime Tree had absorbed a great deal of the Qi of Origin, causing a fluctuation in the Spiritual Qi. This caused the million-year-old image to be shown anew.

Of course, this was only his and Blackie’s guess, it might not be the truth.

Zhang Ruochen had just started practicing the Sword of Time. Even for the first movement, Swift and Neat, he had only reached a Small Success. If he wanted to meld the power of time and sword technique into one, he still needed a long time to practice.

“The practice method for the Sword of Time should be recorded in The Mystery of Time and Space.”

Zhang Ruochen immediately took out The Mystery of Time and Space. He flipped through the book until the ninth page and indeed saw the words “Sword of Time”.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen could only read until the eighth page. Whenever he reached the ninth page, he couldn’t open it

no matter how he tried.

This was his first time flipping to the ninth page.

He saw that on the ninth page of *The Mystery of Space and Time*, there were a total of nine hundred little people drawn on it.

Each person was only the size of a fly. They each held a sword in their hands, and their postures were strange as they demonstrated different sword movements.

Some were bent down, stabbing forward with the sword in one hand. Others had their legs bent and arms held out, swinging and chopping with their sword... nine hundred pictures, nine hundred forms.

Each picture was a sword movement, they were piercing, lifting, blocking, or chopping. Each movement was different, but very clever and filled with the charm of sword technique.

Swift Swordsmanship was the foundation of the Sword of Time. One Time Mark, one moment, one sword technique.

Nine hundred moments gathered into one quarter.

Eight quarters gathered into two hours.

Twelve hours gathered into one day.

...

...

The origin of time was just a moment.

There were a total of nine hundred movements in the Swift Swordsmanship. Zhang Ruochen had only learned one of them.

Zhang Ruochen injected his Spiritual Power completely into the "Time Mysterium". It was like his soul had jumped out of his body and landed on the page of the book.

"Swish!"

Immediately, the nine hundred little people holding swords on the page came alive.

They stood all around Zhang Ruochen and continuously demonstrated the movements, each person demonstrating a different movement.

Zhang Ruochen completely immersed his Spiritual Power. He walked to the side of the first little person and watched his sword technique and sword movement very closely, following along.

Perhaps it was because he had already successfully practiced one movement of Swift Swordsmanship that when he practiced the second one, he learned it very quickly.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his Spiritual power and drew out his Abyss Ancient Sword. His arm was as straight as the sword as he struck out with it.

“Swish!”

The sword technique flashed like lightning in front of Huang Yancheng’s eyes.

The next moment, Zhang Ruochen was already standing 10 meters away, pulling his sword back. Speaking to himself, he said, “There are 900 movements to Swift Swordsmanship. Only when I have successfully learned all 900 sword movements, will I be able to learn the second part of the Time of Sword, it is a graduated sword technique.”

The biggest weakness of the Swift Swordsmanship was that the movements did not flow together – each movement was independent of the others.

However, as Zhang Ruochen learned more and more of the sword movements, the sword technique underwent great changes. Even with one move, it would be enough for him to be a king in the same realm.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was not in a rush to seclude himself to practice Swift Swordsmanship, rather, he put away The Mystery of Time and Space and brought out Huang Shenyi’s body.

Since Huang Shenyi had obtained the Xuanmu Heritage, he certainly had more than the Six-hilt Divine Sword on him.

“What other treasures had he received?”

“Snap!”

Zhang Ruochen enveloped his hands in Genuine Qi then struck out, shattering the layer of ice on Huang Shenyi’s body.

He began to search it.

There was a turtle-shell-shaped amulet treasure around Huang Shenyi’s neck.

This amulet treasure was able to block the attack of the Abyss Ancient Sword, so naturally, it was not an ordinary thing.

The turtle shell was called Turtle Armor, it was only the size of a fingernail. It was blue in color, and very complicated inscriptions were carved inside. It was a twelfth level Genuine Martial Arm of the defensive class.

One only had to use Genuine Qi to activate the defensive inscriptions on the Turtle Armor, creating a spherical array Qi shield.

If a warrior at the Heaven Realm injected all their Genuine Qi into the Turtle Amor, it would be enough to block a full-strength attack from a monk in the sixth change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

It could only block one attack.

If the monk at the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon realm struck out again, a warrior at the Heaven Realm would not have enough Genuine Qi to activate the defensive power of the Turtle Armor again.

Furthermore, if the other party had a twelfth level Genuine Martial Arm weapon or even a Holy Weapon, then the Turtle Amor would not be able to block the opponent’s attack.

The Turtle Armor was indeed a rare defensive treasure. It would be too much of a waste to give to the Abyss Ancient Sword to refine.

Zhang Ruochen gave the Turtle Armor to Huang Yanchen and said, “Senior sister apprentice Yanchen, I’m giving this amulet treasure to you.”

Although the Turtle Armor was precious, it was not comparable to the Six-hilt Divine Sword.

Thus, Huang Yanchen didn't bother to be polite with Zhang Ruochen. She accepted the Turtle Armor and placed it on her wrist.

Next, Zhang Ruochen found two bottles of pills on Huang Shenyi's body.

One bottle contained white Fish-dragon Pills.

The Fish-dragon Pill was a seventh-level Pill. It was very precious and could help a warrior break through a martial bottleneck and break mortal shackles to enter the Fish-dragon Realm.

For a warrior in the Heaven Realm, Fish-dragon Pills were a priceless treasure.

Given Huang Shenyi's cultivation, he only needed to take the Fish-dragon pill to immediately break into the Fish-dragon Realm. However, what he really wanted was to charge into the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm, thus, he only carried this Pill on him. He never expected that he wouldn't be able to take it.

Actually, it was not that regretful. In history, there were many talented people who wanted to charge into the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm so they suppressed their own realms, unwilling to break through. In the end, not only did they not reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm, but they died without breaking through.

There were too many such examples.

Although the Fish-dragon Pill was an incredible treasure, he wasn't interested. Like Huang Shenyi, he wanted to break into the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. Even if he knew that this path was difficult and that he could die very easily, he would still go through it with determination.

That was why he also gifted the Fish-dragon Pill to Huang Yanchen.

The other bottle of pills was rather strange. Even the bottle was rather ancient as if it were a treasure.

Zhang Ruochen used his hands to pull the lid off the elixir bottle but no matter how much strength he exerted, the lid did not move at all.

Chapter 515 - Xuanwu Qi

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Interesting.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled slightly, mobilized the Genuine Qi to his fingertips, and pressed them toward the bottom of the elixir bottle.

“Swish!”

Suddenly, streaks of inscriptions appeared on the surface of the elixir bottle.

The palm-sized elixir bottle gradually swelled and grew bigger and bigger, eventually becoming 10 meters tall.

“Is this an Auspicious Vase?” Blackie said in amazement.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “No, it’s merely a Hundred Inscription Weapon. Its size has already developed to the limit, but its storage space is still far smaller than that of the Auspicious Vase.”

The Auspicious Vase, a Space Treasure refined by Zhang Ruochen, was capable of collecting all the water in a pond. In the future, with the enhancement of Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation, its space would become larger and broader.

However, the elixir bottle in front of them could only expand to 10-meter-high at most, and its space was just so big that it could not grow any larger.

So, what on earth was in this elixir bottle?

Zhang Ruochen refined the Vessel Spirit of the elixir bottle with the Genuine Qi, and then, he slowly opened the bottle cap.

“Crack!”

As the cap opened slightly, the bottle vibrated violently and made a loud noise similar to a large river. A mass of multi-colored cloud burst out from the bottle and enveloped Zhang Ruochen, Blackie, and Huang Yanchen.

Both Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen became nervous and quickly released their Celestial Bodyshield. They both had a defensive stance.

Blackie’s eyes lit up, and he happily said, “Don’t be nervous. The gas is Xuanwu Qi; she is not poisonous. What a good thing! It’s great! Even when ordinary people get a whiff of it, their strength will increase so much, that they may even become a gallant master.”

“Is it really that magical?”

Huang Yanchen drew back his Celestial Bodyshield, closed her eyes and secretly ran the exercises. Then she adjusted her breathing and took a deep breath.

With a swoosh, wisps of colorful air rushed into her body.

As a wisp of Xuanwu Qi entered her body, it turned into a river of Genuine Qi and converged to the Qi sea between the eyebrows. Then, it flowed out of the Qi sea, entered the Meridians, and flooded the major veins of her body.

Huang Yanchen had spent a day and a night to completely refine the Xuanwu Qi.

Blackie stared at her and asked, “How is it going?”

“Xuanwu Qi is amazing. I have only refined it a little, but I have already reached the Peak of the Medium State of the Heaven Realm. If I can continue practicing with Xuanwu Qi, I will be able to break through the Final State of the Heaven Realm in three days at most. I may even have a chance to break through the Completion of Heaven Realm in a month.”

Huang Yanchen was shocked. She felt incredible. She stared at the elixir bottle, and it was hard for her to calm down.

Blackie laughed loudly and said, “You practiced in the inner world of the scroll for a month, but only three days had passed

in the outside world.”

Huang Yanchen nodded and said, “Yes, both Yin Yang Wooden Graph and Xuanwu Qi are great treasures. You must keep it a secret. Otherwise, it may bring death upon Zhang Ruochen. Blackie, you were too careless when you told Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary about this. What would you do if something happens?”

Blackie smiled confidently.

When the Xuanwu Qi leaked from the elixir bottle, Huang Yanchen only absorbed 10% of it, but the rest 90% was inhaled by Zhang Ruochen.

When Huang Yanchen was refining her bit of Xuanwu Qi, Zhang Ruochen was also refining his portion of Xuanwu Qi. He completed refinement at nearly the same time as Huang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged beside Huang Yanchen and slowly opened his eyes. He said, “Even if there is no Yin Yang Wooden Graph, there are countless people who are waiting to kill me. Any treasure, the Dragon Pearl, the Six Divine Swords, or the Instant Sword Technique, is enough to make the Monks of the Fish-dragon Realm desperate to kill me to take away the treasures from me. If I want to live, I must strive to become stronger.”

“Yes, the greater the pressure is, the faster the progress will be.”

Blackie asked, “What about you? How much did your cultivation improve?”

Zhang Ruochen said with a smile, “Beyond my expectation. That mass of Xuanwu Qi improved my cultivation significantly. It won’t take a long time until I reach the Intermediate Stage of the Completion of Heaven Realm. If I can get a lot of Xuanwu Qi, it should not be too difficult for me to break through the Half-Saint Realm, let alone the Fish-dragon Realm.”

Blackie said with a smile, “Of course. Legend states that in ancient times, Xuanwu was capable of slaughtering Gods.

Xuanwu Qi has unlimited benefits. It goes without saying that it has great benefits for the warriors of the Heaven Realm. If the news gets out, even those Half-Saints and Saints will rush to fight for Xuanwu Qi because it will also provide countless benefits for them.”

“Originally, the Qi of the Sacred Prime Tree can be compared with the Xuanwu Qi. Unfortunately, it has already been used up for nourishing the new seedlings.”

There was not a lot of Xuanwu Qi in Huang Shenyi’s elixir bottle. The mass that dissipated almost accounted for 1/30 of the total.

If Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen absorbed and refined at the same time, it would soon be gone.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “There must be more Xuanwu Qi. Huang Shenyi could only take so much because he has no Space Treasure. If we can find the place where he received the Xuanwu heritage, we can find more Xuanwu Qi.”

Huang Yanchen said, “Do you mean that you want to go to the Primitive World of Xuanwu?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Huang Shenyi received Xuanwu heritage in the Primitive World of Xuanwu.

If he wanted to find more Xuanwu Qi, Zhang Ruochen must go to the Primitive World of Xuanwu.

The Xuanwu Qi was valuable. Not only did it help Zhang Ruochen improve cultivation quickly, but it also helped the people around him to develop rapidly and become stronger.

Zhang Ruochen’s enemy was Empress Chi Yao. The first-rank of the Kunlun’s Field.

He could not compete with Empress Chi Yao alone, so he needed more power and strong helpers.

The news that Zhang Ruochen became number one on the Heaven Board spread. Even if he wanted to keep a low profile, Empress Chi Yao would undoubtedly notice his name soon.

Would Empress Chi Yao still remember the name “Zhang Ruochen” after eight hundred years?

Throughout the Kunlun’s Field, many people had the same name and surname as Zhang Ruochen. However, only a few people with the same name and surname could rank first on the Heaven Board.

Even only with a little bit of doubt, Empress Chi Yao would still send masters to investigate Zhang Ruochen.

As a result, there was not much time left for Zhang Ruochen. He must go to the Primitive World of Xuanwu to collect more Xuanwu Qi so that he could improve his cultivation rapidly and deal with the coming changes.

Huang Yanchen frowned and said, “The Primitive World of Xuanwu is a medium-level Primitive World. It is more dangerous than the Inferior Primitive World by nearly ten times or a hundred times. Even worse, the medium-level Primitive World is also vast. Finding the land of inheritance of Xuanwu will be like finding a needle in a haystack. I don’t think you should take this risk.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “Since Huang Shenyin once got Xuanwu heritage in the Primitive World of Xuan Wu. Why can’t I? I must go there, not only to look for Xuanwu Qi but also to accumulate military merits so that I can break through the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.”

Afterward, Zhang Ruochen stared at Huang Shenyi’s remains, and said: “Maybe we can find some clues from his body.”

Zhang Ruochen continued to search for clues from Huang Shenyi’s remains. His palms pressed on Huang Shenyi’s chest. Suddenly, he felt something strange.

There was something hard under Huang Shenyi’s chest.

“What on earth is it?”

“Wham!”

Zhang Ruochen snapped his fingers, peeled off the piece of skin, and pulled it down. He found a very thin piece of bone that was stuck to the top of that layer of skin.

“He hid it so well. What is it?”

Zhang Ruochen was curious. He took the piece of bone and put it on the ground.

After studying it carefully, he discovered that it was a bone book.

The so-called “bone book” was made of the bones of powerful beasts.

It might look like a mere piece of bone, but it was actually a nine-page bone book. The pages were connected by inscriptions without any breaches, so it seemed like a piece of bone.

On the surface, this bone book looked simple and plain, which made it look identical to an ordinary bone.

Zhang Ruochen injected Genuine Qi into the bone book to open it. He became delighted when he saw the records.

“It’s the legendary Xuanwu Sutra. Huang Shenyi may have perceived the movement from it.” Zhang Ruochen said with a laugh.

For example, Huang Shuanyi got “Xuanwu Sword Technique of God Slaying” and “Xuanwu Power, God Eater of Black Cave” from this bone book. Both movements were amazingly powerful.

Although he practiced the Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emyrean, a high-class exercise book, he still had to perceive hundreds of martial arts, learn their advantages, and understand them thoroughly to reach the Half-Saint Realm.

Transcending into a saint was all warriors’ dream.

Like the Peacock Canon, the Xuanwu Sutra was also a remarkable exercise, and worth learning. If a man perceived it attentively, he would be able to recognize and fix deficiencies in his martial arts. At the same time, he could perceive new powerful martial techniques from it.

Blackie heard the words

Xuanwu

Sutra

. It immediately pushed through and stretched its neck to read the bone book.

After watching for a moment, it grabbed the book and leafed through it.

An hour later, Blackie sighed and closed the book, becoming apathetic. It shook its head and said, "It's not the original Xuanwu Sutra but a copy. On top of that, it's incomplete. This book only contains a fifth of the full content, at most."

Chapter 516 - Xuanwu Sutra

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Huang Yanchen stared at that bone book and said, “That’s the Xuanwu Sutra. Although it’s an incomplete copy, it’s a priceless treasure. As long as you bring it to an auction, there will be many saints and powerful families battling for it.”

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the Xuanwu Sutra from Blackie’s paws and leafed through it in his hands.

As expected, it was only a fragment of the book.

Zhang Ruochen closed the bone book, raised his head and said, “Legend says that in ancient times, Xuanwu clan’s practical skills were passed down by blood meridians. By using the powers of the blood meridian, the exercises will appear in the minds of the Xuanwu descendants.”

“The deceased sage of the Human tribe named the exercises, ‘Xuanwu Rare Roll.’ It is known to be a rare book at God’s Stage. Only the pure-blood Xuanwu descendants know about these practices.”

“Later, the Human tribe gradually flourished in the great wasteland, establishing a civilization. Some members of the Xuanwu clan converted into human beings and intermarried with humans. Their offspring had both the blood meridian of Xuanwu and humans, so they were known as the Xuanwu half-human clan.”

“Hence, the superiors of the Xuanwu clan created a cultivation method that is suitable for the Xuanwu half-human clan. They based it on the

Xuanwu rare roll

, and called it the

Xuanwu Sutra

.”

“The Xuanwu Sutra is not only suitable for the Xuanwu half-human clan but also for human beings. The practice mainly belonged to the King’s mid-class.”

“Unfortunately, the ancient mythical beasts suffered a catastrophe. Almost all of Xuanwu, rocs, peacocks, Divine Dragon, Kylin..., disappeared in the Kunlun’s Field. Although some mythical beast descendants survived, their blood meridians were not pure. These survivors were incomparable to the pure-blood ancient mythical beasts.”

“How is it possible that the Xuanwu half-human clan were able to guard the Xuanwu Sutra without protection from the Mystical Beast clan? During the looting and killing of human beings, the Xuanwu half-human clan suffered from many catastrophes. The fact that they can preserve one-fifth of the book is already remarkable.”

Initially, the Peacock Canon that Zhang Ruochen passed down to Kong Xuan was also only one-tenth of the original volume.

Huang Yanchen said, “Even if it’s just 1/5 of the whole volume, it is still exceptional. It is even comparable to a complete book on practicing skills of Inferior Class King’s Stage.”

“As far as I know, even for the saints in the Saint Academy, many are only practicing exercises of Mid-class Ghost Level or Superior Class Ghost Level. Only geniuses have a chance with the exercises of Inferior Class King’s Stage.”

“Most of the Fish-dragon Realm monks from small families and small suzerains can only practice exercises of Spiritual Stage and Inferior Class Ghost Level. If they want to practice martial techniques of Mid-class Ghost Level, they must join the Half-saint family and Saint Gentries, to become servants and family generals.”

“The Yuntai Suzerain of Omen Ridge is a four-class Suzerain that possesses a few Half-saints. Its most powerful exercise

book is the Holy Universe Reaching of Inferior Class Ghost Level, and they only have one book.”

“The Holy Universe Reaching has been the sect treasure of Yuntai Suzerain, and the only one that is capable of practicing the exercises is the next Master. The general Fish-dragon Realm monks can merely practice exercises of Spiritual Stage.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “Right! Once an exercise book of King’s Stage is spread, even if it’s just a book of Inferior Class King’s Stage, it will cause a great uproar. Although the Xuanwu Sutra is an incomplete volume, it’s still a remarkable treasure.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Senior sister apprentice Yan Chen, are you practicing exercises of Superior Class Ghost Level?”

Huang Yanchen was not shocked when Zhang Ruochen was able to see through her exercises level because she knew that he had strong spiritual powers.

She nodded and said, “I’m practicing the Storm Tactics of Superior Class Ghost Level. My mother, who was a queen, passed it down to me and I’ve practiced it to the fifth level. According to my mother, if I continue to practice it to the tenth level, I can break through the Half-saint Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly, puzzled. He asked Huang Yanchen, “As far as I know, your mother was once the top genius of the Chens. Why was she only practicing exercises of Superior Class Ghost Level?”

Huang Yanchen’s mother was called Chen Liuli, now known as the “Half-saint Liuli.” When she was young, she entered top 50 on the Heaven Board.

The exercises of the King’s Stage were unattainable for ordinary warriors. However, the Chens was an affluent family, so they must have one or two volumes of exercises of King’s Stage.

Chen Liuli was a notable talent. At a young age, she was able to enter the Half-saint realm and perhaps she was even vying

to step into Sacred Realm. It would not be an impossibility for her to attain the exercises of King's Stage.

Huang Yanchen sighed and shook her head with a forced smile. She said with helplessness, "You don't understand that a woman is ultimately inferior to a man in a great family like the Chens. Unless she is talented enough to enter the top ten on the Heaven Board, a woman can't practice exercises of King's Stage."

"It is impossible for the Chens to spread the exercises of King's Stage easily, especially because it is the foundation for the Chens' prosperity. A Ghost-level exercise book was able to attract many geniuses to the Chens, what more a King's stage exercise book."

"On top of that, even for males of the East Region Saint Prince's Mansion, only the top five of each generation can practice the exercises of King's Stage."

After thinking for a moment, Zhang Ruochen handed the bone book, which recorded the Xuanwu Sutra, to Huang Yanchen, and said, "After you break through the Fish-dragon Realm, you can practice other exercises. By then, you can practice the Xuanwu Sutra. Although it's incomplete, it's a dozen times better than the Storm Tactics you're practicing now."

The

Storm Tactics

was an exercise book of Superior Class Ghost Level. As long as you've tried your best to practice, you might have the opportunity to reach the Sacred Realm.

However, how could the

Storm Tactics

compare to the

Xuanwu Sutra

?

How is it possible that Huang Yanchen was uninterested in a remnant volume of an exercise book of Mid-class King's

Stage?

There were at least three significant advantages in practicing exercises of King's Stage.

Firstly, due to the profound exercises, a monk would be able to practice several times or a dozen times faster, compared to other low-level exercises.

Secondly, a monk who practiced exercises of King's Stage would be more superior than those warriors who practiced exercises of Ghost Level in the same realm.

Thirdly, those who practiced high-level exercises could easily exchange the law of Heaven and Earth and quickly comprehend the Holy Road. In short, they would have a higher chance to be a saint than others.

Huang Yanchen was still a little hesitant. She licked her lips and said, "It's too valuable! After all, the Xuanwu Sutra is your prize for killing Yellow God Emissary. It even represents the heritage of Xuanwu, I..."

Before Huang Yanchen could finish talking, Zhang Ruochen placed the bone book containing the

Xuanwu Sutra

in her hands, and said, "It's only an incomplete exercise book, not the legendary Xuanwu Tantra. Please accept it! If I want to perceive it in the future, I can borrow it from you."

"Since you insist on giving it to me, I won't refuse your kindness!"

Huang Yanchen finally stopped turning him down and put the bone book away. She placed it carefully into the Spatial Ring as if she was setting a treasure.

Even great figures like her queen mother and king father: the "colored glaze Half-Saint" and the "Qianshui Commandery Prince" had no access to exercises of King's Stage. Yet she was able to get a volume. Huang Yanchen was extremely happy, and she had a smile on her cold face.

Zhang Ruochen looked at the smile on her exquisitely gorgeous face. It was as if a spring breeze blew from the lake

and blew away the coldness of winter, giving people a warm feeling.

He could not help saying, "Senior sister apprentice, you should smile more. You look very charming when you smile."

Huang Yanchen immediately stopped smiling and turned cold again. With her long eyelashes upturned, she asked, "Are you flirting with me?"

Blackie interrupted, "That was just a compliment, he wasn't flirting."

Zhang Ruochen faintly smiled. He didn't know if he was flirting with her or praising her. All he knew was that he simply said something sincerely.

Huang Yanchen was actually elated to hear that but didn't want to be obvious with her emotions.

How could a fiancé's words be considered as flirting?

Even if he was really flirting, it was a sweet and romantic gesture.

If Zhang Ruochen said a few more words, whether a compliment or a flirt, she would probably smile more and have less of a poker face on, she might even plunge into his arms and turn into a little girl.

Sadly, Zhang Ruochen didn't say anything else. Instead, he turned serious and said, "Huang Shenyi practiced the fragmented version of the

Xuanwu Sutra

. I suspect he hadn't gotten the original copy of the Ancient Xuanwu."

"I think so too."

Blackie also nodded and said, "The pure-blood Xuanwu has long been extinct. The book that Huang Shenyi had gotten must have come from a Xuanwu offspring."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Those who are capable of practicing Xuanwu Qi must be a Xuanwu offspring of the sacred level, rather than the ordinary ones."

Blackie said, “Among the Xuanwu offsprings, the three strongest races are the Ice-water Xuanwu, the Green-fire Tortoise, and the Nine-headed Xuanwu. According to the aura of that bone book, I’m sure that Huang Shenyi inherited it from an eighth-level Cyan-fire Xuanwu.”

Huang Yanchen was somewhat taken aback and said, “In terms of strength, an eighth-level savage beast has already surpassed saints of humans, and also surpassed an eighth-level Green-fire Tortoise, which is even more terrifying. The place is only a medium-level Primitive World. How did it produce such an amazing creature?”

Zhang Ruochen solemnly said, “The Primitive World of Xuanwu has always been one of the top medium-level Primitive Worlds. It is to be expected that they can produce an eighth-level savage beast.”

Blackie smiled and said, “Zhang Ruochen, what are you going to do next?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I just felt a special aura from the bone book with my Spiritual Power. I can depend on this aura to reach the Primitive World of Xuanwu. From there, it won’t be difficult to find Xuanwu heritage place.”

Chapter 517 - The Treasured Body of the Three Spirits

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Huang Yanchen said, “Are we going to the Primitive World of Xuan Wu right now?”

“We don’t have to hurry.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Since everyone now knows that Huang Shenyi has gotten the Xuanwu heritage, there must be a great many soldiers of the Primitive World rushing one after another to the Primitive World of Xuan Wu to search for the place of succession.

“Moreover, I obtained the remains of Huang Shenyi, which will make everyone believe that I have some clues.

“And if I’m not wrong, there have been a lot of great forces watching my every move. No one dares to hurt me when I am in Chaotic Millionverse Mountain, but I will be chased by many people if I set off to go to the Primitive World of Xuan Wu, just like pulling one hair moves the entire body. If so, I can’t do anything!”

Huang Yanchen also frowned, reminding him that he was in first place on the Heaven Board and his military merits were over 10,000,000 points.

“Everyone knows that you will go to the Battlefield of the Primitive World to kill indigenous creatures and accumulate military merits to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. Therefore, the Moon Worship Demonic Sect and the Black Market Excellent Hall are sure to dispatch a great many

masters to prevent that and kill you to keep you from actually reaching the realm.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head, saying, “So, now we should first practice in the Yin Yang Wooden Graph to improve our martial cultivation and wait to see the changes.”

Zhang Ruochen gave Huang Yanchen the Xuanwu Qi to let her practice and improve her Martial Arts realm.

The holy bottle, which was used to keep the Xuanwu Qi, was held by Zhang Ruochen and he studied it carefully.

“Swoosh!”

Then, there was a green pillar of Genuine Qi running out of his palm that wrapped around the holy bottle.

The holy bottle revolved slowly and left the ground to fly into the sky.

In the bottle, 137 inscriptions emerged. They sent forth a glorious light of green and white, as if to separate the world into two halves.

Meanwhile, the bottle gradually began to swell, becoming nearly 10 meters high.

With a push from his palm, the holy bottle flew out and crashed into a small hill dozens of miles away, creating a loud noise.

The ground suddenly shelved, lifting up a blast of black dust.

When the dust had dispersed, one could see that the hill had sunken down and the dust swelled around it, forming a small crater.

“Return!”

With a wave of his arm, the bottle flew from that huge hole and again became as small as a hand, lying in the center of his palm.

“This treasure would be very powerful if it could reach even the lowest level of a Holy Weapon.”

He was really reluctant to give such a Holy Weapon to the Abyss Ancient Sword to refine.

“Maybe I can engrave the Inscription of Space on this bottle and refine it into an Auspicious Vase.”

His eyes brightened and he immediately took the spiritual pen to implement that idea.

Zhang Ruochen had used a piece of simple jade stone to refine an Auspicious Vase, which could only be used to store some liquid Spiritual Dose with weak fighting power.

What would happen if using a holy bottle to refine the Auspicious Vase?

In addition, his Spiritual Power had improved to the 42nd level and he was able to engrave some more complicated inscriptions.

Zhang Ruochen was very excited and began to make preparations.

First, he took out the weapon refining stove and put the Spiritual Crystal with fire nature into the stove to enhance the fire.

If he wanted to continue to engrave the inscription on it, he would have to refine it on the grounds that the holy bottle had become a finished product.

It took Zhang Ruochen one month to engrave 72 Inscriptions of Space onto the bottle to refine it into a Space Treasure, the Auspicious Vase.

Holding the Treasure Vase in his hand, Zhang Ruochen was so excited that he thought the number of inscriptions on the vase had reached 209, which was almost as many as were on the Abyss Ancient Sword.

Zhang Ruochen demonstrated his bodily movement and turned into a shadow to go to the edge of a clear green lake. Looking around, there was a stream of white fog floating over the lake. A leaf would drop and fall into the lake from time to time, forming circular ripples.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen lifted the Auspicious Vase, which was still only the size of a palm, and it turned into a blue light and flew over the lake.

In the mouth of the bottle appeared a vortex, producing a strong suction.

“Swoosh!”

The calm lake immediately boiled up and turned spirally to form into a column of water, flying up into the sky and rushing into the Auspicious Vase.

After a moment, all the water in the lake was collected into the Auspicious Vase.

The Auspicious Vase flew back with a wave of his fingers.

Holding the Auspicious Vase, Zhang Ruochen shook it slightly. There was a burst of a swoosh in the bottle as though it had not yet been fully filled.

Zhang Ruochen lifted up the bottle and took a sip.

Like dewdrops or a good wine, the sweet and cool water entered his throat and then his stomach.

“This water is indeed from the Sacred Prime Tree. Even if it is only lake water, it is the same as a spiritual spring and can help warriors refine their physical quality in Kunlun’s Field. Even for ordinary people, drinking it can also prolong their lives.”

The Picture Scroll World was a holy treasured place just like paradise, and its only shortcoming was a lack of vitality. Having only plants and no animals, it appeared to be extremely peaceful.

Actually, it was easy to understand.

After all, this world had not been stable until the Sacred Prime Tree absorbed the Qi of Origin from the Primitive World of the Wood Spirit to let it be fully formed. In such a short time, it was impossible to breed animals.

Zhang Ruochen poured back the water of the Auspicious Vase and, immediately, the lake that had been dried up became a blue-water lake again.

He was dressed in white like an immortal on a scroll and, sitting down by the lake, he took the jade casket that was given to him by Duanmu Xingling and put it on the grass.

When the casket was opened, a scarlet blood light rushed out from it, emitting a disgusting bloody smell.

Inside the casket was some blood-red soil, which looked like blood had been poured on it.

It was one of the Five Elements Spirit Treasure, the Blood Soil for the Saint.

Zhang Ruochen first refined the Black Glazed Spinel and practiced to the Treasured Body of the Water Spirit. After then, he refined the Purple Cloud-patterned Eaglewood and practiced to the Treasured Body of the Wood Spirit.

Now, he would refine the Blood Soil for the Saint and practice to the Treasured Body of the Earth Spirit.

The Blood Soil for the Saint was not really blood that had been poured, but it contained extremely rich original Spiritual Qi with earth nature, which gave it the color of blood.

“If I was able to practice to the Treasured Body of the Earth Spirit, then I would be the Treasured Body of the Three Spirits.”

There was a firm will in his eyes, full of expectation.

According to the legend, the Treasured Body of the Three Spirits could challenge a Saintly Being from the same realm.

That was to say, as long as Zhang Ruochen could practice to the Treasured Body of the Three Spirits, his physical condition would be no different from a Saintly Being and would also be as strong.

If Zhang Ruochen could practice to the Treasured Body of the Four Spirits, his physical condition could even compare with a Heartless Saint Being, a Genuine Dragon Body, an Innate Extreme Yin Body, and an Innate Extreme Yang Body.

However, Zhang Ruochen had already felt it very difficult when he practiced the Treasured Bodies of the Double Spirits.

Practicing the Treasured Body of the Three Spirits could be as difficult as climbing into the sky. As for the Treasured Bodies of the Four Spirits, it would be impossible for anyone to succeed without any special chances.

What could be called a special chance?

For example, Di Yi was once a simple Saintly Being. But because his Demon's Heart was dug out by Zhang Ruochen, which left him between life and death, he miraculously practiced to the "Heartless Saint Being". In this way, he not only walked away from death, but even also improved his physical condition.

A Heartless Saint Being could be called an immortal, who was more powerful than other Saintly Beings.

This was the so-called chance. If Di Yi had not had his heart dug out by Zhang Ruochen and had not walked between life and death, then he could not have practiced to the Heartless Saint Being.

A chance could let you soar, but it could also cause you to die without a burial place.

In the same way, Orange Syar Emissary had an Innate Lunar Body and she also needed a chance. If she had no chance, she would never be able to practice to the Innate Extreme Yin Body.

Zhang Ruochen temporarily withdrew his mind and began to refine the Blood Soil for the Saint.

His main goal was to practice to the Treasured Body of the Three Spirits.

As for the Treasured Body of the Four Spirits, it was far away from him.

"Refining the Blood Soil for the Saint does not require practicing to the Treasured Body of the Three Spirits, but it at least requires making a breakthrough in cultivation to the Intermediate Stage of the Completion of the Heaven Realm."

"Bang!"

Zhang Ruochen hit it and the Blood Soil for the Saint immediately turned into bloody red sand and flew up to wrap around his body.

If Spiritual Qi was injected into the eyes, one would see the bloody sand flying in mid-air and revolving rapidly, making a humming sound and rushing into him.

...

...

The people of the Black Market Excellence Hall also lived in Ten-thousand Fields Tavern.

Di Yi stood by the lake with a black Holy Sword in his hand, remembering the image of Huang Shenyi being killed by Zhang Ruochen in the Heavenly Ring.

Suddenly, his eyes became extremely sharp.

The sword moved first before his hands did.

“Swoosh!”

Di Yi appeared about 10 meters away and wielded his sword.

However, his sword, which had only made it halfway, was pinched by the two fingers of Cyan-robed Emissary and was fixed in midair.

Di Yi withdrew his sword, asking, “What about this sword?”

Cyan-robed Emissary shook his head and said, “Compared with the sword of Zhang Ruochen, it is very inferior. I can’t catch his sword with two of my fingers.”

Cyan-robed Emissary ranked third among Seven Star Emissaries.

However, her cultivation was second only to Purple Wind Emissary and had reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

If she were to kill a warrior in the Heavenly Realm, she would not even have to use her hands at all. Instead, she just needed to blow at her opponent, which would turn them into a cloud of bloody fog.

However, she claimed that using her two fingers she could not catch Zhang Ruochen's sword.

Through this comment, one could see how terrifying the sword technique of Zhang Ruochen was.

"I never knew that I was so inferior compared with him. Therefore, there is an 80 percent chance for me to be defeated by him before I have practiced the Heartless Saint Being to the Small Success," Di Yi said.

At this time, Green Robe Emissary and Red Wish Emissary came in from the outside.

"Go see the young master."

Green Robe Emissary and Red Wish Emissary bowed at the same time.

Di Yi looked and smiled, saying, "Red Wish Emissary is also back! Oh! Your cultivation seems to have improved a lot. Has it reached the Completion of the Heaven Realm?"

Chapter 518 - Di Yi's Plan

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

In a mass of red fog, Red Wish Emissary's tender body, with subtle curves, seemed to be a little illusory.

She said in a soft voice, "Young master, I've really reached the Completion of the Heaven Realm."

Di Yi nodded his head and said, "Blood Spirit Queen had refined a lot of the Half-Saint's Light. If you refined her into a Blood Pill and swallowed it, your cultivation must advance rapidly. It won't be difficult for you to break through to the Fish-dragon Realm."

After a pause, Di Yi said, "What are you going to do next? Keep breaking through to the Fish-dragon Realm? Or stop to immerse yourself in Martial Arts and break through to the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm?"

The top geniuses would indeed face these two options before reaching the Completion of the Heaven Realm.

Each option had its own advantages and disadvantages.

The former meant that a warrior could break through to the Fish-dragon Realm in one stroke and then get rid of the shackles of the mortal world while he was young, energetic, vigorous, and active.

And then, he could transcend Martial Arts and enter the Holy Road.

While the latter meant that a warrior could reach the Ultimate Realm and attract the Chord of Gods, which would smooth the way to the Holy Road.

However, a warrior would definitely stay in the Completion of the Heaven Realm for a long time. Perhaps the warrior might die an irregular death in the end, instead of reaching the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

Red Wish Emissary did not answer the question, instead, she said, “Young master, I have something important to tell you.”

Di Yi frowned and looked deeply at Red Wish Emissary.

On the surface, Red Wish Emissary had important things to say. Hence, she could indeed not answer the questions first. And it was also reasonable to inform Di Yi first.

However, as a superior, Di Yi could vaguely feel that Red Wish Emissary was trying to gain the initiative.

Then he said calmly, “What happened?”

Red Wish Emissary answered, “Great changes have occurred in the Wood Spirit Primitive World. A Half-Saint Class battle took place yesterday.”

Di Yi narrowed his eyes and said, “A Half-Saint Class battle occurred in an Inferior Primitive World?”

Even in Kunlun’s Field, Half-Saint Class battles were not common. After all, Half-Saints had destructive power, so they would not come to blows unless there was no other way.

In general, a confrontation between great forces was a matter of all representatives of the young generation.

All the Saints had retreated behind the scenes.

No force wanted to see Saint Class battles because they did not hope to cause destruction to both sides, which would benefit a third party.

In medium-level and superior-class Primitive Worlds, Half-Saints would actually engage in a war.

But, how could Half-Saints appear in an Inferior Primitive World?

Moreover, there had been fierce conflicts.

It was extremely unusual!

Di Yi immediately asked, “Do you know how many Half-Saints participated in the battle?”

Red Wish Emissary replied, “At the time, although I was far away, I still could see some battle scenes with my Skyeye because my Spiritual Power had broken through to the 40th level.

“According to the fluctuations of power sent from the battlefield, I could determine that two Half-Saints were fighting against each other. One of them should be from Heresy while the other was from the Ministry of War.”

Di Yi smiled faintly and said, “Unexpectedly, Heresy fought against the Ministry of the War. What are the secrets of the Wood Spirit Primitive World?”

Red Wish Emissary said, “Since even the Half-Saints have come to blows, something extraordinary must have happened. I think it’s necessary to report it to the First-Class Hall to ask the Half-Saints for a thorough investigation.”

Di Yi glanced slightly with a meaningful flash, whereafter he laughed and said, “You’re right! We should really inform the First-Class Hall, but I’m going to the Death Primitive World, so I have no time to go back. I’ll leave it to you.”

“Yes, young master! Thanks for your trust, I’ll successfully fulfill this mission.”

With that, Red Wish Emissary immediately left.

Cyan-robed Emissary watched her back and frowned slightly, saying, “Young master, since it’s such an important thing, isn’t it too hasty to give this task to Red Wish Emissary?”

Green Robe Emissary also nodded and said, “Red Wish Emissary is talented but still too young.”

Di Yi smiled with a slightly profound meaning and said, “Since Yellow God Emissary has died and Orange Star Emissary has gotten trapped, we are in urgent need of the right people. So, Red Wish Emissary should be allowed to do more to gain more experience.”

Cyan-robed Emissary asked nothing more and thought to himself,

“Young master has been resourceful from childhood, so there must be a reason for him to do so.”

She said, “Just now, you said that you’re going to the Death Primitive World. Why is that? At present, isn’t the most important thing to deal with Zhang Ruochen and rescue Orange Star Emissary?”

Di Yi looked solemn and said seriously, “Bu Qianfan is experienced in the Death Primitive World. Only when I refined him into my demonic shadow could my Heartless Saint Being reach the Small Success Realm.”

“I see.”

Cyan-robed Emissary said, “Young master, let me accompany you to the Death Primitive World.”

Di Yi looked into the distance, ensuring that Red Wish Emissary had already gone, and then said, “No, you have to go to the Wood Spirit Primitive World to find out what happened there. Since Zhang Ruochen, the Half-Saint of Heresy, and the Ministry of War have all been there, there must be some extraordinary secrets.”

Cyan-robed Emissary said, “But haven’t you already sent Red Wish Emissary to do that?”

Di Yi shook his head and said, “She is, after all, Phantom Saint’s disciple. Even if she discovers something, she would certainly tell him first. Moreover, I feel that she has become somewhat different!”

Cyan-robed Emissary immediately understood that young master was already wary of Red Wish Emissary so he deliberately sent her back to the First-Class Hall. In fact, he just sent her away with an excuse.

“So, I will go to the Wood Spirit Primitive World personally.” Cyan-robed Emissary hesitated for a while and said, “Well, then, how about sending Green Robe Emissary to follow you there?”

Di Yi shook his head once again and said, “No, Green Robe Emissary will keep watching Zhang Ruochen. Since he already has 12 million military merits, he’ll definitely break through to the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm, rather than be content with the status quo.”

Green Robe Emissary frowned slightly and said, “In recent days, Zhang Ruochen has been staying in Ten Thousand Fields Tavern, staying indoors. No one knows how long he’ll stay there.”

“Relax! He may not be here for so long. He’ll definitely leave for the Xuanwu Primitive World.”

Di Yi looked indifferent and stared at Green Robe Emissary, saying, “Take more people. If possible, kill him in the Xuanwu Primitive World.”

Green Robe Emissary looked ferocious and laughed cruelly, saying, “Young master, please be assured that I’ve already arranged a large number of people from the Cave of Nine Deaths and the Blood Cloud Sect in Ten Thousand Fields Tavern, the camping ground of the Ministry of War, and ferries of the Primitive World. As long as he shows up, Zhang Ruochen will soon be discovered.

“Zhang Ruochen dared to publicly provoke our Black Market Excellence Hall, first capturing Orange Star Emissary and then killing Yellow God Emissary, making us disgraced. I must cut off his head and hang it on the top of the gate of Saint Academy to let the Martial Market Bank know that our Black Market can’t be trifled with.”

Cyan-robed Emissary was somewhat worried, saying, “Will you go to the Death Primitive World alone, young master? As far as I know, Bu Qianfan is an extraordinary genius and a hard man to deal with. Moreover, the Death Primitive World is also very dangerous.”

Di Yi said with a smile, “If he is too weak, I won’t choose him to be my shadow. Rest assured. I also want to gain experience myself with this trip to the Death Primitive World. Maybe I can accumulate 30 million military merits in the Death Primitive World, and reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven

Realm in one stroke. It's settled that we'll split up into three groups. I hope we all can gain something.”

After an hour, Di Yi and Cyan-robed Emissary left Chaotic Millionverse Mountain successively and went to the Death Primitive World and the Wood Spirit Primitive World, respectively.

Green Robe Emissary stayed behind and continued to monitor Zhang Ruochen.

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Zhang Ruochen had merely refined 600 grams of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil and his body already was saturated. The refinement was several times harder than before.

According to previous experience, it was necessary to refine 4,950 grams of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil in order to practice into the Treasured Body of Three Spirits.

However, according to this trend, it was impossible to successfully practice the Treasured Body of Three Spirits in the Heaven Realm. Even if he cultivated to the Fish-dragon Realm, it would not be easy to refine 4,950 grams of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil.

The only thing that made him happy was that he finally made progress in martial cultivation, reaching the Intermediate Stage of the Completion of the Heaven Realm, which was a great improvement.

“Let me take a look first.”

Zhang Ruochen stood up, flipping the dust from his body.

He first went to the stump platform of the Sacred Prime Tree and saw that Huang Yanchen, Orange Star Emissary, and Ao Xinyan were still practicing, so he went out of the inner world of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph alone without bothering them.

It had been more than a month in the Scroll World. However, only four days had passed in Chaotic Millionverse Mountain.

After a four-day development, the news that “Zhang Ruochen killed Huang Shenyi”, “Zhang Ruochen won first place on the Heaven Board

“, and “Xuanwu Heritage appeared” was widely spread.

Walking on the streets established by Ten Thousand Fields Tavern, people could hear things about Zhang Ruochen everywhere.

He never thought that his battle with Huang Shenyi in the Heavenly Ring would cause such a sensation.

However, he was still very calm, with no emotion. He finally came to his destination after walking for about 15 minutes.

Zhang Ruochen stopped and looked up. He saw four gilded ancient words: “Events Under The Sky” on the plaque at the top of the gate.

When he walked through the gate, all kinds of squeaky voices immediately came to his ears. There were both warriors’ harangues and the clinking of wine cups. It looked like a downtown.

Zhang Ruochen came here to get the scoop on how many people were casting their eyes at Xuanwu Heritage and himself.

He had to know this fairly well before going to the Xuanwu Primitive World.

Chapter 519 - The Second Buddha Emperor's Descendant

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen quietly walked into the pub and sat in a corner. He ordered a bottle of wine and drank quietly.

Although he was now famous, few people could recognize him.

He remained unnoticed.

Zhang Rouchen had just sat down when a voice rang in his ear. "Amitabha! Alms Giver, can I sit here?"

He raised his head and saw a bald man in plain clothes behind him.

Why did Zhang Ruochen think that he was a bald man and not a monk?

It was because he was very tall, 2.7 meters, just like a giant. If ordinary people stood beside him, they would only reach his stomach.

Moreover, he looked ugly and ferocious, carrying a two-meter-long broadsword on his back.

No matter how he looked at it, the man looked like a butcher rather than a monk.

The bald man tried to squeeze out a smile that he believed to be very kind and said, "The tavern is already crowded and there are only three empty seats. Alms Giver, give me a chance!"

Zhang Ruochen nodded.

“Thank you.”

The bald man immediately clasped his hands and uttered a Buddha’s name, then he sat down across Zhang Ruochen.

Perhaps because he was too heavy the wooden chair creaked when he sat down, as if it would break any time.

“My Buddhist name is Lidi. Alms Giver, what’s your name?”

Monk Lidi forced a friendly smile again, his eyes narrowing to a slit.

It was just that his smile, together with his figure, gave people a very strange feeling.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the monk once again, focusing on his waist.

On Monk Lidi’s waist were four tokens: the Black Iron Token representing the first on the Yellow Board, the Bronze Token representing the first on the Profound Board, the Silver Token representing the first on the Earth Board, and the Golden Token which only Heaven Board warriors could have.

However, the characters printed on the Golden Token was not first, but a rank after one million, almost at the end of the Heaven Board.

Zhang Ruochen felt that this monk was a bit strange so he seriously said, “Who are you?”

“My Buddhist name is Lidi,” Monk Lidi said again.

As he spoke, the monk took a Buddha bead from his bosom and placed it on a corner of the table.

The moment the bead fell on the table...

With a swoosh, the Buddha bead emitted a harsh golden light. Golden lines of Sanskrit flew from the Buddha bead and suspended in the void space.

All of the drinkers in the pub suddenly disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen and Monk Lidi were still seated opposite each other at the table as if they were suspended in the center of

heaven and earth. It seemed like they were the only ones left in the whole universe; it was very quiet.

“Amala Domain!”

Zhang Ruochen was not alarmed. He stared at the bald man who claimed to be a monk and asked, “Are you a disciple of the Thousand Buddhas Sect?”

Monk Lidi clasped his hands and said, “The Thousand Buddhas Sect has long been broken up, with only three branches left – the Brahma Sect, the Bodhi Temple, and the Birth and Death Temple.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Which sect are you from?”

“I’m a disciple of the Brahma Sect.”

Zhang Ruochen cautiously said, “As far as I know, 800 years ago the Brahma Sect was the most powerful branch of the Thousand Buddhas Sect. At that time, the Sect Leader’s Buddhist name was ‘Zhaoxi’. In terms of cultivation in Buddhist doctrine, he surpassed the Sect Leader of the Thousand Buddhas Sect. He was known as the First Man in Buddhism and was called the ‘Buddhist Emperor’ by the external world.”

“Yes.” Monk Lidi nodded.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Do you know who I am?”

Monk Lidi nodded again and said, “Zhang Ruochen, Buddha Emperor’s descendant.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Therefore, you sought me out on purpose?”

Monk Lidi said, “Alms Giver Zhang, this poor monk, under the Sect Leader’s order, especially went down the mountain to invite you to visit the Brahma Sect.”

Zhang Ruochen lifted his glass while playing with it with his fingers. He said, “What’s your purpose? Just say it directly.”

Monk Lidi forced a smile again and went straight to the point. “Sect Leader said that the Buddhist Emperor’s Sarira is ultimately a sacred article of the Brahma Sect. We’re willing

to exchange more precious treasures with you in order to obtain it. Of course, you may also choose to be a monk in the Brahma Sect. Then, the Buddhist Emperor's Sarira will still belong to you."

Zhang Ruochen was expressionless as he said, "What if I choose neither?"

Monk Lidi pondered for a moment before saying, "Then this poor monk will have to follow by Alms Giver Zhang's side until he makes a choice."

Zhang Ruochen said, "If my eyes did not deceive me, it seems your cultivation is the Completion of Heaven. Are you sure that you can keep up with me?"

"Alms Giver Zhang, are you not at the Completion of Heaven realm?" Monk Lidi laughed humbly.

Zhang Ruochen showed a bit of interest in the monk and said with a smile, "I rank first on the

Heaven

Board

. Master, aren't you too confident?"

"The first on the

Heaven

Board

may not be invincible," Monk Lidi said with a laugh.

Zhang Ruochen intended to test the monk's strength, so he mobilized the Genuine Qi to display Divine Dragon's Steal, the sixth movement of the Dragon and Elephant Palm.

From his palm rays of lightning appeared, then he struck out his palm into the space between them.

However, because Zhang Ruochen was not sure whether the monk was an enemy or a friend, he did not want to injure him. Hence, he only mobilized 10% of his strength.

"Dragon and Elephant Palm."

Monk Lidi smiled and slowly raised his hand.

As he lifted his palms, Monk Lidi's body turned red, like a red-hot human-shaped iron. It emitted a fiery glow as if there was a burning sun in his body.

“Dragon and Elephant Furnace, the seventh movement of Dragon and Elephant Palm.”

Monk Lidi struck out a palm, countering Zhang Ruochen's handprint.

“Boom!”

Zhang Ruochen's body slipped three meters backward while remaining seated on the bench.

Monk Lidi, who was still sitting there motionless, slowly clasped his hands and uttered a Buddha's name. “Amitabha!”

Zhang Ruochen's right arm dangled, completely losing consciousness. Then he felt severe pain in his shoulders.

In that duel, the monk had dislocated his arm.

The truth was, when Zhang Ruochen realized that the monk was powerful, he had immediately run the Genuine Qi with all his strength and used 100% power.

However, as he became stronger, the other party also became stronger.

In the end, Zhang Ruochen's arm was dislocated but Monk Lidi was unscathed. Obviously, Monk Lidi had not used his full power just now.

“Amazing!”

Zhang Ruochen held back the pain and repositioned the dislocated arm himself. He gazed at the monk sitting across him, still composed. Zhang Ruochen said, “No warrior of the Heaven Realm can possess that power you just showed.”

Monk Lidi nodded and said, “This poor monk practiced an occult art called ‘Thorough Remoulding’. After the Buddhist Emperor's death, he did not only leave a Sarira but also a golden body. The golden body has now merged with me. Of course, the golden body was just skin. It was good for nothing except for strength. This poor monk just wants to tell Alms

Giver Zhang that this poor monk is also the Buddha Emperor's descendant. Theoretically, we're brother disciples!"

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and said with a smile, "No matter how good you think you are, there is always someone out there that is better. The No. 1 on the

Heaven Board

is really not necessarily the strongest."

"I have a question. With the master's strength, since he is already number one on the Yellow Board, number one on the Profound Board, and number one on the Earth Board, why not fight for the number one on the Heaven Board?"

Monk Lidi shook his head and said with a laugh, "This poor monk is still honing his disposition, fearing that he'll surrender to temptation."

"What is the temptation?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

"The Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm."

Monk Lidi continued speaking. "Upon reaching No. 1 on the Heaven Board, one will have tens of millions of military merits. Just a step further is the Ultimate Realm. What cultivator does not want to reach the Ultimate Realm? This poor monk has a shallow foundation and weak Buddha mind. I'm afraid that I can't withstand this temptation."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Since you want to reach the Ultimate Realm, you should follow your heart. Why must you restrain yourself?"

Monk Lidi closed his eyes and said, "No killing, no killing."

Zhang Ruochen understood!

If one wanted to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm, one had to kill indigens of the Primitive World in order to accumulate military merits.

For the Buddhists, it was taboo to kill.

Once the commandment against killing was broken, one would probably fall onto the demonic path.

It was because of the great temptation of the Ultimate Realm in the Heaven Realm that Monk Lidi did not dare fight for number one on the Heaven Board. The closer to the Ultimate Realm, the greater the temptation would be.

Of course, even if Monk Lidi really wanted to fight for first place on the Heaven Board, Zhang Ruochen may not necessarily lose to him.

After all, the contest just now was palm power, but Zhang Ruochen's forte was sword technique.

Even if Monk Lidi fused with the Buddhist Emperor's golden body and his flesh became "indestructible and immortal", he would surely have weaknesses and flaws. Zhang Ruochen still had a chance to win.

Monk Lidi put away the Buddha bead. Suddenly, all the Sanskrit disappeared and noise again came from their surroundings.

They were still in the tavern, sitting on two sides of the table. However, no one noticed that they had already fought against each other once.

Monk Lidi said with seriousness, "Alms Giver Zhang, what do you think? How will you choose? Do you want to exchange the Sarira with the Brahma Sect? Or do you want to become a monk in the Brahma Sect? If Alms Giver Zhang chooses the latter, this poor monk is willing to be your junior fellow apprentice and give up his identity as the chief disciple of the Brahma Sect."

Zhang Ruochen gave a weak smile.

First of all, Zhang Ruochen would not trade the Sarira with the Brahma Sect because that Sarira was of great use to him.

If he wanted to quickly improve his cultivation and catch up with Chi Yao, he had to use the power of Sarira.

Secondly, he would not be a monk.

However, if he did not make a choice, how could he get rid of Monk Lidi?

At this moment, there was loud laughter in the pub. “What kind of romantic person am I? Zhang Ruochen, the number one on the Heaven Board, is the real romantic person. It is said that Orange Star Emissary of the Black Market Excellent Hall, after being captured by him, has been tamed into a plaything on the bed, sleeping with him every night. The startling beauty of the Emissary, just thinking about it makes me so envious.”

“Really? Zhang Ruochen was so brave that he dared to sleep with the God’s favored daughter of the Black Market Excellence Hall?”

“Absolutely true, otherwise why would he remain home the past few days? If it weren’t for this, I’d be afraid that he had already gone and accumulated military merits to break through the Ultimate Realm.”

“Ah! The tender land is a hero’s grave. Unexpectedly, Zhang Ruochen is actually a lecherous person.”

“Zhang Ruochen is a man, after all. How can a man be indifferent to beauty?”

Hearing everyone’s words, Monk Lidi stared at Zhang Ruochen with a strange look in his eyes, as if he was reassessing Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly and looked at the man who had just spoken, wanting to see who had started the rumor.

Chapter 520 - Unexpected Variables

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction where he saw the man who had spoken a moment ago. He seemed to be around 30 with a slightly yellowish face. His neatly trimmed mustache curled around both sides of his lips. He looked handsome.

He was just three tables away from Zhang Ruochen.

Although commoners might not be able to ascertain his cultivation, that was not the case for Zhang Ruochen.

His cultivation had already reached the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, the “Innate Embryonic Breath”. His breath was steady and his blood flow was slow. The pores on his body were opened as well, which was for him to absorb the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi.

This person had already transcended Martial Arts and set foot on the Holy Road.

How could such a person spread rumors and create turmoil for no reason?

Was he not afraid that he would offend the likes of Zhang Ruochen and Orange Star Emissary?

At this moment, the middle-aged man of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was still sitting in the chair. He was drinking wine and talking uncontrollably. He did not know that Zhang Ruochen was sitting near him.

“It is said that Orange Star Emissary’s master is the Ghost Saint of the Cave of Nine Deaths. And Zhang Ruochen has

mistreated the Ghost Saint's disciple, isn't he afraid that the Ghost Saint will turn him into a deathly ghost boy?" an elder asked.

The middle-aged man smiled and answered, "No matter how powerful he is, he is still a young descendant in his 20s. The Ghost Saint won't deal with him himself."

Another warrior added, "Even if the Ghost Saint decided not to be involved, the three disciples of the Ghost Saint will find it unbearable. They will surely shred Zhang Ruochen to pieces."

"That makes sense. After all, Orange Star Emissary is their junior sister apprentice. It is said that the third disciple of the Ghost Saint, Yin Wuchang, has been pursuing Orange Star Emissary. He will surely go bananas after hearing this."

"If he really gets mad, Zhang Ruochen will be in trouble. Zhang Ruochen may have entered the

Heaven

Board

, yet he still has a cultivation of the commoners, how can he compare with the Ghost Saint's three disciples? According to the rumors, the Ghost Saint's three disciples have already reached the Fish-dragon Realm, which makes their cultivation seemingly unfathomable. They have made their names as masters in the realm of evil."

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After an hour, the middle-aged man finished his conversation. They then left the tavern.

Zhang Ruochen paid his bill and followed them.

Zhang Ruochen wanted to know who this person actually was. Why did he deliberately spread rumors in the tavern?

After all, the middle-aged man was a Fish-dragon Realm master, yet Zhang Ruochen had not hidden his aura.

Therefore, the middle-aged man quickly realized that there was someone who was following him. So, he walked to a

desolate place and immediately stopped. He stopped there and remained unmoved. Secretly mobilizing his Genuine Qi, he said coldly, "Who are you? Show yourself!"

"Clip Clop!"

Zhang Ruochen steadily walked into the middle of the street. He stood about 33 meters behind the middle-aged man and said, "You're the one who kept mentioning my name in the tavern. Don't you recognize me?"

The middle-aged man changed his expression slightly. He turned around and looked toward the young warrior who was standing not far away. He was surprised and said, "So, you're Zhang Ruochen?"

Zhang Ruochen said subtly, "Tell me, who are you? Who made you spread these rumors?"

The middle-aged man did not intend to answer Zhang Ruochen. His legs slightly spread apart and every muscle in his body tightened. Inside his sleeves, he was holding onto his fists. He was preparing to fight.

Although he had broken through the Martial Arts barrier and entered the Fish-dragon Realm, he was still not convinced of his own abilities. After all, he was facing the

Heaven Board's

number one, Zhang Ruochen.

Compared to Zhang Ruochen, he was like a Brute Bull with a huge body, while Zhang Ruochen was like a fearsome Wolf King.

On paper, the Brute Bull looked bigger and stronger than the Wolf King, but he knew he was no match for the so-called Wolf King.

At this moment, the middle-aged man was like the Brute Bull. He was scared but was forced to fight for his life.

"Landslide Cracks the Earth."

As the middle-aged man roared and raised both of his arms, mighty Genuine Qi could be seen flowing between his hands.

He then punched the earth.

A strong force rushed into the earth, which let out a cracking sound. The stone tiles on the street were lifted.

The stone tiles were two meters thick, which weighed a few thousand pounds.

Dozens of stone tiles twisted above. Under the power of the fist, the tiles and the air rubbed violently into each other and created a red-hot inferno. They were like pieces of a fiery meteorite that struck toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen remained unfazed. He was rather calm seeing the incoming flaming tiles. He reached out his palm, pressed toward the void space, and hit out with palm power.

The forceful palm power turned into a turbulent hurricane that rushed forward.

“Bang!”

The stone tiles flew back at the middle-aged man with a faster velocity.

The middle-aged man knew he was in trouble. He displayed a bodily movement and rushed backward. He was about to escape!

“Rumble!”

The stone tiles crashed on the ground and created a huge pit. The street was crushed.

“Zhang Ruochen is surely nothing less than horrifying. He’s so powerful even without having reached the Fish-dragon Realm. What if he really enters the Fish-dragon Realm... it will be absolutely absurd.”

The middle-aged man was sweaty. He tried to escape further away from Zhang Ruochen.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

Zhang Ruochen appeared in front of him out of nowhere. He was stopping the middle-aged man from escaping.

The middle-aged man immediately stopped and gritted his teeth. His eyes were filled with animosity as he was preparing to attack.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’ll fight you to the death!”

“Swish!”

Sword radiance flashed in front of the middle-aged man. In the next moment, a cold sword was already at his neck.

The middle-aged man could feel the chill on his neck, which made him shiver. The attacking movement that he was about to strike out halted in mid-air. He was too afraid to move, as if he was petrified.

“What a rapid sword technique!”

The middle-aged man showed a fearful look in his eyes.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the hilt with one hand. He condensed his Spiritual Power within both of his eyes. He looked toward the man and said, “Tell me, who are you? Tell me the truth, or else your head is finished.”

The middle-aged man was shocked by Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power. He looked rather sombre and lost his vital essence. He replied in a sluggish expression, “Xu... Xu Longyi.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Are you from Saint Xu Gentry?”

“I’m just a collateral posterity of Saint Xu Gentry. I’m not the direct descendant of the same Blood Meridians, I am just obeying his order. Since we have no hatred for each other, why don’t you spare my life?” Xu Longyi said in a careful manner.

He was afraid that he would say something wrong that might trigger Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Don’t be afraid. As long as you tell me the truth, I’ll spare your life. Tell me, who ordered you? What is his intention?”

Xu Longyi was relieved. He said, “It’s Xu Hai. He came to Chaotic Millionverse Mountain too. He was ordered by the ancestor to kill you.”

Zhang Ruochen had been feuding with Saint Xu Gentry for a long time and nothing could be done to resolve it.

Saint Xu Gentry was shocked when the news of Zhang Ruochen becoming first on the

Heaven

Board

spread to the Eastern Region.

As a long-established Saint's powerful family, Saint Xu Gentry was supposed to be clearer than anyone else regarding the capability of extraordinary geniuses.

Maybe Zhang Ruochen was not so much of a threat to them now, but what about in 50 or 100 years later, would it still be the same?

If Zhang Ruochen reached the Sacred Realm, Saint Xu Gentry was at risk of getting eliminated.

Therefore, no matter what, Saint Xu Gentry had to eliminate Zhang Ruochen before he became fully developed.

Demi-saint Sandao of Saint Xu Gentry ordered Xu Hai to lead four superiors in the Fish-dragon Realm to Chaotic Millionverse Mountain on a mission to kill Zhang Ruochen in the Battlefield of the Primitive World.

Xu Longyi was one of the four superiors of Saint Xu Gentry. Of course, he was also one of the weakest among the four of them.

Xu Longyi continued, "Xu Hai wanted me to spread the rumors just to provoke the warriors of the Black Market so that he could manipulate the Evil Warriors to kill you."

"What a guy Xu Hai is, it's incredible he could think of such a plan," Zhang Ruochen said with a smile.

Previously, Zhang Ruochen killed the disciple of this generation of Saint Xu Gentry, Xu Qing, in the Five Elements Primitive World.

Unexpectedly, Saint Xu Gentry did not learn their lesson and even sent a second disciple to deal with Zhang Ruochen.

Xu Hai was Saint Xu Gentry's disciple from the previous generation. He entered Saint Academy 10 years ago. His talent and cultivation were far superior to Xu Qing's.

Instead of plotting, it would be better for him to initiate an attack.

After a brief moment, Zhang Ruochen came up with a plan. He asked, "Where is Xu Hai?"

Xu Longyi hesitated for a moment, but after being pressured by Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power, he finally answered, "Xu Hai is probably meeting with Green-robed Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall. They are plotting to kill you in collaboration. "Moreover, I heard that the three disciples of the Ghost Saint are already in Chaotic Millionverse Mountain. Rumors were heard that they wanted to refine you into a wraith ghost boy."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "On one side, Xu Hai is spreading rumors just to trigger a dispute between me and the Black Market; on the other side, he is forming an alliance with the Black Market so that they could join forces to kill me. The disciples of Saint Xu Gentry indeed cannot be underestimated."

Xu Longyi asked, "I've told you everything, so you'll let me go, right?"

Zhang Ruochen retrieved his Spiritual Power. He swung his arm and retrieved the Abyss Ancient Sword as well. He said with a rather relaxed tone, "You may go now!"

"You're letting me go, just like that?"

Although Zhang Ruochen had retrieved his Spiritual Power, Xu Longyi still did not let his guard down, instead, he became even more nervous. He did not believe that Zhang Ruochen would let him go just like that.

"Is it even possible?"

He was afraid that once he turned around, Zhang Ruochen would sneakily launch a coup de grâce on him.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Of course I’m letting you go. When you get back, inform Xu Hai and the Evil Warriors from the Black Market that I’m going to the Primitive World of Xuan Wu. They might not want to waste this golden opportunity to kill me and rescue Orange Star Emissary.”

Chapter 521 - Set Sail

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Xu Longyi was still in disbelief. He thought he had heard wrong, so he asked, “Really?”

Zhang Ruochen’s patience was tested. He said in a serious manner, “You better get going before I change my mind.”

Xu Longyi felt the chill coming from Zhang Ruochen. He did not want to stay there any longer. He unfolded his body and leaped forward, landing on the roof of a pavilion beside the street.

“Swoosh!”

After a few leaps, he disappeared completely.

“Amitabha!”

Monk Lidi walked forward with his giant blade in the scabbard. He stood not far from Zhang Ruochen, an honest smile on his face.

Upon seeing Monk Lidi, Zhang Ruochen frowned as if he had seen the Plague God coming. He quickly moved his body and rushed toward the Primitive World ferry.

Monk Lidi exhibited a profound bodily movement of Buddhism and chased Zhang Ruochen with neither delay nor urgency. Like a piece of candy, he was glued to Zhang Ruochen.

The Ten Thousand Fields Tavern was an elegant villa.

Saint Xu Gentry disciple, “Xu Hai”, the Black Market Excellence Hall’s “Green-robed Emissary”, third disciple of

the Ghost Saint, “Yin Wuchang”, and ten Evil Warriors were all gathered there. They were standing by a pond.

Xu Hai and the Evil Warriors all looked strangely at Xu Longyi who had just returned.

Xu Hai looked at him coldly and asked, “So Zhang Ruochen told you that he is going to the Xuanwu Primitive World today?”

Xu Longyi felt something wrong in the atmosphere but he bit the bullet and answered, “That’s right. He also said that if you want to kill him or rescue Orange Star Emissary, this is your golden opportunity.”

Xu Hai took three steps forward, stopping in front of Xu Longyi. “Did you tell him about the alliance between Saint Xu Gentry and the Black Market?”

Xu Hai’s body exuded a strong force of oppression. Even the air seemed to have solidified and stopped flowing.

Xu Longyi felt like a huge mountain was pressing on him. He quickly answered, “No, I didn’t. How could I tell him something so confidential?”

“Really?”

Xu Hai sneered and said, “Do you think I’m a fool? If you did not tell him, would he have let you go? I believe you are now his person!”

Xu Longyi was frightened and his face turned pale. His legs crumbled and fell to the ground. With a trembling voice he said, “My lord...please, believe me, my lord, I dare not commit treachery toward our Gentry...Aaargghhh...”

Xu Hai’s palm struck the top of Xu Longyi’s head, letting off a loud snap. Four streams of blood flowed from the top of his head to his neck.

Fresh, red blood gurgled out, dying Xu Longyi’s robe crimson.

Xu Hai retrieved his palm and then took out a white cloth from his sleeve, wiping the fresh blood from his hand. He smiled and said, “I’m incapable of disciplining my subordinates, please forgive me, my dear brothers.”

Green-robed Emissary giggled. “We can see that Xu Longyi has been persuaded by Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen must have already set up a trap and sent Xu Longyi here to lure us to go to Xuanwu Primitive World so that he can destroy us once and for all.”

Xu Hai snorted coldly. “How childish of Zhang Ruochen to think that we’ll fall into his trap with this kind of cheap plot. He thought we’re that stupid, didn’t he? However, this might be our chance. Since Zhang Ruochen is going to the Xuanwu Primitive World, why don’t we try to turn the tables?”

Green-robed Emissary thought for a moment and then said, “Be patient. Zhang Ruochen is not someone we can take lightly. We must never let our guard down.

An Evil Warrior who was wearing a long black robe with a mask came in quickly and said, “Report to His Excellency, a disciple of the Blood Cloud Sect told us that Zhang Ruochen had already arrived at the port of the Primitive World. He has reported with the Ministry of War and is set to go to the Battlefield of Primitive World in the Xuanwu Primitive World.”

Green-robed Emissary was curious and asked, “How many people are going with him?”

“Only himself.”

Green-robed Emissary was slightly astonished and said, “Are you sure it is only him?”

The Evil Warrior answered, “I’ve looked into this matter and it is confirmed that Zhang Ruochen is going alone. Plus, he has already boarded the ship to Xuanwu Primitive World. I have also checked on whoever has connections with Zhang Ruochen such as the Saint Academy, the Chens, and the Silver Sky Mercenary Corps; none of them actually boarded with him. Therefore, it is confirmed that Zhang Ruochen is going to the Xuanwu Primitive World alone.

Xu Hai could not help but look at Xu Longyi’s dead body. He wondered whether he might have killed the wrong person.

However, even if he had killed someone wrongly, Xu Hai did not have any sense of guilt.

Xu Hai felt that Zhang Ruochen was too cunning. He deliberately sent Xu Longyi back to act as his messenger, causing him to be misunderstood, leading to his death.

Therefore, he believed that Zhang Ruochen should account for Xu Longyi's death.

Xu Hai's eyes were cold as he said, "Zhang Ruochen is too conceited. He really dares to go alone to the Xuanwu Primitive World.

Green-robed Emissary laughed loudly and said, "Zhang Ruochen was a warrior from nowhere yet all of a sudden he reached the pinnacle of the younger generation and successfully became first on the

Heaven Board

. Having made his name, it was inevitable that he would become arrogant and complacent."

Xu Hai also laughed and said, "I always thought that Zhang Ruochen was a flawless guy, but now I can see that arrogance is his biggest enemy. Did he really think that he could against Saint Xu Gentry and the Black Market all alone?"

"Since he is so arrogant, we shall teach him a lesson. Let him know that modesty is the most important virtue." Green-robed Emissary laughed huskily.

Xu Hai led the three Monks of the Fish-dragon Realm, Green-robed Emissary, and the third disciple of the Ghost Saint, Yin Wuchang, who also brought along the evil warriors of the Black Market, to the port of the Primitive World.

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Xuanwu Primitive World was a top-ranking medium level Primitive World. It was vast and full of danger. It was home to countless powerful indigens of the Primitive World.

The war between the Kunlun's Field and the Xuanwu Primitive World had been at a stalemate for 120 years, yet the Xuanwu Primitive World was still not completely subjugated.

It was said that there was a Saint-level indigenous king in the Xuanwu Primitive World who was so exceptionally powerful that he had killed some Half-Saints of Kunlun's Field.

At that moment, the ship to the Primitive World was still idle.

Zhang Ruochen stood on deck. His hand was holding a book that outlined the map of hell in the Xuanwu Primitive World and some explanation about the indigenous creatures in the Xuanwu Primitive World.

Zhang Ruochen had spent three Spiritual Crystals to buy the book from a soldier of the Primitive World at the port.

Monk Lidi was not far from Zhang Ruochen. He sat on the floor quietly with his knife at his back, just like a stone, or maybe a dead tree.

“It's no surprise that it is known as a medium level Primitive World since there are Saint Class indigens in it. It looks like I need to be extra cautious when I'm at the Xuanwu Primitive World. Otherwise, if I get noticed by the indigens of the Half-Saint Class, I might become dead meat.”

Zhang Ruochen closed the scroll and put it away.

He had memorized its contents.

Zhang Ruochen felt eyes staring at his back, so he turned around and saw the soldiers of Primitive World. He looked away and spoke to himself. “So many people have followed. It seems that I've become a fragrant bun – everyone wants a bite.”

There were more than 6,000 soldiers of Primitive World onboard. The weakest among them were at the Initial Stage of the Heaven Realm, while 30% of them had achieved the Fish-dragon Realm.

That meant that there were almost 200 Monks of the Fish-dragon Realm in that one ship.

Zhang Ruochen could sense that there were at least fifty soldiers of the Fish-dragon Realm from the Primitive World focusing on him. No doubt, these people were here just for him.

These were just the soldiers of Primitive World of the Fish-dragon Realm. He estimated that there were more soldiers of Primitive World in the Heaven Realm who had come with the same motive.

Some were probably here just for the Dragon Pearl and Holy Sword, while some came for the inheritance of Xuanwu.

“It seems this journey to the Xuanwu Primitive World is a perilous one.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head with a smile. He knew that this journey was going to be a bumpy one, yet he was not afraid.

He had to go to the Xuanwu Primitive World whether it was because he wanted to break through to the Ultimate Realm or to endeavor to look for the Xuanwu heritage. Of course, Zhang Ruochen was not a reckless or arrogant person. He had the confidence to escape since he dared go there.

At that moment, two more groups of people boarded the ship.

Zhang Ruochen recognized the leaders of these two groups. They were Xu Hai of Saint Xu Gentry and Green-robed Emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall.

“They actually came!” Zhang Ruochen said.

Xu Hai boarded the ship with the three Monks of the Fish-dragon Realm and walked in Zhang Ruochen’s direction. They stopped not far to his left but did not take any action.

Xu Hai acted as if he didn’t know Zhang Ruochen. He whispered with the three Monks of the Fish-dragon Realm but kept looking at Zhang Ruochen from time to time.

Unlike Xu Hai, the arrival of Green-robed Emissary caused a commotion on the ship.

Everyone knew about the hostility between Zhang Ruochen and the Black Market Excellence Hall.

The appearance of Green-robed Emissary was not an ordinary signal.

With his appearance, the other Monks who had designs on Zhang Ruochen would have to forget their plans. After all, the Black Market was so powerful that commoners would not want to challenge them.

Green Robe Emissary brought only two people – a man and a woman.

The man was the third disciple of the Ghost Saint, Yin Wuchang.

Yin Wuchang looked gentle but his skin was dreadfully pale – as if he had not been exposed to sunlight all year long – giving off a feeling of eeriness.

The woman was called “Iron Lady”. She was the tenth killer who was trained by the Blood Cloud Sect.

She was tall and wore a tight-fitting black leather armor that emphasized her huge chest, hips and her long, slender legs. She was wearing a pair of metal iron boots that made a thumping sound with every step she took.

Iron Lady wore a black iron mask that covered her eyes and nose. The cloak she was wearing made her look very capable and full of heroic spirit. With a single glance, one could tell that she had killed numerous top masters.

Yin Wuchang went straight to Zhang Ruochen. Without bothering to hide his hostility, he said, “Zhang Ruochen, where did you hide my junior sister apprentice?”

Orange Star Emissary was the fourth disciple of the Ghost Saint, so obviously she would be Yin Wuchang’s junior sister apprentice.

When Yin Wuchang learned that Zhang Ruochen had set sail for the Xuanwu Primitive World alone he immediately checked Zhang Ruochen’s residence, but Orange Star Emissary was nowhere to be found.

Yin Wuchang had no choice but to follow Green-robed Emissary to the port of the Primitive World. He wanted to

interrogate Zhang Ruochen directly.

Zhang Ruochen responded calmly. “Who are you, and who is your junior sister apprentice?”

“I’m the disciple of the Ghost Saint, Yin Wuchang. You must now know who my junior sister apprentice is, right?” Yin Wuchang replied.

Zhang Ruochen replied, “So you’re here for Orange Star Emissary. Too bad, she has already pledged allegiance to me. I’m afraid she will not be returning to the Black Market in the future.”

“What did you just say?”

Yin Wuchang’s eyes turned red as the anger in his body made his hands burn.

When he arrived at Myriad Chaos Mountain, Yin Wuchang heard that Zhang Ruochen had abused his junior sister apprentice. He even made her his sex slave.

He had doubts about those rumors at first, but after hearing what Zhang Ruochen said he finally believed it.

If Zhang Ruochen had not used despicable methods, torturing her, would the junior sister apprentice have surrendered to him?

Zhang Ruochen had not expected Yin Wuchang to be so angry. Deep inside, he was rather surprised – he could not fathom the reason behind Yin Wuchang’s ire. He said, “The port of the Primitive World is still within the Myriad Chaos Mountain. Therefore, I advise you not to start anything here.”

Green-robed Emissary was worried that Yin Wuchang would not be able to control his anger and lose his senses, so he rushed forward and stopped him. He said, “Brother, be patient. We’ll take care of him once we reach the Xuanwu Primitive World .”

Yin Wuchang controlled his anger and backed off.

After a short while, under the escort of a commander of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm from the Ministry of War, the array of the Primitive World’s ship gradually formed

into an egg-shaped light screen with the ship wrapped in its middle.

The ship of the Primitive World set sail for the Xuanwu Primitive World.

(Note on military merits: The military merits obtained from the challenge at the Heavenly Ring will not be added to, but rather will only replace, the military merits of the warrior that was higher ranked on the

Heaven Board

. Therefore when Zhang Ruochen reached the top of the

Heaven

Board

his merits merely replaced the military merits of Huang Shenyi, they were not added together.)

Chapter 522 - Camps on the Huangyu Island, Primitive World of Xuan Wu

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Primitive World of Xuan Wu was suspended between chaotic heaven and earth. It was far from Kunlun's Field, so even the Saints had difficulty flying across. Had they not passed through the spatial channel, they could not have reached it.

“Bang!”

The array of ships quickly shifted and had violent friction with the atmosphere of the Primitive World of Xuan Wu, resulting in a mass of crimson fire clouds.

If people on the ground looked up they would have seen a mass of fire clouds in the originally pale blue sky. The fire clouds covered half of the sky, which made spectators feel horrible – as if it was the end of the world.

From the mass of fire clouds, a pitch black ship flew out and rushed to the ground.

A moment later, the ship passed through the atmosphere of the Primitive World of Xuan Wu and appeared in the sky above the clear waters. Then the ship descended slowly and landed on a yellowish-brown island.

“Boom!”

A layer of thick, slimy mud was pushed up and the whole island shook a little.

Huangyu Island extended about 160,000 meters from north to south, and 85,000 meters from east to west. It was a base of the Ministry of War in the Primitive World of Xuan Wu.

A seven-layer defensive array was arranged around the island.

Underground palaces and camps were built inside the island, which could hold 30,000 soldiers of the Primitive World.

Everyone stepped off the ship onto Huangyu Island.

Immediately, a soldier of the Primitive World wearing the armor of the Ministry of War came over and led them to the underground camp.

The soldier informed them, “Being located at the edge of the Xixuan Sea, Huangyu Island is one of the top ten military bases in the Primitive World of Xuan Wu. It is ruled by King Jinhuang. Within a sea area of thousands of miles around the island, all aboriginal savage beasts have been removed. Please rest assured that Huangyu Island is a very safe place.”

Then he continued, “However, the aboriginals of the Primitive World of Xuan Wu are very clever. They often disguise as soldiers of the Primitive World to sneak into the base, gather intelligence, and wreak havoc. Therefore, in case of emergency, you must leave an image and a drop of blood on the Mirror of Truth.”

The Mirror of Truth was a Hundred Inscription Weapon developed by the Federation of Inscription. It could reveal a person’s true body.

Due to its special power, the First Central Empire purchased the Mirror of Truth in mass quantities from the Federation of Inscription. It was widely used in the Battlefield of the Primitive World to recognize those aboriginals who wanted to sneak into the base or Kunlun’s Field.

Suspended in mid-air, the Mirror of Truth was round, with a diameter of three meters. It was made of unknown materials.

A layer of pale white light emitted from the mirror surface. It was bright and clear, like the moon hanging in the night sky.

Zhang Ruochen was the first to move toward the Mirror of Truth. His shadow was reflected on the mirror.

He cut a finger and squeezed out a drop of blood.

The mirror then absorbed the drop of blood and kept a record of Zhang Ruochen's biological information.

After doing this, Zhang Ruochen glanced at Xu Hai and the Green-robed Emissary behind him. Then, he quickly moved his body and rushed out of the underground camp.

"Hurry, hurry, keep up with him. We can't let Zhang Ruochen get away."

Xu Hai immediately rushed forward to chase after Zhang Ruochen. However, after just three steps, he was blocked by the soldier who was guarding the Mirror of Truth.

The soldier held a long spear with a sharp point. He pointed it at Xu Hai's heart and said coldly, "Since you've come to Huangyu Island, you must leave your image and blood in the Mirror of Truth. Otherwise, you'll be treated as aboriginals of the Primitive World of Xuan Wu and killed on the spot."

Xu Hai clenched his fists, fire burning in his eyes.

He looked in the direction that Zhang Ruochen had gone. Finally, he subdued his mounting anger because he did not dare challenge the Ministry of War.

He quickly moved beneath the Mirror of Truth. After he left his image and blood, he hurried toward the stone ladder and resumed his chase.

By the time Xu Hai reached the ground, Zhang Ruochen had already rushed out of the seven-layer defensive array and disappeared into the sea, sitting in a small ship that was more than 30 meters long.

The other three cultivators of the Fish-dragon Realm from Saint Xu Gentry reached the ground and came behind Xu Hai.

"Child, what can we do now?" asked a cultivator of the Fish-dragon Realm.

Xu Hai solemnly said, "Don't let him escape. Go and chase after him. We must catch up with him."

"But... we won't wait for the people of the Black Market?"

Xu Hai got angry and said, “By the time they get here Zhang Ruochen would have already gone far. It will be difficult to find him then. It’ll be like looking for a needle in a haystack considering the vastness of the Primitive World of Xuan Wu.”

Xu Hai and the three cultivators, together with six soldiers of the Primitive World, formed a squad. They boarded a small ship and chased after Zhang Ruochen’s ship.

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In the Battlefield of the Primitive World of Xuan Wu, only people in groups could kill and hunt aboriginal creatures at sea.

Ten soldiers of the Primitive World formed a squad. A hundred soldiers formed a squadron. A thousand soldiers formed a battalion. Ten thousand soldiers formed a legion.

The sea around Huangyu Island had already been swept over by the Primitive World battalion. Almost all of the strong aboriginal savage beasts were killed. Only a few inferior class beasts still lived here.

The inferior class beasts had low intelligence and limited attack force, therefore they were not the targets of the soldiers of the Primitive World.

The imperial court’s intention was to rule the Primitive World of Xuan Wu, not exterminate all creatures there.

They usually went to sea in squads of ten to accumulate military merits. They would only go to sea in a squadron or battalion if strong aboriginal creatures were found.

Zhang Ruochen had joined a squad of ten so he could go out to sea immediately.

All members of the squad were sergeants of the Ministry of War. With the most profound cultivation, the squad leader had only reached the Medium State in the Heaven Realm. Almost all the others were only at the Initial Stage or the Mid Stage in the Heaven Realm.

The squad leader was Nie Nanfei. He looked more than 30 years old, with somewhat a sense of the vicissitudes of life. He was obviously battle-hardened; his hands and face were full of scars.

After talking to him for a while, Zhang Ruochen learned that he was already 68 years old, and he had fought for 21 years in the Primitive World of Xuan Wu. He had enough military merits to exchange for a title of Low-grade Commandery Prince in the First Central Empire.

“How old are you? You should be less than 30! Is this your first time to the Primitive World of Xuan Wu?” asked Nie Nanfei.

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said with a smile, “Yes.”

Nie Nanfei signed and said, “You can reach the Heaven Realm at such a young age, you must be a talent who wants to enter into the Heaven Board. However, I must tell you the truth. The Primitive World of Xuan Wu is a top-class medium-level Primitive World, almost close to superior-class Primitive World, so it’s very dangerous. Not to mention warriors of the Heaven Realm, even warriors of the Fish-dragon Realm could die here if they are careless. Therefore, if you want to accumulate military merits and enter into the Heaven Board, you’d be better off going to the Inferior Primitive World, where the risk is lower.”

Zhang Ruochen knew that Nie Nanfei meant well, but since he was already here, he would not leave easily.

Zhang Ruochen said humbly, “Brother Nie, you’ve been here for over twenty years. You must be familiar with everything here, right? Can you tell me something?”

Nie Nanfei knew that he was unable to persuade Zhang Ruochen. Out of those he’d seen, young and aggressive talents like Zhang Ruochen, only a few could survive.

However, as an old soldier, he had already done his duty to try to persuade Zhang Ruochen, and he would not continue to do so.

Nie Nanfei explained to Zhang Ruochen, saying, “The Half-Saint in the army is not clear about how vast the Primitive World of Xuan Wu is. According to the current map unveiled by the Ministry of War, two continents have been discovered in the Primitive World of Xuan Wu, respectively called as ‘Xuan continent’ and ‘Continent of Wu’.”

“The two continents only occupy a small part of the map. In fact, more than 90% of the Primitive World of Xuan Wu is covered by the sea.”

“Almost all of the aboriginal humans live on the two continents and some large islands. In the sea, most creatures are aboriginal savage beasts of high intelligence. Some are much smarter than human beings.”

“Huangyu Island is located at the edge of the Xixuan Sea among the eight seas. Within thousands of miles around it, nearly all savage beasts above the fourth level have been exterminated. Therefore, if we want to obtain military merits, we must move further out to sea.”

“The soldiers of Primitive World who haven’t reached the Fish-dragon Realm yet should not go further out to sea. They’d better act within 1,500 kilometers of Huangyu Island, where the risk is lower. Once beyond 1,500 kilometers, it’ll be easy to meet strong fifth-level savage beasts. Meeting even one of them will be a catastrophe for a squad like us.”

Zhang Ruochen listened carefully and kept Nie Nanfei’s words in mind.

While they were speaking, the ship had already sailed a thousand miles from Huangyu Island and entered the dangerous area. It slowed down markedly.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen glanced behind him and saw a black dot on the sea approaching quickly.

It was a small ship.

Zhang Ruochen looked over at it with his Skyeye. He clearly saw Xu Hai standing on the bow. Beside him, there were three other cultivators of the Fish-dragon Realm from Saint Xu Gentry.

“How did they catch up to me so quickly?”

With a smile, Zhang Ruochen stood up and leaped. He flew from the defensive array and fell about 33 meters to the water surface.

A current of Genuine Qi surged from his feet and supported his body.

Nie Nanfei said with some amazement, “Brother Zhang, what are you doing?”

Zhang Ruochen stepped on the water as easily as if he was walking on firm earth. He said to Nie Nanfei, who was on the ship, “Brother Nie, go ahead! I have some personal affairs to solve. I hope to see you again soon.”

Glancing at the ship behind him, Nie Nanfei became very thoughtful. He nodded and said, “Ok! Please take good care of yourself.”

With this, Nie Nanfei and the rest accelerated and sailed away.

A moment later, Xu Hai and the three cultivators of the Fish-dragon Realm from Saint Xu Gentry sailed through wind and waves and berthed 1,500 meters away.

Chapter 523 - Who is the Most Powerful?

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Standing on the prow, Xu Hai looked very elegant in a splendid silver-white robe. He looked at Zhang Ruochen, standing above the water level, and said with a smile, “Zhang Ruochen, why did you stop escaping?”

Zhang Ruochen had a look at the ship on which Xu Hai stood. He saw six corpses falling on the deck, gushing fresh blood. Obviously, they had just died.

The six dead people were soldiers of the Primitive World in Xu Hai’s squad.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Why did you kill them?”

Xu Hai said with a smile, “I can’t let it out that I have come here to kill you. If they talk nonsense about me killing a fellow warrior from Kunlun’s Field after returning to base, I’ll be punished by the Ministry of War.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “So, you killed them to keep their mouths shut.”

“If it were not to form a squad to leave Huangyu Island, do you think I would take the same boat as them?”

Xu Hai said again, “Furthermore, this wasn’t murder. Upon reaching the base, I’ll tell the government officials at the Ministry of War that they were killed by aboriginals from Xuanwu Primitive World. As a result, their families will be given large pensions.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “If I kill you, will the Ministry of War give a pension to the Saint Xu Gentry?”

Xu Hai looked solemn and cold. But soon, he roared with laughter, saying, “Zhang Ruochen, are you dazzled by your reputation as the No. 1 on the

Heaven

Board

? You really think that you’re invincible simply because you can’t find a decent opponent? But to tell you the truth, you’re just an ant in front of masters in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Isn’t it too early to jump to that conclusion? Only after having a fight will we know who is stronger, right?”

Xu Hai said, “You’re so arrogant and conceited. In the case, as your elder brother, I’m responsible for teaching you how to conduct yourself with humility.”

“Master, you don’t need to deal with a warrior in the Heaven Realm personally. I’ll kill him for you.”

A monk in the Fish-Dragon Realm came out from behind Xu Hai.

He was Xu Qianling, an elder of the Saint Xu Gentry.

Armed with a four meter Black Golden Stick, Xu Qianling took a step and rushed out of the ship. Treading on top of the waves, he struck Zhang Ruochen first.

Seeing that Xu Qianling rushed out, Xu Hai did not start making his moves, for the moment. He thought to himself that Xu Qianling was strong enough to cope with Zhang Ruochen.

“Xu Qianling had reached “Bone Refining to Jade” of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. He was powerful enough to not be compared with warriors in the Heaven Realm.”

“Even if Zhang Ruochen ranked first on the

Heaven Board

, he could not be stronger than Xu Qianling.”

“What’s more, Xu Qianling was the disciple of the Saint Gentry, so he was stronger than an ordinary monk in the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Even if he fought with a Fourth Change monk, he might not be defeated.”

“How could Zhang Ruochen possibly defeat him?”

Xu Hai had confidence in Xu Qianling. Thus, he was too lazy to start making a move. After all, you don’t need a sledgehammer to crack a peanut.

” Swoosh!”

Xu Qianling’s Genuine Qi was abundant. It surged through his arms and into the Black Golden Stick, a tenth level Genuine Martial Arm.

He brandished his war staff, stirring a layer of seawater into a wave that surged towards Zhang Ruochen.

Spurred by the strength of Xu Qianling’s staff technique, waves smashed against Zhang Ruochen’s Celestial Bodyshield and flung him about 30 meters away .

“Haha! The number one on the Heaven Board is nothing more than an ant in front of a Fish-Dragon Realm monk.”

With a laugh, Xu Qianling held the war staff and launched an attack once again.

Zhang Ruochen steadied himself and stopped retreating. He pulled the Abyss Ancient Sword out and turned his arms quickly over the water to stir up a circle of waves.

Water rotated around the blade like a stream.

With the sound of a crack, the circle of waves froze and turned into numberless three inch ice knives.

“Out!”

Zhang Ruochen swung his arm and the ice knives flew at Xu Qianling like a rain of blades.

“Heaven Shaking Fury.”

Xu Qianling chopped downwards with his stick.

The Black Golden Stick formed a 30 meter long shadow as wide as a bowl. It stroke downward and shattered all the ice knives into a fine powder.

The huge staff shadow contained the most frightful force. It depressed the whole surface of the water, stirring up waves about 30 meters tall.

Zhang Ruochen immediately put his sword sideways to block. Sword Breath came out endlessly, like a body flying up. It formed a large bell of Sword Breath.

” Pow!”

In an instant, the huge staff shadow shattered the large bell of Sword Breath, and he was struck and flung away once again.

His sword hand suffered a minor injury and throbbed.

“Zhang Ruochen, I’ve told you so. The first on the Heaven Board could only be a king in the Heaven Realm. Once you meet masters in the Fish-Dragon Realm, you’re only an ant. To be honest, I just used half of my force.”

Xu Qianling felt confidence in victory and strode toward Zhang Ruochen.

He was excited, and he thought to himself that if he could kill Zhang Ruochen, it would be a great contribution. Surely, he would be granted the rich reward promised by the ancestor.

Zhang Ruochen sighed and said, “With my current strength, I’m far away from a monk in the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

“Unfortunately, you learned too late,” Xu Qianling said with a laugh.

“It’s not too late.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, immediately took charge of his Martial Soul, and mobilized the Spiritual Qi between heaven and earth.

“Swoosh!”

In a flash, the Spiritual Qi between heaven and earth flew to Zhang Ruochen endlessly, making his aura stronger and

stronger.

Zhang Ruochen had been fighting Xu Qianling with only his own power, instead of with his Martial Soul. However, Martial Soul was his greatest strength. His Martial Soul was comparable to a monk in the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Aided by his Martial Soul, he seemed to turn into another person. He held his sword and stood there calmly. However, it put a lot of pressure on Xu Qianling.

“How strong his Martial Soul is!”

Xu Qianling immediately stopped in shock. His face grew darker.

Then, he also summoned his own Martial Soul to mobilize the Spiritual Qi between heaven and earth to assist himself.

However, Xu Qianling’s Martial Soul was as strong as his cultivation realm, which was only at the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Thus, his strength was not enhanced a lot with the assistance of his Martial Soul.

“No matter how strong his Martial Soul, he’s only a warrior in the Heaven Realm.”

Xu Qianling suppressed his anxiety and calmed down. He mobilized his Genuine Qi with all his strength and displayed the Eight Trigrams for Guard, a staff technique at the Inferior Class of the Ghost Level.

He rotated the Black Golden Stick quickly to form huge vortex strength. Sea water from several miles around the defense collected into a thick water column about 100 meters high.

“Rumble!”

His staff technique was an impressive display of power.

The water column struck Zhang Ruochen like a huge stick. Xu Qianling stood in the center of the water column to mobilize Genuine Qi into the Black Golden Stick continuously. His skin became golden and his bones became as tough as white jade.

Zhang Ruochen flew up from the water surface and hung suspended in midair.

“Awoo!”

Suddenly, he used the Shadow of the Royal Wind Dragon. He rushed forward and the Genuine Qi inside his body condensed into a Wind Dragon dozens of meters long.

He stood at the head of the Wind Dragon and brandished his sword. An arc-shaped projection of sword radiance struck the thick water column.

With a boom, the Sword Breath broke the water column into two parts.

“Splash!”

The water column dispersed and changed into water drops. They eventually came down as heavy rain.

Xu Qianling’s body was broken in two. Both parts fell into the water and dyed the surrounding seawater blood red.

He just used one stroke to kill a superior in the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Xu Hai startled and felt unbelievable. He asked himself, “Is Zhang Ruochen’s unique skill ‘Swift and Neat?’”

Xu Hai never saw the fight between Zhang Ruochen and Huang Shenyi, so he did not know the real ‘Swift and Neat’.

However, Zhang Ruochen was well-known as the first on the Heaven Board

. His single-move sword technique, ‘Swift and Neat,’ was thought to be a gift from above. It had become his unique skill, and it terrified numerous warriors.

Xu Hai did not know that Zhang Ruochen had just used Swift Swordsmanship. Zhang Ruochen had acted too quickly and accurately. Moreover, he saw the flaws of the Eight Trigrams for Guard. Thus, he could kill Xu Qianling with one stroke.

He came to the surface again and picked up Xu Qianling’s Black Golden Stick. He refined the stick with the Abyss

Ancient Sword. A moment later, another basic inscription had appeared on the Abyss Ancient Sword.

Xu Hai stared at the Abyss Ancient Sword. He felt that after the absorption of the Black Golden Stick, the Abyss Ancient Sword became sharper and its power more volatile.

This sword should be a Holy Weapon.

No wonder Xu Qianling could not block Zhang Ruochen's stroke, even with an amulet treasure.

How could an ordinary amulet treasure withstand a Holy Weapon?

Xu Hai squinted and snorted, saying, "It's unbelievable that you can refine Genuine Martial Arms. Thus, your sword may be a Hundred Inscription Weapon, or even a Thousand Inscription Weapon."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at his Abyss Ancient Sword and said, "Do you want this sword?"

The corners of Xu Hai's mouth turned up as he said, "Besides your sword, I'll take away all your treasures. Xu Konglin, Xu Chen, if either of you can behead Zhang Ruochen, I'll give you a Holy Weapon."

Xu Hai only had one Holy Weapon, which was one of the supreme treasures of the Saint Xu Gentry. He would use it to deal with Zhang Ruochen if necessary, so he would not give it to Xu Konglin or Xu Chen.

However, Zhang Ruochen had a lot of Holy Weapons.

If Zhang Ruochen was killed, those Holy Weapons would belong to Saint Xu Gentry.

Then, it would not be a big deal for Xu Hai to give a Holy Weapon to one of them.

Behind Xu Hai, the eyes of two monks in the Fish-Dragon Realm, Xu Konglin, and Xu Chen, sparkled when they heard the words "Holy Weapon."

Chapter 524 - The Weak Overcame the Strong

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Xu Konglin and Xu Chen were Elders of Saint Xu Gentry. Both of them held great power and high status. However, their weapons were still only eleventh level Genuine Martial Arms.

An eleventh-level Genuine Martial Arm was a great fighter. Its value exceeded a million Spiritual Crystals. Countless warriors in the Fish-dragon Realm would loot it when it appeared.

However, how could an eleventh-level Genuine Martial Arm compare with a Holy Weapon?

If an ordinary Monk in the Fish-dragon Realm held a Holy Weapon, he could cross a realm to kill his enemy. He could even cross two realms to defeat his opponent.

If Xu Konglin and Xu Chen could get a Holy Weapon, their strength would certainly be elevated to a new height. In the future, they would have even greater power in Saint Xu Gentry.

We must kill Zhang Ruochen even if it's only for a Holy Weapon!

SHUAH!

SHUAH!

Xu Konglin and Xu Chen jumped off the ship and landed on the water. They attacked Zhang Ruochen from both sides at the same time.

Xu Konglin's cultivation was in the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. However, his strength had reached the Peak of

the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. He had more than double the cultivation of Xu Qianling, who had been killed by Zhang Ruochen.

In the interior Martial Arts Tournament of Saint Xu Gentry, Xu Konglin had only used seven strokes to make Xu Qianling vomit blood.

Both Xu Konglin and Xu Qianling were in the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm, but their strengths were not at a same level.

The other Elder, Xu Chen, had more terrifying cultivation. He had already broken through Bone Refining to Jade, the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and reached Yinqiao Holy Meridian, the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Although the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was only a realm above the Third Change, the strength between warriors in the two realms was quite different.

Even if Xu Konglin and Xu Qianling attacked Xu Chen together, he could defeat them within three moves.

Xu Chen was stronger and Xu Konglin was weaker, so they took to a tactic of attacking and provoking Zhang Rouchen.

Xu Chen confronted him directly, while Xu Konglin, who was weaker, stood in the distance and shot flying knives at him.

Xu Chen was indeed strong. Even though Zhang Ruochen had his Martial Soul, he was still suppressed and had no power to fight back. He could only continue to retreat. He dared not meet Xu Chen headed on.

Xu Chen was more than 70 years old and he was a figure of the older generation of Saint Xu Gentry. He had also been a powerful genius when he was young.

He held a Cracking-tiger Broadsword, an eleventh level Genuine Martial Arm. His broadsword technique was very skillful. A casual attack from the 1,500 kilogram broadsword burst out a power strong enough to crack the cliffs.

Xu Chen's long hair flew in the air. His infinite strength was suppressing Zhang Ruochen.

BOOM!

BOOM!

...

Every sword strike Chen displayed contained bitter cold Icing air.

He struck the ninth movement. The surrounding sea area froze into thick ice for dozens of kilometers.

“Zhang Ruochen, I have already opened my Yinqiao holy meridian. I can turn Genuine Qi into Holy Qi and use martial techniques at their strongest power. Why try to fight with me? Give up! You don’t stand a chance!” Xu Chen said with a sneer.

His broadsword sliced toward Zhang Ruochen. The cold sharp knife energy sped past his neck, shaving off a lock of hair.

It just barely missed his neck.

Zhang Ruochen stamped his feet. He quickly retreated backwards, landing three kilometers away. He stopped and stabilized his stature. He was ready to fight back.

SHUAH!

In the distance, Xu Konglin saw the opportunity before him. He held a Bronze Flying Knife between his index and middle finger. He flung it out towards Zhang Ruochen.

The Bronze Flying Knife was a sixth-level Genuine Martial Arm. Under the mobilization of Xu Konglin’s Genuine Qi, inscriptions in the flying knife were activated, emitting a ball of flame that was two meters in diameter.

The knife rotated rapidly. Dragging a long flame tail behind it, it flew at a speed that was four times the speed velocity.

It shook the air violently and sent out loud thunderous roars.

The speed of the flying knife was much faster than the speed of sound. It broke through the Celestial Bodyshield and was about to reach Zhang Ruochen’s back. It was going to pierce through his body.

But Zhang Rouchen seemed to have eyes in the back of his head. He waved his sword backwards and it collided with the flying knife.

With a clash, the flying knife split into two pieces. The two parts shot out and dropped into the water with a splash.

The flying knife had a flame, so when it fell into the water, the seawater began to boil.

SHUAH!

Xu Konglin's fingers quickly catapulted. He shot out the second flying knife, then the third and the fourth... Each flying knife shot out at a speed four times the speed of sound and was aimed at Zhang Rouchen's vital parts.

Zhang Ruochen's sword technique was skillful. The flying knives could not hurt him at all. However, they did interfere. He could not concentrate on dealing with Xu Chen's powerful attack.

When masters fought, they could not be distracted. If one was careless, he could be doomed.

Zhang Ruochen's opponent was Xu Chen, a warrior in the Fourth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm and a top master. Zhang Ruochen felt great pressure.

Xu Konglin pestered from a distance. He wanted to distract Zhang Ruochen so Xu Chen would have as many opportunities as possible to kill him.

Xu Konglin and Xu Chen were both very smart. They worked together seamlessly.

Zhang Ruochen adopted a relatively conservative tactic. He was prepared to kill the weaker Xu Konglin first and slowly deal with the stronger Xu Chen afterward.

Zhang Ruochen ignored Xu Chen. He displayed the Shadow of the Royal Wind Dragon to stimulate his speed to the extreme and charged toward Xu Konglin.

“Want to kill me?”

The corner of Xu Konglin's mouth twitched up. A smirk appeared on his face.

He did not face up to Zhang Ruochen. He quickly turned around and raced away. There was already a distance of 33 meters between him and Zhang Ruochen.

He was only there to be a distraction, it was not necessary for him to engage in actual combat. If Zhang Ruochen displayed his unique sword technique, Swift and Neat, he would not be able to offend against it.

The movement Xu Konglin was displaying was Roc Flying with Double Wings, one of Saint Xu Gentry's unique techniques.

Roc Flying with Double Wings was an Inferior Class Ghost Level martial technique.

A Monk could only practice Ghost Level bodily movements when he reached the Fish-dragon Realm. Only the Genuine Qi of a Monk in the Fish-dragon Realm could support the consumption of a Ghost Level bodily movement.

So even though Zhang Ruochen had reached the Peak of the Heaven Realm, he could still only display Superior class Spiritual Stage bodily movements.

Xu Konglin injected Genuine Qi into his back Meridians. With a loud thud, the illusory image of huge roc wings appeared on his back. His speed immediately increased several times, leaving Zhang Ruochen far behind.

He flew out over the sea, leaving behind a deep path that divided the sea in two.

Xu Konglin was very happy to see Zhang Rouchen further and further behind him. He felt like they were playing a game of cat and mouse.

Xu Konglin paused slightly and said with a smile, "Zhang Ruochen, even if your sword technique is great, you can only threaten me within 10 meters. Unfortunately for you, you can't get that close. The bodily movement I practice is from the Inferior Class of Ghost Level; what you practice is only from

the Superior Class of Spiritual Stage. There's no comparison at all. You are far slower."

"Really?" Zhang Ruochen said.

Xu Konglin grinned and said thoughtfully, "Don't struggle too much. In my opinion, you are like a turtle in a jar. If you give up now, perhaps you can still have a whole corpse."

Zhang Ruochen was calm, he did not lose his temper.

He quickly pursued and soon reached a position 60 meters away from Xu Konglin. He secretly operated his Genuine Qi and injected it into the Dragon Lock Chain on his wrist.

The surface of Dragon Lock Chain sent out filaments of lightning that flew out from Zhang Ruochen's wrist and turned into a thick iron rope. The rope spun on the sea and sped toward Xu Konglin in the distance.

"That's... the Orange Star Emissary's Holy Weapon... Dragon Lock Chain..."

Xu Konglin's face changed. He displayed the Roc Flying with Double Wings again and took off with an intention of escaping.

However, it was too late.

SWOOSH!

The Dragon Lock Chain wrapped around Xu Konglin's waist round and round. Strikes of lightning rushed out of the chain, like knives, hitting him and made crackling sounds.

Zhang Ruochen controlled the Dragon Lock Chain. With a shake of his arm, Xu Konglin spun and twisted in agony.

He screamed in terror.

His whole body was struck by the Dragon Lock Chain's lightning fire. His clothes and hair all turned black. His skin cracked and blood flowed out. It was like his whole body had been thrown into a stove and roasted. Black smoke wafted out from his crispy corpse.

POOF!

Under Zhang Ruochen's control, the Abyss Ancient Sword flew out and smashed Xu Konglin's charred body, leaving a huge blood hole in his chest.

Blood gushed out.

An Elder in the Fish-dragon Realm had just been killed under Zhang Ruochen's sword.

Xu Chen had followed them. He saw the scene before him and his old face distorted. He roared angrily, "Bloke, you are courting death!"

He jumped up and held the hilt of his sword with both hands. He waved it toward Zhang Ruochen.

"Perfect timing!"

A twinkle of amusement appeared in Zhang Ruochen's eyes. He took out the Auspicious Vase from his Storage Ring and held it in his hand. All the Genuine Qi in his body flowed into the vase.

Chapter 525 - Holy Soft Leather Armor

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Xu Chen's broadsword technique was overwhelming. It brought a gust of cold wind and tore Zhang Ruochen's robe apart.

Zhang Ruochen was calm. He controlled the Auspicious Vase and simultaneously calculated the power of space.

Xu Chen's broadsword was about to hit Zhang Ruochen in the head. If it made contact, he would inevitably die.

CHUU!

Zhang Ruochen cast out Space Moving and disappeared from his original place. Then, he appeared behind Xu Chen.

Failing to attack Zhang Ruochen, Xu Chen's broadsword move hit the water's surface, causing the entire sea to churn and two huge 33 meter waves to rise. He quickly realized the severity of the situation. He hurriedly drew back his broadsword and split toward the spot behind him.

But before his broadsword could slice out, a huge pulling force appeared above his head. It formed a vortex and enveloped his entire body.

It was like falling into a black hole. Xu Chen could not fight the strong pulling force no matter how hard he struggled. He could not control his body at all and he flew upward.

From afar, one could see a small delicate bottle suspending above Xu Chen's head. A vortex was condensing just above the bottle.

Xu Chen's body became smaller and smaller. He became as small as a finger and was suctioned into the bottle.

Zhang Ruochen quickly took back the Auspicious Vase. He held it in his hand. "Wow! It can even take in a master at the Fourth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. The power of the Auspicious Vase is amazing!"

BOOM!

The Auspicious Vase shook violently. It formed a circular wave of power, causing Zhang Ruochen's fingers to ache. If he had not increased his power to control it, it would have flown away.

"Where am I? Let me out! Zhang Ruochen, aren't you first on the Heaven Board? Fight with me in person if you dare."

The Auspicious Vase resounded with Xu Chen's voice.

With a loud bang, it shook violently again.

Zhang Ruochen used Genuine Qi to quell the Auspicious Vase. He said to himself,

"The Auspicious Vase's attack is still weak. If I added a powerful flame array to the bottle, it would be able to refine Xu Chen instead of just trapping him."

The Auspicious Vase still had many imperfections. If it encountered a superior with higher cultivation, the superior could beat his way out before it exerted its strength.

For now, Zhang Ruochen could only take back the Auspicious Vase. He would have to figure out a solution for dealing with Xu Chen after he killed Xu Hai.

PHHF!

Xu Hai drove his ship forward and overtook him.

Although Xu Hai had been standing in the distance, he had clearly seen the battle. He had seen Xu Konglin die under Zhang Ruochen's sword and he had also seen Zhang Ruochen use the Auspicious Vase to take Xu Chen in.

"Those two craps. Zhang Ruochen took them out so easily. It seems that they have become accustomed to a decadent family

lifestyle. They are useless.”

Xu Hai was quite angry.

Xu Konglin’s cultivation was at the Peak of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. From his point of view, even if he was no match for Zhang Ruochen, he could have avoided being hurt if he had been more careful.

However, Xu Konglin had also been arrogant. The Dragon Lock Chain had entangled him before he could escape, and finally, he died under Zhang Ruochen’s sword.

Xu Konglin’s death was his own fault. No one else was to blame.

However, Xu Chen had profound cultivation and his strength was much higher than Zhang Ruochen’s. He had been put into a bottle and instantly suppressed. To Xu Hai this was unacceptable.

“Xu Chen’s cultivation has reached the Fourth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm, and he is a battle-seasoned superior among the elders. How could he make such a mistake and lose to a junior like Zhang Ruochen?”

What on earth was that mysterious bottle?

Xu Hai was very annoyed at the loss of three Fish-dragon Realm masters.

Even in a large family like Saint Xu Gentry, the number of superiors in the Fish-dragon Realm was small. It took a lot of resources for the family to cultivate a superior in the Fish-dragon Realm.

It could be said that every Monk in the Fish-dragon Realm was a great treasure.

If Saint Xu Gentry was to be compared to an empire, then every Monk in the Fish-dragon Realm was a city. A loss of a Monk in the Fish-dragon Realm was more regrettable than the loss of a city.

Now, Xu Hai had no way out. If he could not defeat Zhang Ruochen today, he would be severely punished when he

returned to Saint Xu Gentry. Even his position as successor of Saint Xu Gentry would be lost.

Xu Hai expelled his contempt and showed an ugly look. He said, “Zhang Ruochen, I admit that I made a mistake by looking down on you. However, from now on, I won’t give you a chance.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. “If I were you, I would run away now.”

Xu Hai was extremely angry, but he smiled and said, “Zhang Ruochen, you are too arrogant. When I was in the Heaven Realm, I reached 91st on the Heaven Board. Even if there is a gap between 91st and 1st, it is not huge.”

“Moreover, I have reached the Second Change of the Fish-dragon Realm and my strength is much higher than it was before. Even if you have some great Holy Weapon, it can’t make up for the gap in cultivation.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “To have become a descendant of Saint Xu Gentry, you are obviously not average warrior. However, are you sure you can take my Swift Swordsmanship?”

“Swift and Neat?”

Xu Hai sneered and looked confident. “Well then, let’s see which one is stronger, your sword technique or my power?”

SWOOSH!

A cyan light column flew out from above Xu Hai’s head.

The light column rose from the sea and connected to the lower part of the clouds.

A Martial Soul rushed out from the top of Xu Hai’s head and suspended in the light column.

The Martial Soul began to mobilize the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi. It could be seen with the naked eye. Streaks of Spiritual Qi gathered from all directions and poured into Xu Hai’s glabella.

Xu Hai’s Martial Soul was very powerful; it had reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Its strength was

almost equal to the strength of Zhang Ruochen's Martial Soul.

"Roc Wings Spreading."

Xu Hai's arms spread out. Rich Genuine Qi flowed out from his palm and transformed into two huge wings of light.

The exercise that Xu Hai practiced was Roc Martial Classics, a King's Stage exercise.

His wings moved. Xu Hai flew up above Zhang Ruochen's head. His two palms struck down at the same time.

Two strands of palm power condensed into two huge handprints. Before they even struck, the water under Zhang Ruochen's feet had already pressed down and sunken. Two 10-meter-long handprints appeared on the sea's surface.

Xu Hai was even more powerful than Xu Chen.

When he attacked, the whole world seemed to be under his control.

SHUAH!

Zhang Ruochen immediately demonstrated Space Moving. He leapt through the space and appeared on Xu Hai's left.

"What?!"

Xu Hai was shocked. He did not expect that Zhang Ruochen's speed could reach such a level.

No.

That was not speed, it was the power of space.

When Zhang Ruochen fought with Xu Chen, he had used Space Moving. However, at the time, Xu Hai had been too far away to feel any spatial fluctuation.

But this time, Xu Hai clearly sensed that the surrounding space had sent out a slight turbulence.

The feeling was very similar to the power that ships from the Primitive World sent out when they shuttled through wormholes and space passages.

What made Xu Hai surprised was the fact that Zhang Ruochen could use this kind of power. He knew better than anyone how

terrible it was.

Zhang Ruochen did not allow Xu Hai to think further. He prepared to kill him with one blow, to kill Xu Hai with his sword.

After displaying Space Moving, Zhang Ruochen immediately captured a mark of time to merge into his sword technique. He waved his sword and attacked toward Xu Hai's neck.

“Swift and Neat.”

Zhang Ruochen was only three meters away from Xu Hai. After integrating with the power of time, his sword was as fast as light. The Abyss Ancient Sword hit Xu Hai in the neck.

PING!

Like hitting a layer of armor, it sounded like two pieces of metal colliding. It burst out several sparks.

Zhang Ruochen was surprised. He could not understand why the sharp Abyss Ancient Sword hadn't punctured Xu Hai's body at all.

Xu Hai merely tilted back under the attack.

He was quick-witted. He flipped around in the void space to unload the power of the Abyss Ancient Sword. Then, he broke out a speed that was three times faster than before and struck Zhang Rouchen in the chest.

His speed was so striking that Zhang Ruochen didn't see even a shadow of movement.

He did not even have time to display Space Moving. He could only inspire the power of Dragon Pearl quickly. Meanwhile, he swiftly turned the side of the Abyss Ancient Sword to block the attack.

POW!

Zhang Ruochen flew back 5,000 meters. With a thud, he fell into the sea.

After a moment, he flew up from the sea and landed on the surface.

“PFFF!”

He spat out a mouthful of blood, and his face was very pale. His five internal organs and six hollow organs were all badly hurt and burning painfully. His body seemed to crack.

Despite being seriously injured, Zhang Ruochen was still standing straight with no fear on his face. He stared at Xu Hai who was suspending in the air and asked, “Are you wearing Holy Soft Leather Armor?”

Xu Hai nodded as he saw that Zhang Ruochen had been severely injured by his palm. He was quite satisfied with the power he had shown.

“Yes, I do wear Holy Soft Leather Armor. Even if your sword technique is stronger and your sword is sharper, you can’t hurt me.”

Xu Hai began to run his Genuine Qi. His skin emitted a layer of golden light.

With sacred power, the layer of light sucked all the Spiritual Qi from the sea to form a white cloud that enveloped his body.

From afar he looked like a young Saint. He stood in the center of heaven and earth and controlled the entire world.

That was the aura of a Saint.

Holy Soft Leather Armor, a protective Holy Weapon, was made of Saint’s skin and bones and nine other precious materials.

Holy Soft Leather Armor automatically adhered to a Monk’s skin. If people did not observe it carefully, they could not detect its existence at all.

Chapter 526 - Fierce Fighting for 500 Kilometers

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The inner and outer layers of the Holy Soft Leather Armor were carved with many inscriptions. There were also other precious materials for refining weapons, like Dragon Scale, Dragon Skin, and Luan feathers.

Therefore, the defensive power of the Holy Soft Leather Armor was more than ten times more powerful than that of the Saint's skin. After all, this was a Holy Weapon.

An ordinary Hundred Inscription Weapon could not break the Holy Soft Leather Armor. Only by using the Thousand Inscriptions Weapon, could one pierce through it.

Xu Hai was rather arrogant. He said with a smile, "Zhang Ruochen, now you should have known my trump card? Wearing the Holy Soft Leather Armor will increase my speed to seven times of speed velocity. Even a Monk at the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm might not be able to catch up with me. And the Saint Power in the armor can enhance my power. Did that palm hit feel good?"

Xu Hai was the best master. Once the inscription and Saint Power of the Holy Soft Leather Armor were activated, his strength was even more powerful. Even if Zhang Ruochen had the Dragon Pearl to protect his body, after a hit like that, he was badly hurt.

Suddenly, Xu Hai became serious and his eyes grew sharp. "But, you also brought me a big surprise. You actually can use the power of space. If I were not wearing the Holy Soft Leather Armor, I could have died under your sword."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and seemed not to be hurt. He said with ease, “The defense of the Holy Soft Leather Armor is not impossible to break.”

Xu Hai was surprised first. Then he laughed loudly. “Your Holy Sword is just a Hundred Inscription Weapon. No matter how powerful it is, it can’t pierce through the Holy Soft Leather Armor.”

“The Hundred Inscription Weapon may not be able to pierce through the Holy Soft Leather Armor,” Zhang Ruochen said calmly. “But there is always some part of your body that can’t be defended by the Armor, like your eyes.”

The Holy Soft Leather Armor was made of Saint’s skin. It clearly could not defend his eyes.

Xu Hai snorted. “Even if my eyes are unguarded, so what? Do you think I will just stand there and wait for your attack?”

Zhang Ruochen still had a smile on his face. He took out six golden Holy Swords from the Spatial Ring. Under the control of the Heart of the Sword, the six Holy Swords floated up and flew in six different directions around his body.

Seeing how calm and composed Zhang Ruochen was, Xu Hai was worried.

“Zhang Ruochen’s sword technique has already reached the Heart Integrated into Sword realm. I’d better be careful.”

So Xu Hai shut his eyes.

That way he didn’t have to worry about Zhang Ruochen attacking his eyes.

Actually, with Xu Hai’s realm, there was no difference whether he had his eyes open or closed. His Martial Soul and Spiritual Power had better perception than his eyes.

Seeing Xu Hai close his eyes, Zhang Ruochen knew that he was a bit horrified. Even though he wore the Holy Soft Leather Armor, he was not confident enough in himself.

After all Zhang Ruochen had killed two Elders from the Saint Xu Gentry without leaving any blood on his weapon. And he had sent another Elder into the Auspicious Vase.

It was because of this that Xu Hai felt a psychological shadow. He felt that Zhang Ruochen's means were too weird, impossible to guard against. With any carelessness, he would die under Zhang Ruochen's sword.

Maybe Xu Hai did not even realize that Zhang Ruochen had already penetrated his psychological defense.

Once a person had fear, no matter how powerful he was, he would die for sure.

The flaw of the Holy Soft Leather Armor was indeed the eyes.

However, Zhang Ruochen had never thought that he would have to attack Xu Hai's eyes.

The reason was very simple. The eyes were located on the front of a person and also the place with the best protection. When both sides were well-matched in strength, if one side wanted to attack the other's eyes, it was almost impossible.

Moreover, Xu Hai was more powerful than Zhang Ruochen.

If Zhang Ruochen wanted to break his defense with a frontal attack and stab the sword into his eyes, it was an impossible task.

If he did that, the one that would die was surely Zhang Ruochen, not Xu Hai.

What Zhang Ruochen really wanted to use was space power. This was the only way to kill Xu Hai.

Certainly, in the Holy Soft Leather Armor Xu Hai was terribly fast. If he suddenly used the Space Crack and Space Collapse, he could probably escape. If he escaped once, and then used space power to attack a second time, it would be impossible to hurt him.

WOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen grinned. He pointed his finger forward and applied the Sword Defending Technique. Six golden Holy Swords flew out at the same time.

Xu Hai's first instinct was that Zhang Ruochen was going for his eyes. So he struck out a handprint quickly to protect his

face. He sent the six Holy Swords flying away.

But, the six Holy Swords revolved in a circle in the void space and attacked toward him again.

“I am more powerful than Zhang Ruochen, and I am wearing the Holy Soft Leather Armor, why can I only defend passively? No, I will initiate an attack.”

Xu Hai infused Genuine Qi into the Holy Soft Leather Armor. He was growing more and more powerful. A Saint Power burst out from the soft armor and formed a circle of energy ripples. He hit the six Holy Swords and they flew out in all directions.

“Roc Birth-death Fist.”

The seven times speed velocity Xu Hai exposed turned into a flying light. It rushed at Zhang Ruochen and struck out an overbearing fist technique.

Roc Birth-death Fist was a mid-class Ghost Level fist technique. Xu Hai had practiced it for five years and only succeeded in two moves.

Xu Hai had killed a fifth level medium level Blood-tail Kylin with these two moves. It was in that battle that his strength had been approved by the High-level of Saint Xu Gentry and he became the heir of the future leader of Saint Xu Gentry.

Saint Xu Gentry and the ancient mythical beast roc had a great source of origin. So the direct descendants of Saint Xu Gentry had blood of the Mythical Beast roc in their bodies.

Roc Birth-death Fist was a unique technique that the Saint of Saint Xu Gentry had perceived from the Roc Martial Classics. He infused 32 forms of roc into the Martial Arts and evolved it into 32 devastating fist techniques.

It was just the beginning of the fight. Xu Hai had applied his most powerful unique technique. Hence, he attached great importance to Zhang Ruochen.

A layer of light shadow appeared on Xu Hai's body and formed a roc shape.

The roc's illusory image was more than 70 meters high. It was like an ancient Roc floating in the sea, emitting a stroke of trembling Mythical Beast of Reckless Waste's aura.

BANG!

A giant fist shadow flew out. It seemed to overturn all the sea area.

“That's a mid-class Ghost Level fist technique...”

Zhang Ruochen saw the roc's illusory image and the overwhelming fist strength. He gulped and retreated backward.

Under such circumstances, he could only fight with Xu Hai by activating the Divine Dragon Transformation.

However, he could only activate the Divine Dragon Transformation if he kept striking out Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm. The probability was quite low. It could only be done by sheer luck.

The situation was quite critical now. Zhang Ruochen was not allowed to try his luck. He chose not to fight recklessly with Xu Hai and applied Space Moving immediately, rushing toward the bottom of the water.

BOOM!

Xu Hai's fist technique hit the surface of the water and pushed the whole sea level down, raising up giant waves as high as lofty mountain.

“Funny! Don't you know that the roc is the dominator of water.”

Xu Hai laugh wildly and rushed into the water, chasing after him.

Xu Hai had the Holy Soft Leather Armor, yet Zhang Ruochen had Space Moving. So, although Xu Hai's speed was astonishing, he could never catch up with Zhang Ruochen.

The two men ran across the water, one chasing and the other escaping.

The Holy Qi and roc aura sending out from Xu Hai's body terrified the savage beasts in the water. They thought they had

met the Sovereign Being and all retreated in succession, not daring to get close.

Zhang Ruochen applied the Sword Defending Technique and continued striking out the six golden Holy Swords.

At the same time, he regulated the power of thunderbolt with his Spiritual Power and launched an attack over his shoulder. He kept making trouble for Xu Hai.

“Zhang Ruochen can indeed control space power. Every time he does a Space Jump, it is a distance of 99 meters. I can never catch up with him.”

Xu Hai was crossed and slightly on edge.

They chased each other 500 kilometers. There was a 10-meter-high reef island up ahead.

Xu Hai stretched out both his arms at the same time, condensing them into two Genuine Qi Hands dozens of meters long. He lifted the island.

BOOM!

Both his arms lifted hard and the reef island flew forwards, attacking toward Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen turned back and saw a small black hill flying toward him. It cast a giant shadow on the water.

Zhang Ruochen stopped to condense his strength and infused Genuine Qi into the Abyss Ancient Sword.

A stroke of white sword light rushed out of the sword tip. Sword Qi burst out from the sword edge.

“Break!”

Zhang Ruochen struck out his sword. It clashed together with the reef island.

The reef island split open in the middle and flew left and right. The two pieces dropped in the sea.

Xu Hai rushed out. In a flash, he was in front of Zhang Ruochen. He struck out a palm.

“Fist of Eternal Truth.”

Xu Hai's arms let out a bang. Pieces of blue scales appeared on the surface of his skin and every finger emitted the light of death.

It could be imagined that the power of this fist must be devastating. Once it hit, even a small hill would be smashed to pieces.

Apparently, Xu Hai seemed to have control over the whole situation. He could kill Zhang Ruochen in an instant. However, in Zhang Ruochen's opinion, this was his chance.

It was right now.

Who would die? Zhang Ruochen or Xu Hai?

Seeing that Xu Hai was getting nearer and nearer, Zhang Ruochen became firmer. He secretly regulated power of space and gathered it to the finger-tips of his right hand.

His arms struck out quickly and he pointed his finger forward.

Chapter 527 - Anger, Hatred

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

SWOOSH!

Zhang Ruochen pointed his fingers, and space shattered like glass. It was ripped open with a multitude of breaches. Then it suddenly collapsed.

He peeked inside the space breach and saw a murky, void and chaotic space.

The surrounding dozens meters collapsed. Driven by a Devouring Power, the whole area turned into a giant vortex.

Actually, Xu Hai had been watching for Zhang Rouchen to apply space power. He just did not expect that Zhang Ruochen would collapse all the space within a certain area.

“I can’t be involved in a space collapse. Even a Half-Saint would for sure die if he fell into it.”

Xu Hai was so scared that he broke out in a cold sweat. He ran his Genuine Qi with all his strength to use the power of the Holy Soft Leather Armor. He rushed out of the vortex at an unprecedented speed.

Before he could be happy he saw that Zhang Ruochen controlled a giant 33-meter-long ice sword and was slashing at him.

BANG!

The ice sword hit Xu Hai and sent him back into the collapsed space.

“No... No...”

Xu Hai stretched out his arm, wanting to escape.

Unfortunately, this time he was not so lucky. He was quickly swallowed by the collapsed space.

Space became silent again. All the sound and noise disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the water and looked in the direction of the Space Collapse. He shook his head and sighed. "It's a pity to lose a piece of Holy Soft Leather Armor."

A treasure like Holy Soft Leather Armor could only be owned by a powerful saint family. It was a priceless treasure, that had only come about by accident.

Although he did not get the Holy Soft Leather Armor, he had removed a powerful enemy. Zhang Ruochen would have time to accumulate military merits with full strength and look for the Xuanwu heritage place.

Of course, he had to recover from his injury first.

Zhang Ruochen suffered severe internal injuries from the fight with Xu Hai. He would not be able to recover quickly.

He sank to the bottom of the water and took out the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. He opened the gate of the space and entered into the inner world of the graph.

Ten days later, with the assistance of healing Pills, Zhang Ruochen had completely recovered from his injuries.

Blackie appeared. It said, "Zhang Ruochen, do you want to practice in the Yin Yang Wooden Graph or go out?"

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment. He shook his head. "Secluding myself for refining can indeed increase my strength. I might even be able to successfully practice one or two Ghost Level martial techniques. But I can't reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm if I just seclude myself for refining. Moreover, fighting and killing is also a way of refining." #

"By the way, there is another man. I almost forgot about him!"

Zhang Ruochen stood up and took out the Auspicious Vase. He let out Xu Chen who had been trapped inside.

SWOOSH!

A light spot flew out from the vase and landed on the ground. It turned into the shadow of an old man.

It was Xu Chen.

Xu Chen was free. He instantly swung the Tiger Hunting Knife and chopped toward Zhang Ruochen.

“Kneel!” Blackie roared.

Xu Chen seemed like he'd been hit by a heavy blow. His body cramped. With a bang, he knelt on the ground. He could not move.

“What just happened?”

Xu Chen clenched his teeth. Blue veins bulged on his face. No matter how he resisted, he could not stand up.

Blackie raised its head and walked over. It smiled and in a cold voice said, “A Monk at the Fourth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm comes to my place and dares to resist?”

In the Scroll World, Blackie's power was not sealed. It could easily suppress Xu Chen.

Blackie patted Xu Chen's shoulder with its paws. Its long whiskers swept around Xu Chen's ears. It smiled, “The Scroll World is totally stable. It's time to build some palaces and abode of fairies and immortals. We'd better build another city. We happen to lack for laborers and will hire you first. Old man, do you have any opinion? All right! Since you don't, you will start to work tomorrow.”

Xu Chen was extremely obedient to Blackie's order. Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled. He walked in the direction of the Sacred Prime Tree stump.

Huang Yanchen sat cross-legged under the new seedlings of the Sacred Prime Tree. Thick Xuanwu Qi enveloped her. A strong and powerful aura emitted vaguely from her body.

Huang Yanchen had been practicing in the Scroll World for half a month. With the assistance of Xuanwu Qi, her cultivation had improved greatly. She had reached the late

stage of the Completion of the Heaven Realm and was just one step away from the Fish-dragon Realm.

Huang Yanchen did not immediately swallow the Fish-dragon Pill to reach the Fish-dragon Realm. She walked out the Scroll World with Zhang Ruochen together. She wanted to practice in the Xuanwu Primitive World for a while and stabilize her current realm.

Both of them walked out of the space gate. They headed toward the middle of the Xixuan Sea.

“What a strong Spiritual Blood smell.”

It wasn't long before Zhang Ruochen sniffed and smelled the strong stench of blood too.

They followed the smell. A small ship appeared on the water in the distance.

Zhang Ruochen leapt up and landed on the ship. He saw the miserable condition on the ship and felt anger in his heart.

Zhang Ruochen knew all the soldiers of Primitive World on this ship. Although he was not familiar with them, he had great respect for them and treated them as his old friends.

However...

The nine soldiers had died in distress.

Especially the leader Nie Nanfei, he had met an even more tragic death. All ten fingers had been chopped off. Both his eyeballs had been dug out. His stomach was cut open. Even his heart had been dug out and thrown to the side.

Nie Nanfei was a senior, and a veteran Zhang Ruochen respected very much. He never thought that he would die like this.

Seeing their condition, he could only assume that they had been cruelly tortured before they died.

Huang Yanchen arrived shortly after Zhang Ruochen. Seeing the situation in front of her, she could not help frowning. “Is it possible that the indigens from the Xuanwu Primitive World killed them?”

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists. He shook his head and said coldly, "No, it was the Evil Warriors from the Black Market. Their aura remains on the ship. They must have sensed my aura. This was why they used such diabolical means to question the soldiers."

BANG!

Zhang Ruochen hit his fist on the mast, leaving a large hole.

A cold murderous feeling emitted from his body. He said seriously, "Green-robed Emissary, I swear I will get even with you."

Huang Yanchen had never seen Zhang Ruochen so angry. She pursed her lips slightly and urged in a low voice, "I know you are very angry and you blame yourself. But I still have to remind you: never let the anger get you. The Green-robed Emissary, Yin Wuchang and the Iron Lady are all masters that have been famous for a long time. They have very high status in the evil circle. With our current strength, if we fight against them, it will be like hitting an egg against a rock."

Zhang Ruochen slowly stretched his five fingers and let out a long breath. He gradually restored his equilibrium. "I understand. I am not so stupid to confront them with toughness before I reach the Fish-dragon Realm."

"The Fish-dragon Realm!"

Zhang Ruochen gazed into the distance. He clenched his teeth, full of endless hope.

One could only really be beyond the Martial Arts and break the mortal's limit by reaching the Fish-dragon Realm.

Who didn't want to reach the realm?

In his last lifetime, Zhang Ruochen had not reached the Fish-dragon Realm. He did not know the subtlety of the realm. It was because he had not reached the realm, that he looked forward to it so much.

Certainly, he had to reach the Ultimate Realm before that.

The Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm might be difficult for others. However, it was not hard for him.

Riding on the ship, Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen came to a remote island.

On the island, they dug out pits to bury the nine soldiers.

Huang Yanchen asked curiously, “Why don’t we bring them back to the Huangyu Island Base. Then the Ministry of War would give their families pensions. Wouldn’t this be better?”

Zhang Ruochen covered the pit with the last pile of soil. He shook his head. “If we brought them back to the Huangyu Island Base, the Ministry of War would notice with one look that they were not killed by the indigens. They might think that we killed them.”

“Second, as long as they are not back to the base, the Ministry of War will certainly count their names and think that they have died in the battle in the Battlefield of the Primitive World. Their families will still get pensions.”

Huang Yanchen nodded her head. She had to admit that Zhang Ruochen considered a problem more thoroughly than she did.

Zhang Ruochen said thoughtfully, “We are at least 1,500 kilometers away from the Huangyu Island Base. We have entered a relatively dangerous area. If we move forward, we will be in the middle of the Xixuan Sea.”

“Why should we go to the depth of the Xixuan Sea? You have said that it is a very dangerous area. Even a Half-Saint could die there,” Huang Yanchen said.

Zhang Ruochen had fully calmed down and suppressed his anger. He analyzed, “Huang Shenyi has been to the Xuanwu Primitive World twice. And both times he went to the Huangyu Island Base. With his cultivation, he can’t go to the Xuan continent or the Continent of Wu, and he can’t go to the other sea area either. He can only practice in the Xixuan Sea.”

Huang Yanchen’s eyes sparkled. “You mean that the Xuanwu heritage place may be in the Xixuan Sea too?”

“It should be.”

Zhang Ruochen said again, “If the Xuanwu heritage place was not far from Huangyu Island, it would have been found long

ago. It must be in the depth of Xixuan Sea, which is very dangerous. No one dares to go there. It is because of this, that it is full of endless opportunities.”

“If I can figure it out, other monks who want to find the Xuanwu heritage place have probably also thought of it. If I am right, the Green-robed Emissary, Yin Wuchang, the Iron Lady and other Monks in the Fish-dragon Realm have probably already been in the depth of the Xixuan sea.”

Huang Yanchen asked, “Are we going there now?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head. “No! If we go there now, we won’t be able to compete with masters in the Fish-dragon Realm. Moreover, if the Xuanwu heritage place was easy to find, I’m afraid it would have been discovered long ago. Huang Shenyi couldn’t find it. We don’t have to rush over right now. Our priority now is to improve our cultivation.”

Huang Yanchen said, “We can experience ourselves at the boundary of the Xixuan Sea. We can look for the Xuanwu heritage place when I reach the Fish-dragon Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head.

They spent the next four days in the boundary area of the Xixuan Sea.

Zhang Ruochen killed 86 fourth level savage beasts and accumulated 2,372 military merits.

Huang Yanchen killed 13 fourth level savage beasts and obtained 412 military merits.

Of course, Huang Yanchen did not have much chance to strike. Most of the time, she was helping Zhang Ruochen to clean up the battle field, collecting Spiritual Brawn from inside the savage beast’s body, skin, armor and blood.

A fourth level savage beast was full of treasures. If they brought it back to the Myriad Chaos Mountain, they could get a large amount of Spiritual Crystals.

Huang Yanchen was not as talented as Zhang Ruochen. However, she had refined Dragon’s Blood and Xuanwu Qi and also swallowed a large amount of treasures. With her current

cultivation in the late stage of the Completion of the Heaven Realm and her strength, it was enough for her to be in the top 1,000 on the Heaven Board.

There was hope for her strength to go further after she practiced for a while.

However, Huang Yanchen knew that Zhang Ruochen needed the military merits more than she did to reach the Ultimate Realm. So she did not strike out much and left the savage beasts for Zhang Ruochen to deal with.

“It’s impossible to accumulate 30 million military merits if I only kill fourth level indigenous savage beasts. From tomorrow on, we will head to the center of the Xixuan Sea to kill fifth level savage beasts.” Zhang Ruochen made his decision.

Huang Yanchen certainly did not have any opinion about it. Actually, she also wanted to fight fifth level savage beasts. Only through danger could one’s potential be activated and improved.

Chapter 528 - Redcloud Python

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

A fifth level savage beast's strength was equal to that of a Human tribe Monk in the Fish-dragon Realm.

A warrior in the Heaven Realm would get 1,000 military merits for killing a fifth level savage beast, even if it was the weakest one.

That night Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen rode on the ship and sailed toward the middle of the Xixuan Sea.

Thick black clouds shielded the moon. The whole world seemed to be covered with a layer of black cloth. Nothing could be seen.

A fierce cold wind was blowing on the sea. It raised huge waves. The ship was lifted dozens of meters up, and sunk down to the bottom of the waves. Up and down, up and down, it seemed to rush to the bottom of the sea.

Huang Yanchen released her Celestial Bodyshield. She held the sword and leaned against the mast. She displayed a dignified look on her beautiful face.

She stared at the black sea with her blue eyes. "No wonder no one dares to enter the depth of the Xixuan Sea. The natural environment in the middle of the sea has been so terrible, warriors below the Heaven Realm couldn't survive at all if they came here."

Zhang Ruochen stood straight on the deck with his eyes closed. He regulated his inner Genuine Qi and held the balance of the ship.

“Hoho!”

Suddenly, his ears moved. He heard a low and bizarre cry coming from the bottom of the water.

The voice was getting closer and closer. It seemed that a giant creature was rushing toward the ship at a rapid pace.

CLANG!

The Abyss Ancient Sword on Zhang Ruochen’s back sensed the dangerous aura. It trembled violently and let out a piercing sword sound.

With a whoosh, it flew out from its sheath, dragging out a long sword radiance. It turned into a bright light and rushed deep into the sea.

Then.

BANG!

A red Huge Python rushed out of the water and opened its mouth wide, letting out a deafening roar. The wind and waves grew more intense.

Its body was as thick as a millstone. It lurched up, exposing half of its body, which was more than 100 meters long. The scales all over its body were as big as cattail leaves and emitted red light. It was like the armor of a unicorn made of red gold.

There was a blood hole in the Huge Python’s body, a sword wound left by the Abyss Ancient Sword.

WHOOSH!

The Abyss Ancient Sword revolved around for one full circle before it flew back. It landed in Zhang Ruochen’s hand.

He held the sword with one hand and stared at the giant creature. He landed his eyes on the top of its head.

He saw that there was a flame-like crest on the top of its head. It was like a magic lantern in the darkness. It dimmed the surrounding area and shone red. The sea water below and the clouds above were all as red as blood.

It was not a Huge Python, it was a red dragon.

Zhang Ruochen's face grew serious. He said to Huang Yanchen, "Before I came to the Xuanwu Primitive World, I read a book. It said that a savage beast called the redcloud python lives in the Xixuan Sea. They are as intelligent as humans and can bring wind and rain. They are fifth level savage beasts. Even the weakest redcloud python can be on par with Monks at the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. You have to be careful."

Huang Yanchen pulled out her sword and held it in hand. She regulated all her Genuine Qi and was ready to fight.

The redcloud python strengthened its body. It said loudly, "Extraterritorial human, you know that the Xixuan Sea is our territory. Yet you dare to break in. Are you looking to meet your death?"

The redcloud python bent its body. It stretched out a giant red claw and attacked toward the ship.

If other soldiers of Primitive World had been on the ship, they would have definitely been killed by the redcloud python with its one claw.

But this redcloud python was most unfortunate. Its opponent was Zhang Ruochen.

As its claw struck down, golden Dragon Scales appeared on Zhang Ruochen's body. They grew into a pair of dragon wings and he dashed out. He struck out a Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm and attacked the redcloud python's claw.

"Nine-folds of the Elephant Power!"

BANG!

Zhang Ruochen was like an ant compared to the redcloud python.

However, he struck out a palm with all his strength. The strength it exposed was more powerful than the redcloud python and sent it flying.

Zhang Ruochen continued the triumphant pursuit. He held the Abyss Ancient Sword in hand, exposed the power of the Holy

Weapon and slashed. It hit the redcloud python in the neck.

The Abyss Ancient Sword was very sharp. No matter how hard the redcloud python's armor was, it could not fend it off. It quickly pierced through the layer of hard scales. The creature spat out blood.

SWOOSH!

The redcloud python was chopped in half.

With a bang, the giant headless dragon fell down and dropped into the sea. An endless stream of blood gushed out.

Zhang Ruochen held the giant head with one hand and landed on the ship. He took out the Auspicious Vase and threw it to Huang Yanchen. He said, "Senior sister apprentice, collect the flood dragon blood."

Huang Yanchen grabbed the Auspicious Vase, standing on her tiptoes. Her tender body flew up lightly. She landed on the redcloud python's dead body in the sea and started to collect its blood.

Although flood dragon blood was not as good as Dragon's Blood, it was a very precious Treasured Body Refining Medicine. Many powerful Saint families would like to pay good money for it.

Zhang Ruochen put the giant head on the deck. He said to himself, "This redcloud python was pretty much as powerful as a warrior at the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. I should get 10,000 military merits."

For a warrior who wanted to be on the Heaven Board, the more powerful the indigenous creatures he killed, the more military merits he would get.

Certainly, the way of calculating military merits for a warrior who wanted to be on the Heaven Board was much different from that of soldiers of Primitive World.

Generally speaking, a warrior in the Heaven Realm who could kill a creature of the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm was very close to a human's strength limit. Once he succeeded, he got 100,000 military merits.

The reward for killing an indigenous creature at the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was two hundred thousand military merits.

The reward for killing an indigenous creature at the Fifth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm was 300,000 military merits.

...

A warrior in the Heaven Realm who could kill a creature in the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm was a one in a million God's favored son. Only warriors in the top 50 could do that.

Why did one only get 200,000 military merits for killing a savage beast at the Fourth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm?

It was because the nature of being in the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm was to sacrifice.

Killing a savage beast was a sacrifice to the gods. Only when the number of sacrifices met the gods' requirement could it attract the Chord of Gods and reach the Ultimate Realm.

Certainly, if the warrior wanted to be in the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm, he could focus entirely on the savage beasts in the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm and kill them to quicken the accumulation of military merits.

However, the Battlefield of the Primitive World was a different situation. You couldn't simply come across indigenous creatures at the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm as you wished. With any carelessness, you might run into indigenous creatures at the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm or even Half-Saint Class.

A warrior who wanted to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm had to slaughter all living beings and kill thousands of indigenous superiors. Only by using their blood to sacrifice to the gods could there be an extremely small opportunity to succeed.

Zhang Ruochen knew very clearly that the obstacle of reaching the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm was not

just the savage beasts, but also the human power of the Kunlun's Field.

Others would never allow him to reach the Ultimate Realm. When he was close to the Ultimate Realm, there would be many people who wanted to stop and kill him.

Gathering his thoughts, Zhang Ruochen stared at the crest on the redcloud python's head.

The crest emitted red light. From afar, it looked like an ancient lamp with magic power.

Up close, it was very large with a diameter of more than a meter. It was like a red flower with three leaves. It was glittering and translucent, as if it was artwork carved by blood jade.

This crest was called the Bloodcrown Mushroom.

Its importance exceeded even the brain of the redcloud python.

The redcloud python owed its intelligence and ability to communicate with people mostly to this crest.

If a warrior ate it, it could improve his Spiritual Power.

Huang Yanchen had already collected the redcloud python's blood, scales and Spiritual Brawn. She had returned to the ship.

Zhang Ruochen said quickly, "Senior sister apprentice Yanchen, eat the Redcrown Mushroom, it should improve your Spiritual Power to 30th level."

He could see that her Spiritual Power was currently at twenty-eighth level.

Huang Yanchen looked at the crest on the head of flood dragon. She said, "Redcrown Mushroom is a Spiritual Dose to increase the Spiritual Power. You need it more than I do."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled. "My Spiritual Power has reached 42nd level. A Redcrown Mushroom won't improve my Spiritual Power much. It would be much more useful for you."

Zhang Ruochen had calculated that one needed at least 30 Redcrown Mushrooms of this level to improve his Spiritual Power to 43rd level.

He would have to kill at least 30 redcloud pythons at the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm to improve his Spiritual Power one level.

It was not easy to find 30 redcloud pythons in the vast sea.

Huang Yanchen nodded and didn't refuse further. She said, "Well, the Redcrown Mushroom is mine. Then the Dragon Pearl is yours."

Huang Yanchen took out a bloody fist-sized pearl and gave it to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen touched the Dragon Pearl. He felt an enormous power coming from it.

The dragon's body was full of Spiritual Doses.

The Redcrown Mushroom could improve the Spiritual Power. The Dragon Pearl could enhance physical quality and increase cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was at the Intermediate Stage of the Completion of the Heaven Realm. If he refined the Dragon Pearl, he could most probably reach the late stage of the Completion of the Heaven Realm and increase his strength even more.

"Hoho!"

Zhang Ruochen was just about to put the Dragon Pearl away, when suddenly, his arm stopped and his face changed. He listened carefully and heard the strange sound coming from the water again.

It was the sound of a dragon.

And this time the dragon's roar was more intense and louder. It came from all directions.

Chapter 529 - A Monster With a Human Head and a Redcloud Python's Body

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Oh no, we've run into a group of pythons.”

Zhang Ruochen stared at the surface of the water and his face became very grim.

The Abyss Ancient Sword sensed the danger and trembled continuously, emitting sword sounds.

The Xixuan Sea was the territory of redcloud pythons. Without having to guess, it must have been the Spiritual Blood coming from the dead redcloud python that had attracted the group.

Zhang Ruochen had not expected to be suddenly surrounded by a python group when he had just been lamenting that it was impossible to find 30 redcloud pythons.

If it had just been two or three, Zhang Ruochen would have been able to handle them.

However, with dozens of them, even a superior in the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm would immediately escape, let alone Zhang Ruochen.

Huang Yanchen also felt the dangerous aura. Looking at Zhang Ruochen, she said, “Let's return to the Yin Yang Wooden Graph!”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “You go ahead into the Scroll World. I have the Dragon Pearl to protect me, and I

am proficient in Space Moving. Protecting myself is not a problem.”

“Swoosh – ”

The Yin Yang Wooden Graph flew out from between Zhang Ruochen’s brows and hovered in the air.

Above the scroll, a space door appeared.

Huang Yanchen knew that given her strength, she would definitely be defeated by even the weakest redcloud python. If she stayed, she would be of no help to Zhang Ruochen and would probably distract him instead.

Thus, she quickly entered the space door and returned to the Scroll World.

Zhang Ruochen did not enter the Scroll World. After all, he had come to the Xuanwu Primitive World to train in order to charge into the Ultimate Realm. How could he hide from danger?

Sometimes, one had to face challenges head-on. He would not hide in the Yin Yang Wooden Graph unless there was no other choice.

Zhang Ruochen held onto the scroll and wrapped the Yin Yang Wooden Graph around his body.

The Yin Yang Wooden Graph was not only a scroll but also a defensive treasure. As long as it was wrapped around one’s body it could block even an attack from a Holy Weapon.

The next moment.

“Roar!”

A huge, red shadow broke through the surface of the ocean. There were two enormous eyes that looked like lanterns, and on the redcloud python’s head was a red “magic lantern”.

The redcloud python was right beside the boat. It lowered its body and stared at Zhang Ruochen.

Its eyes were only 30 meters away. When it opened its big, ferocious mouth, thick Spiritual Blood dissipated from it. In a

deep voice, it said, “Extraterritorial human, did you kill that redcloud python?”

Zhang Ruochen stood calmly on deck. He looked at the redcloud python closely and said, “That’s right.”

Zhang Ruochen’s body was not even as big as one of its eyeballs. Despite being tiny in comparison, he appeared very calm, not showing any glimmer of fear.

Although it was also a redcloud python, this one’s body was even thicker and the aura it gave off was stronger.

Its cultivation was about the same as a Monk at the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm .

Killing it would be enough to gain 300,000 military merits.

Of course, given Zhang Ruochen’s present cultivation, it would not be easy to kill it even if he used the power of time and space.

The redcloud python’s nature was aggressive and it had boundless strength. It could call the wind and the rain, it could flip the rivers and overturn the oceans. It would not be as easy to defeat as the treeman.

“You dared to kill a redcloud python in the Xixuan Sea? You are looking to die.”

The redcloud python roared angrily and struck out with a claw.

Zhang Ruochen did not dare to meet it head-on. He immediately executed Space Moving and appeared 99 meters away, hovering above its head.

“Crash!”

The redcloud python’s claws tore the 30-meter-long boat into pieces. With a crash, the mast, the deck, and the cabin all sank to the bottom of the ocean.

Upon finding Zhang Ruochen gone, the redcloud python was slightly confused.

“Die!”

Zhang Ruochen gathered all the strength in his body and channeled it into his arms. He chopped down and aimed straight at the red crown on its head.

That was the redcloud python's Achilles Heel – its life spot.

If he could pierce through the crown, the redcloud python's fighting strength would decrease by at least half.

Zhang Ruochen's attack was very fast, but the redcloud python's reaction was even faster. Even before his sword landed, the python's tail had whipped around and landed on his body, sending him flying outward.

Fortunately, he was wrapped in the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and had the Dragon Pearl to protect him. Otherwise, a full-strength attack from a redcloud dragon at the Fifth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm would have heavily injured him, if not kill him.

“Such quick reaction time and such terrifying power.”

Zhang Ruochen wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. He decided that this redcloud python was not an easy target, so he executed a bodily movement and charged toward one with a relatively weak aura.

Dozens of redcloud pythons had gathered in the sea area. Naturally, their strengths ranged from strong to weak.

Among them, there were a few redcloud pythons who only had the cultivation of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Zhang Ruochen set his sights on them.

One redcloud python at the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm was equivalent to 100,000 military merits.

“Swift and Neat.”

Zhang Ruochen flew toward the head of one such redcloud python. He incorporated the Time Mark and executed Swift Swordsmanship, stabbing forward quickly.

“Pffff!”

His body followed the Abyss Ancient Sword, piercing through the redcloud python's head and flying out the other side,

leaving a bloody hole over a meter in diameter.

White brain fluid and red blood surged out of the bloody hole.

“I’ve earned 100,000 military merits.”

Zhang Ruochen was in dangerous territory and his entire body was covered in blood, but he was extremely excited. The war intent in his heart grew stronger.

Zhang Ruochen used the power of Space Moving and Swift Swordsmanship and succeeded in killing two more redcloud pythons in the Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm, one after the other, earning another 200,000 military merits.

Just as he was about to continue attacking, purple lightning suddenly surged out of the sky above him like thick lightning dragons twisting through the dark clouds. They made faint rumbling sounds.

A monster with a snake body and human head was flying through the clouds, controlling the lightning.

Its cultivation was very powerful, it exceeded that of a Monk in the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. It had the head of a fierce human elder that was connected to the neck of a snake. Its eyes were deeply sunken and revealed a cold and ruthless light.

Zhang Ruochen had long known that some highly intelligent groups of savage beasts that managed to reach Sixth Level Savage Beast were able to practice some mysterious ancient skills and have a human shape.

The fact that this redcloud python was only a Fifth Level Savage Beast yet it could form a head and become half-human in shape was truly astonishing.

Under the control of that redcloud python, dense lightning surged down from the sky like a waterfall heading straight for Zhang Ruochen.

The other redcloud pythons also attacked at the same time. Some spat wind blades from their mouths, some spat fire, and others spat ice knives...

Zhang Ruochen kept using Space Moving and dodged quickly, but a dozen attacks still landed on his body. His neck, legs, and arms were left mangled and bleeding. Every inch of skin on his body was burnt black.

“Extraterritorial human, where are you running to?”

The creature with the head of a human and the body of a redcloud python charged out from the clouds and extended a flame-like claw. A giant purple hammer was grasped by this claw. It suddenly struck ferociously toward Zhang Ruochen’s head.

The giant hammer was square, over 10 meters long. Its surface was carved with inscriptions and gave off the light of hundreds of lightning bolts.

Zhang Ruochen felt suffocated. All the hair on his body stood up, feeling as if the sky was crashing down and the ground was falling away.

“Swoosh!”

The brilliance of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph flashed and the space door opened. Zhang Ruochen quickly jumped inside and entered the Scroll World.

“Boom!”

The giant hammer fell and landed on the sea.

A powerful wave of energy emanated from the giant hammer, spreading out and forming concentric layers of connected Yun Tian waves.

Three of the redcloud pythons were blown out of the water by the wave of power. Some others were struck by the fallout from the impact of the giant hammer – their scales split open and they suffered minor injuries.

With even just the aftermath having such an effect, one could tell how terrifying the destructive power of that strike was.

“Has he turned into ash and smoke?”

The creature with the human head and redcloud python’s body raised the giant hammer and hovered over the void space. Its

eyes fired out two columns of light and closely observed the roiling surface of the ocean below.

Chapter 530 - Why Cultivate Martial Arts?

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

There was not a single soul on the surface of the sea. What was left was a picture scroll bobbing up and down with the waves.

“What kind of a picture scroll is this? It was able to take the blow from the Thunder Hammer without breaking into pieces.”

Overcome with curiosity, the creature with a human head and a flood-dragon’s body picked up the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and studied it carefully.

Earlier on, the thunderbolt emitted by the Thunder Hammer was so glaring that it overshadowed the light emitted by the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, so much so that the human-headed flood-dragon creature did not notice that Zhang Ruochen had entered into the Scroll World, believing that Zhang Ruochen had been annihilated.

“This has to be a treasure, I will carry it back with me so I may take my time to study it.”

After spending some time browsing through it, he remained clueless about the contents of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. He could only roll it up and stuff it into one of his scales.

The human-headed flood-dragon creature glanced down at the redcloud pythons below him and said, “I have annihilated that human trespasser. Let’s all perk up and continue to patrol around since there has been an increase in the number of these

human trespassers in the Xixuan Sea region. I heard that they are searching for the Xuan Wu heritage place.”

The human-headed flood-dragon creature was one of the six commanders in chief who were subordinate to the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King.

From the sea waters, the gigantic head of a redcloud python emerged and said, “Is there really this Xuan Wu heritage place within the Xixuan Sea?”

The human-headed flood-dragon creature coldly said, “I’ve lived in the Xixuan Sea for over a thousand years, but have never heard of this Xuan Wu heritage place. However, the Xixuan Sea is mighty and vast, there are a few places that even the Lord of the Flood Dragons dares not enter, so there really might be a treasure here.”

Yet another redcloud python lifted its head and asked, “But Commander, where are those few places?”

The human-headed flood-dragon creature glared at it and replied with a low voice, saying, “Don’t tell me you still want to find out more about this Xuan Wu heritage place? To be honest, those locations were historical murderlands, so don’t even think to enter them because you will surely die if you do.

“Furthermore, the Lord of the Flood Dragons has commanded us to patrol the Xixuan Sea and annihilate any extraterritorial trespassers. What’s most important now is to carry out our duty. Let’s move on to the next target!”

The human-headed flood-dragon creature led the group of flood dragons to dive into the water to continue their search for any other extraterritorial trespassers.

Upon returning to the Scroll World, Zhang Ruochen immediately ingested a recovery pill and started to nurse his injuries.

This was the first time ever that he had gotten so severely wounded—his left shoulder was badly burnt and oozing blood; sharp pain shot through his right thigh as it was frostbitten by the Ice of Profound; a lesion ran through the back of his head where he was struck by the Wind Blade and it looked as if it

was almost going to be split in two... His entire body was covered with injuries, it was an appalling sight.

However, his abdomen and back were unscathed as they were shielded by the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

Huang Yanchen, standing beside him, could imagine the danger back then just by looking at the condition of Zhang Ruochen's injuries.

"I could have helped him if only I had reached a high enough level of cultivation."

Huang Yanchen was a strong-headed person. She was arrogant and would not easily admit defeat. However, she felt inadequate at this moment because she could not help Zhang Ruochen at all.

Blackie yawned, stretched, and got up, saying, "Why should you be guilt-stricken? It is up to him to surmount the next level of the Ultimate Realm from his current Heaven Realm, there is no way other people can help him.

"While it is easy to accumulate 30 million military merit points, it is difficult to win the acceptance of the gods. He must not fall short in great strength, great courage, and great wisdom. How many among these numerous talents are able to reach the Ultimate Realm?"

Huang Yanchen frowned and said coldly, "Does he have to risk his life time and again just to accumulate more military merits?"

"That's right."

Blackie continued, "It is impossible for one who does not put up a desperate fight to accumulate 30 million military merits. Girl, there is no way that others could help him. I would suggest you try to surmount the Fish-dragon Realm, otherwise not only will you lag far behind Zhang Ruochen, you will also be lagging far behind the other two girls in terms of your cultivation level."

Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary had been cultivating themselves in the world inside the scroll for three months under Blackie's guidance. On top of that, the sacred Qi emitted

by the Sacred Prime Tree had helped them transcend the limitations of mortals and allowed them to reach the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Moreover, their levels of cultivation were rapidly increasing.

Huang Yanchen pouted, still unconvinced, as she shook her head and said, "Let's talk when he wakes up! There is no rush to cultivate ourselves now."

Over three days, Zhang Ruochen had ingested huge amounts of the Blood of the Wood Spirit, and with the help of those healing pills, he recovered 30% from his injuries and his condition was finally stabilized.

"Boom!" A loud noise arose.

Cracks appeared on Zhang Ruochen's skin. A layer of perfectly smooth and fair skin was visible through the cracks.

Blackie squinted his eyes, smiled, and said, "He is rightfully called a monk of 'Chakras', for his skin has transformed into growth rings, with every ring depicting a new life."

After a while, Zhang Ruochen emerged from a heap of shells, having recuperated from his external injuries.

Zhang Ruochen made some crackling noises while he shook his entire body loose. He then heaved a sigh and said, "That was close! I would have lost my life in the Xixuan Sea if I was a little slower."

Huang Yanchen turned her eyes and said, "You did great, not only did you escape death from the ambush of the flood dragons, you even slew four redcloud pythons. This will be extensively reported in the Eastern Region Report once news travels back to Kunlun's Field."

Zhang Ruochen was a modest man. He laughed and said, "I'm not as great as you imagine, it would be impossible for me to survive the flood dragon's ambush if not for the Yin Yang Wooden Graph."

Huang Yanchen asked, "So what are your plans as of now?"

"What else can I do? I will nurse myself back to health and continue to accumulate military merits," replied Zhang

Ruochen.

Huang Yanchen clenched her teeth, hesitated for a second, and finally warned him, saying, “Honestly, there is no need for you to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. There were countless Saints and emperors in history who still were deemed the most powerful figures despite not reaching that Ultimate Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “I’m not bothered about what other people do, or what happens in the future, I just want to do my best for now.”

Huang Yanchen said sharply, “Why do we practice Martial Arts and pursue reaching the Saint Path? Do we need to risk our lives just to become stronger? What would happen to your loved ones if you met with any mishap? What would happen to your mother?”

Although Huang Yanchen was reserved in expressing her emotions, Zhang Ruochen could still sense her concern for his safety.

She tried to warn him and dissuade him because she was worried about him.

Perhaps the most important thing to her was that Zhang Ruochen continued to live. To her, there was no need for him to risk his life to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

However, she was not aware that Zhang Ruochen had personal reasons.

He had to become stronger or even the strongest, otherwise, how would he be able to take revenge on Empress Chi Yao?

Zhang Ruochen had no idea how to explain this to Huang Yanchen. After pondering for a long time, he said, “The purpose of cultivating Martial Arts is not for competition, name, money, or for destruction, it is for when I meet her. I want to be standing instead of kneeling down before her the day I see her. If that day ever comes... perhaps there will only be one living soul left.”

“Who is she?” Huang Yanchen questioned further.

Zhang Ruochen looked intently at Huang Yanchen and said, "Senior sister apprentice, there are some things that I can't tell you now. But please believe me, I am going to live on and take you as my wife. I will not let down those who care for me, I will keep my promise."

His voice sounded firm and exuded a confidence that left no room for doubt.

Zhang Ruochen continued nursing his injuries after he finished speaking.

Huang Yanchen, realizing that no one could change Zhang Ruochen, just sighed and left.

Perhaps she should also make an effort in cultivating herself, not so much for a name, but so she could be of help to him in the future.

After Zhang Ruochen recovered from his internal injuries, he ingested another Dragon Pearl. Two days later, he broke through to the late stage of the Completion of the Heaven Realm, thereby stepping up his strength.

"I wonder if the human-headed flood-dragon creature has taken the Yin Yang Wooden Graph."

Zhang Ruochen released the Spiritual Power of his mind to unite with the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

At that instant, the strength of Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power revealed an underwater rock cave, which appeared to be the lair of the redcloud pythons.

Presently, the Yin Yang Wooden Graph was placed on top of a red coral table in the cave. That human-headed flood-dragon creature was lying prone and coiled up in the cave, with its head hanging in mid-air, and was studying the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

"What on earth is this picture scroll that it could withstand the blade of a sword and burning fire? It must be some fabulous thing. If I were to offer this to the Lord of Flood Dragons, he could surely make sense of it."

Right when this human-headed flood-dragon creature was about to put away the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, a green light suddenly emerged from the scroll and fine lines started appearing on the scroll.

“What is happening?”

The human-headed flood-dragon creature paused and looked curiously at the picture scroll.

“Crash!”

Suddenly with a flash of sword radiance, the Abyss Ancient Sword flew out of the picture scroll and struck the human-headed flood-dragon creature on its face, piercing its left eye and breaking half of its head into pieces.

“Aah...”

The human-headed flood-dragon creature let out a shrill of agony, stretched out one of its claws, and struck the coral table, shattering it.

How could Zhang Ruochen let this opportunity slip away?

It was high time.

He dashed out of the Scroll World, grabbed the Abyss Ancient Sword and struck the neck of the human-headed flood-dragon creature with the sword.

Chapter 531 - 20 Million Military Merits

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The defensive power of the creature with the human head and dragon's body was very powerful. Only the outer crimson scales were needed to block the attack from a tenth level Genuine Martial Arm.

However, they knew very clearly that the sword Zhang Ruochen held in his hands had surpassed Genuine Martial Arms to become a Holy Weapon. Once the strike landed, it would cut through their defenses in an instant.

“Swoosh!”

The sword flashed and came down quickly.

The creature with the human head and dragon's body abruptly flipped over. A powerful wave of crimson strength exploded from its body like a fire cloud, sending Zhang Ruochen flying backward.

Zhang Ruochen flew backward and crashed into the stone wall with a boom, forming a human-shaped dent.

Landing on the ground again, Zhang Ruochen stretched his neck and focused his gaze on the creature and said, “No wonder this is the king of the redcloud pythons. Even though it's been struck through the head by the Ancient Abyss Sword, it still has such powerful battle strength.”

The creature retreated very far away. Its body wriggled and it raised two giant sharp claws in a defensive posture.

It slowly lifted its bloody head, which looked very much like that of a human elder. In a deep and resentful voice, it said, “The true Lord of Flood Dragons is 100 times stronger than me. With a breath of air, he could turn you into a skeleton. I am only a military commander below a Black Skeleton Dragon. Even though my strength is far below that of the Lord of Flood Dragons, it is plenty to deal with you.”

Strands of red dragon Qi welled out of the creature’s body, surged toward its head, and went into its wound. The half of its head that had been shattered grew new flesh and slowly began to heal.

Zhang Ruochen could not let it recover from the injury.

His eyes focused on the injury and he picked up the Ancient Abyss Sword again in preparation to continue attacking.

A long sword light shot out from the tip of the sword and countless streaks of sword Qi came out, flying around the rock cave. Zhang Ruochen stood in the center of the illusory images of the sword Qi like a sword saint who controlled tens of thousands of flying swords.

“Wait.”

The eyes of the creature turned and it asked, “Extraterritorial human, can you tell me what kind of treasure is that scroll? Why can you hide in it?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “The redcloud python must indeed be very intelligent. You are trying to stall for time. However, it is a pity that this trick of yours will not work on me at all.”

“Wait.”

The creature immediately spoke again. “Perhaps you want to know where the Xuanwu inheritance is?”

Zhang Ruochen paused slightly, and he looked closely into its eyes.

The creature cheered in its heart and thought to itself, The extraterritorial human is indeed looking for the Xuanwu inheritance. Very good! Since he is so interested, I will tell him

about a few ancient and dangerous areas. As long as I can hold him off for just a moment, I will be able to crush with him a single claw once I've recovered a little strength.

The creature hurriedly said, "I have lived in Xixuan Sea for thousands of years, I know the secret places better than anyone. Right now, I will tell you about some of the secret places."

"There's no need. I know I will be able to find it myself."

The creature started slightly. Before it had a chance to react, Zhang Ruochen had already teleported with his Space Moving technique and crossed dozens of meters to appear near the creature's abdomen area.

"Swoosh!"

He hovered in the water and the Heart of the Sword between his brows lit up. Waves of sword technique power gathered in the fingers of his right hand, and he struck out with his sword.

Streak after streak of sword Qi also flew out.

"Crash! Crash!"

The Ancient Abyss Sword pierced through the dragon's armor and left long sword marks. Large amounts of blood surged out of the creature's body.

Earlier, given the creature's cultivation, even if Zhang Ruochen had used Space Moving, he still would not have been able to hurt it.

However, Zhang Ruochen's earlier strike had not just pierced through its left eye, but it had also damaged the crown of its head.

The creature's strength had already descended so low that it was unable to dodge Zhang Ruochen's strike.

The creature gave an angry roar and spat out a mouthful of purple thunderbolts, dozens of streaks of lightning that were as thick as a bowl and as sharp as the edge of a knife. They all flew toward Zhang Ruochen.

"Swoosh!"

Zhang Ruochen once again teleported using Space Moving. He passed through the lightning and appeared at the creature's head.

“Swift and Neat.”

The Time Mark melded into the sword technique.

Zhang Ruochen activated his Genuine Qi and it moved quickly through his entire body. His sword flashed out quickly and chopped down again on the crown of the creature's head. The strike sent him flying 10 meters up.

A voice rang out from inside the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, “Wow! Good strike!”

Blackie charged out of the scroll. Dissolving into a shadow, he stretched out two claws and quickly scooped up the giant fleshy crown. Immediately after, he rushed back into the scroll.

“Swoosh!”

With the crown of the creature sliced off, a long column of blood sprouted out from the creature's head. It turned the entire cave red.

The creature was in unbearable pain, and it went completely crazy. Striking out with one claw, it broke through the cave wall.

“Boom!”

The entire mountain below the water shook. Then, it quickly imploded into a pool of muddy water. Countless giant rocks flew out from the muddy water in all directions like rays.

“What happened?”

“Why are there such powerful fluctuations?”

...

The redcloud pythons at the bottom of the water were all disturbed, and they charged out of their own lairs to gather around the boundary of the mountain.

“Roar!”

In the muddy water, an ear-splitting roar rang out.

The roar turned into a sound wave and charged out, sending all the redcloud pythons flying into the air.

The bottom of the ocean shook, and a giant dragon shadow flew out from under the collapsed mountain and charged toward the surface of the water.

A closer look would reveal a young human man standing on the neck of the dragon shadow. In his hand, he held a thick metal chain that was tied to the dragon's neck.

The surface of the metal chain discharged powerful lightning fire that continuously struck against the huge flood dragon's body.

“Boom!”

The creature charged out of the water, creating a wave as it flew into the layers of clouds.

Zhang Ruochen held on tightly to the Dragon Lock Chain riding the creature endlessly up into the sky, and the clouds. They moved further and further away from the surface of the ocean as if they were going to rush into the boundless universe.

The creature's speed was so fast that the wind blew like cold knives. It numbed Zhang Ruochen's face and hands as it sliced by.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen put two fingers together and formed a sword skill as he controlled the Ancient Abyss Sword with the Heart of the Sword. The blade flew in the void space behind the giant flood dragon. Suddenly, the tip of the sword changed directions and pierced the creature's back.

Its tail curled up and struck out with force, sending the Ancient Abyss Sword flying away.

The creature struggled desperately, at times charging into the clouds, at times dropping into the ocean, and at times crashing into an island... Before long, it had dragged Zhang Ruochen over a thousand kilometers away.

No matter how much it struggled, it could not shake off Zhang Ruochen or the Dragon Lock Chain.

“No wonder it is a Flood Dragon Tribe Commander at the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. Even though it has suffered such heavy injuries, it is still able to demonstrate such terrifying power.”

Zhang Ruochen activated the Ancient Abyss Sword as well as the six golden Holy Swords and formed a sword flow, continuously stabbing the creature.

“Pffff!”

Each time a sword flew out, it would leave a bloody hole in the creature’s body. After only a moment, its body was riddled with hundreds of holes. Its injuries became even more serious.

The creature flew another 200 kilometers but, finally, it gave a painful, sorrowful cry. Its entire body went limp, and it fell down from hundreds of meters up in the sky. It landed in the ocean and sent up a great wave.

Zhang Ruochen still held onto the Dragon Lock Chain. Standing on its body, he yanked his arm and pulled the chain, as thick as a bowl, back onto his wrist with a swish.

“It has finally ended. I’ve obtained 400,000 military merits.”

Zhang Ruochen moved his numbed finger and finally let out a sigh of relief.

A redcloud python in the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm was indeed terrifyingly powerful. If he had met it at its prime, he probably would not have been able to block even one of its claws.

Zhang Ruochen sat cross-legged on the huge reptile and activated the “Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emphyrean” to begin recovering the large amounts of Genuine Qi he had burned through.

Suddenly, a strange voice rang out from inside the dragon’s body.

“Crash!”

A giant square hammer rose out of the creature's mouth and shot an eye-piercing bolt of lightning at Zhang Ruochen's head.

Danger.

Without even thinking, he immediately executed Space Domain and demonstrated the power space warps.

A small shift happened to the direction of the lightning. It stopped in front of Zhang Ruochen's forehead and dropped into the water.

The ocean made a crackling sound as it electrified out to 300 meters in every direction.

The sea water began to boil and fist-sized bubbles popped up.

"It is already dead, yet it can still use a Holy Weapon war hammer?"

Zhang Ruochen immediately rose and executed a body movement to retreat far away. He did not dare to come within the range of the flood dragon's war hammer.

Then, he opened his Sky Eye and looked at the reptile's body to finally understand what was happening. The beast soul of the flood dragon was operating the war hammer.

Although the creature had died, its cultivation was very powerful, so its beast soul had not immediately disappeared.

Earlier, its neck had been chained and it was unable to spit up the war hammer from its abdomen. It was not until after death that it could use its beast soul to operate the war hammer to attack Zhang Ruochen.

After understanding what was happening, Zhang Ruochen actually relaxed and smiled. "The beast soul of a redcloud python should be a pretty good treasure."

Having said this, his Martial Soul flew out of his body and charged into the flood dragon's body.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen's Martial Soul captured a 100-meter long beast soul, then flew back and re-entered his body.

Blackie's voice rang out of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, "Zhang Ruochen, give that beast soul to me."

Zhang Ruochen furrowed his brows and asked, "What do you need it for?"

"I am going to refine a Flood Dragon Soul Pill and give it to that person with the half-dragon body. Although it will not immediately make her cultivation that of a Genuine Dragon Body, it could help her to complete her training in a short amount of time and reach the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. As long as her cultivation reaches the Third Change, it will be enough to be a match against the masters in the Black Market. She could become a great help in helping you achieve revenge."

Zhang Ruochen was confused, so he asked, "The Third Change of the Fish-dragon Realm? Her practice has been so fast?"

Blackie smiled, "With the help of the Flood Dragon Soul Pill, I am confident that I can have her break into the Third Change within two years. Two years in the Scroll World is only two months in the external world. Is two months very long?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said in a low voice, "Alright! I can give the spirit of the dragon to you. I can even give you more. However, you must have her reach the Third Change within two months."

"No problem," Blackie said.

After handing the spirit of the dragon to Blackie, Zhang Ruochen's gaze focused on the war hammer above the body of the giant python. The corners of his lips curved slightly and he said, "It's probably a Holy Weapon! Abyss, I'll let you have it!"

"Swoosh!"

The Ancient Abyss Sword flew out of its sheath toward the war hammer with the intention of refining it.

The war hammer was an Hundred Inscription Weapon and it also contained Vessel Spirit.

It sensed the Abyss Ancient Sword's intentions, and it immediately counterattacked.

“Bang!”

The two Holy Weapons began to battle in the air.

In an hour, Zhang Ruochen had managed to collect the giant dragon's scales, blood, and Dragon Pearl.

At that moment, the Ancient Abyss Sword was refining the war hammer. Lightning flashed across the blade of the sword, and it flew back with a dozen-meter long lightning tail behind it.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the surface of the ocean, holding the Ancient Abyss Sword, with his eyes focused on the roiling surface of the water, “Let's go. Let's keep collecting military merits.”

...

...

Two months passed very quickly.

Zhang Ruochen was active in the center area of the Xixuan Sea. He was like a ghost killer, massacring the indigenous savage beasts in the water.

Among them, he killed 47 redcloud pythons.

Other than that, he also killed 28 fifth level savage beasts, including Silverbelly Sharks, Millennial Black Golden Tortoises, and more. As for fourth level savage beasts, they were beyond counting.

In merely two months, he had collected 9,000,000 military merits.

This one statistic shocked the entirety of Myriad Chaos Mountain.

Tens of thousands of warriors were gathered below the stone tablet of the Heaven Board. They watched as the military merits behind the name “Zhang Ruochen” at the very top of the table broke through 20,000,000, approaching closer and closer to the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm...

Chapter 532 - The Forty-Third Level

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Half-saint Yuanying wore a hooded black robe. He looked like a ghost, as he was covered from head to toe. He stood beside the stone tablet of the Heaven Board, his body emanating a deathly aura.

He slowly raised his head, revealing a pale, haggard face with narrow eyes and drooping eye sockets. He glanced toward the Heaven Board and said in a raspy voice, “This is happening very quickly. If things continue to go like this, Zhang Ruochen will reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm in less than six months.”

The Red Wish Emissary stood behind Half-saint Yuanying. Her body was covered by pink fog which showed a graceful and elegant silhouette but concealed her real appearance.

She laughed, “Why do you think that it would take six months? I think that Zhang Ruochen will enter the Ultimate Realm in less than three months. He would become the second person who has reached the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm in 100 years.”

Red Wish Emissary’s eyes curved like two crescent moons. She thought to herself: with a person like Zhang Ruochen, Di Yi would not be able to survive for much longer.

Di Yi held grudges as well as hatred towards Zhang Ruochen.

However, Red Wish Emissary had no grudge nor conflict against Zhang Ruochen. Besides, she is a woman, a beautiful

and charming woman. There was no reason why she should not work with him.

Huang Shenyi was dead. Once Zhang Ruochen eliminates Di Yi, no other Emissary would be skilled enough to challenge her.

She was confident that she could become the new young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall.

Half-saint Yuanying's brows furrowed slightly, he said, "Did the Martial Market Bank people block the space route toward the Xuanwu Primitive World?"

The Red Wish Emissary nodded and said, "Yes, they have. The Martial Market Bank and the Ministry of War have always had a close relationship, and they have many shared interests. As long as high-level personnel from the Martial Market Bank makes an appearance, the Ministry of War will have to show their face."

Half-saint Yuanying nodded and said, "If the pride of the Saint Academy broke in the Ultimate Realm, the upper echelons of the Martial Market Bank would, no matter what, come out and protect him."

The Red Wish Emissary continued, "Furthermore, three of the Sword Saint Xuanji's five disciples have rushed to Myriad Chaos Mountain. The three held the fort in front of the Primitive World. I am afraid masters of the Seventh Change of the Fish-dragon Realm, masters from the Black Market, the Heresy, and those with skills above that, would probably not be able to enter the Xuanwu Primitive World.

"Zhang Ruochen is Sword Saint Xuanji's sixth disciple. How could his elder brother and elder sister disciples not come to help?" An icing air gushed out of Half-saint Yuanying's body.

The Red Wish Emissary said, "Your Excellency, what do we do now? Is there anything we can do to stop him from reaching the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm?"

Half-saint Yuanying snorted and said, "Even if the Martial Market Bank blocked the Primitive World, it doesn't mean that Zhang Ruochen can't be killed. The Black Market also has

some masters in the Ministry of War in the Xuanwu Primitive World. Now is the right time to use them.”

Half-saint Yuanying scanned the Heaven Board. He looked at the third name on the tablet, “Di Yi.”

5,000,000 military merits.

In two months, Zhang Ruochen’s military merits had passed 20,000,000.

In two months, Di Yi’s military merits had also quietly surpassed 5,000,000 points.

It must be noted that previously, Di Yi had zero military merits.

Naturally, Red Wish Emissary’s attention was also caught by the name “Di Yi” on the Heaven Board. Her beautiful eyes narrowed slightly, and she quietly said, “He is in the Death Primitive World, yet he is rapidly accumulating military merits. It seems that he has refined Bu Qianfan into a demonic shadow. His strength has increased dramatically, and he is putting all his energy into charging into the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.”

Bu Qianfan was once considered as God’s favored son, unfortunately, he is mentally flawed. As long as he faced Di Yi, he would lose without question. Whose fault was it that he was a very sentimental man?

After Di Yi refined Bu Qianfan into a shadow, would he be affected by Bu Qianfan’s will and also develop sentiments and flaws?

...

...

Inside the Scroll World, Zhang Ruochen sat with his legs crossed beneath the Sacred Prime Tree and took out the 32nd Redcrown Mushroom.

“My Spiritual Power has reached a critical point. Once I refine this, I would be able to break into the 43rd level.”

Zhang Ruochen's spread his arms out, and green flames surged out of his palms. The one-meter-tall flames engulfed the Redcrown Mushroom.

“Swoosh!”

The Redcrown Mushroom dissolved into glittering of light spots, forming a rain of light. They flew toward the Sacred Mark between Zhang Ruochen's brows and entered his Qi Sea.

After about six hours, Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power started to rise quickly. The energy exploded out of his body, charging to different directions.

At this moment, he felt that he had dissolved into tens of thousands of light spots and was present everywhere within a thousand kilometers of the surrounding area.

Some of the light spots landed on the ground, and he could see each speck of dirt, each blade of grass, each inscription, and even each dewdrop on the grass and leaves.

Some of the light spots flew to Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and the Orange Star Emissary's side. Zhang Ruochen could see each strand of hair, each lash on their eyes, and each ear piercing...

However, when the light spots charged move towards their backs, they met an obstacle about a meter from their positions.

“Who is it?”

Ao Xinyan could feel that someone was watching her. Her eyes shot open, and she quickly struck out her arms to each side, surging out a ball of Genuine Qi.

With a boom, all light spots within 300 hundred meters were wiped out by the powerful blast of Genuine Qi.

After that, Orange Star Emissary and Huang Yanchen also discovered that there was a mysterious power watching them. Both of them struck out and destroyed the mysterious power.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his Spiritual Power, calling back tens of thousands of light spots to return to his body.

A strange smile formed on his face, “Thank god they didn’t bother to inspect what those lights were. If they discovered that I was watching them, I wouldn’t be able to give them a good excuse.”

Using Spiritual Power to watch someone was inappropriate; almost as if watching a woman shower.

Zhang Ruochen didn’t mean to invade their privacy, but his Spiritual Power had just broken into the 43rd level, and he wanted to test his newly gained strength, he just happened to choose them to experiment with.

Alas, there were only a few people in the Scroll World, so they could probably guess that it was him who was watching them.

As for this point, Zhang Ruochen was not too bothered. As long as he does not have evil intentions, it didn’t matter if they misunderstood him.

“The kind of state just now was very similar to the Buddhist teaching: ‘dissolving oneself into millions and there is nowhere one is not.’ However, my Spiritual Powers are still not strong enough. His Spiritual Power incarnation had been completely shattered by one of the strikes. Who knows what level it would take for one’s Spiritual Power to be omnipresent.”

His Spiritual Power had reached the 43rd level.

Using only his Spiritual Powers, Zhang Ruochen could challenge a monk in the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

This was the true realm after reaching the Sixth Change.

His current strength level is enough to match a master in the Fish-dragon Realm.

His Spiritual Power cultivation had far surpassed his martial cultivation.

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and clenched his fists as he activated his Spiritual Power.

“Crash! Crash!”

A black cloud appeared above his head. Countless streaks of lightning flashed through the cloud, making loud noises.

The flashing lightning in the cloud gathered together and formed a round ball of lightning that charged toward the ground.

The ball-shaped lightning landed and formed a giant dent on the ground. The shockwaves radiated out, and all surrounding vegetation turned to ash.

There were strands of inscription that looked like lightning snakes, flowing continuously over the surface of the black mud. They made cracking noises and took a while before it disappeared.

Zhang Ruochen retracted his Spiritual power and nodded. He was satisfied at the magnitude of the explosion that he had created, “It is more powerful than a full-strength attack from a sixth Monk of the Fish-dragon Realm. Given the extent of my Spiritual Power, I will probably be able to challenge a redcloud python, even at their prime.”

“I am still missing a Psychic Staff. Otherwise, my power would be much stronger. If I had a Psychic Staff, when I come across a Monk at the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon realm, I would be strong enough to battle them.”

Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power was indeed mighty right now, however, but he was still only a match for Monks at the Sixth Change.

Since Zhang Ruochen didn’t have a Psychic Staff and did not systematically practice from the Codex of Spiritual Power, he could only activate his Spiritual Power to launch attacks.

He was like a warrior who only practiced exercises. Even if his cultivation reached the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon realm, he would only be able to use Genuine Qi. There would be no weapons and no powerful martial techniques.

If someone were a Grand Master of Spiritual Power, as long as they reach the 43rd level, their power would still be much more potent than that of Zhang Ruochen’s.

Only by using the Psychic Staff and the spells in the Codex of Spiritual Power could one fully utilize the full strength of Spiritual Power.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen had seen some Codices of Spiritual Powers and knew a few ways of practicing lightning type spells. However, he never had the time to practice.

Since his Spiritual Power had reached level 43, he decided to pick a spell to practice.

Closing his eyes, Zhang Ruochen to recall the spells. He quickly remembered a method of practicing a lightning type spell.

It was a Level One Magic Arts, Nine-fold Lightning Knife.

At Zhang Ruochen's present level of Spiritual Power, he would be able to practice level three spells successfully.

However, it would take a lot of time to practice a Level Three Magic Arts, and he did not have much time to study, so he decided to practice a relatively easy Level One Magic Arts.

The Nine-fold Lightning Knife condensed lightning into a knife blade, and it fell from the heaven like a knife connecting heaven and earth.

Nine knives, one after another like nine repeating lightning bolts. They continuously fell and did not give the enemy any time to breathe.

Once he had successfully practiced this spell, Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power attacks would become sharper and more refined. It would no longer be as scattered as before, instead, he would be able to gather his powers into one point.

Although the power of the Nine-fold Lightning Knife was not particularly strong, it was still much more powerful than what it was previously.

After three days, Zhang Ruochen had some progress with the Nine-fold Lightning Knife. He was able to summon three knife-shaped lightning bolts.

After another five days, Zhang Ruochen had successfully learned to use the Nine-fold Lightning Knife and could attack

with nine lightning knives in a row.

“Given my current power, I should be able to challenge the three Black Market masters.”

Zhang Ruochen’s gaze became very sharp. In his mind, he thought of the deaths of the nine Primitive World soldiers and vengeance fired within him.

His power had grown by leaps and bounds, and it was time to avenge for blood.

Chapter 533 - The Great Transformation

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen has only been in the Xuanwu Primitive World for two months. On the other hand, Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and Orange Star Emissary have been cultivating themselves for two years in the Scroll World.

Throughout the past two years, Ao Xinyan made the most progress.

Besides practicing King's Stage exercises, she also ingested huge doses of Flood-dragon Soul Pills. This allowed her to accomplish Skin Refining to Gold and Bone Refining to Jade, allowing her to break through to the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

On the other hand, Orange Star Emissary practiced Moon Picture of Demons, which was among the 36 pictures in the "Omen Lithograph", one of the six greatest books. With her exceptional talent, she could absorb Holy Qi from the Sacred Prime Tree and reach the peak of the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Although Huang Yanchen's aptitude was far lower than that of Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary's, she managed to reach the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm with the help of Xuanwu Qi and the Fish-dragon Pills.

In two short years, her strength had undergone tremendous changes and had reached a frightening level.

Each of them were masters in their own way.

Huang Yanchen stood under the Sacred Prime Tree. Her long royal-blue hair was tied up with a hairpin, revealing her fair and slender neck. She looked like an elegant and graceful beauty in a painting.

With the advancement in her level of cultivation, she had a more distant temperament. By surpassing the limitations of human strength, she had begun her journey on the Holy Road.

She fixed her eyes on Zhang Ruochen who didn't stand too far away, and said, "We are going to deal with the three masters of the Black Market on this trip. Are you sure you want to bring Orange Star Emissary along? Lest you forget she was from the Black Market Excellence Hall. She might turn against us if she's desperate."

Zhang Ruochen said, "Only two months have passed in the external world but your cultivation has reached the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. How do you feel about that?"

Though she was taken aback and did not know why Zhang Ruochen asked her this question, Huang Yanchen honestly replied, "Of course I felt it was incredible. If not for the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, I wouldn't have been able to reach this realm even if I were given ten years."

Zhang Ruochen nodded as he smiled and said, "What should have been a ten-year journey in cultivation only took two months to complete. Orange Star Emissary is a smart woman, I believe she knows how to make the right choice."

Huang Yanchen's eyes sparkled and she said, "Are you saying that as long as Orange Star Emissary wishes to cultivate herself in Yin Yang Wooden Graph, she would have to work for you?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Only those who have opened the Sacred Mark of space and time may open the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. Otherwise, even if she forcibly took it, it would be impossible for her to open the world in the scroll. Besides, since we want to train her, she needs to work for me. This time it will be a test for her to completely sever her ties with the

Black Market, lest she betrays me when she reaches Half-Saint Realm in the future. Wouldn't it be worse by then?"

Huang Yanchen turned silent when she understood Zhang Ruochen's intentions.

She just hoped that Zhang Ruochen would not be tricked by Orange Star Emissary. After all, it was almost impossible for a man to not be attracted to someone as beautiful as Orange Star Emissary.

News from Xuanwu Heritage spread throughout Huangyu Island within two months.

In addition to the foreign monks, a great number of soldiers of Primitive World from the Ministry of War were setting out to sail deep into the Xixuan Sea to try their luck.

Xixuan Sea was known to be extremely dangerous but was suddenly filled with ships belonging to humans.

Xixuan Sea was, after all, under the jurisdiction of the redcloud pythons. Conflicts continued to break out between the humans and the savage beasts in the waters, causing many casualties.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the stern of a 30-meter long ship. He released his Spiritual Power which transformed into tiny light spots that flew in all directions.

Moments later, his Spiritual Power identified a 50-meter long medium-sized ship six hundred miles away.

The ship was carrying a squadron of 102 soldiers of Primitive World. They were mostly warriors of the Heaven Realm and only two among them had reached the Fish-dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to be discovered by the superiors on the ship who had reached the Fish-dragon Realm, so he carefully maneuvered his Spiritual Power to be close enough to the warriors of the Heaven Realm to eavesdrop on their conversation.

Zhang Ruochen quickly got the information he wanted. In fact, the human Monks almost confirmed the exact location of the

Xuanwu heritage place within two months. The place was called Bloody Trench.

It was said that someone discovered ancient Xuanwu footprints at the bottom of the sea near the Bloody Trench.

Someone even found a piece of Xuanwu scale on an island near Bloody Trench, which later provoked a battle that resulted in the tragic deaths of dozens of masters.

That battle was the reason why the High-level officials of the Huangyu Island army were alerted.

They then sent a large group of soldiers of Primitive World from that area to the Bloody Trench.

This squadron was one of them.

They were heading to a place called Holy Turtle Island, which was less than 2,000 miles away from the Bloody Trench.

Based on the information acquired from the soldiers of Primitive World on the ship, most of the human Monks were currently gathered at the Holy Turtle Island.

A middle-aged man of the Dawn State of the Heaven Realm was wiping his 9th-order Genuine Martial Arms sword while saying, “The Bloody Trench is the ancient murderland of the Xixuan sea. It was said that there were already many masters of the Fish-dragon Realm who wished to break in but all of them died in the borders.”

“It is no wonder that they have gathered at the Holy Turtle Island. They are probably waiting for King Jinhuang to arrive because they dare not make any moves yet. Only a superior like him could take surround the ancient murderland and force his way into the Bloody Trench.”

“Indeed, King Jinhuang was among the first batch of soldiers of Primitive World to enter the Xuanwu Primitive World. With his strength, he could make his way into the Bloody Trench. Those who follow him may be able to get something out of it.”

“If it really is the Xuanwu Heritage Place, whatever we’re are able to get our hands on, regardless of how small, could guarantee us a lifetime of bliss.”

The exchange between the soldiers of Primitive World provided Zhang Ruochen with an abundance of helpful information.

Confident that he has gathered sufficient information, he gradually withdrew his Spiritual Power and reopened his eyes.

“Holy Turtle Island,” Zhang Ruochen murmured.

How could he not go if everyone was already gathered there?

Zhang Ruochen drove the ship forward with his Genuine Qi, following 600 miles behind the medium-sized ship toward the Holy Turtle Island.

After sailing for a whole day, the ship had sailed over ten thousand miles and passed the mid-section of the Xixuan Sea area before entering the deep sea area.

Their surroundings became more dangerous the farther they sailed. They were even attacked by an Aquatic Savage Beast once, which was an extremely powerful fifth level savage beast.

However, Zhang Ruochen managed to kill it and turn it into a military merit.

After nightfall, the medium-sized ship in front of them transformed into a Vessel-defending Formation as it rested on the sea surface.

Obviously, they were aware that traveling at night was very dangerous.

Zhang Ruochen did not know the exact location of the Holy Turtle Island and had to follow them. Naturally, he had to stop and rest too.

The moon looked especially beautiful that night. A bright full moon hung in the vault of heaven, its light reflecting like a silver veil covering the sea with a layer of white light.

Surrounding the moon were silverlined clouds of various shapes and size.

“Wahh!”

The Orange Star Emissary sat cross-legged on the deck. She put her hands together and conjured a circle of black devil moon on top of her head.

The devil moon slowly rose into the sky, reaching a height of around 333 meters and started absorbing the moonlight. It was like a black hole that swallowed light in an instant.

The surrounding waters suddenly darkened.

Huang Yanchen looked coldly and said, “What are you doing? Are you trying to lead the Evil Warriors of the Black Market here?”

Orange Star Emissary ignored Huang Yanchen and remained silent.

Huang Yanchen’s body emitted a stream of Icy air and the moisture in the air around her crystalized, forming snowflakes.

The snowflakes combined to form a three-foot-long Icing cold sword and it swiftly flew toward Orange Star Emissary’s head.

“Crash!”

Orange Star Emissary used her Omen Eyes, turning her eyes purplish black. Two dark rays emerged from her pupils and struck the Icing cold sword, shattering it into pieces.

She looked at Huang Yanchen with a smile and said, “It never crossed my mind that I might lead the masters of the Black Market here. I was just trying to absorb the moonlight to cultivate my physical quality.”

“Is that so?”

How could Huang Yanchen trust her? She spun her fingers to condense Genuine Qi, then struck Orange Star Emissary with her palm.

The deep groaning sound of a dragon emerged from within her arms. Her palm power turned into a dragon claw.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen shook slightly, transporting himself ten meters forward and stood in front of Orange Star Emissary, thereby blocking Huang Yanchen’s attack.

“Why are you blocking me?” Huang Yanchen asked, puzzled.

Zhang Ruochen calmly said, “Let her practice her skills.”

“What happens if she leads the Black Market masters here?” said Huang Yanchen.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Isn’t that a good thing?”

Huang Yanchen looked deeply into Zhang Ruochen’s eyes momentarily as she withdrew her palm. She gave Orange Star Emissary another hard look and said, “If you betray us, I will be the first to kill you.”

The corners of Orange Star Emissary’s mouth formed a cold smile. The truth was, she was not bothered by what Huang Yanchen said.

After midnight, a cold wind suddenly blew the calm surface of the sea.

Zhang Ruochen abruptly opened his eyes and looked intently at a spot on the surface of the sea, saying, “Since Your Excellency is here, why don’t you show yourself?”

On the ship, Huang Yanchen and Ao Xinyan were shaken and immediately stopped their practice to prepare themselves for an attack.

A man with a hoarse voice said, “You realized I was here. Your Spirit Power is indeed great. I suppose it has reached 41 orders, right?”

Zhang Ruochen just smiled and remained silent.

“Whoosh!”

He stuck his left thumb out and struck the void space with it.

“Sun Meridian Ripple!”

The Meridian of his finger sucked up all the surrounding Genuine Qi and condensed it to form a Sword Wave that was one foot thick. It transformed into a powerful burning light wave that shot forward.

Chapter 534 - Ghost Saint Descendant

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Bang!” The forceful Sword Wave made a sound as it struck the void space 333 meters away. It was as if it had hit an invisible barrier.

The flaming sword Qi diffused outward in a circle.

Sixteen wisps of black smoke drifted up from behind the invisible barrier and floated around in the air before combining to form a huge cloud of dark smoke.

Yin Wuchang, the third disciple of the Ghost Saint, emerged from the dark cloud of smoke.

Suspended in the air ten meters above the sea surface with his pale cheeks framed by his long dark hair, he looked like a weightless ghost.

Yin Wuchang’s eyes came to rest upon Orange Star Emissary. The emptiness in his eyes was replaced by a spark of life as he delightedly said, “It is you, Junior sister apprentice. When I saw the moon emitting unusual light, I knew for sure that it was you. You were absorbing the moonlight and sending a signal for me to come to your aid.”

“Let’s see if you are capable of saving her.”

Ao Xinyan walked out with a sword in her arms, quickly mobilizing Genuine Qi. With a hiss, a pair of seven-foot-long dragon wings grew out from her back.

“Whoo!”

A flap of the dragon wings produced a strong gust of wind.

She took off, flew over the ship and transformed into a ray of white light as she attacked Yin Wuchang.

Having achieved Small Success in her half-dragon body after breaking through the Fish-dragon Realm, Ao Xinyan was able to condense a pair of dragon wings. It enabled her to fly across the sky, call the wind and rain, and pretty much do anything she wanted.

“Swoosh!”

Ao Xin Yan pulled out the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword and drew a flash of sword radiance across the air.

As soon as the sword was pulled out of its sheath, it instantly radiated a huge amount of Holy Qi. The light that radiated from the blade was like a waterfall falling on Yin Wuchang’s head.

“Holy Sword?”

Yin Wuchang’s face fell. Stepping forward quickly, he wielded the Reaper’s Step and a smoky ghost bridge appeared below his feet. He crossed over to the other end in one big step.

Despite Yin Wuchang’s nimble bodily movement, his left shoulder was still struck by the sword Qi, sustaining a half-foot long wound.

Yin Wuchang shot Ao Xinyan a surprised look and said, “I didn’t expect an accomplished master like you to be by Zhang Ruo Chen’s side. Your level of cultivation should have made you famous, and yet I’d never heard that a young superior like you existed in the Divine Dragon half-human clan. Who are you exactly?”

It was beyond Ao Xinyan’s expectation to have injured the infamous evil master Yin Wuchang with just one stroke of her sword.

After all, Yin Wuchang was already well-known before she was even born.

Could it be because the Ghost Saint descendant did not live up to his name? Or could it really be that her strength had reached the realm of a master?

Ao Xin Yan was ranked in the top three in terms of talent in the Sword Technique Department of the Saint Academy.

With her natural qualities, she had a great chance to reach the top ten of the “Heaven Board”. Moreover, having reached the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, the strength she manifested was so remarkable that it was already on par with the masters of the older generation.

On top of that, she even possessed a Holy Sword.

Being in the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm in her cultivation, the power with which she wielded the Holy Sword was many times stronger than before.

She stood at an altitude of 33 meters above sea level, as if she was standing directly under the moon. In the moonlight, the pair of wings on her back were illuminated with such bright light that they appeared to be carved out of jade.

“The Ghost Saint descendant is just so-so. Don’t think of fighting the Group Leader when you can’t even defeat me.”

Ao Xinyan’s pretty face broke into a confident smile.

Yin Wuchang snorted and said, “Little girl, so what if you have a Holy Sword? You are still far from being on par with true superiors.”

Yin Wuchang took out a black bottle and held it in his palm.

With a shriveled finger, he touched the bottle.

“Swoosh!”

Black lines appeared on the surface of the bottle, like dread patterns, and they began to light up.

The next moment.

Wisps of dark Yin Qi came rushing out from the bottle toward the surface of the sea.

In a flash, they were surrounded by gusts of chilling wind and the wailing voices of evil spirits.

Every wisp of dark Yin Qi condensed to form a hideous-looking ghost boy. Some of them stood on the sea surface,

wearing armor and carrying spears, like a ghost warrior. Some were suspended in the void space in mid-air, riding on bone horses. They had sharp horns on their heads which made them look like hell knights.

At a glance, there appeared to be around 3,000 ghost boys. They were so numerous and densely packed that they were just like an army of ghosts.

“Come together, ghost boys,” said Yin Wuchang.

The 3,000 dead ghost boys immediately flew toward Ao Xinyan. Upon reaching her, they immediately collided with each other and condensed to form an enormous skull that was tall as a hill.

“Oh!”

With just a blow from the enormous skull, Ao Xinyan vomited blood, flew backwards and landed back onto the ship.

Ao Xinyan covered her chest with her hands and her pale, delicate face was clouded by a ball of dark Ghost Qi.

Yin Wuchang broke out laughing. He spread out his arms, took off into the air, and landed on top of the enormous skull. He said, “Little girl, you must be feeling terrible, having your body invaded by Dead Spirit Energy. If you submit to me and be my slave, I will help you get rid of the Dead Spirit Energy inside you.”

“What is this Dead Spirit Energy to me? It can’t hurt me.”

Ao Xinyan’s Divine Dragon Martial Soul manifested and she let out a deafening dragon’s roar.

The Divine Dragon Martial Soul condensed to form a light spot before entering her Meridians, circulating throughout her body, and then swallowing up all the Dead Spirit Energy in an instant.

Having ingested a large amount of Flood-dragon Soul Pill, Ao Xinyan’s Martial Soul had reached a whole new level.

The strength of her Martial Soul was comparable to that of a Monk who has reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The stream of Ghost Qi employed by Yin Wuchang was certainly not able to restrain her.

A cold look flashed in Yin Wuchang's eye as he said, "What you've got is the very rare Divine Dragon Martial Soul. This is becoming interesting, I am going to make you my slave."

Zhang Ruochen snorted and said, "You have committed such an evil act, nurturing 3,000 ghost boy souls, Yin Wuchang. I won't let you off today."

The ghost boys were nurtured from the souls of male infants to become ghost slaves.

Having 3,000 ghost boys meant Yin Wuchang had slaughtered 3,000 boys and extracted their souls.

"Zhang Ruochen, you are a wimp hiding behind a woman. You will have to practice for another ten years before you can stand up to me. However, you are not going to get the chance to live another ten years. You will perish tonight. Rest assured that after you die, I will help take care of this Divine Dragon half-human girl for you... and your fiance. Ha ha!"

Yin Wuchang looked over at Huang Yanchen and laughed lewdly.

He had not taken Zhang Ruochen seriously all this time. To him, no matter how outstanding Zhang Ruochen was, he still had only reached the Completion of Heaven Realm in his cultivation.

Since he had not reached the Fish-dragon Realm, then he was a mere mortal.

"Is that so? I'm afraid you're not up to it."

Zhang Ruochen closed his eyes and started releasing his Spiritual Power.

"Boom!"

A clap of thunder sounded in the sky.

A dark cloud suddenly appeared over Yin Wuchang's head. It blocked out the moon, and the world was instantly covered in darkness.

Amid the layers of cloud, streams of bright light were seen interweaving with each other.

Yin Wuchang lifted his head to look into the dark cloud overhead as a sudden feeling of danger rose up inside him. His face fell as he felt a strong fluctuation of Spiritual Power around him. He turned to look at Zhang Ruochen in alarm and said, “Do you major in Spiritual Power?”

Zhang Ruochen did not answer but instead spoke four words. “Nine-fold Lightning Knife.”

“Crash!”

A flash of lightning tore through the void space like a sword slashing through the heaven onto the earth. It emerged from a cloud and struck down onto the ground.

From afar, it looked like some deity was waving his sword in the clouds.

“I don’t believe that you are really that powerful.”

Piercing light shot out from Yin Wuchang’s eyes. As he opened his arms wide, two balls of black light emerged from each palm and combined to form an arc-shaped Light Shield. The Light Shield perched on top of his head and blocked the first flash of lightning.

“Rumble!”

Lightning knife kept raining down and hitting the Light Shield so that Yin Wuchang and the enormous skull kept descending through the air at high speed.

When the seventh flash of lightning descended, Yin Wuchang could no longer withstand its force. The Light Shield shattered with a crash and a lightning knife struck his body, leaving a deep wound on his back that almost split him in half.

The eighth and ninth lightning knives descended in quick succession, shattering the enormous skull. It turned into wisps of ghostly Qi and dispersed in every direction.

Orange Star Emissary was shaken upon witnessing this entire scene. She took a breath of cold air and muttered under her breath. “Master of Spiritual Power? Zhang Ruochen’s well-

hidden strength is so formidable that even Yin Wuchang is no match for him.”

Zhang Ruochen remained calm and composed as he looked at the severely wounded Yin Wuchang and asked, “Yin Wuchang, how would you like to die?”

Yin Wuchang was unwilling to concede defeat. He snorted coldly. “Do you really think you’ve defeated me?”

He stole a glance at Orange Star Emissary, took a deep breath and prepared himself to wield a forbidden martial technique that would use his blood as fuel to continue fighting with Zhang Ruochen.

At the very least, he must not be defeated while Orange Star Emissary was watching.

“I’m going to cut him up.”

Ao Xinyan had finally recovered from her injuries. Holding the Bluewater Dragon Patterned Sword, she was ready to face Yin Wuchang once again.

Orange Star Emissary suddenly made a move and dashed out.

Her tender body, light as a catkin and wrapped in a long flowy robe, descended upon the sea surface. She said, “Allow me to kill him!”

Yin Wuchang went pale. He stared at Orange Star Emissary with disbelief as he asked, “Junior sister apprentice... what did you just say?”

Orange Star Emissary walked up to Yin Wuchang and coldly told him, “Elder brother apprentice, Zhang Ruochen is my master now. If you are his enemy, then I am your enemy. To tell you the truth, I lured you here on purpose. How else would I be able to kill you?”

“Master...”

The word “master” was extremely harsh to Yin Wuchang’s ears. His entire body trembled as if he had been struck by lightning.

He looked at Orange Star Emissary in shock and disbelief. He could hardly bring himself to believe that his arrogant and indifferent junior sister apprentice would one day be willing to submit herself to a man and address him as her “master”.

Could the rumors be true? Had Zhang Ruochen managed to tame her into his plaything?

Before Yin Wuchang could ponder further, Orange Star Emissary punched him in the chest, causing it to cave in. His heart was beaten into a pulp.

Blood started seeping out of the depression on his chest.

Chapter 535 - Blood Hellification

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“You...you are so cruel, junior sister apprentice...”

Yin Wuchang was wide-eyed as he stared at Orange Star Emissary in astonishment. Then he shifted his gaze to where his heart was.

A Fish-dragon Realm superior transcends human beings, hence why Yin Wuchang would not die instantly even after his heart had been broken into pieces.

Orange Star Emissary retracted her arms, wiped off the blood from her fingers and said with indifference, “Everyone dies. You are simply going before me, elder brother.”

Yin Wuchang’s grey pupils started emitting a ray of chilling light. He clenched his teeth and said, “If that is the case, then we will perish together.”

“Consume my body, hellfire.”

As Yin Wuchang put his hands together, he harnessed all his strength to wield a forbidden martial technique.

His blood started to burn violently, and it turned into streaks of green flames.

The souls of ghost boys floating in the air flew towards him. They caught the green flames and burned with crackling sounds.

The flames on Yin Wuchang burned even brighter.

“What a strong vitality. He is still alive even after his heart shattered.”

Huang Yanchen was observing Yin Wuchang amid the flames when she started to feel wary. Quietly, she began to run Genuine Qi in case she has to strike.

The power around Yin Wuchang’s body fluctuated so vigorously that no one could come close to him. Even a master like Orange Star Emissary was forced to retreat.

Zhang Ruochen had an imposing expression, he said, “If I’m not mistaken, Yin Wuchang is wielding Blood Hellification, one of the forbidden martial techniques from the Cave of Nine Deaths.

“If he’s still alive, once he wields Blood Hellification, his power could far surpass his level of cultivation. However, for this, there is a heavy price to pay: half of his blood will be burnt, and he will lose ten years of his lifespan.”

Huang Yanchen said, “But he is dead now!”

Zhang Ruochen said, “He can turn himself into the soul of a ghost boy, then wield Blood Hellification. This way, he will be even more horrific opponent.”

“Soul of ghost boy.”

Huang Yanchen looked uneasy and said, “Does that mean...he has lost all awareness? That he is merely a ghost boy now, and not a living person?”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and said, “No, he still has some consciousness. Enough awareness within himself that he want us to perish with him. ”

Ao Xinyan retreated a few steps back and said, “What should we do now, Group Leader?”

“Despite his strength, he will not last long and will soon be burnt out. Let’s go back into the Scroll World.”

Zhang Ruochen spread open the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and laid his palms on it. All of a sudden, there was a sound of a door opening and space appeared, suspended mid-air.

At this instant, Yin Wuchang, shouted from afar and threw a punch at Orange Star Emissary. Orange Star Emissary was badly wounded, and she fell into the sea.

“Swoosh!”

As Orange Star Emissary emerged from the water, her thin robe was red, soaked with blood, and blood was continuously coming out of her mouth.

Just then, Yin Wuchang launched another attack on her.

Orange Star Emissary looked towards the ship and saw that Huang Yanchen and Ao Xinyan had already retreated into the Scroll World through the space that Zhang Ruochen opened up.

“Help me, Sir...”

Seeing the vicious look on Yin Wuchang’s face, Orange Star Emissary was gripped with fear. She was terrified that Zhang Ruochen would abandon her and enter the Scroll World alone.

If that were to happen, she would probably die.

Green flames wholly covered Yin Wuchang’s body. The skin on his arms was burned, and his bloody flesh and bones were exposed.

“Crash!”

Yin Wuchang punched the left side of Orange Star Emissary’s face and smashed her cheekbone. Her perfect face was bruising and bleeding.

“Phhhf!”

Once again, she was pushed back and fell into the sea.

All this while, Zhang Ruochen was standing on the ship, calmly observing the fight.

Zhang Ruochen did not like Orange Star Emissary. He thought of her like a time bomb that could go off anytime if he kept her by his side.

It seemed like a pretty good idea to get rid of her through Yin Wuchang’s hands.

Blackie's voice came through the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, saying, "Zhang Ruochen, if you save her life now, she might become of great help in the future."

Zhang Ruochen said, "This woman killed her elder brother with no hesitation. Her ruthlessness irks me."

"But isn't that what you wanted?"

Blackie added, "Or would you rather have her join hands with Yin Wuchang to oppose you? Zhang Ruochen, perhaps you have another reason why you hate her so much?"

Zhang Ruochen knitted his brows and felt a pang in his chest.

Why does he hate Orange Star Emissary so much?

Deep inside, he knew that it was because he saw a resemblance between Orange Star Emissary and Chi Yao.

Orange Star Emissary cheated on Bu Qianfan just like Chi Yao cheated on Zhang Ruochen.

Orange Star Emissary also killed Yin Wuchang, her elder brother; just like Chi Yao killed Zhang Ruochen. The same heartlessness, the same ruthlessness, the same annoying character.

Of course, this was a secret Zhang Ruochen would never reveal.

Blackie said, "You need someone ruthless like her to be by your side, Zhang Ruochen. You can make her do things that you don't want to do."

"That's enough; I get it."

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and tried to adjust his mood. He looked towards the far side of the sea and saw that Yin Wuchang was dragging Orange Star Emissary out of the water. Yin Wuchang had one hand grabbing onto her clothes, and another turning into claws, he then pressed his clawed hands down onto her head.

Orange Star Emissary had never been afraid of death. However, an overwhelming sense of fear engulfed her when she saw Yin Wuchang's claws coming down on her.

What she feared was not death, but karma.

She was someone who never believed in retribution, but at that moment she was terrified of it happening to her.

Orange Star Emissary silently decided that if Zhang Ruochen were to save her, she would never betray him. She would serve him as her real master and submit to his commands, even if it meant that she had to offer him her body.

She did not want to die, at least not in the hands of Yin Wuchang.

“Wahh!”

After some hesitation on Zhang Ruochen’s part, a chain flew out through the void space and circled three times around Orange Star Emissary’s waist.

Zhang Ruochen tugged at the chain and dragged Orange Star Emissary back to him. He caught her at her waist with his left arm and immediately dashed towards the void space.

Yin Wuchang was furious having narrowly missed Orange Star Emissary with his claws. He launched another punch in the direction of the ship.

The force from his palm condensed into an enormous green flame handprint above the ship.

“Crash!”

Suddenly the 30 meter-long ship exploded into pieces of fragments of metal and wood.

The door to the void space closed just as Yin Wuchang attacked. Zhang Ruochen was able to escape unscathed.

Once they were back in the Scroll World, Zhang Ruochen put Orange Star Emissary down.

Orange Star Emissary’s body was covered with injuries. She looked like as if she had been dragged out of a blood pool and she seemed very weak. She turned to Zhang Ruochen, stared intensely at his eyes, and said, “Thank you.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at her and said, “I thought you were not afraid of death? I could feel that you were trembling just

now. Why is that?”

With disheveled hair, Orange Star Emissary was embarrassed, but she forced a smile and said, “Sir, it is one thing not to be afraid of death and another to be fearful. Even a person like you would have someone or something you fear. Am I right?”

Having said what she wanted to say, Orange Star Emissary walked away to begin healing her injuries by first injecting some Blood of Wood Spirit.

Zhang Ruochen pondered silently for a long time then gently nodded. He stole a glance at Orange Star Emissary’s back and muttered under his breath, “I guess she’s right about how everyone has their weaknesses.”

When Zhang Ruochen exited the Scroll World again, what was left on the surface of the sea were broken pieces of wood and a blackened skeleton.

Because Yin Wuchang employed a forbidden martial technique, the ‘Blood Hellification’, his flesh and blood were completely exhumed. The bones were all that was left of him.

After all, Yin Wuchang’s level of cultivation had transcended the ‘Bone Refining to Jade’ realm, so his bones were strong enough to withstand burning.

However, Zhang Ruochen was curious as to why it was possible the solid bones could float on water.

Zhang Ruochen treaded on the water towards the skeleton and caught sight of a black bottle floating in between two rib bones.

As he pondered, he quickly recalled that the black bottle was the vessel that Yin Wuchang used to keep 3,000 souls of ghost boys.

The souls of the ghost boys from the bottle had long dissipated.

“This is one of the Hundred Inscription Weapons. I can refine this into an Auspicious Vase of Holy Weapon quality.”

Zhang Ruochen scrutinized the bottle and eventually put it away.

Then, he started to radiate his Spiritual Power and soon found a medium-sized ship 600 miles away.

The soldiers of the Primitive World had set sail even before sunrise; perhaps it was because they had been alerted by their combat with Yin Wuchang.

Zhang Ruochen followed behind the medium-sized ship, heading towards Holy Turtle Island.

By noon the next day, the medium-sized ship finally arrived at Holy Turtle Island.

The island had rebuilt its city walls and had a large array of island guards; it became a military fortress. In the city, there were many soldiers of the Primitive World, elites from the Ministry of War, monks from various clans, and suzerains.

Everyone who gathered at the Holy Turtle Island has made up their minds on going to the Bloody Trench to take possession of the Xuanwu Heritage.

However, the Bloody trench was a perilous place, so most people did not want to take the first move. They were hoping that the masters of the Ministry of War would take the lead.

Orange Star Emissary spent several days in the Scroll World to recover. She then followed Zhang Ruochen to the waters around Holy Turtle Island.

Orange Star Emissary threw an eye on Zhang Ruochen and said, "Sir, there must be a lot of people on the island who wants to take you down. Are you sure we have to land on this island?"

"Of course!" Zhang Ruochen nodded.

Chapter 536 - Holy Turtle Island, King Jinhuang

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

A great commotion arose the moment Zhang Ruochen set foot on the Holy Turtle Island with Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary.

“Who is this man who truly knows how to enjoy life? How outrageous of him to bring three stunning beauties along to the Battlefield of Primitive World.” A burly, bearded man was licking his lips as he set his eyes on Ao Xinyan, Orange Emissary, and Huang Yanchen. His mouth watered with envy and jealousy.

“I suspect he’s a disciple of some Saint from a powerful family”

A man with pouted lips and sideburns like a monkey’s fixed his eyes upon the three ladies and said, “Oh my...what beauties! If only I could get my hands on one of them, I would be sleeping with her in my bosom every day. Would anyone rather be spending time risking bloodshed in the Battlefield of Primitive World?”

Zhang Ruochen and his entourage not only created a spectacle for the soldiers of Primitive World, they also attracted the attention of the masters of the Black Market.

Green-robed Emissary and Iron Lady emerged from the crowd and stood before Zhang Ruochen, blocking him.

Behind the two were six Evil Warriors from the Black Market.

These six Evil Warriors were sent by Half-saint Yuanying to deal with Zhang Ruochen. Each of them was a superior in the

Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

They certainly had not reached the level of cultivation beyond the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, so they could enter the Xuanwu Primitive World.

Zhang Ruochen stopped in his tracks, cast a glance at Green-robed Emissary and said, "Behold, we meet again!"

Green-robed Emissary snorted and said, "How audacious of you, Zhang Ruochen, to have the guts to come to Holy Turtle Island. Are you not afraid that I would send you to hell?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Who dares to kill when the army of the Ministry of War is stationed on the island?"

At that moment, both Zhang Ruochen and Green-robed Emissary were soldiers of Primitive World, so naturally, they had to obey the regulations of the Ministry of War.

On the Battlefield of Primitive World, any form of struggle or fight at close quarters among soldiers of Primitive World was prohibited by the Ministry of War.

Those who violated the laws and regulations would be severely punished regardless of their status.

Green-robed Emissary already knew that Zhang Ruochen had by now accumulated more than 20 million military merits and would soon break through to the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

Half-saint Yuanying had ordered him to kill Zhang Ruochen at all costs.

"Do you think the people from the Black Market wouldn't dare to kill you just because you are on Holy Turtle Island?"

Green-robed Emissary broke into a somber smile as if to mock Zhang Ruochen's ignorance and said coldly, "Go ahead, Huo Wuji!"

From among the six Evil Warriors standing behind Green-robed Emissary emerged the hunched figure of an elder with gray hair, looking to be at least 80 to 90 years old.

This man was Huo Wuji.

Huo Wuji set his eyes on Zhang Ruochen, gave out a low laugh and said, “I don’t have many more years to live anyway. After killing you, there will be no need for the Ministry of War to mete out its punishment for me; I shall end my own life.”

Huo Wuji’s cultivation had reached the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, therefore he was already a well-known superior in the Black Market.

For a master of the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm to deal with Zhang Ruochen, who had merely reached the Completion of Heaven Realm, was to use a sledgehammer on a nut.

The Soldiers of Primitives World finally realized that this young man who was accompanied by the three stunning beauties was none other than the Heaven Board’s Number One, Zhang Ruochen.

“The Black Market has never been short of martyrs. To sacrifice one more life is not a big deal if it means Zhang Ruochen will be annihilated.”

“Considering Huo Wuji’s level of cultivation, only a handful of generals from the Ministry of War would be able to defend themselves against him. The Evil Warrior is indeed a sly fox. Looks like Zhang Ruochen is in deep trouble!”

...

...

A lot of the spectators felt sorry for Zhang Ruochen. The Black Market had sent so many evil masters who were a generation older. How was he, a mere name on the Heaven Board, to overcome them?

Green-robed Emissary folded his arms and curled his lips, appearing to be holding back a smile.

Zhang Ruochen looked at Huo Wuji who was standing across him. He tried to dissuade him by saying, “Senior Huo, why would you torment yourself by coming to the Battlefield of Primitive World? Wouldn’t it be better for you to enjoy your life in retirement back in the Black Market?”

Huo Wuji fiddled with his sparse beard as his lips parted to reveal two rows of broken teeth. He smiled and said, “How could a saintly monk desire to enjoy life? Anyway, I am left with only a few years to live. What is stopping me from achieving something magnificent? If I manage to kill you I can leave a name for myself in history even if I die: Huo Wuji, the one who killed Zhang Ruochen.”

As Huo Wuji clenched his fists, a layer of golden light appeared on the surface of his skin and great strength radiated from all the pores of his body.

Could anyone still recognize any trace of Huo Wuji’s old age at that point?

Zhang Ruochen frowned. He glanced at Orange Star Emissary who was standing behind him. “Orange Star Emissary, have a little sparring practice with Senior Huo.”

Orange Star Emissary was rather taken aback by Zhang Ruochen’s command for her to step forward. This was completely unexpected.

Once she stepped up against Huo Wuji, she would be at loggerheads with the Black Market completely. Going forward, there would be no chance to turn back and join the Black Market ever again.

No one knew that she killed Yin Wuchang, after all.

Now though, she was being watched by a crowd. If she obeyed Zhang Ruochen’s command to fight against Huo Wuji, word would travel and this news would shake the Eastern Region. It might even be reported in the “Eastern Region Report”.

At that point, she would definitely be deemed an enemy of the Black Market.

“What to do?”

For a moment, the Orange Star Emissary’s eyes betrayed her inner struggle and hesitation. However, she eventually trod slowly towards Huo Wuji until she was face to face with him and said, “Excuse me, Elder Huo!”

Orange Star Emissary was, after all, a disciple of the Ghost Saint. Moreover, she was an emissary of the Black Market Excellence Hall. She held a high position and a distinguished status. Huo Wuji would not dare lay hands on her.

Huo Wuji threw an inquiring look at Green-robed Emissary.

Green-robed Emissary responded with a cold look and said, “Do you even know what you are doing, Orange Star Emissary? If you dare to go against the Black Market, the young master will not spare you.”

Hearing Green-robed emissary call out the identity of Orange Star Emissary, the surrounding soldiers of Primitive World gasped in shock.

“She’s actually Orange Star Emissary, one of the Seven Star Emissaries from the Black Market Excellence Hall. No wonder she’s such a stunning beauty.”

“But how did she become the subordinate of Zhang Ruochen? Weren’t the Black Market Excellence Hall and Saint Academy in constant conflict?”

“This is going to be exciting to watch! An emissary painfully nurtured by the Black Market Excellence Hall now subjects herself to a Saint from the Saint Academy; how will the Black Market strike back?”

Orange Star Emissary maintained her calm composure, kept her eyes on Green-robed emissary, and said, “Don’t tell me what to do, Green Robe.”

Green-robed Emissary burst into laughter. He readied his fists and said, “It seems that your wings are hard! Let me see the skills you have picked up from Zhang Ruochen since you have become his die-hard follower.”

Green-robed Emissary’s eyes emitted two powerful rays of vital essence and he instantly came alive with vitality and energy.

He stepped forward with his left foot and instantly an indentation appeared on the ground. The ground looked as if it was going to collapse.

With his foot, he kicked up a whirlwind.

Riding on the power of his kick, Green-robed Emissary suddenly dashed forward like an arrow flying off a bow to land a punch on Orange Star Emissary.

The power of his punch encircled and wrapped around Orange Star Emissary like a giant bell.

That meant Orange Star Emissary was trapped the moment Green-robed Emissary threw his punch so there was no escape for her.

Wanting to teach Orange Star Emissary a lesson, Green-robed Emissary was being really hard on her as he used 30% of his power in this single punch.

This was because he knew very well that Orange Star Emissary's strength would not be able to withstand even 10% of his power.

To use 30 % of his power was enough to seriously injure Orange Star Emissary.

Only by being taught a lesson would she realize who was superior and who was weak.

As Orange Star Emissary saw Green-robed Emissary's fist approaching, she thrust her arm forward in a flash and caught Green-robed Emissary's fist in her palm.

Green-robed Emissary felt as if his fist had hit an iron wall. He looked intently at Orange Star Emissary, his eyes widened in astonishment.

“Crash!”

After Orange Star Emissary retracted her palm, she immediately thrust it forward again to hit Green-robed Emissary's fist, this time with even greater speed.

Green-robed Emissary retreated over ten steps backward before he found his footing again, his arm tingling with pain. Unbelievably, he said, “How is this possible...you managed to break through the level of the Fish-dragon Realm?”

Orange Star Emissary stood absolutely still as she withdrew her hand and said, "Green-robed Emissary, you are ranked fourth among the Seven Star Emissaries and you are six years my senior. However, you have only attained the level of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Do you think you are my match? To be honest, I have reached the peak of the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and will likely progress to the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm any time soon."

Green-robed Emissary looked at his hand, glared at Orange Star Emissary and adamantly said, "That's impossible! Just three months ago, your level of cultivation was only at the Final State of the Heaven Realm. In the short span of three months, it would be impossible for you to reach the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm even if a Half-Saint bestows you with abhiseka."

Even without Green-robed Emissary's incredulousness, Orange Star Emissary herself was quietly surprised the moment she struck Green-robed Emissary with her palm and saw him get pushed back.

She would never have imagined that she, within such a short span of time, would overtake Green-robed Emissary whom she had looked up to in the past.

It was a wonderful feeling, and it affirmed her conviction that she should not leave Zhang Ruochen at that moment. She had to continue to break through to higher realms with the help of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

Orange Star Emissary stole a glance at Zhang Ruochen and slowly said, "What was unachievable for the Saint has been achieved by this young man."

Green-robed Emissary's expression turned hideous with rage. "Let's all go forward, kill this bitch and get rid of Zhang Ruochen," he said angrily.

Iron Lady, Huo Wuji, and the five other evil masters simultaneously surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

Instantly, the surrounding atmosphere became oppressive as a great war became imminent.

“Stop.”

A bellow sounded from afar.

Everyone, including Zhang Ruochen, felt strong vibrations in their eardrums. They felt their minds go dark and could barely hold themselves upright.

Almost all of the Heaven Realm soldiers of Primitive World on the Holy Turtle Island fell to the ground on their knees as their legs turned to jelly. Only the masters who had reached the Fish-dragon Realm were able to barely withstand the powerful sound wave. Even so, they felt great discomfort.

“Rumble!”

The great sound of turning wheels was heard coming from the eastern sky.

A golden cloud drifted swiftly towards the Holy Turtle Island and came to rest on top of it.

Zhang Ruochen lifted his head and beheld a golden chariot in the midst of the golden clouds. The 99-meter tall chariot was like a resplendent palace. Its array of golden inscriptions was like concentric circles of divine light wrapped around the chariot.

Eight iron chains as thick as buckets with lengths up to 333 meters were fastened to the eight bronze rings at the base of the chariot.

On the other end of each iron chain, a redcloud python was locked.

A total of eight pythons were dragging the iron chains, which in turn pulled the chariot across the void space at high speed, making loud noises as the chains clanged against each another.

“The eight pythons’ golden armor chariot – that is His Excellency, King Jinhuang’s.”

Everyone on the Holy Turtle Island, including the Fish-dragon Realm soldiers of Primitive World, immediately saluted him

by kneeling down.

King Jinhuang, also known as “Half-Saint Jin”, held the noble title of King of inferior domain in the First Central Empire. At the same time, he was also the chief commander of the Huangyu Island Base. His role was to oversee all the soldiers of Primitive World who came to Huangyu Island Base.

In the esteemed presence of the Half-Saint, all living beings bowed in worship.

Precisely because of the highly esteemed status of the King Jinhuang, even the superior warriors who had reached the Fish-dragon Realm knelt down immediately in salutation.

At present, everyone on Holy Turtle Island was kneeling down in salutation except for Zhang Ruochen and his companions, as well as the evil warriors from the Black Market, who were still in a tense confrontation.

Chapter 537 - Half-Saint Class Warship

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Everyone who comes to the Xuanwu Primitive World is a soldier of the Primitive World. It doesn’t matter who it is who dares to fight in the Battlefield of Primitive World, whether he is a Saint of the Saint Academy or an Emissary of the Black Market, I’ll definitely kill him.”

King Jinhuang’s voice resounded from the golden armor chariot pulled by eight redcloud pythons.

His casually-spoken words contained a Half-Saint’s will. Each word was like a heavy blow to Zhang Ruochen, Green-robed Emissary, and the others, separating the two sides.

Green-robed Emissary did not dare provoke King Jinhuang. He shot a cold look at Zhang Ruochen and immediately withdrew.

Suppressed by an invisible force, Zhang Ruochen could only feel the Genuine Qi throughout his body – it seemed to have frozen and could not flow.

He raised his head and looked up at the chariot above the vault of heaven. He thought,

“Unimaginably, a Half-Saint’s power is so strong. My current achievement seemed remarkable, but I’m just like a little, powerful ant in comparison to a Half-Saint.”

Zhang Ruochen did not feel discouraged, instead, he felt he had a greater incentive.

A moment later, King Jinhuang's voice rang out again,
"Where are the Level Seven soldiers of Primitive World?"

"Swoosh!"

"Swoosh!"

...

From the Holy Turtle Island, four figures rushed out and gathered under the golden armor chariot.

They all wore white armors and rode on pythons, creating strong power fluctuations. They jumped off the pythons, got down on one knee, and chorused, "Your Royal Highness."

The soldiers of Primitive World of the Ministry of War were divided into nine levels based on military merits.

Generally, those who reached Level Four could be called "General" and lead a squadron.

Those who could reach Level Seven were superiors of the superiors.

Aside from King Jinhuang, there were only four people who had reached Level Seven in the Huangyu Island Base. They were very strong and had experienced countless battles. Each of them was a Half-Saint top master.

King Jinhuang said, "The news about Xuanwu Heritage has spread. Aside from us, the indigenous savage beasts of the Xixuan Sea now know about it. Therefore, whether there is Xuanwu Heritage or not, we must go to Bloody Trench to check it out. We absolutely cannot let indigenous savage beasts get it."

"Now, I'll go ahead to create a path. Each of you will lead a brigade, take a Half-Saint class warship, and follow. We'll break into the Bloody Trench together. Those who fear death can stay on the island, for now, to avoid dying needlessly."

"Rumble!"

The great sound of wheels turning was once again heard from the sky.

The eight redcloud pythons pulled the golden armor chariot from the sky into the sea, creating huge waves. They disappeared into the mist, rushing toward the Bloody Trench.

As soon as King Jinhuang left, the four Level Seven soldiers of Primitive World each rode their python and flew to a Half-Saint class warship.

The four Half-Saint class warships were docked at four different locations on the Holy Turtle Island.

The Half-Saint class warship was a war weapon refined by the Divine Work Ministry of the First Central Empire especially for the Battlefield of Primitive World and for overseas battlefields. It was powerful enough to resist Half-Saint attacks while launching Half-Saint class attacks at the same time.

It was a forbidden weapon that only the imperial court was allowed to build and use. If other forces dared to build it privately, they would be punished severely.

From a distance, it looked like a steel mountain. The pitch-black hull was about 300 meters high, with three iron cloth sails hanging above. At the deck edges, there were banners and a huge war drum seven meters wide.

Standing beside the warship, men seemed as small as ants, appearing very insignificant.

“Huangyu Island Base actually has four Half-Saint class warships. How terrifying! Such a battle group is powerful enough to suppress a Half-Saint family,” Huang Yanchen said.

On the sea, the warship gave off an aura as if a Half-Saint was standing there, inspiring awe.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The Huangyu Island Base is responsible for eliminating indigenous savage beasts in the entire Xixuan Sea. At the same time, it is in charge of stabilizing the rear area of the Dongwu Sea. It is expected that it would have such combat power.”

The construction of a Half-Saint class warship required pretty advanced technology – combining array with weapon refinement – almost as much as for the mass production of Half-Saints.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen also admired Chi Yao. Originally, the concept of a Half-Saint class warship was put forward by Emperor Ming and Sword Sanctum. However, it would have consumed large amounts of resources, so they did not build a Half-Saint class warship.

Unexpectedly, she turned it into reality and built a large number of such warships. No wonder she could unify Kunlun's Field, sweep away major Primitive Worlds, and continuously expand the territory of the First Central Empire. She was indeed very resolute and daring.

Ao Xinyan went to Zhang Ruochen and said in a low voice, "Group Leader, the people of the Black Market are following us. They must be trying to board the same warship as us."

Zhang Ruochen turned around and looked over. He saw Green-robed Emissary, Iron Lady, Huo Wuji, and the five older evil masters behind them.

Green-robed Emissary met Zhang Ruochen's eyes and gave him a smile.

Zhang Ruochen looked away and said, "Once we enter the part of the sea where the Bloody Trench is located, we're certain to encounter terrible dangers that even Half-Saint class warships can't defend against. In the ensuing chaos, the evil masters of the Black Market will surely make moves. Everyone should be careful to avoid falling prey to their plot."

Suddenly, a raspy voice sounded, "Amitabha! Alms Giver Zhang, we meet again!"

With a huge knife box on his back, Monk Lidi walked from the Holy Turtle Island, his sleeves fluttering. He put his palms together and stared at Zhang Ruochen with a smile on his face.

Unexpectedly, the monk was on the Holy Turtle Island.

Seeing Monk Lidi, Zhang Ruochen suddenly had a headache. He immediately walked over to a Half-Saint class warship as if he were dodging the Plague God.

Monk Lidi just smiled and followed.

Green-robed Emissary saw Monk Lidi and said, “Does anyone know the monk? What’s his relationship with Zhang Ruochen?”

All the Evil Warriors shook their heads.

Huo Wuji snorted and said, “The monk just broke through the First Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. Even if he is their ally, we don’t need to fear him. If he dares to meddle in our business, I’ll slap him to death.”

Green-robed Emissary also nodded and thought they did not need to worry too much about a monk of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

“Since Zhang Ruochen has boarded the warship, we should follow him. Once there’s an opportunity, we must kill him. Whoever kills him will surely get a generous reward for his great contribution,” Green-robed Emissary said.

The Evil Warriors got excited instantly, eager to make moves.

At Green-robed Emissary’s urging, they boarded the Half-Saint class warship, following closely behind Zhang Ruochen.

The Level Seven soldier of Primitive World in charge of this warship was a superior of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm named Situ Fenglan.

With such a superior on the warship, the Evil Warriors of the Black Market naturally did not dare to act rashly.

Situ Fenglan stood on top of a python, flying above the warship. He appeared around 30 years old and wore a white armor, looking dashing and spirited. He went around in a circle and said coldly, “Anyone who boards the Half-Saint warship is a soldier of the Primitive World. We must work together to resist foreign aggression as one. Even if there is Xuanwu Heritage, you must never fight each other. If anyone dares to violate this military order, I will kill him.”

Situ Fenglan fixed his eyes on Green-robed Emissary, Iron Lady, and the Evil Warriors, warning them with his eyes.

After the soldiers of Primitive World assembled, the Half-Saint class warship initiated Vessel-defending Formation

under Situ Fenglan's leadership, forming an egg-shaped light screen.

The power array of the warship started running slowly, moving toward the Bloody Trench.

Before long, wisps of white mist rose from the sea surface, obscuring their vision.

Even a master of the Fish-dragon Realm could only see the sea surface within about 333 meters. Looking into the distance, he would only see the vast expanse of whiteness.

Zhang Ruochen's finger gently touched his chin as he nodded slightly, saying, "This sea area is indeed somewhat strange."

Not only was his vision obscured by the mist, but the Spiritual Power he had just released was suppressed by an invisible force so that he could not detect anything beyond 333 meters.

Obviously, the other soldiers of Primitive World were also aware of this.

The crowd started to get antsy, and some of them regretted boarding the warship.

Monk Lidi stood on the bow and looked at the misty sea surface. He nodded and said to himself, "Death permeates the air, it is a Land of Violence. I'm afraid many people will probably die here today. This poor monk appears to have foreseen a corpse floating on the sea and the Half-Saint class warship sinking."

"Where did the jinx come from?"

A lot of the soldiers of Primitive World were already quite uneasy, to begin with. Hearing Monk Lidi's words, they became even more agitated.

Anger filled their eyes. They really wanted to lift him up and throw him into the water to feed the fish.

Chapter 538 - Evil Corpse

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Monk Lidi seemed to be oblivious to the unfriendly gazes from the people around him and said, “This is the point of no return. If we keep going, we will end up in hell. Xuanwu died there and we will certainly die if we break in. Only one in ten people are able to survive, and the person who does must be blessed by Buddha.”

Upon hearing this, everyone gritted their teeth, set their jaws and clenched their fists. They were ready to beat the Monk up.

Huang Yanchen frowned and approached Zhang Ruochen, saying in a low voice, “Zhang Ruochen, where is the monk from? Did he really foresee that or is he cursing us? If you know him, please ask him to shut up. If he continues talking nonsense, he will be beaten up by the soldiers of Primitive World on the warship.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head slowly and said, “This monk has a rather complicated origin. Just keep listening to him.”

A rocky island appeared in the front of them. From the distance, they could see that it was surrounded by cliffs and mountains.

The island was covered in red stones and sand but there was no sign of grass anywhere.

Monk Lidi squinted and screamed. He pointed to the island and said, “That’s the sea grave where a Half-Saint was buried. The corpse of the Half-Saint seemed to be possessed by some kind of weird power. He unexpectedly opened his eyes and climbed out of... the tomb...”

“Bang!”

One of the men on board could not bear it any longer. He swung his fist and struck Monk Lidi's head, who then fell onto the ground.

The men who beat the monk up were Evil Warriors of the Black Market.

The man's name was Huo Guang and he looked fierce. He was Huo Wuji's grandson. Although he was over 50, it looked as if he was only 30 years old.

With a cold look in his eyes, Huo Guang stepped on Monk Lidi's chest and muttered, "Buddhist monk, if you have the nerve to continue saying all this nonsense, do you not think that I am brave enough to cut your tongue?"

Monk Lidi lay on the ground calmly, put his arms together, and said in a serious tone, "Amitabha! How can a monk talk nonsense? I swear to Buddha that I did not talk nonsense."

As he grew more furious, Huo Guang clenched his fists. A current of blazing Genuine Qi burst out and enveloped his fists.

Before he could throw another punch, the Half-Saint class warship shook violently, as if it hit something. Huo Guang was shocked he nearly flew out.

Vessel-defending Formation sent a continuously widening circle of white ripples, emitting more dazzling light.

From the distance, the Vessel-defending Formation looked like a burning sun floating on the sea surface, with the warship in the center.

"What happened?"

"Who's attacking the warship?"

...

Some of the soldiers of Primitive World panicked and looked around for signs of their enemy.

Zhang Rouchen's face hardened as he secretly mobilized his Genuine Qi and cautiously looked around.

It's impossible for an ordinary enemy to be able to cause the Half-Saint warship to shake.

A soldier of Primitive World exclaimed and pointed to the rocky island in the distance, saying, "Look! Is there a man on that island?"

Zhang Ruochen immediately looked at the rocky island. Although it was quite far away, he could see a man standing on the edge of a cliff on the northeast side of the island.

Actually, this island was small and barren so the entire island was visible the whole time.

No one was there earlier.

How could a figure suddenly appear?

Zhang Ruochen abruptly squinted his eyes and said, "That person looks headless."

Apart from him, all the other soldiers of Primitive World also clearly saw that the figure on the island was indeed headless.

Huo Guang sneered and said, "It's just a headless body. Perhaps someone was deliberately throwing us off to frighten us and prevent us from entering the Bloody Trench to seek for Xuanwu Heritage."

He pulled out a two-meter-long Starry Silver Bone Bow and pulled the bowstring to form a full moon. A wisp of Genuine Qi poured out of his fingertips and condensed into a Blazing Genuine Qi Arrow.

The arrowhead was directed at the headless body on the island.

Monk Lidi immediately stopped him, saying, "Alms Giver, please calm down. Don't startle it. It just climbed out of the sea grave and was absorbing the stagnant air between heaven and earth. If you disturb it, you'll cause trouble."

Huo Guang glared at Monk Lidi and said, "Buddhist monk, if you say anything else, I will shoot you."

Looking at the headless body, Zhang Ruochen also had a sense of foreboding. He felt subtle fluctuations of Spiritual Qi from

the sea. He also discovered that its source was the headless body.

He was about to stop Huo Guang until he saw that Huo Guang already unclasped his fingers.

The arrow flew outwards like a light shuttle.

Huo Guang had already reached the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Besides, the Starry Silver Bone Bow was also an amazing weapon. The arrow he shot was powerful enough to sink the island.

The Blazing Genuine Qi Arrow darted through the air with incredible speed and pushed the air into an arc, producing the deafening sound of a Qi explosion.

Just when people thought the island would sink, a strange sight appeared.

They saw that the headless body standing at the edge of the cliff suddenly turned around and stretched out a hand into the void space.

“Boom!”

The Blazing Genuine Qi Arrow exploded and turned into a rain of fire, each droplet the size of a fist, falling into the sea.

The sea was boiling and produced bursts of sounds.

The headless bodied man’s abdomen let out a strange cry, which formed into a powerful sound wave that erupted out of the center of the rocky island.

“Boom!”

The sea was agitated and blasted a circular wave of about 33 meters high.

As the wave surged out, the part of the rocky island that was underwater was now exposed.

At that moment, the crowd saw that the island really looked like a tomb.

There was a huge stone tablet in front of the tomb. It was not apparent before because it was submerged in water.

Upon seeing this, Huo Guang was startled. He felt a chill of fear and could not help but take a step back.

The other soldiers of Primitive World stared speechlessly at one another. Many of them looked at Monk Lidi and secretly thought that the monk was not a jinx and everything he said was true.

“It... It’s gone...” someone exclaimed.

Zhang Ruochen pointed to the top of his head, saying, “It isn’t gone but it is above our heads.”

Surely enough, the headless body had stealthily suspended itself above the Half-Saint class warship.

It wore rags and its flesh rotted away, exposing its bones.

“Boom!”

The headless body dropped down and threw a punch.

Before fully experiencing the fist strength, most soldiers of Primitive World on the warship fell over, bled from seven apertures and spasmed as if they were struck by lightning.

Even masters of the Fish-dragon Realm felt an exceptionally large pressure. With both legs shivering, they were almost kneeling on the ground.

Was it really a Half-Saint’s corpse?

“Boom!”

Fortunately, its fist was blocked by the Vessel-defending Formation, so it did not exert any power.

Even so, the Half-Saint class warship abruptly sank, almost reaching the bottom of the sea.

“It was a Half-Saint evil corpse buried here in the ancient times. A Vessel-defending Formation can’t ward it off, so we must immediately initiate the second Vessel-defending Formation.”

After all, Situ Fenglan was an experienced master. When faced by a Half-Saint evil corpse, he still remained calm. He calmly ordered the Array Master on the warship to initiate the second Vessel-defending Formation.

Meanwhile, the Fire God Array, the strongest array of the warship, alongside the encouragement of 9,000,000 Spiritual Crystals, launched a counterattack against the Half-Saint evil corpse.

Witnessing just how strong the Half-Saint class warship's defensive power and attack force was allowed the soldiers of Primitive World to finally breathe a sigh of relief.

Ao Xinyan said, "What a horrible monster! Fortunately, the Half-Saint class warship is so powerful that it was able to block its attacks. Otherwise, we would all probably die here."

Zhang Ruochen stared at the Half-Saint evil corpse, who continuously launched attacks. He was not relaxed just yet but looked more solemn.

Ao Xinyan saw an extraordinary expression on his face and asked, "Group Leader, do you think that the Half-Saint class warship can't resist the Half-Saint evil corpse?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "The Half-Saint class warship was powerful because it was equipped with more than 100 arrays which cooperated to form a strong defensive power and attack force."

"However, it must consume a large amount of Spiritual Crystals to motivate these arrays."

"Once the Spiritual Crystals on the warship were consumed, the Half-Saint class warship was just an ordinary boat."

Ao Xinyan said, "Group Leader, are you afraid that we won't be able to beat the Half-Saint evil corpse back even if we consume all the Spiritual Crystals on this warship?"

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, "The reason why Half-Saint evil corpse can 'live' so long is that the Divine Soul inside it has turned into Half-Saint's Light after its death."

“Under the influence of Bloody Trench, Half-Saint’s Light has experienced some weird changes. Because of this, the Half-Saint evil corpse can make use of Half-Saint’s Light to absorb Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi, rendering it into endless attack power.”

“If the Half-Saint warship can’t wipe out the Half-Saint evil corpse before Spiritual Crystals are used up, we will face a very dangerous situation.”

Upon hearing Zhang Ruochen’s explanation, Ao Xinyan, Huang Yanchen, and Orange Star Emissary became nervous. Even Evil Warriors of the Black Market changed their facial expressions greatly.

If there was no protection from the Half-Saint class warship, who could withstand the Half-Saint evil corpse?

“Clap!”

Green-robed Emissary coldly glared at Huo Guang and spanked him, scolding, “You are a reckless fool! If you haven’t provoked the Half-Saint evil corpse, how could we have fallen into despair? If the Half-Saint class warship is destroyed, I’ll be the first to throw you out to feed it.”

For monthly tickets, various tickets. Thank you for your long-term support and trust.

Chapter 539 - Humanoid Fish

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The battle between the Half-Saint class warship and the Half-Saint evil corpse lasted about four hours.

The attacks of the Half-Saint class warship had badly damaged the Half-Saint evil corpse.

The corpse had been battered by the Fire Dragon Formation and Holy-light Grand Cannon. Cracks had appeared, and it looked like it would fall apart any time.

“Waah!”

The Half-Saint evil corpse made a strange sound and then suddenly dove into the water, going under the bottom of the Half-Saint class warship.

The Half-Saint’s Light inside the corpse quickly absorbed the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi and emptied all the Spiritual Qi within a hundred-mile radius. These were converted into Saint Power that slowly lifted the Half-Saint Class Warship.

On the warship, the soldiers of Primitive World sensed that they were rising gradually to the sky, getting closer and closer to clouds.

A female soldier of Primitive World turned pale, her legs shaking. She said in dismay, “What... What’s going on...”

Half-Saint class warships were able to fly vertically using an array. However, everyone knew that this Half-Saint class warship had already consumed a large number of Spiritual

Crystals. How would it run the Flying Array without enough Spiritual Qi?

It had to be an external force lifting the warship up.

“Ch-ch!”

Zhang Ruochen immediately summoned the Ancient Abyss Sword. He held the hilt with one hand and plunged it down on the Darksteel Armor of the deck, embedding 17cm of the sword tip inside.

He held on to the hilt and stabilized his body.

Underneath them, the Half-Saint evil corpse pushed out its arms and threw the Half-Saint class warship.

The warship quickly flipped in the air. With a boom, it hit the rocky island before rolling and falling back into the sea.

“Rumble!”

The warship began sinking and seawater poured in, squeezing the light screen formed by the Vessel-defending Formation.

In the third floor cabin, a wrinkled Array Master immediately sent a sound transmission to Situ Fenglan, saying, “Your Excellency, the first set of Vessel-defending Formation has been destroyed by the evil corpse. The second set is also severely damaged. What should we do now?”

Situ Fenglan looked somber but he remained calm as he said, “That Half-Saint evil corpse is also severely damaged. Put all of the Spiritual Crystals into the Holy-light Grand Cannon and attack.”

The Holy-light Grand Cannon was a war weapon that was also forged and refined by the Divine Work Ministry. It only needed Spiritual Crystals of light nature and it could launch an attack that was comparable to a Half-Saint Class attack.

Of course, this forbidden weapon could only be used in the Battlefield of Primitive World to specially deal with superiors among the indigens of Primitive World .

“Waah!”

The entire body of the Half-Saint evil corpse was enveloped by a blood cloud and swept into the water.

It thrust out its bone hands and began attacking the Half-Saint class warship again, trying to destroy the Vessel-defending Formation.

At that point, the Holy-light Grand Cannon had already condensed enough power. It shot out a bright light column toward the Half-Saint evil corpse.

“Boom!”

The two powerful forces crashed into each other.

The light column struck through the Half-Saint evil corpse, breaking it into pieces. With a “bang”, chunks of carrion and bone flew out before turning into fine powder.

Meanwhile, the second Vessel-defending Formation of the warship had also been destroyed by the Half-Saint evil corpse’s last strike.

Most of the power had been neutralized by the Vessel-defending Formation before its destruction, however, even just the fallout from the Half-Saint class attack was horrifying. Ordinary soldiers of the Primitive World could not withstand it.

“Pfft!”

“Pfft!”

...

Many soldiers of Primitive World of the Heaven Realm did not survive the destructive attack. Their bodies broke into pieces and their blood flowed out, mixing with the seawater that was pouring into the warship.

In just a moment, the whole sea area had completely turned red, smelling strongly of blood.

With a single strike, more than half of the soldiers of Primitive World were killed before their time, their corpses sinking to the bottom of the sea. It was extremely tragic.

Nevertheless, there were also many who had survived and were swimming to the surface.

Their hearts were pounding crazily. They were pale, chilled to the core, and panting for breath. They felt like they had just survived a holocaust.

The Half-Saint class warship had been shattered by the blow of the Half-Saint evil corpse.

Its dark steel hull sank while the wooden fragments floated on the sea.

Zhang Ruochen leaped out of the water and landed on a piece of debris longer than 30 meters. He stood tall, looking very natural and graceful.

His body was still clean, without a trace of water

He was soon followed by Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and Orange Star Emissary. They flew out of the water in succession and landed behind Zhang Ruochen.

Ao Xinyan's face was pale as she said, "I didn't know how worthless my cultivation was until I witnessed the Half-Saint Class attack."

Orange Star Emissary smiled coldly. "If you don't become a saint, in the end, you're just an ant."

Huang Yanchen shuddered, saying, "Fortunately, the last attack of the Half-Saint warship killed the Half-Saint evil corpse. Otherwise, all of us would have died."

Ao Xinyan frowned and said, "We don't know what dangers lie ahead. Without the protection of the Half-Saint class warship, we definitely can't reach Bloody Trench. I think we should go back to Holy Turtle Island first."

Ao Xinyan was not the only one who thought this way. After what they'd just been through, most of the surviving soldiers of Primitive World were afraid of the danger in this sea area. They did not dare move forward but instead wanted to return immediately to Holy Turtle Island.

Although Xuanwu Heritage only comes by chance and cannot be pursued, it was not more important than life.

Zhang Ruochen's ear twitched, and he looked over the misty sea surface. With a solemn voice, he said, "If you want to go back it won't be easy. I think I hear something swimming toward us."

"There really is something wrong. The sea temperature is rising rapidly."

Cautiously alert, Huang Yanchen stared at the surface of the water while mobilizing Genuine Qi and releasing the Celestial Bodyshield.

The sea was getting hotter and hotter. Plumes of white water vapor began to rise.

"Rumble!"

A moment later, the water began boiling, with bubbles popping up rapidly.

A red shadow quickly swam through the water. With a swoosh, a strange fish over ten meters long suddenly charged out of the water. Its mouth opened, revealing two rows of sharp teeth, and bit at the soldiers of Primitive World who were resting on a piece of warship debris.

The strange fish had scarlet scales, a huge head, and sharp, sword-like teeth.

It had a pair of long wings on its back. Each feather was like a flame, generating heat that could melt iron and steel.

Like a fish, like a bird, like a beast.

The pair of blazing wings was the very reason why the water was boiling as the creature swam.

Seeing the huge mouth of the Strange Red Fish, the five soldiers of Primitive World on the debris immediately drew out Genuine Martial Arms to attack. Some used combat swords and some used heavy blades.

However, the Strange Red Fish had amazing defensive power. Even with eighth-order Genuine Martial Arms hitting its body nothing penetrated its scales.

A blazing wing fluttered to the side of a soldier of Primitive World who was at the Dawn State of the Heaven Realm, causing a single spark to fall on him.

“Ch-ch!”

The soldier’s body instantly ignited as he let out an ear-piercing scream.

Just moments later, his body had turned into a mound of black ash. The sixth-order Genuine Martial Arms armor on his body turned into molten iron.

With the exception of the combat sword, which was an eighth order Genuine Martial Arms, the soldier of Primitive World in the Heaven Realm died without a trace – not even a bone left.

“This is... this is a monster?”

“Everybody, run! Once the flame makes contact, even the Genuine Martial Arms will melt... ”

...

The four other soldiers wanted to escape, but the Strange Red Fish moved very quickly. Flying low, it caught up with them in a flash.

By the time it was 33 meters away, their armors had become red hot.

They were doomed!

Just when they thought there was no escape, a sword radiance suddenly flew over their heads.

“Pffff!”

The sword radiance drew a radian in the void space. Releasing incisive sword Qi, it chopped at the neck of the Strange Red Fish, creating a 33cm cut.

The Strange Red Fish screeched. With its huge pair of eyes, it looked over at Zhang Ruochen who was controlling the flying sword.

A mere human had actually dared to hurt it.

Enraged, the Strange Red Fish ignored the four soldiers of Primitive World and instead flew toward Zhang Ruochen with its blazing wings

“The Ancient Abyss Sword actually failed to cut off its neck. That means its defensive power is greater than that of the redcloud python.”

Zhang Ruochen stood straight on the warship debris. He placed one hand at his back and acted out a sword skill with the other. He mobilized the Ancient Abyss Sword across the void space and thrust it at the wound of the fish.

No matter how strong its defensive power was, it would not be able to withstand the Ancient Abyss Sword.

“Swoosh!”

He stabbed the Ancient Abyss Sword into the body of the Strange Red Fish, cutting the main artery in its neck. With blood gushing out, the fish flew back and suspended over Zhang Ruochen’s head.

It fell on the water surface and croaked. After struggling for a while, the flame on its wings was gradually extinguished.

The four soldiers of Primitive World looked at the floating corpse and at Zhang Ruochen who stood nearby. After confirming that the Strange Red Fish was dead, they were finally relieved.

“Thank you, Childe Zhang.”

The four soldiers hurriedly bowed down to Zhang Ruochen in gratitude.

Their hearts were filled with conviction. Even though they were all equal in cultivation in the Heaven Realm, Zhang Ruochen was much more powerful than they. Without much exertion, he had killed the fish with two strokes. He really deserved to be No.1 on the

Heaven Board

.

Zhang Ruochen nodded slightly and then rode the wind power of the sea, flying lightly. He descended beside the fish, setting down his feet and stepping on the water.

A circle of ripples broke out around his feet.

He stared at the corpse and sized it up carefully, talking to himself. "It really is a humanoid fish."

Chapter 540 - Fighting Against Iron Lady

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Orange Star Emissary flew over and looked at the corpse of the red fish with her beautiful eyes. “What did you say? Is it the humanoid fish of legend? According to the Illustration of Beasts, it lives in underground magma. It’s impossible that it’s in the sea.”

She was an Emissary of the Black Market not only because she was highly talented in cultivation. She had been well-read and knowledgeable since childhood. Naturally, she had heard of humanoid fish.

A Fifth Level Savage Beast, humanoid fish lived in the underground magma and grew by devouring Spiritual Crystal of fire nature in magma.

Its defensive power was very strong, so its scales could be used for refining top-class Genuine Martial Armor.

It was said that it could even evolve into a Sixth Level Savage Beast.

Upon reaching the sixth level it was no longer called humanoid fish but “Ember Kylin”.

An Ember Kylin’s flame was capable of burning a Half-Saint to death.

Zhang Ruochen gently shook his head. He also did not know how it could appear in the sea.

The humanoid fish he killed was relatively weak, but even then, it was equal to a monk of the Third Change in the Fish-

dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen gained 100,000 military merits from the kill. It was a big gain.

Zhang Ruochen said, “Humanoid fish scales are treasures for refining armor, but its feathers are more precious. The feathers can be woven into ‘Flowing Light and Fire Plume Clothes’, which does not only have strong defensive power but also attack force.”

Zhang Ruochen plucked a feather from its wings. He pinched the bottom and injected Genuine Qi into it.

“Swoosh – ”

A flame emerged from the feather, burning stronger and stronger until it turned into a scarlet ball of fire.

The soldiers of Primitive World knew how amazing the power of the flames was after witnessing the damage it was capable of.

A fleeting touch could reduce a monk of the Heaven Realm to ashes.

If a man wore the Flowing Light and Fire Plume Clothes woven from the humanoid fish feathers, who could match him in the battlefield?

Who would dare approach him?

Without a Holy Weapon, who could break through his defenses?

“It’s a really amazing treasure... ”

A lot of the soldiers of the Primitive World watched enviously. Had they not been afraid of Zhang Ruochen’s incredible strength, someone might have come forward and grabbed it.

Zhang Ruochen collected all of the scales, feathers, and beast tendons. Then, he opened the head with the Ancient Abyss Sword and dug out a scarlet bead around the size of a walnut.

The bead was crystal clear, scalding, and there appeared to be a cloud of flame-shaped vital essence glittering inside it.

“Fire Spirit Bead!”

“It’s a really good treasure. If a monk of flame nature takes it, he can quickly improve his cultivation. In the future, if I practice the Treasured Body of Fire Spirit, devouring the fire spirit bead can prove really useful.” Zhang Ruochen nodded and put away the bead.

Humanoid fish blood, bone, and teeth were also priceless treasures. However, Zhang Ruochen held these in contempt, so he did not take them.

As soon as he left, the corpse of the humanoid fish was immediately carved up and divided among a group of soldiers of Primitive World.

To them, every part of a Fifth Level Savage Beast was a treasure.

“Amitabha!”

Monk Lidi stood on the surface of the water looking very solemn as he spoke. “Everybody, please listen to this poor monk’s words. Humanoid fish are social savage beasts, so it can’t be alone in this sea area. If my prediction is correct, there are more humanoid fish swimming toward us.”

A single humanoid fish was already terrifying.

If a large group of humanoid fish showed up, even a top master of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm would be wise to flee.

Upon hearing Monk Lidi’s words, the soldiers of Primitive World became angry.

“It’s the damn monk again. Because of the nonsense he spouted before, we suffered casualties and serious wounds. ”

“This monk is surely cursing us. He said that there would be a Half-Saint evil corpse, then it really appeared. He said that we would suffer heavy casualties, then more than half of us died tragically. He said that the Half-Saint class warship would sink into the sea, then it really happened. If he continues, all of us will surely die here.”

“Beat him. Beat the jinx to death.”

...

Monk Lidi provoked so much anger, dozens of soldiers of Primitive World encircled him.

Monk Lidi stepped back while shouting. “Look, Alms Givers. The sea has become hot again. It appears about to boil.”

Sure enough, everyone discovered bubbles surfacing from the sea.

The bubbles were bigger than before. The sea surface for hundreds of miles was completely boiling.

“This is not good! A school of humanoid fish is swimming toward us. Everyone, leave immediately and go in different directions.” Situ Fenglan roared.

He dove from the python to face the school of humanoid fish with a pitch-black long spear.

He knew very well that he could not withstand a school of humanoid fish with his strength.

However, he was a Level Seven Soldier of Primitive World and the leader of this brigade. He had to bear this burden.

By facing the school of humanoid fish and keeping them at bay, he hoped to give the soldiers of Primitive World a chance to survive.

Zhang Ruochen watched Situ Fenglan from a distance and saw his indomitable spirit; he was like an iron-and-blood soldier. Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “The man is courageous and feisty. There are still admirable people among the soldiers of the Ministry of War after all.”

Ao Xinyan asked, “Group Leader, are we going to help him?”

“Situ Fenglan is a superior of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm – much more powerful than us. If even he can’t handle them, we’ll just bring destruction on ourselves if we rush forward.”

Zhang Ruochen responded. “The strength of the humanoid fish is overwhelming. The one I killed before was the weakest grown humanoid fish... Hurry! Situ Fenglan can’t fend off the

whole group, and some of them are swimming in our direction.”

Humanoid fish could not only swim but also fly.

In the face of the attack of hundreds of humanoid fish, even the powerful Situ Fenglan looked vulnerable. He appeared to be in mortal danger.

The remaining soldiers of Primitive World were escaping in all directions.

Zhang Ruochen, Ao Xinyan, Huang Yanchen, and Orange Star Emissary simultaneously used Genuine Qi to mobilize the warship debris.

In the form of a ship, the warship debris moved quickly in one direction.

It was foggy on the sea surface. Everyone lost their bearings but had no more energy to think about where they were going. All they wanted was to escape.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the rear of the warship debris and looked back. He discovered two humanoid fish wrapped in flames following them, getting closer and closer.

“Abyss!” Zhang Ruochen said.

“Whoosh!”

The Ancient Abyss Sword flew out of the sheath with a long sword Qi. It attacked the humanoid fish that was flying at a low altitude.

This particular humanoid fish was relatively strong. Its strength was comparable to that of a monk of the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen controlled the Ancient Abyss Sword, attacking with 200 successive strokes before finally killing the humanoid fish.

Meanwhile, the other humanoid fish in the water had already caught up with them.

With a “swoosh”, it flew out of the water. It opened a two-meter-long mouth, revealing two rows of sharp teeth. It bit at

Zhang Ruochen.

“Collect it.”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Auspicious Vase, opened its cap, and collected the humanoid fish into the vase.

The Auspicious Vase instantly became scorching hot, like an iron from the furnace.

In the vase, the humanoid fish abruptly rushed forward, hitting the cap.

“Boom!”

The Auspicious Vase shook and flew from his hands. It was thrown several meters into the air.

Zhang Ruochen’s palm immediately shot out, releasing Genuine Qi. It condensed to form a huge hand, grasping toward the Auspicious Vase.

Just as the vase was within his grasp, a slim black figure rushed from the water with a “swoosh” and grabbed it first.

It was Iron Lady, one of the evil masters of the Black Market.

“Zhang Ruochen, you have such an awesome Holy Weapon. Can you give it to me?” Iron Lady asked.

“You’d better return it to me.”

Zhang Ruochen summoned the Ancient Abyss Sword and wielded the Sword Defending Technique, striking at Iron Lady.

“Swoosh!”

The combat sword flew out and instantly condensed into dozens of sword Qi on the sea surface.

“Form Shifting and Shadow Changing.”

Iron Lady was agile. With her toes touching the water, she displayed a weird bodily movement.

On the sea surface, 36 black shadows appeared and avoided all the sword Qi unleashed by Zhang Ruochen. When they merged, Iron lady appeared on the warship debris. She thrust her finger between Zhang Ruochen’s eyebrows.

It was as if her hands were cast in metal. Her finger was sharp like a spear, revealing a cold light.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen took out a golden Holy Sword and squeezed it with his fingers. He stabbed forward.

The sword tip collided with her fingertip like a pin against an awl.

“Bang!”

The powerful Genuine Qi formed a circle and surged out.

“Ch-ch!”

Iron Lady took a step and her figure quickly changed. She appeared beside Zhang Ruochen and caught Zhang Ruochen’s throat with five sharp metal fingers.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen thrust the sword toward Iron Lady’s heart.

“Bang!”

It was as if her body were cast in metal.

The Ancient Abyss Sword clanged as it made impact.

The tip of the sword pierced her body but she could not feel pain. She continued to move forward in attack.

“How could this be?”

Zhang Ruochen felt something cold pressing on his neck. He quickly withdrew his sword and displayed Space Moving. He moved horizontally to the left and avoided her attack.

Iron Lady looked at Zhang Ruochen with some surprise.

She had felt a subtle space fluctuation.

“Could Zhang Ruochen transfer space power?”

He felt pain in his neck and a warm current gushed out, dyeing his clothes red.

He was fast, but not fast enough. Iron Lady’s attack left four red blood stains on his neck.

Chapter 541 - 1.1 Million Military Merits

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Iron Lady's eyes were shining like two bright, cold stars. She looked down at the blood on her hands. Smiling coldly, she said, "You indeed live up to being number one on the Heaven Board. You react fast."

"You are very strong and able, too."

As Zhang Ruochen felt around his neck for blood stains, the expression in his eyes gradually turned cold.

The speed by which the Iron Lady struck was alarming and ruthless. Every single move of hers could kill.

Confrontation with such enemies demanded caution. Any form of negligence could result in a terrible death.

The Orange Star Emissary who was standing behind Zhang Ruochen warned him, saying, "The Iron Lady is ranked the number 10 killer of the Blood Cloud Tower. Once, she assassinated a superior who had reached the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. She successfully completed the assassination mission. However, she was also seriously injured during that mission. Her opponent almost shattered her bones."

"A Half-Saint from the Blood Cloud Tower set her bones back using a silver-molybdenum-iron alloy. Her new body is even more powerful than before.

"About half of her body is made of silver, molybdenum, and iron."

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head in realization. No wonder the Iron Lady had not felt any pain when he pierced her with his sword.

Such a half-man, half-metal killer was not easy to tackle.

The Iron Lady gave the Orange Star Emissary an icy look and said, "Orange Star Emissary, you have betrayed the Black Market. This is unforgivable. All the evil warriors will be after your life once you return to Kunlun's Field. Your subordination to Zhang Ruochen has ruined your future."

"The Orange Star Emissary let out a scornful laugh and said, "Iron Lady, you have a strong body and a reasonable level of cultivation. However, it would not be difficult for me to kill you."

"What bold words! How befitting for someone who used to be a Star Emissary."

The Iron Lady snorted and placed the Auspicious Vase into the metallic groove at her waist. She parted her feet slowly, and she started to shuffle her metal combat boots against the floor, producing tiny sparks from the warship fragments.

She held her iron hands together tightly and said, "Orange Star Emissary, if it were in the past I would have refrained from confronting you because of your status. But now, I'll be rewarded if I cut off your head and bring it back to the Black Market. It'll be much better for me to kill you than to kill ten saints."

"Really? A star emissary will remain a star emissary, and a killer will be a killer forever. You will die a tragic death if you come to grips with me."

The Orange Star emissary shook her head and smiled. She had quietly begun to harness her Qi and all her fingers began to emit icy cold Qi.

Two powerful blasts of Qi rushed towards each other and collided in the space between the two opponents.

"Swosh!"

In the next instant, the Iron Lady and the Orange Star Emissary simultaneously pushed their feet off the ground. They looked like two shadows shot up into the air, and they began fighting fiercely.

“Bang!”

Like lightning, the two women attacked each other with a dozen moves.

Ao Xinyan, who was standing on the debris of the warship, pulled out the Bishui Dragon Pattern Sword while watching the two women fighting in the air. Then she said, “Group Leader, would you like me to give Orange Star a hand?”

“No. She can’t become one of the Seven Star emissaries of the Black Market if she can’t even overpower the Iron Lady,” said Zhang Ruochen.

The Orange Star Emissary had just reached the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, therefore she had not accumulated enough depth, nor had she practiced any Ghost Level martial techniques. Zhang Ruochen, however, had full confidence in her.

Shouldn’t a star emissary, carefully selected among thousands of candidates, and painstakingly nurtured by the saints, be capable of this?

Zhang Ruochen raised his voice and said, “Orange Star Emissary, I will reward you richly if you manage to kill the Iron Lady and to retrieve my Auspicious Vase for me.”

“Thank you,” said the Orange Star Emissary with a smile.

That the Orange Emissary was still able to answer Zhang Ruochen in this manner, while confronting an evil superior like the Iron Lady, showed that she was able to tackle her opponent effortlessly.

“Clomp, Clomp!”

Suddenly a subtle sound of running water could be heard from afar.

Zhang Ruochen shifted his vision to look behind him, and he saw seven humanoid fish approaching them.

Three of them, flying in mid-air, were like three circles of sunlight. They emitted a light so strong that it hurt the eye.

The remaining four humanoid fish were swimming in the water.

“Since the Iron Lady has appeared, the other evil masters must be close by. They may ambush us anytime, so be on your guard while I deal with the humanoid fish.”

After Zhang Ruochen gave instructions to Ao Xinyan and Huang Yanchen, he grabbed the Ancient Abyss Sword and jumped off what was left of the warship. He headed towards the seven humanoid fish walking on water.

Standing up to seven humanoid fish on his own was indeed a great challenge.

However, instead of feeling or looking fearful, Zhang Ruochen was very excited.

To him, these were not merely seven humanoid fish, but also a chance to earn many military merits.

Four humanoid fish of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm and three humanoid fish of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm amounted to a total of 1.1 million military merits.

Zhang Ruochen’s primary goal was to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

He was closer to achieving this goal than ever.

Zhang Ruochen would certainly not tackle the seven humanoid fish at close range. He would have no chance of defeating them if he did that.

After all, the humanoid fish was extremely skillful in defense and impossible to kill by spiritual power alone. Unless it was attacked at its most vulnerable spot, even a holy weapon like the Ancient Abyss Sword could not kill it.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen tossed out the Dragon Lock Chain while the closest humanoid fish was still over 300 meters away.

Under the stimulation of its inscription, the Dragon Lock Chain gradually expanded to the thickness of a human waist. It emitted sparks of lightning and fire and wrapped itself around the left fin of the first humanoid fish flying through the air.

This humanoid fish had the power of the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The moment its fin was entangled in the Dragon Lock Chain, it stretched both fins with an explosion of powerful force, pulling the Dragon Lock Chain taut.

“Crash!”

How could Zhang Ruochen defend himself against this humanoid fish that had attained the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm?

Zhang Ruochen felt a powerful pull from the Dragon Lock Chain, dragging him through the air towards the humanoid fish.

The humanoid fish stretched out its claws from the bottom of its abdomen. The three claws, all razor-sharp hooks, were aimed at Zhang Ruochen’s abdomen.

Zhang Ruochen somersaulted through the air and went over the claws.

Simultaneously, he thrust his sword forward and struck the left eye of the humanoid fish.

“Pffff!”

The Ancient Abyss Sword pierced the humanoid fish’s eyeball through to its head. Powerful sword Qi exploded from the sword, and the humanoid fish’s head turned into a bloody mess.

In a flash, Zhang Ruochen retrieved his sword and flew over the humanoid fish’s head.

“Swoosh!”

The dead body of the humanoid fish fell into the sea.

“Swoosh!”

Without any further delay, Zhang Ruochen cast out the Dragon Lock Chain once more towards another humanoid fish of the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Before this humanoid fish could dodge, the chain had already wound around it twenty times.

Because its wings were chained tightly all around, it was unable to continue flying, and it started to go down.

“Swoosh swoosh!”

Two golden Holy Swords flew out from the Storage Ring and pierced both of its eyeballs through to its body.

In passing through the humanoid fish, the two Holy Swords eviscerated all of its blood vessels and organs.

Zhang Ruochen was able to annihilate two humanoid fish consecutively and rapidly because he had found their weakness.

The weakness of the humanoid fish was its eyes.

Of course, another crucial point was that the humanoid fish was relatively low in its intelligence.

Although the humanoid fish and the redcloud python were both level five savage beasts, the humanoid fish's intelligence was far inferior.

“Waah!”

After the tragic death of the two humanoid fish, the five remaining humanoid fish became furious. They flew towards Zhang Ruochen, surrounded him, and started launching crazy attacks at him.

“Bang! Bang!”

The Dragon Pearl started to emit dazzling light that encircled Zhang Ruochen to protect him.

At the same time, six golden Holy Swords were suspended in six locations surrounding Zhang Ruochen. The six Holy Swords, under the control of the Heart of the Sword, attacked the five humanoid fish continuously.

“Space Vortex.”

When Zhang Ruochen found an opportunity to utilize his space power, he harnessed the power into his fingertips and then struck out at one of the humanoid fish.

A two meter space vortex tore open the air in front of his fingers as it struck the humanoid fish on the head.

The scales on its head were smashed into pieces, and its skull was broken in half.

Yet another humanoid fish descended into the sea.

Standing in the mist, not far from the battlefield, were two Evil Warriors in black robes. They were none other than Huo Wuji and Huo Guang.

Huo Wuji watched the battle between Zhang Ruochen and the humanoid fish from afar, and he said in a hoarse voice, “Zhang Ruochen is using space power. Whenever he mobilizes that power, the tip of his fingers emit intense space fluctuations.”

Huo Guang said, “There’s a hidden secret in Zhang Ruochen’s body. If we could take him down and force him to reveal his secret regarding space power, we wouldn’t need to submit to the Green Robed Emissary ever again in all that we do.”

Huo Wuji nodded. He clenched his fists, and said, “If I could lay my hands on the Dragon Pearl in Zhang Ruochen’s body, perhaps I might be able to break through to Half-Saint Realm in the remaining days of my life.”

” Grandpa, should we get to work?”

Huo Guang held his six foot Silver-Bone Bow in his hand and looked towards the battlefield in the distance, itching to make his move.

Huo Wuji threw a glance at him and said, “Now is not the best time. It may seem that Zhang Ruochen is strong and mighty because he managed to kill four out of seven humanoid fish. However, he must have exhausted a huge amount of Genuine Qi by utilizing the Holy Weapon and Space Power.

“What’s more, Zhang Ruochen also used several Holy Weapons simultaneously. Going like this, it will take all the

Genuine Qi in his body to kill all seven humanoid fish.”

Huo Guang’s eyes lit up with sudden realization. He smiled and said, “Grandpa, do you mean we wait until Zhang Ruochen kills all the beasts and exhausts most of his Genuine Qi before we attack?”

Huo Wuji looked like he had a card up his sleeve. He said with a smile, “He is like the mantis that stalks the cicada, unaware of the oriole behind. It will be a piece of cake to take down Zhang Ruochen.”

Huo Guang shifted his gaze towards Huang Yanchen and Ao Xinyan.

However, Huo Guang only glanced at them and immediately withdrew his gaze. He did not think much of them as they were just two maidens, unworthy of mention.

Chapter 542 - Yesterday's Old Department

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

It took Zhang Ruochen fifteen minutes to annihilate the last four humanoid fishes.

Huang Yanchen dashed forward and joined Zhang Ruochen to collect the scales, feathers, beast tendons, and the fire spirit beads of the humanoid fishes.

“It is no surprise that you are number one Heaven Board. Witnessing you defeat seven humanoid fishes made me realize that you truly are admirable.”

It was a voice of an old man that sounded out from of the mist.

Huang Yanchen turned to the direction of the voice and asked, “Who is that?”

Huo Wuji and Huo Guang walked out from the fog.

Both of them were Fish-dragon Realm monks. They are capable of communicating with Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi with their Internal Qi, which allowed them to have feather light bodies and the capability of standing on water without using any martial technique.

“So it’s you,” said Huang Yanchen.

Zhang Ruochen was calm and composed as if he had known all along that Huo Wuji and Huo Guang were hiding in the dark. He winked at Huang Yanchen, letting her know that she should continue collecting treasures from the dead humanoid fishes.

“Stop.”

Huo Guang glared at Huang Yanchen and reprimanded her, “The treasures found on the seven humanoid fishes belong to us now.”

Huang Yanchen felt anger rising in her and was about to summon the Holy Sword to slaughter Huo Guang.

Zhang Ruochen stopped Huang Yanchen. He turned to Huo Guang and said, “That’s against the rules! I was the one who killed the humanoid fishes. Why should I let you take the treasures?”

Huo Guang laughed and said, “Simply because we are stronger than you.”

Zhang Ruochen held himself back from laughing out loud. He said, “If I’m not wrong, you have only achieved the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Believe it or not, if I can kill seven humanoid fishes, I can also kill you.”

“Ha ha!”

Huo Guang gave a laugh, but he turned somber and said, “What good is it for you to continue putting up an act? Don’t think that I don’t know that you have exhausted all of your Genuine Qi. What’s left of you is an empty shell. I could knock you down with a single punch.”

Huo Guang stared intently at Zhang Ruochen, hoping to catch a hint of the panic in his expression.

To his disappointment, Zhang Ruochen appeared rather calm and composed. He nodded and said, “You’re right. The Genuine Qi in me had been exhausted from the battle.”

Huo Guang said, “In that case, hand over the treasures you are carrying to us and reveal the secret of the Space Power to me. Perhaps I will grant you an easy death.”

“What an arrogant fellow.”

Huang Yanchen could not hold back anymore. She garnered a strong wind power which rushed out of her body to form a ten meters long shadow dragon.

“Roar!”

The sound of the wind turned into a dragon's roar.

Displaying her skills of the Shadow of the Royal Wind Dragon, Huang Yanchen dashed forward and thrust her sword towards Huo Guang. The sword hit Huo Guang in between his eyebrows.

Huo Guang's expression changed slightly, and he struck out the Silver-bone Bow to defend himself against Huang Yanchen's sword.

However, the moment it touched the sword's edge, the Silver-bone Bow broke into pieces.

“Holy Sword!”

Huo Guang's expression changed slightly, and he struck out the Silver-bone Bow to defend himself against Huang Yanchen's sword.

Since when did a weapon like the Holy Sword become so ubiquitous?

He was terrified and kept retreating.

Seeing that Huang Yanchen was about to pierce her sword into Huo Guang's forehead, Huo Wuji who was standing behind bellowed, “How dare you.”

“How dare you.”

...

Huo Wuji only blurted two words, but those words turned into a series of echoes.

Each sound he made overlapped with one another, and together they condensed into a human-shaped sound wave.

The human-shaped sound wave was translucent. It quickly dashed towards Huang Ruo Chen and punched him.

Huo Wuji used an Inferior Class Ghost Level sound wave martial technique, known as the Scream of Death.

This martial technique can transform the human voice into sound waves that can manifest itself as various forms.

The most basic form was to condense sound waves into a human form.

“Bang!”

As Huang Yanchen blocked the attack, she collided with the human-shaped shadow of sound waves. The impact of the strong force caused her to fall behind Zhang Ruochen.

Huo Wuji looked surprised as he sized up Huang Yanchen and said, “You surprised me by having a high level of cultivation at such a young age. However, you still won’t be able to match my power. Run for your life so you may still live.”

“Really? I don’t think so.”

Huang Yanchen refused to admit defeat. She lifted her combat sword and attacked again.

“Senior sister apprentice Yanchen, please go collect the treasures from the bodies of the humanoid fish while I deal with them!” said Zhang Ruochen.

Huang Yanchen was aware that Zhang Ruochen was powerful enough to crush Huo Wuji and Huo Guang easily.

So Huang Yanchen put down her Holy Sword, stared coldly at the two evil cultivators across her and said to Zhang Ruochen with a low voice, “Be careful, those two are very powerful.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head.

Huo Wuji frowned and coldly said, “Zhang Ruochen, even at your prime, you may not be able to stand up to me. You have already exhausted a great amount of Genuine Qi. Don’t you think you are over confident?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled, held out a hand, and made a gesture of invitation. He said, “If I win, I was confident; if I lose, then I was conceited.”

“Don’t tell me he still has some remarkable trump card?”

A bad feeling arose inside Huo Wuji.

Naturally, having lived for over a hundred years, an elder like him did not get easily intimidated by Zhang Ruochen.

Huo Wuji lifted his arms and held them in front of his chest. He garnered Genuine Qi from within his body and focused it at his abdomen before he let out the Scream of Death again.

“Kill!”

He opened his mouth and let out another murderous sound wave.

The sound wave condensed to form an armored seven-meter-tall warrior. He carried a magical hooked knife in his hand and dashed towards Zhang Ruochen while screaming.

At the back of the sound wave warrior, the sea water tossed and turned as it moved forward in waves.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the surface of the water, his white robe flapping noisily from the strong wind.

Despite that, his expression remained as calm as a millpond.

“Swoosh!”

With a wave of his hand, his lightning knife flew out and shattered the sound wave warrior into pieces.

Zhang Ruochen dashed forward to face Huo Wuji. He struck again with his lightning knife.

Huo Wuji crossed his arms over his chest to block the attack.

“Poof!”

The lightning knife went through Huo Wuji’s Celestial Body Shield and struck his arms, sending him flying through the air.

Huo Wuji fell and landed thirty-three meters away. His hands were smoldering, having been charred by the heat of the thunderbolt. More seriously, the lightning knife left a deep wound on his wrists that they were almost detached from the hand.

“Whoosh!”

Another lightning knife flew towards Huo Wuji and was about to hit his neck.

Huo Wuji swiftly dodged by bending his knees. He said with a trembling voice, “I admit defeat!”

Under Zhang Ruochen's command, the lightning knife stopped and hovered above Huo Wuji, sparkling with a purple glow.

Huo Guang who was standing on the side witnessed how his grandfather bowed in defeat after merely three moves from Zhang Ruochen.

He was terrified and hurriedly kneeled down, hoping Zhang Ruochen would spare his life.

Even his grandfather was no match for Zhang Ruochen; he would definitely not be able to stand up to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Why are you admitting defeat so quickly?"

Huo Wuji took a deep breath and hideously smiled. He said, "You are a Master of Spiritual Power. I am not ashamed to have fallen into your hands. You may do whatever you like with me."

Huo Guang finally realized what was going on. Zhang Ruochen was not only a great martial arts monk but also a great Master of Spiritual Power.

Even if Zhang Ruochen's Genuine Qi gets depleted, he could still kill them using his Spiritual Power.

"I won't kill you; Neither will I let you off."

As Zhang Ruochen released his grip, the lightning sword transformed into tiny sparks that eventually dissipated.

Huo Wuji looked up and said, "What do you mean?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Both of you have a reasonable level of capability. Why don't you go into the Scroll World and help me build cities and caves?"

Zhang Ruochen did not give them much time to consider their options and sent them directly into the Scroll World. He handed them over to Blackie to be slaves in the Scroll World.

Anyone who enters into the Scroll World would not be able to revolt, even if he were a master of the Fish-dragon Realm.

The Orange Star Emissary beat the Iron Lady and obtained the Auspicious Vase. He flew back to return it to Zhang Ruochen

and said, “Sir, Huo Wuji and Huo Guang are useless trash. To keep them under your wings would be wasting Spiritual Qi in the Scroll World.

As Zhang Ruochen took over the bottle, he smiled and said, “Not all Black Market Evil Warriors are evil. Even though the Saint Huo Villa is now obsolete, Huo Wuji and Huo Guang were once disciples of Saint Huo Villa. However, as far as I know, a great Saint was once born from Saint Huo Villa.”

The Orange Star Emissary was a little surprised that Zhang Ruochen was aware of the Saint Huo Villa. She said, “Sir, are you referring to Huo Qingyuan, the previous manager of Saint Huo Villa?”

Zhang Ruochen nodded and said, “Huo Qingyuan, also known as Saint King Qingyuan was a powerful commander who served Emperor Ming. He followed Emperor Ming, fought countless battles, and concurred many lands.”

“Unfortunately, after the collapse of the Sacred Central Empire, Saint Huo Villa was implicated. Under the siege of the imperial court army, many of its top masters were annihilated and wounded. They had no other choice but to escape by joining the Black Market.”

“Since Huo Qingyuan was the predecessor of Huo Wuji and Huang Guang, I will spare their lives.”

When he was reborn eight hundred years later, Zhang Ruochen read many history books and learned about the fate of Saint Huo Villa.

Orange Star Emissary had a sudden realization. Her expression changed drastically and said, “As far as I know, eight hundred years ago, Ming Di, one of the Nine Emperors, had an only son whose name was also Zhang Ruochen. You ... and he ... ”

Chapter 543 - Bloody Trench

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“How did you know about that period of history?”

Zhang Ruochen was surprised and stared at Orange Star Emissary. Zhang Ruochen did not expect that she was this knowledgeable.

After all, it's been 800 years, and that was a long time ago. Aside from people who were particularly concerned about that period of history, no one knew that Emperor Ming's son was named Zhang Ruochen. Especially because he wasn't an esteemed master, just a 24-year-old young genius.

Zhang Ruochen's surprised expression confirmed Orange Star Emissary's suspicions. She immediately said, “Do you have a connection with the Sacred Crown Prince 800 years ago?”

The Sacred Crown Prince she was referring to was Zhang Ruochen—the Crown Prince of Emperor Ming.

At first, Orange Star Emissary could not believe that Zhang Ruochen had anything to do with the man 800 years ago.

However, when she thought of Zhang Ruochen's ability to control space, she started to have an inkling.

What if he was the man from 800 years ago?

If Zhang Ruochen was indeed the man from 800 years ago, she will be loyal to him no matter what.

Particularly because Orange Star Emissary's family members were once courtiers of the Sacred Central Empire.

Her ancestors were once the Third Ducal Ministers in the whole Sacred Central Empire. They had the power to lead

10,000 people and only be below one.

However, her family suffered similar misfortune like Saint Huo Villa, so her family had no choice but to hide in the Black Market.

Zhang Ruochen couldn't give away his secret to Orange Star Emissary and said, "How would that be possible? I just happen to have the same name as him."

After saying this, Zhang Ruochen leaped forward and returned to the debris of the warship.

Orange Star Emissary was disappointed. She shook her head lightly and sighed, "The Sacred Central Empire was destroyed. My great-grandfather is the only one who still remembers the Sacred Central Empire, how could I consider him as the Sacred Crown Prince?"

"No, back then, Sacred Crown Prince was first on the Heaven Board, and now, Zhang Ruochen ranks first on the Heaven Board too."

"What a coincidence! Both of them placed first on the Heaven Board."

"Also, when Huo Wuji and Huo Guang were about to kill Zhang Ruochen and take his treasures, Zhang Ruochen retaliated with resentment which is not the way he usually does things."

Orange Star Emissary turned around and then stared at Zhang Ruochen intensely, and a strong doubt slowly rose within her, "Maybe there is a hidden connection between Zhang Ruochen and the Sacred Crown Prince 800 years ago."

Thus, Orange Star Emissary was determined to know Zhang Ruochen's real identity.

The Warship Debris continued to move forward, but Zhang Ruochen had an unsettling feeling in his heart. He thought, "As one of the descendants from old Sacred Central Empire, Orange Star Emissary will doubt my identity. If those who are related to the empire are still alive, they will doubt me as well. Chi Yao, did you know that I am back?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that there would be more severe challenges and dangerous situations coming towards him.

Regardless, he has to break through to the Fish-dragon Realm as soon as possible.

Only when he reaches the Fish-dragon Realm, can he gain self-preservation ability. Otherwise, Chi Yao will dispatch his superiors to capture him, and he would have no power to fight back.

“The Fish-dragon Realm!”

With a stern look, Zhang Ruochen squeezed his fingers tightly, rattling the joints of his hands.

...

The Warship Debris sailed on the ocean for seven days.

Throughout the seven days, Zhang Ruochen and his three men encountered attacks from different numbers of humanoid fish and redcloud pythons, and survived more than ten fierce battles.

In one battle, despite their strength, they spent a whole day fighting 70 humanoid fishes.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen also made significant achievements. Over the past seven days, he had accumulated millions of military merits, even approaching the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

In fact, Zhang Ruochen couldn't even count the total number of his military merits because he had killed so many savage beasts and indigens in the Primitive World.

However, the Chord of Gods has not appeared which meant that his military merits had not reached 30 million points yet.

They had to keep fighting.

Instead of enhancing his cultivation, Zhang Ruochen significantly improved his combat skills, as well as sacrificed his youth to become more sophisticated, cold, and restrained during the past few months in the Xuanwu Primitive World.

Orange Star Emissary, sitting on the Warship Debris, folded her hands together. Her robe slipped, and some of her skin was exposed; her skin glittered in the dark and became translucent like jade, emitting bright moonlight. The moonlight formed a white circle and enveloped her body.

Looking from a distance, that circle of white moonlight looked like a moon floating on the sea surface.

After refining six Dragon Pearls, her cultivation finally broke through again, and she achieved the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm—Bone Refining to Jade.

In addition to Orange Star Emissary, Huang Yanchen's cultivation had also improved considerably.

After breaking through the Fish-dragon Realm, Huang Yanchen abandoned the old exercises and started practicing the Xuanwu Sutra.

Huang Yanchen had wholly refined Xuanwu Qi and practiced the third stage of Xuanwu Sutra. Although she was still far from the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, she became much more powerful than before.

Standing beside her, Zhang Ruochen asked, "Senior Sister, how do you feel?"

Practicing Xuanwu Sutra had made Huang Yanchen have a weak interaction with Xuanwu.

Huang Yanchen opened her eyes, looked at the sea surface covered with white fog and said, "The reaction is still very weak, but I am sure that we are moving in the right direction."

Thanks to Huang Yanchen's sensing ability, Zhang Ruochen, and the other men did not lose their way and were gradually approaching the Xuanwu Heritage Place.

"Leader, look, why is the seawater turning red?" Ao Xinyan said.

It wasn't only the seawater that was turning to red, but also the fog on the sea surface.

"It seems like we have almost reached the Bloody Trench," Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen smiled, walked over, looked into the water and said, “It is said that the over 3,333-meter-deep Bloody Trench is the deepest sea area in Xixuan Sea. It is known as the Bloody Trench because of its bloody fountain, a fountain that continuously pours out blood, turning the surrounding seawater within hundreds of miles turn into the same color as blood, at a great depth of the trench.”

Ao Xinyan said surprisingly, “The same color as blood?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “That’s right.”

As the Warship Debris continued moving forward, the seawater started turning into a brighter red. At the end of the trip, the seawater turned into blood plasma, and emitted a strong fishy smell.

Bones of the dead, including the bones of humans and savage beasts, floated on the surface of the water.

“Gaaa!”

A group of strange black birds stepped on the bones. They had sharp teeth and used them to devour the rotten meat on the bones while shouting a shrill cry that sounded like a crying ghost.

The sea, the air, everything had an atmosphere of death.

The place was like a Genie Blood Sea. There were no signs of life.

“Swoosh!”

The Warship Debris swept across the water, creating a wave.

With a sword in his hand, Zhang Ruochen at the front of the Warship Debris. He looked at the scene of death on the sea surface and said, “It’s too quiet! So many soldiers of the Primitive World had entered this sea area. Why is no one here?”

Huang Yanchen stared at the bones and said, “Perhaps... did they all die?”

Huang Yanchen’s words turned the atmosphere darker, and everyone stopped talking.

Not long after, they found a Half-saint Warship on the sea surface.

However, the warship had been damaged and was turned sideways on the sea surface. It seems like it would sink any time soon.

On the front of the warship, there was a big hole that looked like a ten-meter-long paw print. The breach caused seawater to enter the warship continuously.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the bottom of the paw print, looked at it for a moment and said, “The atmosphere of death is too strong! Even a Half-saint Warship could not resist its attack. I don’t know what kind of creature could have caused such terrible damage.”

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen gently tiptoed, took off and flew to the top of the Half-saint Warship. He landed on the railing and found that the warship was full of corpses.

All of the Primitive World soldiers did not survive.

Following behind Zhuang Ruochen, Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and Orange Star Emissary boarded the warship. Seeing this scene in front of them, they all were shocked and their heartbeats increased.

“The sea of the Bloody Trench is indeed a place of murder. Even the Half-saint Warship could not escape misfortune in this trench,” Orange Star Emissary said.

Zhang Ruochen said, “The blood on their bodies is not dry yet which means that it hasn’t been long before they died. It’s best that we leave here as soon as possible in case the horrible creatures’ returns. We would be in trouble if we were to meet it.”

The fact that all Primitive World soldiers on the warship died was frightening. Zhang Ruochen and his three comrades did not dare stay there for a long time.

They left the scene and continued to move on. Six hours later, they met the other Primitive World soldiers on the sea.

The soldiers were attacked by powerful enemies on their way to the Bloody Trench but were lucky enough to have had survived the attacks.

The crowd of soldiers gathered together, and the number of people started to increase. In the end, more than 600 people gathered.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Thousands of you set off from Holy Turtle Island. Did only a few of you survive?”

A First Change level Primitive World soldier of the Fish-Dragon Realm sighed, “Our Half-saint Warship was attacked by the Black Skeleton Flood-dragons led by Lord of Flood-dragon. Although most of the soldiers on the warship escaped successfully, our warship was taken away by Lord of Flood Dragon.”

Another soldier of Primitive World said, “Our encounter was worse. We met a monster with flames covering its body. It sunk a Half-saint Warship and killed countless soldiers. If I didn’t escape quickly, I would have died on the warship.”

...

Everyone was sharing their own experiences. After listening for a long time, Zhang Ruochen finally understood one thing:

Four Half-saint Warships set off from Holy Turtle Island. Three of them had sunk or been damaged, while one was taken away by the Black Skeleton Flood-dragons.

The Xuanwu Heritage had not been seen, and most of the Primitive World soldiers have died.

Chapter 544 - The Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

With indifference in his eyes, Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, “King Jinhuang led the way in the front, so he should have already entered into this sea area. So, why didn’t I see him?”

“Right! If King Jinhuang had been there, we would haven’t suffered such great losses.”

“Perhaps King Jinhuang had already suffered misfortune.”

All the people were pessimistic. They were no longer in the frame of mind to seek the Xuanwu Heritage, they only wished they could get out of this sea area alive.

A 10-meter-long warship fragment was sailing quickly from the other direction.

Standing on the warship fragment, Green-robed Emissary and four older evil masters waded into the crowd. They did not stop until they were in front of Zhang Ruochen.

Green-robed Emissary sneered and said, “Perhaps your King Jinhuang has entered the Xuanwu Heritage place and is taking the Xuanwu Heritage. How could he consider your life and death? Humph!”

Looking at Green-robed Emissary, Zhang Ruochen discovered that a layer of pale golden light was flowing on the surface of his skin, shining like metal.

It could be concluded that he had broken through to the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and actualized Skin

Refining to Gold.

However, he was not able to control the expansive power inside his body after the breakthrough, so his skin sent out golden rays.

Those monks at the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm who had practiced for a long time were able to handle them freely. They could constrict the golden rays in their bodies.

Green-robed Emissary and those evil masters looked ferocious and hostile.

They gradually dispersed to form a half-ring of encirclement and approached Zhang Ruochen.

Since King Jinhuang and the Seventh-Level soldiers of the Primitive World were not present, everything was in disorder and everyone was jittery. All their thoughts concentrated on how to leave the Bloody Trench, so nobody cared about the laws and regulations of the Ministry of War.

How could Green-robed Emissary miss this opportunity?

Zhang Ruochen said with a spurious smile, “What are you doing? Are you trying to start a fight here?”

Green-robed Emissary said with a smile, “Why can’t we fight here? Zhang Ruochen, are your military merits already almost 30,000,000 points?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Do you want to kill me before I reach the Ultimate Realm?”

“Yes.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “Don’t you want to know where Iron Lady, Huo Wuji, and Huo Guang have gone?”

“You killed them?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “I didn’t kill them, but I can assure you that you won’t see them again.”

Green-robed Emissary remained calm and said, “Are you trying to scare me? Today, I must fight with you to see your capabilities.”

As he put his palms together and then separated them slowly, a ball of green fire came out between his 10 fingers.

With a woosh, the three-meter-long Roaring Flame Hammer flew out of the green fire.

At the top of the hammer, a huge skull was enveloped by the fire, which looked like a torch. The fire from the hammer burned up, sending out tough Saint Power.

“Swoosh!”

As Orange Star Emissary swung her arms, the Dragon Lock Chain flew across 33 meters and hit Green-robed Emissary on his chest.

Green-robed Emissary went backward and escaped the attack of the Dragon Lock Chain.

“Snap!”

With a loud Qi explosion, the Dragon Lock Chain hit in the void space, shaking the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi.

After Orange Star Emissary killed Iron Lady, Zhang Ruochen gave the Dragon Lock Chain back to her.

Green-robed Emissary gnashed his teeth in hatred and said coldly, “Orange Star Emissary, it seems that you’ve completely betrayed the Black Market. In that case, I won’t show you any mercy. Today, I’ll eliminate you together.”

All four of the old Evil Warriors behind Green-robed Emissary were top-class masters.

Among them, there were two elders who had reached the Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The Genuine Qi inside their bodies gushed out of their pores and diffused all around, manifesting as two giant savage beasts—a dragon and a tiger.

The two elders were brothers and few people knew their real names. However, they had a very resounding title: “Dragon and Tiger Evils”.

It was said that if they collaborated, they were strong enough to fight against superiors at the Seventh Change in the Fish-

dragon Realm without failure.

Even though Orange Star Emissary had broken through to the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, she looked dignified and was heavily guarded when confronting the Dragon and Tiger Evils alone.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen sensed something and looked into the distance.

“Swoosh!”

His Sky Eyes emerged from between his eyebrows. He saw a warship approaching, as giant as a lofty mountain.

The sea fog obscured his vision.

However, his Sky Eyes could still see the area beyond 15 km.

Zhang Ruochen’s facial expression altered slightly. He stared at Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and Orange Star Emissary and said, “A Half-Saint class warship is sailing toward us. Let’s get out of here quickly!”

Upon hearing this, all the people were startled.

Of the four Half-Saint class warships, three had been damaged and the last one was taken away by the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

Needless to say, it had to be the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King!

As an indigenous dominator of the Xixuan Sea, the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King was comparable to a Half-Saint. Almost all the soldiers of the Primitive World had heard of him.

Without any hesitation, all the soldiers of the Primitive World present began to run away.

“Extraterritorial humans, you can’t escape now!”

The Half-Saint warship could be faintly seen in the fog. It was blocking the route in front of everyone.

The water gurgled.

Many giant redcloud pythons came over and encircled the entire sea area. With their heads above the water, they uttered ear-splitting roars.

Being close together and numerous, the redcloud pythons could be seen everywhere.

“Boom!”

A Flood Dragon Tribe Commander at the Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm suddenly jumped out of the water with its jaws wide open. It bit a Primitive World soldier's body in two.

It contracted its throat and swallowed half of the body.

All the Primitive World soldiers around him were scared and immediately escaped far away.

The scales, on the Flood Dragon Tribe Commander's head, gradually retracted into the skin. Then, a woman's head appeared. She burped and said happily, “Extraterritorial humans taste delicious. Regrettably, I've eaten 29 men, so I couldn't eat another bite now.”

Among the Primitive World soldiers, a relatively young soldier pointed at the Flood Dragon Tribe Commander and said in dismay, “That is who ate Wang Jing and Lu Qingyao.”

The Flood Dragon Tribe Commander laughed loudly and ran over to him as quick as a flash. It devoured the young soldier directly.

Encircled by Flood Dragons, all the soldiers fell into despair because they could not find a way out.

And once they were in despair, even those who were determined would break down, panic, and even cry bitterly.

Even the evil masters of the Black Market were pale and could not help retreating.

Zhang Ruochen remained calm and stared at the Half-Saint class warship not far away. He saw a tall figure standing on the ship.

He knew instinctually that this figure was really the most horrible enemy.

The figure was 2.4 meters tall and wore red armor. He looked very strong and impressed people with his arrogance.

He had a bony face, deep eyes, and a high nose. Above his head, a scarlet flower was suspended, and like a magic lantern, it sent out brilliant rays.

Although he had constricted his aura, Zhang Ruochen could still sense that some destructive force was likely to lie inside him.

And once it broke out, that force would be powerful enough to kill everyone present.

“He must be the dominator of the Xixuan Sea, the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, a Sixth Level Savage Beast,”

Zhang Ruochen thought.

With his hands behind his back, the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King looked over the Primitive World soldiers and exposed a slight smile on his face. At that moment, he felt as if he was a god who controlled the fate of all living beings.

His voice ran through the entire sea area. “Extraterritorial humans, you should be sentenced to death because you came to the Xixuan Sea and invaded our territory. However, I’m different from you. I won’t drive away and exterminate everyone. I can spare your lives.”

Upon hearing this, those Primitive World soldiers who were in despair suddenly had a glimmer of hope for their survival.

Was the king really willing to set them free?

They knew that it was quite impossible, but they were still full of expectation.

The Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King looked at them with contempt and mockery.

“How naive human beings are! They really think that I’ll let them go,”

he thought. Then, he continued, “Below you is the unfathomable Bloody Trench. “Meanwhile, the Xuanwu Heritage place is there. Now, your only way to survive is to

dive into the Bloody Trench. If you're lucky enough, you may get the Xuanwu Heritage.”

Green-robed Emissary sneered and said, “Well said. You just want us to help you open a path by losing our lives. Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, do you also want to obtain the Xuanwu Heritage?”

“Shut up!”

The king glared at Green-robed Emissary with Saint Power gushing out of his pupils, which condensed into two light columns.

Green-robed Emissary immediately screamed. His eyeballs ruptured, with blood shedding constantly from his eye sockets.

The Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King reached a hand out across the void space to take away the Holy Weapon, “Roaring Flame Hammer”, in Green-robed Emissary's hands.

The king grasped the handle of the hammer and released a ball of holy flame from his palms to refine the Vessel Spirit inside the war hammer.

He nodded and said with a sigh, “You are just a man at the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, so you don't deserve a Holy Weapon. I'll take care of it for you.”

“Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, you've insulted me beyond my limit.”

Green-robed Emissary endured the pain and roared with anger.

With the green flames inside him, he clenched his fists, leaped into the sky, and threw a punch at the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

“Thump!”

As the king waved his arms, a cloud of Qi poured out and struck Green-robed Emissary, who was beaten into a mass of bloody mist, with his bones broken into a fine powder.

With just a wave of his hand, the king had turned an emissary into flying ashes, and it was as easy as killing an ant.

The Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King sneered and said sarcastically, “Today, I only want to insult you, extraterritorial humans. Who dares to defy me? You are just a bunch of ants, so you should feel greatly honored to have a chance to open a path for me. Now, is there still anyone who isn’t willing to enter the Bloody Trench?”

Chapter 545 - Counterattack

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

With a rustling sound, Green-robed Emissary's ashes scattered on the sea.

In the blink of an eye, a top-class evil superior had disappeared from the world and was turned into ashes.

Seeing this, all the present soldiers of the Primitive World were startled. They lowered their heads and shivered with cold. They did not dare to breathe too loudly, for fear that they would become the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King's next target.

“Green-robed Emissary carried an imperial edict with him as an amulet. Unexpectedly, it still was unable to ward off the king's attack. Thus, it is obvious that the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King has awesome power.”

Orange Star Emissary raised her head and looked up at the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King. Her cold and proud face turned a little pale.

With strong Spiritual Power and sparkling eyes, Zhang Ruochen could see more clearly than Orange Star Emissary.

When the king launched his attacks, a circle of holy light had indeed emerged from Green-robed Emissary. The light flashed for a moment and blocked off the king's first attack.

However, the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King continuously launched dozens of attacks in a flash and pierced through the circle of holy light. As a result, Green-robed Emissary was killed.

The king acted so quickly that nobody noticed that he had attacked a dozen times. Aside from a wave of his hand, none of the people could see his movements clearly before Green-robed Emissary broke up into fine powder.

Green-robed Emissary must have used the imperial edict, so it did not have much Saint Power remaining.

Even though Green-robed Emissary was no match for the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, he could escape easily by virtue of the imperial edict.

Zhang Ruochen also had an imperial edict.

When Sword Saint Xuanji had accepted him as a disciple, he injected Saint Power into the imperial edict.

Zhang Ruochen had not yet used the power of the imperial edict.

Sword Saint Xuanji was the second headmaster of Saint Academy. In the entire Eastern Region, his strength was at the top level. He was conferred as “One of the Three Great Sword Saints of the Eastern Region”. Thus, it could be seen that he enjoyed a very exalted status.

The imperial edict issued by him was naturally powerful.

With the imperial edict, Zhang Ruochen did not fear the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King at all.

As long as he wanted to leave, no Half-Saint could hold him.

Zhang Ruochen had never used it before because its power would be reduced a little after it was used once. Therefore, he would not use it unless it was a critical situation.

Even though he had an imperial edict, Zhang Ruochen did not plan to leave right now. He was thinking about how to kill the Flood Dragon Tribe and break through to the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. And it would be best if he could get the Xuanwu Heritage.

When the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King mobilized his beast soul, an invisible soul force burst out and spread in all directions, exerting itself on each soldier of the Primitive World.

He used the soul force to break the will of the soldiers and melt their consciousness. By doing so, he would enslave all the people.

A Sixth-level elder soldier of the Primitive World took a step forward and snorted. “Even if I die, I won’t work for a beast.”

“You unappreciative old thing.”

“Puff!”

The Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King sneered and slapped the elder on his head across the void space.

With a crack, the elder’s body collapsed and became a mass of broken bones and chunks of meat.

“Who else?” the king asked hoarsely.

His strong soul force finally broke the will of the soldiers. They did not dare to resist but dove into the sea and entered the Bloody Trench.

Flying above the sea, five Flood Dragon Tribe Commanders turned into human-headed Flood Dragons and burst into laughter.

Among them, one commander with a female head said in derision, “Extraterritorial humans thought that they stood high above the masses. But actually, they are timid and overcautious creatures. Our king just released a soul force and scared them like a group of turtles. Thus, they obediently lead the way for us.”

Upon hearing this, Huang Yanchen could not bear it anymore. She looked serious and took a step forward, attempting to grapple with the commander.

Zhang Ruochen quickly stretched a hand out across her shoulder and dragged her back.

“Zhang Ruochen, let me go!” Huang Yanchen shouted coldly.

He shook his head and said, “Why should you go and court death?”

“I would rather die than obey the indigenous savage beasts.” Huang Yanchen stared at Zhang Ruochen with a pair of royal

blue eyes. She said, “Zhang Ruochen, we are soldiers of the Primitive World, so we shouldn’t be afraid of death, right?”

“Senior sister apprentice, you are too impulsive!”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said with sound transmission, “We were supposed to seek the Xuanwu Heritage. Why should we not forbear temporarily and go to the Bloody Trench first? What if we really obtain the Xuanwu Heritage?”

Huang Yanchen said, “Forbear? I can’t bear it! Even if we obtain the Xuanwu Heritage, we will still not be able to defeat the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King. In that case, we will still help him achieve his aim.”

“That’s not necessarily true.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head as though he had already found countermeasures. He stopped her retort and said firmly, “Senior sister apprentice, you must listen to me this time. Go into the Bloody Trench with me rather than court death.”

With a stern look, he grasped her arms and dragged her into the water. They dove into the sea along with those soldiers of the Primitive World.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen released his Celestial Bodyshield to form a Qi shield with a diameter of 3.3 meters. The Qi shield pushed the seawater away and sank slowly.

Huang Yanchen casually struggled but could not shake off his hands. She did not resist again but dove into the water as he requested.

Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary also released their Celestial Bodyshields and followed them.

The Bloody Trench was bottomless.

The seawater was biting cold. Moreover, the water pressure became stronger as one dove deeper. The soldiers’ Celestial Bodyshields deformed under the pressure.

When they dove to a depth of 1,000 meters under the sea, some soldiers at the Initial Stage and the Mid Stage of the Heaven Realm could not withstand the water pressure and wanted to return to the surface.

However, the five Flood Dragon Tribe Commanders followed them. When they saw someone trying to return to the surface, they would immediately rush forward and devour him.

A commander with an iron ring on his head sneered and said, “Keep diving. Those who dare to retreat will die. Haha!”

Just now, more than 20 soldiers with relatively poor martial cultivations had been eaten by him.

Zhang Ruochen looked stern but was simmering with rage inside. He gritted his teeth and restrained himself with difficulty.

For a war between two worlds, there was no right or wrong—only victory or defeat.

When he saw fellow Kunlun’s Field soldiers being eaten alive by those Flood Dragons and unable to resist, he was really aggrieved and furious.

“Just wait a little longer,”

Zhang Ruochen told himself.

Among the five Flood-dragon Tribe Commanders, two had reached the Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, while the other three had even reached the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Besides, a large group of redcloud pythons followed behind them, like an army of the Flood-dragon Tribe. Therefore, hundreds of soldiers of the Primitive World had to force themselves to continue diving to the bottom of the trench.

When they dove to a depth of 5,000 meters below sea level, even the soldiers at the Dawn State of the Heaven Realm could not withstand the water pressure.

Their chests and abdomens fell inward and their eyeballs bulged out. Then, with a bang, their bodies exploded and became a mass of blood.

The Flood-dragon Tribe army did not care whether those Primitive World soldiers lived or died. Instead, they whipped those soldiers at the front and forced them to keep moving.

At a depth of 10,000 meters below sea level, all the Heaven Realm soldiers had died except for Zhang Ruochen. Some died due to the strong water pressure, while others were eaten by the Flood-dragon Tribe Commanders.

Zhang Ruochen released the Space Domain, which could help him withstand water pressure, so he was able to survive.

Seeing those soldiers of the Primitive World die helplessly, Zhang Ruochen turned ghastly pale. He clenched his hands, with strong malice brewing in his eyes.

He had been enduring it silently.

He knew this was not the time.

Even if he was unwilling to do so, he could only endure it.

At a depth of 15,000 meters below the sea, even the monks in the Fish-dragon Realm were struggling to resist. Their powers were minimized under the pressure. Because of that, it was hard for them to even move their arms, let alone fight.

They found themselves in total darkness, unable to see any light.

Just then, Zhang Ruochen suddenly stopped.

Huang Yanchen looked at Zhang Ruochen, saying, “Zhang Ruochen, how can you stop...”

She had just now discovered that Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were bloodshot and swollen and blue veins stood out on his face.

She did not know the anger that was inside him. She thought that he had stopped because he could not withstand the strong water pressure. Thus, she immediately rushed forward and wanted to help him.

He shook his head gently and calmed down, saying, “Senior sister apprentice, go to the bottom of the trench first. Don’t worry about me.”

“Why did you stop? Go, keep diving.”

The commander with an iron ring on his head growled. He brandished a 33-meter-long Flood Dragon Tendon Whip and whipped Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen.

“Swoosh!”

The whip sliced through the water and formed a burst of arcuate strength.

The commander was originally at the Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. However, he could not unleash his strength as a warrior of the Heaven Realm under the strong water pressure.

“We’re at 15,000 meters below sea level. Even if the Half-Saints come here, they could only unleash the strength of a warrior in the Fish-dragon Realm. It’s time to make the Flood Dragon Tribe pay.”

This was what he had been waiting for.

He turned around, quickly reached out a hand to grasp the whip, and grabbed it with a hard yank.

“Isn’t that enough? Maybe it’s my turn now.”

Zhang Ruochen grabbed the whip and swung his arm. Then, the commander’s face was hit heavily.

“Crack!”

A big bloody scar was left on his face. His skin was split open and his nose was broken into two pieces.

Huang Yanchen was slightly surprised because she was completely puzzled by his behavior. Why did he suddenly attack the commander?

Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary also stopped. Seeing this, they were also startled.

The redcloud pythons were numerous and strong enough. Especially the five Flood Dragon Tribe Commanders, all of them had reached at least the Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Wasn’t Zhang Ruochen courting death when he turned against them?

Chapter 546 - Fighting alone against the Flood-dragon Tribe

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Ao Xinyan was worried, so she went upstream. Despite the danger, she was ready to fight together with Zhang Ruochen. She said, “Group Leader, even if we have to fight it out to the end and die together, it’s not a big deal.”

“Zhang Ruochen can’t stand it any longer, huh?”

The four evil masters of the black market looked upward, gloating.

All the soldiers of Primitive World thought Zhang Ruochen was asking for death by turning against the Flood-dragon Tribe.

“ROAR!”

The Flood-dragon Tribe Commander bellowed with rage and shook its head. Its head became swollen with red scales and turned into a large head once again.

It stretched its two claws out to Zhang Ruochen’s head, growling, “Extraterritorial human, you little bastard! How dare you hit me with a Flood-dragon Tendon Whip? I will tear you to pieces.”

Zhang Ruochen snorted and said, “So what?”

“SNAP!”

Zhang Ruochen whipped the Flood-dragon Tribe Commander again on the crest of its head.

The Flood-dragon Tribe Commander stretched out a claw to fend off the Flood-dragon Tendon Whip. But the strength of the whip was so powerful that even after the whip circled its claw, it still struck the commander right on its crest.

The Flood-dragon Tribe Commander let out another cry and stepped back.

Seeing this, everyone was shocked and confused.

Zhang Ruochen's cultivation was only at the Completion stage of the Heaven Realm. How was he able to make the Flood-dragon Tribe Commander at the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm lick dust?

This was very weird!

“How did Group Leader's strength become so powerful?”

Ao Xinyan was confused.

The Orange Star Emissary pondered. She finally realized and said, “It is not that he had become more powerful, but it is us that have become weaker!”

“Our cultivation and strength had been suppressed by the water pressure. Zhang Ruochen, however, is able to control space, so he was not affected at all. If I'm not mistaken, Zhang Ruochen has been restraining himself because he was waiting for this moment to come.”

Ao Xinyan and Huang Yanchen finally understood what was going on.

The Flood-dragon Tribe Commander charged at Zhang Ruochen with two sharp claws attacking him from different directions at the same time.

“You are too slow!”

“SWOOSH!”

Zhang Ruochen rushed upward through the gap between its claws and landed on the head of that Flood-dragon Tribe Commander.

Zhang Ruochen grabbed its crest with his left hand and pulled out the Ancient Abyss Sword with his right. He pulled out the

long sword with grace, sank his wrist, and stabbed the commander straight on the head.

“PFFFF!”

The sword tip pushed through the thick scales and into the skull of the Flood-dragon Tribe Commander.

Zhang Ruochen drew the sword horizontally, circled the Commander’s head and then cut it off.

Zhang Ruochen executed the whole set of movements neatly.

The redcloud pythons were shocked to see a human killing a Flood-dragon Tribe Commander. They rushed forward and surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

“ROAR!”

The four Flood-dragon Tribe Commanders stood in four directions, howling deafeningly together with the tribe.

It looked like a group of dragons dancing wildly.

They weren’t real dragons, but the scene was still quite terrifying to see.

Zhang Ruochen was standing alone with his sword in his hand at the center of the Flood-dragon Tribe. His long black hair was floating in the water like seaweed. He looked handsome yet fearless. With his cold eyes and sharp look, he shouted, “Kill!”

“SWOOSH!”

He turned into a shadow and rushed forward, falling beside a redcloud python. He stretched out his sword, penetrated it into the python’s abdomen, and then pushed his sword.

With a piercing sound, the redcloud python’s abdomen cracked and its body was chopped in half.

The redcloud python was actually extremely fast, but once they fought at fifteen thousand meters below sea level, it became too difficult for the redcloud python to escape Zhang Ruochen’s attacks.

At that point, the speed of a redcloud python at the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm is as slow as that of a warrior at the Initial Stage of the Earth Realm.

Within ten minutes, Zhang Ruochen killed seventeen redcloud pythons, leaving their huge corpses to sink toward the seafloor.

“SWISH!”

Two Flood-dragon Tribe Commanders at the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm rushed forward together to stop Zhang Ruochen from killing more.

One of them collected its strength. It was emitting lightning from its claws to shock Zhang Ruochen.

This Flood-dragon Tribe Commander was a tough one. It was capable of applying the thunderbolt power and burst forth powerful attacks under such circumstances.

If the battle were in the water, Zhang Ruochen would definitely lose.

“SWISH!”

Zhang Ruochen pushed his arms forward, applying the Sword Defending Technique with the Ancient Abyss Sword flying out at the same time.

“POOF!”

The Ancient Abyss Sword flew through the lightning and broke through the claw of the Flood-dragon Tribe Commander, penetrating into its abdomen.

When the Ancient Abyss Sword flew back, the body of the Flood-dragon Tribe Commander was split in half.

At this moment, there was a strong fluctuation of power coming from above.

“Did The Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King stop holding back?”

Zhang Ruochen looked up. He could feel that the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King had rushed into the sea and was coming down.

The Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was a Sixth Level Savage Beast, comparable to a Half-Saint.

Its strength was a hundred times greater than that of the strongest Flood-dragon Tribe Commander.

Even if the water pressure could suppress its power, Zhang Ruochen could not rival it.

The only hope is for Zhang Ruochen to break through the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

Come on! Come on! Come on!

Zhang Ruochen had almost 30,000,000 military merits. He could reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm at any minute.

What Zhang Ruochen can do now is to race against time. He was supposed to get all the military merits he needed before the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King arrived.

“SWISH!”

Zhang Ruochen started multitasking. On one hand, he regulated the Ancient Abyss Sword to attack the other flood dragon at the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

At the same time, he rushed to the other Flood-dragon Tribe Commander at the Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and struck out a Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm to attack its head.

That Flood-dragon Tribe Commander was about to escape, but Zhang Ruochen caught it and crushed it under his feet.

“Divine Dragon’s Steal, the sixth movement of Dragon and Elephant Palm.”

Zhang Ruochen’s palm emitted dozens of lightning rays and fell on the top of its head.

The Flood-dragon Tribe Commander let out a cry, and bloody breaches appeared on its head.

Zhang Ruochen struck out a dozen palms in a row and finally pierced through its head. The Flood-dragon Tribe Commander

was dead, with its white brains gushing out and water rushing into its body.

Meanwhile, the Flood-dragon Tribe Commander at the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was split into nine pieces by the Ancient Abyss Sword.

Four of the five Flood-dragon Tribe Commanders had been killed. The only one left was a Flood-dragon Tribe Commander at the Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The Flood-dragon Tribe Commander was too frightened to fight against Zhang Ruochen, so he immediately fled upward.

“Where do you think you’re going?”

Zhang Ruochen stepped out of the water and ran after it.

The reward for killing a Flood-dragon Tribe Commander at the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm was 400,000 military merits. With this, Zhang Ruochen would be able to have over 30,000,000 military merits and thus obtain the Chord of Gods.

“You are only human! How dare you slaughter the Flood-dragon Tribe?”, it was the voice of the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King.

At 15,000 kilometers below sea level, it was pitch dark.

Suddenly, a holy light shined down.

It was like a shooting star falling from the sky at night.

The white holy light condensed into a huge handprint, falling toward Zhang Ruochen’s head.

Zhang Ruochen knew that the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King had arrived.

He remained calm and struck out the Ancient Abyss Sword. The sword flew off in an arc, avoided the holy light handprint of the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King and aimed towards the Flood-dragon Tribe Commander.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen regulated all his Genuine Qi and gathered it to the palm of his hand. He then struck out

twelve handprints in a row, breaking out a twelve-fold attack to defend himself.

It was the fifth palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, Nine-folds of the Elephant Power.

The Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm had reached the Superior class martial technique of the Spiritual Stage. Thus the power of this palm has increased and could turn into a 12-fold attack, which could be known as “Twelfefold Force of Elephant Palm.”

A warrior in the Completion of Heaven Realm fighting against a Sixth Level Savage Beast was entirely unheard of.

However, it had become a reality.

“Zhang Ruochen... this, this is...”

A soldier of Primitive World at the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm could hardly believe his eyes. He couldn't describe what he was feeling inside.

There was no doubt that Zhang Ruochen would be killed.

“BAM!”

Zhang Ruochen's handprint collided with the Holy Light Handprint above with a thud. A circular wave spread out, sending redcloud pythons and soldiers of Primitive World flying.

“PUFF!”

Despite the protection of the Dragon Pearl, Zhang Ruochen still suffered a heavy blow from the attack and spat a mouthful of blood.

He was hit so badly by the handprint that he fell downward. He fell for more than 1,000 meters before regaining his stability. Then, he spat out another mouthful of blood.

Despite the water pressure, the strength of the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was powerful enough to defeat Zhang Ruochen.

However, Zhang Ruochen's ability of withstanding attacks was also remarkable.

A desperate cry of a python was heard in the distance.

The Ancient Abyss Sword finally hit the body of the Flood-dragon Tribe Commander and killed it.

All of a sudden, Zhang Ruochen felt a mysterious power fluctuation between heaven and earth as if the gate of the divine world had opened.

Could it be...

Could it be that his military merits had finally reached 30,000,000 and that he finally broke through the boundary of the Ultimate Realm?

Zhang Ruochen's face brightened.

At this very moment, the Spiritual Blood of all the indigens of Primitive Worlds, that is, Xuanwu Primitive World, Wood Spirit Primitive World, and Five Elements Primitive World, were gathered from the earth, the seawater, and the air. All converged above the Nine Heavens.

Under the guidance of a vast and unpredictable power, a magnificent sacrificial ceremony in the void space of the different Primitive Worlds, finally began!

Chapter 547 - Chord of Gods in the Ultimate Realm

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Myriad Chaos Mountain suspended in a large chaotic dark space, like a mountain-shaped planet enveloped by a mass of air.

Numerous warriors gathered under the stone Heaven Board today, including young talents and elder superiors. Among them, some were very ambitious; some were very beautiful; and some had even stepped onto the Holy Road and become Half-Saints.

However, they all fell into silence now as they looked hard at the stone tablet.

Beside Zhang Ruochen's name, the number representing military merits was increasing quickly from 26,000,000, 27,000,000 ...

Every time his military merits increased, their eyes twitched involuntarily.

Everyone held their breath, nervous about breaking through the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm by themselves. They all wondered if Zhang Ruochen would succeed.

Throughout history, many peerless conquerors had suffered misfortunes and murders, before finally becoming skeletons in the Battlefield of Primitive World, when they tried to reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

Would Zhang Ruochen be next?

Even renowned Half-Saints and Saints from the Saint Academy gathered under the stone tablet.

“SWOOSH!”

Suddenly, the number beside Zhang Ruochen’s name surpassed 30,000,000.

It caused a major sensation in the Myriad Chaos Mountain. More than half of the soldiers from the Primitive World cheered.

The birth of a conqueror of the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm was the pride of mankind.

Of course, some people were unhappy due to jealousy or hatred. Especially the Black Market Evil Warriors who were against the Martial Market Bank; they fell silent.

In a floating palace, a War Saint from the Ministry of War laughed. “Congratulation to you, Master. Our youngest junior fellow apprentice has broken through to the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm and become the second genius in 100 years.”

It was Sword Saint Xuanji’s eldest disciple. He had reached the Saint Realm and was a High-level Commander in Chief in the Ministry of War, dominating the Myriad Chaos Mountain.

Sword Saint Xuanji smiled heartily. It was extremely gratifying to have such an excellent disciple like Zhang Ruochen.

He regarded Zhang Ruochen as his last disciple. He would not have come personally to the Myriad Chaos Mountain for just anyone.

“Now that this is over, Ling Shu, I hope you will go to the Xuanwu Primitive World and bring back your youngest junior fellow apprentice. Just in case evil masters from the Black Market try to create difficulties,” Sword Saint Xuanji said.

“Yes, Master.”

Demi-saint Lingshu hurried to the ferry and left for the Xuanwu Primitive World.

Sword Saint Xuanji looked at the stone tablet Heaven Board in the distance with a gratified smile on his face. "Sacrifice should begin soon!"

The hundreds of meters high stone tablet suddenly glittered with a harsh white light.

Strands of light merged together and formed into a thick light column. It thrust up, striking through the heaven and earth barrier.

"Boom!"

The whole space seemed to shake slightly.

At the end of the column, the dark space sent out ripples like circles of water. A looming gate of light appeared.

At this moment, a mighty and sacred force descended on the Myriad Chaos Mountain, as if the gate to the divine world had opened.

The Heaven Board Vessel Spirit stood at the top of the stone tablet and said loudly, "Sacrifice Power has opened the gate of the divine world. Gods will descend on the Battlefield of the Primitive World."

The stone tablet seemed to turn into an altar, connecting the divine world with the Myriad Chaos Mountain.

Beneath the tablet, monks kneeled devoutly on the ground and looked up to the sky in awe, not daring to have evil thoughts.

Such a sacrifice was rarely seen once in a hundred years.

The last time had been at least 60 years ago. Empress Chi Yao had led 30,000 courtiers and 8,000 barons and killed hundreds of millions of indigenous to worship gods with their blood. They had burned incense to pray for the human warriors in the Battlefield of the Primitive World.

All the Spiritual Blood of the indigenous Zhang Ruochen had killed rose from up the Xuanwu Primitive World, the Wood Spirit Primitive World, and the Five Elements Primitive World. It went through space channels and converged at the stone tablet.

It gushed over into the gate of light.

“Boom!”

Behind the gate, specks of light fell down and converged into a river that flew toward the Xuanwu Primitive World.

Zhang Ruochen stood at the bottom of the sea with his eyes closed. He felt the power inside him expanding rapidly; his body was like a universe. Suddenly, the Genuine Qi inside broke a barrier and turned into a light column, rushing up from his head.

The light column passed through the sea and went all the way up to the sky, piercing through the atmosphere of the Xuanwu Primitive World.

The river of shimmering lights rotated around the light column and condensed into illusory images of oddly shaped gods. Some had three heads and six arms; some were human-bodied and snake-tailed; some were like Buddha; some were like Taoists.

A divine voice could be heard faintly over the Xixuan Sea.

Golden light flowed down from the clouds and dropped into the sea. A 5,000 kilometers wide area of the sea became golden.

Such a vast anomaly scared the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King. He looked down with sharp eyes and saw God's Shadows with strong auras rotating around Zhang Ruochen.

Even though the king was comparable to a Half-Saint, he still shivered in awe and fear when he saw the God's Shadows. If he dared to strike against Zhang Ruochen at this time, he would probably be killed in an instant.

“Is this... Is this the Chord of Gods?”

All the surviving Red Cloud pythons and soldiers of the Primitive World were stunned.

“Ch-ch!”

The shadows were enveloped by bubbles that flew toward Zhang Ruochen and blended with his body.

Each time a shadow integrated with his body, Zhang Ruochen became a little stronger.

“BOOM!”

Once he had integrated with all the God’s Shadows, he finally broke through the Completion of Heaven Realm and reached a new realm, the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

For the Yellow Realm, the Black Realm, and the Earth Realm, the Chord of Gods was realized when one reached the Ultimate Realm.

But for the Heaven Realm, the Chord of Gods had to be realized first before one could reach the Ultimate Realm.

In the sea, wisps of Spiritual Qi gathered around Zhang Ruochen and formed a vortex of Spiritual Qi. It shot continuously toward the Sacred Mark between his eyebrows and entered into his Qi pool.

As he broke through to the Ultimate Realm, the gods’ illusory images disappeared.

The Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King heaved a deep sigh, feeling that the sacred force that kept him still had dispersed.

The king regained his momentum and the expression in his eyes changed. “Unexpectedly, you are able to bring about the Chord of Gods. In this case, I must kill you.”

“I’m afraid it’s not that easy to kill me,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

After assimilating all the God’s Shadows, Zhang Ruochen had recovered from injuries. He had not only improved his cultivation, but also enhanced his Spiritual Power and Martial Soul.

“You’re so unscrupulous! You may have brought about the Chord of Gods, but you are still just a warrior of the Heaven Realm.”

The king shook his body and lurched toward Zhang Ruochen at lightning speed, hitting him on the head.

He threw his palm. The palm and back of his hand grew scales. His five fingers extended as sharp as long spears, transforming into huge flood dragon claws.

Zhang Ruochen felt that he was full of power; his blood and Genuine Qi were boiling. He looked up and shouted, "Good!"

Now that he'd broken through to a new realm, he really wanted to fight. Even though the other party was a Half-Saint.

He grasped the hilt of the Ancient Abyss Sword and held it above his head, releasing his Martial Soul and mobilizing Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi.

Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi converged and flew into the blade through his palm.

After bringing about the fourth Chord of Gods, Zhang Ruochen's Martial Soul had improved considerably. He was as strong as a monk at the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. Certainly he was able to mobilize the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi for his own use.

The inscriptions of the Ancient Abyss Sword were activated by Spiritual Qi. The sword Qi became denser and denser.

"BANG!"

His momentum continued to increase and surge upward. He held his sword with both hands and slashed at the king, colliding with his claw.

Even in the water, the sword edge sparked against the Flood Dragon's scales.

Zhang Ruochen's arms hurt. His five internal organs and six hollow organs shook violently, and he sank down uncontrollably more than 100 meters before he regained his center of gravity and stood still.

The king shook slightly.

Zhang Ruochen was still at a disadvantage here; he lagged far behind the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

However, it was much better than before. At least, he did not hurt so badly this time. After all, he had been seriously

wounded and almost died from just a casual strike last time.

This time, he was already able to fight with the king again. Last time, he hadn't been able to strike back at all.

The king noticed a small cut in the center of his palm.

How could a man from the Heaven Realm break through his defense?

The king looked cold. Murderous intent crept into his voice. "How could your strength improve so fast?"

"If you're afraid, you can run away now."

Zhang Ruochen took out the Auspicious Vase and swallowed a mouthful of Wood Spirit Blood.

The Blood of Wood Spirit generated a cool and refreshing potency. It surged into his internal organs, meridians, and blood vessels. Soon, he had recovered from his injuries again.

"You're an uppity junior. Do you really think you can fight with me with your poor strength?"

The Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King reached out his palm. Holy light flickered in the center.

The cut from the Ancient Abyss Sword vanished.

He swooped down and attacked Zhang Ruochen once again.

Zhang Ruochen faced the battle without fear.

Chapter 548 - Fighting a Half-Saint

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Bang! Bang!”

They separated again after a dozen movements.

“The Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King is a Sixth Level Savage Beast. Even if I reach the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm, I will still be no match for him.”

Blood streamed out of his mouth.

Zhang Ruochen decided to change tactics. He would first lead the king deeper into the sea. Then, as the water pressure became stronger, the king’s power would grow weaker.

Thinking about this, he immediately turned around and dived into the sea.

“Want to escape? Can you run away?”

The king looked derisively at Zhang Ruochen. His feet turned into a red flood dragon tail, which he waved back and forth at an incredible speed. In an instant, he was about ten meters behind Zhang Ruochen.

He took out the Roaring Flame Hammer and mobilized its inscriptions with Holy Qi.

The Roaring Flame Hammer was a Hundred Inscription Weapon, and it used to be the Green-Robed Emissary’s. After the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King killed him, he claimed the hammer as his own.

“Crack!”

The king waved his arm and threw the hammer at Zhang Ruochen's back.

The hammer moved with great power, quickly pushing the waves into a huge arc and approaching Zhang Ruochen's back.

“So fast!”

Zhang Ruochen looked back and was surprised. He immediately teleported through space with a shudder and disappeared under the hammer.

He reappeared 100 meters away.

The king snorted and stared at Zhang Ruochen with some surprise. He asked, “Can you mobilize the power of space?”

As a Sixth Level Savage Beast, the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King had a vivid sense of space. Even a subtle space fluctuation could not hide from him.

The dragon king discovered Zhang Ruochen spatial abilities and immediately understood what was going on. He said to himself, “I see. No wonder that a man of the Heaven Realm can contend with me.”

“Since he can control space, the water pressure will not affect him. If he goes on diving, I will be at more and more of a disadvantage.”

As a figured it out, the king gradually became serious. He began to pay attention to his “weak” opponent.

“Damn! That extraterritorial man can move through space, so I can't catch up with him under the sea.”

The king caught up with Zhang Ruochen three times in a row, but every time Zhang Ruochen successfully teleported away.

After diving 3,000 meters into the sea, the king could feel that he had become a little weaker.

Suddenly, the king stared at a Primitive World soldier of the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm near him. He smiled as an idea formed.

The king stopped swimming after Zhang Ruochen and moved sideways. He grabbed the soldier by his neck, looked down at

Zhang Ruochen, and said hoarsely, “Believe it or not, I will kill him now if you keep running.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped and looked up. He frowned and said, “Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, you are a dominator after all. How can you threaten a man of the Heaven Realm in this way? Aren’t you afraid of being ridiculed by your sons and grandsons?”

The king sneered and said, “As long as I can kill you, the way is not important.”

The king had captured an evil warrior of the Black Market named Wang Hanwu.

Normally, Wang Hanwu was an evil, powerful warrior, feared by many. But in front of the king, he was like a lamb for slaughter.

Wang Hanwu had witnessed the king killing the Green-Robed Emissary, so he was very scared of the king.

Trembling all over, he gave up his dignity and immediately implored, “Zhang Ruochen, I was wrong before. I should not deal falsely with you. Since we are both human beings, you must save me.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at Wang Hanwu scornfully.

If Wang Hanwu was a little bit tougher, then Zhang Ruochen would have saved him in admiration of his courage.

But now, Zhang Ruochen was extremely disappointed. He said coldly, “Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, do you hear it as well? He is my enemy. Do you think I will save him? If you help me kill him, I will be really grateful to you.”

“Really? I’ll kill him!”

“Crack!”

With a snort, the king clenched his fingers, broke Wang Hanwu’s neck, and threw away his body.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen had just been provoking the king by saying that. He had actually wanted to preserve Wang Hanwu’s life.

After all, it was a human life. How could he bear to see him killed at the hands of some non-human beast?

The king was cruel and bloodthirsty beyond expectation. Even though the king knew that Wang Hanwu was Zhang Ruochen's enemy, he still killed him. It was clear that the king did not play by the rules.

Was he smart enough to see through Zhang Ruochen's mind?

Although he had not changed the result, Zhang Ruochen had actually showed extreme patience and magnanimity toward his enemy Wang Hanwu. Nevertheless, he was not going to fight with the king for the likes of Wang Hanwu.

The king smiled and said, "Little boy, I'm going to kill all the human soldiers now and see how long you can stand it."

As the king of the Flood Dragon Tribe, he was naturally intelligent.

Having fought with extraterritorial humans for many years, he knew that man's greatest weakness was his human nature.

Since this boy was human, if he started killing the soldiers of the Primitive World, the boy would probably be enraged.

Unless Zhang Ruochen was inhuman.

Zhang Ruochen looked serious as he watched the king rush to the other soldier. He ran after him. He said, "Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, you can kill as many soldiers as you like, but for every soldier you kill, I will kill ten redcloud pythons in revenge."

The king smiled and watched Zhang Ruochen catch up with him. He said, "Really? Since it is so, let's see who is more heartless and cruel!"

The king overtook a soldier who wanted to escape and hit his left shoulder.

With just a touch, the soldier's bones dissolved into a fine powder and his body collapsed.

"Space Vortex."

Zhang Ruochen came up with the king and waved his hand. Then, a ten meter vortex opened, stretching toward the king's back.

The king knew that Zhang Ruochen could control space, so he had taken the necessary precautions.

With a "swoosh", the king ducked under the Space Vortex, successfully avoiding Zhang Ruochen's attack.

"Furious Flood Dragon Rising to the Sky."

The king became a human-shaped flood dragon about 30 meters long. He thrust up and hit Zhang Ruochen's chest.

"Divine Dragon's Robbery."

Zhang Ruochen's two palms condensed power. He simultaneously threw them out and formed a 33 meter Divine Dragon's illusory image.

"Boom!"

The Lord of the Flood Dragons collided with the dragon shadow.

The king swept his claws to shatter the dragon shadow. He continued to rush forward to hit Zhang Ruochen.

The huge flood dragon head knocked him into the air hundreds of meters away.

Zhang Ruochen felt an intense pain in his chest and shed blood between his ribs. All his internal organs appeared to be broken into pieces, making him extremely uncomfortable.

"He is indeed... a sixth level savage beast. I am still far behind him. Unless I can break through into the Fish-Dragon Realm, he will kill me within ten movements."

Zhang Ruochen clapped one hand to his chest, took out the Auspicious Vase with the other hand, and drank a mouthful of Blood of Wood Spirit.

Based on his current realm, it was neither difficult nor easy for him to break through into the Fish-Dragon Realm.

When he broke through into a new realm, he would become very fragile. Therefore, he definitely could never be disturbed.

Obviously, he was unable to break through into a new realm during the current situation.

“What should I do?”

The king changed into a human being again. He walked to Zhang Ruochen step by step and said with a laugh, “Little boy, you are nothing short of being great! Unexpectedly, you can survive after I attacked you vigorously.”

Looking at the king who was approaching, Zhang Ruochen took out the Sacred Prime Tree from his Qi Sea and squeezed it, saying, “Blackie, should you come out to help me?”

“Swoosh!”

A black light spot flew out of the scroll.

The light spot gradually grew larger, and it finally turned into a half-meter-high fat, black cat.

Blackie looked like he had just woken up. He stretched himself and glanced at the king.

Having felt the king’s huge aura, Blackie was startled, and his sleepiness vanished. He took two steps back and exclaimed, “Zhang Ruochen, are you kidding me? How dare you to fight against a redcloud python Sixth Level Savage Beast?”

“Of course not!”

Zhang Ruochen handed the Yin Yang Wooden Graph to Blackie and said, “Help me hold him off for a while. I’m going to break through into the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

Blackie held the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, opened his round eyes wide, and shook his head like a rattle-drum. He said, “Are kidding me?! I am no match for him.”

“Don’t worry. I will activate Space Domain and the Sword Defending Technique to help you. But you must guarantee that nothing will touch my body,” Zhang Ruochen said seriously.

Actually, Zhang Ruochen could enter the Scroll World to break through into the Fish-Dragon Realm. In that case,

Blackie could not withstand the king at all without the help of Space Domain.

Only when he and Blackie tried their best to hold the king off could Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, the Orange Star Emissary, and the soldiers of the Primitive World escape to the bottom of the sea and avoid the king's slaughter.

Suddenly, a golden light spot appeared in the distance, as if something were moving toward them.

“Amitabha!”

A loud voice sounded above the black sea.

Chapter 549 - Eight Arrays of Demon Slaying and Ember Kylin

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The water of the Bloody Trench was originally blood red. But due to there being no light under the sea, it appeared to be pitch black.

“Swoosh!”

The golden light spot in the distance was getting closer and eventually formed into a figure.

It was a monk glowing in a golden light. He was stalwart and walked with steady steps. With a blade box behind his back, he walked slowly as if he had walked under the sea for thousands of years.

“It’s the monk again.”

Zhang Ruochen looked over and smiled bitterly.

He was Monk Lidi of the Brahma Sect.

Monk Lidi impressed people with an indestructible body, which seemed to be cast in gold. White Sanskrit was faintly visible on his skin.

Every step he took, a mass of Buddha spirit condensed beneath his feet and turned into a three-foot-long Golden Lotus.

Monk Lidi took seven steps and left seven Golden Lotuses.

Looking up at the seven Golden Lotuses, they appeared to be seven brilliant stars. Adhering to some mysterious path, they

were suspended in the black sea and reflected the surrounding water into golden red.

Monk Lidi stared at Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, clasped his hands, and said, “Amitabha! Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, you should not come here. You’d better return to the place where you came from.”

The king never expected that a monk would suddenly appear at this moment.

He carefully looked at the monk and sensed a strange power. It seemed to be either strong or weak, creating an erratic feeling.

It was the first time for Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King to meet such a weird man.

He was on alert but behaved aggressively. He snorted and said, “The Bloody Trench is our redcloud python tribe’s territory. I can come and go as I please. Who dares to dictate to me?”

Monk Lidi shook his head and said with a sigh, “Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, you misunderstand me. This poor monk is asking you to leave here for your own good. The Bloody Trench is not auspicious. It is extremely dangerous and full of death traps for you. If you don’t leave immediately, I’m afraid that you will die at the bottom of the trench.”

“If you don’t leave, you will die in the Bloody Trench.”

The words were ear-piercing.

Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King thought that he could deal with any situation in the Bloody Trench. Therefore, he did not take the monk’s words seriously.

Instead, the king even thought that the monk’s words were threatening him thoroughly and warning him.

Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King looked coldly as he said, “What an extremely arrogant monk! Do you think you can kill me?”

“You misunderstand me! You misunderstand me! This poor monk never kills anything.” Monk Lidi forced a friendly smile and spoke kindly.

Zhang Ruochen laughed and thought,

“This monk really does not kill anything but he is a jinx. If he says who dies, that person will die. He is indeed a disaster.”

He wondered if it would be accurate this time.

Monk Lidi looked strong, ugly, and ferocious like a butcher. The original friendly and gentle smile appeared to be a little hideous on his face.

Looking at his grim smile, Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King felt even more that the monk was really arrogant. After all, he was the Lord of the Flood Dragons, a Sixth Level Savage Beast. How did a man dare to threaten him?

The king certainly could not bear it.

“Monk, I want to witness your ability.”

Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King transformed his feet into a 100-foot-long red tail. He violently wagged his tail in the water and stirred up a vortex of waves. He rushed forward and arrived in front of Monk Lidi instantly.

His hands struck forward and turned into a pair of over-30-foot-long claws.

Threads of fire gushed out from the claw scales, glowing brightly. The sea hundreds of feet around was boiling.

He violently attacked with his claws, which were covered by water and fire.

Obviously, he displayed his real skill this time. The power that broke out from this strike was a little bit stronger than what had erupted the last time that he fought Zhang Ruochen.

Thus, it was clear that Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King thought that Monk Lidi was indeed a formidable enemy who was more threatening than Zhang Ruochen.

The king did not know Monk Lidi’s cultivation but Zhang Ruochen knew it very well. Monk Lidi had just reached the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Monk Lidi could not control space, so the water pressure would suppress him to a large extent.

In that case, it was impossible for a monk at the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm to fend off the attack of a Half-Saint.

Even though he had integrated with Buddhist Emperor's golden body and been thoroughly remolded, Monk Lidi could not unleash all the power of the golden body.

With such a huge disparity in cultivation, was Monk Lidi able to withstand Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King's attack?

The monk always haunted Zhang Ruochen, but he had never harmed him. Therefore, when the king launched his attacks, Zhang Ruochen was worried about him.

Monk Lidi heaved a sigh. Originally, he had wanted to persuade the king into retreating. But beyond his expectations, he led him to a bigger misunderstanding.

At this time, he was not allowed to explain but could only meet the battle head-on.

He put his hands together and formed a Magic Handprint. The seven Golden Lotuses beneath his feet immediately formed a pattern. Each lotus was a node of the pattern and turned into a golden Buddha shadow.

“Eight Arrays of Demon Slaying.”

The Seven Buddha shadows plus Monk Lidi made eight figures in total. They seemed to be interconnected and they formed a Battle Formation.

The Eight Arrays of Demon Slaying was a kind of Combined Attack. Only when eight Buddha masters practiced at the same time could its power be exerted.

However, Monk Lidi used Buddha Spirit to condense into seven Golden Lotuses, replacing the other seven people.

He alone displayed the Eight Arrays of Demon Slaying.

He struck out one palm. At the same time, the other seven Buddha shadows also did the same.

The two forces collided with each other and suddenly formed a storm of Genuine Qi. Monk Lidi and the seven Buddha shadows were beaten backward 1,000 feet.

Monk Lidi was repelled by the king, but he was not injured. Although the king's claws hit his body, his skin was not broken at all.

“Awesome!” Zhang Ruochen said with some surprise.

At the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, Monk Lidi was able to resist the king's strike unscathed. Once this result was spread around Kunlun's Field, he would set the world on fire.

Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King was also amazed and withdrew his claws. He transformed them into human hands but felt his 10 fingers begin to ache.

Just now, his claws had obviously struck Monk Lidi. However, they were unable to hurt him, as if they had hit against metal.

It was so incredible.

The king looked at Monk Lidi and squinted his eyes. “I get it! Your bodily strength is far beyond your cultivation realm, known as the Realm of Flesh Becoming Holy. But you still do not know how to exert this fleshly power. Otherwise, you could slap me to death right now.”

Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King was certainly the king of savage beasts, who had lived for thousands of years. He was experienced and knowledgeable, so with just a glimpse, he saw through Monk Lidi's secret.

However, he did not know what Monk Lidi had integrated with was Buddhist Emperor's golden body.

Monk Lidi smiled with modesty and said, “This poor monk has not practiced long, so my cultivation is not profound. Meanwhile, my control over power remains in the foundation stage, so I cannot compare with you.”

Seeing Monk Lidi's grim smile, the king got furious and began to condense power again.

Since this monk had reached the Realm of Flesh Becoming Holy, he would spare no effort to seize this body.

If he could eat this body and refine it, his strength would probably greatly improve. Perhaps he would reach the medium level or even the superior level of a Sixth Level Savage Beast.

Zhang Ruochen knew clearly that Monk Lidi alone could not defeat the king. Therefore, he swam toward him without hesitation. He stood behind the king and waved his sword sideways. “Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, don’t forget about me.”

Originally, Blackie had hidden in the distance. Suddenly, he exclaimed, “Zhang Ruochen, I just sensed a formidable power rapidly approaching us from above.”

Zhang Ruochen, Monk Lidi, and Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King simultaneously discovered the aura.

Looking up, the king saw a scarlet blaze covering the entire sea area above his head and the whole Bloody Trench seemed to blaze up.

As the sea temperature increased rapidly, the sea was as hot as lava. Even the redcloud python at the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm could not withstand such a high temperature. It screamed as if it was being boiled by the sea.

“Damn, that is... Ember Kylin...”

The king changed his facial expression and ignored Zhang Ruochen and Monk Lidi. Giving a long whistle, he restored himself to his true body. He became a Huge Flood Dragon 1,000 feet long and rushed toward the bottom of the trench.

Ember Kylin had evolved from humanoid fish, and was a medium-level Sixth Level Savage Beast.

The king was just an inferior-level Sixth Level Savage Beast. When seeing the Ember Kylin, he could only escape to the bottom of the trench, hoping to avoid a disaster.

“Hurry up!”

Zhang Ruochen grasped Blackie and immediately displayed Space Moving, then rushed toward the bottom of the trench.

Monk Lidi had already reached the Realm of Flesh Becoming Holy, so he was much faster than Zhang Ruochen and passed right by him.

Space Moving did not need to consume time. Every time he displayed Space Moving, Zhang Ruochen could only move

500 feet at most. Then, he needed a momentary pause to condense space power again. By doing so, he could continue to display the next Space Moving.

So because of this, Zhang Ruochen's speed was at a disadvantage on a long journey.

“Ouch!”

An earsplitting Kylin's roar resounded.

The thick sea water above was pushed away by a mass of rolling fire clouds and it ran downward hastily.

By looking carefully, a winged Kylin could be seen in the center of the mass of fire clouds. It was chasing after Zhang Ruochen and getting closer and closer to him.

Chapter 550 - The Iron Pillar Under the Sea

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Ember Kylin had a huge body, which was 700 feet long after unfolding its wings. It burned with roaring flames, which seemed to change the seawater into lava.

“Hehe!”

The Ember Kylin caught up with the Primitive World soldiers and redcloud pythons so fast they could not even run away. Without being able to even utter a heartrending cry, they caught fire and were instantly turned into flying ashes.

A moment later, the Ember Kylin nearly overtook Zhang Ruochen, getting closer and closer. It was about to catch hold of him.

Zhang Ruochen touched the Storage Ring and took out the imperial edict issued by Elder Xuanji.

“Swoosh!”

He mobilized his Genuine Qi and injected it into the imperial edict.

It gave off wisps of white Holy Qi, which flew around Zhang Ruochen and condensed into Elder Xuanji’s illusory image, emitting a formidable sacred Qi.

Elder Xuanji’s illusory image was about 30 feet high and glowing with white light. It overlapped Zhang Ruochen’s body.

Seeing Elder Xuanji’s illusory image, the Ember Kylin felt a formidable aura fluctuation. It stopped for a while and looked

scared.

The imperial edict's appearance was like the presence of a Saint, which was able to overawe all living beings and force them to kneel down and kowtow.

However, each imperial edict represented a different power.

In order to experience Zhang Ruochen, Elder Xuanji only put the power of speed into the imperial edict. When encountering danger that could not be resisted, Zhang Ruochen could immediately escape 10,000 miles away as long as he injected Genuine Qi into the imperial edict.

If he wanted to, Elder Xuanji could certainly give Zhang Ruochen an imperial edict that had Saint power. In that case, it would do only harm to Zhang Ruochen and no good at all.

Once someone possessed a strong external force, they would no longer practice hard.

“Swoosh!”

With the aid of the Holy Qi of the imperial edict, Zhang Ruochen seemed to be helped by the gods. He turned into a ray of white light and rushed into the bottom of the trench, escaping the Ember Kylin's attacks.

In the next moment, Zhang Ruochen arrived at the bottom ahead of Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King and Monk Lidi. He fell on a hard slate under the sea.

Theoretically, the water temperature down on the bottom should be very low.

However, the water at the bottom of the Bloody Trench was very hot. Standing in this water was like standing in a frying pan. Only when a monk at the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm realized “Skin Refining to Gold” could he withstand this temperature.

Perhaps Huang Shenyi could come here with the aid of some treasure.

According to Zhang Ruochen's orders, Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and Orange Star Emissary had already reached the

bottom of the trench. Thus, they did not die from the Ember Kylin's fire.

Watching Zhang Ruochen fall down, they immediately went over and joined him.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Have you found the Xuanwu Heritage place?"

Huang Yanchen looked solemn and said, "We are on the back of Xuanwu's corpse now."

A moment ago, Zhang Ruochen had not had enough time to observe the bottom of the sea because he was busy running for his life. But upon hearing Huang Yanchen's words, he began to look at his surroundings carefully.

An Iron Pillar with a 30-foot diameter stood not far away from him. Like a Sea-calming Needle, it was inserted into the stones under the sea, soaring thousands of feet high.

Nobody knew how much this huge Iron Pillar might have weighed.

And nobody knew how long this Iron Pillar had been soaking in the water. Its surface was already rusty.

Strange prints could be seen on the Iron Pillar through the rust—some prints were like bones, some were like ferocious ghosts, and some were like evil flowers.

Zhang Ruochen walked over and touched the Iron Pillar. In an instant, a formidable power entered his body through his fingers.

"Woo!"

All of a sudden, hundreds of millions of screams of undead evil spirits resounded and many bloody images emerged in his mind. Like a mass of black ink, the power of abundant evil Qi began to corrode his Martial Soul.

Just then, the mark of the gods on his Qi Sea shone and drove the awful evil Qi out, as if the light had smashed through the gloom.

He seemed to have received a jolt of electricity, and he immediately withdrew his fingers and took two steps back. With a look of surprise on his face, he said, "What horrible Death Qi this is! Thanks to the mark of the gods, I did not become a senseless monster."

A little while ago, he felt as if he had been dragged into an evil world by this Iron Pillar.

There were white-boned creatures as large as lofty mountains. A blood-red eye was flying in the sky. Black ghosts flew out from the abyss and turned into a strange black cloud mass.

That world was like the hell from the legends.

Huang Yanchen looked confused, unconsciously walked next to the Iron Pillar, and slowly reached out her hands.

"Don't touch it. It is an evil weapon."

Zhang Ruochen grasped her waist and pulled her away from it.

Huang Yanchen immediately came to her senses and her eyes lit up again. She said in great fear, "That Iron Pillar can influence my mind. What on earth is it?"

Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently.

"Hehe!"

Blackie stretched out his claws and scratched off some rust on the Iron Pillar, revealing three golden marks.

Being free from the influence of the evil force, he said, "This is a weapon." Then, he continued, "It doesn't seem to come from Kunlun's Field."

"How can you tell?" Orange Star Emissary asked.

Blackie stared at Orange Star Emissary and said fluidly, "Because the forging method is different. The weapons of Kunlun's Field are based on inscriptions. However, this Iron Pillar has no inscription."

Blackie pressed his claws on the Iron Pillar and mobilized all his strength, hoping to pull it out.

No matter how much power he used, the Iron Pillar remained motionless.

“My goodness, even a Half-Saint can’t pick it up.” Blackie withdrew his claws and slipped backward two steps, hurriedly taking two breaths.

“Bang!”

Zhang Ruochen ran his Genuine Qi into his legs. He stomped downward, shattering the thick stone layer.

Stones fell down in succession. Inside the stone layer, Xuanwu’s shell finally appeared.

Xuanwu was so colossal that just its shell was several miles long. If it were standing on the ground, it would look like a mountain.

When the stone layer on the outside of its body completely shattered, everyone could see that the Iron Pillar pierced through its body from its back, nailing Xuanwu to the bottom of the trench.

Actually, the blood spring of the Bloody Trench had been formed by this—the blood flew out of Xuanwu’s body and dyed the seawater within hundreds of miles red.

Everyone was shocked by the image in front of them and they were unable to speak for a long time.

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, “It is indeed not a Pureblood Xuanwu of the ancient mythical beasts but a ‘Cyan Fire Xuanwu’, which is Xuanwu’s offspring. According to its bulky body and the aura that it sends forth, I think that it could tear up a Saint if it were alive.”

“Who on earth could have killed such a strong Cyan Fire Xuanwu?”

Blackie said, “It must be the Iron Pillar’s master.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Xuanwu’s back is its most defensive area, but the Iron Pillar was able to pierce through its body from its back. Thus, it’s obvious that the Iron Pillar’s master is remarkably strong.

“You mentioned that the Iron Pillar was forged in a different way from the refining method of Kunlun’s Field. As far as I know, the refining methods of all the major Primitive Worlds are very similar to that of Kunlun’s Field, without too much difference.

“Then, which Primitive World does the Iron Pillar’s master come from?”

“The Iron Pillar’s master can kill a Cyan Fire Xuanwu, indicating that he is absolutely a formidable superior. Aside from Kunlun’s Field, other superior-class Primitive Worlds are unlikely to give birth to such a superior.”

Zhang Ruochen had a bad feeling. He always felt that the evil world that emerged in his mind before could possibly exist, and the Iron Pillar’s master might come from there.

If so, was there a big world as powerful as Kunlun’s Field in the vast universe? Perhaps that world was even more powerful and horrible than Kunlun’s Field.

The monk from that world had already come to the surroundings of Kunlun’s Field. However, the monks from Kunlun’s Field had not discovered their world.

In a flash, countless ideas emerged in his mind. The more he thought about it, the more horrified Zhang Ruochen got. He became chilled, as if he had fallen into an ice cellar.

“It must be my random thoughts. There are so many Primitive Worlds around Kunlun’s Field, so it is very normal to give birth to a small evil world.

“This Xuanwu has already been dead for many years. If there was a big world that was more powerful than Kunlun’s Field, it should have invaded Kunlun’s Field on a large scale. We couldn’t have missed their traces.”

Zhang Ruochen tried to convince himself and calm himself down.

Fire came down from overhead and the sea became burning hot before he was able to think about it further.

The Ember Kylin had chased after Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King and Monk Lidi, and was rushing down hurriedly.

Having sensed the great power from above, Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and Orange Star Emissary all changed their facial expressions. They almost kneeled down as if they were being suppressed by nine lofty mountains.

They could not bear the Half-Saint Class power.

“Let’s hide inside Xuanwu’s body first,” Zhang Ruochen said.

Zhang Ruochen was able to perceive that the Xuanwu Inheritance was inside of this Xuanwu.

There were only two entrances to Xuanwu’s body, which were its eyes.

Xuanwu’s eyeballs had already been corroded, revealing only two 10-foot-high black holes. Through the holes, one could go inside the body, far-reaching and bottomless.

Like a colorful waterfall, wisps of Xuanwu Qi poured out of its eyes and flew into the sea, vanishing from sight.

Standing in its left eye, Zhang Ruochen looked down. He looked at the Iron Pillar that had pierced through Xuanwu’s body and exited out of its abdomen and was inserted into the underground lava.

Below Xuanwu’s body was a boiling red lava lake. As if they had been stimulated, humanoid fish rushed out of the lava and attacked Zhang Ruochen and the others.

Chapter 551 - Sonic Storms

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The incessant roaring of the humanoid fish rose up from below. They flew up from the sea with outspread flame wings, towards Zhang Ruochen and his friends.

Even a single humanoid fish was fierce enough, let alone dozens of them.

“I see. This was where the humanoid fish entered the Xixuan Sea.”

Zhang Ruochen finally understood what was going on. He finally felt wide awake.

The humanoid fish used to live in the lava deep in the earth’s core. They rarely went to the surface, except on special occasions.

The Bloody Trench was incredibly deep, running straight to the earth’s bottom and connecting with the lava layer. The humanoid fish was thus able to burst out of the lava layer through the Bloody Trench to the Xixuan Sea.

Meanwhile, another thing came to Zhang Ruochen’s mind. Since the Xixuan Sea was less than 2000 meters deep, how come the Bloody Trench was tens of thousands of meters deep?

Zhang Ruochen wondered if the Bloody Trench was man-made.

Perhaps the iron pillar that fell from the sky and broke through the body of Xuanwu drove him deep into the sea floor and thus created this trench tens of thousands of meters deep.

How much power would it take to make a pit tens of thousands of meters deep?

“Waah!”

A humanoid fish at the Fifth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm flew to Zhang Ruochen. The humanoid fish wagged its tail and used it to stroke Zhang Ruochen’s neck.

“Shah!” Zhang Ruochen pulled out the Ancient Abyss Sword with grace. He chopped part of the humanoid fish’s tail off with a single stroke.

The humanoid fish let out an enraged cry. It waved its claws quickly at Zhang Ruochen, and then it pushed through his Celestial Bodyshield and hit him on the chest.

Zhang Ruochen held the Ancient Abyss Sword horizontally across his chest. Dozens of flares of sword Qi flew out of the blade and formed a sword curtain to fend off the humanoid fish’s claws.

The humanoid fish used to live in the earth’s core, and it had become used to this kind of hostile environment. Thus, the water pressure had a weak influence on them.

As a result, the strength of its attack was extremely strong, driving even Zhang Ruochen back.

“WHOOSH!”

Zhang Ruochen immediately turned around and rushed into Xuanwu’s left eye.

He stood on the edge of Xuanwu’s eye socket, which was like the entrance of a cave in a cliff. Holding his sword with both hands, he stabbed it forward. A sword Qi waterfall came out of his sword and held off the humanoid fish.

“BOOM!”

On Xuanwu’s back, Monk Lidi teamed up with the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King to fight Ember Kylin.

In order to survive, they had to team up. Otherwise, the powerful strength of Ember Kylin would tear them both up.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that it would not take Ember Kylin long to defeat Monk Lidi and the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

So, Zhang Ruochen immediately ordered, “Blackie, stay here with me to fight against the humanoid fish. The rest of you, go deeper into the body of Cyan Fire Xuanwu, try to get the Cyan Fire Xuanwu inheritance as soon as possible.”

The eye socket of Cyan Fire Xuanwu was such a small entrance that if one man guarded the pass, he could hold it against ten thousand.

So, it was safest Zhang Ruochen and Blackie to guard against the humanoid fish, while Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and the Orange Star Emissary went for the Xuanwu heritage.

Zhang Ruochen took out an Auspicious Vase at once. He held it in his palm, hurrying to collect Xuanwu Qi that was flowing out of Xuanwu’s body.

Zhang Ruochen came to the Bloody Trench mainly for collecting Xuanwu Qi and Xuanwu Sacred Blood. As for Xuanwu’s heritage, he was not that interested.

After all, the

Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emphyrean

he practiced included extremely high-end practice skills itself. He had no need to modify the incomplete

Xuanwu Sutra

.

Moreover, he also had a Dragon Pearl and the Sarira, which were equivalent to possessing Golden Dragon or Buddhist Emperor heritages.

Neither Golden Dragon nor Buddhist Emperor was weaker than Cyan Fire Xuanwu.

With these inheritances in his hand, Zhang Ruochen could leave the Cyan Fire Xuanwu heritage to Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, or the Orange Star Emissary. He would just wait and see who was lucky enough to get it.

Looking at Huang Yanchen, the Orange Star Emissary, and Ao Xinyan, Blackie said, “The most valuable thing on Cyan Fire Xuanwu’s body was the holy source.”

“The holy source not only contained all of Cyan-fire Xuanwu’s Saint Power and spirit, but it also had his knowledge. Whoever takes Xuanwu’s holy source will be Xuanwu’s true inheritor.”

Xuanwu’s body had many treasures, but nothing was more valuable than Xuanwu’s holy source.

Xuanwu’s holy source was not found on Huang Shenyi’s body. His cultivation must have been too low to get the holy source at that time. Therefore, the holy source still had to be inside Xuanwu’s body.

Something suddenly dawned on Zhang Ruochen, and he said in a serious voice, “After entering Xuanwu’s body, you need to be more careful. If King Jinhuang already has Xuanwu’s holy source, do not fight for it.”

King Jinhuang had been in the Bloody Trench for a long time, but nobody had caught sight of him.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen doubted that King Jinhuang had come into Xuanwu’s body to collect the heritage.

Perhaps those humanoid fish and Ember Kylin had been disturbed by King Jinhuang, so they rushed out of the underground lava and came to Xixuan Sea.

Yet, Cyan Fire Xuanwu Heritage was not very attractive to Zhang Ruochen.

However, for other Monks, and even for Half-Saints, it was a fatal attraction.

King Jinhuang definitely cared about Xuanwu Heritage very much. He already belonged to the Half-Saint Class, and if he had found Xuanwu’s holy source, Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and the Orange Star Emissary would be drawn like moths to a flame.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen gave an order in advance so as to save them unnecessary trouble.

Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and the Orange Star Emissary moved at once. They made their way deeper into Xuanwu's body through his eye socket.

However, when they came to Xuanwu's throat, something happened.

Xuanwu's body started to shake violently.

The next minute, an earth-shaking roar came from Xuanwu's abdomen.

“WOOSH!”

The howling sound was so loud that it formed a sonic storm.

“Oh no, someone is already in Xuanwu's abdomen! He is trying to block us. Retreat, right now!”

But it was too late to leave now!

“RUMBLE!”

The sonic storm was overwhelming.

Huang Yanchen immediately injected Genuine Qi into the Black Tortoise Armor. It emitted a number of light beams and formed a Qi shield to protect the three of them.

“CLANG!”

The sound wave shredded the shield formed by the Black Tortoise Armor like a sheet of paper.

The person inside was not trying to hold them back, but...to kill them.

Despite their high cultivation, the sonic storm hit them so badly that it broke their eardrums and caused them to bleed from all seven holes in their head. It sent them flying back and made them feel woozy.

Then, they hit a hard bone wall. Their heads were knocked so badly that they passed out and fell limply to the ground.

“Awful.”

When the roar came, it drove Zhang Ruochen's body a step back.

However, he reacted extremely quickly. He immediately began to use his Genuine Qi, and he stomped his feet with all his might. His legs sunk half a foot deep into Xuanwu's body like two spikes.

The sonic storm continued to gush out from Xuanwu's abdomen and hit Zhang Ruochen.

“Space Distortion.”

Zhang Ruochen began to control the Space Domain. He ran the Power of Space slowly, making the surrounding space slightly distorted. In this way, the overwhelming sound wave slid around him.

Xuanwu's eye socket was like a trumpet, with the sonic storm gushing out. The sonic storm turned into an overwhelming sonic power, going out in all directions.

The humanoid fish that had rushed to Xuanwu's eye socket were all sent flying by the sonic storm. Their bodies slammed against the stone wall in the distance, leaving a large hole.

“What on earth happened? ”

After the sonic storm, Zhang Ruochen's face was creased with worry for Huang Yanchen. Thus, he immediately rushed into Xuanwu's body, to look for Huang Yanchen.

In a bone corner, Zhang Ruochen discovered Huang Yanchen, who was unconscious. Her eyes, mouth, ears, and nose were covered with blood. And, he found a fracture on the back of her head that was bleeding profusely.

Zhang Ruochen immediately reached out two fingers and pressed them on Huang Yanchen's wrist to take her pulse.

Chapter 552 - Innate Embryonic Breath

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen pulled his fingers back. Looking at Huang Yanchen lying on the ground, he felt nothing but guilt, panic, and worry. He could not help biting his lips as he said, "It's all my fault."

Huang Yanchen was seriously injured. Her five internal organs, six hollow organs, meridians, and Qi Sea had all suffered incurable injuries. Her body was so badly torn that even a Saint could not help.

Unless there was a miracle, it would be almost impossible for her to come to life again.

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists with great remorse. If he had left Huang Yanchen practicing in the Scroll World in the beginning, she would not be suffering this now.

At that time, he believed that blindly secluding herself for refining was not helpful for her practice. It was counterproductive and she would never become a real superior in this way.

Only through continuous life-and-death battles, the ups and downs of life, and the refinement of human feelings and worldly wisdom could one finally go further along the Holy Road.

Therefore, he told Huang Yanchen to come out to experience more and fight together with him to sharpen her Heart State and hone her will.

However, he never expected that this would happen.

Blackie found Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary, who were seriously injured, and brought them here.

They both had passed out.

However, their physical qualities were special, and their cultivations were much stronger than Huang Yanchen's. They had reached the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, Bone Refining to Jade.

Therefore, although they were seriously injured, they could still recover as long as they took the healing pills and took time to recuperate.

“Go to the Scroll World first. ”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and immediately took out the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. He opened the Scroll World and entered the space door with Huang Yanchen in his arms. Then, he arrived at the Sacred Prime Tree and put her on the ground.

The Wood Spirit Qi of the Sacred Prime Tree might be helpful to the condition of her injury.

Zhang Ruochen wiped the blood from Huang Yanchen's mouth and took out an Auspicious Vase. Placing one hand on her back, he lifted her up, separated her lips, and slowly poured the Blood of the Wood Spirit from the vase into her mouth.

Then, Zhang Ruochen straightened Huang Yanchen up and sat behind her. He struck both hands out at the same time, mobilized the Qi of Saint Dragon in the Dragon Pearl, and continuously passed it into her body.

Half a day had passed by and Zhang Ruochen's forehead was continuously sweating. Even his face gradually turned pale. However, the condition of Huang Yanchen's injury showed no signs of improvement.

“No... do not be so...”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, clenched his teeth, and continued to squeeze the power in his body.

Not only did he inject the Qi of Saint Dragon into Huang Yanchen's body, but even his own Genuine Qi was almost

exhausted. His body began to shake and he felt like he might faint at any minute.

After all, Zhang Ruochen had already suffered a serious injury in the previous battle with the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King. The injury was suppressed by the Genuine Qi and the Divine Dragon Strength inside his body.

At this moment, he injected all of his Genuine Qi into Huang Yanchen's body, while his own injury broke out immediately and started to backfire.

“Pfft!”

Zhang Ruochen vomited a mouthful of blood. A strong sense of weakness and pain spread throughout his body. His face was as pale as a sheet of white paper.

His body was off balance and then it fell to the left.

“No... I can't fall... If I fall, who else can help her...”

With a strong will, Zhang Ruochen reached his palms to the ground, set his teeth, and struggled to sit up again.

Just then, when Zhang Ruochen fell, Blackie also checked on the injury of Huang Yanchen. He shook his head and said, “She was so seriously injured. Even if there was a Wood Spirit Qi of the Sacred Prime Tree to nourish her body, she would not last more than three days.”

Blackie looked at Zhang Ruochen's face and added, “However, if we can find Xuanwu's Holy Source, her life might be saved. What she practiced was the Xuanwu Sutra, and fusing it with Xuanwu's Holy Source could enable her to reshape her body and bring her back to life.”

There was no need for Blackie to say anything further. Zhang Ruochen already understood that he had to get Xuanwu's Holy Source within three days.

Needless to say, since such horrible sound waves could be sent out from Xuanwu's abdomen, there had to be a top superior inside who was taking Xuanwu's Holy Source.

Otherwise, he would not send sound waves to injure Huang Yanchen, Ao Xinyan, and Orange Star Emissary, preventing

them from going to Xuanwu's abdomen.

If Zhang Ruochen wanted to take Xuanwu's Holy Source from the hands of that superior, his cultivation had to break through to the Fish-dragon Realm first.

“The Fish-dragon Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen looked serious. He took out the Auspicious Vase, drank some Wood Spirit blood, and started healing his wounds.

Then, he took out a Dragon Pearl and put it into his mouth. He was mobilizing the thin Genuine Qi in his body and began refining the Dragon Pearl to take his step toward the Fish-dragon Realm.

With his current injury condition, it was quite dangerous for him to go for the Fish-dragon Realm.

However, Zhang Ruochen had no other choice. There was not much time left for him. So, despite the danger, he had to go for a higher realm while curing himself.

After refining the first Dragon Pearl, all the Genuine Qi in Zhang Ruochen's Qi Sea had attained perfect completeness.

However, the rushing Genuine Qi was frantically flowing through his injured body, impacting his meridians and internal organs. This made Zhang Ruochen's injury condition even worse.

Blood was spilling from Zhang Ruochen's mouth, but he still took the second Dragon Pearl and continued to go for the Fish-dragon Realm.

He knew that he would be more seriously injured by doing it this way, but he did not hesitate to do so.

Two days passed by and Zhang Ruochen had taken 13 Dragon Pearls in a row. His aura became stronger and stronger. His body was wrapped up with Genuine Qi, forming a huge ball with a diameter of about 100 feet.

Looking from afar, because of the expanding Genuine Qi within, Zhang Ruochen's body was going to burst with bloody lines on its surface, like a cracked ceramic.

If Zhang Ruochen could not break through to the realm, he might burst to death at any minute.

Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary woke up after two days' treatment from Blackie.

They knew exactly why Zhang Ruochen was so desperate to break through to the realm. They also knew that Huang Yanchen was seriously injured and might not survive the day.

Ao Xinyan was not thinking about her own recovery. She was just holding her skirt tightly, worrying about Zhang Ruochen's injury condition worsening or something bad happening while he was making the breakthrough.

Ao Xinyan wished that Zhang Ruochen would take care of himself and not try to break through to the realm until his injuries had healed.

However, it was exactly Zhang Ruochen's special temperament that Ao Xinyan admired so much and, thus, she willingly regarded him as the Group Leader and followed his orders. She had developed some affection for him, but even she herself did not notice it.

Even Orange Star Emissary, who used to frown upon Zhang Ruochen, was now looking at him with shining eyes. At this moment, she also admired Zhang Ruochen for his charming personality.

A real man was not required to be domineering while facing the weak, but to take his due responsibilities when he was in need. A real man was expected to face up to the stronger enemies and severe challenges to protect his loved ones.

“Boom!”

All of a sudden, the Genuine Qi surrounding Zhang Ruochen's body exploded and turned into streams of Genuine Qi, continuously flowing toward the middle of his eyebrows.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen finally broke through the human limit and reached the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, Innate Embryonic Breath.

Using the so-called Innate Embryonic Breath, one would swallow one's Internal Qi and hold it. Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi could be used as one's food and the Foodless Realm would be reached.

Upon reaching this realm, one would not starve to death or die from thirst, even without eating or drinking anything for a year.

“I finally made it!”

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and took a deep breath. Thus, the Spiritual Qi within 10 miles was immediately breathed into his body and stored in the Qi Sea.

After reaching the Fish-dragon Realm, he absorbed the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi faster. The Genuine Qi in his body was running all the time in his meridians, forming an internal circulation. So, there was no need to worry that the Genuine Qi would run out.

Zhang Ruochen stood up, walked over to Huang Yanchen, and leaned over. He put his finger on her wrist to check on the condition of her injury.

After a while, he withdrew his hand and said softly, “Wait for me. Cough, cough!”

Zhang Ruochen's injury was aggravated by just saying a few words. He wiped the blood from his mouth that he coughed up.

“Group Leader, let me go with you to get Xuanwu's Holy Source.” Ao Xinyan rose and went up to Zhang Ruochen at once.

He looked at her and replied, “Stay here to recover. Let me handle this. Cough, cough!”

Zhang Ruochen took a deep breath and suppressed his injury for the time being. Then, he opened the door of the space and walked out of the Scroll World.

Two days in the Scroll World was just four hours in the external world.

Zhang Ruochen clenched his fist tightly and said, “There are only two hours left. I must get Xuanwu’s Holy Source and I surely will.”

Zhang Ruochen lifted his chest and tried to stand up straighter. He dragged the Ancient Abyss Sword to Xuanwu’s abdomen.

Chapter 553 - King Jinhuang Turned Evil

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Cyan-fire Xuanwu was one of Mythical Beast Xuanwu's three off-springs. Although it was not as strong as Mythical Beast Xuanwu, it was still a formidable monster by human standards.

Although the Cyan-fire Xuanwu at the bottom of the Bloody Trench had been dead for many years, its internal body was still burning with blazing cyan flames.

The closer one gets to the abdomen, the cyan flames become hotter and more exuberant.

Zhang Ruochen propped up a 10-meter diameter Space Domain to block out the cyan Xuanwu flame.

It took him 15 minutes to get through the layers of obstacles and arrive at the abdomen of Cyan-fire Xuanwu.

What he saw was a rusty iron pillar that had penetrated through the body of the Cyan-fire Xuanwu. At the center of its abdomen where the iron pillar was standing, streaks of dark Death Qi was pouring out.

A burly man in a golden armor was sitting cross-legged in the midst of the dark Death Qi. He was two meters tall and looked like he was around 40 years old. He had sharp features, a foot-long beard, and appeared to be hale and hearty.

Hanging on his waist was a token from the Ministry of War.

It turns out that he was also a soldier of Primitive World.

There was a terrifying aura emanating from him, one that was much more powerful than that of Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King. They could guess that he was probably a Half-Saint.

The only human monk who had reached Half-Saint realm throughout the entire Xixuan Sea was King Jinhuang.

This makes it easy for people to guess his identity and it would soon be exposed.

Zhang Ruochen instantly recognized him, and said, “King Jinhuang had arrived at the bottom of the Bloody Trench a long time ago.”

A spot of light appeared between King Jinhuang’s eyebrows.

In the spot of light between his eyebrows, there was a Qi Sea. There was a blue star in it and the star was emitting a formidable, powerful Holy Qi.

Zhang Ruochen took a step forward with caution.

“Swoosh!”

In an instant, the blue star in between King Jinhuang’s eyebrows exuded ripples that propagated towards Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen felt the pressure coming from King Jinhuang, it was pressing on his body, and he felt as if he was being pushed down by force 10 times stronger than gravity.

When Zhang Ruochen took another step forward, the pressure doubled. It felt like there was a force 20 times stronger than the force of gravity pressing down on his body.

Zhang Ruochen took nine steps forward, but his body felt like he was holding up pressure that was nearly a 100 times stronger than that of gravity.

Zhang Ruochen looked intently at the spot in between King Jinhuang’s brows and thought to himself, “Although King Jinhuang has a reasonably high level of cultivation, he had only reached the Half-Saint Realm. It is not possible for him to possess the Holy Aura. The blue star in the Qi Sea between his brows must be the holy source of Xuanwu, and that must be how he had gotten so powerful.”

Half-Saint enables the progression of Martial soul into the Divine Soul.

When triggered, the Divine Soul could explode with Holy Aura. Hence, monks who wished to come near to it could not help but feel a sense of fear and awe towards it.

However, a Half-Saint is still one step behind a Saint. The power of the Holy Aura still has its limitations.

One could only be deemed a true Saint if he can condense the holy source.

The Holy Aura of a Saint would be much more powerful.

When a Saint becomes infuriated, his emotion alone could disturb the nature's law of heaven and earth, striking fear in all living creatures, propelling them to bow down in fear.

Just as Zhang Ruochen neared King Jinhuang, King Jinhuang suddenly opened his eyes to glare at Zhang Ruochen.

There were no pupils in King Jinhuang's eyes because the whites of his eye have turned black. His eyes looked like two black holes emanating massive death Qi.

"This is bad. King Jinhuang's body had been taken over by the Death Qi of the iron pillar; thus he has become an evil Half-Saint now." After realization hit him, Zhang Ruochen's face fell, and he quickly retreated.

King Jinhuang has conquered the holy source of Xuanwu and wanted to keep it in the Qi Sea. At the same time, he also wanted to take possession of the iron pillar filled with evil Qi.

The iron pillar was indeed a powerful warrior. The evil Death Qi contained in the iron pillar had amazing strength, and King Jinhuang would not be able to suppress it.

For this reason, King Jinhuang has lost control of himself and surrendered to the power of the iron pillar instead.

"Swoosh!"

King Jinhuang's black eyes shot two beams of chilling light, resembling two lightning bolts. The rays of light struck Zhang Ruochen on his chest.

Zhang Ruochen had no choice but to escape by opening the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, injecting Genuine Qi into it and using it to defend himself.

The inscription on the scroll instantly emerged, sending out streaks of white light that collided with the two black light beams.

“Ch-ch!”

Zhang Ruochen was pushed five feet backward before he found his footing again.

The two light beams that shot out from King Jinhuang’s eyes gradually faded with the white glow that was emitted by the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. They disintegrated into black light spots that eventually dispersed in the water.

Yin Yang Wooden Graph possessed the power of surpressing evil Qi, just like how the Blood Spirit Queen was once suppressed by it.

Caught by surprise, King Jinhuang said, “Young man, you may possess remarkable skills, but I would advise you to leave this place as quickly as you can. If not I might strike again and you will not escape death.”

Zhang Ruochen held the Yin Yang Wooden Graph in one hand and the Ancient Abyss Sword in the other and took a step forward. He said, “King Jinhuang, you are the one who should be leaving, not me. You weren’t even aware that your heart had been taken over by the evil Death Qi contained in the iron pillar. I am afraid you have become an Evil Slave to the iron pillar.”

King Jinhuang roared with laughter and confidently said, “As a king, I have accumulated a 100 years of experience in the Battlefields of the Primitive World, fought through countless bloody fights. My mind is steadfast and unwavering. What can the evil power of the iron pillar do to me?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and said, “If only you have a mirror in front of you right now, you will be able to see how hideous you look.”

As Zhang Ruochen finished his sentence, he lifted his finger and pointed it forward.

“swoosh!”

A halo started diffusing out of his fingertips and condensed into a circular spirit light mirror that was suspended right in front of King Jinhuang.

The moment King Jinhuang saw his reflection in the mirror, his expression was painted with horror.

The person in the mirror was wrapped entirely in dark Evil Qi, his eyes were so dark that the pupils were not visible, and all the meridians on his face were swollen. He resembled an evil ghost.

King Jinhuang shook his head violently, unable to accept that the person in the mirror was himself. He roared with a hoarse voice and said, “No... Not me... That is not me...”

“I am the king of the army of the Battlefield of Primitive World. I have never lost a single battle. How it is possible for Death Qi to invade my body? It was you; it was definitely you. How dare you play a prank on me? I am going to cut you into pieces once I finish refining this iron pillar.”

“Bam!”

As soon as Zhang Ruochen closed his fingers, the light mirror dissipated into thin air.

Zhang Ruochen took yet another step forward and said, “Look, King Jinhuang, I am one of the soldiers of Primitive World, and you are the Commander in Chief of the soldiers of Primitive World; but here you are, and you want to kill me. This goes to show that evil Qi of the iron pillar has corrupted your heart and you are now addicted to killing.”

As King Jinhuang felt more distressed than ever before, he clenched his teeth and his intention to kill swelled.

With a twisted expression, King Jinhuang said coldly, “Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King, go and kill this young fellow for me.”

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King?

Zhang Ruochen's heart dropped upon hearing this. He became alert and quietly mobilized his Genuine Qi.

All he could see was King Jinhuang stretching out his arm and a shadow of a red python emerging from his sleeve.

“Roar!”

The three-foot-long redcloud python flew in circles around the iron pillar, sending out a scarlet glow that formed a bright ball of light.

Moments later, the body of the redcloud python swelled and condensed into a human form. He flew out of the ball of light and landed on the ground. As he knelt on one knee in front of King Jinhuang, he said, “My greetings, master.”

It was indeed the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King.

Earlier, in the Scroll World when Zhang Ruochen was in the process of reaching the Fish-dragon Realm, the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King had dashed into the abdomen of Xuanwu with the intention of forcefully taking possession of the holy source of Xuanwu from King Jinhuang.

Unfortunately, after King Jinhuang took hold of the holy source of Xuanwu, the level of his cultivation elevated so quickly that the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was suppressed by King Jinhuang.

Also, King Jinhuang used the Inscription of Beast Taming to make the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King his riding vehicle.

After some careful studying, Zhang Ruochen realized that the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's aura was erratic and its eyes were lifeless. It was evident that he had sustained some serious injuries.

Moreover, there were streaks of Inscription of Beast Taming on Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's eyeballs. He has submitted himself to King Jinhuang and has become one of King Jinhuang's war beasts.

Zhang Ruochen started to get an idea of what happened. He looked at King Jinhuang and said, “I didn't come here to fight

with you, King Jinhuang. I am here to do a transaction for the holy source of Xuanwu. I would like to use Dragon Pearl for exchange.”

Zhang Ruochen could easily summon the Dragon Pearl out of his body since he had reached the Fish-dragon Realm.

“Who do you think you are? Did you think you were worthy enough to make deals with me?”

King Jinhuang had no intentions of dealing with Zhang Ruochen. With a smirk, he commanded, “Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King, kill him for me, and you can have the Dragon Pearl on his body.”

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King eyes sparkled, and his expression turned greedy.

It belonged to the dragon species, which meant that if he ingested a Dragon Pearl, he could morph into a flood dragon, which was a Seventh Level Savage Beast.

“Thank you, Master. I will do my best to get rid of this fellow.”

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King bowed to King Jinhuang, took out the Roaring Flame Hammer and walked towards Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen wavered a little. He knew that there was no way he could negotiate a deal with King Jinhuang now that the iron pillar has corrupted king Jinhuang’s consciousness and turned him into an evil monster.

The only thing he could do now was to take it by force.

Zhang Ruochen steadily lifted the Ancient Abyss Sword and said, “You are injured, Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King. You are not my match on the sea. I would advise you to flee now.”

“Haha, human boy, aren’t you injured as well? Do you seriously think that you can defeat me using the water pressure of the sea? Let me tell you honestly. Even if I were to be suppressed by the water pressure of the sea, I would still be the

Lord of Flood Dragon, and to me, you are only a mere ant,” laughed Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King.

Despite the environmental constraints, Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was confident of his abilities. He was confident that a human junior would not be able to defeat him.

Time was running short, and Zhang Ruochen did not want to waste his energy on Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King. With some footwork, he enacted nine bodily transformations and executed twelve streaks of sword Qi with one wave of his sword.

Having broken through to the Fish-dragon Realm, Zhang Ruochen’s Genuine Qi was on another level. To top that, he possessed powerful Martial Soul far surpass the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, so he could greatly rouse the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi.

His skills allowed him to activate more inscriptions from within the sword, and the Ancient Abyss Sword could manifest its fullest potential power.

The power that can be manifested from a Holy Weapon differ depending on whether you are a warrior of Heaven Realm or a monk of the Fish-dragon Realm; the power would be vastly different.

“Bang bang!”

There were 12 streaks of sword Qi, each 10 feet long, that were arranged into the shape of an arc. It created a potent attack and struck the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King, causing him to fall.

Chapter 554 - Battle with the Lord of Flood Dragon

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“How did the level of cultivation of this human boy become so powerful?”

To resist Zhang Ruochen’s Sword Qi, Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King wielded the Roaring Flame Hammer twelve times. However, not only did it fail to block Zhang Ruochen’s Sword Qi, but it was also pushed back by twelve steps.

At this moment, its arm was tingling with pain, and the Roaring Flame Hammer in its hands kept shaking.

Even if Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King were unscathed by such great power, it would not be able to match Zhang Ruochen’s skills, even at his prime.

It was not difficult for Zhang Ruochen to defeat Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King because they were fighting at the bottom of the sea, where Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King’s strength was suppressed to its lowest level.

Zhang Ruochen made a tremendous jump to the next realm by breaking through to the Fish-dragon Realm, so his level of cultivation had increased by leaps and bounds.

In comparison, the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was no match with Zhang Ruochen.

“Swosh!”

Taking advantage of this fact, Zhang Ruochen executed Space Moving and teleported himself to appear above Black

Skeleton Flood-dragon King. Holding his sword with both hands, he struck out a long ray of sword light.

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King refused to give in and continued its attack by wielding the Roaring Flame Hammer.

“Boom!”

A powerful shockwave reverberated from between the Ancient Abyss Sword and the Roaring Flame Hammer.

The Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King took another few steps back before lifting up the Roaring Flame Hammer so it could have a look. What it saw was a white crack on the hammer’s surface.

It is common knowledge that the Roaring Flame Hammer is a Holy Weapon.

The fact that a human boy’s sword made a crack in the Holy Weapon was incredible. Zhang Ruochen’s sword must have been an excellent weapon of the Divine Troops.

Not even the dragon scales on Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King’s body could protect him if that sword struck him.

“If we were on the surface of the earth, it would only take me one breath to blow you to ashes,” the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King said coldly.

“Well, unfortunately, we are not on the surface of the earth right now,” Zhang Ruochen responded.

“Boom!”

Suddenly, the Cyan-fire Xuanwu’s body started shaking violently.

Both Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King and Zhang Ruochen lost their balance and started swaying.

What was going on?

As Zhang Ruochen turned to look at King Jinhuang, he realized that King Jinhuang’s hands were grasping the top of the iron pillar and was slowly lifting it up.

It was not the Cyan-fire Xuanwu that was shaking, but the iron pillar that penetrated the Xuanwu's body.

This was not good.

King Jinhuang was about to seize the Iron Pillar and make it his war weapon.

If he succeeds, he will become even stronger. By then no one would be able to defeat him.

"I am your opponent, human boy."

When Zhang Ruochen turned to look at King Jinhuang, Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King grabbed the opportunity to strike with the Roaring Flame Hammer to hit Zhang Ruochen's head.

Zhang Ruochen realized how dangerous it was so he quickly mobilized space power and performed Space Moving to teleport himself behind Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King.

"Swift Swordsmanship."

With a flash of sword radiance, the Ancient Abyss Sword, carrying with it the power of time, hacked down Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's head.

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's heart almost jumped out as it did not expect Zhang Ruochen to wield his sword with such speed. It instantly dodged to the left with the typical posture of a flood dragon.

When it realized that it was not injured, it was able to calm down and regain composure.

Then Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King said, "The speed of your sword technique was indeed very fast. Unfortunately, you lack accuracy."

Zhang Ruochen replied saying, "Is that so?"

"Swoosh!"

All of a sudden, a breach appeared on the crown of Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's head.

Crimson blood gushed out of the breach.

The wave of the sword had cut off Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's fleshy crown. The crown was only coming off now because the sword moved too fast.

A flood dragon's fleshy crown, also known as 'Redcrown Mushroom' condenses all of the flood dragon's spirit and wisdom. Once damaged, it will lose a massive amount of principal Qi.

"How dare you...you...human boy...ah..."

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King became hysterical and cried out in agony.

Pieces of scarlet scales grew from within its skin. Its body continued to expand; palms spread open to turn into claws and legs turned into a dragon tail. Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King transformed into an enormous red dragon.

"Bang!"

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King sprang upwards and dragged along the Cyan-fire Xuanwu as it slowly rose to the top.

Although Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was furious because its fleshy crown had been severed, it was wise enough to be aware of its disadvantage in confronting Zhang Ruochen from the bottom of the sea. After all, it was Lord of the Flood Dragons...

It can only exert its full power and kill Zhang Ruochen if it returned to the surface of the sea.

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King is a Sixth Level Savage Beast. After transforming to its true form, Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's physical strength increased tremendously, so much so that it was able to drag the body of Cyan-fire Xuanwu.

At the same time, the iron pillar flew upwards under the command of King Jinhuang.

When Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's power and King Jinhuang's came together, they quickly rose towards the surface and arrived at the midsection of the Bloody Trench.

“This won’t do. I have to kill Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King as soon as possible. If we were to return to the surface of the sea, I would be compromised.”

Zhang Ruochen took off on his feet and started skipping. He gathered his powers and struck his combat sword towards the neck of Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King.

“Poof!”

With one stroke, the Ancient Abyss Sword cut through the top layer of scales on Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King’s neck. The dragon’s skin split open and left a bleeding wound.

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was physically very strong, so even the Ancient Abyss Sword would be unable to sever its head with one stroke.

Just as Zhang Ruochen was about to wield the second stroke, a breath of Gold Inferno was blown by Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King, condensing into a giant pillar of fire directed towards Zhang Ruochen.

Gold Inferno is a superior level Beast Fire. Only Sixth Level Savage Beasts that have absorbed huge amounts of metal and fire nature can condense the natures and form this fire.

Since the pressure of water has decreased dramatically, Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was finally able to wield the Gold Inferno.

If they continue to move towards shallow waters, the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King would be able to summon more powerful attacks.

Zhang Ruochen did not dare touch the Gold Inferno, so he shrank the Space Domain into a circle three-meter in diameter and wrapped it around him.

While the coverage of the space domain shrunk, the power of the space domain increased immensely.

With the protection of the Space Domain, Zhang Ruochen passed through the Gold Inferno and was able to wield his sword and struck the neck of Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King once again.

“Poof!”

A deep cut appeared on Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King’s neck, and blood gushed out from within its skin like a red waterfall.

Just one more strike from the sword is enough to cut off Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King’s head.

When Zhang Ruochen was about to strike for the third time, the power on Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King increased dramatically.

A layer of crimson holy light poured out of Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King and wrapped around its body.

“Boom!” A loud noise resounded.

The layer of holy light was able to block the Ancient Abyss Sword from striking Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King’s neck. The holy light tremored, creating ripples.

“Roar!”

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King stretched out his claws and pressed them down on Zhang Ruochen’s head.

At this point, Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King had brought Cyan-fire Xuanwu’s body towards the sea surface until they were less than 10,000 meters away from the sea surface.

A cloud of Gold Inferno wrapped around the claws, forming a fire cloud.

Before the dragon’s claw struck Zhang Ruochen, a strong gust of wind came from different directions and circled Zhang Ruochen’s body. The suppressive force was so intense that Zhang Ruochen could not even move a limb.

“Swosh!”

Zhang Ruochen performed the Space Moving technique to move past the claws. He landed on top of Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King’s head, then tapped on Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King’s forehead with his finger.

“Space collapse.”

A massive force from within the space exploded and surged towards Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King.

Where the space power progressed, gaps started to appear; forming a network of cracks that kept spreading. The cracks exposed a dark, chaotic void.

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King immediately mobilized Holy Qi to form a seven-layer defense light and pushed it forward to block Zhang Ruochen's Power of Space.

A series of crackles sounded. As space collapsed, the seven-layer defense light disintegrated above Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King.

“Bang! Bang!”

As space fell apart and disintegrated, Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's head started breaking; there was a network of bloody cracks all over.

At the same time, the battle have moved to shallow waters.

“Roar!”

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's powers were elevated to the next level.

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King gave a deafening roar and threw a punch with its claws, producing fierce flames that struck Zhang Ruochen. The blow sent Zhang Ruochen flying 33 meters back. He landed with a thud against a bone wall.

The collapsed space restored its calm when it broke free from Zhang Ruochen's control.

Zhang Ruochen got up from the ground and spat out a mouthful of blood. He muttered, “Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was already wounded by King Jinhuang and even had its fleshy crown cut off. Also, its neck was almost chopped off by the Ancient Abyss Sword. Despite all of that, once we returned to shallower seas, it was able to restore and manifest unparalleled strength.”

“Can a Fish-dragon Realm monk ever match up to a Half-Saint? Would it even be possible for a fatally injured Half-Saint to easily defeat a superior of the Fish-dragon Realm?”

Earlier, when the space collapsed, Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King's head was fractured, and even parts of its skull and teeth were exposed.

However, Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King continued to survive with the support of the Holy Qi.

The power emanating from Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was like a towering mountain, which was something people could only admire from afar. Every time he moves his claws, it manifests an earth-shattering power.

“Whoo!”

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King let out a breath that instantly condensed into thousands of wind blades. They gathered to form a huge torrent of wind blades, that made noisy clanking sounds. The wind blades were all flying towards Zhang Ruochen.

The breath of a Half-Saint could be more terrifying than a violent storm.

“Swish swish!”

Zhang Ruochen quickly wielded his sword, and countless streams of sword Qi started to intertwine together, forming a tight sword net in front of him.

“Bang!”

In an instant, the torrent of wind blades shattered the sword net and flew directly to Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen was thrown back from the impact.

Under the impact of the wind blade torrent, Zhang Ruochen flew out of the body of Cyan-fire Xuanwu and landed on the sea surface.

Zhang Ruochen's body was immediately covered with dozens of bloody wounds. One of the injuries was so deep it had cut through two of his ribs and almost injured his internal organs.

Back on the surface of the sea, the sun was so bright that he could barely open his eyes.

“Boom!”

In the distance, King Jinhuang pulled out the iron pillar that penetrated the body of Cyan-fire Xuanwu and flew to the clouds.

Black Death Qi was flowing from his body condensed into a cloud. At that moment, King Jinhuang looked like a statue of the Demon Lord. He carried the iron pillar on his shoulder and looked down at Zhang Ruochen, grinning, he said, "Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King, I am handing Zhang Ruochen over to you. When you have killed him, remember to bring the body of Cyan-fire Xuanwu back to Huangyu Island for me."

When King Jinhuang had finished speaking, he rode on a dark cloud and left.

"King Jinhuang, leave the Xuanwu holy source behind..."

Zhang Ruochen was about to catch up when suddenly, a deafening roar sounded. The Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King flew out from the left eye socket of the Cyan-fire Xuanwu and was suspended mid-air, struggling frantically.

He fully transformed to his true form. He resembled a crimson mountain ridge suspended in mid-air, and he was blocking Zhang Ruochen's way.

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King stared at Zhang Ruochen below and said, "Human boy, on the sea surface, you are a mere ant to me. All I need to do is let out one breath, and you will turn into a bloody fog."

Zhang Ruochen could only watch as King Jinhuang disappeared into the horizon. Zhang Ruochen clenched his fists in helplessness, stared at Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King and said, "Is that it? It seems that I have to unlock the second level seal of Sarira to get a hold of the Xuanwu holy source."

"It's no use. You will die trying if you try to resist."

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King swung its huge tail, hoping to smack it on Zhang Ruochen, believing that it would kill him.

However, the moment the tail reached Zhang Ruochen, he caught it with one hand.

“This...this can't...be...”

Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was shocked. He looked towards Zhang Ruochen and saw streaks of faint Buddha's light emitting from his body.

Chapter 555 - Power of Half-Saint

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Swoosh!”

As the second seal of Sarira had been unlocked, the golden Buddha’s light emerged on Zhang Ruochen’s body.

A lot of Buddhist patterns, sanskrit, and sutras soared out of the Sarira. Finally, with a hum, they all condensed into a virtual shadow of a 333-meter-high golden Buddha.

Zhang Ruochen stood absolutely still on the surface of the sea and slowly lifted his right arm.

The golden Buddha shadow also extended its huge hand, in sync with Zhang Ruochen. Furthermore, It grabbed the Black Skeleton Dragon King’s tail to prevent its attack.

“Crack!”

He seized the tail of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King and rendered it immobile. Zhang Ruochen dragged its body and threw it violently. The body flew straight into the clouds.

Since Zhang Ruochen was powerful enough to lift a huge mountain easily, let alone the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

When the Golden Dragon handed the Sarira to Zhang Ruochen, he made four levels of seals and the first three seals all possessed temporary great power.

The power of the first Sarira seal would be comparable to a Monk in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The power of the second Sarira seal was comparable to a Half-Saint, for a little while.

The third Sarira seal could make him temporarily more formidable than a Saint.

In the Heaven Realm, Zhang Ruochen only owned the power of the first Sarira seal. Afterwards, in Fish-dragon Realm, the second seal granted him two hours of Half-Saint Class power.

Billions of warriors in Kunlun's Field spent their lifetimes pursuing the unobtainable power of a Half-Saint.

However, Zhang Ruochen could own two hours of Half-Saint Class power in his twenties.

Zhang Ruochen would have entirely different understanding of the Holy Road by this opportunity

If a Monk of the Fish-dragon Realm is like an ant, then a Half-Saint is like a man.

[Remove]

It would as difficult for an ant to become a man as it would be for it to climb into heaven.

However, if the ant could be a man for even two hours, it would develop a broader understanding of the worldview and power of a man.

When it changed back into an ant, it would practice properly and be a Half-Saint more easily and successfully.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen was an ant.

In the next two hours, Zhang Ruochen needed to both capture Xuanwu's holy source and to understand the power of a Half-Saint better.

The formidable power of Zhang Ruochen shocked the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

After it had stopped its body from struggling, it sought to launch a counterattack.

However, it could find no trace of Zhang Ruochen on the sea.

Where had the small boy gone?

“Don’t waste anymore time. I am above your head.”

Zhang Ruochen lifted his Ancient Abyss Sword high above the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

“Swoosh!”

Because of the great power of its inscription, the Ancient Abyss Sword expanded to ten feet long, and it hit the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King heavily.

“Pffff!”

The body of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King broke into two parts.

Blood flowed out of the corpse like a waterfall.

The corpse rushed into the sea with a big splash. Moreover, one piece of the corpse hit a small island, causing it to sink.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his sword with a splatter of blood.

Then, he flew extremely quickly at an altitude of hundreds of meters to chase King Jinhuang.

...

...

King Jinhuang needed to return to Huangyu Island and to refine the disobedient Iron Pillar. As a result, he had only ordered the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King to kill Zhang Ruochen.

However, King Jinhuang felt that he was disconnected from the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King shortly into his flight.

“What had happened?”

King Jinhuang stopped and looked backwards.

The Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King had become his personal warbeast, under the control of his Inscription of Beast Taming.

However, the connection between the owner and the warbeast could be destroyed in only two ways.

First, the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King may have refined the Inscription of Beast Taming and escaped.

Second, the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King may have been killed.

King Jinhuang had not considered the true reason, because the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King was a Sixth Level Savage Beast and its power was comparable to a Half-Saint . Therefore, in Xuanwu Primitive World nobody could kill him so easily.

King Jinhuang wanted to return to figure it out.

From the distance came some ethereal music which sounded like thousands of chanting Buddhists. Many sound waves moved around the King of Jinhuang surrounded with the clouds and the sea.

The evil black Qi emanating from King Jinhuang gently touched the sound waves. With a squeaking sound, it dissipated immediately.

“Was it possible that a holy Buddhist monk had come to Xuanwu Primitive World?”

King Jinhuang was so alert that he pressed the Iron Pillar with palms, ready to start the battle.

“Swoosh!”

In the sky, a 333-meter-high Buddha shadow was formed under a golden Cloud of Buddhism and it looked solemnly down at King Jinhuang.

Zhang Ruochen stood still in the palm of the Buddha, covered with gold from the Cloud of Buddhism, and showed his great determination.

“It’s you?”

When King Jinhuang felt the waves of power from Zhang Ruochen with a glance, he suddenly said with amazement, “It is really interesting that you have such a precious power from the Sarira of the Buddhist Emperor. If it belonged to me, I would be able to reach the realm of the Saint.”

Zhang Ruochen was the Buddha Emperor's descendant, and everybody, including King Jinhuang, knew it.

Zen-like, Zhang Ruochen said, "King Jinhuang, you had owned the holy source of Xuanwu, so it is too greedy of you to crave the Sarira of the Buddhist Emperor. If you have both, you will probably explode and die because of the collision of the two power."

"Ha ha!"

King Jinhuang laughed loudly and said, "The holy source of Xuanwu and the Sarira of the Buddhist Emperor are so priceless that I desire them both. Zhang Ruochen, since you had the power to kill the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, I would allow you to leave without the Sarira of the Buddhist Emperor."

"That is totally impossible," said Zhang Ruochen.

King Jinhuang held the Iron Pillar firmly and his long hair stood straight up.

Inky, dead Qi circulated around his body like a cluster of evil, whirling clouds.

In the distance, numerous golden and black clouds collided, turning the entire sea half golden and half black.

Instantly, Zhang Ruochen launched the attack first without excessive words.

"Swift Swordsmanship. "

He unhesitatingly used one of his unique techniques at first.

If possible, he wished to conquer King Jinhuang by one move.

"Swish!" Zhang Ruochen used the Space Moving technique once again to teleport before King Jinhuang.

He integrated a Time Mark into his sword movements and stabbed King Jinhuang between the eyes.

King Jinhuang was truly the Commander in Chief of the Primitive World. He had the experience of surviving thousands of wars. Therefore, when the tip of the Ancient Abyss Sword was only an inch away from his face,

King Jinhuang moved the thick Iron Pillar horizontally, blocking the Ancient Abyss Sword.

King Jinhuang quickly retreated and touched his forehead stained with blood.

Zhang Ruochen's sword move had broken through his defense and left a six-centimeter-long cut on his forehead.

“You are really a talent from the Saint Academy. You can control the space, and you can also manipulate the power of time. I underestimated you.”

King Jinhuang breathed deeply and inhaled the Death Qi from the Iron Pillar.

His body turned as black as if he were died. His skin shone like black metal, and he looked just like he was made from the same material as the Iron Pillar.

It meant that he would soon become an evil slave of the Iron Pillar.

Once he was enslaved, King Jinhuang would become an unconscious puppet of the Iron Pillar.

“You must die!”

King Jinhuang moved the Holy Qi in his body from his palms into the Iron Pillar.

Many evil imprints began to appear on the thicker Iron Pillar. The Iron Pillar became an evil, indomitable pillar which linked the sky and the sea.

A grayish black shadow of an undead soul flew from the top of the pillar.

The temperature dropped suddenly.

At the same time, the blowing wind was bleak in the black sky and the surface of the sea turned into hell on earth for 50km in every direction.

Such a horrible evil weapon seemed able to penetrate the world. Even the Ancient Abyss Sword began to tremble and scream.

Also, Zhang Ruochen could not clearly know King Jinhuang's full power, which was unimaginable.

What kind of evil weapon was it?

“Swoosh!”

The Iron Pillar vibrated, creating a current of strength Qi like a wave of water that attacked Zhang Ruochen.

Holding the sword in both hands, Zhang Ruochen quickly gathered his strength to hack forward.

With a “bang,” the evil Qi crushed Zhang Ruochen's sword Qi in a flash.

The formless, evil Qi swept towards Zhang Ruochen.

In an instant, all the illusions formed by the evil Qi disappeared. Instead, it turned into hundreds of thousands of roaring undead soldiers. They rushed down on Zhang Ruochen from the sky as if to devour him.

The Heart of the Sword between Zhang Ruochen's eyes began running quickly.

He held the sword horizontally with both hands.

In an instant, many flying sword shadows turned into a sword wall, suspended in thin air.

“Crack!”

All the sword shadows were suddenly crushed.

A huge evil force hit Zhang Ruochen and broke through his Buddha's light. As a result, he flew several kilometers away and fell.

Chapter 556 - Capture the Holy Source

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen's legs sank, but he regained his footing. An icing air gushed out from his feet, turning seawater into thick ice.

Standing on the ice, Zhang Ruochen held his aching chest with one hand and stared at King Jinhuang.

“The iron pillar is too powerful; no one can go against it. The iron pillar was shaking, and it sent out a shockwave with such tremendous force. If it falls down, I'm afraid all Saints will be killed.”

During the blow, a shockwave from the pillar broke throughout the defense of Sarira, hitting Zhang Ruochen and wounding him.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen's clothes were painted with bloodstains. Even his hair was dripping with blood.

However, Zhang Ruochen could see that King Jinhuang was not capable of controlling the Iron Pillar.

The pillar has the potential to become extremely powerful, but it needed a lot of Holy Qi to activate it. Due to King Jinhuang's limited cultivation, he could only exert a small percentage of the Iron Pillar's full strength.

Unfortunately, even the little bit of power that was exerted was almost strong enough to kill Zhang Ruochen.

King Jinhuang, whose body was as dark as charcoal was majestically floating. He stared at Zhang Ruochen and

shouted, "I have the Pillar of the Vicious Sea. Even if ten Half-saints come here, they will not be able to beat me. You are a young boy with limited cultivation, how dare you to fight against me?"

Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Buddhist spirit of the Sarira to suppress his injury temporarily. He said fearlessly, "King Jinhuang, if the Death Qi had not invaded you, you could have relied on your cultivation and rich fighting experience, you could defeat me. Even with the help of Buddhist Emperor's Sarira, I would not be a worthy opponent for you."

"However, you have been invaded by Evil Qi, and now you are only a puppet controlled by an evil weapon. It will be easy for me to beat you."

King Jinhuang laughed, "Are you kidding? I have the help of Pillar of the Vicious Sea, am I still not good enough to fight you?"

"Yes."

Zhang Ruochen said loudly.

Then, he put the Yin Yang Wooden Graph in his left hand and started injecting Buddha spirit into it.

Suddenly, space inscriptions on the surface of the scroll lit up with glowing white light.

Even the pattern in the center of the scroll gradually came to life. At first, a golden leaf stretched out from the scroll. Then, a branch followed the leaf, and an over 33-meter golden treasure tree grew out of the surface of the scroll.

The Yin Yang Wooden Graph did contain not only an internal space but also a space treasure that was refined by Saint Monk Xumi who had solid defensive and attacking skills.

In the past, Zhang Ruochen's cultivations were too weak to manifest the real power of Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

"It is useless. Any weapons will be vulnerable compared with the Pillar of the Vicious Sea."

"Bang!" King Jinhuang's hands clapped on the Iron Pillar.

The pillar shook again and gushed out a layer of strength, which became tidewater that struck towards Zhang Ruochen.

The attack was more powerful than any of the previous attacks.

Zhang Ruochen grasped the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and started to control the 33-meter golden treasure tree. He jerked the tree forward to disperse the power of the Iron Pillar quickly.

“How... How did this happen?” King Jinhuang’s face changed.

“You are using the power of the evil weapon. Why can’t I make use of the power of the Divine Tree?”

Zhang Ruochen exerted Divine Dragon Transformation, summoning a dragon that was over 33-meter long. The dragon stretched out its paw, grabbed the treasure tree, passed through layers of Death Qi, before appearing right above King Jinhuang.

“Swoosh!”

The golden treasure tree swept forward and scattered all the Evil Qi of the Iron Pillar.

At the same time, the golden dragon spat out a fist-sized Dragon Pearl. “Whew!” The pearl turned into a golden light shuttle that struck King Jinhuang and pushed him back flying.

The power of the Dragon Pearl was so strong that one strike was enough to push King Jinhuang’s chest downward.

King Jinhuang spat out black blood and fell into the Xixuan Sea.

“Ouch!”

The golden dragon let out a cry and rushed into the sea. Soon after, it found King Jinhuang and struck him with its claw. King Jinhuang’s armor was smashed, and lines of bloody wounds appeared on his body.

Then, the golden dragon’s body shrunk to become a human figure again.

Zhang Ruochen rushed forward, grabbed King Jinhuang by the neck, dragged him to a small island, and suppressed King Jinhuang with the golden treasure tree.

Zhang Ruochen used his right hand to hold down King Jinhuang's shoulder. With his left hand, he curled his fingers into a claw shape and struck between King Jinhuang's eyebrows.

“Swoosh!”

Under the attack of Zhang Ruochen, King Jinhuang's Qi Sea has torn apart and a breach formed.

Zhang Ruochen's hand reached into the center of King Jinhuang's eyebrows, grasped the Xuanwu holy source in his Qi Sea and took it out.

The Xuanwu holy source was as bright as a gem and was shining with a dazzling light.

However, after looking closely, one could see black lines on the surface of the Xuanwu holy source indicating that it contained some Death Qi, making people feel somewhat repulsed.

When Zhang Ruochen held the holy source in his hand, a stream of murderous, greedy, insidious and negative emotions filled him.

In a flash, Zhang Ruochen's eyes turned gray. His expressions would change: sometimes gloomy, sometimes greedy, or sometimes even murderous.

“Zhang Ruochen... You will fall into evil... Wake up at once...”

A dignified and cold voice slapped Zhang Ruochen in the face, causing Zhang Ruochen to shudder.

Then, Zhang Ruochen felt a stream of Holy Qi coming from his vest, rushing into his meridians, pouring into his Qi Sea, and expelled negative emotions in his mind.

“Swoosh!”

A wisp of black gas was released from Zhang Ruochen's head.

In a flash, Zhang Ruochen woke up and immediately threw the holy source on the ground.

“Crash! Crash!”

The sound of corrosion was heard immediately. The majority of the island’s mud turned black instantly.

Zhang Ruochen looked at his palm, where a faint black mark remained.

He only felt cold all over his body, frightened. He breathed out a sigh of relief, “What a terrible Evil Qi that was. It almost made me lose consciousness.”

“King Jinhuang have developed a strong will after experiencing countless bloody battles on the Battlefield of Primitive World. He has a rock-solid will and has encountered life-death situations. The king, who has Half-Saint Class cultivation, even had the power of the iron pillar with him. Even with all of that, he is still unable to bear the Evil Qi on the Xuanwu holy source. For a young fellow like me, it is almost a given that I could not resist its command.

A deep voice came from behind him.

Zhang Ruochen turned around and saw King Jinhuang standing behind him with a trace of Holy Blood dripping from his mouth. It was obvious that King Jinhuang was seriously injured.

Zhang Ruochen bowed and said, “Predecessor, thank you for your help. Without your help, I’m afraid I would be an Evil Slave now.”

After being taken out the Xuanwu holy source, King Jinhuang’s will was able to suppress Evil Qi. He was fully conscious.

It was King Jinhuang who had awaken Zhang Ruochen.

“Your kindness and hatred have been distinguished. It’s no wonder that you can become a descendant of Buddha Emperor. As expected, those men in powerful saint families cannot compare with you.”

King Jinhuang stared at Zhang Ruochen with a look of appreciation and smiled, “You do not have to thank me. I have to thank you. Thanks to your help, I can maintain my reputation.”

King Jinhuang fought for mankind in the Battlefield of Primitive World, made numerous military achievements, and opened up vast territories of the Primitive World. He deserved to be a cautious and conscientious general.

If he was really controlled by the Evil Qi and turned into an Evil Slave, he could have ruined his reputation and brought trouble to his family.

Regardless, Zhang Ruochen saved him. He owed Zhang Ruochen a huge favor.

Zhang Ruochen stared at the holy source on the ground and hurriedly asked, “Predecessor, how could the holy source have such evil power?”

King Jinhuang’s eyes were also fixed on the holy source on the ground. He squinted his eyes, shook his head and sighed, “The Xuanwu holy source has no evil power, but the Pillar of the Vicious Sea is a monstrously evil thing. It suppresses the body of Xuanwu in the bottom of the water for many years. As a result, it corroded the Xuanwu holy source.”

“When I got the holy source, I did not know that Evil Qi had corrupted it. After refining it, my will was affected by it.”

“Later, my greed grew stronger and stronger. After taking the Pillar of the Vicious Sea, the Evil Qi in my body became more and more intense. Finally, I walked on a road of no return.”

King Jinhuang asked, “Boy, you already have the Buddha Emperor Relic. How could you be so greedy that you fought so hard to capture the Xuanwu holy source?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “I want to use it to save people. I am afraid it is too late.”

King Jinhuang wrinkled his eyebrows and said, “I was the first one to find the holy source, so the holy source is rightfully mine. However, since you saved me, I can give it to you.”

“Predecessor, why would you want to return the favor this early?” Asked Zhang Ruochen.

King Jinhuang was slightly embarrassed, but he still said with awe, “The truth is... That’s what I should have said, but what I wanted to say was... I saved you at first and gave you the holy source, so we are even now.”

In a different scenario, Zhang Ruochen might have argued with King Jinhuang because he would never let King Jinhuang return the favor to him that easily.

After all, Zhang Ruochen had the chance to kill him before, but he only chose to extract the holy source without hurting King Jinhuang.

At the moment, however, Zhang Ruochen had no time to talk about this because he still had more important things to do.

Zhang Ruochen held the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, crouched down and wrapped the holy source in the scroll. Then, he gently unfolded the scroll and laid it flat on the ground.

“Swoosh!”

Zhang Ruochen sat on the ground and mobilized Buddha’s spirit. He released a golden Buddha pillar with both hands, injecting it into the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. Relying on the special powers of the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, he started to refine the Evil Qi in the Xuanwu holy source.

He can only give the Xuanwu holy source to Huang Yanchen after he has refined the Evil Qi.

Chapter 557 - Saving People

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The black evil Qi on the Xuanwu holy source was refined by the light on the Yin Yang Wooden Graph. The evil Qi gradually dissipated, turned invisible, and became crystal-clear and shining again.

Strong Holy Qi gushed out on the surface of the holy source. After contact with the air, the Holy Qi instantly condensed into charmingly fragrant droplets.

Every drop was a drop of Sacred Liquid.

Taking the Sacred Liquid would benefit the warriors of the Four Mortal Realms very much.

Originally, it had been difficult for Zhang Ruochen to get a drop of Sacred Liquid. Now, more than 100 drops of Sacred Liquid were suspended in the air like nectar, gleaming brilliantly.

“Only the Holy Qi from the Xuanwu holy source could condense into so much Sacred Liquid. How much power does the Saint Academy contain?”

Zhang Ruochen waved his sleeve and gathered over 100 drops into fist-sized blue water polo ball. Then, he swallowed the ball.

After swallowing more than 100 drops of Sacred Liquid at one time, a popping sound came from his body. The Genuine Qi Zhang Ruochen had consumed recovered completely.

Meanwhile, Zhang Ruochen felt like his cultivation had improved a little.

“If my Senior Sister swallows the Xuanwu holy source, will she... will she be refined by Holy Liquid all the time? How fast will her cultivation speed be improved?”

The old Saints would pass on their holy source to the new generation of successors in powerful families after their death.

However, powerful Saint families would have more than one successor. In order to have more new Saints in their families, these families would divide the holy source into several parts.

In this way, at least one could reach the realm of the Saints.

If a powerful Saint family could not produce a saint, the family would decline rapidly, and its wealth would be divided by other forces.

Cultivating a Saint was extremely difficult. Even a little mistake could result in no Saints in a powerful family.

In many powerful Saint families, new Saints would be born after an old Saint's death. They could break through to the Saint realm when they took part of the holy source.

Therefore, if a complete holy source was born, many powerful families would fight for such a precious resource.

The Cyan Fire Xuanwu holy source was more powerful and precious than other holy sources.

If Huang Yanchen could take the holy source, her status in her family would increase greatly. She would become part of the core group of descendants, and she would have a chance at supreme authority in future.

Zhang Ruochen looked in the direction of King Jinhuang. After a while, he still did not open the internal space of Yin Yang Wooden Graph in front of King Jinhuang.

Although King Jinhuang owed Zhang Ruochen a favor, he also knew that Zhang Ruochen could control the Power of Time and Space.

As the saying goes, “Never relax vigilance against evil-doers.”

Zhang Ruochen and King Jinhuang had only met recently, so Zhang Ruochen did not know what kind of person he was. For

now, Zhang Ruochen wanted to keep the secret of the internal space to himself.

Zhang Ruochen greeted King Jinhuang, and then he rushed forward, flew thousands of miles away, and dove to the bottom of the sea. After he had completely left King Jinhuang's sight, he opened the door of space and entered the internal space.

Huang Ruochen, like a sleeping beauty, lay quietly under the new seedlings of Sacred Tree with her long, royal-blue hair spread on the ground and her eyes gently closed.

Fortunately, in the world of the Sacred Prime Tree, Blackie had powerful cultivation. He ignited the Wood Spirit of the Sacred Tree and infused Huang Yanchen's body with it to save her life.

"Zhang Ruochen, if you came back two hours late, I'm afraid that I would not be able to keep her alive," Blackie said.

"Thank you," Zhang Ruochen said.

Then, Zhang Ruochen hurried to help Huang Ruochen to take the Xuanwu holy source. Afterward, he sat in front of Huang Ruochen with his legs crossed, holding her hands up tightly.

Later, Zhang Ruochen mobilized the Buddha spirit in his body and poured the Buddha spirit into Huang Yanchen's body through his palm.

"Swoosh!"

A blue column of light flashed out from Huang Yanchen's body, like a lightsaber passing through her chest and back.

Then, dozens of columns of light shot out, centered on the Xuanwu holy source.

The columns condensed to form an illusory image of Xuanwu, over 33-meters tall, which wrapped itself around her body.

The surrounding air condensed into drops of Sacred Liquid. At first, there were dozens of drops, then hundreds, then thousands, then tens of thousands...

The Sacred Liquid, like raindrops, completely covered the space around Huang Ruochen.

Huang Ruochen began to absorb the Holy Qi of Xuanwu holy source according to the exercises of the Xuanwu Sutra. The Holy Qi

circulated through Huang Ruochen's meridians.

"I finally did it!"

Zhang Ruochen was relieved to know that Huang Ruochen had passed the dangerous period. He slowly withdrew his palm.

The power of the Sarira receded like the falling tide.

The power in Zhang Ruochen's body disappeared in a flash.

A feeling of weakness, pain, and exhaustion flooded over him. His brain became groggy. His eyelids grew heavier and heavier and finally closed completely. He fell forward.

Suddenly, a beautiful, white hand stretched out from the side to hold Zhang Ruochen's arm. Concerned, Ao Xinyan said, "Group Leader, what's wrong with you? Wake up!"

Ao Xinyan had not healed herself. From beginning to end, she stayed next to Zhang Ruochen in case there were any accidents.

She saw Zhang Ruochen's face turn pale suddenly, and she knew that it was not good. So, she rushed over and kept Zhang Ruochen from falling.

Blackie sashayed over and said evenly, "Girl, do not worry about him. He was hurt badly, and he used the power of Buddhist Emperor Sarira. So, he became very weak."

Ao Xinyan held Zhang Ruochen in her arms and continued to infuse Zhang Ruochen's body with Genuine Qi. She said eagerly, "You know, the leader has not fainted from a serious injury before. He was really badly hurt this time. Now, what should we do if his injury worsens without the protection of Genuine Qi? "

Blackie said, "For anybody else, this injury would prove fatal. However, Zhang Ruochen is not just anybody."

“A mark of the gods guards Zhang Ruochen’s Qi Sea. The Dragon Pearl guards his body. Unless his head is cut off, no serious injury can kill him.”

Attracting the Chord of the Gods was equivalent to having the gods protect the body, which was very beneficial.

Simply put, monks had greater life force than ordinary people.

Also, because Zhang Ruochen had attracted the Chord of the Gods four times, his vitality was naturally stronger. Because of this, he could cure many injuries by himself without taking pills.

Although Zhang Ruochen had been invaded by evil Qi, it did not matter much.

Even if King Jinhuang had not rescued him, the mark of the gods in his Qi Sea would have expelled the evil Qi from his body. The evil Qi could not hurt him at all.

Blackie had already gone past, but when he returned, he saw Ao Xinyan still holding Zhang Ruochen and said, “Tch! Why do you care about him so much?”

Ao Xinyan was frozen. She looked away, pursed her lips, and said, “Group Leader... Group Leader... saved my life...”

Blackie understood Ao Xinyan’s actions. He laughed, and said, “Ha ha! Zhang Ruochen is indeed very good. I have met several girls who love him. However, Zhang Ruochen has never been tempted by any of them, or he has suppressed his emotions and forced himself not to be tempted by any of them.”

“Some of those girls have already left or have stopped hanging around Zhang Ruochen. I’m afraid it will be difficult for them to see Zhang Ruochen again in the future.”

“Some girls still act as friends. They insist on staying with him. As a result, they suffer a lot.”

“In a word, Zhang Ruochen has a lot of secrets. He is not the charming prince you are looking for. I advise that you stay away from the fire pit to avoid loneliness and sorrow in the future.”

Ao Xinyan looked somewhat flustered, and she said, "It's not what you think. I... I only admire the leader."

Three days later, Zhang Ruochen regained consciousness.

He sat up slowly with his hands. His whole body was still weak, but his injuries had recovered a lot. He was almost healed.

Before fainting, he vaguely remembered hearing Ao Xinyan's voice.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen did not think much of it. He only thought that when he passed out, Ao Xinyan had given him some pills. Therefore, his injuries had recovered so quickly.

Zhang Ruochen looked around and saw that Ao Xinyan and the Orange Star Emissary were healing. Huang Yanchen was still wrapped in the illusory image of Xuanwu. She had not woken up.

"Stabilize the injury first, and then go out."

Zhang Ruochen immediately raised his arms and hands to mobilize the Genuine Qi in his Qi Sea to run nine circulations through his body according to the operation mode of

Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean.

Four hours later, Zhang Ruochen's tiredness was swept away and he became fresh. His eyes became sharp.

Although his injury had not recovered yet, his power had recovered by 20 to 30 percent.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Scroll World alone.

His feet stepped on the bottom of the sea, and his body rushed out of the water like an arrow from a bow.

When Zhang Ruochen came to the island again, King Jinhuang had completely expelled the evil Qi from his body. His appearance was dignified and solemn.

Wearing broken armor, King Jinhuang stood upright on a black rock with his hands behind his back and looked at the Pillar of the Vicious Sea.

The Pillar of the Vicious Sea had been inserted to the bottom of the over 10,000-meter deep sea. So it was silent.

King Jinhuang pulled it out of the Bloody Trench and brought it to where the sea was shallow. He also injected a large amount of Holy Qi into it, which immediately aroused the Vessel Spirit of the pillar.

The aura of the pillar had become more and more horrible.

Even with King Jinhuang's cultivation, he did not dare to approach the pillar in case he was invaded by evil Qi again.

Chapter 558 - Another Meeting with an Ember Kylin

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

King Jinhuang knew that Zhang Ruochen had already returned, but he did not turn around. “The person you wanted to rescue, are they alright?”

Zhang Ruochen stood behind King Jinhuang and also stared at the Pillar of the Vicious Sea. He said, “Fortunately, she was given the Xuanwu holy source quickly. The period of danger has already passed.”

A moment later, King Jinhuang said, “The power of time and space is uncommon. Rumors say that only those who have activated a time and space Sacred Mark are able to control these two powers. Since ancient times, only two people have activated a time and space Sacred Mark. That makes you the third, right?”

To become a Half-Saint, one had to be broadly knowledgeable, with a thorough knowledge of martial arts and the profound mysteries in the world.

It was actually a very normal matter for King Jinhuang to have heard the rumors concerning the time and space Sacred Mark.

Zhang Ruochen said without surprise, “What are you talking about?”

King Jinhuang’s aura was distinctive. He naturally emanated an aura of awe. He smiled and said, “I am saying this to tell

you that I have not activated a time and space Sacred Mark. I will not covet your unique techniques in time and space.”

“Furthermore, we were familiar with each other at first glance. Without discord, there would be no concord. In the future, you don’t have to treat me as an elder, we can talk as equals.”

After reaching the Half-Saint realm, a Monk’s life expectancy would increase greatly.

Among them, some long-living Half-Saints could live to over two hundred years old.

On the surface, King Jinhuang looked about 40 years old. In reality, his true age was over one hundred. He was even older than Zhang Ruochen’s grandfather.

Zhang Ruochen smiled, “If the fact that I speak on equal terms with a Half-Saint got out, there would probably be countless people who would say that I am an arrogant scoundrel who has an exaggerated opinion of his own abilities.”

King Jinhuang said, “If I remember correctly, you are the Commandery Prince of an inferior commandery and a Baron of the First Central Empire. I am also a Baron, so how can we not be considered peers? Furthermore, you are a disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji, perhaps your seniority may exceed mine.”

Zhang Ruochen and King Jinhuang were indeed both Barons. However, Zhang Ruochen was the lowest “inferior commandery prince,” while King Jinhuang was an “inferior domain king,” a full three noble titles above him.

Ranks were very strict in the First Central Empire. A difference of one title of nobility was already the difference between heaven and earth, much less three noble titles.

However, if King Jinhuang did not care about such mumbo-jumbo then Zhang Ruochen would not be so pretentious.

“Alright! Since you have already said so much, then I will daringly call you brother.”

King Jinhuang laughed loudly and patted Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder. “Since you called me brother, then of course, I will have to protect my little brother’s secret.”

Afterward, King Jinhuang withdrew his smile and said solemnly, “I won’t tell anyone your secret of activating a time and space Sacred Mark.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded. Staring at the Pillar of the Vicious Sea, he asked, “How are you going to deal with this evil weapon?”

King Jinhuang’s brows locked together and he said, “Given my cultivation, I can’t restrain it. Earlier, I used a signal flare to send a message to the Ministry of War to send a Saint to restrain it.”

Even with King Jinhuang’s cultivation, he did not dare to touch the Pillar of the Vicious Sea. Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation was not even one percent of King Jinhuang’s, so he did not even dare to go near it.

Only a Saint would be able to contain such an evil weapon.

King Jinhuang suddenly thought of something and said, “The flesh of a sixth level redcloud python and the body of a Cyan Fire Xuanwu are rare treasures for you. You have to move quickly. Don’t let the fellows from the Ministry of War take advantage.”

If the masters from the Ministry of War arrived, they would certainly not stop at taking the Pillar of the Vicious Sea. They would probably also take the bodies of the Cyan-fire Xuanwu and the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

It was for this reason that King Jinhuang reminded him.

Zhang Ruochen understood tacitly, and he immediately triggered the Dragon Pearl Qi of Saint Dragon. The flesh on his back opened and formed into a pair of massive dragon wings.

“Whoosh!”

The dragon wings spread out and gave off streaks of golden light. Zhang Ruochen controlled the wings and flew up, leaving a shadow on the ocean.

A moment later, he arrived at the bodies of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King and the Cyan Fire Xuanwu. He withdrew

his dragon wings and landed on the shell of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu.

The fleshy crown of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King had reverted into its true body after Zhang Ruochen landed. It turned into a Redcrown Mushroom that was nine meters in diameter. It looked like a bloody red flower.

Zhang Ruochen found the Redcrown Mushroom inside the body of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu and put it away in his Storage Ring.

When he drew down the Chord of Gods for the fourth time, Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power had increased a great deal. He was very close to the 44th level.

For a Monk of Spiritual Power, this Redcrown Mushroom was a priceless treasure. Once it was refined, it would not be difficult for Zhang Ruochen to break into the 44th level.

Of course, there were many other treasures in the body of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King, such as a Dragon Pearl, as well as flood dragon blood, tendons, bones, and scales.

Each could be sold for an immense amount of money.

Particularly the Dragon Pearl. It was a treasure that could raise cultivation. Even a Half-Saint would be tempted.

Of course, all the treasures in the body of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King could not compare to one claw of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu.

The body of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu was a full 10 kilometers long. Lying on the water, it was like a green island.

The Cyan Fire Xuanwu had died many years ago. 90% of its Sacred Blood had been lost. The remaining 10% had been corrupted by the Pillar of the Vicious Sea. It could be used only by refining the evil Qi with the Yin Yang Wooden Graph.

What Zhang Ruochen valued more highly was the outer shell of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu. This was more precious than any weapon-refining material.

Only a two-meter square piece of outer shell was needed to create a suit of Xuanwu Armor that even a Holy Weapon

would be hard-pressed to destroy.

Such a massive shell would be able to create at least 100,000 Xuanwu Armors, and it could be used to cultivate a Xuanwu army.

If the elders in the Ministry of War saw the body of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu, they would definitely be very greedy.

Although the Xuanwu Armor could not compare to armor at the level of a Holy Weapon and had limitations in its defensive power, it was easy to make and enough material for many.

Zhang Ruochen could create 100,000 suits of Xuanwu Armor, but which power could create 100,000 suits of Holy Weapon armor?

Thus, the body of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu was extremely precious.

King Jinhuang was able to let Zhang Ruochen have the body of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu because he had something even better.

The Pillar of the Vicious Sea.

The Pillar of the Vicious Sea was a very precious treasure. As long as Saint from the Ministry of War came to collect it, then King Jinhuang would have achieved a great military exploit. He would certainly receive a large reward.

Thus, he and Zhang Ruochen each had what they wanted.

Zhang Ruochen took out the Ancient Abyss Sword, circulated his Genuine Qi, and struck down abruptly.

“Snap!”

The tip of the Ancient Abyss Sword clashed against the outer shell of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu and created sparks.

Zhang Ruochen felt like he had struck an iron wall. It created an ear-splitting shriek and the vibrations hurt his arms.

However, he only left a scratch on the shell.

And this was only because the Ancient Abyss Sword was very sharp. If he had used another Hundred Inscription Weapon, it

probably would not have damaged the shell at all.

The cultivation of a Cyan Fire Xuanwu far surpassed that of a Saint. It had certainly reached the Eighth Level of Savage Beast.

The fighting strength of a Seventh Level Savage Beast was already more than of a Saint.

An Eighth Level Savage Beast surpassed the king of Saints, who was known as the “Saint King.”

With nourishment from Holy Qi, any part of its flesh contained the power of the Holy Road. Also, its shell had the most defensive power.

“The Ancient Abyss Sword was not yet strong enough to damage the tortoise shell. In the future, it may be of great use.”

Zhang Ruochen opened the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and stored the bodies of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King and the Cyan Fire Xuanwu in the world inside.

He was going to collect the Half-Saint flood dragon blood and the Xuanwu Sacred Blood after he returned to the Saint Academy.

Zhang Ruochen had just walked out of the inner world when a painful wave of heat washed over his face.

“Rumble!”

“Rumble!”

...

Wash-basin sized bubbles appeared in the roiling sea.

The air above the sea was also unusually hot.

“Ouch!”

In the distance, a red fire cloud surged over the flat surface of the sea.

The figure of a beast appeared in the cloud and let out an ear-splitting roar.

Zhang Ruochen stared at it and felt his heart jump in surprise. “An Ember Kylin!”

Thick flames emanated from the Ember Kylin's body. Its four legs, as thick as columns, moved quickly in Zhang Ruochen's direction as it came bounding over.

Right now, they were not at the bottom of the ocean and there was no pressure from the sea water. Furthermore, Zhang Ruochen was unable to use the power of the Sarira, and he could not have the fighting strength of a Half-Saint a second time.

At present, Zhang Ruochen was only a Monk in the First Change of the Fish Dragon Realm. How could he defeat an Ember Kylin? It was a Sixth Level Savage Beast!

Just as he was about to hide inside the Yin Yang Wooden Graph, he realized that the Ember Kylin was not charging at him. It was following Monk Lidi.

Monk Lidi flew away quickly. Seeing Zhang Ruochen in front of him, he said breathlessly, "Alms Giver Zhang, help me defeat this Kylin quickly."

"Teacher, please don't make such a joke. Given my feeble cultivation, how could I challenge an Ember Kylin? It is better if you defeat it yourself. It will better demonstrate your power," Zhang Ruochen said.

What a joke, to have Zhang Ruochen defeat the Ember Kylin?

Zhang Ruochen knew himself well. He would not attempt something he could not do.

Of course, he also did not leave. He only stood to the side, quietly observing. If Monk Lidi was truly in danger, naturally, he would not stand aside and do nothing.

The Ember Kylin chased Monk Lidi and circled around Zhang Ruochen a few times.

It was very strange. It seemed that the Ember Kylin could not see Zhang Ruochen, and it only chased Monk Lidi.

Monk Lidi chanted Buddhist sutras non-stop as if he wanted to give it redemption.

However, the Ember Kylin's mouth only revealed sharp teeth, and it let out an ear-splitting, angry roar occasionally. It was

very clear that it wanted to eat Monk Lidi.

Actually, the Ember Kylin chased Monk Lidi because he had melded with the Buddhist Emperor's golden body.

For the savage beast, Monk Lidi was just human-shaped holy medicine. Eating him would allow it to become a Saint.

Zhang Ruochen observed for a while, stroked his chin, then nodded his head. "Monk Lidi was worthy of having reached the realm of his flesh becoming holy. Although he could not perfectly circulate the power of his body, his escape was top notch. Even an Ember Kylin Could not catch up to him."

Probably no one would believe that a Half-Saint Class Kylin could not catch up to a Monk in the First Change of the Fish Dragon Realm, even if it got out.

However, reality was happening in front of Zhang Ruochen's eyes.

The Ember Kylin chased Monk Lidi around hundreds of times. Not only could it not catch him, it tired itself out.

It stopped and stared at Zhang Ruochen.

He just now noticed that there was another human around.

Chapter 559 - Sword Practitioner

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Ember Kylin's eyes were like two burning copper bells, shining with multicolored lights. However, as it stared at Zhang Ruochen, it emanated a beast-like nature and savage aura.

“Boom!”

The Ember Kylin stretched out its four iron heels and charged toward Zhang Ruochen.

It seemed that it wanted to eat Zhang Ruochen first to recover some of its energy before continuing to deal with Monk Lidi.

Monk Lidi stopped. He breathed heavily and used his kasaya to wipe the sweat from his head as he reminded Zhang Ruochen in a loud voice, “Be very careful, that Kylin is not easy to beat, you are no match for it.”

“Ouch!”

The Ember Kylin opened its enormous mouth and gave an earth-shattering roar, overpowering Monk Lidi's voice.

The Kylin's cry formed sound waves and condensed into ripples of sound.

Each ripple was more powerful than a full-powered attack from a warrior in the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

Hundreds of thousands of sound waves rippled forward endlessly. They struck against the surface of the little island and in a flash, cracking sounds could be heard.

The five-kilometer long island abruptly became mudstones and shattered rock, disappearing into the sea.

Earlier, the Ember Kylin's roar had been focused on Monk Lidi. Zhang Ruochen stood far away and used Space Domain to block the sound waves that reached him.

However, at this moment, the Ember Kylin's main target became Zhang Ruochen. Only now did he realize that its power was so terrifying.

The sound waves from the roar were strong enough to kill a Monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen could use the power of space warps to move the sound wave behind him. However, if the other party's power was much stronger than Zhang Ruochen's, even if he used space warp, he would not be able to block his opponent.

This was exactly what Zhang Ruochen was experiencing at the moment. Ember Kylin's sound waves had far surpassed what Zhang Ruochen could endure.

Zhang Ruochen was not a match for him.

He took control of the Power of Space and prepared to execute Space Moving to avoid the Ember Kylin's sound wave attack.

At this moment, a red shadow flew overhead and out of the clouds. In a cold voice, it said, "Reckless beast, how dare you injure my disciple."

"Swoosh!"

A white Holy Sword flew down like a shooting star and struck Ember Kylin's head with a loud swash.

The white Holy Sword was only a 3.3 centimeters long, but when it landed on the Ember Kylin's head, it expanded to tens of thousands of times in size and became a giant sword.

Thousands of sword Qi exploded out of the Holy Sword. With a series of swishing sounds, they all landed on the Ember Kylin's body and sliced open its thick scales, piercing through its head.

"Pffff!"

The white Holy Sword flew out from the bottom of the Ember Kylin's neck with a large swathe of fresh blood and returned to the air.

Ember Kylin let out a wretched scream. It suffered from heavy injuries and eventually stopped attacking Zhang Ruochen.

Ember Kylin raised its head and looked at the red-clothed woman hovering in mid-air. Ember Kylin was angry and roared at the sky.

About 333 meters away from the sea, the girl with red clothes hovered in the air as her feet rested on a wisp of white cloud like a Sword Fairy.

The red-clothed woman was only 23 centimeters tall. She stretched her arm forward, and the white Holy Sword flew toward her and floated above her palm.

This person was Elder Xuanji's fifth disciple, Demi-saint Lingshu.

Zhang Ruochen saw Demi-saint Lingshu and let out a sigh of relief. He released the Power of Space and called her, "Fifth senior sister apprentice."

Demi-saint Lingshu nodded toward him, and had a glimmer of joy, "King Jinhuang told me that you were in this area so I came to find you. Junior fellow apprentice, I am relieved to see that you are alright. Let me defeat Ember Kylin so we can return to Myriad Chaos Mountain."

Zhang Ruochen reminded her, "The Ember Kylin's power is very strong. You must be careful."

"You are underestimating me. You should know that I am a sword practitioner. What would hold me back from defeating a mere level six Savage Beast?"

Demi-saint Lingshu stretched out a slender arm and grasped a Holy Sword that was hundreds of times larger than her body. A powerful gust of Holy Qi surged through her palm and entered the blade of the sword.

A mighty sword Qi broke out of her body, and like a white rainbow passing through the sun, it shot into the sky and

pierced through the clouds.

“Clang!”

Affected by Demi-saint Lingshu’s Sword technique, the Ancient Abyss Sword in Zhang Ruochen’s hands trembled as if it wanted to fly out of his hands.

“Senior sister apprentice’s sword technique comprehension is very powerful. She only needs one gust of Sword Comprehension to beat him hollow.”

Zhang Ruochen silently thought.

Having reached the Intermediate Stage of Heart Integrated into Sword, Zhang Ruochen thought his achievements in sword techniques were very high and were even comparable to most Half-Saints.

However, Demi-saint Lingshu’s realm of Sword Comprehension was even more tremendous; her skills exceeded Zhang Ruochen’s by a long shot.

She was a true sword practitioner.

No one could compare to a true sword practitioner in the same realm who was ranked first in an attack.

“Watch carefully! I am going to show you what true sword technique is all about.”

“Yin and Yang split the heavens and earth, naturally, sword techniques are endless.”

Demi-saint Lingshu slowly swung the Holy Sword to move heaven and earth Spiritual Qi, forming a large circular sword Qi in front of her, seemingly forming a Tai Chi Eight Trigrams.

Before Zhang Ruochen got the chance to see the movement clearly, she had disappeared.

“Swoosh!”

The circle of sword Qi fell on the Ember Kylin’s body and made crackling noises. The sword Qi severed all the scales on the Kylin’s body and sent them flying outward, leaving a bloody body with no skin.

Right after, Demi-saint Lingshu stood proudly on the head of the Ember Kylin. She raised her sword, pointing it between its brows, and said, “Acknowledge your defeat or die?”

The Ember Kylin had no more fight left in it and it gave a low and trembling roar. It immediately crouched on the ground and gave a pitiful look to the Demi-saint.

“At least you know what is good for you.”

The Holy Sword in Demi-saint Lingshu’s hand returned to become one inch in size and was returned to its sheath.

Afterward, she waved her arm and turned into a gust of Qi billow, collecting all the Kylin’s scales.

Kylin’s scales had various sizes, but gradually they started to shrink under the power of her Holy Qi until they were the size of fingernails, after which they flew to a silver thread bag.

Demi-saint Lingshu patted her bag, and a rattling sound came from it.

She looked toward Zhang Ruochen and smiled, “Junior fellow apprentice, I still haven’t given you anything nice. Once we are back in the Saint Academy, I will ask the Sword Sanctum’s Master Weapon’s Refiner to make a Kylin Armor for you.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at the silver thread bag at Demi-saint Lingshu’s waist. He thought for a moment then took out a red colored Storage Ring and handed it to her, “Senior sister apprentice, let me give you a gift first.”

Demi-saint Lingshu’s eyes rose and stared at the Storage Ring. She opened her mouth in anger and said, “Don’t be like this. The other elder brother apprentices have always treated me like a junior sister apprentice, giving me all kinds of gifts. When Master has finally taken in a junior brother apprentice, he allowed me to leave the younger generation behind. For once, just let me be a good senior sister apprentice and let me give you a gift.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “It is just a small plaything, it cannot compare to the Kylin Armor that you are planning to give to me.”

Demi-saint Lingshu quietly thought about it; that it was only a ring, and it would not do harm to accept it.

As a Half-Saint, she had seen all kinds of treasures. In her eyes, the ring that Zhang Ruochen gave her was just an exquisite accessory.

If someone else had given her an accessory, she would not even care to glance at it. However, Zhang Ruochen was a disciple that Master was the proudest of and was also her only younger brother apprentice.

Regardless of how cheap his present was, it showed how he cared for her.

Demi-saint Lingshu stared at Zhang Ruochen and accepted the red jade ring. Smiling. She said, “The elder brother apprentices all gave Holy Weapons, armor, medicinal pills, and other practice treasures. “You are the first one to gift me an accessory. Looks like that the rumors in the external world are not wrong after all. You are indeed a sentimental man. You know how to make a girl happy.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled awkwardly and said, “Please don’t believe such rumors. Those rumors are purposely made by Saint Xu Gentry attempts in using someone else to do their dirty work.”

“Why are you so nervous? I am only joking... but since Saint Xu Gentry dared to harm you, I will remember their debt to me! Hng!”

Her gaze suddenly switched and became unusually cold and sharp. The fingers of her right hand squeezed the red jade ring tightly and a wave of Holy Qi surged out. She had unintentionally activated the Inscriptions of Space in the ring.

“Swoosh!”

A red light appeared on the surface of the ring and spread outward like water ripples.

Demi-saint Lingshu noticed something strange about the Storage Ring. She gasped, shocked at what she had seen. When she reached out with her left hand, she plunged it deeply

into the light and discovered that there was a giant internal space that existed inside the ring.

“This is... a Space Treasure, a Storage Ring...”

Demi-saint Lingshu’s eyes lit up and she looked toward Zhang Ruochen with disbelief.

In the entire Kunlun’s Field, there were very few Space Treasures. Although each was a holy item of astonishing power, no one would use to them carry personal items.

Thus, the Storage Ring was only an item of legend for a Half-Saint.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said the words he had prepared long ago, “Perhaps you don’t know about this but I once found a secret mansion from the Middle Ancient Times. In there, I obtained a number of usable Space Treasures. This Storage Ring is one of them.”

Demi-saint Lingshu did not ask further questions. After all, the only reason Zhang Ruochen could find the secret mansion and obtain the treasures was luck.

Actually, she had also discovered a few secret mansions and had obtained many benefits that could not be told to others.

For him to be able to take out a Storage Ring and give it to her, showed that he was not a selfish person.

Without knowing it, their relationship grew a little closer.

Demi-saint Lingshu looked at the Storage Ring that Zhang Ruochen was wearing on his finger and realized that he must have other Space Treasures for himself, so she calmly accepted his gift.

She wore the red Storage Ring on her right wrist; it was as if the bracelet was explicitly made for her, it was a perfect fit.

She placed the silver thread bag with the Kylin scales into the internal space and nodded with a smile, “You have given me such a precious gift. I wonder if the elder brother apprentices would be jealous after seeing it?”

“Master and elder brother apprentices are all in the Myriad Chaos Mountain. We should hurry there.”

“You broke into the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm and drew down the Chord of Gods, you have brought us more pride. Knowing Second Senior Brother Apprentice’s personality, he will certainly host a large banquet tonight to welcome you back.”

Chapter 560 - Senior Brother and Senior Sister Apprentices

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen leaped onto Ember Kylin's back and looked out to the sea, but there was no trace of Monk Lidi.

The monk must have left.

“Swoosh!”

Ember Kylin's had its wings spread out and Zhang Ruochen was riding on its back. They flew through a strong gust of wind, and the Ember Kylin brought Zhang Ruochen and Demi-saint Lingshu soaring to the sky, in the direction of Huangyu Island.

There were flames blazing on the Ember Kylin's wings, and they were extremely hot. However, after Demi-saint Lingshu tamed the creature, the fire had become much calmer, without a hint of aggression.

The Ember Kylin was flying on the sea area where the Pillar of the Vicious Sea used to be, but at that moment the sea area was calm.

Demi-saint Lingshu seemed to know what Zhang Ruochen was thinking. She said, “When I was searching for you, I had seen the three War Saints, who were stationed by the Ministry of War at Myriad Chaos Mountain. All had arrived at the same time. They took over the Pillar of the Vicious Sea.”

Zhang Ruochen was beating around the bush when he remarked, “Senior Sister apprentice, that is an extremely

powerful evil weapon. Its method of forging seems quite different from what is employed throughout Kunlun's Field."

Demi-saint Lingshu glanced at Zhang Ruochen, and raised her head to watch the boundless sky. She said to herself, "This kaleidoscopic universe contains all sorts of wonders. Kunlun's Field is limitless and even the Eastern Region's borders extend vastly. There are so many places that are not known, even to Saints."

"Junior Fellow Apprentice, you have barely traveled and have only been to a couple of places. How would you know that Kunlun Field's unique way of forging weapons doesn't exist anywhere else?"

"Only by reading thousands of books, traveling thousands of miles, observing and undergoing myriad worldly experiences, could you reach the Half-Saint realm. Let me give you a suggestion. When you return to the Saint Academy, don't just stay inside. Go out and experience the world. That might make it easier for you to comprehend this world."

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head, keeping Demi-saint Lingshu's words close to his heart.

In his previous lifetime, Zhang Ruochen had spent so much time practicing; he had almost never traveled alone outside to gain experience.

In this lifetime, Zhang Ruochen had merely accumulated military merits in the Battlefield of Primitive World. For him, it was simply an orgy of killing—one after another. He had only read about scenic spots and historical sites but had never gotten the chance to visit any. Even when he needed to learn how to function in society, he gained it from reading books. He had not had any opportunity to experience them himself.

Read a thousand scrolls of books, travel a thousand miles.

Maybe he really ought to go out and travel. Experience the countless wonders of this boundless universe. Perhaps he would encounter the schemes and deceptions of humanity, or he might even lose himself to temptation.

It takes experience to prove that you have once existed in this world.

Demi-saint Lingshu then revealed to Zhang Ruochen, “In fact, there are things which I can’t tell you right now, because I’m afraid they might hinder your cultivation progress.”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Demi-saint Lingshu, but she had shut her eyes close. So he didn’t ask her any further questions.

After swallowing one mouthful of the Blood of Wood Spirit, Zhang Ruochen started to heal himself.

Under the escort of Demi-saint Lingshu, it was a remarkably smooth journey, without any bumps or danger. Zhang Rouchen arrived safely at Myriad Chaos Mountain.

Thousands of miles of military camps could be seen from the Myriad Chaos Mountain, and there were dozens of palaces hanging in midair.

Each palace looked like a deity’s mansion. A common soldier of the Primitive World could only admire it from afar. They would never get the chance to enter these palaces, and they would never know the big shots that resided within the palaces.

The Qinghe Palace was over 300 meters high, cast out of dark steel and entirely black. Its roof tiles, rafters, pillars, and windows were all interconnected, giving off an imposing, solemn atmosphere.

The owner of the Qinghe Palace, Saint Qing Xiao, was a War Saint at the Ministry of Military Affairs. He was the eldest disciple of Elder Xuanji.

Zhang Ruochen and Demi-saint Lingshu entered Qinghe Palace. Both bowed and said in unison, “Your disciples hereby pay our respects to Master.”

Dressed in a white robe, Elder Xuanji stood at the center of the hall. He turned around and scrutinized Zhang Ruochen. He laughed. “Ten years make up a decade, and a 100 years make up a century. 70 years ago, Little Holy King Wan Zhaoyi massacred three realms in the Lingchuan Primitive World. He slaughtered all indigenous creatures who had reached beyond

the Completion of the Earth Realm. The act allowed him to break into the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. Everyone believed that he owned the century. No one could surpass him. But as your teacher, I feel your potential exceeds even Wan Zhaoyi's.

Zhang Ruochen said humbly, "No one knows how many talented geniuses were born in Kunlun's Field within the past 100 years. This small achievement of mine is not comparable to others'."

In the past 50 years, aside from Little Holy King, there have been over 100 Saintly Beings born in Kunlun's Field. Every one stands heads over shoulders amongst other men. I need to work harder to catch up with everyone else."

A loud, boisterous laugh erupted from the left of the hall. "Youngest Junior Brother, you are too modest! No one knows who will be the ultimate winners or losers in this century, but I know that this decade belongs to you. As your Second Senior Brother apprentice, I think you are unbeatable."

Within Qinghe Palace there were two more persons besides Elder Xuanji.

Sitting on the left was Zhu Hongtao, Zhang Ruochen's Second Senior Brother apprentice.

Zhu Hongtao was a big man. He was a hefty four meters and thirty centimeters tall, and had large ears and a fleshy face. His waist was as thick as a millstone, and he wore a scarlet pair of pants. His upper body was draped with a green silk garment. He bared his chest as he sat at the teal wood table, chewing meat vigorously and swallowing wine in big gulps.

Zhang Ruochen felt the powerful aura peculiar to a savage beast. He knew that Zhu Hongtao was not human.

It wasn't uncommon for humans to accept savage beasts as disciples. So Zhang Ruochen wasn't surprised.

Sitting on the right was Zhang Ruochen's Third Senior Brother apprentice, Wan Ke.

He was well bred and gracious. He wore a white gown, with every button meticulously buttoned, and every strand of hair

on his head meticulously combed. No one strand went loose.

He looked almost 30 years old, with a handsome, refined countenance. Without a strand of facial hair, his features were delicate and his actions were courteous. He always had a modest smile lingering at the corner of his lips.

Demi-saint Lingshu had spoken to Zhang Ruochen about the distinguishing features of his elder brother apprentices, so it was not hard for him to tell them apart. He quickly bowed and paid respects to his Second and Third Elder Brother apprentices.

Second Senior Brother apprentice waved his hand and laughed again, “Don’t be too formal. After all, it’s just between us fellow apprentices. Hey Youngest Junior Brother, I heard you have captured Orange Star Emissary from Black Market Excellence Hall, and have made her your wife. I’ve got to hand it to you. Shouldn’t we exchange some pointers over this?”

“Ahem!”

Third Senior Brother apprentice Wan Ke gave two dry coughs and glared at Zhu Hongtao. He then said, “Second Senior Brother, our youngest fellow apprentice doesn’t have a poor taste like you. From what I could gather, his fiancée is the favored daughter of the East Region Saint Mansions. They are getting married soon. Wouldn’t you make his wife angry, if you bring him to visit those place you frequent?”

Zhu Hongtao’s eyes lit up, and he riveted his sight upon Zhang Ruochen. “Are you telling the truth? Our junior brother here’s getting married so soon? As far as I know, the cellars of the East Region Saint Mansions have some rare wine brewed by Feng Zuisheng, and the wine is immortal. Could it be that I’m getting a rare treat?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “According to the marriage pledge, it is indeed almost time we are wedded. I believe we shall start making preparations for this matter after I return.”

At first, Zhu Hongtao was excited, but then he realized something and puckered his brows. He sighed. “Ah! The

marriage... well, if you have decided, Youngest Junior Brother, I wouldn't talk you out of it. Don't hesitate to ask me for any help. Many will still give me some face in the Eastern Region, I believe."

Wan Ke pondered for a moment, and said, "At first I was thinking of presenting my junior brother with a gift or two upon our first meeting. But as I came in some haste this time, I forgot to prepare one. On your wedding day, Youngest Junior Brother, I shall make up for it with a lavish gift."

Demi-saint Lingshu laughed and said, "Third Senior Brother, aren't you just a little bit stingy? A meeting gift should count as a meeting gift. You shouldn't mix it up with a wedding present."

"I remember this Shooting Star Invisible Cloak of yours: it can render a person invisible and mask his body scent for over 30 meters. Even a Saint's five senses can't detect it."

Wan Ke felt a stab of pain. The Shooting Star Invisible Cloak ranked top three in the number of treasures he owned within his arsenal.

The Shooting Star Invisible Cloak had many wonderful properties. It wasn't just an invisible cloak, but also a defensive holy weapon, which could help a Monk withstand 90% of any attack.

After putting the cloak on, a Monk could fly ahead with the speed of a meteor.

This meant that the cloak could help people escape attacks, even when attacked by a Saint.

Wan Ke had attained the Ninth Realm of the Half-Saint Realm, he was only one step away from reaching the Saint Realm. The Shooting Star Invisible Cloak offered little use to him now.

He wanted to wait and present the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak to Zhang Ruochen as a wedding day gift.

He hadn't expected Demi-saint Lingshu to bring it up this soon

If he were to gift Zhang Ruochen with the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak now, what would he give for his wedding? Certainly, he could not give anything worse than a Shooting Star Invisible Cloak!

Headache!

What a headache!

Just as Wan Ke was facing this dilemma, Zhu Hongtao gave a roar. “Never mind! Third Senior Brother is a well-known scrooge. But I am certainly not one! I can offer nothing less to my junior brother!”

After saying that, Zhu Hongtao spat out a golden ball from his mouth.

The ball gyrated in midair with a humming noise. Textured lines on its surface glittered incessantly, forming unique characters on the surface.

Demi-saint Lingshu was somewhat astounded. “The Golden Beast Essence Pill!” she shouted.

Zhang Ruochen was also surprised. He took a step forward, and said in haste, “This gift of yours is too expensive, Second Senior Brother. I can’t accept it.”

Only savage beasts of archaean survival could absorb the quintessences of sun and moon and condense them into a Golden Beast Essence Pill.

Archaean survival beasts were rarer than the offsprings of Mythical Beasts. They had immense fighting strength.

In the same realm, one archaean survival beast could rival two offsprings of Mythical Beasts and a Mythical Beast offspring could easily defeat ten ordinary savage beasts within the same realm.

Nowadays almost all savage beasts practice their holy source, but only very few could condense their quintessence into a Golden Beast Essence Pill.

As a matter of fact, a Golden Beast Essence Pill was no different from a holy source. It also contained an immense amount of Holy Qi, as well as a great deal of knowledge. The

only differences lay in the facts that a Golden Beast Essence Pill was easier to absorb for a Monk and that the Pill would not be rejected within a Monk's body.

Even an archaean survival beast would take a hundred years to cultivate one Golden Beast Essence Pill. Anyone could tell that it was a rare item.

For Second Senior Brother apprentice, a valuable treasure like that could be offered casually as a gift. But Zhang Ruochen simply could not accept it.

Chapter 561 - A Refining Warrior

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“I’ve already condensed the holy source. It wouldn’t be much of a loss to give you a Golden Beast Essence Pill. Besides, I have six Golden Beast Essence Pills myself. Giving you one would simply mean a little loss of cultivation. I can easily reclaim it through practice.”

Zhu Hongtao may have looked carelessly unconcerned, but he might get upset if Zhang Ruochen rejected the Golden Beast Essence Pill.

Zhu Hongtao was an archaean survival. Furthermore, he had practiced two forms of exercises, enabling him to condense Golden Beast Essence Pills as well as cultivate a holy source.

Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t accept the Golden Beast Essence Pill, however. He said, “Although I would very much like to attain the Half-Saint Sacred Realm, I wouldn’t use this shortcut. Ingesting this Golden Beast Essence Pill would be no different from sucking your blood.”

Zhu Hongtao’s expression froze a little, but he nodded. He admiringly said, “Your moral character is truly commendable, junior fellow apprentice. But since it’s only between us, you need not treat me as an outsider.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head wryly and took a step backward instead.

Noticing Zhang Ruochen’s actions, Elder Xuanji nodded his head in satisfaction. He said, “Hongtao, what you have just done is indeed quite inappropriate.”

“Your junior fellow apprentice has just broken through to the Fish-dragon Realm. For now, a Golden Beast Essence Pill might help advance his cultivation remarkably. However, in the long run, excessive enthusiasm only ruins matters. No good will come out of it.”

Zhu Hongtao’s face changed color. He took back the Golden Beast Essence Pill immediately and then bowed. “You’re scaring me, Master. Surely it can’t be this serious?”

Elder Xuanji nodded, and said, “Your junior fellow apprentice is a genius. His future achievement will totally outstrip that of you people. Obviously, we shouldn’t train him like an ordinary warrior. Instead of giving him something, why don’t you protect him in the future? That will shield him from any secret harm.”

Zhu Hongtao clapped his chest and bellowed thunderously. “Since Master says so, I shall be his Cultivation Protector, watching over him in the next 30 years. I shall teach manners to anyone intending him harm.”

Demi-saint Lingshu raised her glance, and sneered. “That’s a careless boast, Second Senior Brother. It’s not easy to be someone’s Cultivation Protector for 30 years!”

“I’m not boasting carelessly. I’m perfectly serious.” Zhu Hongtao replied.

All inheritors of powerful Saintly families must be looked after by a Protector in secret whenever they underwent experience outside.

Most of the time, this Protector stayed in the background and didn’t intervene. He would only show up if the inheritor faced life-threatening danger.

Of course, to train an inheritor to resolve his problems independently, a Protector wouldn’t escort him all the time.

Hence, even though Protectors watched over them in secret, many Saint inheritors from powerful families still died from unforeseen circumstances.

Seeing as the holy source had emerged from his practice, Zhu Hongtao’s cultivation had now reached the realm of a Saint.

Furthermore, he was an archaean survival. His natural strength was magnified by this fact.

If a superior like Zhu Hongtao were to protect Zhang Ruochen for 30 years, the Black Market and Moon Worship Demonic Sect would need several Saints to attack Zhang Ruochen simultaneously in order to kill him before he was able to achieve great prowess.

Zhang Ruochen quickly said, “Thank you, Second Senior Brother.”

“No need for such politeness. Protecting you is a vital task. Otherwise, Master would again complain that I’m frittering away my time.” Zhu Hongtao gave a bizarre smile. He sent a soft voice transmission over to Zhang Ruochen. “When you are back in the Eastern Region, Second Senior Brother shall bring you around. Then you will know the world better.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled. He knew that the “good places” his Second Senior Brother referred to, might not be so good.

It didn’t matter. After all, seeing the world was a good thing.

Seeing as Zhu Hongtao had promised himself as Zhang Ruochen’s Protector, Third Senior Brother Wan Ke had to match this with a big gift. However unwilling, he had to offer Zhang Ruochen the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

With both hands holding up the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, Wan Ke stood up, pursing his lips and giving a stiff, unnatural smile.

Finally, he explained to Zhang Ruochen how to use the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak. After this explanation, he handed the cloak over.

“Thank you, Third Senior Brother.”

“No need for... such politeness. We are all brothers...” Wan Ke could not help but sigh inwardly, beginning to fret. What better gift could he offer on Zhang Ruochen’s wedding day?

Zhang Ruochen knew this treasure was very valuable but he didn’t refuse it. Any protest would seem like an affectation.

Certain meeting gifts could be accepted while others could not.

“Clip-Clop!”

Heavy footsteps resounded from outside Qinghe Palace, like heavy iron bricks hitting the floor.

Moments later, a tall brawny man strode in through the gate.

The man had a tiger’s back and a bear’s waist. He was dark-skinned and clad in black armor from head to foot. A keen martial spirit blazed out from his eyes, and an icy, murderous air emanated from his body.

Zhang Ruochen turned his eyes toward him. He realized that though the man had entered alone, he gave one a feeling as if thousands of troops and stallions were rampaging forward.

Most warriors would have taken a step backward, frightened by the invisible majestic air emerging from this being. They might shiver, urinate in their pants, or even faint.

“Your disciple Qing Xiao pays his respect to Master.”

The man’s iron-like fists were clasped firmly together. Head and back bowed, he was paying the utmost respect to Elder Xuanji.

“So he is Eldest Senior Brother, Saint Qing Xiao,” said Zhang Ruochen to himself.

Elder Xuanji nodded and raised an arm lightly. “No need for more ceremony, Qing Xiao.”

Saint Qing Xiao raised his head. With a solemn look and a heavy voice, he said, “I have something really important to say. I want to speak to Master alone.”

He gave a slight emphasis on the word “alone.”

Second Senior Brother apprentice Zhu Hongtao glanced at Saint Qing Xiao, and openly bellowed, showing his displeasure. “Eldest Senior Brother, you shouldn’t treat us like outsiders! Can’t you speak straight? Must you guard against us?”

Saint Qing Xiao gave him an icy stare, and said, “This is a matter of grave importance. I’m afraid your big mouth couldn’t keep a secret.”

“Hey... are you blaming me... ”

Zhu Hongtao muttered under his breath.

He seemed a little afraid of Saint Qing Xiao and didn’t dare to say more, immediately bowing his head.

Saint Qing Xiao’s look softened as he fixed his glance on Zhang Ruochen. “This must be our junior fellow apprentice. I have no great present for you. A refining warrior can serve as my meeting gift.”

Saint Qing Xiao took out a black iron ball the size of a fist from the armor scales under his arm. He handed it over to Zhang Ruochen.

This black iron ball was cast out of some unspecified material and weighed several thousand catties. As Zhang Ruochen had received it without any warning, the ball weighed his hand down with a jerk, nearly breaking his wrist bone.

Zhang Ruochen reacted very quickly. Within a second he had adjusted his hand muscles and sinews to grip the ball firmly.

Saint Qing Xiao and Elder Xuanji left Qinghe Palace looking like they had something really important to discuss.

The only people left inside Qinghe Palace were Zhang Ruochen, Zhu Hongtao, Demi-saint Lingshu, and Wan Ke.

The atmosphere within the palace suddenly became quite inhibited.

Wan Ke laughed and said, “Eldest Senior Brother has always had a frosty temperament but he still treats us, junior apprentices, very well.”

“He has given you a refining warrior, a great gift and a very practical item. Do you need us to teach you how to use it?”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “No, I don’t. Although this is the first time I’ve received a refining warrior, I know how to use it quite well.”

Zhang Ruochen squeezed the adamantine iron ball in his palm, injecting Genuine Qi into it, and then activated the inscription on the ball.

“Swoosh!”

The top and bottom halves of the adamantine iron ball started spinning in opposite directions. A tiny fissure could be seen along the middle. Out emerged an iron framework that kept expanding and extending until it became a giant steel humanoid three meters tall.

The giant steel humanoid stood in the center of the palace, looking most dignified and full of physical strength.

It was a refining warrior, a war weapon forged by the Divine Work Ministry of the First Central Empire.

By and large, only the Ministry of War could use a refining warrior.

Unsurprisingly though, certain people related to the Ministry of War, like Zhang Ruochen, could still receive one. So long as only a few were outside, the High-levels at the Ministry of War wouldn't make a fuss.

A groove was set in the refining warrior's chest for storing Spiritual Crystals as an energy source.

Of course, for a refining warrior, even a top-grade Spiritual Crystal wouldn't contain enough Spiritual Qi to last one battle.

Thus, the Ministry of War usually used Holy Stones as their energy source.

Although a Holy Stone was precious, it could still be obtained at the Martial Market Bank, provided you pay through the nose for it.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen decided to return to the Saint Academy and buy a few Holy Stones to test out the warrior's power. Eldest Senior Brother's gift must be quite exceptional.

...

...

Upon leaving Qinghe Palace, Saint Qing Xiao and Elder Xuanji immediately soared and broke through a long, immense stretch of void space. They landed on a meteorite over fifty meters wide.

With a wave of his sleeve, a gust of Holy Qi emerged from Elder Xuanji, forming a huge spherical light screen that enclosed the entire meteorite.

Elder Xuanji saw Saint Qing Xiao's stern look and said, "It looks like the evil weapon from Xuanwu Primitive World is no mean weapon! This would spell serious trouble, and may implicate many in some big affair."

The Ministry of War had sent three War Saints to secure the Pillar of the Vicious Sea from Xuanwu Primitive World.

Saint Qing Xiao was one of them.

Saint Qing Xiao nodded, and said most solemnly, "No one expected something like this to exist in Xuanwu Primitive World. I would say it must have been immersed for 100,000 years at the bottom of the sea.

"They must have arrived at Kunlun's Field 100,000 years ago but we didn't notice them at all. It's so frightening!"

With his hands behind his back, Elder Xuanji shook his head. He said, "Maybe someone did know, just that they didn't record this occurrence in history books. Many great events happened 100,000 years ago. They might all be related to this. Have you forgotten how the Medieval Ancient Times ended?"

Saint Qing Xiao remained silent for a long time. Then, knitting his brows, he said, "I can feel a crisis approaching, yet no one knows when that day will come."

Elder Xuanji smiled and said, "Don't worry too much. Kunlun's Field is experiencing an unprecedented Peak under the rule of the Empress. So many geniuses have emerged, and so many Saints. Martial Arts is flourishing, and so is the Holy Road.

"Furthermore, I've heard that the Empress has issued a secret order. She is choosing ten Heirs of Kunlun Field, I believe, to

cultivate ten new emperors in the near future. This is to recreate the heyday of the Nine Emperors 800 years ago.”

Chapter 562 - Spiritual Crane Pears

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Saint Qing Xiao shook his head and said, "I've heard a little about this, but I don't think it's a good idea. Can people like the Nine Emperors be cultivated simply by accumulating resources?"

"Furthermore, the powerful families have started contending with one another, through both open and covert means. They would all like to have an Heir of Kunlun's Field. Even Taiji Sect, Thousand Buddhas Sect, and Confucian Sect now send their best disciples into the world to vie for a seat. This secret trend has overwhelmed the entire Kunlun's Field. No one can say if it's a good thing."

Elder Xuanji said, "The fact that you see this point proves you have really matured. You can indeed hold your own. However, even within Saint Academy such infighting isn't unusual!"

Saint Qing Xiao understood Elder Xuanji's intentions at once. "Could it be... that Master wants our junior fellow apprentice to fight for a seat?"

Elder Xuanji nodded and smiled. "Once he becomes an Heir of Kunlun Field, he will have vast quantities of practice resources. He might even become the Empress's personal disciple and succeed her to the throne. He can be the Dominator of Kunlun's Field! Such an opportunity cannot be missed. There may never be another chance!"

"Besides, your junior fellow apprentice has just reached the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. This is easily the best

moment to strike. Even if he doesn't vie for the seat, someone would ask him to."

Saint Qing Xiao's expression turned rather grave. "Concerning our junior fellow apprentice, I have one more thing to report."

"What is it?" asked Elder Xuanji.

Saint Qing Xiao replied. "The altar of the Wood Spirit Primitive World was wrecked by heretic Half-saint Tongxu. I thought the matter was closed, but intelligence from the Ministry of War revealed something more after the investigation. At the time the altar was wrecked, our junior fellow apprentice was visiting the Wood Spirit Primitive World. He had visited the Primitive World's altar, too.

"The specifics have been recorded in a top secret file by the Imperial History Board. I can't claim to know the details well. The file has already been dispatched to Kunlun's Field, to our sovereign."

The words made Elder Xuanji assume a solemn expression. He pondered for some time, and then said, "Your junior fellow apprentice has already been carefully investigated by Saint Academy. His background is utterly clean. He can't be a spy from the heresy. You don't have to worry about this.

"Besides, given his cultivation level back then, it was unlikely that he could destroy the Primitive World's altar.

"One more thing. Even if this has something to do with him, the Empress would most likely not punish him over this trivial matter. Your junior fellow apprentice is elevated in status now. By dealing with him harshly, the Empress would displease the Saint Academy and East Region Saint Mansions. Weighing the pros and cons, I'm sure she would make the correct decision."

Saint Qing Xiao remained rather cautious and said, "Shouldn't we question him about the details? In that way, we can prepare ourselves for the possible ire of the Empress."

Elder Xuanji thought about it and then shook his head. "Better not. It might give him unnecessary pressure."

Saint Qing Xiao and Elder Xuanji continued to discuss other important matters before leaving the meteorite and returning to

Qinghe Palace.

Qinghe Palace was the personal palace of Eldest Senior Brother apprentice Saint Qing Xiao. It was also a manpower and administrative headquarters of the Ministry of War. Therefore, after the gathering, Zhang Ruochen and his senior fellow apprentices took up lodging at Ten Thousand Fields Tavern instead.

Upon reaching his room, Zhang Ruochen immediately took out the Yin Yang Wooden Graph and entered its inner world.

The Yin Yang Wooden Graph looked like an ordinary scroll painting on the wall. No one would guess it contained an independent inner world.

Under Blackie's leadership, the first city within the Scroll World had already taken shape, facilitated by the three Fish-dragon Realm Monks' hard labor.

The Monks of the Fish-dragon Realm were indeed excellent workers. They were exceptionally efficient laborers. One could match several hundred ordinary workers.

The entire city was constructed from huge rocks stacked to form palaces, streets, and towers. Inside lofty mountains with plenty of Spiritual Qi, so many abodes of fairies and immortals were created. Nearby streams were drawn in to form a waterfall about 100 meters high.

Blackie had planned to build first a small city that could accommodate 50,000 people. It wasn't that big a project.

Currently, it was just beginning to take shape. To truly construct a city would require lots of time to buff the place up, sculpt, and embellish.

Zhang Ruochen had some doubts. He asked, "Blackie, I'm curious. Why are you constructing a city within the Scroll World? Do you want many people to practice here?"

Blackie looked cheerfully enthusiastic but didn't give any reason. He simply smirked. "We aren't just building a city. We need to build other edifices too. And, oh! I forged two armors out of the scales of the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King and gave them to the two girls."

Blackie pointed his paw forward.

In the direction of its claws, Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary were each seen clad in a scarlet Flood dragon armor. They soared across and descended to the foot of the city.

Both had completely recovered from their injuries.

Zhang Ruochen stroked his chin and smiled. “Why did you only forge armors for the two of them?”

Blackie replied. “Because they need to accompany me to the Battlefield of Primitive World. You and your fiancée are returning to Kunlun’s Field. You two won’t need an armor.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Are the three of you going to the Battlefield of Primitive World?”

Blackie nodded, and said, “Do you remember the altar we discovered at the Wood Spirit Primitive World? That altar is weakly connected with other Primitive Worlds. It’s an important matter. I need to get to the bottom of it.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Let me go too!”

“No need. You are now in the limelight. The major forces are all paying attention to you. If you come along, you will give us unnecessary trouble.” Blackie continued. “I am taking them along to help them gain experience in the Battlefield of Primitive World.”

Zhang Ruochen fixed his gaze on Orange Star Emissary. He asked, slightly worried, “Are you sure you can keep them under control?”

“Are you worried about that Black Market girl? Don’t worry. I’ve already taken her in as my disciple. I am teaching her some ancient unique techniques. I’m quite sure she will bear with me at least until she has mastered the techniques. She will not fall out with me.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Very well! Since you know what you are doing, I shan’t say more. When are you leaving?”

“Right now,” said Blackie.

Blackie, Ao Xinyan and Orange Star Emissary walked out of the Scroll World and entered the Battlefield of Primitive World that very day.

Huang Yanchen had already regained consciousness. She had largely recovered from her injuries. Now, she strolled out of Scroll World with Zhang Ruochen.

On that same day, the three seniors Zhu Hongtao, Wan Ke and Ling Shu, led by Elder Xuanji, boarded a Primitive World shuttle together with Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen. All six left through a wormhole for the East Region Saint City.

They would naturally head for the Saint Academy upon arriving at East Region Saint City.

At the heart of Saint Academy was the lofty Saint Mountain.

The Saint Mountain wasn't isolated but was part of a mountain chain with dozens of fantastic peaks and deep valleys. Only someone of the Half-Saint realm could take up abode in the Saint Mountain.

Elder Xuanji's abode was situated at the Spiritual Crane Pear Garden, in Saint Mountain.

In the garden were 3,600 Spiritual Crane Pear trees.

It was the season of full bloom. With the cool breeze came a sighing sound as white petals fluttered to the ground like snowflakes.

And of course, crystalline Spiritual Crane Pears were growing on many trees, giving off a seductive fragrance.

At this moment, only Zhang Ruochen and Elder Xuanji were in the Spiritual Crane Pear Garden.

The old man and the young man sat facing each other.

Elder Xuanji looked at something nearly six meters away. A Spiritual Crane Pear tree with a diameter of three embracing men stood there. Seven green Spiritual Crane Pears were on that tree.

All of a sudden, one of the Spiritual Crane Pears seemed to come alive. It began absorbing the Heaven and Earth Spiritual

Qi, and gradually took on a rich golden hue. An even stronger fragrance wafted from the fruit.

“Ha ha! So a Spiritual Crane Pear has ripened today.”

Elder Xuanji chuckled. Raising an arm, he grabbed into the air.

The next moment, a ripe Spiritual Crane Pear appeared in his hand.

Elder Xuanji spread out his hand and handed the Spiritual Crane Pear to Zhang Ruochen. He said, “The Spiritual Crane Pear tree blossoms once every 300 years, bears fruit for another 300 years, and its fruits take 300 years more to ripen. One Spiritual Crane Pear can help raise your cultivation, improve your spiritual intelligence, and extend a Monk’s life expectancy by 30 years.

“I might not give one, even to a Half-Saint looking to extend his life. But today you’re lucky! Take this, and enjoy its taste.”

The Spiritual Crane Pear, so named because it resembled a spiritual crane, had a long, curvaceous neck, and a full belly. On closer examination, one could make out its wings, beak, eyes and legs.

Without even tasting, just the smell was enough to make one salivate. The air was filled with its sweet scent.

The fact that it prolonged life for another 30 years was a good indication of how valuable it was. This was aside from its other benefits. No wonder even a Half-Saint would desire one.

Zhang Ruochen took one good look and then stretched out both hands, receiving the Spiritual Crane Pear from Elder Xuanji’s hands.

Then, he placed the Spiritual Crane Pear gingerly in a jade casket. He covered its lid to prevent the essence from escaping.

Elder Xuanji was slightly surprised and asked, “Your Second Senior Brother would often steal a Spiritual Crane Pear to eat after they ripened. Why aren’t you tasting it now?”

Zhang Ruochen lifted his head and smiled. “I would like to bring it back for my mother.”

It suddenly dawned on Elder Xuanji. This boy, he said to himself, was dutiful.

Since Zhang Ruochen's mother hadn't unlocked her Sacred Mark, she was an ordinary person. Eating a Spiritual Crane Pear would do her incalculable good.

Although it might seem wasteful to let ordinary people take a Spiritual Crane Pear, such filial piety was priceless.

From Elder Xuanji's eyes came a look of admiration. He now held this youngest disciple in higher regard. He asked, "Why do you think I wished to see you alone?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Your disciple does not know."

Elder Xuanji stood up, gazing at the pear blossoms in full bloom. "I've heard you are practicing a very formidable sword technique, the 'Swift and Neat.' Could you demonstrate your technique to me?"

Startled, Zhang Ruochen was momentarily at a loss.

Swift and Neat was the Sword of Time integrating a Time Mark – it represented the power of time.

Others might not be aware of the power of time. But Elder Xuanji was no mean superior. Even the most minuscule fluctuation of time couldn't escape his eyes.

Chapter 563 - The Wordless Sword Manual

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen was pondering if he should disclose the secret that he had unlocked the Space-Time Sacred Mark to Elder Xuanji.

Just then, the elder continued, “Do you know the difference between a sword practitioner and a mere swordsman?”

“Is there a difference between a sword practitioner and a swordsman?”

Zhang Ruochen gave a slight start and immediately stood up, bowing to the elder. He said, “Your disciple do not know. Please enlighten me, Master.”

Elder Xuanji looked at Zhang Ruochen with a glance that was pregnant with meaning and said, “A sword practitioner practices the sword, while a swordsman practices merely sword techniques.”

“And what is the difference between the sword and sword techniques?” asked Zhang Ruochen curiously.

Elder Xuanji replied, “In this world, countless warriors and Monks wield swords as their weapon, yet very few can be called real sword practitioners.

“Admittedly, some subtle sword techniques can unleash infinite power once you succeed in mastering them. But by simply practicing sword techniques at the Ghost Level, or even the King’s Stage, do you think you would be regarded as a sword practitioner? Those who practice such techniques are still merely swordsmen.

“In the face of a true sword practitioner, the sword technique that a swordsman is so proud of would not be able to withstand a single strike. Even a sword technique in the King’s Stage can be defeated in one move.”

“Even a sword technique in the King’s Stage can be defeated in one move.”

Had this sentence been uttered by anyone else, Zhang Ruochen would surely have regarded that person as arrogant.

Even a sword technique at the Ghost Level was quite abstruse and unique. Such techniques could cleave mountains and break up streams in one sword strike.

Let alone a sword technique in the King’s Stage!

If a sword technique in the King’s Stage were to make it into this world, even a Saint would probably try to seize it. Getting hold of one strike of this King’s Stage sword technique would mean that you would rule the martial fraternity with this technique that you had mastered.

Yet the person who said this was Elder Xuanji, one of the Three Great Sword Saints of the Eastern Region. Zhang Ruochen had now no other choice but to re-evaluate the truth of this statement.

“Can a sword practitioner really defeat a King’s Stage sword technique in one strike?”

Elder Xuanji continued, “Saints abound in the entire Eastern Region, and many of them are swordsmen. Why do you think your Master has become one of the Three Great Sword Saints, while other sword Saints haven’t?”

Zhang Ruochen pondered and replied, “Could it be because Master is a true sword practitioner? What you practice is the sword, and not merely sword technique.”

“You are right.”

Elder Xuanji nodded and continued to ask, “Do you know how sword practitioners practice their sword?”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head.

Elder Xuanji asked again, “Have you heard of the
Wordless Sword Manual
?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes lit up, and a look of yearning could be
seen on his face. He said, “Yes, I’ve heard a little about it.
Legend has it that the

Wordless Sword Manual

is the supreme sacred manual of the Taiji Sect. It is kept in the
Holy Land of the Tao of the sword, the Sword Pavilion.

“No one knows the origin of the

Wordless Sword Manual

. All that is known is that it has been kept at the Sword
Pavilion since the inception of the Taiji Sect. It is said that a
person could become invincible if he could uncover all of its
profundities.

“However, I have heard that only a person who has achieved
an extremely high realm in the Tao of the sword can truly
understand the sword skill within the

Wordless Sword Manual

. And every sentence of this sword skill is so hard to grasp.
Even a Half-Saint might not understand it.”

Elder Xuanji nodded and said, “What sword practitioners
practice is the

Wordless Sword Manual

.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “But... isn’t the

Wordless Sword Manual

the sacred manual of the Taiji Sect? How did it end up
circulating in the external world?”

Zhang Ruochen was truly in the dark about the fact that sword
practitioners practiced the

Wordless Sword Manual

. Although he was Emperor Ming's son in his last lifetime, knowledgeable and extremely well read, his cultivation was too low for him to enter the periphery of sword practitioners.

He had only heard a little about the

Wordless Sword Manual

and had not seen it with his own eyes.

Elder Xuanji smiled and said, "You certainly wouldn't know. In fact, the Taiji Sect holds a Sword Technique Conference every century and invites all swordsmen to converge at the Sword Pavilion to try to discuss and uncover the profundities behind the

Wordless Sword Manual

. The Taiji Sect wants to pool together all the wisdom of humanity to try to crack the mysterious sword skill behind this

Wordless Sword Manual

.

"But only Half-Saint Class swordsmen are eligible to be invited. How would you juniors ever know about the conference?"

"It is simply owing to the Sword Technique Conference that the sword skill within the

Wordless Sword Manual

has been circulating outside."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Since the sword skill within the

Wordless Sword Manual

has been circulating outside, why have so few people attained the level of sword practitioners?"

Elder Xuanji sighed and said, "How can anyone hope to understand it, even if they get hold of the

Wordless Sword Manual

? And even if they do succeed in understanding it, how many could reach the beginner level?"

“In today’s world, what swordsmen are pursuing are the power of sword techniques and the ingenuity of sword moves. How many are willing to spend long hours studying the Tao of the sword itself?”

“Ruochen, you are extremely gifted, and your comprehension ability is also excellent. You would be the best candidate to practice the Tao of the sword. I also wish to bring you as my disciple for the next Sword Technique Conference to demonstrate your innate talents before the world’s swordsmen—just like that legendary Sword Emperor of the past, Xue Hongchen. You will amaze the world with your sensational skills.

“Therefore, you mustn’t go astray and pursue those sword techniques emphasizing one move and one style, forgetting the roots of the Tao of the sword.”

Finally, Zhang Ruochen understood why Elder Xuanji had made him learn the Swift and Neat Sword Technique earlier on.

How elevated the status of Elder Xuanji was! As one of the Three Great Sword Saints of the Eastern Region, hadn’t he witnessed all sorts of ingenious sword techniques? Did he really want to see that one-move sword technique of Zhang Ruochen?

Apparently not.

He was just worried that Zhang Ruochen would be too intent on pursuing those “one move and one style” sword techniques. He would then go astray, and be led further and further away from the true roots of the Tao of the sword.

Elder Xuanji saw Zhang Ruochen contemplating and he nodded.

He knew that Zhang Ruochen was a clever person that just needed a little reminder to realize his error.

But Zhang Ruochen was, after all, merely a young man who had just reached the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. It could be said that he achieved immediate fame overnight.

Any young person would inevitably be complacent after performing such feats.

And so, Elder Xuanji decided to batter Zhang Ruochen's confidence a little by saying, "Ruochen, you must be 21 this year. How do you feel after achieving such fame overnight?"

Zhang Ruochen had thought that Elder Xuanji would hand him the

Wordless Sword Manual

at once. He had not expected such an abrupt question.

Zhang Ruochen replied frankly, "Your disciple is still very far from a true superior. I would like simply to continue practicing hard, and seek the Holy Road with a devout heart."

In his last lifetime, Zhang Ruochen was ranked first on the Heaven Board at the age of 16. He had achieved fame long ago.

Therefore, he had not been distracted at all achieving fame this time.

Elder Xuanji continued talking. "800 years ago, the young Empress Chi Yao had once stepped into the Battlefield of the Primitive World alone and massacred almost every living creature within the Primitive World. Carcasses and corpses were piled up high, and blood flowed and converged like the sea. She obtained 90,000,000 military merits for it, far outstripping the military merits offered for the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.

"That year, she was only 16.

"So your present achievement is still considered a mere trifle before hers. You must set the Empress as your role model, and remember not to be arrogant or maniacal."

Zhang Ruochen was rather disdainful and he gnashed his teeth. He remarked coldly, "If she was already so addicted to killing at 16, goodness knows how much innocent blood has already stained her hands! How different from a psychopath would I be if I were to set her as a role model?"

With a cold look in his eyes, Elder Xuanji reprimanded him. “Stop talking nonsense. Her Excellency the Empress’s work merits will be handed down through millenniums. They aren’t something you can slander.”

The eyes of Elder Xuanji then softened a little, and he said, with much gravity and meaning, “Young people are just too impudent. As the case is, you ought not say any more in the future. Your life would be in grave danger had some outsider overheard these remarks.”

Zhang Ruochen gradually suppressed his emotions.

After a long while, Zhang Ruochen finally regained his calm.

Elder Xuanji shook his head and no longer spoke with Zhang Ruochen about Empress Chi Yao. He took out a book of about six inches from inside his sleeve and handed it to Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen took the book and held it in both hands. Two words could be seen written on its cover:

“Sword One!”

Slowly, Zhang Ruochen flipped open its pages, and focusing his eyes intently, was instantly attracted by the contents of the book.

It took him about two hours to entirely go over its contents one time.

Zhang Ruochen then shut his dry eyes and closed the book, raising his head. He asked, “What an ingenious manual on the Tao of the sword! So vast, profound, and truly astounding! Master, could this be the sword skill from the

Wordless Sword Manual

?”

Elder Xuanji nodded and said, “It is, truly. But the contents in this book are merely what I have unraveled myself personally. The real sword skill of the

Wordless Sword Manual

is even more profound and mysterious than what is recorded here.

“You can take a look whenever you like, but you should not practice this completely according to what is written here from my experience. Otherwise, it would be very difficult for you to master ‘Sword One’.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “There is much within ‘Sword One’ that I cannot understand. I hope Master can offer me some advice.”

Elder Xuanji just smiled and asked, “‘Sword One’ is such a profound text. It is natural that you cannot understand it. What I would like to know is... how much of it have you really grasped?”

Zhang Ruochen frowned and sighed deeply.

When Elder Xuanji saw Zhang Ruochen’s expression, he knew that this disciple, whom he was so proud of, had been baffled by Sword One.

Sword One was the real Tao of the sword and the threshold guide for a sword practitioner.

Even a Half-Saint upon his first reading of Sword One would think that he was reading a book from heaven. It would be impossible for him to understand anything at all.

A Monk in the First Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm would be considered quite amazing if he could grasp the meaning of just a few sentences.

Although Elder Xuanji had handed Sword One over to Zhang Ruochen, he had merely wanted him to flip through the text once in a while to prepare his path as a sword practitioner. He did not expect Zhang Ruochen to be able to understand any of it right now.

Of course, what Elder Xuanji had really wanted to do was to use Sword One to crush Zhang Ruochen’s arrogance, lest complacency ruin his grand future.

And quite evidently, his aim had been achieved.

Chapter 564 - Sword One

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Elder Xuanji noticed Zhang Rouchen's distress and assumed he had demoralized him too much. He was about to console him.

But Zhang Ruochen, looking very solemn, instead gave a sigh. "Sword One is very difficult to understand. Your disciple is too dull-witted; I could only comprehend three-tenths of it."

Elder Xuanji was stunned.

What?

He had looked through it once, and was able to understand three-tenths of the contents?

Elder Xuanji himself had not even understood one-tenth of it when he first read through Sword One.

He called himself dull-witted, after comprehending three-tenths of the book? This boy deserved a thrashing!

Elder Xuanji sized Zhang Ruochen up carefully and asked in disbelief, "You're certain you understand almost a third of it?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "I understood only three-tenths of its contents. Why are you so surprised?"

Elder Xuanji knew Zhang Ruochen would not lie. He could only sigh inwardly to himself. This youngest disciple had such astoundingly high endowments in sword skill.

Elder Xuanji stroked his white beard and smiled. "If you could understand three-tenths of Sword One, your level of understanding surpasses that of many Half-Saints."

“But it only means you are highly qualified to practice the Tao of the sword. It doesn’t mean you will necessarily master Sword One.”

“Understanding is just the first step. Only by mastering Sword One can you achieve the Beginner level of a sword practitioner.

Only now did Zhang Ruochen realize his achievement. It must be quite some feat for him to have understood three-tenths of Sword One.

But what Master said was reasonable. To understand the manual completely was not a big deal. The true achievement was to master it.

Zhang Ruochen said, “You said that many Half-Saints can’t understand Sword One. Does this mean that only someone in the Half-Saint realm can successfully master Sword One?”

“Not really,” Elder Xuanji replied. “If you are talented enough, you can master Sword One even in the Fish-dragon Realm. Then by the time you attain the Half-Saint realm, you could start practicing Sword Two.”

Zhang Ruochen asked curiously, “There’s a Sword Two?”

“Of course.”

Elder Xuanji nodded. “Sword One represents ‘oneself’, while Sword Two represents the ‘Yin and the Yang’. After that come Sword Three, Sword Four... After mastering each sword manual, a Monk’s understanding of the Tao of the sword rises to a whole new level.”

Zhang Ruochen continued asking questions like a schoolboy. “What do you mean by ‘oneself’? What do you mean by ‘the Yin and the Yang’?”

Elder Xuanji shook his head. “I can’t teach such interpretations. You can only comprehend them yourself. All I can tell you is that unless you master Sword One, you can’t be considered a true sword practitioner.”

“Your Fifth Senior Sister is highly gifted in the Tao of the sword too. But she has practiced for several decades and has

barely reached the Beginner level of Sword Two. Don't yearn for higher manuals at this level. Master Sword One first; that will help augment your actual strength."

Zhang Ruochen recalled the sword skill mantra Fifth Senior Sister had recited when she defeated the Ember Kylin in the Xuanwu Primitive World. He repeated it now. "The two Qis of Yin-Yang divide the heaven and the earth; the natural Tao of the sword is the destination of all practices."

This was the verbal formula that Fifth Senior sister apprentice had recited.

Elder Xuanji said, "Yes, that's a formula used in Sword Two."

Zhang Ruochen could not help gripping Sword One tighter in his hands. "I will surely master Sword One in the Fish-dragon Realm."

Elder Xuanji said with a laugh, "You must know that in the past thousand years, only 34 people have mastered Sword One in the Fish-dragon Realm."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Are you one of them?"

"Yes."

Elder Xuanji looked rather proud of himself. After all, to have mastered Sword One at the Fish-dragon Realm was no mean feat.

"In addition," he continued. "Among the 34, there were two who also mastered Sword Two in the Fish-dragon Realm."

Zhang Ruochen had seen the contents of Sword One. He knew how profound and abstruse it was.

One could deduce that Sword Two would be even more extraordinary.

To master Sword One was already exceedingly difficult. To think that people had managed to master Sword Two in the Fish-dragon Realm!

Could it be... him?

Someone from 800 years ago materialized in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

He was one of the Nine Emperors.

And Elder Xuanji's words indeed confirmed Zhang Ruochen's guess.

Elder Xuanji said, "The two people were the Sword Emperor and Empress Chi Yao."

"I don't expect you to match them. I would be most content if you could master Sword One in the Fish-dragon Realm."

The name Sword Emperor reverberated in Zhang Rouchen's ears like thunder.

Xue Hongchen, the true Sword Emperor, was the son of Fragrance City's governor. Matchless in talent and sword technique, he was also a most debonair figure. At the age of 36, he had surpassed his father, the city governor of Fragrance City and become the world renowned Sword Saint Hongchen.

He later attained higher and higher achievements in the Tao of the sword, finally hitting an unsurpassable realm. He became the Sword Emperor of his era.

And Xue Hongchen was the youngest of the Nine Emperors.

The reason Emperor Ming had given his son the name "Zhang Ruochen", was because he had wanted him to emulate Sword Emperor Xue Hongchen's outstanding achievements.

A saying had circulated in Kunlun's Field during that time: "Just as Sword Saint Hongchen mocks the Red Dust [1], one's own son ought to be like Xue Hongchen."

Although Zhang Ruochen had not met the Sword Emperor, the latter had been his role model since boyhood.

So when he heard Elder Xuanji's second mention of the Sword Emperor, Zhang Ruochen could not resist asking, "Master, what realm did the Sword Emperor attain during his time?"

Elder Xuanji looked to the distance. A hitherto unknown but yearning look appeared in his eyes. "The Sword Emperor hasn't appeared in Kunlun's Field for many years. No one knows what heights he has attained. But I've heard that he mastered Sword Ten 800 years ago. Others say that he has

cultivated Sword Eleven. There are many rumors, yet no knows what realm he has truly reached.”

Zhang Ruochen asked again, “So which realm do you need to reach before one would regard you as a sword saint?”

“You must master at least Sword Seven. Only then could you be considered a sword saint.”

Zhang Ruochen was somewhat astonished. “You mean only three people have managed to master Sword Seven in the entire Eastern Region?”

“Yes.”

Elder Xuanji sighed and remarked, “So don’t feel disappointed even if you fail to master Sword One in the Fish-dragon Realm. It’s just a hope of mine.”

Zhang Ruochen and Elder Xuanji continued discussing the Wordless Sword Manual.

It wasn’t until nightfall that Zhang Ruochen left the Linghe Pear Garden with the Sword One manual. He walked out of the Saint Academy towards the Avenue of Kings.

The Half-Saint mansion Kong Lanyou had given him was situated on the Avenue of Kings.

Zhang Ruochen walked along the middle of the main street, rife with busy traffic. His mind was still trying to unravel Sword One. He had reached a stage of crazy obsession.

His eyes fixed blankly ahead, and all sorts of thoughts crept into his brain.

Before he knew it, he had arrived in front of his mansion. He pushed the door open and walked in.

“SWISH!”

He had barely entered through the door when the noise of a sword resounded.

A piercing sword Qi broke through the air. A white streak of sword radiance, two fingers wide, could be seen above Zhang Ruochen’s eyes.

The sword radiance was dazzling. Zhang Ruochen could not help but shut his eyes.

“CLANG!”

Sensing danger, the Ancient Abyss Sword flew out of the sword scabbard by itself.

Zhang Ruochen reacted almost instinctively, his finger pointing forward. The Ancient Abyss Sword arced its way towards the foot of a grove shade to the left of the gate.

“BOOM!” A loud noise resounded.

The Ancient Abyss Sword fell down. The other person’s sword had broken into two, with a clang.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and was about to thrust his sword forward when he suddenly discovered the assailant was a little girl of just five or six.

It was Han Xue.

She stood under the tree holding a broken sword in her hands. Her small, tender and fair hands were dripping with blood. Holding back her pain, she stepped back swiftly.

In a flash, Zhang Ruochen recovered himself. He quickly controlled the Heart of the Sword and recalled the Ancient Abyss Sword back into its scabbard.

“Han Xue, what are you doing here?”

He dashed forward to examine her injury.

Although it had only been a random thrust, his sword strike contained remarkable power.

Han Xue was too young to withstand the power of Zhang Ruochen’s strike.

Fortunately, the Ancient Abyss Sword had only slashed her sword into two. The purlicue on her right hand had ruptured from the blow, but it was nothing serious.

She was not crying either. She pursed her lips and said in a pitiful voice, “Master, what were you thinking? You exerted so much force you could have killed me.”

“Sorry, I was so deep in my swordplay comprehension that I didn’t realize it was you. By the way, why did you ambush me?”

Zhang Ruochen stretched out his hand and pressed it on her wrist. He injected a flow of Genuine Qi into her hand Meridians, trying to aid her recovery.

But he realized that even before his Genuine Qi had injected into her Meridians, the wound on her wrist had begun to close by itself.

“Eh?!”

How did that happen?

Even Zhang Ruochen with the Dragon Pearl in his body could not heal himself as well as she did.

In a moment, her wound had healed. There wasn’t even a scar.

More to his astonishment, Zhang Ruochen’s sword strike had only severed her sword. The shattering force had not made her drop her sword.

Her hands were still gripping onto the broken sword tightly.

One ought to remember that she was not even six. Her level of cultivation was shockingly outrageous.

“How powerful her Thousand-bones Physical Quality is! Truly remarkable!” Zhang Ruochen reflected.

Han Xue revealed her gleaming white teeth and her eyes fluttered. “Sister Yanchen visited Master’s mansion and told me that you have returned to the East Region Saint City. I wanted to show you my recent practice achievements. That’s why I ambushed you on purpose. But my cultivation is too low! I can’t match yours level at all. Do you think I’m a good-for-nothing, Master?”

With these words Han Xue bowed her head, looking very distraught.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head, smiling. He extended an arm and caressed her head, saying, “If you are considered useless,

there aren't any useful people in the world! And oh, why did your Sister Yanchen call?"

Han Xue addressed Zhang Ruochen as "Master," but Huang Yanchen as "Elder Sister." It was really quite odd.

But Zhang Ruochen did not ask her why.

He was more curious about the purpose of Huang Yanchen's visit.

Han Xue shook her little head and bent her fingers. "I don't know. I saw Sister Yanchen with a middle-aged uncle. When I was with them, they kept mentioning things like 'bridal gifts' ... 'guests' ... and 'marriage pledge' Anyway, I didn't quite get it."

Zhang Ruochen's expression turned solemn. He understood the probable intention of Huang Yanchen's visit. He walked into the courtyard, holding on to Han Xue's small hand.

Chapter 565 - The Seventh Day of the Next Lunar Month

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen's mansion was very large, with pavilions, lakes, rockeries, martial arts fields, savage beast rings, spiritual dose gardens, and more.

In addition, the mansion had various arrays scattered about. Besides the Defensive Array, the mansion had a Spirit Gathering Array and an Attack Array. Even a Half-Saint would pay an enormous price to enter the mansion.

This mansion was as good as a Half-Saint family's.

At the moment, Huang Yanchen and the Qianshui Commandery Prince were in the lobby of the inner court.

The Qianshui Commandery Prince looked like he was in his forties, full of energy. He had sharp eyes and a neat mustache on his lip. Even if he had deliberately suppressed it, he still had the aura of a powerful man.

Concubine Lin was sitting on the left side of the Qianshui Commandery Prince, looking quite calm, dignified, and unrestrained.

Zhang Ruochen came in, immediately bowed in salutation, and said, "Your Excellency Commandery Prince, I'm so honored to meet you here."

With a half-smile, Qianshui Commandery Prince chuckled. "Your Excellency Commandery Prince... Zhang Ruochen, what should you call me now?"

Zhang Ruochen smiled and bowed again, saying, "It's my honor to see you here, uncle."

Qianshui Commandery Prince knew that it would be difficult for Zhang Ruochen to call him something else right away, so he did not push him. He came straight to the point. "Zhang Ruochen, do you still remember your engagement four years ago?"

Zhang Ruochen answered, "Engagement is an important event in life, and I definitely remember it."

Qianshui Commandery Prince nodded and said, "That's why I came to the East Region Saint City. Your engagement has been delayed for a year, you know. Your mother and I have discussed it. We agreed that you two should get married as soon as possible. What do you say?"

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Huang Yanchen sitting beside the Qianshui Commandery Prince and said, "I agree with you, and I will act upon your wishes."

Qianshui Commandery Prince nodded with satisfaction. Actually, he was quite satisfied with his future son-in-law. It would be best if their wedding could be settled fast.

Even though Zhang Ruochen had only been the prince of an inferior commandery, the Qianshui Commandery Prince was quite optimistic about him. He had believed that this boy would definitely be extraordinary in the future.

Now, only a few years later, Zhang Ruochen had become known all over the world.

He not only acknowledged Sword Saint Xuanji as his teacher, but he also became the first of the Six Great Kings of the new generation in the Eastern Region. Recently, he had become the first of the "Heaven Board" and reached the Ultimate Realm.

Numerous powerful factions intended to put him under their command. And numerous favored daughters of the gods regarded him as a dream lover.

Fortunately, his daughter and Zhang Ruochen had already been engaged. Otherwise, with only her ordinary natural talent

and birth, how could his daughter compete with the other girls from the main clans and powerful Saint families?

After all, the Huangs from Qianshui Commandery were only an outside addition to the Chen family. Their status was rather low among the Chens.

The Chens were a large, wealthy, aristocratic family from the Middle Age. Their clansmen were all over the Eastern Region. It was a strict, hierarchical empire.

Among them, the main clan had the highest status in the whole family.

They had the purest blood of the Chens, and they were also the absolute rulers of the Chens. Their bloodline was the most noble, and they had the most say, of any of the Chens.

Under the main clan were the branch clans.

The branch clans had the same family name “Chen,” but their bloodline was more distant. Some of their ancestors were only descendants of the Chens. They had discovered their origin and become branch clans of the Chens.

Because of the large number of the branch clans, their leaders also had a certain say in the Chen family. Some powerful branch clansmen could even become top leaders in the family.

Under the branch clan were the outside clans.

The Huangs of Qianshui Commandery were one of the outside clans attached to the Chens.

The Chens, also known as the “East Region Saint Mansions,” were in charge of the whole Eastern imperial court system, including more than 12,000 commanderies and 36 mansions in the Eastern Holy Land. The Chens were so powerful that they could be called the uncrowned kings of the Eastern Region.

Due to the great influence of the Chens in the Eastern Region, a large number of clans, suzerains, and commanderies arranged marriages with the Chens, so as to become their outside clans.

The so-called outside clans were mainly attached to the external strength of the Chens.

The status of the outside clans was similar to that of the Chen servants and slaves, and sometimes even lower.

Fortunately, Huang Yanchen's mother had reached the Half-Saint realm. Thus her status in the Chens had been greatly elevated, and she became a senior member. Therefore, Huang Yanchen was able to go back to the East Region Saint City to practice.

However, Huang Yanchen and the Qianshui Commandery were still just outsiders to the Chens. Their identity and status were rather embarrassing.

But now, it would be different. Their status was likely to change unprecedentedly.

Because, Huang Yanchen and Zhang Ruochen were going to get married.

Zhang Ruochen was a disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji, and also the No. 1 conqueror of the new generation in the Eastern Region. He was sure to have a bright future.

No matter how much the Chens looked down on the outside clans, they would try hard now to cozy up to the Qianshui Commandery Prince and Huang Yanchen in order to show their respect for the Huangs.

The reason was that they had such a talented son-in-law.

Therefore, the Chens' attitude towards the Qianshui Commandery Prince had changed significantly when he came again to the East Region Saint City.

The Qianshui Commandery Prince knew clearly that the Chens' change of attitude was not merely because of Huang Yanchen's mother's reaching the Half-Saint realm.

What mattered more was that Huang Yanchen's fiance was Zhang Ruochen, the disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji.

Qianshui Commandery Prince stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, "The seventh day of the next lunar month is auspicious. I have discussed it with your mother, and your wedding will be on that day."

Zhang Ruochen said, "It is fine with me."

The Qianshui Commandery Prince laughed. He said, "In that case, don't forget to choose a time to come over and bring your betrothal gifts. It is getting late. I must be going."

Zhang Ruochen escorted the Qianshui Commandery Prince and Huang Yanchen all the way to the outside the mansion before returning to the inner yard.

He walked past the lobby and found the candles in the hall still lit. He went in the hall and saw Concubine Lin sitting alone.

Zhang Ruochen asked, "Mother, what are you doing up this late?"

Concubine Lin sat there, looking at Zhang Ruochen carefully and asked, "Chen-er, are you dissatisfied with this marriage?"

Zhang Ruochen was a little puzzled, and then he smiled. He said, "Mother, it's not what you think! Senior sister apprentice and I have got along well with each other for so long. Why would I be dissatisfied?"

Concubine Lin shook her head and said, "Well then, why don't you seem overjoyed?"

Zhang Ruochen seemed to say to himself, "Wasn't I happy just now?"

Concubine Lin said, "Chen-er, I know that you are capable now, and that many women like you. So, you could expect a better choice. However, you must keep your words. If it weren't for the help of Qianshui Commandery Prince and Commandery Princess Yanchen, Yunwu Commandery would have perished. And you and I wouldn't have lived to this day, either. Do you understand?"

Zhang Ruochen came to Concubine Lin and said, "Mother, I am really happy to marry Senior sister apprentice. I will take the Betrothal Gifts to the Huangs in person in a few days. Are you relieved?"

A smile finally spread across Concubine Lin's face.

She reached out her hands and held Zhang Ruochen's hands tightly. A tear flowed out of her eye. For the first time, she felt that Zhang Ruochen had really grown up.

Zhang Ruochen chatted with Concubine Lin, and then took out a Spiritual Crane Pear. He watching her eat it.

Zhang Ruochen did not go back until midnight.

Back in his own room, Zhang Ruochen could not stop thinking about his marriage on the seventh of the next lunar month. He could not focus on perceiving ”

Sword One

” at all.

So Zhang Ruochen took the Yin Yang Wooden Graph out, unfolded it, and laid it flat on the table.

Then, he opened a space portal and entered the Scroll World.

Although he was unable to meditate on ”

Sword One

“, he could do something else.

Zhang Ruochen first spent a whole day sitting cross-legged under the Yin Yang Wooden Graph to forge ten Auspicious Vases.

Then, he came to the lower part of the bodies of Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King and Cyan Fire Xuanwu, lined up the ten Auspicious Vases, and began to collect the flood dragon blood, Xuanwu Sacred Blood, and Xuanwu Qi.

The collection of flood dragon blood and Xuanwu Qi was very easy.

However, collecting Xuanwu Sacred Blood was a little troublesome.

The Spiritual Blood of a Cyan Fire Xuanwu was quite exuberant, and every drop of blood contained extremely powerful strength.

A drop of Holy Blood would cut through a rock weighing 5,000kg.

Moreover, Xuanwu Sacred Blood had been corroded by the evil spirit of the Pillar of the Vicious Sea. Thus, it needed to be

purified drop by drop before being stored in the Auspicious Vase.

Zhang Ruochen spent three exhausting days refining only thirty drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood.

“The Xuanwu Sacred Blood contains so much power. With my present cultivation, only ten drops can be purified in a day. It is just a waste of time.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped purifying Xuanwu Sacred Blood, and he decided to wait until his cultivation became higher in the future.

“A bottle of Half-Saint flood dragon blood, eight bottles of Xuanwu Qi, and thirty drops of Xuanwu Sacred Blood are enough for a long time.”

The body of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu was a giant treasure house. Only one-tenth of the Xuanwu Qi would fill eight Auspicious Vases.

Each Auspicious Vase had plenty of room.

It took Huang Yanchen only a little refined Xuanwu Qi to go from the Medium State in the Heaven Realm all the way to the Second Change in the Fish Dragon Realm.

Now, each of the eight Auspicious Vases in Zhang Ruochen’s hands contained 3,000 times the amount of Xuanwu Qi she had refined.

Of course, the higher the realm, the more Xuanwu Qi one needed to break through to the next realm.

Even a whole bottle of Xuanwu Qi might not be enough to support a Monk at the First Change in the Fish Dragon Realm breaking through to the Ninth Change in the Fish Dragon Realm.

Furthermore, each of the Nine Changes in the Fish Dragon Realm was a bottleneck. Thus, not everyone could change a fish into a dragon.

“There are eight bottles of Xuanwu Qi here, one bottle for senior sister apprentice Yanchen, one for senior sister

apprentice Duanmu, one for elder brother Chang, one for senior brother, one for Master, one for Han Xue, and one for Kong Xuan. The last bottle... could be saved for the time being.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled with satisfaction, holding eight bottles of Xuanwu Qi in his hands.

Chapter 566 - The Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Absorbing Xuanwu Qi could quickly improve a monk's cultivation. Of course, Zhang Ruochen would not enjoy such a treasure alone. He had already thought about who to give the treasure to.

He wanted to give the last bottle to the ninth sister and fourth brother in Yunwu Commandery. But Zhang Ruochen wasn't sure if they could make it to the East Region Saint City before his wedding.

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the Scroll World with eight bottles of Xuanwu Qi.

Four days in the Scroll World was equal to one night in the external world.

It was early in the morning, and there was a faint chill in the air.

Zhang Ruochen found Kong Xuan and gave the six bottles of Xuanwu Qi to her. Zhang Ruochen asked her to give five bottles away, one for Huang Yanchen, Duanmu Xingling, Chang Qiqi, Si Xingkong, and Lei Jing.

Before she left, Zhang Ruochen specifically told her to hand over the Auspicious Vases to those five people in person.

Zhang Ruochen felt at ease about letting Kong Xuang handle the affairs. Kong Xuan's cultivation had reached the Heaven

Realm, so Zhang Ruochen knew she was perfectly capable of handling the task alone.

After Kong Xuan left, Zhang Ruochen called in Han Xue, Greedy Rabbit, and Monster Ape. He took the three of them to the Scroll World.

Blackie had taught Greedy Rabbit and Monster Ape top exercises, so the strength of the two beasts was not what it used to be.

Greedy Rabbit practiced was

“Sky Swallowing Knack”

, while Monster Ape practiced

“Elder Devil’s Ten Skies”.

The evil energy and brutish aura emanating from the two beasts were very strong. As they followed Zhang Ruochen into the Scroll World, they seemed like two ferocious beasts who had just come out of reckless waste.

Especially the Monster Ape.

It was an archaean survival. After practicing

“Elder Devil’s Ten Skies”

, the giant monster ape archaean spirit’s Blood Meridian was activated.

Now, its body was more than 60 meters tall; it looked just like a black hill. Each step the ape took made a rumbling sound and shook the ground.

As for Greedy Rabbit, it looked rather funny with a big round belly and its two white, sharp teeth.

However, the Greedy Rabbit should not be underestimated, especially because it was able to swallow the Demon’s Heart of Di Yi. Besides, the technique,

“Sky Swallowing Knack”

that the rabbit practiced was not any weaker than

“Elder Devil’s Ten Skies”

, so its strength should not be underestimated.

Zhang Ruochen took them to the lower part of Sacred Prime Tree and said, “In the future, you two should follow Han Xue and practice in the Scroll World. Do not cause trouble.”

Zhang Ruochen then took out two bottles of flood dragon blood and handed them to Greedy Rabbit and Monster Ape.

In the Xuanwu Primitive World, Zhang Ruochen killed a number of redcloud pythons and collected a large amount of flood dragon blood. Now it was time to use it to help the two beasts improve their cultivation.

The enhancement of their strength would also help Zhang Ruochen a lot.

At the same time, Zhang Ruochen also took out a bottle of Xuanwu Qi that had already been prepared. He handed it to Han Xue, patted her little face, and asked her to practice alone over there.

Having arranged everything, Zhang Ruochen could finally relax and begin improving his cultivation.

Never slack off on practicing. Only by constantly improving one’s own strength could one do more meaningful things.

The first step, of course, was to refine the Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil and continue practicing the Treasured Body of Three Spirits.

In the Completion of Heaven Realm, Zhang Ruochen’s body would reach saturation due to refining only one jin and two liangs of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil. But now, he had broken into the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm and reached the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Breaking through two realms in a row would allow him to refine more Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil.

With his current level of cultivation, could Zhang Ruochen succeed in practicing Treasured Body of Three Spirits?

The Treasured Body of Three Spirits was as powerful as a Saintly Being.

That was why Zhang Ruochen was very eager to materialize the Treasured Body of Three Spirits.

As long as he succeeded, he would become stronger in the same realm.

“Refining a kilo of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil could save a year’s penance. Even if the Treasured Body of Three Spirits was not achieved, I would obtain at least several years’ worth of cultivation .”

He took out the Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil and started the refining process.

In a blink of the eye, they were already halfway through the month.

Zhang Ruochen refined seven jins of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil into his body and integrated it with his bones, muscles, and flesh.

Together with the one jin and two liangs of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil he had refined before, he got a total of eight jins and two liangs and was quite close to the Treasured Body of Three Spirits.

Zhang Ruochen let out a sigh of relief and said, “My body has reached saturation and can no longer absorb any Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil. However, refining seven jins of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil is comparable to my seven years of penance. My cultivation has improved from the Initial Stage of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm to the Intermediate Stage of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

“Once my cultivation reaches the Advanced Stage of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, I will be able to refine more Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil. Perhaps I can even practice the Treasured Body of Three Spirits.”

In total, Zhang Ruochen had reached the Ultimate Realm four times, so he was strong enough to fight against a higher realm.

However, apart from the advantages, there were disadvantages as well.

The disadvantage was that when breaking through a realm, Zhang Ruochen took ten or even a hundred times more effort compared to other Monks.

In the same realm, he would consume ten times or even a hundred times more resources than other monks.

Therefore, refining seven jins of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil could only improve his cultivation from the Initial Stage of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm to the Intermediate Stage of the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Next, his goal was to break into the Advanced Stage of the the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

With a normal practice speed, it would take him ten years to break into the Advanced Stage of the first Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

However, now that he had many top cultivation resources, such as the Dragon Pearl of the Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King, the Half-Saint flood dragon blood, the Xuanwu Qi, and Xuanwu Sacred Blood, Zhang Ruochen would be able to save a lot of practice time.

Each one of them was priceless.

Among them, the Dragon Pearl of Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King was the most precious. Zhang Ruochen wanted to take it for when he would go for a higher realm in the future.

In the end, Zhang Ruochen decided to take Xuanwu Sacred Blood.

Cyan-fire Xuanwu was a level eight savage beast, comparable to the Saint King. Each drop of his blood was like a top-level Pill that contained great Saint Power and Spiritual Blood.

Zhang Ruochen poured the first drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood out of the Auspicious Vase and made it suspend over the palm of his left hand with Genuine Qi.

Like a red gem, the Xuanwu Sacred Blood started emitting a dazzling red light.

“Swish!”

Swallowing Xuanwu Sacred Blood felt like swallowing a mouthful of flames.

In an instant, Zhang Ruochen's internal organs and meridians burned with a spluttering sound. Zhang Ruochen could not suppress the great power of Xuanwu Sacred Blood, so traces of flame were gushing out of his pores.

The flames spread out, and fires were burning within ten steps away of Zhang Ruochen; centering around his body.

Even with the Dragon Pearl protecting his body, Zhang Ruochen still felt extremely uncomfortable and his whole body was aching. His heart, lung, liver, and gall, to each meridian, each blood vessel, and each bone—they were all burning.

It seemed like he would be burned to ashes by the heat from Xuanwu Sacred Blood anytime soon.

Zhang Ruochen clenched his teeth, bearing with the pain. He slowly moved his hands, put his palms together and shouted, "The fifth level of

'Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean'
, Devil-taming Mysterious Fetus Heaven."

Zhang Ruochen controlled his body with the powerful Martial Soul. Then he started to run the Genuine Qi in his body according to the exercises of the fifth level of

"Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean".

As the Genuine Qi ran faster, the 36 meridians absorbed Xuanwu Sacred Blood faster as well.

Gradually, Zhang Ruochen devoted himself to the cultivation process. While experiencing the mystery of

"Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean",

he ran the exercises to absorb Xuanwu Sacred Blood.

He didn't know how much time had passed, but all of a sudden Zhang Ruochen's pain completely disappeared. Instead, he felt a comfortable feeling spreading throughout his whole body through his 36 meridians.

After absorbing all the Xuanwu Sacred Blood, Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes again, letting out a long sigh of relief.

His clothes had been burnt to ashes by the previous flames.

Zhang Ruochen looked at his skin and saw a layer of golden luster on it as if there were golden stripes flowing on the surface.

He was like a man made of gold, sitting cross-legged under the tree.

“Bang! Bang!”

Zhang Ruochen hit his chest with his palm twice, making a noise of metal collisions, like an iron mallet hitting a golden bell.

“The Xuanwu Sacred Blood is such a powerful treasure! One drop enables me to break through to the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.”

It was true.

Zhang Ruochen had reached the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen did not think that a drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood would be that powerful that he almost died in the refining process.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen didn't take the Dragon Pearl of Black Skeleton Flood-dragon King. Otherwise, the power would be too unbearable, he might even explode and die in an instant.

Zhang Ruochen learned a lesson from this.

However, Zhang Ruochen managed to survive. Moreover, he broke through to the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, which could be regarded as a blessing in disguise.

The Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm was called “Skin Refining to Gold”.

The so-called “Skin Refining to Gold” was a technique that formed a layer of golden armor on the whole body of a monk.

Its defensive power was several grades higher than the Golden Bell Shield and Iron Cloth.

In particular, Zhang Ruochen's golden skin was a blend of Cyan-fire Xuanwu and Golden Dragon's strength. Not only was its defensive power much stronger than that of the Monks in the same realm, but his strength also multiplied.

Of course, as Zhang Ruochen had just broken through the realm, he was unable to control the wildly increasing power, which was why his skin shined with golden brilliance and became hard as iron.

As long as he spent more time consolidating his realm, he would be able to control his powers pretty well.

It did not seem like it took much time for him to refine Xuanwu Sacred Blood, but in reality, Zhang Ruochen spent a total of six months refining it.

Plus the time spent in refining Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil, Zhang Ruochen had stayed in the Scroll World for nearly seven months.

In total, twenty days had passed in the external world.

When Zhang Ruochen broke through the Fish-dragon Realm, he was able to take his Internal Qi and refine the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi to become his own food; thus reaching the Foodless Realm. Because of this, he did not feel hunger and felt more energetic instead.

After refining the exercises of the fifth level of ”

Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean

” for another half a month, Zhang Ruochen finally got full control of the realm.

“Cool down!”

The golden light on Zhang Ruochen's body gradually faded, and finally disappeared.

His skin went back to normal and was no longer as hard as iron. His defensive power was not weaker, but stronger.

“With my current realm, it should not be difficult for me to successfully practice Treasured Body of Three Spirits, but the wedding is coming up, so I can no longer seclude myself for refining. I must go to the Chens first to send the betrothal gifts.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped practicing and began to think about the betrothal gifts. What kind of betrothal gifts could show his sincerity?

Chapter 567 - Chords of Gods Once again

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Wedding engagement is an important affair and it demands a lot of time and attention. It is a ceremonial occasion to show honor to the bride's parents, and of course, a generous dowry is expected.

After all, the Chen Family is an Aristocratic Family with a history spanning from the Middle Ages, respectable ancestry, and affluence. The family has eight clans, and each clan is further divided into 72 tribes; there are also countless family generals and servants. Needless to say, they are a big family.

It was difficult to estimate the number of families paying close attention to the marriage between Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen. Numerous people kept a watchful eye on whether Zhang Ruochen had prepared sufficient dowry and gifts. If Zhang Ruochen's gifts were not adequate, the members of the Chen Family were ready to ridicule Huang Yanchen's parents.

Zhang Ruochen dedicated his heart and soul into preparing for this marriage. He was very generous and made sure he prepared lavish dowries and gifts to be sent over to the bride's family.

Knowing that Zhang Ruochen was going to send the dowry and wedding gifts to the Chen Family, his friends and relatives gathered at Zhang Ruochen's mansion to help decorate the bridal chamber and the mansion.

Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi, were first to arrive. They were two of Zhang Ruochen's closest friends, and they have been

that way throughout the time they were in Omen Ridge to Saint Academy.

Although Zhang Ruochen far exceeded them in his level of cultivation, he did not have an air of arrogance around them. He personally went to the gates to welcome them the moment they arrived.

Zhang Ruochen saw Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi from afar and said, “Eldest brother apprentice and Elder brother apprentice Chang, how did you know I am going to present the bridal dowry and gifts to the Chen Family tomorrow? You know so much!”

Si Xingkong had not changed much since the time he first came to the East Region Saint City. He is still as carefree as before, he carried a wine gourd on his waist and had a smile on his face.

While he looked like an alcoholic, he possessed an air of calm and composure. He said, “First of all, we are brothers. Secondly, we all have left our faraway hometown to come to East Region Saint City in hopes of achieving our dreams. It is only right that we support and help each other. We have to come to help you out with your wedding.”

Laughing, Chang Qiqi commented, “That’s right. Eldest brother apprentice and I may not be great help, but at least we are good at helping you carry your boxes of gifts. Are you rejecting our help, junior fellow apprentice?”

Zhang Ruochen knew that Chang Qiqi was just joking. He appreciates their sweet thoughts and sincerely said, “Thank you, my elder brothers apprentice.”

Si Xingkong went to Zhang Ruochen’s side and whispered, “Don’t thank us, we should be the ones to thank you. We have received the Xuanwu Qi you sent to us through Miss Kong Xuan. Even eldest brother apprentice was at a loss for words; we are so grateful.”

“From now on, no matter where and when, I, Si Xingkong will be there for you. You just have to say a word, and I will be there.”

Si Xingkong said these words fervently and with firmness. He had a determined expression, almost as if he was taking a vow.

Chang Qiqi's expression turned somber, and he said, "Count me in too."

Both Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi are faithful and trustworthy friends. To have them vouch for their loyalty was definitely more valuable than 10 million Spiritual Crystals.

A low voice rang from outside the gate, saying, "You guys sound so happy, what are you guys chatting about?"

"Swosh!"

A burly figure shuttled through the gate in a series of shadows.

Lei Jing walked down the stone steps with his hands behind his back and firm and steady footsteps in austere grandeur. Streaks of Holy Qi could be seen emanating from his pores.

With every step he took, the Spiritual Qi under his feet ripples outwards like water waves.

Zhang Ruochen, Si Xingkong, and Chang Qiqi immediately went forward to welcome him.

All you need is one glance at Lei Jing, and you could see into Lei Jing's internal body. He has opened five holy meridians and reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

He was just a step away from cultivating the Glazed Treasured Body.

Zhang Ruochen clasped his hands together and bowed, "Greetings, Master."

Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi simultaneously bowed in unison, saying, "Greetings, Master Lei ."

Lei Jing set his piercing eyes on Zhang Ruochen and nodded his head. His serious expression turned into a smile and he said, "Lad, now that you are a sword saint disciple, do you still have to address me as your master?"

"A teacher for a day shall be a teacher for life," said Zhang Ruochen.

Lei Jing was just joking with Zhang Ruochen. After all, he had also received the Xuanwu Qi sent by Zhang Ruochen, and he knew Zhang Ruochen was a dutiful child. He would never forget the grace he received.

With Xuanwu Qi, there was hope for Lei Jing to reach the Half-Saint realm in his lifetime.

Lei Jing's expression turned grave. He said, "I just received news two days ago that Chords of God had appeared once again in the Battlefield of Primitive World.

Si Xingkong was somewhat surprised and he said, "It hasn't been long since junior fellow apprentice Zhang reached the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. Don't tell me someone else did so as well?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes narrowed and he asked, "Is it Di Yi?"

Lei Jing nodded and said, "It's indeed Yi Di, the young master of Black Market Excellence Hall. People said that he has returned to Eastern Region, escorted by the Black Market Saints after he broke through the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm. This is a bad news for you, Zhang Ruochen."

Chang Qiqi snorted and said, "Did he dare cause trouble in the East Region Saint City?"

"Not only is Di Yi a man of strategy and courage. He is a man who is capable of actually doing something," said Si Xingkong.

Lei Jing started to worry, and he said, "Zhang Ruochen killed the Yellow God Emissary, captured Orange Star Emissary, and even the death of Green-robed Emissary was attributed to Ruochen."

"You can say Black Market Excellent Hall had lost all its honor to Zhang Ruochen. They wouldn't call themselves the Black Market Excellence Hall if they weren't going to come seeking revenge on Zhang Ruochen."

"The Black Market will not miss the golden opportunity to attack during Zhang Ruochen's wedding on the 7th of this month. They would do all they could to regain their honor."

“I’ve heard that some senior evil superiors had been spreading malicious rumors about killing Zhang Ruochen on his wedding day and taking captive of his bride. They wanted Zhang Ruochen to pay. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth.”

Si Xingkong snorted, clenched his fists and said, “What a bunch of arrogant scoundrels. How dare they plan to plunder in East Region Saint City, such outlaws.”

Chang Qiqi stared at Zhang Ruochen and said, “Don’t worry, junior fellow apprentice Zhang. East Region Saint City is not a place for these Black Market Evil Warriors to mess with.”

Zhang Ruochen was not one bit fearful, but it does not mean that he was not worried at all. He said, “East Region Saint City is a relatively safe place. However, the Black Market is very powerful and has a long history in Kunlun’s field. The undercover agents they trained have infiltrated the major forces are deeply rooted within organizations. We have to be careful.”

That evening, a family banquet was held in Zhang Ruochen’s mansion.

Among the guests were Si Xingkong, Chang Qiqi, Lei Jing, Luo Shuihan, who were monks representing Saint Luo Gentry. Lu Fantian, was there too and he was the monk representing Sword Sanctum, and Nie Honglou, the deputy commander of Silver Sky Mercenary Group,... and so on.

Since it was just a family banquet, it was not grand enough for senior monks to attend. It was mainly a gathering for the younger generation monks.

Zhang Ruochen met with many familiar friends in the banquet, except Duanmu Xingling.

As he inquired about Duanmu Xingling, it was said that she had left East Region Saint City a few months back and had not returned since.

For some unknown reason, Zhang Ruochen felt a little lost.

After all, among all his senior apprentices, Duanmu Xingling was the one with the most intimate relationship with him.

Although Duanmu Xingling was part of the heresy sect, Zhang Ruochen treated her as his confidante.

Zhang Ruochen knew very well that Duanmu Xingling left East Region Saint City to carry out a task Zhang Ruochen had delegated to her, which was to protect Ninth Commandery Princess and Zhang Shaochu of Yunwu Commandery.

For several months in a row, Duanmu Xingling had not returned to East Region Saint City. Could it be because the masters sent by the Black Market to Yunwu Commandery was too powerful for her, or was she deliberately avoiding Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen's wedding?

A sacred mountain was suspended in mid-air above the Seventh District.

The sacred mountain was about 333 meters above the ground and it was surrounded by clouds of white fog. Looking up from the ground, one could vaguely see red vermillions and a vague image of the towers that lay behind the white fog.

Di Yi was wearing a long white robe and had a metal mask on his face. He was standing at the edge of the sacred mountain, looking down at the lights below with his sharp eyes.

His eyes came to rest on Zhang Ruochen's mansion on the Avenue of Kings.

Di Yi's voice had a magnetic draw as he smiled and said, "Cyan-Robe, Zhang Ruochen's mansion is magnificently lit up, and there's so much bustle and stir in it. It makes me want to join in the fun."

Cyan-robed Emissary was standing behind Di Yi, carrying a sword. Her slim figure cast a long shadow under the shining moonlight.

She said, "Young master, it seems like you can't wait to take on Zhang Ruochen."

Di Yi's lips curled up slightly as he said, "It's a good thing to be born in the same age as Zhang Ruochen."

"It if weren't for his provocation, my cultivation may have not been able to reach Heartless Saint Being level. If not for the

pressure he put on me, I may have not been able to break through the Ultimate Realm of the Heaven Realm.”

“He is like a millstone that continues to sharpen my knife.”

Cyan-robed Emissary said, “It’s a pity he’s not part of the Black Market, otherwise he’ll probably be your best friend, young master.”

Di Yi was an arrogant man. He looked up at the crescent moon and said, “There is no one in the world today who is worthy of my friendship. There are only six people who are fit to be my enemy. He’s one of the more important ones.”

Cyan-robed Emissary asked in curiosity, “Who are the other five and what is their status?”

“Of these five people, I would think you know some of them. However, there are some whose names you probably have never heard of. Regardless, they may not be lower than Zhang Ruochen and me in terms of their natural talent,” said Di Yi with a laugh.

“Tomorrow, Zhang Ruochen will be going to the Chen Family to deliver the bridal dowry and gifts. The day after will be the actual wedding. As his enemy, surely I would have to send my congratulations. Have you prepared my gifts for Zhang Ruochen?”

Cyan-robed Emissary’s expression subtly changed. She quickly knelt down before Di Yi and said, “Forgive me, young master. We have encountered some problems with Yunwu Commandery. None of the masters we sent forth had lived to return. Action... failed.”

Chapter 568 - Saint Prince's Mansion

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The smile on Di Yi's face immediately disappeared. He said in dismay, "Your only task was to capture two mediocre warriors, but you can't even accomplish such a simple task. You have let me down this time round, Cyan-robe."

Cyan-robed Emissary said, "Zhang Ruochen's forth elder brother and ninth elder sister weren't strong at all. However, there is a group of mysterious masters secretly protecting them."

"On the first try, I sent out two teams of glazed knights. However, all of them mysteriously died before they even got the chance to exit the Eastern Holy Land."

"On the second occasion, I dispatched 37 top-notch killers led by Xu Tiantu and divided them into six groups. Each group took a separate route, but they vanished before arriving at Yunwu Commandery, and we lost contact."

On hearing this, Di Yi looked somber and said, "You may get up first!"

"Thank you, master," said Cyan-robed Emissary as she stood up.

Di Yi said thoughtfully, "Xu Tiantu was well-known since 60 years ago, and he ranks seventh amongst the killer of Blood Cloud Tower. Even a killer like him disappeared... There must be some great force that is secretly helping Zhang Ruochen."

Cyan-robed Emissary said, "It had to be Martial Market Bank. They are the only ones who possess such great power in the

Eastern Region; the only ones who can secretly annihilate the masters I sent out.”

Di Yi nodded and said, “What about the third time?”

Cyan-robed Emissary said, “On the third occasion, it was predecessor Half-Saint Yuanyin who personally went to Yunwu Commandery.”

“Since it was predecessor Half-Saint Yuanyin who went, I am sure he will complete his mission,” Yi Di breathed a sigh of relief.

“Whoosh!”

A skinny old man, who looked like an enormous black bat, flew to the boundary of the sacred mountain towards them. He came to rest on a high plateau behind Di Yi and Cyan-robed Emissary.

Di Yi and Cyan-robed Emissary immediately saluted the old man, greeting him, “We pay our respects to you, Half-Saint YuanYing.”

Half-Saint Yuanying’s withered hands were covering his chest. Blood was pouring out from between his fingers, dripping onto the ground.

Di Yi and Cyan-robed Emissary were shocked to find that even Half-Saint Yuanying, someone with a high level of cultivation, could be wounded by his opponent.

“How did this happen, predecessor? Did Martial Market Bank send forth masters of Half-Saint Class just to protect two ordinary warriors?” asked Yi Di.

Half-Saint Yuanying shook his head and replied, “It wasn’t the Martial Market Bank. It was Half-Saint Muhan from Moon Worship Demonic Sect. I did a thorough investigation and found that the two teams we sent forth had all been killed by masters of Moon Worship Demonic Sect.”

“How could it be the Moon Worship Demonic Sect?”

Di Yi was taken aback. He started pondering and said, “Unless... could Zhang Ruochen be related to Moon Worship Demonic Sect?”

“I am badly injured, so I shouldn’t be talking too much.”

In a flash, Half-Saint Yuanying disappeared from the high plateau and transported himself to a three-story high palace to nurse his wound.

Cyan-robed Emissary was somewhat surprised, and she asked, “Young master, this is very strange.”

Di Yi nodded and said, “There is no reason for Moon Worship Demonic Sect to wage a war against us, the Black Market, for the sake of Zhang Ruochen. Don’t tell me, Zhang Ruochen... no, that’s impossible.”

Cyan-robed Emissary said, “Young master, are you suspecting that Zhang Ruochen is the Demon Son of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect?”

Di Yi shook his head and said, “That shouldn’t be the case. I have acquainted myself with the Demon Son of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. Their aura is completely different; they are definitely not the same person. However, Zhang Ruochen must have some deeper relationship with Worship Moon Demonic Sect even if he is not the Demon’s son.”

“Cyan-robe, I am handing this matter over to you to investigate and find out the truth.”

“I will do that now.”

Cyan-robed Emissary took three steps backward, turned around and left in an instant.

Di Yi looked down and stared intently at the brightly lit Seventh District once again. He narrowed his eyes and muttered, “Who exactly are you, Zhang Ruochen?”

The Blue Star Emissary approached Di Yi from the back, and said, “Young master, people from the powerful family of Four Saints are now preparing to capture the bride. I’m afraid tomorrow will be full of the hustle and bustle.”

“Really? Hm Hm! Why don’t you go prepare a bridal dowry on my behalf; I’m going to join in the fun in East Region Saint Mansions tomorrow,” Di Yi said, laughing.

How audacious for the young master of the Black Market to go to the East Region Saint Mansions?

People who don't know Di Yi well enough would think that Di Yi is crazy.

However, Blue Star Emissary was sure his master had a plan before he dared approach Zhang Ruochen and take Huang Yanchen by force.

He must be confident that he would succeed if he dared to go ahead.

...

...

Concubine Lin had already sent for servants to prepare the basic dowry, which filled up ten carriages.

Apart from that, Zhang Ruochen specially prepared three other important gifts and loaded them into three jade caskets respectively.

In the morning when the sun had just risen, Zhang Ruochen got onto his Ember Kylin at the first light of dawn. He traversed through the Avenue of Kings while carrying ten carriages, all trailing behind him as he moved toward East Region Saint Mansions.

Since Zhang Ruochen was on his way to present the bridal dowry and gifts, he had an array of men following him.

Sword Saint Xuanji sent Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke, the two most senior disciples, to follow Zhang Ruochen to the Chens.

Lei Jing, Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi also escorted Zhang Ruochen on this trip.

In order to establish a close relationship with Zhang Ruochen, the Chen family made sure to go all the way for the upcoming wedding. They had fetched Huang Yanchen into Chen family's main mansion within the East Region Saint Mansions.

East Region Saint Mansions was situated at the middle of Jinhong Mainland. Although it was said to be a mansion, it was more like an entire city as it covers 800 miles of land.

Zhang Ruochen rode on the back of the Ember Kylin and flew. An hour later, the city wall came into view at the horizon.

The wall was 99 meters tall and was carved out of white jade. Under the sun, it reflected the glaring sunlight which was rather piercing to the eye.

In fact, that was not even the city wall. It was the fence to the courtyard of the East Region Saint Mansions.

Flying closer, Zhang Ruochen could see that within the jade city wall, there were numerous closely packed, luxurious buildings that stretch along the horizon.

Moreover, there was even a holy meridian buried below the jade stone city.

Standing on the periphery of the city, one could easily feel the rapidly increasing concentration of Spiritual Qi. One could even see streaks of Holy Qi rising from the ground and dissipating into the air.

Staring at the gigantic city of jade stone, Chang Qiqi was awed, he could not help but be stunned by the view. He swallowed and asked, "Is this really... the East Region Saint Mansions?"

Zhu Hongtao, the second elder brother apprentice, threw Chang Qiqi a glance and laughed, "Are you intimidated already? To tell you the truth, the East Region Saint Mansions stretches over 800 miles of land. The holy meridian underground is the holy root of the entire East Region Saint City. It had been buried here for over hundreds of millions of years, and its thickness is twice that of Saint Academy's holy meridian."

"It is said that the East Region Saint Mansions nurtured a total of 200,000 government soldiers and that even the soldiers with the lowest level of cultivation had reached the Completion of the Earth Realm. All the servants, maids and governors totaled up to over five million, and there were countless precious Spiritual Doses and savage beasts.

"Don't treat East Region Saint Mansions as a mere mansion, but rather as a small country."

Lei Jing heaved a sigh. With a serious look in his eyes, he said, “Lord of Eastern Realm, you certainly live up to your reputation.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “This family lasted from the medieval ages until today; it is obvious that they are a strong family. East Region Saint Mansions are but a small part of the Chens’ possessions. It could barely represent the family’s wealth.”

Zhu Hongtao and Wang Ke, who were the second and third elder brother apprentice respectively, nodded in unison.

The East Region Saint Mansions were merely the Chens’ headquarters.

The real strength of the Chen family was its control over the 36 mansions on Eastern Holy Land as well as 12,000 commanderies. On top of that, there were countless base warriors that submitted themselves to the Chens.

It was all because of the Chens’ great power and deep influence on the Eastern Region that even Empress Chi Yao did not dare to touch them.

While they were still 30 miles away from East Region Saint Mansions, Zhang Ruochen and his escort landed and started walking towards the west gate of Saint Prince’s Mansion.

The Chens had already sent people to welcome them. The people lined on both sides of the avenue were from different ethnicities and clans and there were also countless servants among them.

The Ember Kylin Zhang Ruochen was riding on was actually a medium level savage beast. When it transformed into its true body, it was like a moving hill of flames.

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

Each step it took leaves a large hole in the ground.

Today, Zhang Ruochen was in high spirits. He was full of vitality and looked dapper. With his hair tied up in a cap, he

was dressed in a purple flying dragon robe, girded with a jade belt on his waist, and he wore a pair of colored glaze boots.

Adorned in such apparel, coupled with the fact that he was riding on an awesome Ember Kylin, made Zhang Ruochen look elegant and handsome.

When the young ladies of the Chen Family saw Zhang Ruochen, who was riding on the Kylin, they were all mesmerized. There had to be many who were secretly jealous of Huang Yanchen.

“Zhang Ruochen, the number one on the heaven board, truly match up to his talents.”

“Not only is Zhang Ruochen a sword saint disciple, but he is also very handsome. Who is the lucky foreign girl who has won his heart?”

“That foreign girl is indeed not worthy of the sword saint disciple,” a young woman, whose cultivation had reached the Completion of Heaven Realm, said jealously.

Her name was Chen Lingchan. She was the proud daughter the Chens. Not only was she talented, her good looks could render her one of the three most beautiful woman in the Chen Family, as she was even more beautiful than Yuan Yanchen.

In Chen Lingchan’s opinion, among all the young women of the Chen family, she was the only one who is worthy to be paired with a sword saint disciple. As for Huang Yanchen, she was merely a foreign woman.

After seeing Zhang Ruochen, the other beautiful daughters in the Chen Family started to harbor the same thoughts as Chen Lingchan.

Their noble birth renders them worthy to be paired with a sword saint disciple.

However, for Zhang Ruochen, no matter how the other girls tried to flirt with him, he only had eyes for Huang Yanchen who stood far from him.

Today, Huang Yanchen was exceptionally beautiful. She adorned a long blue dress and her flawless fair skin made her

look like a snow fairy.

Chapter 569 - Marriage Proposal by Four Powerful Great Saint Families

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Qianshui Commandery Prince and Half-saint Liuli stood side by side right at the front. They were Huang Yanchen's parents, but they were actually not expected to come out and receive Zhang Ruochen since they were the elders of the family.

However, Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke, who were escorting Zhang Ruochen, were famous superiors in the Eastern Region—their power and seniority befitted the branch head of Half-Saint Liuli's tribe to welcome them in person.

Apart from the family's leader, each of the 8 major branches and 72 tribes had its own branch head.

The branch heads made up the high-level management of the Chen family. Each branch head was the leader of a tribe, in charge of its management.

The branch head of the tribe to which Half-saint Liuli, Huang Yanchen, and Qianshui Commandery Prince belonged was Half-saint Liuli's grandfather, who was also Huang Yanchen's great-grandfather.

His name was Chen Ji. He was almost 200 years old and was one of the superiors in the Eastern Region. However, due to old age, he now seldom went out in public.

The marriage between Huang Yanchen and Zhang Ruochen signified the union between the Chens and Sword Saint Xuanji, therefore their wedding was a significant event.

For this reason, Chen Ji, as the branch head, had to preside over the entire event no matter what.

Second and third elder brother apprentices Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke walked right at the forefront of the company.

Zhang Ruochen, being a junior, naturally fell in behind the two elder brother apprentices.

Wan Ke had a relatively stable personality. He was cultured and well-mannered. Even when he was still some distance away, he saluted with his hands folded and respectfully greeted Chen Ji.

Consequently, a smiling Chen Ji, who was holding a walking stick, took three steps forward and saluted back with his hands folded, saying “Half-Saint Wan Ke and Saint Hong Tao, there is no need for you to stand on ceremony with me. Since we will be in-laws from this day on, we may do away with all the formalities, we don’t want to act like strangers.”

Although Chen Ji was much older than Wan Ke, his level of cultivation could not even compare with Wan Ke’s.

In the Realm of the Holy Road, Wan Ke was at a slightly higher position than Chen Ji.

Beside Wan Ke was Zhu Hongtao, Zhang Ruochen’s second elder brother apprentice. Although Zhu Hongtao was not human, he was still the Sword Saint Xuanji’s second disciple and had lived over 600 years. Therefore his level of cultivation had reached the Saint’s Realm.

In terms of seniority, Zhu Hongtao’s position as a saint far exceeded Chen Ji’s.

For these two reasons, even though he was a branch head representing the Chens, Chen Ji was careful not to be negligent in any way before these two people.

Wan Ke glanced at Zhang Ruochen, smiled and said, “Since our junior fellow apprentice is here at the Chens’ to present his bridal gifts, rightfully our Master should have accompanied him. However, he had some matters to attend to at the last minute, therefore my elder brother apprentice and I have come on his behalf. I hope predecessor Chen Ji wouldn’t mind.”

Chen Ji was aware that Wan Ke said these words as pleasantries.

If Sword Saint Xuanji had been the one accompanying Zhang Ruochen, by virtue of his status and position, the head of the Chen family would have had to come out to receive them.

Smiling, Chen Ji said, "Let's go into the house first so we can discuss the wedding of these two youngsters in detail. This way please!"

The East Region Saint Mansions' western gate slowly opened, making a "buzzing" sound.

Moments later, the two bronze doors of the gate, weighing one million catties each and filled with carvings of dragons, were fully opened. They opened up to a 40-foot wide jade avenue leading all the way to the depths of the mansions.

At first glance, it looked like one would not be able to see the end of the jade avenue from that point.

Chen Ji, Wan Ke and Zhu Hongtao led the way while Half-saint Liuli, Qianshui Commandery Prince, Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen followed closely behind. Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi were right at the back with the ten carriages of bridal gifts and dowry.

The line of people chatted and laughed as they headed for the main gate.

In the distance, two elders stood at the top of a twelve-story purple gold tower, looking over at the bustling scene outside the west gate.

The green-robed elder shook his head and sighed. "Elder Chen Ji is so fortunate to have one of his descendants marry a sword saint disciple. Because of this marriage union, I fear his tribe's opinion and words would carry more weight than those of ours from now on."

"This is so true. Chen Ji's tribe is one of the bottom tribes among the 72 tribes in the Chen family. However now they are backed by the sword saints, and they have in their midst Zhang Ruochen, who is God's favored son of this generation. I can't

reconcile with the fact that their position gets to rise to the top so easily.”

There was a chilling light coming from the eyes of the white-robed elder. His withered hand held on to the hard railing of the purple gold tower, leaving an impression on it as if it were made of clay.

Both the green- and the white-robed elders were branch heads of the Chen family, and they were both stronger than Chen Ji.

The two elders were naturally disgruntled about the marriage arranged between Chen Ji’s tribeswoman and the sword saint disciple because this would disrupt the balance among the 72 tribes of the Chen family.

Within the Chen family, some were rejoicing, some were worried, and naturally, there were those who were jealous.

“Rumble!”

From the horizon, four teams of people on their carts and carriages were seen hurrying toward the west gate of East Region Saint Mansions.

A clear, loud voice came from one of the teams, saying, “We, Saint Xu Gentry, are here to propose marriage to the East Region Saint Mansions.”

Subsequently, three more voices rang out in quick succession. “We, Saint Xi Gentry, are here to propose marriage to the East Region Saint Mansions.”

“We, Saint Zuo Gentry, are here to propose marriage to the East Region Saint Mansions.”

“We, Saint Shen Gentry, are here to propose marriage to the East Region Saint Mansions.”

Moments later, the carts and carriages belonging to the four powerful Great Saint families gathered outside the west gate in a row.

Each team was immense—made up of thousands of people with 500 carriages of dowry pulled by 500 savage beasts.

Zhang Ruochen's ten carriages of bridal gifts and dowry seemed stingy compared to each of the teams' 500 carriages of bridal gifts and dowry.

The four Great Saint families had always been at loggerheads with Zhang Ruochen. Today, they had chosen exactly the same day to come to the Chen family to propose marriage with a dowry 50 times greater than that of Zhang Ruochen.

Anyone could see that they were here to make trouble.

Chen Ji's branch of the Chens, as well as Zhang Ruochen and his company, were clearly displeased.

In contrast, some tribes in the Chen family looked as if they were enjoying watching their predicament.

"What a surprise. The four powerful Great Saint families have come to propose marriage to the Chens on the same day. I wonder which God's favored daughters they have their eyes on?"

"As a sword saint disciple, Zhang Ruochen only prepared ten carriages of dowry. On the other hand, each of the four powerful Great Saint families prepared 500 carriages of dowry. They are obviously here to humiliate Zhang Ruochen."

"The four powerful Great Saint families are incredibly rude to come and mess with the East Region Saint Mansions. What outlaws they are! Aren't they aware who the Lord is over the Eastern Region?"

...

Since the four powerful Great Saint families were here to propose marriage, the Chens had to receive them in a manner befitting an Aristocratic Family in the Middle Age and not offend them.

Chen Ji went forward to receive them on behalf of the Chens. As he looked toward the team from Saint Xu Gentry, he spotted Demi-saint Sandao in one of the luxurious carriages. Chen Ji said to him, "What a surprise to see you, Demi-saint Sandao. You actually came personally with such immense gifts. May I know who you are proposing to?"

Demi-saint Sandao emerged from the ancient carriage, saluted Chen Ji with hands folded, and smiled as he said, “You may not be aware, Brother Chen Ji, that a Saint Xu Gentry junior has fallen in love with a talented daughter from your family. Today, I have come with him to propose marriage to your family.”

Chen Ji’s face fell.

Chen Ji was very much aware of the grudges between Zhang Ruochen and the four powerful Great Saint families. He didn’t believe that their intention for coming here was to propose marriage to the Chens.

Why had the Great Saint families come to mess with this wedding?

“It is outrageous for Saint Xu Gentry to come here openly to make trouble. Is it trying to steal the bride?”

“Aren’t Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen engaged already? It is grossly inappropriate for the four powerful Great Saint families to propose marriage to her.”

“Even if they are not here to steal the bride, they must have intended to provoke Zhang Ruochen. Didn’t you see the 500 carriages of dowry and gifts each of them brought?”

The members of the Chen family started murmuring among themselves after they heard Demi-saint Sandao’s words.

Zhang Ruochen, who was standing at the rear, tapped his chin gently as if he was hesitating. He did not know whether to laugh or not.

Saint Xu Gentry was one of the most stubborn families he had ever come across. It had sent two disciples into the Battlefield of Primitive World to kill him, but they ended up getting killed by him instead.

“Are they still not going to give up?”

From the looks of it, they must have been infuriated by the humiliation.

No one could guess what they intended to do at this moment.

Demi-saint Sandao looked at Zhang Ruochen's 10 carriages of dowry with disdain. In a mocking tone, he said, "Brother Chen Ji, the 500 carriages of dowry and gifts I brought are all priceless treasures. If this marriage proposal is accepted, I will send another 500 carriages carrying Spiritual Crystals to you."

Chen Ji quickly said, "It is not about the dowry. The crucial thing is—"

Before Chen Ji could finish his sentence, Demi-saint Sandao continued speaking. "I understand and please be at ease, Brother Chen Ji. This marriage proposal is coming from Saint Xu Gentry's most excellent young man."

Zhu Hongtao had been holding in his dissatisfaction until he could no longer bear it. He gently pushed Chen Ji behind him with his arm and said, "Elder Chen Ji, please stand back and let me reason with him."

Chen Ji was familiar with Zhu Hongtao's barbaric temperament, so he did not get angry and retreated instead.

Allowing Zhu Hongtao to deal with the situation was the wise thing to do since Chen Ji did not wish to offend the four powerful Great Saint families.

Zhu Hongtao, standing 4.3 meters tall, stood before Demi-saint Sandao and bellowed. "What do you want, Demi-saint Sandao? Do you intend to steal the bride?"

As Demi-saint Sandao lifted his head to look at Zhu Hongtao, he began to fret a little.

"Why did Sword Saint Xuanji send Zhu Hongtao to come to the Chens?"

"Why did Zhu Hongtao, who is in the class of Saints, have to be involved in such a trivial matter as the marriage of these youngsters?"

The four powerful Great Saint families had all thought that, at most, a Half-Saint class senior brother or sister apprentice would accompany Zhang Ruochen to the Chens to present the dowry.

They had not expected Zhu Hongtao to appear at Zhang Ruochen's side.

Chapter 570 - Bu Qianfan?

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Demi-saint Sandao frowned and thought he had made a miscalculation.

Not only was Zhu Hongtao widely known for being insolent and unreasonable, he was also terrifyingly strong. Demi-saint Sandao did not dare take him on so he took a step backward.

Demi-saint Sandao saluted with his hands folded and forced himself to smile as he said, “Of course not. How would I have the audacity to steal the bride in the presence of Saint Hongtao? Love between a boy and a girl is a natural emotion. Are you saying only Zhang Ruochen is allowed to propose marriage to the Chens but not our Saint Xu Gentry?... You... what are you trying to do?...”

Zhu Hongtao would have none of Demi-saint Sandao’s nonsense. He stretched out his arm to grab Demi-saint Sandao.

Demi-saint Sandao’s face fell and he made an attempt to dodge.

However, Zhu Hongtao’s outstretched arm carried with it a great mysterious power. His palm enlarged so that Demi-saint Sandao was unable to escape, ending up in Zhu Hongtao’s grip.

Zhu Hongtao seized the collar of Demi-saint Sandao’s cloak, lifting him as if he were a small chick.

Instantly, Demi-saint Sandao felt his strength drain out of him, leaving him defenseless.

Zhu Hongtao opened his fist-sized eyes wide and glared fiercely at Demi-saint Sandao. Bringing the half-saint up to his

face, he bellowed. “Don’t you know that my junior apprentice is already engaged to the girl? How audacious of you to come here to steal the bride. Do you want me to tear you up?”

The sound waves produced by Zhu Hongtao were propagated outwards with great power as it traveled into Demi-saint Sandao’s ears.

He felt great pain in his eardrums. Darkness came over him as he almost fainted due to Zhu Hongtao’s bellowing.

“I didn’t expect Zhu Hongtao’s cultivation to be at such a terrifying level.”

Demi-saint Sandao’s face fell. By his estimation, even if Saint Xu Gentry’s strongest warrior were here, he would not be able to withstand Zhu Hongtao.

Zhu Hongtao was too barbaric to even have a reasonable conversation.

More importantly, however, was that his level of cultivation was just too high.

The ferocious look in Zhu Hongtao’s eyes intimidated Demi-saint Sandao. Fearing that he might be torn up at any moment, his face became drained of color.

Zhu Hongtao asked coldly, “Are you going to submit to me?”

Demi-saint Sandao clenched his teeth and refused to yield.

How could he, being a Half-Saint of a powerful family of Saints, surrender so easily?

Demi-saint Sandao turned pleading eyes toward Chen Ji who was standing afar.

The look in his eyes seemed to say that the Chens should handle the situation since it was happening in their territory.

However, Chen Ji pretended he had not seen what was going on. He ignored Demi-saint Sandao’s pleading eyes and fixed his eyes on the ground as if he was counting the grains of sand.

Three other Half-Saints were present to propose marriage to the Chens on behalf of their respective Great Saint families.

However, seeing Demi-saint Sandao's miserable state, none of them could pluck up the courage to go forward and help resolve the conflict.

It was no joke to offend Zhu Hongtao, the second disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji. Even if the four Half-Saints from the four powerful Great Saint families worked together, they would be no match for him.

“Slap!”

Zhu Hongtao slapped Demi-saint Sandao's cheek and asked again, “Are you going to submit?”

Demi-saint Sandao's cap flew off his head and landed on the floor.

Instantly, his left cheek became red and swollen, blood tinged the corner of his eye and lips. However, the expression in his eyes remained firm and sharp, indicating that he would not bow to Zhu Hongtao's power.

It was outrageous! He was, after all, a prominent Half-Saint. It was humiliating for him to be given a tight slap in front of a huge audience.

Whatever will happen to his dignity as a Half-Saint?

How could he even show his face?

How was he to hold his head up?

To him, Zhu Hongtao's barbaric act was worse than death.

Demi-saint Sandao clenched his teeth as he began to harness a ball of red-hot flames within his Qi Sea.

Flames began to escape his nostrils, eventually wrapping around his entire body. Simultaneously, a great force of Saint Power exploded from Demi-saint Sandao's body and two streams of power surged forward from his arms.

In great rage, Demi-saint Sandao said, “How dare you humiliate me, Zhu Hongtao...”

“Slap!”

Once again, Zhu Hongtao slapped Demi-saint Sandao with the back of his hand. Only this time, it was on his right cheek.

His five fingers were like five iron pillars pushing the flames back into Demi-saint Sandao's body.

The power painstakingly gathered by Demi-saint Sandao dissipated in an instant. Both of his cheeks were swollen and bruised, and he was bleeding through his nose.

“Are you going to submit?” Zhu Hongtao raged.

Seeing Demi-saint Sandao's stubbornness, Zhu Hongtao gave him another slap that almost disfigured him.

Two bloody teeth rolled out of his mouth.

“Slap!”

“Slap!”

...

Each of Zhu Hongtao's heavy-handed slaps was accompanied by a question: “Do you submit?”

Even the bystanders felt excruciating pain on their faces.

Everyone jolted with every single slap on Demi-saint Sandao's cheek.

Half-saint Qingxi was an elegant and beautiful lady from Saint Xi Gentry who looked around 30 years old.

She could not bear to see what was happening and wanted to persuade Zhu Hongtao to stop.

As soon as she took a step forward, though, Zhu Hongtao lifted his head and glared at her. “Do you, the Saint Xi Gentry, intend to steal the bride too?”

Half-saint Qingxi's heart dropped. She clearly saw the state Demi-saint Sandao was in, so she stopped in her tracks.

With a single look, Half-Saint Qingxi was deterred by Zhu Hongtao.

The two other Half-Saints from the remaining Great Saint families gave each other a knowing look and then retreated with their team of people.

It was just too brutal!

Zhu Hongtao proceeded to pin Demi-saint Sandao to the ground while continuously hitting him. No one dared to stand up and dissuade Zhu Hongtao.

Chang Qiqi and Si Xingkong secretly felt a sense of satisfaction.

Chang Qiqi said, “Second elder brother apprentice is too gruff. Demi-saint Sandao is totally helpless and unable to fight back. Isn’t he worried that he might offend Saint Xu Gentry? Demi-saint Sandao is a Half-Saint, after all!”

Si Xingkong smiled and said, “With second elder brother apprentice’s level of cultivation, why would he be afraid of a degenerated family of saints?”

Actually, Zhang Ruochen, of all people, was the most shocked.

Zhu Hongtao’s behavior went completely against Zhang Ruochen’s idea of a Saint. This was the first time in his life – both past and present – that he met such a barbaric saint.

However, when he remembered that Zhu Hongtao was not human, he was able to reconcile his thoughts.

After all, to fight until the opponent succumbs was the way of savage beasts.

As the saying went, “You may kill a man, but don’t insult him.” Moreover, Xu Sandao was a well-known Half-Saint.

It made people wonder how Xu Sandao was feeling at that moment.

“Are you going to submit?”

Zhu Hongtao raised his arm, about to strike again.

Demi-saint Sandao raised his bloody hand and said in a whisper, “Yes... I submit to you...”

“Finally!”

Zhu Hongtao released Demi-saint Sandao, rubbed his sore palm and said, “Since you submit, get up quickly and leave with your company! You must be out of your mind to even

think of stealing the bride when my junior fellow apprentice is the groom-to-be.”

Demi-saint Sandao got up from the ground, looking like a swollen pig. As if he had been wronged, he said, “It’s a misunderstanding... a misunderstanding. We are not here to steal the bride, but to make a marriage proposal.”

Zhu Hongtao said, “Aren’t they the same thing? My junior fellow apprentice is engaged to Miss Huang. Aren’t you trying to steal the bride when you propose marriage to her?”

A young man from Saint Xu Gentry came forward and looked respectfully at Zhu Hongtao. He said in a cautious tone, “In response to Predecessor Hongtao’s question, I would like to clarify that the lady this junior has a soft spot for is Miss Chen Lingchan, not Zhang Ruochen’s fiancée, Huang Yanchen.”

” Is that so? ”

“It is so.”

Zhu Hongtao was stupefied for a second before he glanced at Demi-saint Sandao and said, “So it was a misunderstanding? Why didn’t you clarify earlier? Come, come, let me have a look at your injuries.”

Demi-saint Sandao immediately shunned Zhu Hongtao and stared angrily at him. Filled with rage, he muttered under his breath. “Did you even give me a chance to speak?”

Although the four Great Saint families were wealthy and influential, they did not have the audacity to make trouble within the grounds of the Chens.

The most pressing reason they had come to propose marriage to the Chens was so that they can intermarry with the family.

Of course, having the opportunity to intimidate and humiliate Zhang Ruochen was icing on the cake.

Demi-saint Sandao never expected that he himself would be beaten up by Zhu Hongtao before Saint Xu Gentry’s God’s favored son could even do anything to intimidate Zhang Ruochen.

“This is such wonderful timing. While the four Great Saint families are not here to steal the bride, I have come to profess my love for Miss Yanchen. Even though I know she is engaged, I couldn’t help but wish that I would get the chance to compete with Brother Zhang.”

A handsome man in a white soft armor walked out from amongst the crowd.

Holding a jade fan in his hand and smiling, he walked directly toward Huang Yanchen.

The young man looked like he was in his twenties. He had a pair of sickle-shaped brows, deep-set eyes, and a sharp nose. He was indeed very handsome.

Even though he was smiling casually, he could not hide the smell of blood, murder, and war that was on him. It was as if he was a soldier who had just come from the battlefield.

“Who is this man? Where did he find the courage to come and steal the bride? Did he not see Demi-saint Sandao getting brutally beaten just now?”

“He looks rather familiar, we must have seen him before.”

Zhang Ruochen looked a little puzzled when he saw the young man. He immediately went six steps forward to stand face to face with the man and said, “Bu Qianfan, I know you are here to look for me. Why must you impose on Senior sister apprentice Yanchen?”

This young man was none other than one of the Six Great Kings of the young generation in Eastern Region, Bu Qianfan.

Zhang Ruochen had crossed paths with Bu Qianfan once before because of Orange Star Emissary, therefore he was reasonably familiar with him.

Zhang Ruochen whispered to Bu Qianfan through a wisp of sound waves. “The rumors about Orange Star Emissary are not true. I will find a suitable time to explain it to you, so please do not make trouble here.”

Zhang Ruochen did not dislike Bu Qianfan. On the contrary, he rather admired him. Although Bu Qianfan was aware that

Orange Star Emissary and Di Yi were a pair, he still loved her deeply. Zhang Ruochen thought he was rather admirable, but just a bit silly for being so devoted to Orange Star Emissary.

For this reason, Zhang Ruochen did not wish to become enemies with him.

After hearing Zhang Ruochen's words, Bu Qianfan's mouth curved into a smile. He replied in a similar manner with a wisp of sound wave. "Do you think I will believe you, Zhang Ruochen? You snatched my woman away from me, so don't blame me if I do the same."

Zhang Ruochen suddenly felt uneasy when he saw the smile on Bu Qianfan's face.

Why did Bu Qianfan smile in this manner? His smile looked vaguely familiar. He must have seen it somewhere?

Where had he seen this smile before?

Bu Qianfan seemed unable to take his eyes off Huang Yanchen. "Brother Zhang, everyone loves beauty. To be honest, I fell in love with Miss Yanchen the first time I set my eyes on her. I can't help it. Even if it spells destruction for me today, I would still fight for it. I will never allow the woman I love to become another man's wife," said Bu Qianfan passionately.

Chapter 571 - Fighting Over One Woman

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The memory of Zhu Hongtao slapping Demi-saint Sandao silly was still vivid in everyone's mind. A half-saint had just been beaten up so badly, it was surprising that someone would still dare to try to steal the bride from the sword saint disciple.

At this moment, Bu Qianfan stood tall and straight, looking very charming as he faced Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen.

He seemed enamored, looking at Huang Yanchen with googly eyes as if the world had fallen away around her.

On the other hand, Zhang Ruochen, who was standing between Bu Qianfan and Huang Yanchen, was made to look like the third party in the relationship, trying to force them apart.

As the monks looked on, they got the impression that Bu Qianfan was really smitten with Huang Yanchen, so he left everything to come and confess his feelings for her. Even going so far as to contemplate stealing her for his bride.

For a man and a woman to fall in love is simply natural and normal.

Bu Qianfan could be excused if he was sincere. After all, there is nothing wrong with falling in love with someone. It was acceptable for him to do crazy things for her in the name of love.

Even the barbaric Zhu Hongtao was at a loss. All he could do was tap his chin in thought.

He had beaten up Demi-saint Sandao because he was a superior of the older generation.

A senior superior who meddles in the marriage of the younger generation should be taught a lesson.

However, Bu Qianfan was only a young man in his twenties. As barbaric as he was, Zhu Hongtao was still a saint—he could not bring himself to beat up the youth.

Young people should resolve problems amongst themselves.

It would be a breach of protocol for elders to interfere. Not only would he be mocked, but it was also not an honorable thing to do.

It was now up to Zhang Ruochen to resolve the issue.

In terms of fame, both Bu Qianfan and Zhang Ruochen were God's favored sons in the Eastern Region. In terms of talent, they had both reached the Ultimate Realm of the Four Mortal Realms. In terms of looks, both of them were handsome and charming in their own way.

To top it off, their family backgrounds were comparable.

One was Saint Bu Gentry's inheritor, while the other was a sword saint disciple.

Saint Bu Gentry was currently at the height of its power and splendor. Not even the powerful Great Saint families – Xu, Xi, Zuo, and Shen – combined could compare to it.

Zhang Ruochen and Bu Qianfan were considered the two most excellent youths in the Eastern Region. Now, they had somehow ended up in contention for the same woman.

All of the God's favored daughters of the Chens were going crazy with jealousy.

If the news spread throughout the Eastern Region, all young ladies would be extremely envious and jealous of Huang Yanchen.

“Huang Yanchen can't compare to me in beauty, figure, talent, and birth. Why are Zhang Ruochen, the sword saint disciple, and Bu Qianfan, the Saint Bu Gentry inheritor, so smitten with

her?” Chen Lingchan gnashed her teeth and stomped her feet in rage.

“She’s definitely a vixen. What talent does she have other than seducing men?” another God’s favored daughter of the Chens commented in frustration.

Seeing as Bu Qianfan was being unreasonable, Zhang Ruochen no longer had to remain polite.

As Zhang Ruochen gradually emanated Spiritual Power, the surrounding Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi started to move up and down like waves.

Fine purple currents emerged from his soles. They were like tiny snakes that crept outward, gradually covering ten square meters.

Zhang Ruochen exuded an aura of stateliness as he fixed his eyes on Bu Qianfan. “Senior sister apprentice is my fiancée. Whoever harbors thoughts of taking her away from me is my enemy. I will not let him off,” he said.

“Swoosh!”

Following Zhang Ruochen’s words, the currents on the ground began to rise like purple fog, condensing into an illusory image of a Divine Dragon. The Divine Dragon stood before Zhang Ruochen and issued a deep dragon’s roar.

Zhang Ruochen’s hair and sleeves began to move and flap.

The power fluctuation emitted by the illusory image of the Divine Dragon did not come in the form of a physical attack but in the form of energy condensed out of Spiritual Power. This was a warning that Zhang Ruochen was sending to Bu Qianfan to stop pushing his luck.

All the young warriors of the Chen family and the four Great Saint families were pushed backward by the powerful energy. It was like an intimidating Divine Dragon standing before them, striking fear into their hearts.

“Since Zhang Ruochen was able to condense Spiritual Power to form the thunderbolt dragon shadow. He must have reached the forty-second level of Spiritual Power.”

“How is that possible? Isn’t Zhang Ruochen majoring in Martial Arts? How could he have reached the forty-second level of Spiritual Power at his age? Only the top few youths from the Federation of Inscription and Earth Temple – who are Spiritual Power geniuses – can reach the forty-second level of Spiritual Power at such a tender age.”

The Half-Saints of the four powerful Great Saint families could only look at each other in amazement.

This was because even the person with the greatest Spiritual Power amongst the four Half-Saints had only reached the forty-second level of Spiritual Power.

The strength of Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power astonished many people.

Huang Yanchen walked up to Zhang Ruochen from behind, stretched out her delicate jade-like hand and gently held Zhang Ruochen’s hand. They stood side by side.

This gesture subtly told everyone that she was Zhang Ruochen’s fiancée and that Bu Qianfan was just a troublemaker.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Huang Yanchen and smiled gently.

Seeing Huang Yanchen’s intimate gesture, Bu Qianfan immediately looked crestfallen. He took out his jade fan and coldly said, “If this is the case, let’s have a battle. If you lose, you would have to give Miss Yanchen to me.”

Bu Qianfan was actually trying to ensnare Zhang Ruochen.

Regardless of whether Zhang Ruochen defeated Bu Qianfan or not, he would have lost the battle the moment he agreed to fight.

Huang Yanchen was, after all, Zhang Ruochen’s fiancée. It would be preposterous to make his fiancée the subject of a bet.

It was quite a treacherous move.

Zhang Ruochen did not fall for Bu Qianfan’s trap. “You are going to regret it if you don’t stop antagonizing us,” he said coldly.

“But I insist on a battle.”

A menacing smile flashed across Bu Qianfan’s face as he got ready to fight.

He secretly mobilized Genuine Qi toward the Meridians of his arms. As Genuine Qi traveled through his joints to reach his hands, he struck with his jade fan.

“Luo Tian’s Ninth Technique.”

The jade fan flew out and divided into nine Jade Rulers with nine mysterious trails behind them. Each Jade Ruler was directed toward Zhang Ruochen’s vital parts.

Each Jade Ruler was like a sharp sword that emitted nine trails of sword Qi. The sword Qi cut through the air, making ‘swish swish’ sounds due to friction with the air.

A total of eighty-one shadows of the rulers appeared in the narrow space between Zhang Ruochen and Bu Qianfan.

With a thump, the eighty-one ruler shadows pierced through the illusory image of the thunderbolt Divine Dragon. Bu Qianfan then converged them and directed them toward Zhang Ruochen’s abdomen.

All of the spectators were taken aback.

Nobody thought that Bu Qianfan could control nine jade rulers to produce nine powerful attacks all at the same time.

This skill alone was sufficient to defeat the combined efforts of all the monks of the Chen family and the four Great Saint families.

Bu Qianfan was one of the Six Great Kings of the new generation in the Eastern Region for a reason. He was truly capable and skillful.

Zhang Ruochen did not budge. When the nine jade rulers were within three feet from him, he simply stretched out a hand and then pushed his palm forward.

“Ch-ch!”

Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi transformed into streams of thunderbolt and then condensed into a purple barrier.

As the Nine Jade Rulers approached the thunderbolt barrier, they slowed to a halt and remained suspended in mid-air.

“Crack!”

All of the Jade Rulers fell to the ground when Zhang Ruochen retracted his hand.

“Dispiriting Knife Technique.”

Bu Qianfan, who had been a step behind the Nine Jade Rulers, leaped into the air, stretched out his right arm and then wielded the Inferior Class Ghost Level broadsword technique as if his arm were a sword.

He wore a white glove made of scales.

His five fingers were like sharp knives.

As he struck with his palm, four light rings emanated from the surface of the white glove.

With every ring of light, the power emitted by Bu Qianfan’s hand doubled.

With four rings of light, the power of Bu Qianfan’s palm increased sixteen fold.

Although he had simply pushed with his palm, the power that had come forth was frightening. A three-foot shadow shaped like a big knife appeared in midair.

Zhang Ruochen frowned.

Zhang Ruochen would not have been surprised if it turned out that Bu Qianfan’s cultivation had already reached the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

However, Bu Qianfan seemed too strong for someone in the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. This was beyond Zhang Ruochen’s impression of Bu Qianfan’s capabilities.

Zhang Ruochen had fought with Bu Qianfan once before. Although on that occasion both of them had not given their best, Zhang Ruochen had gained insight into Bu Qianfan’s strengths and weaknesses.

“Did he deliberately hide his strength that time?”

Zhang Ruochen began to doubt.

Even if Bu Qianfan's strength and capabilities were now beyond Zhang Ruochen's previous estimation, Zhang Ruochen was not afraid.

The fact was, Zhang Ruochen had already reached the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. That aside, even if Zhang Ruochen were only at the First Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, he would still win unless Bu Qianfan had a hidden trump card. Otherwise, how could he possibly kill Zhang Ruochen?

Zhang Ruochen pressed his index and middle fingers together to make a sword finger and then concentrated the power of the Heart of the Sword to his fingertips.

Ripples of energy waves started to emanate from the two fingers.

“Swish!”

With lightning speed, Zhang Ruochen punched toward Bu Qianfan.

“The glove Bu Qianfan is wearing on his right hand is a formidable weapon. Is Zhang Ruochen not afraid that his finger would break if he takes on Bu Qianfan with bare hands?”

“It won't just be his fingers, even his arm might get broken.”

Everyone began to feel nervous and worried for Zhang Ruochen.

Chapter 572 - Three Dowry Gifts

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

In everybody's eyes, Zhang Ruochen's strength and ability were around the same level as Bu Qianfan's. Zhang Ruochen should not be so complacent as to take on Bu Qianfan without weapons – he would be greatly disadvantaged.

“Boom!”

Zhang Ruochen's Finger Sword collided with Bu Qianfan's the palm knife, making a deafening clanking sound as if two 5,000kg metal pieces had crashed together.

“Crack!”

The jade stone floor they were standing on shattered. Thousands of closely spaced cracks appeared.

From afar, one could see that both Zhang Ruochen and Bu Qianfan were not carrying any sword or knife, however, dozens of sword and knife shadows were visible.

More amazingly, streams of golden light were emitting from two of Zhang Ruochen's fingers.

The golden light began to spread from his finger to the rest of his body.

In the next instant, Zhang Ruochen's entire body turned golden. He looked as if he were a gold statue of a deity.

“Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, Skin Refining to Gold.”

This astonished even Bu Qianfan.

How did Zhang Ruochen reach the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm so soon after breaking through the Fish-dragon Realm?

In a flash, Zhang Ruochen wielded the Finger Sword once again and attacked Bu Qianfan's chest.

Bu Qianfan responded quickly, his palm coming in contact with Zhang Ruochen's fingertips as he blocked the blow.

“Boom!”

Although his palm was protected by a glove, Bu Qianfan still felt a force penetrating and spreading from his palm.

His right arm became completely numb. He was sent ten meters backward as he lost control of his body.

Bu Qianfan slowly raised his palm and painfully closed his fist. He said in a deep voice, “I did not know that your level of cultivation has already reached the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. You are indeed improving at a remarkable speed.”

The sword Qi around Zhang Ruochen gradually dispersed until it was completely gone.

“Do you still want to continue?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

Bu Qianfan shook his head and said, “There is no need to continue. You are indeed capable and strong, but I am not giving up yet.”

He glanced at the ten carriages filled with dowry and bridal gifts. He gently shook his head and said, “Are you offering a mere ten carriages of bridal gifts and dowry in order to take Miss Yanchen as your wife? How miserly of you! Bring it out!”

“Rumble!”

A group of carriages sped toward them from afar.

The procession of carriages was thirty miles long, all drawn by large brute elephants. They were filled with gifts and dowry. The entire procession consisted of 5,000 men and 1,200 carriages.

Moments later, the 1,200 brute elephants, 1,200 carriages and 5,000 family generals of Saint Bu Gentry stopped behind Bu Qingfan.

The brute elephants were also known as “war behemoths”.

The strength of one brute elephant was comparable to that of the weakest Heaven Realm warrior.

The 1,200 brute elephants pulling the carriages were like 1,200 Heaven Realm warriors. Their imposing manner was rather frightening.

Only the highly influential Saint Bu Gentry of the Ministry of War was able to mobilize 1,200 brute elephants at once to form the elephant-drawn carriage procession. This was definitely a rare sight.

Everyone was taken aback by how generous Bu Qianfan was, and how Zhang Ruochen’s gifts paled in comparison.

Bu Qianfan issued a command. “Open them.”

The family generals of Saint Bu Gentry immediately got down from the brute elephants and opened all the boxes in the carriages.

Light blazed from the boxes as streaks of Spiritual Qi came flooding out.

There were 600 carriages full of common Spiritual Crystals, 300 carriages full of medium grade Spiritual Crystals, 200 carriages full of good grade Spiritual Crystals, and 100 carriages full of top grade Spiritual Crystals.

It was rare to see so many Spiritual Crystals even in the presence of a Half-Saint. The warriors of younger generations were almost blinded by these 1,200 carriages full of bright Spiritual Crystals.

What was the most important thing in the cultivation circle?

It was definitely Spiritual Crystals.

With Spiritual Crystals, a warrior would be able to afford the manuals for top-level exercises, high-class pills, and weapons. He could even afford to buy a city, servants, and war pets.

A family possessing Spiritual Crystals would be able to nurture many masters, thereby strengthening its power.

Bu Qianfan looked at Huang Yanchen and said with a clear voice, “Miss Yanchen, these are the gifts I am offering. 600 million common Spiritual Crystals, 300 million medium Spiritual Crystals, 200 million good grade Spiritual Crystals, and 100 million top grade Spiritual Crystals. A total of 1.236 billion pieces of Spiritual Crystals.”

It was an astronomical figure that shocked the warriors of the younger generation.

Bu Qianfan, being an excellent young man himself, coupled with the extravagant gifts he brought would have easily succeeded in asking for the hand of any God’s favored daughter of the Chens. What’s more, he was merely asking for the hand of a foreign woman from the Chen family.

Chen Ji, the Branch Head of Huang Yanchen’s family, was astonished at the sight of 1,200 carriages of Spiritual Crystals. If not for the fact that Huang Yanchen was already engaged to Zhang Ruochen, he would have betrothed Huang Yanchen to Bu Qianfan.

All the young women of the Chen Family became excited and began to look coquettishly at Bu Qianfan as if they were all ready to throw themselves at him.

Talented, handsome and rich... even a man with just one of these qualities would attract the attention of many women. What’s more, Bu Qianfan possessed all these qualities.

Unfortunately, Bu Qianfan only had eyes for Huang Yanchen, and he could not be bothered with the others.

Apart from Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke, who were unshaken, the rest of the servants escorting Zhang Ruochen hung their head in shame.

Qianshui Commandery Prince and Half-saint Liuli, the parents of Huang Yanchen, looked embarrassed as well.

Everyone felt that Bu Qianfan’s intention was to humiliate Zhang Ruochen.

All of the gifts in the ten carriages were carefully and personally hand-picked by Concubine Lin. They were by no means stingy. Unfortunately, they paled in comparison with Bu Qianfan's gifts.

Even if Zhang Ruochen eventually married Huang Yanchen, today's event would probably be reported in the 'Eastern Region Report' and circulated throughout the Eastern Region.

Most people would think that Zhang Ruochen was stingy and would feel sorry for Huang Yanchen.

Could she enjoy a blissful life if she married such a stingy man?

A materialistic woman would give up Zhang Ruochen for Bu Qianfan.

However, Huang Yanchen just rolled her eyes at Bu Qianfan like he was some kind of a moron.

Zhang Ruochen had no desire for comparison. However, when he saw the look on Huang Yanchen's parents, he went forward and said, "Master, Eldest Brother Apprentice and Elder Brother Apprentice Chang, please bring me the three special dowry gifts."

Lei Jing, Si Xingkong and Chang Qiqi each took down a jade box from the back of the Ember Kylin, carrying it cautiously in their hands, and walked to Zhang Ruochen's side.

Chang Qiqi looked at Bu Qianfan and provocatively said, "Who says only 1,200 carriages of Spiritual Crystals are valuable? My junior fellow apprentice is low-key, unlike someone who obnoxiously flaunts his wealth. That's really vulgar."

Si Xingkong said, "The ten carriages of gifts were prepared by Old Madam for her future daughter-in-law, while these three gifts were prepared by junior fellow apprentice Zhang."

Bu Qianfan appeared unperturbed. He touched his nose and curiously looked at the three jade boxes, saying, "Really? Let me see what gifts Zhang Ruochen prepared. Could they be more valuable than my 1.236 billion Spiritual Crystals?"

Naturally, everyone did not think Zhang Ruochen's gifts would match up to Bu Qianfan's Spiritual Crystals.

After all, Zhang Ruochen was a mere prince of an inferior commandry. Despite being a disciple of Sword Saint Xuanji, his net worth was still far from that of Saint Bu Gentry.

Even if he were to use up all the financial resources of an inferior commandry, would he be able to produce one million Spiritual Crystals?

Zhang Ruochen took the jade box from Chang Qiqi first and then opened it slowly while the crowd looked on.

“Swoosh!”

A dazzling black light radiated out of the box.

A cloud of concentrated Spiritual Qi of water nature diffused and humidified the surrounding air.

The water particles in the air converged toward Zhang Ruochen, forming a bubble within which it started to drizzle.

“That's an origin treasure of water nature!” A young warrior from the Chens could not help exclaiming.

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the man and nodded, saying, “That's right, this Black Glazed Spinel is indeed a water-natured origin treasure. It weighs 333 catty, and it represents my unchanging and everlasting relationship with Senior Sister Apprentice Yanchen.

“Boom!”

Everyone was clearly astonished.

Although some of them may have seen an origin treasure of water nature before, they would not have seen so many all at once.

Refining the nine catty and nine taels of Black Glazed Spinel had enabled Zhang Ruochen to practice and attain the Treasured Body of Water Spirit.

The Black Glazed Spinel that Zhang Ruochen brought would enable the Chens to nurture dozens of treasured bodies within a short period of time.

One could imagine how formidable it would be for a family to be able to nurture dozens of treasured bodies into maturity within a generation.

As Chen Ji looked at the Black Glazed Spinel in the jade box, his initial feeling of indifference turned into excitement.

His clan was the weakest within the Chen Family just because they nurtured very few geniuses. Their best masters could not measure up to those who were from the other clans.

Getting hold of hundreds of catties of Black Glazed Spinel would allow his clan to nurture dozens of treasured bodies immediately. At this pace, his clan would become one of the strongest in the Chen family within a few decades.

All the young warriors of the Chen family started to get really excited.

Since the Black Glazed Spinel was part of Zhang Ruochen's dowry, it would become a treasure belonging to the Chens. Would it be possible for them to get a share of it?

Qianshui Commandery Prince and Half-saint Liuli looked at each other and smiled knowingly, breathing a sigh of relief.

Zhang Ruochen had not disappointed them. He prevailed over Bu Qianfan's provocation and resolved this hiccup single-handedly.

By revealing the valuable treasure in just one of the jade boxes, it was obvious that Zhang Ruochen's gifts were far more superior than the 1,200 carriages of Spiritual Crystals presented by Bu Qianfan.

What magnificent treasures would the two remaining jade boxes hold?

The crowd could not wait to find out.

The Chen family's young descendants were a rather arrogant bunch. Even so, all of them craned their necks to see what was inside the two jade boxes.

Zhang Ruochen did not disappoint them. He hurriedly walked up to Si Xingkong and took the second jade box, opening it slowly.

Chapter 573 - Kylin Armor

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Within the jade box was a crimson armor.

Even though the armor's aura was sealed in the box by an Inscription of Array, the crowd could still feel a scorching heat wave coming toward them.

Kylin Armor.

The armor was made of 3,671 pieces of Ember Kylin scales. Each scale could expand to nine feet or shrink to three inches in diameter. It was indeed a Holy Weapon.

When Demi-saint Lingshu, the fifth Senior sister apprentice, returned to East Region Saint City, she engaged the weapon-refining master in Sword Sanctum to cast and refine the Kylin Armor.

Although it was extremely tedious to cast and refine Holy Weapons, it was easier when it was done in Sword Sanctum. After all, the Sword Sanctum had the highest standard in weapon refinement in the entire Eastern Region. Its standard was almost on par with that of the Federation of Inscription.

They could cast and refine a Holy Weapon in a very short time as long as they were provided the highest quality materials required.

The interior of the Kyrin Armor was carved with a total of 476 inscriptions. It was a superior quality Hundred Inscription Weapon.

Moreover, there was a pair of flaming wings at the back of the Kylin Armor made from the feathers of the humanoid fish and

Ember Kylin. When unfolded and injected with Genuine Qi, these wings were capable of powerful attacks.

A monk would be able to fly across the sky at high speed while wearing the Kylin Armor.

Demi-saint Lingshu, the fifth Senior sister apprentice, had given the Kylin Armor to Zhang Ruochen the night before. However, since Zhang Ruochen already had the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak, he decided to offer the Kylin Armor to Huang Yanchen as a dowry after discussing it with Demi-Saint Lingshu.

Demi-Saint Lingshu was not opposed to the idea. Since the Kylin Armor already belonged to Zhang Ruochen, he could give it to anyone he pleased.

Many people were envious upon seeing the Holy Weapon armor in the second jade box.

Not only was it incredibly difficult to refine such a Holy Weapon, even the materials needed were hard to come by.

Without luck, even a Half-Saint might not be able to find all of the materials needed to make a Holy Weapon within his lifetime.

Besides, even if one managed to gather all the materials needed, he might not be qualified to engage a master weapon refiner to cast and refine the Holy Weapon.

What's more, casting and refining a Holy Weapon armor would require many times more materials than that required to make a Holy Weapon.

This meant that the value of a Holy Weapon armor far exceeded that of a Holy Weapon.

Even an influential family like the Chens would keep such treasures in the treasure cabinet. The only ones qualified to put on the armor would be Half-Saints who have made extraordinary contributions to the family.

Huang Yanchen looked at Zhang Ruochen and shook her head. "The Xuanwu holy source you gave me already far surpasses the value of Bu Qianfan's gifts. Why are you still giving me

the Kylin armor and Black Glazed Spinel? You should keep these treasures for yourself instead of giving them to me.”

” It doesn’t matter, they are only material things.” Zhang Ruochen smiled and looked unusually calm.

The Chens heard Huang Yanchen’s words and were shocked!

“What? Did Zhang Ruochen give cousin Yanchen a holy source?”

“That’s impossible! The holy source is such a precious treasure, only the family inheritor is entitled to it.”

“Once a Half-Saint ingests a dose of holy source and completely refines it, he would have a 50% chance of reaching the Saint Realm. How is it possible for Zhang Ruochen to give it away?”

...

It wasn’t just the Chens who thought it was incredible; even the monks of the powerful Four Great Saint families were shocked.

The Saint Zuo Gentry, for example, had only ever had one pill of holy source.

One pill of holy source meant one Saint.

A family would stand as long as there was a Saint in the family.

On the other hand, if a Saint of the Saint Zuo Gentry was slain by another and the holy source in his body was taken away, the gentry would deteriorate without the Saint’s protection.

If the holy source was this important to a powerful Saint family, what more to a monk? It would be a priceless treasure.

Even Half-saint Liuli and the Qianshui Commandery Prince, who were Huang Yanchen’s parents, were astonished about the Xuanwu holy source. Huang Yanchen had not breathed a word about it to them.

Once Huang Yanchen ingested the Xuanwu holy source, her status in the Chen family would rise to a whole new level. She

would be one of the highly-regarded descendants to be nurtured within the family.

Half-saint Liuli walked over to her immediately and asked with a somber tone, “Have you already ingested the Xuanwu holy source, Yanchen?”

Huang Yanchen glanced at Zhang Ruochen, who remained calm and composed, and decided not to keep it secret anymore. She nodded her head and replied. “Zhang Ruochen laid hold on the Xuanwu Heritage while in Xuanwu Primitive World. Instead of keeping it to himself, he gave it to me.”

Half-saint Liuli immediately broke out with joy. She held Huang Yanchen’s hand tightly and was so excited that she could not even utter a word.

Only a person in the Half-Saint Realm would understand how difficult it was to reach the Sacred Realm, and how valuable and precious a holy source pill was.

Half-saint Liuli was regarded as God’s favored daughter in the Chen family because she had reached the Half-Saint Realm at a tender age. Yet the hope of becoming a Saint remained slim.

Although Huang Yanchen had only reached a low-level realm, she had a greater chance of becoming a saint.

Chen Ji, who was the branch head, stepped forward immediately and said, “I hereby pronounce Huang Yanchen the inheritor of the Mount Xuan Tribe of the Chen family. She will be the heir to the branch head of our tribe as of today.”

Within the Chen family, apart from having an inheritor for the family leader, each tribe had an inheritor for the branch head.

Chen Ji’s announcement making Huang Yanchen the branch head inheritor meant that she would become one of the high-level members of the Chens in the future.

There was no objection from any of those present.

This was no joke. Huang Yanchen had taken a dose of holy source, therefore there was a great chance of her attaining sainthood in the future.

Henceforth, the Chens would try to cozy up to her. They would at least promise her the status of the branch head inheritor, otherwise the Chens may lose a prospective Saint.

In the East Region Saint Mansions, on top of a twelve-story high tower, stood a green-robed elder and a white-robed elder who were looking at each other's eyes.

“Mount Xuan Tribe has just gained a holy source pill. The status of the Mount Xuan Tribe will move up a great deal in the Chen family.” The green-robed elder sighed.

The white-robed elder snorted, saying, “I would have 90% confidence of attaining sainthood if I could get hold of a pill of holy source. I would move on to become the newest addition to the saints of the family. Unfortunately, that foreign woman has already ingested the holy source.”

Although both the green-robed elder and the white-robed elder were branch heads of the Chen family, they did not have the audacity to take the holy source by force. The Chens had a set of stringent family rules and any offense was punishable by death.

The Half-saints who were present began staring intently at Huang Yanchen.

Had Huang Yanchen not been one of the descendants of the Chen family, there may already have been people who had risked snatching it.

Huang Yanchen said, “The third gift for dowry would be the Xuanwu holy source. I suppose there is no need to open the last jade box.”

She took the third jade box from Lei Jing and passed it to Zhang Ruochen, motioning for him to keep it.

Huang Yanchen had given away the secret regarding the Xuanwu holy source hoping that Zhang Ruochen would stop spending so much on her. After all, Zhang Ruochen had already given up so much for her.

Everyone could guess the treasure in the third jade box was the most valuable by far.

However, Huang Yanchen had returned it to Zhang Ruochen, angering the Chens who thought she was trying to benefit outsiders.

As Zhang Ruochen took the third jade box, he saw the expressions of everyone around them, so he said, “Actually, the two preceding gifts are for Senior sister apprentice Yanchen. Only this last one is for the Chen family.”

“Since Senior sister apprentice Yanchen thinks the three gifts are complete, I shall take back the last one.”

“Do you have any objections, Uncle and Aunt?”

Qianshui Commandery Prince and Half-saint Liuli naturally did not have any objections to this. After all, were the three gifts from Zhang Ruochen, namely the Black Glazed Spinel, Kylin Armor, and holy source, not extremely valuable treasures?

If they had objections, they would look like covetous people.

Chen Ji, the Branch Head, narrowed his aging eyes as he looked at the third jade box, but he remained silent.

Qianshui Commandery Prince looked at Zhang Ruochen, smiled and said, “All of us have witnessed your love for Yanchen from the bridal gifts and dowry that you presented, we are in awe. We hereby entrust Yanchen into your hands. Promise us you will take good care of her.”

Half-saint Liuli’s eyes were filled with tenderness as she said, “Ruochen, keep this for yourself. You have just started on the journey on the holy road, you will exhaust large amounts of resources for cultivation.”

Zhang Ruochen nodded his head, bowed at Qianshui Commandery Prince and Half-saint Liuli, then put the third jade box back onto the Ember Kylin’s back.

At that moment, Bu Qianfan, who was standing some distance away, said, “Zhang Ruochen, since you have brought the gifts all the way here, is there any harm opening up the third jade box and letting us have a look at what valuable gift you brought?”

Bu Qianfan's words expressed the exact sentiments of everyone who was watching.

The Black Glazed Spinel and Kylin Armor had aroused the curiosity of the people.

“Could it be the legendary Buddhist Emperor Sarira?”

Someone blurted out.

All of a sudden a wave of excitement broke out and everyone's eyes were fixed on the third jade box.

Buddhist Emperor Sarira was like the Buddhist Emperor's holy source. It was classified as a legendary treasure.

It had always been a mystery whether this Buddhist Emperor Sarira was with Zhang Ruochen or not. No one had proven it with evidence.

This suggestion stirred up a great commotion.

“Zhang Ruochen has given Huang Yanchen the Xuanwu holy source, it's not impossible that he would present Buddhist Emperor Sarira as a bridal gift.”

“Open the jade box, Zhang Ruochen. Let's see the treasure you brought.”

As more and more people were getting curious about the content of the third jade box, they started to call out to Zhang Ruochen to open the jade box and satisfy their curiosity.

Even Branch Head Chen Ji said, “Zhang Ruochen, since everyone is curious about the content of the jade box, just open it so we can all have a look. I assure you that no matter what treasure it is, the Chens will not covet it. We will let you bring it back the way you brought it here.”

Chapter 574 - Four Nine Mysteries

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen hesitated a while before asking, “Are you serious, Branch Head Chen?”

“Of course I am serious,” Chen Ji said, laughing.

Zhang Ruochen nodded as he looked at the crowd. “Alright! Since everyone is curious about what’s in the box, nothing’s stopping me from showing it to you.”

Zhang Ruochen took the jade box from the Ember Kylin’s back once again. He held it in his hands, about to open it.

All eyes were on the box.

Zhang Ruochen paused and said, “I made it clear earlier on that this gift is intended for the Chens. It is not the Buddhist Emperor’s Sarira. It’s just another treasure.”

Upon hearing that it was not the Buddhist Emperor’s Sarira, the faces of the young warriors fell with disappointment.

When he opened the box this time, there was no glaringly bright aureole emitting from it. In fact, nothing extraordinary happened

There was just a scroll made of snake skin sitting at the bottom of the box. There appeared to be a few small imprints on the snake skin.

“This is ...”

Everyone was struck dumb to find that Zhang Ruochen’s third gift was so ordinary.

Zhang Ruochen explained, “The inscription on the snake skin is actually the fourth volume of practice exercises for the Four Nine Mysteries.”

Although it was a plain statement, Chen Ji’s face drained of its color immediately upon hearing this and he dashed towards the jade box.

Chen Ji stretched out his hand, hesitated, then withdrew his hand. He stared at the scroll inside, his expression unreadable. “Please don’t kid us. Is this truly the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries?”

All the young warriors suddenly came to a realization.

“How could it be the Four Nine Mysteries?”

“The Four Nine Mysteries is the Chen family’s most highly-regarded Mysterium. Only the inheritor of the leader of the family and senior members of the family who have reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm are qualified to refer to it. How did it leak out?”

“It must be a fake copy. It can’t be in Zhang Ruochen’s hands.”

...

There was a commotion, and everyone started to question it.

The Four Nine Mysteries, also known as the 36 Mystery Realms, was a highly-regarded Mysterium of the Chen family. It was also the basis for the family to be the Lords of the Eastern Region.

It was precisely because of the Four Nine Mysteries that the Chens had been able to continually nurture several Half-Saints and Saints.

No one could believe that the Four Nine Mysteries had been leaked out of the family and fallen into the hands of Zhang Ruochen.

Bu Qianfan fixed his gaze and said, “Legend has it that the Chen family’s Four Nine Mysteries became incomplete during the Middle Ancient Times a hundred thousand years ago.

Among them, the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries was lost.”

“The fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries records the 28th Mystery Realm to the 36th Mystery Realms exercises. These parts are the most ingenious and profound sections of the Four Nine Mysteries.”

“Although the Chens produced quite a number of Half-Saints and Saints, none of the Chens were made emperor or a great emperor of the Holy Road, precisely because they lost the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries.”

“How could anyone become a great emperor if he didn’t possess a complete set of the exercise manual?”

Everyone started to ponder upon hearing what Bu Qianfan said. Could it be true that the Four Nine Mysteries, the pride of the Chen family, had long been incomplete?

Instantly, all eyes were on Chen Ji.

Chen Ji secretly grumbled. The Four Nine Myteries was indeed incomplete. The fourth volume had been lost during the Middle Ancient Times.

This however had been a well-kept secret within the Chen family. It should not have leaked out.

Now what?

Just as Chen Ji was at a loss for what to do, he heard a tiny voice say, “Chen Ji, since the secret is out, why don’t you just announce it to the people?”

Chen Ji looked solemnly and respectfully towards the depth of the East Region Saint Mansions, bowed slightly and replied, “Yes.”

Chen Ji had nothing to worry about now that he had permission from the family’s ancestor.

He straightened himself and sharpened his aging eyesight. “That’s right, the fourth volume of the Chens’ Four Nine Mysteries was lost during the Middle Ancient Times.”

“BOOM!”

The young warriors of the Chen family were first to feel the blow. They were not able to accept the truth.

The Four Nine Mysteries was second only to the Six Great Amazing Exercises in the Kunlun's Field. The Chens had always taken pride in this fact. Now they realized that part of it had been missing for the last hundred thousand years.

How could they accept this?

“SWOOSH!”

“SWOOSH!”

...

A white-robed Elder and a green-robed Elder rushed in from the gates towards Chen Ji in an imposing manner, leaving a trail of shadows behind them.

The white-robed Elder was Chen Xichan, Branch Head of the Xueyuan branch of the Chen family. The green-robed Elder was Chen Tiankun, Branch Head of South Region Branch.

Chen Xichan was enraged. He rebuked Chen Ji saying, “What nonsense are you saying, Chen Ji?”

Chen Ji replied, “Why do we have to hide the fact that the Four Nine Mysteries isn't complete? Hasn't the Chen family ruled over the Eastern Region without the complete Four Nine Mysteries?”

Chen Xichan was about to go on reprimanding Chen Ji when he seemed to hear a voice transmission.

He turned to look back into the depth of the Saint Prince's Mansion. Immediately his expression changed to that of respect and he became silent.

Apparently, both Elders had received messages from the ancestor of the Chens and stopped reprimanding Chen Ji.

All of a sudden, the atmosphere turned awkward.

Once again, everyone's eyes were on the jade box in Zhang Ruochen's hands.

Since the fourth volume of the Chens' Four Nine Mysteries had long been lost, naturally Zhang Ruochen would not have known about this. No outsiders would ever find out about this secret.

In light of this, the fourth volume of Four Nine Mysteries that had been lost a hundred thousand years ago could in fact be inside the jade box.

Chen Ji asked Zhang Ruochen nervously, "Did you say the inscription on the snake skin scroll says 'the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries'? I am curious as to where you got it from?"

Zhang Ruochen was calm and composed despite the fact he was standing face to face with a Half-Saint. He replied, "It was given to me by a predecessor. He had been wanting to return the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries to the Chens for the longest time. However, he was not able to do this personally."

"Having learnt that I will be marrying one of the Chens daughters, he handed it me, so I could return it to the Chens on his behalf."

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen was making this up.

In fact, the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries had been stored in the Nine Heavenly Books Library of the Sacred Central Empire. In those days, Zhang Ruochen had inadvertently read through it once, memorized it and wrote it down.

Zhang Ruochen's words triggered various responses in the audience.

Some speculated that the predecessor Zhang Ruochen mentioned was Sword Saint Xuanji. Others speculated it was the Golden Dragon, the dragon the Buddhist Emperor rode on.

Chen Ji looked doubtful. Eventually he asked, "Can I check its authenticity?"

Before Zhang Ruochen could reply, Bu Qianfan, who was standing in the back, laughed. "Didn't the Chens say they only wanted to look at the treasure in the jade box? Are you going

to appropriate the scroll now that you know it's the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries? Are you bandits? Or robbers?"

Chen Ji gave Bu Qianfan a death stare.

Unfortunately, Bu Qianfan was not deterred by the Half-Saint.

Bu Qianfan continued to wear a smile on his face, showing an expression of sarcasm and ridicule.

Zhang Ruochen ignored Bu Qianfan and said to Chen Ji, "Actually I am not sure of its authenticity. I am totally open to you checking. Please go ahead."

Chen Ji hurried over, took the snake skin out from the jade box and started examining it in his hands.

Although Chen Ji had never seen the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries, he had browsed through the first volume. He had a reasonable understanding of the Four Nine Mysteries and could tell whether it was authentic with one look.

Upon seeing the scroll, his body jerked and his pupils dilated. He was apparently astonished by the scroll's content.

From Chen Ji's expression, the crowd could guess that it was indeed the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries.

If the Chens had been able to rule the Eastern Region with the incomplete Four Nine Mysteries before, how much more powerful would they be now that they had the complete manual?

Many among the crowd started to struggle with the thought. They did not wish for the Chens to become even more powerful.

Bu Qianfan was one of those harboring these thoughts.

Suddenly his expression turned vengeful, as if he was transforming into a completely different person.

Everyone else was focused on the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries in Chen Ji's hands. They did not take notice of the creepy changes in Bu Qianfan.

Zhang Ruochen alone observed the change when he glanced toward him, and the doubts in his heart became more intense.

All of a sudden, a thought emerged in Zhang Ruochen's mind.

"The look in Bu Qianfan's eyes right now resembles that of Di Yi. There is an overlapping aura about the two men. Could it be the legendary demonic shadow?"

"Ha ha!"

Bu Qianfan gave out a bellowing laugh. "Weren't the Chens an Aristocratic Family in the Middle Age? I wouldn't expect you to be so shameless to go back on your words. Zhang Ruochen, doesn't the Four Nine Mysteries scroll belong to you? Are you okay with the Chens snatching it?"

"Stop trying to sow discord, you little fry from the Bu family. Zhang Ruochen is the Chens' son-in-law. He is our hero for bringing the Four Nine Mysteries back to its rightful place," said Chen Xichan, the white-robed Elder.

Chen Tiankun, the green-robed Elder was also infuriated. He said in a solemn voice, "We don't need outsiders talking about the Chen's family affairs."

Bu Qianfan laughed. "You acknowledge him as your son-in-law when he brings you benefits. Earlier on, didn't you, the Chens despise him because he only brought ten carriages of bridal gifts and dowry?"

"Zhang Ruochen, I would advise you to retrieve the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries rather than band yourself together with this shameless group of people. If you give the fourth volume to me, I will grant you a hundred women, each more beautiful than Huang Yanchen."

Zhang Ruochen smiled slightly. "Are you finally showing your true colors?"

Zhang Ruochen had profound intentions when he brought the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries back to the Chens.

The Chens would definitely become more powerful and expand themselves after regaining the complete Four Nine

Mysteries manual. Would they still submit themselves willingly to Chi Yao then?

They would only be willing to bow as subjects when they were not as powerful.

Who wouldn't want to be the emperor?

Chapter 575 - The Heiress of the Chens

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Chen Ji wrapped his withered hands carefully around the skin of the flood dragon. He nodded at the other two Branch Heads present, Chen Xican and Chen Tiankun.

The faces of both men showed much joy. They were unable to conceal their inward excitement.

The fourth volume of the “Four Nine Mysteries” was about to return to the Chens. The family would surely undergo many momentous changes.

Chen Ji’s face was slightly embarrassed.

He had, after all, given his promise. The Chens would never lay their hands on the treasure within the jade box, no matter what it was.

Who would have guessed that the fourth volume of the “Four Nine Mysteries” would be in the box?

Had the Chens seized this volume, they would have given the world something to talk about. They would have been mocked by all the monks in the world.

What should he do?

Chen Ji cast an imploring look at Half-Saint Liuli.

After all, Half-Saint Liuli was Zhang Ruochen’s future mother-in-law. It was better for her to come forward to communicate.

Half-Saint Liuli certainly knew how important the “Four Nine Mysteries” was for the Chens. Had she not come forward, they would have resorted to other means to get ahold of it. They had to have it at any cost.

Liuli walked over to Zhang Ruochen and said, “Ruochen, you ought to realize that the fourth volume of this manual is of great significance to the Chens. Very well, state your condition. The Chens will do everything in their power to fulfill it.”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes stared at Bu Qianfan standing opposite him.

After Liuli made her request, Zhang Ruochen could not ignore her. He stopped staring at her and looked thoughtful. He asked, “Are you sure they will agree to any condition?”

All three Branch Heads responded almost at the same time. “Of course.”

Zhang Ruochen fixed his eyes at Huang Yanchen. “Very well! I do have one condition... well, I hope that Senior sister apprentice Yanchen can become an heiress of the Chens. I believe everyone will agree to this condition, won’t they?”

“That’s impossible. How can a Chen inheritor be a woman with a different surname?” White-Robed Elder Chen Xican instantly changed his expression and shook his head. He thought that Zhang Ruochen’s condition was too difficult.

The Green-Robed Elder Chen Tiankun was more gentle. He was more indirect as he said slowly, “Appointing an heiress of the Chens is a grave matter. You need to consider many factors. A final decision can only be made after careful negotiations between the Branch Head and the Elder’s Hall. There are too few of us to make this big decision.”

Even Huang Yanchen kept shaking her head at Zhang Ruochen. She whispered. “The Chens won’t let a woman be a Chen heir. No woman with a different surname can possibly hold such a position. And besides, there’s no way I could be one with my present abilities.”

Of course, Zhang Ruochen had reasons for his condition.

Huang Yanchen's Xuanwu holy source had already been exposed. Many people would be secretly coveting it.

Making her a Chen heiress was the only way she could receive maximum protection. At the same time, she could also receive additional practice resources.

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "There is a precedent of someone with a different surname becoming the leader of the Chens. I also recall a woman being their leader once. If they could do that, why can't you?"

Zhang Ruochen looked into the depths of the Saint Prince's Mansion. He roused his Qi and shouted into the air, "This condition isn't too much, is it?"

He transmitted his voice over the entirety of the Saint Prince's Mansion.

Everyone thought that Zhang Ruochen had gone mad. He had even thought of making a woman from outside the family a Chen heiress. How could that be possible?

However, after an interval of three breaths, a voice rang out from the Saint Prince's Mansion. "An heiress for the fourth scroll of the 'Four Nine Mysteries'... that's not asking too much. I grant you this request."

The voice was being transmitted across a great distance. Everyone present felt an enormous sense of pressure, as if the whole world was shaking.

It was the present Chen leader, the Prince of the Eastern Region.

Everyone in the family knelt, pressing their palms and faces to the ground. They looked like they were worshipping the gods. Even Half-Saints did the same.

After the ritual, they got to their feet again.

Apparently, Zhang Ruochen's condition was not excessive.

After all, he had only helped Huang Yanchen win the identity of a heiress. She was still not its final leader.

Each generation trained many heirs, but only one would ultimately become the future leader of the Chens.

Even if Huang Yanchen were an heir, it would be almost impossible for her to become its ultimate leader.

But this new identity made her status completely different among the Chens.

Even Huang Yanchen felt like it was a dream come true. She had never thought she could one day become a Chen heiress. Had not the leader made the promise, she would never have believed it.

The happiest people were naturally the Qianshui Commandery Prince and Half-Saint Liuli.

“Yanchen, shouldn’t you kneel and thank the leader?” The Qianshui Commandery Prince urged her.

Huang Yanchen gradually calmed down. She took a deep breath, knelt on one knee, and bowed in the direction of the Saint Prince’s Mansion. “Thank you for the honor, Leader.”

Huang Yanchen knew very well that Zhang Ruochen was the one who had helped her gain this honor. The person she should be most grateful to was him.

When she stood up, her eyes gazed at Zhang Ruochen with complex emotions.

She did not express her thanks.

If she were to express her thanks, her relationship with Zhang Ruochen would appear too distant. Sometimes, two people only needed a look to communicate.

A few intelligent people had finally realized it was Zhang Ruochen’s ploy to take back the jade box. He had also deliberately opened the box. He had been digging a hole from the start, waiting for the Chens to jump into it.

Zhang Ruochen’s purpose was to win his fiancée the status of an heiress.

The Chens must compromise for the sake of the fourth volume of the “Four Nine Mysteries”.

“Clap!”

“Clap!”

...

Bu Qianfan clapped his hands and said sarcastically, “How smart, Zhang Ruochen! You are very clever to use such ingenious tricks. Even the Half-Saints here are all inferior to you. No wonder you are the head of the young Six Great Kings of the Eastern Region.”

He continued. “Your wedding gifts are indeed remarkable treasures. But I haven’t lost yet. I have a special gift that I haven’t brought out.”

All those present showed much disdain.

“Could any wedding gift match the Xuanwu holy source and the ‘Four Nine Mysteries?’”

“Bu Qianfan is really looking for death. He has offended the Chens and Sword Saint Xuanji. Just you wait! Saint Bu Gentry will soon be in big trouble.”

...

While everyone was mocking Bu Qianfan, Zhang Ruochen started looking quite solemn. He stared at Bu Qianfan and said, “You have a wedding gift? What gift?”

Bu Qianfan’s right index finger gently caressed his chin. A bizarre expression crept onto his face. He smiled. “I think everyone can tell that you love Miss Yanchen very much. Unfortunately, I can’t match your love. Before revealing my wedding gift, I have to ask you a question: If your mother and Miss Yanchen were to fall into the water at the same time, who would you save first?”

Zhang Ruochen had a very bad premonition. His eyes became extremely cold. “What are you talking about?”

Bu Qianfan still smiled. “I was just joking with you. Surely, you don’t need to be so nervous?”

“SWOSH!”

Zhang Ruochen immediately moved forward, and his figure streaked ahead. In a moment, he had dashed to where Bu Qianfan was. He aimed a stab right between his eyes with lightning speed.

Bu Qianfan never thought Zhang Ruochen could move so horrifically fast.

He immediately stopped smiling and took a step backward. His gloved right hand struck the tip of the Ancient Abyss Sword.

Zhang Ruochen's hand rotated rapidly. The force of the sword underwent a minuscule change and passed through the fingers of Bu Qianfan.

“Tch!”

The Ancient Abyss Sword stabbed Bu Qianfan between the eyes and passed through his skull. Bu Qianfan was killed on the spot.

Everyone was flabbergasted by this scene.

Zhang Ruochen killed Bu Qianfan?

No matter how annoying he was, Bu Qianfan was still a disciple of the Saint Bu Gentry. The Gentry would not rest at this affront.

The next moment, even more amazing things happened before everyone.

About 30 meters in front of Zhang Ruochen, the air became slightly distorted. A totally unhurt Bu Qianfan materialized.

The figure of the man who was killed by Zhang Ruochen's sword gradually became indistinct. It finally vanished.

“How did this happen?”

“Did my eyes fail me?”

“Wasn't Bu Qianfan killed? How did another Bu Qianfan appear?”

...

Zhang Ruochen was not surprised at all. His eyes were tightly glued onto Bu Qianfan. “I guessed right, after all. You’re indeed a demonic shadow. Di Yi, why don’t you show yourself?”

Had Bu Qianfan turned into someone else’s shadow?

When Zhang Ruochen said “demonic shadow,” many people immediately responded. How unusual this Bu Qianfan was. They surrounded him.

“Ha, ha! Zhang Ruochen, you have finally seen through my disguise. You have taken much longer than I expected.” Bu Qianfan smiled.

Bu Qianfan had taken on his former appearance. But the voice from his lips was totally different. It was obviously someone else’s voice.

Suddenly, he stared daggers at Zhang Ruochen and said coldly, “Begin.”

“RUMBLE!”

1,200 brute elephants, each carrying a carriage full of Spiritual Crystals, was rushing towards East Region Saint Mansions.

The elephants trumpeted and the shafts of the carriages kept turning. Gravel and sand flew everywhere. Smoke billowed.

Everyone knew that brute elephants were war behemoths. But, originally, they were savage beasts used for delivering wedding gifts. As a result, people naturally forgot their aggressiveness.

At this moment, they became infuriated and burst forward with frightful rage.

Chapter 576 - Earthshaking Changes

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The Monks of the Chens were surprised. They would never have thought that Bu Qianfan would dare to launch attacks against East Region Saint Mansions.

“How dare you attack the Saint Prince’s Mansion? Bu Qianfan, don’t you want to live anymore?”

A Chen family general at the Completion of Heaven Realm lifted up a 500kg war knife and chopped at a brute elephant.

A man sitting on the brute elephant’s back suddenly struck the Spiritual Crystal box behind the brute elephant.

Crash.

The Spiritual Crystals in the box were flung off due to the palm power.

Before this, all everyone had seen was a layer of Spiritual Crystals in the box. Unbeknownst to them, there was a load of Godfire Thunder Bombs under the Spiritual Crystals.

The box was specially processed and arranged with inscription arrays, so nobody could have discovered the Godfire Thunder Bombs at the bottom of the box in advance.

“Boom!”

The Godfire Thunder Bombs abruptly exploded and formed a mass of fire clouds. With a crackling sound, dense lightning streaked from cloud to cloud and struck in all directions.

In an instant, the brute elephant and the man of sacrifice disintegrated and turned into fly ash.

The Chens suffered heavy casualties and serious wounds.

The power released by the load of Godfire Thunder Bombs blew up the descendants of the Chens who were within 33 meters of it.

Most of them were badly mutilated and died instantly.

Only a few people of profound cultivation survived but not without serious injury.

A single load of Godfire Thunder Bombs had caused such considerable damage.

“Boom!”

Brute elephants were running toward the Saint Prince’s Mansion with 1200 loads of Godfire Thunder Bombs.

One hundred of those loads were already ignited. The area outside the Saint Prince’s Mansion had become a sea of flame. Numerous descendants of the Chens died unnaturally.

“Kill!”

The 5,000 guards who had followed Bu Qianfan to escort the dowry were actually men of sacrifice trained by the Black Market. Moreover, at this moment, numerous Black Market Evil Warriors rushed out from among the match-making processions of the Four Major Saint Gentries.

At that moment, they all rushed forward and began killing the Chens.

Everyone was stunned, unable to comprehend what was happening.

“What are you waiting for? The Black Market Evil Warriors have reached our gate!” White-robed Elder Chen Xican roared harshly.

“Don’t let those brute elephants rush in, otherwise, the Saint Prince’s Mansion will be damaged. Hurry and initiate the Defender Array!” Green-robed Elder Chen Tiankun shouted.

Another Branch Head, Chen Ji, stared at Bu Qianfan who was a short distance away and screamed. “No matter who you are, you will die for attacking the Chens.”

Chen Ji was very old but he was incredibly fast. After all, he was a Half-Saint.

He shook gently.

He suddenly appeared in front of Bu Qianfan and struck out his palm.

A Half-Saint’s attack was formidable. Let alone Bu Qianfan, even 10 Bu Qianfans could be killed by this attack.

Yet Bu Qianfan simply crossed his arms, laughed scornfully, and stood still.

“Quack-quack! Chen Ji, your death will be swift.” A husky voice was heard from behind Bu Qianfan.

This was followed by a ball of green ghost flame.

In the haze, a black-robed elder seemed to stand in the fire with disheveled hair and a skeleton-like face.

The black-robed elder gave off a bitter, ice cold air. Like a black cave, he absorbed all of the Spiritual Qi of the universe.

Seeing the black shadow in the ghost flame, Chen Ji’s old face was aghast. He cried out in alarm. “Ghost Saint!”

Chen Ji withdrew his palms and hurriedly retreated, trying to escape.

“Want to escape? Can you run away? Your death is coming!”

The black figure waved a Blood Soul Banner and dragged Chen Ji into a mass of evil wind.

“Bang!”

As he waved the banner again, Chen Ji’s body exploded and turned into a fog of blood.

The banner absorbed the bloody fog and became more ice cold. It oozed a chilling atmosphere, turning the surrounding 500-kilometer area pitch-dark.

The black ghost shadow stood in the air and held the Blood Soul Banner. He looked like Yama from hell.

He was the notorious Ghost Saint—Orange Star Emissary's Master.

On the other side, hundreds of brute elephants were running toward the Saint Prince's Mansion like a tsunami. They rushed in all directions drawing the Godfire Thunder Bombs.

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

...

Incessant crackles sounded in the Saint Prince's Mansion. The ground kept shaking with the sound of collapse and screams.

Countless buildings were damaged and numerous people were killed by the Godfire Thunder Bombs in the Saint Prince's Mansion.

At that moment, the dark clouds above suddenly burned up and turned into a mass of scarlet flaming clouds.

“Swoosh!”

A burning meteorite flew from extraterrestrial planets, past clouds, and fell down to the East Region Saint Mansions.

All of a sudden, doomsday seemed to have come. Everyone was overwhelmed by the aura of the burning meteorite.

Some warriors with low cultivation directly lay on their stomachs.

Zhang Ruochen stood on the ground and stared at the sky with narrowed eyes. He finally saw the burning meteorite clearly. It was not a meteorite but a flaming war hammer.

A man had thrown out the war hammer from outer space.

If the war hammer hit the East Region Saint Mansions, it would cause terrible damage.

“Swoosh!”

A thick light column thrust up from the center of the Saint Prince's Mansion and pierced through the clouds, connecting

heaven and earth.

In the next moment, a layer of white light screen rose from the ground and enveloped the Saint Prince's Mansion.

The first level Defender Array of the East Region Saint Mansions had been initiated.

Meanwhile, the war hammer hit the first level Defender Array and damaged the huge light screen.

“Bang!”

Just a short moment later, the first level Defender Array was broken through by the war hammer.

With a boom, the flaming war hammer hit the gate of the East Region Saint Mansions. In an instant, the gate was smashed and a 100-meter-diameter pit on the ground was left in its place.

Black smoke billowed from the huge pit and cracks began to spread in multiple directions.

All the buildings within 5 kilometers of the pit collapsed and turned into ruins.

If the first level of the Defender Array had not warded off the war hammer for a little while, it would have caused more terrible damage.

“Swoosh!”

A 4.3-meter-tall burly man flew out of the black pit and suspended in the air carrying a scarlet war hammer.

He was completely on fire and looked like a peerless God of War.

“Hammer Saint!”

Someone had recognized the burly man and exclaimed.

“So this is Hammer Saint. No wonder the strike force was so fearsome.”

Zhang Ruochen was suddenly enlightened. Meanwhile, he got a little worried. Since Ghost Saint and Hammer Saint were here together, the Black Market was obviously well prepared.

“Would there be some more fearsome evil Saints?”

Just as he was thinking about this, he sensed that someone was staring at him.

He looked over and met Hammer Saint’s eyes.

“Zhang Ruochen, pay for my apprentice with your life!”

Hammer Saint became a beam and soared into the sky. He waved the flaming war hammer and aimed for Zhang Ruochen’s head.

Hammer Saint was Green-robed Emissary’s Master. In order to seek revenge for his apprentice, he personally came to kill Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen felt as if he were immobilized by a huge pressure before Hammer Saint’s attack. The surrounding space appeared to be frozen. He bore more and more pressure as if his bones were about to be crushed.

“If you want to kill my junior fellow apprentice, you have to defeat me first.”

Second Elder Brother Zhu Hongtao shouted and spit out a heavy Holy Sword. He brandished the sword from a distance and formed a waterfall of sword Qi, forcing Hammer Saint to retreat.

At the same time, Third Senior Brother Wan Ke appeared right next to Zhang Ruochen. He grabbed Zhang Ruochen’s shoulder and dragged him backward.

“Boom!”

A black ghost claw hit the place right where Zhang Ruochen had been standing, leaving a huge claw-shaped pit tens of meters long.

If Wan Ke had not saved him, Zhang Ruochen would probably have been killed by the ghost claw.

Ghost Saint stood above the huge claw-print pit and said hoarsely. “Today, nobody can save Zhang Ruochen. Whoever dares to hinder me will die.”

“Boom!”

Second Elder Brother flew down and stood before Zhang Ruochen, forming two huge pits on the ground. He carried a Holy Sword as wide as a door plank on his shoulders. "I'm afraid that you two can not kill my junior fellow apprentice."

Like Yama and God of War, Ghost Saint and Hammer Saint stood in two different locations on the void space.

Zhu Hongtao alone stood before Zhang Ruochen and Wan Ke. He looked murderous and the power he displayed was on par with the two Saints of the Black Market.

This time, the Black Market was indeed well prepared and managed to surprise the Chens. The Chens suffered great losses in the shortest time. Even the west gate was smashed.

By now, however, the Chens had been completely roused and had initiated all the 18 levels of the Defender Array.

In the meantime, all of its Half-Saints and Saints had run out of the mansion and were now standing on its wall. From afar, one could see dozens of saint figures. All of them were peerless superiors like true gods.

No one had dared to provoke the Chens over the years.

The sudden attack of the Black Market threw the Chens into confusion but did not hurt their foundation.

However, its gate was destroyed, many young people had been killed, and a Half-Saint had even died at the gate.

The Black Market had severely humiliated and embarrassed the Chens.

"Ghost Saint, Hammer Saint, how dare you cause trouble with the Chens? Believe it or not, you won't be able go back today." A Saint from the Chens spoke coldly.

Ghost Saint laughed grimly and said, "Our Black Market came here for Zhang Ruochen. Of course, since we're here, we had to teach you a lesson in passing to let you know who the Dominator of the Eastern Region really is."

Chapter 577 - Wutian From the East in the Five Heros

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Really? I’m just telling you, the Chens are indeed the Dominators of the Eastern Region.”

In the Saint Prince’s Mansion, there was a young voice that carried an air of arrogance.

“Howl!”

Suddenly, a savage beast cried out. Above the Saint Prince’s Mansion, the dark clouds were blown by the howling wind.

A behemoth glowing with golden light dashed out from the depths of the Savage Beast Lake at the Saint Prince’s Mansion. It stepped into the void and flew from the mansion wall to the Ghost Saint.

A young man was sitting on its back. He wore a white silver armor, held a green Sky Piercer, and had a port-wine mark between his eyebrows. His eyes pierced through the dark clouds like two blue thunderbolts, forming two beams of light.

Seeing that man rush ahead, the Chens burned with righteous indignation.

“That is... Saint Wutian...”

A young woman from the Chen family almost fainted from excitement after seeing Chen Wutian, who was sitting on the behemoth’s back.

“Since Saint Wutian has launched an attack, the Ghost Saint will certainly die. There is no happy ending for whoever is brave enough to provoke the Chens.”

“Saint Wutian” Chen Wutian, was the youngest Saint of the Chens. For thousands of years, he was known as the first conqueror. At 72 years old, he entered the Sacred Realm and was given the title, “Wutian.”

He was 94 years old, hence considered relatively young among other saints.

In Kunlun’s Field, there was a saying that “It is unlikely for a man less than 100 years old to become a saint.”

Those who were able to become saints before 100 years old were all uncontested talents.

Chen Wutian became a saint at 72 years old. He was undoubtedly talented and was dubbed the soul of the young warriors of the Chens.

Seeing Chen Wutian rush ahead, Ghost Saint felt nervous to be facing such a formidable enemy. He began to mobilize the Holy Qi and injected it into the Bloodsoul Banner.

With a “whirr”, it fluttered in the wind.

In an instant, blasts of evil winds came up between heaven and earth. 99,999 blood-red ghost rushed out of the Bloodsoul Banner. Some of them were standing in the void while others were standing on the ground. The scene was becoming extremely strange, almost as if the demons were eating gods.

“Chen Wutian, how dare you, a junior, fight against me? Today, I will teach you a lesson on the Prince of the Eastern Region.”

The Ghost Saint stood in the void and brandished the banner. Suddenly, all ghost soldiers of the universe rushed to Chen Wutian.

Standing on the ground and looking up above, one could see a dark cloud shaping into strange forms. The clouds made threatening gestures as if it was about to devour Chen Wutian.

The Ghost Saint had profound cultivation and he had the Bloodsoul Banner, which was an amazing weapon but he never exerted the power of Holy Road until now.

The crowd below him felt suffocated at the sight of this. The clouds looked like an opening of the Gates of Hell.

“The Ghost Saint is unexpectedly strong. No wonder the imperial court has not succeeded in killing him even after sending out troops numerous times to suppress Cave of Nine Deaths,” Third Elder Brother Wan Ke said.

Zhang Ruochen asked, “Is Chen Wutian capable of defeating him?”

Wan Ke smiled but remained silent.

An earth-shattering shout was heard from the clouds.

“Break!”

Chen Wutian lifted the Sky Piercer and condensed Holy Qi. As he launched an attack, 99,999 ghost images shattered into pieces and turned into wisps of smoke.

The Ghost Saint was struck with panic but maintained his cold demeanor. He did not expect Chen Wutian to be so powerful.

With one strike, he broke through the Demons Array.

The Ghost Saint took a step back and without knowing it, Chen Wutian had already come to kill him. Like a shooting star, the tip of the Sky Piercer stabbed him straight into his eyes.

Ghost Saint immediately waved the banner and hid behind.

“Stab!”

The Sky Piercer quickly rotated and formed a giant vortex to tear down the banner. The banner shattered to pieces and flew to different directions.

Chen Wutian brandished the Sky Piercer without giving Ghost Saint a chance to fight back.

“Swish!”

The sword’s tip cut a long hole in Ghost Saint’s abdomen, nearly cutting Ghost Saint’s body into two.

“Since you’re the Ghost Saint, you should be a ghost rather than a man.”

Chen Wutian showed heroic spirit. In a flash, he came up before Ghost Saint and attacked his chest with his palm. His chest was pierced through, and his back was torn apart.

The sound of his ribs and backbones cracking could be heard from dozens of miles away.

“Boom!”

His body was thrown out and fell to the ground. He was seriously injured and almost became a semi-invalid.

“Howl!”

In the other direction, endless flames burst forth from Hammer Saint and the surrounding area within a hundred-mile radius became a sea of fire.

His body started expanding and became ten times higher than before. He transformed into a Giant-Spirit War God so that all his meridians turned clear, like iron chains buried in his muscles.

Heaven-shaking war hammer in his hand turned gigantic, like a crimson hill.

The heaven-shaking war hammer was made of extraterrestrial meteorite. Only a few people were capable of moving it, even if they're a Saint.

Among all the saints in the Black Market, Hammer Saint had the best physical strength.

As he lowered his arms, the Heaven-shaking war hammer thrust down and hit Chen Wutian on his head.

“Swoosh!”

Instead of retreating, Chen Wutian moved forward. He waved the Sky Piercer with a single hand and chopped at the war hammer, sending both the Heaven-shaking war hammer and Hammer Saint flying.

“Hammer Saint's power is just so-so.”

Chen Wutian struck again and the Sky Piercer directly chopped Hammer Saint, putting him in the mud and leaving a big pit on the ground.

When Hammer Sage climbed out of the pit, the only thing people could see was the left side of his head that was bleeding and the crack in his skull.

His left ear and left arm were also cut off by the Sky Piercer. Half of his body had been badly mutilated.

Luckily, his vital parts were not injured in the attack. Otherwise, Chen Wutian's attack would have killed him.

The young generation of the Chens was excited and delighted. Whoever provoked the Chens needed to pay a heavy price. The Saints were no exception.

What did it mean to be superior?

This was a true testament to what a real peerless superior really was!

Both Ghost Saint and Hammer Saint were old demons who had been famous for more than 300 years. Everyone in the Eastern Region knew about them. Common warriors regarded them as supernatural beings, so nobody dared to disrespect them.

However, Saint Wutian was able to defeat the two saints at lightning speed. This made the Chens very happy and enhanced their popularity.

"Wutian from the East and Wufa from the West. He really deserves his reputation," Third Elder Brother Wan Ke heaved a great sigh.

"Wutian from the East and Wufa from the West" was the first sentence of

Five Heroes

.

"Wutian from the East" referred to Chen Wutian from the Eastern Region.

The whole

Five Heroes

was:

Wutian from the East and Wufa from the West. Xinshu from the South and Yutian from the North. Wan Zhaoyi from the Centre of Nine Province. Ten years is a short time, and one hundred years is a long time. Who has been dominating the Kunlun's Field in the past hundred years? Read the

Five

Heroes

to learn about the world events.

The

Five

Heroes

included the five most outstanding talents in the Kunlun's Field in a century. Chen Wutian was one of them.

For the five people in the

Five

Heroes

, becoming first on the

Heaven

Board

was like winning a child-fight. It was not something that they cared about.

Chen Wutian rode on the behemoth's back and came before Ghost Saint. He pointed the Sky Piercer at Ghost Saint's chest and said, "You two were brave enough to cause trouble in Saint Prince's Mansion. Shouldn't you know your capabilities better?"

"Those two wouldn't dare pick a fight with the Chen family alone. How about counting me in?"

Out of the dark clouds in the sky, a skinny elder walked out.

He had long black hair and looked like he was over 70 years old. He was wearing a livid cloth gown and a pair of plain

straw sandals. He seemed like a normal person, as he had no strong aura fluctuations.

If someone were to throw a stone on the street randomly, it would probably hit an elder like him.

“City Governor, we are so honored to meet you.”

Bu Qianfan and evil cultivators from the Black Market got down on one knee and saluted to the elder.

Even the seriously injured Hammer Saint also lowered his head and bowed respectfully.

Chen Wutian showed a grim look on his face and narrowed his eyes into slits, “Nine Serenity Sword Saint, why didn’t you inform me earlier about your arrival to East Region Saint City?”

Nine Serenity Sword Saint was one of the Three Great Sword Saints in the Eastern Region and he was also the city governor of the Nine Serenity City. He was a top evil superior and central member of the society.

As long as he continued to stomp, the whole Eastern Region would shake.

“You deserve to be ‘Wutian from the East.’ An after-born should be feared!”

Nine Serenity Sword Saint smiled lightly and continued, “I come here this time mainly for that junior from the Saint Academy. He killed my disciple Huang Shenyi, so I will not just stand by and watch. As long as you are willing to give him to me, I can walk away right now.”

Without a doubt, everybody knew that he was talking about Zhang Ruochen.

Zhang Ruochen had offended the Black Market. It took a lot of effort to cultivate a young master and seven Emissaries. However, all of them were killed by him.

Zhang Ruochen dug Di Yi’s Demon’s Heart and almost killed the young master of the Black Market. Then, he captured Ghost Saint’s disciple Orange Star Emissary and killed Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s disciple Yellow God Emissary.

Green-robed Emissary was not killed by Zhang Ruochen but he died in the Xuanwu Primitive World. Therefore, all the saints of the Black Market held Zhang Ruochen accountable for all these deaths.

Zhang Ruochen's actions had embarrassed the Black Market again and again.

How could Evil Warriors of the Black Market continue to endure?

Chapter 578 - The Time and Space Descendant

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen's innate talents had certainly terrified many Saints of the Black Market. They were worried another sword saint would emerge from the Eastern Region if Zhang Ruochen was allowed to develop fully.

This was the reason why the Black Market wanted to eradicate Zhang Ruochen. They also wanted this opportunity to regain their former glory and to regain lost face and prestige.

Second Senior Brother apprentice Zhu Hongtao glanced at Zhang Ruochen and chuckled. "Youngest junior brother, this honor is so great. Even the Nine Serenity Sword Saint has come to the East Region Saint City for you. I can't hold a candle to you."

However, Third Senior Brother Wan Ke shook his head and said, "I'm afraid it won't be that simple. Their real purpose, I believe, is to wreck the relationship between Saint Academy and East Region Saint Mansions. Imagine this: given Master's high expectations of our youngest junior brother, if he gets killed by the Black Market while in the mansion of the Chens, wouldn't our Master bear a grudge toward the Chens? You ought to know his temper! And when Saint Academy has broken with the East Region Saint Mansions, the Black Market will have no difficulty dealing with anything in the Eastern Region."

Zhang Ruochen frowned and said, "Since the Black Market dared to attack the East Region Saint City, they must have

made adequate preparations. They must have foreknowledge that Master was leaving Saint Academy on some business.”

Sword Saint Xuanji had indeed left East Region Saint City half a month ago. He left word that he had an urgent matter to see to and that he would be back before Zhang Ruochen’s wedding.

Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke had not found anything amiss back then. Now, thanks to Zhang Ruochen’s reminder, they realized it could well have been a scheme of the Black Market.

Since the Black Market might have lured Sword Saint Xuanji away, they would definitely have plotted to contain all the superiors left in East Region Saint City.

They might even have infiltrated the Chens’ mansion. Otherwise, it would not have taken the Defender Array this long to start.

Wan Ke patted Zhang Ruochen on the shoulder and said, “Don’t worry! East Region Saint City is still a territory under the Chens. They’ve been in control for generations and will be able to cope with any crisis and change. Even the Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s presence won’t rock the Chens.”

The arrival of Nine Serenity Sword Saint had indeed stunned many.

The names of the Three Great Sword Saints had reverberated around the region like thunderclaps. Their reputation far exceeded those of Ghost Saint and Hammer Saint.

But Chen Wutian’s face did not change color upon seeing the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. Instead, he let out a long laugh. “You must be joking, sword saint! It’s no easy task to seize someone from the Saint Prince’s Mansion in East Region Saint City. Even for your esteemed self.”

Nine Serenity Sword Saint asked, “Why not? You don’t believe I can?”

Chen Wutian answered sharply with a voice full of righteous dignity. “Of course I don’t. Let me offer you a piece of advice. This is the East Region Saint Mansions, not Nine Serenity City. Please leave at once, or you may not be able to later.”

A loud laugh rang out from the vault of heaven. “Shang Jiuyou, you have indeed aged! Now even the younger generations don’t hold you in any regard.”

Chen Wutian’s expression turned even more somber. He lifted his head and looked at the sky.

Amidst the layers of clouds, a gigantic black city was suspended.

The roar of laughter just now had erupted from the dark city.

Apart from Chen Wutian, no one else could see the black city. The laughter merely made it known to them that some master from Black Market had not yet shown his face.

Third Senior Brother Wan Ke’s face froze as he exclaimed. “Terrible! It looks like one more person other than the Nine Serenity Sword Saint is here – the Black Market Excellence Hall Owner. That person is possibly hiding in the background.”

“How do you know?” asked Zhang Ruochen.

“Among the superiors of the evil way very few would dare invoke the name of Nine Serenity Sword Saint. It’s not hard to guess who it is.” Third Senior Brother Wan Ke replied.

A faint smile continued to linger on Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s lips. He stared at Chen Wutian opposite him and said, “You are the first person who has dared to threaten me. Not bad, not bad at all. For your sheer guts, I can address you as a young hero.”

Even someone Chen Wutian’s age would count himself as a young man before the Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

Chen Wutian stood straight and proudly said, “Sword saint, I’m afraid I’m the one who holds the aces now. Do you believe I can exterminate the Ghost Saint this moment?”

“Swosh!”

The Sky Piercer had almost pierced into the Ghost Saint’s chest. The halbert tip gleamed brightly; the Ghost Saint’s face had turned ghastly white in its reflection.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint smiled. “You have someone in your hands, but the Black Market also has hostages.”

As the Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s voice faded, two shadowy figures could be discerned in the darkness.

Two elders, one in green and one in white, were floating in void space with both hands gripping their necks. Their legs were kicking wildly. Whines could be heard from their lips, as an invisible rope seemed to wrap around their necks, suspending them in midair.

No one could see anything around the two elders’ necks.

The scene struck everyone as being bizarrely eerie.

The two elders were two of the Branch Heads of the Chens: Chen Xican and Chen Tiankun.

Zhang Ruochen stared in their direction and could not help remarking. “What an impressive feat of sorcery! Even a Half-Saint will be fooled.”

Even the intrepid Senior Brother Zhu Hongtao looked around carefully and spoke with some dread and much caution. “This must be Phantom Saint! The power of this siren is terrifying. She’s like an omnipresent phantom, almost impossible to guard against. We must be careful!”

The Black Market and the Chens both had hostages. They were suddenly in a deadlock and tension mounted.

Bu Qianfan suddenly stepped out toward the center of the arena and said, “Since the seniors here will not strike, let this junior first resolve my feud with Zhang Ruochen.”

Bu Qianfan’s figure and facial features gradually morphed into the exact appearance of Di Yi.

Di Yi held both hands behind his back and stared at Zhang Ruochen who was standing in the distance. He waved his hands and smiled. “Bring up the gift! This betrothal gift ought to have been presented much earlier.”

Two Glazed Knights riding on the back of savage beasts emerged from behind Di Yi.

A six-foot-high iron cage was dragged along by the two savage beasts. Sparks flew due to the friction.

Within the cage was a woman with disheveled hair. Steel nails had been driven through both of her wrists, pinning her onto the iron framework. Fresh blood was dripping down her arms, dyeing her sleeves and robe red.

Although the woman had already lost consciousness, Zhang Ruochen could still tell at a glance that it was his mother, Concubine Lin.

A green vein bulged in Zhang Ruochen's forehead. With bloodshot eyes, he launched himself forward and shouted severely. "Di Yi, you're looking for death!"

Di Yi lifted an arm and made a gesture.

"Pffff!"

The two Glazed Knights raised their Dragon Bone Spears and stabbed Concubine Lin's left and right shoulders. Their expressions were icy.

Concubine Lin immediately awoke with pain and uttered a horrific shriek.

Fresh blood spurted from her shoulders like fountains.

"Zhang Ruochen, if you dare to take one more step, your royal mother will die before your eyes." Di Yi smiled.

He gave a sunny and charming smile with an exceptionally hideous feel.

Zhang Ruochen checked his steps and clenched his fists tightly. His whole body quivered. He said, "What has this got to do with my mother? Why have you... brought her... into this?"

Huang Yanchen immediately dashed over and took her place beside Zhang Ruochen.

Her heart was filled with grief and rage, seeing Concubine Lin in the iron cage. She said coldly, "A warrior should not take another's family in a fight. It looks like the Saints from Black Market won't toe even the basic line of morality."

Zhang Ruochen's Half-Saint mansion had an extremely strong defense. With Fifth Senior Sister in charge, no one but a Saint could break through it.

Di Yi smiled and said, "This has nothing to do with the Saints. I invited auntie here to get one thing clear. I'm curious about who Zhang Ruochen holds nearer to his heart, his mother or his fiancée?"

"This isn't a question many can answer, but I'm sure Zhang Ruochen is smart enough to give me a precise answer.

"Zhang Ruochen, you now have two options.

"Option one: allow me to take your fiancée and wed her. Then I will let your royal mother off.

"Option two: you can go ahead and marry your fiancée, but before this, please prepare for your mother's funeral.

"What an extraordinarily tough dilemma! I shall give you half an hour to consider, Zhang Ruochen. Will that be enough?"

Senior brothers Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke rushed to each side of Zhang Ruochen.

Di Yi glanced at the two of them and immediately said, "The two seniors, don't even think about saving her. It's much faster for anyone to kill than to save. If either one of you blunders and Zhang Ruochen's mother dies, as a result, I'm sure he will hate you for the rest of his life."

Zhu Hongtao had wanted very much to crack Di Yi's skull, but he still kept his impulse under control.

Wan Ke looked worriedly toward Zhang Ruochen and said, "Don't believe his lies, Junior Brother. Even if you hand Miss Yanchen over, he won't let your mother off. Their ultimate target is you. You are the one they are looking to kill."

Huang Yanchen understood Zhang Ruochen's dilemma very well, so she said, "Let me go! When Di Yi releases Concubine Lin, I will commit suicide and make sure he doesn't shame me. It's very worthwhile, using my life to exchange for your mother's."

Huang Yanchen's eyes looked determined. She had just taken one step forward when Zhang Ruochen grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her back.

"Come back. Let me resolve this."

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and gradually calmed down, but his eyes still exuded a heavy, murderous gleam. He said, "Di Yi, are you sure you are holding all the aces?"

Di Yi shrugged and spread out both hands. He smiled. "Isn't that obvious?"

"Swoosh!"

Zhang Ruochen suddenly disappeared from his original spot.

None of the Saints could see his figure clearly; they only felt a momentary fluctuation of space.

The very moment he disappeared, another Zhang Ruochen appeared on top of the cage confining Concubine Lin. Exhibiting Time Swordsmanship, this figure thrust his sword out twice.

"Swish!"

The heads of the two Glazed Knights flew off almost at the same time.

"Space Moving... Sword of Time... Has the Time and Space Descendant reappeared?"

Nine Serenity Sword Saint's aging eyes stared sharply. The Qi from his eyes turned into a heaven-churning sword Qi.

Right at this moment, the secret that Zhang Ruochen could control time and space was finally revealed to the entire world.

From this moment forward, he would encounter countless assassination attempts, but he did not regret revealing this because it was his only option.

Only by manipulating the Power of Time and Space could he slay the two Glazed Knights and rescue his mother before any Black Market Saint could react.

Chapter 579 - The Prince of the Eastern Region

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The two Glazed Knights had reached the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Even though they had been beheaded, their Martial Souls did not dissipate at once and still contained enough energy to launch attacks.

The hands of the two headless bodies gripped their white bone spears tightly. With their remaining energy they launched a final attack, driving their spears inch by inch into Concubine Lin's body.

“BAM! BAM!”

Zhang Ruochen unleashed two successive palm strikes. The corpses of the two Glazed Knights flew back under their force.

The entire process happened in mere seconds.

In the distance, the Nine Serenity Sword Saint fixed his stare at Zhang Ruochen. The light from his pupils merged into thousands of sword Qi strands, swishing noisily like torrential floods and oceanic waves, gushing towards Zhang Ruochen.

His single glance packed vast magnitudes of Sword Comprehension.

The sword Qi shot forwards, grazing the ground with a sword mark dozens of meters long. Gravel and sand were thrown up as it hurtled towards Zhang Ruochen with a force equal to ten thousand officers and soldiers armed with combat swords.

Zhang Ruochen stood in front of the cage, his staunch gaze revealing no intention to retreat at all.

He had made the decision to rescue Concubine Lin, and he was prepared to die with her. Not a shred of fear remained in his heart, just helplessness and an unwillingness to be defeated.

“Shang Jiuyou, why have you stooped so low as to attack a junior? I feel you no longer deserve the title of ‘sword saint’.”

It seemed certain Zhang Ruochen would be slain by the sword Qi. Just then, a towering figure charged out from East Region Saint Mansions.

No one could make out his features. They could only see a glaring golden brilliance emanating from his whole body, fiery like a blazing sun, so vivid that no one could open their eyes.

The golden figure transformed into a light shuttle, pushing air aside and positioning himself between Zhang Ruochen and the Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

The Prince of the Eastern Region’s body was like a monolith driven into the ground. Without stirring an inch, he swiftly stretched his large golden hand forward and struck.

“SWOOSH!”

All the sword Qi enveloping the sky vanished without a trace.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint stared at the man opposite him and laughed. “I’m just a sword saint, not a true saint. Even true saints cannot be perfect. Don’t you think you have too high an expectation, Prince? Furthermore, a Time and Space Descendant isn’t just any ordinary human being. I don’t see my attack as a degrading act.”

The light emanating from the Prince of the Eastern Region was very bright, resembling a divine golden lake.

Only superiors above the Half-Saint realm could make out his body.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint smiled. “The Prince was secluding himself for cultivation, I believe. He can’t even restrain the holy light of his body now after taking himself out of seclusion. It appears I must have disturbed you, Prince.”

“It’s alright.” The Prince of the Eastern Region uttered.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint said, “If you fight me in your present condition, I’m afraid the holy light will backfire in your body.”

“Don’t worry. I’ve already activated the Cosmic Formation of East Region Saint City. I’m sorry, none of the visitors can leave today. Everyone has to stay!”

With both hands behind his back, the Prince of the Eastern Region carried himself with an unyielding, erect and most distinguished air.

After he spoke, Spiritual Qi rapidly expanded at the bottom of the deep valley, centered on the Saint Prince’s Mansion.

The stone walls in the valley gradually peeled away, revealing countless Arrays of Inscriptions. Over 100,000 had surfaced. They drifted about in mid-air, merging into a gigantic light wheel and taking up an ancient military formation.

The next moment, a 30 meter wide light beam whizzed up from the bottom of the valley. It penetrated the ancient array and flew into the sky.

“SWOOSH!”

“SWOOSH!”

...

All the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi in the East Region Saint City began to quiver suddenly.

From deep underground came a dull, thunderous boom.

East Region Saint City had been built from a fallen star. Its diameter stretched over 5000 kilometers.

On the remains of this star were five continents and 12 seas. All 360 buildings of Saint Prince’s Mansion, constituting 360 ancient formation platforms, began to revolve.

Eight port cities were situated at the outskirts of East Region Saint City.

The sky above the eight port cities became unbearably bright. Brilliant streaks of white light shot down from the heavens.

The warriors in the port cities raised their heads and stared at the sky.

They saw 360 beams of light shoot out from East Region Saint City, emitting a dazzling light. They gradually wrapped around the entire planet like a net.

Everyone was stunned.

“What on earth has happened?”

“Why has the Cosmic Formation been activated?”

“The last time it was activated was over 500 years ago. Something serious must have happened.”

The warriors from the eight major port cities grew pale. Even the Saints were shocked. Everyone released themselves from cultivation to investigate.

Moments later, they discovered that the East Region Saint Mansions were embroiled in a massive war. The East Region Saint City was in chaos as well.

...

... ..

While the Cosmic Formation was being activated, Chen Wutian and Zhang Ruochen too struck out at different people.

Chen Wutian sat on the back of a Bi'an behemoth, condensing his Holy Qi into one arm. The Sky Piercer in his hand turned a bright crimson as he drove it into the Ghost Saint's chest.

Scorching Saint Power streamed from his spear into the Ghost Saint's chest, stomach, head, limbs and five organs.

“Chen Wutian... you... I...”

The Ghost Saint let out a long shriek. His Saintly body glowed like a blazing ceramic as cracks appeared on his skin.

Every crack radiated red brilliance. With a “wham!”, his Saintly Being shattered, melting into fragments of holy light and emitting rays in every direction.

The explosive energy emitted after a Saint's demise was truly extraordinary.

“BOOM!”

A shard of holy light had fallen to the ground, causing great damage. It was comparable to a small meteorite hitting the earth. It left a crater 30 meters deep.

More holy light fragments exploded out, some towards Saint Prince's Mansion, others towards the Black Market Saints, still others in the direction of the Four powerful Saint families.

The 18 Manor Protection Arrays of Saint Prince's Mansion had all been activated. They were enough to shield the mansion from the devastating impact of the Ghost Saint's explosion.

But the Monks and warriors from the Black Market were unable to ward off the holy light. Except for a few who were protected by Saints, all the rest evaporated into a blood fog, dying on the spot.

Ghastly screams rang out everywhere.

“Come back.”

Chen Wutian held out his hand to capture the Ghost Saint's holy source.

Chen Wutian brandished his Sky Piercer once more, and attacked the Phantom Saint hiding in the darkness in an effort to rescue the two Chen Branch Heads.

“CLANG!”

While Chen Wutian was slaying the Ghost Saint, Zhang Ruochen brandished his Ancient Abyss Sword and slashed through the dark steel railings.

He roused his Genuine Qi and pulled out the Dragon Bone Spears on both sides of Concubine Lin's shoulder.

Now that he knew her life was not in danger, he made her take an injury-healing Pill.

Zhang Ruochen held her hands and kept injecting Genuine Qi into her body.

Seeing the fresh blood on her shoulders and wrists, he bit his lip. The rage in his heart blazed even more intensely.

He called to her softly, “Mother! Mother!”

Concubine Lin slowly opened her eyes and looked up at him.

Then she shut her eyes and once more lapsed into unconsciousness.

As Zhang Rouchen healed his mother’s injuries, the Chen Saints engaged in fighting with the Black Market Saints. Frantic shadows danced around the sky.

His two Senior Brothers Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke were fighting Black Market superiors. But they were primarily defending, keeping themselves a close distance from Zhang Ruochen.

If Zhang Ruochen encountered any danger, they would immediately come to his rescue.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint gave an order. “Let’s leave before the Cosmic Formation closes around us. We have to leave East Region Saint City now!”

Beckoning his arm, he wrapped Di Yi up in his Holy Qi. Executing the Sword Defending Technique, he soared towards the sky.

The Prince of the Eastern Region stood on the ground, raising both arms and communicating with the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi.

“Four Nine Skills, Rain-making Hand!”

The Spiritual Qi between the heaven and the earth converged above the Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s head. A massive palm was about to crush him.

To anyone looking up to the heavens, this massive palm occupied one-third of the sky. The palm prints ridged like towering mountains.

This earthshaking palm contained unimaginable, terrifying power.

“Sword Seven!”

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s feet stepped on a green Holy Sword. One hand held Di Yi, the other he thrust out like a

sword.

Infinite sword shadows converged, arranging themselves into a rotating cone. This mass struck against the massive palm in the sky.

“SWOOSH!”

Enclosed in his Holy Sword’s sword radiance and numerous sword shadows, he penetrated through Prince of the Eastern Region’s Rain-making Hand. He soared to the top of the clouds.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint was not injured, but Di Yi was hurt badly. He was a mangled body of blood and pulp, heavily injured and on the verge of dying.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint grabbed hold of Di Yi’s wrist, checking his pulse. He crinkled his brows.

Di Yi had become injured even under his protection. He had to admit the Prince of the Eastern Region’s cultivation was incredibly powerful.

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint stood in the clouds, gazing down with sharp eyes. “How excellent the Four Nine Skill is! It certainly lives up to its reputation. But enough for today! I shall visit your mansion another day to have you display your skills for me.”

The Prince of the Eastern Region replied, “I’m afraid there won’t be a next time.”

The Cosmic Formation rotated suddenly. A bolt of purple lightning converged above Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s head and struck.

Led by the Nine Serenity Sword Saint, all the Black Market Saints hurled their Holy Weapons upwards to fend off the lightning strike.

“BOOM!”

A streak of lightning flashed at the Black Market Saints.

Horrific screams rang out. Nine Half-Saint corpses fell from the sky.

The Cosmic Formation was a wonderful ancient formation composed of 360 arrays. When it congregated all the Spiritual Qi from the East Region Saint City, it was impossible for normal warriors to withstand it.

“Ch-ch!”

The Cosmic Formation started to revolve again, condensing its energy for a second assault.

The mark of a Yin-Yang fish appeared in the sky. The white and black fish rotated, exchanging positions, as dozens of lightning bolts snaked their way around them. They looked as if they would strike at any moment.

Chapter 580 - The Nine-Phoenix Cauldron

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

The second strike was ten times stronger than the first, and it might have even destroyed a Saint.

The Black Market Saints were all seized with fear. If it were not for the presence of the Nine Serenity Sword Saint, they might all have scattered.

The second attack was about to fall, when suddenly a black city soared over from the distance. All the Black Market Saints stepped onto the city.

“Huaa!”

An ancient, green, nine-legged cauldron flew out from the black city. It shattered the Yin-Yang fish mark in the sky and rammed into the Cosmic Formation.

With a loud crash, Supreme Strength emanated from the ancient, nine-legged cauldron. A breach was opened in the Cosmic Formation.

The black city took this opportunity to glide through the breach and disappear into the boundless mists and clouds.

In the sky beyond drifted a distant voice, its echo reverberating throughout East Region Saint City. “Chen Yin, we must have the life of the Time and Space Descendant. You can protect him once, but definitely not twice!”

The Prince of the Eastern Region stood his ground, gazing up in the sky. No one could read the expression on his face.

They only saw him wave his sleeve, and all the dark clouds within a 300 mile radius were swept away. Radiant sunshine reigned again.

Everything seemed to have passed and East Region Saint City regained its calm.

But this battleground was badly scarred with utter devastation. Neither the lightning nor the flames were quenched.

With the retreat of the Black Market Saints, ten thousand dead bodies were left, some with incomplete body parts, some charred like charcoal, others mangled in bloody piles. It was impossible to tell who were the Chens and who were the Black Market Monks.

Second Senior Brother stamped his foot angrily and said, “How detestable! They even managed to break through the Cosmic Formation and get away!”

Third Senior Brother Wan Ke said, “Unfortunately, the Cosmic Formation hadn’t closed completely yet. Otherwise, they wouldn’t have escaped even with the help of the Black Market’s Nine-Phoenix Cauldron.”

“What did you say, Third Junior Brother? You mean the cauldron we saw soaring here was the legendary Nine-Phoenix Cauldron, the Supreme Holy Weapon of Evil Emperor?”

“Didn’t you sense the Supreme Strength emanating from that cauldron?”

Third Senior Brother Wan Ke continued. “Only the power of the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron could breach the Cosmic Formation.”

“Wait a minute! I seem to recall that this Nine-Phoenix Cauldron was sealed in the Saint Mountain of Saint Academy. How did it end up in the hands of the Black Market?” asked Zhu Hongtao.

The fact that the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron was sealed in the Saint Mountain was a highly concealed secret, which only Saints within the Saint Academy knew.

Even someone of Wan Ke's rank and stature had not heard about it.

Wan Ke's face flushed, and he asked hastily, "Is this true?"

Zhu Hongtao was startled by Wan Ke's reaction and could not respond in time. Instead he said, "Of course it's true. Didn't you know this?"

Wan Ke's look in his eyes kept shifting. He was wringing his hands as he said, "Now we're done for! It looks like something momentous has happened in Saint Academy. Most likely the Black Market assault on East Region Saint Mansions was simply a feint. Their real intention was to seize the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron.

"I was misled from the very beginning... I ought to have realized—even if the Black Market wants to take revenge on our Youngest Junior Brother, they wouldn't need to dispatch Saints on such a massive scale.

"The East Region Saint Mansions was just a decoy. Their real purpose was... within Saint Academy."

Zhu Hongtao finally reacted. Clapping his head, he still continued speaking quite casually, "Now that the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron has been stolen, we won't be able to do anything about it even if we return. Better think about the problem in hand now, Third Junior Brother."

Zhu Hongtao looked in Zhang Ruochen's direction, and a complex expression shone in his eyes. "The Black Market won't let Youngest Junior Brother off. Both of us wouldn't be able to fend off the Nine Serenity Sword Saint at all if he attacks again."

In the past, if the Black Market had wanted to deal with Zhang Ruochen, they would not have gone all out to attack him. They would merely have dispatched younger warriors.

But now, Zhang Ruochen's identity as the Time and Space Descendant had been revealed.

If the Black Market made another move, they would have chosen to kill him with a single strike. They would not have left him with any more chances.

“Dispatch a Signal Flare and notify Master.”

Wan Ke gave a long sigh. “Some calamity is going to rock the entire Eastern Region.”

One day and one night had elapsed after the Black Market attack on East Region Saint City, yet the situation had not settled. Rather, it had intensified.

From Saint Academy came the news that the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron, once sealed by Empress Chi Yao within the Saint Mountain, had now been seized by the Black Market Excellence Hall Owner.

A total of five headmasters had remained behind to guard Saint Academy.

In principle, no matter how powerful the Black Market was, it would not have been possible for them to remove the seal and get ahold of the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron.

Unfortunately, a Black Market mole had infiltrated into Saint Academy. It was the sixth headmaster of Saint Academy, Ji Kongtong. He colluded with the Black Market Excellence Hall Owner. The two of them had captured the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron.

Jointly attacked by the other four headmasters, Ji Kongtong was, however, killed on Saint Mountain.

On the same day, the Ministry of War dispatched troops to eradicate Ji Kongtong’s family, the Saint Ji Gentry.

Not only was Saint Ji Gentry affected. After an all-out investigation of Saint Academy and East Region Saint Mansions, seven powerful Saint families, 12 Ancient Lines, and 73 Suzerains and families were found to have worked intimately with the Black Market. They all had a hand in this operation.

Further investigation was ongoing.

However, many more bloody annihilations appeared to be in the works in the Eastern Region. Countless Suzerains and Families would be extirpated. The jails of government offices and counties would be swarming with convicts.

Only after he received some incoming information from the external world did Zhang Ruochen realize that the East Region Saint Mansions was just one important battleground.

The real purpose of the Black Market was Evil Emperor's Nine-Phoenix Cauldron.

In the days when the Evil Emperor was alive, the Eastern Region was the nerve centre of the Black Market. It was a dark domain where demons roamed and the people lived in dire poverty.

The power of the Black Market was then at its acme.

Even the power of East Region Saint Mansions and the Chens nowadays could not compare with that of the Black Market then.

The Black Market had only collapsed after Empress Chi Yao had slaughtered the Evil Emperor.

After hundreds of years, the Chens, the Martial Market Bank, the Moon Worship Demonic Sect and the Yin and Yang Sect had grown steadily in influence. Finally, the land was partitioned by these five powers.

The imperial court also sent troops, stationing them in the Eastern Holy Land to drive away savage beasts, eradicate evil cities, conquer new lands, and balance the various forces.

The situation in the once chaotic Eastern Holy Land had gradually stabilized.

The outskirts of the Eastern Holy Land were originally a savage land, sparsely inhabited and roaming with savage beasts. With the birth of human civilization came more than 12,000 commanderies, Yunwu Commandery being one of them.

After several hundred years, the Eastern Region was no longer a dark land of the past. It had now become a flourishing and prosperous region where Martial Arts thrived. Although Martial Arts flourished even more in the Four States of Center Region, it was now practiced far more than during Evil Emperor's time.

Thanks to Empress Chi Yao's administrative and military attainments, monks in the Eastern Region regarded her as a near-deity. They were unable to tolerate anyone showing her an ounce of disrespect.

The Black Market's seizure of the Nine-Phoenix Cauldron caused a mighty shock which might upset the balance of the entire Eastern Region, plunging it once more into darkness.

Of course, this was too important a matter for Zhang Ruochen to be involved.

He was merely a Monk of the Second Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. His prime consideration was to safeguard his own life.

Concubine Lin lay in bed, having awakened.

After resting a day and a night, she had recovered greatly from her injury.

Concubine Lin was still very weak and her voice was feeble. Her first words were, "Chen-er, what day is it today?"

"The sixth."

Zhang Ruochen sat beside the bed, gently holding her hand.

Concubine Lin heaved a sigh of relief. "Good thing... I haven't missed your wedding. If I had delayed your marriage, how could I ever face your father in the underworld? And I couldn't face your ancestors either..."

Concubine Lin's voice broke, and she started sobbing.

Huang Yanchen immediately approached her for consolation. "My marriage with Junior Brother Zhang isn't an urgent matter. Your Grace must first recover and try not to think too much."

Concubine Lin suddenly became rather flustered. She forced herself to sit up from the bed and grabbed hold of Huang Yanchen's hand, saying nervously, "You two must get married... Must definitely get married... Tomorrow is the seventh. You two must hold your wedding ceremony. Promise me..." And she gave two coughs.

Due to her anxiety, she had started to cough rapidly.

Of course, Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen could not understand Concubine Lin. In her opinion, since the Zhangs had undergone such a great ordeal and were almost wholly massacred, Zhang Ruochen must take on the grave responsibility of procreating the next generation.

For an ordinary person like Concubine Lin, Martial Arts and the Holy Road were not anything important. No matter what level of cultivation Zhang Ruochen had reached, it would not make her any happier than him bearing her a grandson.

Therefore, Zhang Ruochen must wed Huang Yanchen as soon as possible.

The Zhangs needed descendants.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Huang Yanchen, who, at first, gazed back blankly. Then, a rare bashfulness crept onto her face as she nodded at him.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Mother, I give you my word. I shall wed Senior Sister Yanchen tomorrow. I won't delay the ceremony, even if it must be very simple."

There was no other way. Such a colossal incident had occurred in East Region Saint City and the Chens had suffered so many casualties. If Zhang Ruochen and Huang Yanchen were to carry on with their wedding, the ceremony must be a simple one.

...

At this moment, a troop of golden-armored, beast-riding soldiers had arrived from afar and now halted by the gate of the East Region Saint Mansions.

This detachment had only a hundred soldiers.

But each soldier was bursting with energy and full of vigor. They were indeed the best of the best.

Wan Zhaoyi, clad in green dragon armor, perched on the back of a white flood dragon. He sat on the head of the flood dragon at the vanguard of the golden armor detachment. He gave a loud command, and the white flood dragon stopped at once.

Wan Zhaoyi raised his head and gave the board of East Region Saint Mansions a glance. He chortled. "I have heard that just yesterday, the Chens' gate was wrecked by masters from Black Market. Today, they got themselves a new board."

"Who is it?"

Two Half-Saints dashed out from East Region Saint Mansions and stood at either side of the terrace, looking warily at Wan Zhaoyi on the head of his white flood dragon.

"Clomp, Clomp!"

Hurried footsteps sounded. Two contingents had rushed out, surrounding Wan Zhaoyi and his 100 golden-armored troops.

After the uproar caused by the Black Market, the East Region Saint Mansions guards had naturally raised their vigilance. Any minor disturbances would draw in large contingents of guards.

Wan Zhaoyi did not even deign to look directly at the two Half-Saints of the Chens. He completely ignored them.

"How impudent! Don't you realize we are the Royal Golden Armor Troop?"

A man riding the back of a Golden Armor Beast gave a loud roar from behind Wan Zhaoyi. Instantly, a strong sound wave immediately quaked the surrounding contingents so badly that they were forced to back up.

"The Royal Golden Armor Troops?"

A unconvinced voice came from inside the gate.

Third Senior Brother Wan Ke strolled out from inside the gate of the Saint Prince's Mansion. He swept a glance at the Golden Armor Troops and finally rested his gaze on Wan Zhaoyi.

This man could tame a flood dragon?

A proper flood dragon, not just a simple jiao. It was really a full-fledged dragon.

Wan Ke's instincts told him that the man before him was absolutely brutal. He was not just any ordinary man.

He became guarded and asked, “How do I address you, sir?”

Wan Zhaoyi stared at Wan Ke with some interest and laughed. “You are alright, you are deserving enough to speak with me. My surname is ‘Wan’ and I am under Her Majesty’s orders to apprehend the criminal Zhang Ruochen. Lead us on!”

Chapter 581 - Wan Zhaoyi From the Nine States of the Central Region

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Even though Wan Ke was usually calm, he was still astonished upon hearing Wan Zhaoyi's words.

At the present time, only one person dared to be called the Empress. She was the Holy Queen of Majesty and Morality, the Dominator of the First Central Empire.

“What did the junior fellow apprentice do? Why did the Empress send people to arrest him?”

Wan Ke immediately came to his senses. He held his fists in both hands, stepped forward and bowed. He asked cautiously, “Prince, what did Zhang Ruochen do wrong?”

In the East Region Saint Mansions, the man identified himself as the prince, so he should at least be equal to the Prince of the Eastern Region.

For example, the Qianshui Commandery Prince did not dare to call himself a prince when he came to the East Region Saint Mansions, because his rank was far lower than the Prince of the Eastern Region.

The Prince of the Eastern Region held the rank of “inferior prince”, but he enjoyed the rights of a “medium prince”.

If the man before him was a prince, Wan Ke could already guess who he was from the surname “Wan.”

Only one man had become a prince at such a young age.

This was the Little Holy King, Wan Zhaoyi.

Although Wan Zhaoyi and the Prince of the Eastern Region held the same title, they had different rights and influences.

A Golden Armored Soldier stared at Wan Ke and said arrogantly, “Does the Empress need to give you a reason to arrest a person?”

Wan Ke was irritated, and he glared at the soldier furiously. After all, he was a Half-Saint. He thought that even though the Golden Armor Soldier was an imperial sergeant, he should not be so arrogant as to shout in front of him.

Just then, Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian walked out of the gate side by side. They were not able to suppress their Holy Road aura. They stood before the gate of the Saint Prince’s Mansion, like two lofty mountains.

Saint Qing Xiao glanced at the soldier.

He suddenly felt like a needle poked his eye. Everything turned black and his body was jolted. With a bang, he fell from the Golden Armored Beast’s back.

Saint Qing Xiao did not kill him, but rather, he taught him the lesson of showing Half-Saints and Saints the respect they deserved.

After Wan Ke and Zhu Hongtao spread the news about, Sword Saint Xuanji did not come back in time because a very important matter required his immediate attention.

Sword Saint Xuanji had sent a message to Saint Qing Xiao. In it, he asked him to run back to the Eastern Region first to protect Zhang Ruochen.

Saint Qing Xiao had arrived in the East Region Saint Mansions today. He was negotiating with Chen Wutian how to strike back the Black Market when he perceived Wan Zhaoyi’s arrival. Therefore, he stopped the negotiation and came out to meet Wan Zhaoyi.

Wan Ke took a step backward and whispered, “Senior Brother, this man is...”

Saint Qing Xiao raised a hand and hinted Wan Ke to stop.

Saint Qing Xiao stared at Wan Zhaoyi, who stood on top of a white flood dragon, and looked stern. He said, “Wutian from the East and Wufa from the West. Xinshu from the South and Yutian from the North. Wan Zhaoyi from the Nine States of the Central Region. How can I not know of him?”

Wan Zhaoyi laughed and said, “Qing Xiao, you have made great contributions in the Battlefield of Primitive World over the years. Do you have enough military merits to obtain an inferior prince title?”

“Wan Zhaoyi, you’re telling me that my title of nobility is inferior to yours. So, should I bow to you?” Saint Qing Xiao said grimly, with his hands behind his back.

“Right!”

Wan Zhaoyi said frankly.

All of the monks in Kunlun’s Field knew that Wan Zhaoyi was wildly arrogant.

However, they took his arrogance for granted. He never tried to disguise his haughtiness, and perhaps he even thought that he should be arrogant.

If he were not proud or arrogant, he would not be Wan Zhaoyi.

Both Saint Qing Xiao and Wan Zhaoyi were from the Ministry of War, where subordinates had to bow when they met their superiors.

Certainly, the War Saints had noble status, so they did not need to bow. In the Ministry of War, no prince would force the War Saints to bow to him.

However, Saint Qing Xiao and Wan Zhaoyi had personal grievances, so Wan Zhaoyi was deliberately against him.

“Wan Zhaoyi, I’m afraid that you will be disappointed!”

Saint Qing Xiao took out a prince token and played with it in his hands. Then, he put it away.

Wan Zhaoyi remained calm and said, “Why did you not tell me in advance that you’ve been conferred the title of prince? If

I had known about it earlier, I would have gone to your mansion to congratulate you.”

Chen Wutian said, “Since that’s the case, let’s go to the mansion to have a drink.”

Wan Zhaoyi shook his head and looked serious. “I came here this time to do an errand for the Empress. I’m afraid that I have no chance to drink with you. Next time, I’ll treat you in the Imperial Capitol. You must give me the favor of your presence.”

Wan Zhaoyi gave an order to the two Golden Armor Soldiers behind him. “Bring out Zhang Ruochen, and don’t delay too long.”

The two soldiers jumped from the Golden Armor Beast’s back.

They wore golden armor with golden swords at their sides. They looked grim and arrogant. They strode up the stone steps and ran into the Saint Prince’s Mansion.

“Slow down.”

Chen Wutian did not stand on ceremony with Wan Zhaoyi. He said hoarsely, “Wan Zhaoyi, you are too presumptuous to take him away from the East Region Saint Mansions without declaring his crime.”

As he let out a bellow, the two Golden Armor Soldiers were overwhelmed by his unique Saint’s momentum.

The two soldiers were not able to withstand his powerful momentum. Their bodies crunched and they hit the ground with a thump.

The ground beneath their knees sank down.

Wan Zhaoyi raised his head and gently touched his jade thumb ring. He glanced at Chen Wutian and then looked at Saint Qing Xiao. “Zhang Ruochen colluded with the demonic sect and killed sergeants from the Ministry of War in the Battlefield of the Primitive World. He is an outrageous traitor and villain. Qing Xiao, don’t tell me you don’t know about these events.”

Saint Qing Xiao shook his head and said, “This is the first I’ve heard of it.”

“Really?”

“Wan Zhaoyi, you claim that my junior fellow apprentice committed those crimes. Do you have any evidence?”

Wan Zhaoyi straightened his body and fixed his eyes on Saint Qing Xiao. After a moment, he said, “So, you want to protect Zhang Ruochen?”

“Every legal action needs evidence. Without any evidence, you would be taking him away based only on your word. If there has been a mistake, who will be responsible for it?”

Saint Qing Xiao said severely, “To be honest, my junior fellow apprentice is now one of the nominated young masters of the Martial Market Bank. If you want to take him away, you have to go to the Langhuan Palace of Warlord Mountain to ask for permission first. Who dares to control him without Venerable Wu’s permission?”

Wan Zhaoyi said with a smile, “What if I must take him away?”

“Swoosh!”

Without warning, Wan Zhaoyi moved his body and disappeared from the top of the white flood dragon. He suddenly appeared before Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian and unleashed both his hands at the same time.

“Howl!”

“Howl!”

After uttering the dragon’s roar twice, two giant dragon shadows rushed out of the center of his palms. They attacked Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian with threatening gestures.

He had performed the tenth movement of Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, Dragon Flying in the Ninth Heaven.

Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian simultaneously struck out and collided with Wan Zhaoyi’s hands. With a boom, two circles of energy ripples erupted between their hands, sending the Chens’ guardians and the Golden Armor Troops flying into the air.

Even two Half-Saints of the Chens, who stood not far away, were not able to withstand the power. They were knocked backwards more than 100 feet.

“Swoosh!”

As he shook his body slightly, Wan Zhaoyi flew backward and turned a circle in the air. Then, he landed on the top of the white flood dragon again.

Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian took three steps each before steadying themselves. Meanwhile, they left three deep footprints on the ground.

The Chens’ guardians turned pale with fright.

Because they always stayed in the Eastern Region, they only knew Wan Zhaoyi, but they did not know his strength. However, they clearly knew Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian’s strength.

They were both dominators of the present age. Their cultivations were profound enough to strike terror into evil people all over the Eastern Region.

Wan Zhaoyi was at a disadvantage in the previous battle, but he was so powerful that he could fight two enemies at once.

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He mobilized Holy Qi and unleashed the power of his arms. He said with a smile, “In the present world, only a few people can fight with me, so it’s hard for me to find two opponents. If I had not received an imperial order, I would really want to fight you guys.”

Chen Wutian said, “Our forefather helped the Empress to suppress the Eastern Region and was one of the 12 distinguished people of the foundation of the state. He was given the title ‘superior prince’. The ‘East Region Saint Mansions’ presented by the Empress was the best reward for our Chens. Now, you dare to break into the East Region Saint Mansions. Undoubtedly, I can arrest you as a rebel.”

“What if I have an imperial edict?” Wan Zhaoyi said with a forced smile.

“An imperial edict.”

Both Chen Wutian and Saint Qing Xiao changed their looks.

In Kunlun’s Field, only one person could issue an imperial edict. This was, of course, Empress Chi Yao.

Wan Zhaoyi took out a foot-long brocade box from the white flood dragon’s back. Then, he pulled out a golden scroll.

Although the scroll was folded, the embroidered word “Imperial” was clear and distinct.

” Boom!”

When he opened the box, it gave off a bright golden light. The imperial majesty radiated over all of East Region Saint Mansions.

All of the warriors had to kneel down on the ground, except for Half-Saints and Saints, as if the Empress had appeared in person,

“Your Majesty, I’m so honored to meet you here.”

Outside the Saint Prince’s Mansion, crowds of people kneeled down.

Inside the mansion, all the guards, maidservants, slaves, and housekeepers kneeled down, influenced by the majesty.

It was a kind of spiritual repression. As long as one kneeled down, the repression would be invalid. If one did not kneel, it was a disrespect for the Empress. The majesty’s power would break a warrior’s will and force him to kneel down.

Once human will was knocked down, in very severe cases, a warrior would become an idiot and lose the ability to think.

If the cases were relatively minor, it would also cause a great impact on a warrior’s Martial Arts. His martial cultivation would halt.

At present, Zhang Ruochen was also subdued by the majesty.

“After all, it still comes.”

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the room and stood in the garden. He looked at the gate and saw a golden light gradually

rising. Furthermore, the golden light moved quickly toward him.

Chapter 582 - Death?

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Wan Zhaoyi gripped the imperial edict in his hand. It was as if Empress Chi Yao had arrived in person to walk into East Region Saint Mansions. No one dared to block his path wherever he went.

Anyone who stood in his way stood in defiance of Empress Chi Yao.

Unless they wanted to rebel, even Saints must make way for the imperial edict.

Before long, the detachment of Golden Armor Troops headed by Wan Zhaoyi had entered the garden and completely surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

Wan Zhaoyi stared at Zhang Ruochen standing beside the lake in some amazement, because the young man appeared very calm, relaxed, even leisurely. The mighty imperial power had not intimidated him one bit.

Would a mere Monk of the Fish-Dragon Realm resist the imperial power of the Empress?

Even the Golden Armor Soldiers present stared at one another, feeling incredulous.

The reason why the Golden Armor Troops were unaffected by the imperial power was because their armor had undergone a sacrificial ceremony, allowing them to resist its power.

But how had this young man in front of them resisted Her Majesty's imperial power?

They did not know that Zhang Ruochen had experienced the four Chords of the Gods and that he had Gods' Mark on his

body. How could a mere imperial edict coerce him into kneeling?

Only Wan Zhaoyi had somewhat guessed the reason. He sized Zhang Ruochen up for a brief moment, but he saw that the young man's face looked totally unchanged.

Not many Monks could remain as collected as Zhang Ruochen in his presence.

Wan Zhaoyi laughed and said, "Well, I'm not surprised. This is the man the Empress would like to see. He's exceptional. Put him in chains and bring him away."

Two Golden Armor Soldiers brought out iron chains and unsheathed their golden swords. They had the cold look in their eyes of messengers from hell.

The white iron chains clanged against themselves.

Had Zhang Ruochen dared to resist, they would have struck him down with their swords unhesitatingly.

But Zhang Ruochen remained unusually calm. He did not even blink.

"SNAP!"

Both his wrists and ankles were instantly fettered.

The two iron chains looked possessed a spiritual power that sucked away Zhang Ruochen's Genuine Qi. In the blink of an eye, the iron chains siphoned the Genuine Qi in his Meridians out of his wrists and ankles.

Once the chains had absorbed the Genuine Qi, they emitted streaks of lightning and crackled loudly.

Now, Zhang Ruochen's wrists and ankles were mangled, despite his attainment of the "Skin Refining to Gold" realm. And the lightning scorched his skin black.

Zhang Ruochen tried to mobilize some Genuine Qi and force it into his right-hand Meridians.

"Ch-ch!"

The iron chains instantly absorbed all of the Genuine Qi, and a streak of lightning struck Zhang Ruochen's right wrist. Quite suddenly, blood gushed out from his right wrist.

Wan Zhaoyi warned him. "To prevent convicts from escaping, these iron chains can absorb Genuine Qi from both wrists and ankles and unleash the Qi on the convicts instead. The higher the Monk's cultivation level, the more power the chains will rebound. I am warning you not to mobilize your Genuine Qi to save yourself from suffering."

From the depths of the palace now rang the voice of the Prince of the Eastern Region. "Tomorrow is his wedding day. Can't you wait a day more?"

Wan Zhaoyi raised his head and stared into the Saint Prince's Mansion. Then, he bowed with both hands folded. "Unfortunately, Prince, it's impossible for us to defy an imperial order."

Then, Wan Zhaoyi straightened his body again and waved his arm. "Bring him away."

As the Golden Armor Troops departed, the imperial power also dissipated away slowly.

Wan Ke walked up to the side of Saint Qing Xiao looking solemn. He said, "Eldest Senior Brother, I feel like something is very wrong. Her Majesty is too elevated to write you a personal warrant for the arrest of Youngest Junior Brother. It wouldn't have been much trouble, would it?"

"You suspect Wan Zhaoyi is faking an imperial edict?"

Saint Qing Xiao shook his head, saying, "Faking an imperial edict is a heinous crime which could lead to your nine clans being exterminated. No one has the guts to do that. Wan Zhaoyi might be very arrogant, but I'm certain he doesn't have the guts to challenge the authority of the Empress."

Wan Ke said, "Even highly treacherous Saints did not prompt Her Majesty to write warrants to arrest them. Our Youngest Junior Brother may be highly talented, but in the eyes of the Empress, he is no more than a speck of dust. He is not qualified for such a consideration."

“Could it be because his identity as the Time and Space Descendant was exposed? Perhaps, even the Empress feels threatened and wants to have him eradicated,” said Zhu Hongtao.

Wan Ke shook his head at once and said, “Impossible. Our Youngest Junior Brother just revealed his identity as the Time and Space Descendant yesterday. It was just a day ago. It’s impossible for any news to reach the Eastern Region from Central Region within this short period, even through a wormhole. In other words, the Empress must have issued her imperial edict before yesterday.”

Saint Qing Xiao wrinkled his brows. “This is indeed a most strange affair. The Martial Market Bank has investigated our junior fellow apprentice’s identity very thoroughly—he couldn’t have been someone from the heresy. So, why did the imperial court arrest him on this charge? To offend East Region Saint Mansions and Martial Market Bank for a Fish-Dragon Realm warrior—what exactly is this move Her Majesty is contemplating?”

Wan Ke said, “I think it’s better to simply deliver the news and let the top leaders of the Martial Market Bank think of a way out. Through their imperial court operations, and the Chens’ influence, they might be able to keep Youngest Junior Brother alive.”

Saint Qing Xiao nodded and said, “This looks like the only way out now.”

Then, Saint Qing Xiao, Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke left East Region Saint Mansions immediately and hurried back to Saint Academy.

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A Golden Armor Beast was a savage beast of the fifth level lower order. It was 30 feet tall and its scales were a handspan thick. It had a pair of scaly wings on its back, which stretched to 100 feet wide when extended.

Only the Royal Golden Armor Troops could ride on Golden Armor Beasts.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was seated on the back of a Golden Armor Beast. But, he was locked in a cage.

Of course, It was not actually possible for a cage to hold Zhang Ruochen.

But chains now shackled Zhang Ruochen's wrists and ankles. He could not activate even an ounce of Genuine Qi to escape.

A man in his 30s, clad in golden armor, sat cross-legged on the head of a Golden Armor Beast. He turned his head to look at Zhang Ruochen and smiled. "Very few people are honored enough to have an arrest warrant written by the Empress. You should count yourself most fortunate."

"Oh, is that so? Have you seen the Empress herself?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

The man in golden armor gave an awe-stricken look and shook his head. "The Empress is a person above the nine heavens. Although we may be Imperial guards, we have never looked on her royal visage."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and closed his eyes once more.

It was a distant journey from Eastern Region to Central Region. Normally, it took many years to fly there.

Therefore, traveling between the two domains required passing through a space wormhole.

It took three days and three Space Jumps before everyone arrived at the border of the Eastern Holy Land.

Then, the company hurried through the fourth wormhole.

According to the Golden Armor Troops, they were 3,000 kilometers away from the fourth space wormhole. The company saved two years of traveling by using the wormhole. In addition, they would not need to trek through the Uncivilized Secret Zone in between the Eastern and Central Regions.

The Uncivilized Secret Zone was a vast expanse, dividing the Eastern and Central Regions. Even the swift Golden Armor Troops would need two years to trek through that zone, without any accidents.

Not even 200 years was enough for an ordinary warrior to travel from the Eastern to the Central Region.

As this wormhole connected both regions, the imperial court attached great importance to it. They stationed numerous troops at either end to prevent anyone from destroying it.

Midway through the journey, Wan Zhaoyi suddenly felt like something was amiss. He rested his white flood dragon, and he raised his head to gaze ahead.

Nearly seven miles away, a cotton-clothed elder in his 70s was standing on the edge of a cliff.

With aging eyes, the cotton-clothed elder looked to the distance and eyed Zhang Ruochen sitting on the back of the Golden Armor Beast. A heartless smile lingered on his lips.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and looked at the the elder standing in the distance. He could tell who he was at once. "So he's here. Looks like it will be impossible for me to reach the Central Region."

The elder was the Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

The appearance of the Nine Serenity Sword Saint had rendered Zhang Ruochen's situation worse. But he did not panic, and instead he began to reflect calmly, trying to find a means to escape.

Although the Genuine Qi at both his wrists and ankles was sealed, his Spiritual Power was not. It would not be difficult to break through the iron cage.

The real question was whether he could escape from Wan Zhaoyi and the Nine Serenity Sword Saint, even supposing he could use his Spiritual Power to escape from the cage.

He could not afford a rash move. He must wait for his chance.

"Roar!"

The white flood dragon under Wan Zhaoyi sensed imminent danger, and it became restless. White air columns poured out from its nostrils as it bellowed a soft dragon's roar.

Wan Zhaoyi could not control the beast, and it kept moving backwards.

Undeterred, Wan Zhaoyi remained collected. He mobilized Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi, and he asked at the same time, "This junior is Wan Zhaoyi. How should I address you, senior?"

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint stood on the precipice, and transmitted his voice from six miles away. "Leave Zhang Ruochen here. You people may leave."

"Does senior know that Zhang Ruochen is wanted by the Empress?" Wan Zhaoyi asked in a low voice.

"I don't care who wants him. Today, I must have his life!"

"Swoosh!"

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint's figure flashed, and he disappeared.

Wan Zhaoyi knew the other man's cultivation level was extremely high and that he could not repel him. He quickly took out the imperial edict to help repulse the man with its power.

But Wan Zhaoyi had unfurled the imperial edict only halfway when a pillar of fiery sword Qi came out of the sky and struck the ground.

"His sword technique is so fast!"

Wan Zhaoyi's face changed color, and he immediately launched himself three miles away.

Within a three-mile radius, chaotic sword Qi was hurtling about, making loud swishing noises.

When Wan Zhaoyi turned back to look, he saw that the rocks and soil had all melted in the center of the sword Qi column. It had formed a lava lake, giving off heat waves.

The sword strike was horrifically powerful.

Had he not evaded quickly, he would have been badly wounded already.

Wan Zhaoyi's countenance began to look terrible. He had seldom met such a strong master since the start of his practice. The other man's sword techniques, both in speed and power, had reached the ultimate stage.

“Swosh!”

Wan Zhaoyi's figure shifted. He soared to the edge of the lava lake and landed on the ground.

The sword strike had smashed all the Golden Armor Troops and Zhang Ruochen into bits of floating ash, leaving no bones or body parts. Even the white flood dragon mount had died under the sword Qi.

Because the dragon had such high cultivation, it did not disintegrate. Its tattered skeleton remained, flashing indistinctly within the lava pool.

“Which one of the Three Great Sword Saints from Eastern Region are you?” Wan Zhaoyi was greatly incensed. Staring in all directions, he bellowed loudly.

Chapter 583 - 36 Changes

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

A sword rang out harshly, and then a sword radiance quickly flew at Wan Zhaoyi.

Actually, the sound of his opponent's sword notified him of the attack.

The attack itself was far beyond the speed of sound.

“Awful.”

Wan Zhaoyi's pupils contracted and he activated his Holy Qi. When he unfolded his arms, eight 1000-foot-long dragon souls instantly rushed out of his backbone to face the sword radiance in front of him.

“Bang!”

The sword Qi smashed the eight dragon souls in a flash.

Wan Zhaoyi spit out blood and lost control of his body. Abruptly, he flew backward and hit a cliff six miles away.

“Crash!”

The cliff, which was over 1,000 feet high, suddenly collapsed. Gravel fell down and buried Wan Zhaoyi under a mountain of debris.

He half knelt on the ground and gritted his teeth. With a roar, he sent forth golden light and the lofty mountain fell apart.

” Boom!”

He rushed out of the dirt and flew up 1000 feet. Then, he dropped to the ground again. The blood gushing out of his arms dripped from his fingertips.

“Scorching Sun Sword Technique, Nine Serenity Sword Saint.”

He had recognized his opponent’s sword technique. It was Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s unique skill, called the Scorching Sun Sword Technique.

The voice of the Nine Serenity Sword Saint rang out from above. “Wan Zhaoyi, you were able to ward off my strike, so you can carry on living. Since Zhang Ruochen has died, I will leave now.”

Hardly had his voice faded away before the Nine Serenity Sword Saint was already a thousand miles away.

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An ancient misty river flowed out of a boundless forest, with a great roaring. The river was more than 200 yards wide. Sometimes, giant savage beasts came out of the water to breathe the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi.

The ancient forest was 5000 miles away from the place where Wan Zhaoyi fought the Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen stood face to face with the Nine Serenity Sword Saint down by the old riverside.

Zhang Ruochen immediately knelt down and bowed to the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. “Master, thank you for your help.”

Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s body shape and appearance slowly began to change. His long black hair turned grey. His face became a little thin, with a long beard on his chin and more wrinkles around his eyes.

In just a moment, he had turned into a completely different person. He was Zhang Ruochen’s Master, Sword Saint Xuanji.

“Please stand up quickly.”

Sword Saint Xuanji promptly stretched out his hands to help Zhang Ruochen up.

Sword Saint Xuanji said with a smile, “Even Wan Zhaoyi did not recognize me. How did you?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Master, your Magic Change has reached the acme of perfection. I did not recognize you, of course. However, I know that among the Three Great Sword Saints of the whole Eastern Region, only my master would risk saving me.”

Saving Zhang Ruochen was indeed risky. Once discovered, it would be considered an act of defiance of Empress Chi Yao’s authority. The man who saved Zhang Ruochen would be punished as a traitor and villain.

Even the Nine Serenity Sword Saint might not dare to kill the person whose arrest Empress Chi Yao had ordered.

Sword Saint Xuanji heaved a deep sigh. “I thought for a long time, and I figured out this way to save you. Fortunately, I had already understood the Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s Scorching Sun Sword Technique, so I could cheat Wan Zhaoyi.”

Zhang Ruochen was a little worried. “Master, what if this matter is brought to light?”

Zhang Ruochen did not care about himself, but he did care about Sword Saint Xuanji.

If someone found out that Sword Saint Xuanji killed Royal Golden Armor Troops and saved a principle imperial court criminal, he would certainly come to no good end.

With hands clasped behind his back, Sword Saint Xuanji looked over the torrential river. He said with a smile, “Impossible. I did this after deep consideration. The imperial court will definitely think that you’ve been killed by the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. The Nine Serenity Sword Saint will think that the imperial court was jealous of real talents, and that it cast the blame on him after it secretly executed you.”

Zhang Ruochen suddenly nodded and sighed secretly. Ginger really does get spicier with age. Everything’s copacetic.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “Since you’ve died, you can’t appear as Zhang Ruochen in the future. Sorry to have wronged you.”

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled. “It’s been uneasy for me to remain alive. So what if I change my appearance and conceal my identity?”

Chi Yao had noticed “Zhang Ruochen” from the Eastern Region. Now, he could deal with the changes calmly only by feigning death.

He had revealed his identity as a Time and Space Descendant. Even if Chi Yao were not to kill him, the Black Market and heresy, as well as other forces, would deliberately seek all means to frame and kill him.

Only with Zhang Ruochen dead could they feel at ease.

He was only worried about his relatives and friends. He guessed that they would be very sad at the news of his death.

Of course, as long as he died, they would be safer because nobody would do harm to them.

Sword Saint Xuanji glanced at Zhang Ruochen and asked, “What do you intend to do next?”

Zhang Ruochen’s eyes were cold as he said, “I will go to the Eastern Evil Land to kill Di Yi. He hurt my mother and nearly killed her. As a son, how can I not get vengeance for her?”

Sword Saint Xuanji contemplated for a while and said, “The Eastern Evil Land has gathered numerous evil masters, including people from the Black Market and heresy. With rogues of all kinds running wild, the land is in chaos. It is the most dangerous, dark place in the Eastern Region.”

“Your cultivation is powerful enough to go there. However, you need to know that the Eastern Evil Land is the base camp of the Black Market. Di Yi can mobilize countless evil masters to hassle you. Furthermore, he has many evil masters to protect him secretly. Are you sure that you can kill him?”

Zhang Ruochen answered, “Di Yi can play tricks in the East Region Saint City. Why can’t I go to the Eastern Evil Land to kill him? Last time, he lurked in a secret place while I was in a public place. Right now, it’s reverse. This trip is intended to take his life. I will succeed or die trying.”

“That’s great!”

Sword Saint Xuanji said he would fully support Zhang Ruochen if his will was so strong.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “Actually, I made two plans for you. If you want to train in seclusion in the mountains, I can find an isolated cave for you where you won’t be interrupted. You can concentrate on practicing the Tao of the Sword.”

“Since you are going to the Eastern Evil Land, I can impart you with a special martial technique which may be helpful to you.”

Zhang Ruochen asked, “What is it?”

“36 Changes.”

Sword Saint Xuanji looked at Zhang Ruochen with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. He felt as if he had heard of this name, but he could not remember anything about it.

Even after thinking carefully, he still could not recall it.

He shook his head and asked with confusion, “Master, what are the 36 Changes?”

Sword Saint Xuanji laughed, raised his right hand, and pointed forward with his index finger.

A rush of white frost flew out of his fingertip. Suddenly, a rushing river made a “Chi-chi” sound and was instantly frozen.

Sword Saint Xuanji walked on the ice. Every step he took, his appearance changed once. Sometimes he was a bearded, burly man, sometimes he was a handsome, young boy, sometimes he was a hunchbacked old woman...

He changed into 13 different people over a short distance. Every time he changed flawlessly. Even his aura changed. Sometimes it was strong, while sometimes it was weak. He kept shifting like the clouds, which was extremely strange.

Sword Saint Xuanji said to Zhang Ruochen, “This martial technique is called ‘

Change of 36 Forms

’, which is from the Chens’ secret code,

‘Four Nine Mysteries.’

”

“In the medieval times, the book was divided into three parts: 36 exercises, 36 unique skills, and 36 changes.

“The Chens have experienced tens of thousands of years in the Eastern Region. During this period, they have encountered disasters a couple of times. Several times, they were almost overthrown.

“Because of those disasters, ‘Four Nine Mysteries’ was fragmented.

“Of all the 36 exercises, only 27 exercises in the first three volumes are well preserved. It’s said that you discover the other 9 exercises for yourself.

“As far as I know, a smaller part of the 36 unique skills in the ‘Four Nine Mysteries’ has been lost. The 36 changes are completely lost to the world.”

Zhang Ruochen was more curious. “The Change of 36 Forms has been lost among the Chens. How did you get the techniques?”

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “I found the Change of 36 Forms when I was exploring a medieval relic. Through my investigation, I finally determine that it was the 36 changes from the Chens’ ‘Four Nine Mysteries.’”

While speaking, Sword Saint Xuanji took out a fist-sized white jade stone and gave it to Zhang Ruochen.

The jade stone was engraved with more than 100,000 words. The words were small, and it was hard to read them.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his Spiritual Power and read it with fixed attention.

“Swoosh!”

In a flash, white characters appeared before his eyes line by line.

The words at the top read, “Change of 36 Forms.”

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his Spiritual Power and kept the jade book properly.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “If one can practice the 36 changes to the Realm of Success, he can not only change into another person, but he can also change into birds, beasts, flowers, fish, and insects. Also, he can become water or fire and enter into a body of water or fire. The change is mysterious and unpredictable.”

However, Sword Saint Xuanji immediately threw cold water on him. “Only if you practice

‘Four Nine Mysteries’

can you perform the 36 changes successfully.”

Chapter 584 - Eastern Evil Land

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly and asked, “Do you mean that it isn’t useful to master the

Change of 36 Forms

?”

Sword Saint Xuanji said with a smile, “The

Change of 36 Forms

is just a magic trick, instead of being a way of practicing. Of course, if one can make good use of it, it will naturally generate endless magical effects.

“If you have practiced 10%-20% of it, you will be able to change into another person, at the least. And with the martial skill, you will be safer when you go to Eastern Evil Land, right?”

“Furthermore, you have mastered the fourth volume of the Four Nine Mysteries. If you combine the two, the

Change of 36 Forms

may become more magical.”

Zhang Ruochen finally understood the reason why Sword Saint Xuanji had imparted the

Change of 36 Forms

to him.

Indeed it was true, if he could change the shape of his body and his appearance, he would be able to kill Di Yi effortlessly.

Previously, Sword Saint Xuanji displayed the

Change of 36 Forms

and turned into Nine Serenity Sword Saint. In this way, he tricked Wan Zhaoyi.

And that meant that sorcery was not comparable to the

Change of 36 Forms

. Not only could it change a monk's appearance and body shape, but also his aura. Even a Saint was unable to distinguish what was true and what was false.

After Zhang Ruochen thought it over, he took out a Spatial Ring and gave it to Sword Saint Xuanji. He said, "Master, the copy of the fourth volume of the

Four Nine Mysteries

is inside the ring. If you are able to perceive it, your

Change of 36 Forms

will become more profound."

Sword Saint Xuanji did not refuse it, but he put the ring away and said again, "The

Change of 36 Forms

is supported by Holy Qi. Thus, you are not able to change by transforming Genuine Qi into Holy Qi through the holy meridian until you practice to the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and develop the first holy meridian.

"Of course, you should not expend so much energy on it that you neglect the Tao of the sword."

Zhang Ruochen held his fist in his palm and bowed. "Master, I will bear your teachings in mind."

Sword Saint Xuanji stared at Zhang Ruochen. After a long while, he said, "The world is dangerous and man's heart is incomprehensible. In the future, you have to depend on yourself. Perhaps you are able to achieve success and win

recognition with another identity. Perhaps you will die among strangers with another identity.

“On the Holy Road, disasters and happiness are unpredictable. If you meet with difficulties, please tell me. Please go! You should leave now. I hope I can be proud of you in the future.”

Sword Saint Xuanji stepped on the ice surface, moved about 33 meters with each step, and gradually disappeared down the lower course of the ancient river. From the beginning to the end, he had not mentioned the “Time and Space Descendant”.

The lower course of the ancient river led to Eastern Holy Land.

The upper course led to Eastern Evil Land.

The master and apprentice took different paths.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to understand Sword Saint Xuanji’s mood. As long as Empress Chi Yao remained alive, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to restore his original name.

His sixth disciple, Zhang Ruochen, had died today.

“Master, please take care of yourself.”

Zhang Ruochen spoke in a low voice as he stared at the lower course and watched his master leave.

Then, he took out a metal mask from his Spatial Ring and wore it on his face. He went against the current and resolutely started his journey to Eastern Evil Land.

It was only upon reaching the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm that one could practice the

Change of 36 Forms

. But now, he had to use a mask to conceal his appearance in order to not be discovered.

The primitive forest was called God Falling Ridge. In the north, there were 36 Mansions ruled by the imperial court, called “Eastern Holy Land”.

On the right, it was Eastern Evil Land.

Because of the natural barrier of God Falling Ridge, the troops of the imperial court had not yet conquered Eastern Evil Land.

Even if it was conquered, it would be difficult to manage Eastern Evil Land.

After all, this land had been ruled by evil men for many years. There were numerous killers and evil masters there. And among the ordinary people who did not practice martial arts, there were few good people.

It was difficult for a good person to live in Eastern Evil Land.

When he walked in the primeval forests, Zhang Ruochen could encounter strong savage beasts at any time. He had killed six fifth-level inferior savage beasts and countless fourth-level and third-level savage beasts.

Among them, the most amazing one was a fifth-level superior savage beast. Its fighting strength was comparable to a monk at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Zhang Ruochen could get away by using the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

Half a month later, he came to the edge of God Falling Ridge and was leaving the primeval forests.

During this period, he hurried on with his own journey in the daytime and went to the Scroll World to practice in the evening. He refined 850 g of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil into his body and successfully practiced to the Treasured Body of the Earth Spirit. He had become the Treasured Body of Three Spirits now.

The Treasured Body of Three Spirits was equal to a Saintly Being within the same realm. It was extremely hard to practice to such a body. Perhaps because he had experienced four Chords of the Gods, he succeeded without any extra effort.

His cultivation had improved a lot. He reached the peak of the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

If he refined one more drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood, Zhang Ruochen would be confident in breaking through to the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm and reaching the Realm of Bone Refining to Jade in the near future.

At dusk, he finally went through God Falling Ridge and arrived at the first city of Eastern Evil Land, called Liyuan City.

Liyuan City was located at the edge of God Falling Ridge. The city walls were high but shabby, they had collapsed and exposed gasps that were dozens of meters wide. It was obvious that they had not been renovated in many years.

Zhang Ruochen entered the city through a gap of the broken wall.

He had come to Liyuan City for two purposes.

First, he wanted to purchase Holy Stones.

Second, he wanted to look for someone.

He was purchasing Holy Stones to test the refining warrior's power. After all, he had not tested his power since Eldest Brother gave him the refining warrior.

Of course, he needed some helpers.

If he wanted to kill Di Yi on his turf, he had to look for some helpers. Moreover, he needed to plan well in advance and wait for the right time to reach his goal of killing with a single strike.

He had considered going to Saint Huo Villa to look for the former subordinates of the Sacred Central Empire. With their help, he would be able to deal with Di Yi.

However, he dismissed that strategy soon afterward.

Since 800 years had passed, even though they had been loyal subordinates, they would probably not be loyal to him now. And if they betrayed him, he would slide into desperate straits.

Because he had come to Eastern Evil Land alone, he had to be more careful. He could not make any mistakes.

And he certainly also considered another person, Duanmu Xingling.

Other people might be not worthy of his trust but Duanmu Xingling was trustworthy. Furthermore, in Eastern Evil Land, there were forces from the Black Market and the demonic sect.

If he was able to resort to the demonic sect, Zhang Ruochen would be a little bit more confident in killing Di Yi.

To kill Di Yi was a really a big thing. He did not want to trouble Duanmu Xingling or incriminate her. In the end, he shook his head and determined to act alone.

While he was thinking, he suddenly stopped and looked up at a shop on the right side of the street. He saw three characters with vigorous and bold handwriting on its horizontal inscribed board over the gate.

“Qingxuan Pavilion,” Zhang Ruochen said.

In the Yunwu Commandery, Qin Ya, who was Duanmu Xingling’s aunt, opened a Qingxuan Pavilion in the Martial Market.

He bought his first Pills in the Qingxuan Pavilion, so he still remembered it very well.

He never expected to see a Qingxuan Pavilion again in the first city that he came to in Eastern Evil Land.

However, this Qingxuan Pavilion was larger than the one in the Yunwu Commandery. It not only sold Pills, but also Genuine Martial Arms and savage beast mounts.

Liyuan City was chaotic, but it was orderly outside the Qingxuan Pavilion.

There were warriors going in and out, some of which were herbalists who collected medicinal herbs in God Falling Ridge and sold them here, and some were warriors carrying weapons. Obviously, they came here to buy Pills and Genuine Martial Arms.

Just as he walked in, he heard an old voice, which was both familiar and strange.

“Childe, do you want to buy Pills or Genuine Martial Arms?”

He turned around and saw a familiar elder. There was a mole at the corner of his mouth and a huge smile on his face.

Seeing this elder, Zhang Ruochen felt as if he had gone back to the Yunwu Commandery.

This elder looked the same as the shopkeeper of the Qingxuan Pavilion in the Yunwu Commandery.

He was both surprised and delighted. He controlled his emotions and said coldly, “May I ask your name?”

The elder smiled and said, “I’m Mo Hanlin, the shopkeeper of this store.”

Even the name was the same.

“I was unlikely to be wrong!

“Did the Qingxuan Pavilion in the Yunwu Commandery move to Liyuan City? Or, are there many Qingxuan Pavilions in the Eastern Region?”

Back in the day, his cultivation was not profound, so he was not able to see through Mo Hanlin’s cultivation. Now, he was able to see that Mo Hanlin had reached the Advanced Stage of the Heaven Realm.

If he was in the Yunwu Commandery, he would definitely be a martial arts legend with such a realm.

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, “I want to buy some Holy Stones. Can you help me get some?”

“Holy Stones?”

Mo Hanlin widened his eyes and his old body shook slightly. Then, he started to look Zhang Ruochen up and down.

If not for his impressive appearance, Mo Hanlin might have kicked him out.

Buy Holy Stones? How could someone dare to boast so shamelessly?

A Holy Stone could be exchanged for 10,000,000 common Spiritual Crystals, which was equal to 10,000,000,000 silver coins.

And that was just for exchange. If someone wanted to buy a Holy Stone, its value would be increased by 10%, which meant 11,000,000 common Spiritual Crystals.

Under normal circumstances, only those who had reached the Half-Saint Realm would use Holy Stones.

Some Half-Saints without a background might not be able to afford a Holy Stone.

And although he wore a mask, Zhang Ruochen looked only 20 years old. How could he be a Half-Saint?

Mo Hanlin looked solemn as he said, “The Qingxuan Pavilion has tens of thousands of stores in the entire Eastern Region, so we have a profound background. As long as you can afford it, we can help you get Holy Stones. However, it’s an important matter. I can’t make the decision by myself, so I have to ask our hostess for instructions first.”

Chapter 585 - Duanmu Ya

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen deliberately hid his aura. Let alone Mo Hanlin, even superiors at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm were not able to see through his real identity.

Mo Hanlin withdrew and went to tell the hostess.

Zhang Ruochen sat on the second floor of the lobby and waited quietly.

Two beautiful maids came over. One maid was 16 or 17 years old. She was gentle and lovely, with delicate skin. She held a crystal teapot and poured a cup of tea for Zhang Ruochen.

Wisps of hot white smoke rose from a jade cup.

The other maid was about 18 or 19 years old. She leered at Zhang Ruochen and then put a dark gold book on a console table nearby him.

The book had the prices of all the Pills, Genuine Martial Arms, and savage beasts in the Qingxuan Pavilion written in it, which were clearly seen at just a glance.

If he wanted to buy other practicing resources, he could mark it on the form. Then, the maids would naturally bring those resources to him.

Other warriors did not receive such treatment, which was given to him because he had come to buy Holy Stones.

Of course, they should serve such a big customer well.

The elder maid ogled him and said softly, "Sir, what do you need to buy?"

If he bought in bulk, they would naturally get a certain percentage of the total. And especially such a big customer, if he were to buy several practicing resources, they would get a large fortune.

Zhang Ruochen picked the book up, leafed it through, and put it down. "I will talk to your hostess personally."

The two maids were disappointed and retreated behind him.

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At present, Qin Ya and Duanmu Xingling were sitting on opposite sides of each other in a tower with Pills. The tower was the hinterland of the Qingxuan Pavilion.

Qin Ya in a red, phoenix-embroidered gown was sitting on a Gold Phoebe bench. Her hair was combed high with three golden hairpins in it. She had bright eyes, red lips, and smooth skin. Her plump breasts could be vaguely seen through her light veils.

Her fluid glance was like autumn water, which was really tempting. She said with a smile, "Since you have been exposed, you should not go back to the Saint Academy. You should go to Nine Serenity City first, ask the High Priest to unlock your seal, and restore your identity as a Saintess."

Duanmu Xingling seemed to not hear Qin Ya. She had glazed-over eyes and red, swollen eye sockets, and was twitching her mouth while sobbing. "Aunt, I went to Yellow Stone Field. However, there was only a cooling rock lake and collapsed mountains. I did not find a single bone. Aunt, is he really dead?"

Qin Ya looked at Duanmu Xingling with anxiety. "Because Nine Serenity Sword Saint struck personally, even a Saint could hardly survive it. And once dead, the departed one cannot come back again. Lingxi, you should cheer up."

Duanmu Xingling shook her head and said, "He was so excellent. Furthermore, he was a Time and Space Descendant. How could he... die? Impossible... definitely... impossible..."

She seemed to not believe that. Her voice became weaker and weaker, and in the end, it completely faded.

Qin Ya stood up gracefully and looked into the distance. “Since ancient times, many outstanding talents have been born. However, more than half of them fell before fully developing. After all, the Holy Road is unknown and full of danger. No matter how excellent someone is, he will only be a nobody if he is unable to become a Saint.

“Lingxi, you’re the Saintess of the Moon Worship Sect. How can you sink into degradation?”

Duanmu Xingling’s true name was “Mu Lingxi”. She was a descendant of the Mus.

On the contrary, Qin Ya was a real member of the Duanmu family. Her original name was “Duanmu Ya”.

When the Moon Worship Demonic Sect decided to send Mu Lingxi to the Martial Market Bank to go undercover, they thought that the Martial Market Bank would check her out.

Therefore, she was sent to the Martial Market Bank in Omen Ridge first under the alias of “Duanmu Xingling”.

Omen Ridge was located in a remote area, so the Martial Market Bank did not pay attention to it. Thus, it was hard for them to discover any flaw in her.

Duanmu Ya, Mo Hanlin, and others had sneaked into Omen Ridge to protect Mu Lingxi and help her enter the Saint Academy.

After the mission had been accomplished, Duanmu Ya retired and returned to Eastern Evil Land.

It was quite risky for a Saintess to enter the Saint Academy to go undercover. If Mu Lingxi could practice to a Saint successfully and enter the High-level of the Martial Market Bank, it would bring enormous returns to the demonic sect.

Mo Hanlin walked up to the red tower and went behind Duanmu Ya. He bowed to her respectfully and said, “Chief, a mysterious young man has come to the Qingxuan Pavilion and wants to buy Holy Stones.”

“Buy Holy Stones?”

Duanmu Ya’s eyes were sharp as she asked, “Where does he come from? The Blood Cloud Sect, the Yin and Yang Sect, or the Black Market Excellence Hall?”

Mo Hanlin replied, “I’ve sent people to investigate but I haven’t gotten the result yet.”

Duanmu Ya suddenly looked solemn and started to think.

“Who would come to Liyuan City to buy Holy Stones?”

“Although there are hundreds of thousands of people in Liyuan City, it’s only a medium-sized city in Cyan Cloud County. Why didn’t he go to the county town to buy Holy Stones?”

“Did he come to deal with me because he knew in advance that I was in Liyuan City?”

Duanmu Ya had been the Chief of the 36 heresies in Omen Ridge before. But now, she was in Eastern Evil Land, where she had been sent back to serve as the Chief of Cyan Cloud County in God Failing Mansion.

And she had come to Liyuan City to aid Mu Lingxi.

It was worth mentioning that Black Market Excellence Hall learned methods of governing from the First Central Empire. Eastern Evil Land was divided into 12 mansions, and each mansion was divided into 18 counties.

In Eastern Evil Land, there were neither officials like Mansion Masters and Commandery Magistrates, nor united armies.

Each mansion and each county had a clear sphere of influence.

For example, Cyan Cloud County was quite vast. It extended 25,000 kilometers from north to south, and 14,000 kilometers from east to west. It was as large as a superior class commandery.

Cyan Cloud County had more than 1,000 cities and 500,000,000 people.

Its largest evil force was the Blood Cloud Sect, which meanwhile, was also the manager of it. All other evil forces in

this land obeyed their orders.

Iron Lady was the No. 10 killer of the Blood Cloud Sect, who had chased after Zhang Ruochen to kill him in the Xuanwu Primitive World.

And because they were able to train a master like Iron Lady, the Blood Cloud Sect was a really formidable evil sect.

Duanmu Ya was the Chief of the demonic sect in Cyan Cloud County. However, the demonic sect was not powerful enough in Eastern Evil Land and was highly inferior to the Black Market.

Duanmu Ya contemplated for a while and then said, “Originally, the Black Market invited our Moon Worship Sect to Eastern Evil Land to fight against the imperial court. Thus, we sent a lot of masters there. Over the past hundreds of years, we’ve trained a lot of disciples.

“Now, the Black Market regards us as a threat, so they want to expel us from Eastern Evil Land.”

Mo Hanlin said with a smile, “It is easier to invite the devil than to send him away. Since our Moon Worship Sect has come here, how can we leave when asked to?”

Duanmu Ya said, “Through hundreds of years of development, the Black Market has greatly recovered its force. Recently, it is reinforced by taking back the Nine-phoenix Cauldron. Now, the Black Market does not need us to help them fight against the royal troops, so they will take action.”

Mo Hanlin got a sudden idea and said, “Chief, are you suspecting that the young man comes from the Blood Cloud Sect? He wants to test us by pretending to buy Holy Stones?”

Duanmu Ya licked her crystal red lips lightly and squinted her eyes with a smile. “If he wants to test me, I will test him first. Go and arrange it. I will meet him personally.”

“OK. I will go at once.”

Mo Hanlin saluted Duanmu Ya once again and then retreated.

Duanmu Ya stared at Mu Lingxi and said, “Lingxi, will you go with me?”

Mu Lingxi was still dull-looking. She held her chin in her hands and shook her head mechanically.

“Oh! Please think again! If you figure it out, please go to Nine Serenity City with me to meet the High Priest. He will unlock your seal and restore your identity.”

Duanmu Ya sighed and walked down the red tower.

Zhang Ruochen followed Mo Hanlin through many corridors and entered the hinterland of the Qingxuan Pavilion. He finally met Duanmu Ya by a blue pond.

Duanmu Ya was sitting in a tetragonal pavilion, with four maids around her. A white silk curtain hung in the center of the pavilion. At a glance, Zhang Ruochen could only see a graceful figure.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his strong Spiritual Power and carefully probed over there. He finally saw the beautiful woman behind the curtain. It was exactly Duanmu Xingling's aunt, Qin Ya.

“Please sit down,” Duanmu Ya said softly.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his Spiritual Power. Without hesitation, he walked in the pavilion and sat on a chair outside the white curtain.

Duanmu Ya's voice came from behind the curtain. “Sir, your cultivation is really amazing due to your light footwork and smooth breath.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “As is yours, hostess.”

Duanmu Ya laughed and said, “My family name is Duanmu and my given name is Ya. Your Excellency, can you tell me your name?”

“My surname is Zhang,” he said briefly.

Duanmu Ya said again, “Childe Zhang, how many Holy Stones do you want?”

“The more, the better,” Zhang Ruochen replied.

Duanmu Ya was a little surprised. Then, she added, “How can I believe that you can afford them?”

Chapter 586 - Fang Jie and Cao Ying

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

After thinking it over, Zhang Ruochen stuck his hand into his sleeve and quietly draw a purplish spinel card from the Storage Ring.

Then, he took the spinel card out of his sleeve and held it between his fingers, saying, “Is this alright?”

“It’s the nine-star VIP card from the Martial Market Bank.”

Duanmu Ya gave a start again.

Only those who had a deposit of a hundred million pieces of Spiritual Crystals in the Martial Market Bank were qualified to get a nine-star VIP card. Generally, most Half-Saints only had an eight-star VIP card.

Duanmu Ya nodded her head and whispered something to a maid next to her.

The maid then walked up to the pillar and reached out her hands to pull the rope.

“Clomp, Clomp!”

The white curtain between Zhang Ruochen and Duanmu Ya was gradually lifted. With the curtain out of the way, Duanmu Ya was finally able to size up the man across her.

To her dismay, the man wore a metal mask that completely covered his face.

Nevertheless, using a woman’s intuition, she felt that the man was very young. Curiously, such a young man had no evil

thoughts nor impurity in his eyes when he looked at her.

Duanmu Ya began to wonder if she had lost her charm to men.

“He is so strong-minded, he must be no ordinary person.”

This was Duanmu Ya’s first impression of Zhang Ruochen.

“It is a cultivation of the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen gave Duanmu Ya a quick once-over before looking away. He could immediately tell what level her cultivation was.

The fantastically charming landlady had such a formidable cultivation. The mere thought of it made Zhang Ruochen cringe a little.

Fortunately, back in Yunwu Commandery, he had not done anything to offend her. Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen would not have known how he had gotten himself killed.

Zhang Ruochen saw through Duanmu Ya, but not the other way around. As a result, Duanmu Ya felt quite disgruntled.

“Who the hell is he?”

Duanmu Ya straightened up and walked gracefully toward Zhang Ruochen, smiling. “With the nine-star VIP card, you can only withdraw Spiritual Crystals from the Martial Market Bank. There is no Martial Market Bank in Eastern Evil Land. Instead, there is a Black Market. What can I do?”

As she spoke, Duanmu Ya swiftly reached out her soft and slender hands. In a flash, phantoms of her ten fingers sprang up in the air.

The phantom of each hand charged toward the nine-star VIP card between Zhang Ruochen’s fingers.

Her movements were seemingly nonchalant, but, in fact, was quick as lightning.

It was just that Zhang Ruochen was faster. He easily warded off Duanmu Ya’s hands by slightly waving his arms to form an arc.

With her combative soul aroused, Duanmu Ya wiggled her slim waist. In a whiff of perfume, her body sank into Zhang Ruochen's chest. In no time, she had used "Evil Storm Claw", an inferior class martial technique of the Ghost Level, to snatch the nine-star VIP card again.

Her body pitifully fell on the chair, all her movements in vain. Unexpectedly, the chair Zhang Ruochen had been sitting on tumbled down, almost sending her crashing to the ground.

Out of the blue, Zhang Ruochen was suddenly standing behind the chair, holding it with one hand. Staring at Duanmu Ya's eyes up close, he said, "Landlady, since I can produce a nine-star VIP card, I can also produce the Spiritual Crystals to buy holy stones. You don't have to worry about this."

Duanmu Ya was irked, feeling humiliated by Zhang Ruochen.

She was, after all, a top-notch beauty with both top-notch body and face. Zhang Ruochen wouldn't even look at her squarely, even trying to avoid her on purpose.

"What does he mean?"

Zhang Ruochen's reaction trampled Duanmu Ya's confidence.

Back when they were in Yunwu Commandery, Zhang Ruochen shunned Duanmu Ya whenever he saw her because the landlady was an expert at flirting with men, often deliberately teasing him.

Zhang Ruochen was no match for her back then.

Now, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power and cultivation had improved immensely, his old self was not even comparable. Of course, he could handle it with ease now.

Duanmu Ya straightened her posture. Her plump breasts heaved as she stared at Zhang Ruochen while saying in a cold voice, "Good, I can mobilize three holy stones in three days. But it will be in the county city of Cyan Cloud County rather than Liyuan City. You need to go to the Wuwang Inn where we will exchange the Spiritual Crystals for holy stones on the spot. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Three holy stones? Although few, I can make do with them."

Zhang Ruochen sat down again. He picked up his teacup and took a sip.

Duanmu Ya chuckled. “Mr.Zhang, are you not afraid that I might set an ambush in the county city? Not only will your holy stones be stolen, but you can also get yourself killed.”

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked at her full-figured, buxom body. He smiled as he said, “Since I dare to go, I am positive that I can leave there unscathed. Moreover, I would like to warn you that though you may want to kill me, there is also someone trying to kill you. Don’t let your guard down or you may not know how you’ve gotten yourself killed.”

“What are you getting at?”

Duanmu Ya wore a confused expression.

Zhang Ruochen gave another warning. “Watch out.”

“Swoosh!”

In the pool next to the pavilion, the shadow of a red figure radiating murderous feeling broke out of the water surface. Its body paused in mid-air before swooping into the pavilion on its left like a ray of flowing light.

The red figure held a three-foot-long spear in each hand – one shot toward Duanmu Ya’s head and the other was aimed at her heart from behind.

The man’s breath-holding technique was so superb that even Duanmu Ya, with her high cultivation, failed to sense him lurking in the water.

Moreover, his murderous feeling was extremely overwhelming such that shortly after he flew out of the water, it quickly froze.

Obviously, the man was a well-trained top-class killer. Lurking at the bottom of the pool, he was definitely trying to assassinate Duanmu Ya.

As luck would have it, Zhang Ruochen had released his spiritual power beforehand to patrol the surroundings. Otherwise, even he would not have perceived the killer.

As soon as Zhang Ruochen shouted “watch out,” Duanmu Ya instantly realized the danger. She hurriedly ran her genuine Qi and employed the bodily movement martial technique “Shadow of Light”. She flew around the pavilion like a colorful butterfly and then perched on top of a rockery nearby.

“Boom!”

Although the two spear movements of the red figure failed to kill Duanmu Ya, they sent out two strong shockwaves that shook the pavilion into pieces.

Zhang Ruochen held out a hand to run his genuine Qi and pulled Duanmu Ya’s four maids behind his back across the air, saving them from calamity.

Otherwise, the man’s spears and Qi would have been strong enough to quake them all to death.

“Mind your own business. I will give you a lesson later.”

The red figure’s face was deathly pale like a zombie. He cast a callous glance at Zhang Ruochen and then he stormed out to continue attacking Duanmu Ya.

Zhang Ruochen stayed put on the chair with a cup in hand. He shook his head slightly and did not take the threat seriously.

Despite Zhang Ruochen’s warning, Duanmu Ya’s response was still a little bit slow, so one spear had brushed against her back and her clothes were rent open. A bloody gash was left on her snow-white skin.

It was quite apparent that had her response been delayed by just a moment, she would have been killed by the spear.

Standing on the top of the rockery, Duanmu Ya said in a cold voice, “Fang Jie, how dare you assassinate me?”

“Duanmu Ya, I am under orders from our master to kill you. However, if you are willing to join the Blood Cloud Sect and be my mistress, you could be spared today,” Fang Jie said.

“A mere Blood Cloud Sect wants to take me in?”

Duanmu Ya shook her head and smiled wryly as if mocking Fang Jie’s ignorance.

“You really want it the hard way. In that case, I might as well drain your cultivation and then teach you how to be a woman.”

“Double Dragon Death Spear.”

Fang Jie let out an evil laugh and swiftly wielded his two spears to launch successive assaults on Duanmu Ya.

Fang Jie had been drooling over Duanmu Ya, the stunner, for a long time.

Duanmu Ya was a member of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, and, in the past, Fang Jie had no choice but to repress his inner desire for her.

Now that the relationship between the Black Market and the Heresy had turned nasty, a secret order had been issued from the higher-ups. The first move was to get rid of the Chiefs of the Heresy in each county. By flexing their muscles and frightening the Heresy into submission, the latter would have to retreat out of the Eastern Evil Soil.

Since that was the case, Fang Jie discarded his scruples and volunteered to take the order to kill Duanmu Ya.

If he could take the stunner, he was willing to have his lifespan cut down by 20 years for this.

“” Boom!”

One of Fang Jie’s attacks turned into a spear shadow as wide as a pillar. It cleaved the top of the nine-meter-high rockery, causing it to crumble to pieces.

Duanmu Ya had intended to fight back, but as she started to run her genuine Qi, bouts of sizzling pain crept up her back and meridians, making it harder and slower for her to run her genuine Qi.

“Poison!”

Duanmu Ya screamed inwardly.

The weapons in Fang Jie’s hands were called Soul-taking Twin Spears. They fell into the category of the eleventh level Genuine Martial Arms. Aside from that, the short spears had been soaked in highly-poisonous toxin all these years. As soon

as they cut a bloody wound on the body of a Monk, the toxin would quickly spread inside and erode the Monk's genuine Qi.

“Crash!”

Nevertheless, Duanmu Ya ran her genuine Qi by force and gave two handprints, narrowly striking back Fang Jie's blow.

The Soul-taking Twin Spears, one giving off puffs of cold air and the other billowing leaping flames, both went through her handprints and barely stabbed her waist. The sharp-edged spears snapped her belt amidst the sound of ripping cloth.

“Fang Jie is the No.8 killer of Blood Cloud Sect. His cultivation has reached the peak of the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. Being poisoned, I am no match for him. I have to get out of here.”

Duanmu Ya was keenly aware of her situation and she also knew how strong Fang Jie was. Now that she could not defeat her enemy, she had to retreat.

When the toxin inside her body has fully served its purpose, it would be too late to flee.

Of course, she had to bring Mu Lingxi with her when she escaped. Since the seal inside Mu Lingxi remained unsplit, her cultivation had not recovered, and therefore, she could not possibly be Fang Jie's opponent.

If the Saintess of Moon Worship Sect fell into the hands of Blood Cloud Sect, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Using the bodily movement martial technique “Shadow of Light”, Duanmu Ya flung her tender body up from the ground as if stepping on wind and then hurried away to the Dan Tower.

“Duanmu Ya, there is no escape.”

With a “Swoosh”, a tall, thin man clad in a black skin-tight suit appeared from nowhere on the colored glaze-tiled roof below.

Then, the man zoomed toward Duanmu Ya with a long sword in hand, about to stab her in the throat.

Unlike Fang Jie, the tall, thin man was a cold-blooded killer. Each of his sword movements was meant to take away Duanmu Ya's life.

“It is Cao Ying, the No.9 killer of Blood Cloud Sect.”

Duanmu Ya's face became ashen.

“The Blood Cloud Sect sent out two master assassins. Could there be other superiors hiding in the neighborhood?”

Duanmu Ya's heart sank, thinking that escape was now just a dream.

Chapter 587 - A Master of Spiritual Power

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Duanmu Ya clasped her palms and activated her Genuine Qi. She struck her palms downward and a gigantic, seven-meter handprint appeared.

“Break through it!”

The man in black, Cao Ying, quickly turned his wrist and thrust his four-meter sword forward. 36 sword shadows broke through Duanmu Ya’s handprint. He aimed for another strike at her.

Duanmu Ya pointed her forefinger and middle finger together in the form of a “jianjue.” The “jianjue” clashed with Cao Ying’s sword, making a clanging noise.

Qi columns from the two burst forward. They turned into thousands of razor-sharp sword Qi, permeating the entire courtyard.

“CRASH!”

The frames of the building started collapsing one after the other. The sword Qi left bowl-sized marks on the ground, covering it with cavities.

The fighting noises caused the Demonic Sect warriors to come from all corners. But they could not go against their superiors of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The sword Qi soared around the courtyard and pierced through these intruding warriors, killing them on the spot.

Zhang Ruochen observed silently and gently shook his head.

Earth Realm and Heaven Realm warriors should not intervene in a fight between Fish-Dragon Realm superiors. Anyone who did that was asking for death. Even if he tried, Zhang Ruochen would not have been able to save many warriors.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to intervene between the Demonic sect and the Black Market. After all, he needed to be extra careful on this trip to the Eastern Evil Land. To keep his identity a secret, it was best for him not to provoke anyone.

He had only one goal: to kill Di Yi.

Duanmu Ya landed rather hastily on the ground. The five fingers of her left hand were bloodied.

Quite clearly, she did not have the upper hand in the fight.

Cao Ying landed too. He walked over with a long sword in his hand and snorted. "This Chief of the Demonic Sect is just so-so."

"You two wouldn't have been able to beat me had I not been poisoned."

Duanmu Ya's breath became feeble and her arms kept shaking.

Fang Jie strode up from behind her and sneered. "Duanmu Ya, you won't be able to escape today!"

"Whizz!"

All of a sudden, there was a sound of a subtle sound of something whizzing through the air.

A green needle, as fine as a cow's hair, flew in from the direction of the red tower. It was heading for Fang Jie's back.

Fang Jie's ears were wriggling. He turned swiftly to face behind him and thrust his short spear forward. It struck the fine green needle.

"Wham!" The green needle exploded. A massive, whirling mass of energy hit Fang Jie, and he had to take three steps backward.

"Astral Wind Breaking Needle!"

Anger shone from Fang Jie's eagle eyes. He looked around and shouted. "Who is it? Get out now!"

The Astral Wind Breaking Needle was a Level-Eight Genuine Martial Arms. It was capable of ripping through a Monk's Protective Vigorous Qi and causing an explosion in his body after emitting massive energy.

Even a superior in the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm would probably die after being hit.

From outside the courtyard came the sound of rushing wind. Someone appeared to be moving around quickly, constantly changing her positions. She sometimes emerged from the east and sometimes from the west. No one could tell where she was.

A loud female voice rang out in the air. "Fang Jie and Cao Ying, you impudent rascals! How dare you fight people from the Moon Worship Sect! Don't you know the Blood Cloud Sect will be exterminated for that?"

The hidden woman injected Genuine Qi into her voice, forming powerful, piercing sound waves.

Cao Ying's eyes turned icy cold. "Since Your Highness the Saintess is here, please show yourself!"

It was obvious that Cao Ying and Fang Jie were well prepared. They had known beforehand that both Duanmu Ya and the Saintess of the Demonic Sect were in Liyuan City.

Zhang Ruochen's heart felt a slight tremor. He raised his head in the direction of the red tower. He was certain he had heard the voice of Duanmu Xingling.

Did she leave the Saint Academy and return to the Demonic Sect?

When Wan Zhaoyi was arresting Zhang Ruochen at Saint Prince's Mansion, he had claimed that Zhang Ruochen was colluding with the Demonic Sect and to kill the soldiers of the Primitive World.

Since the Ministry of War knew about this, Zhang Ruochen believed that the Ministry could unravel Duanmu Xingling's

real identity from the happenings in the Wood Spirit Primitive World.

As her identity had been exposed, Duanmu Xingling could only return to the Demonic Sect.

Zhang Ruochen guided his Genuine Qi to the Meridians around both of his eyes. He began scrutinizing his surroundings and soon detected Duanmu Xingling.

Her movements were very quick but her cultivation level was too low. How could she possibly fool Zhang Ruochen?

“Lingxi, be quick and run!” said Duanmu Ya.

“I can’t escape.”

Fang Jie stared coldly and soon pinpointed where Mu Lingxi was. He dashed forward.

“Bang!” He rammed his body against the wall and stretched his huge hand out to try to grab Mu Lingxi’s left shoulder.

Duanmu Ya had wanted to help her, but Cao Ying forced her back. He stabbed Duanmu Ya in her belly, leaving her a deep wound there.

Mu Lingxi had just reached the Completion of Heaven Realm. She was no match for Fang Jie!

Mu Lingxi was captured by Fang Jie within one move.

“The Saintess of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect is just so-so too.”

Fang Jie’s five fingers clutched Mu Lingxi’s left shoulder tightly. Poison from his fingers ate into her War Suit and dark toxic fumes started billowing.

Mu Lingxi was fortunate enough to be wearing a War Suit. Otherwise, the poison from Fang Jie’s hand would corrode her skin, resulting in blood and pus.

“You wouldn’t be my match had my cultivation not been sealed,” Mu Lingxi remarked coldly.

“SWOSH!”

A white ancient sword soared out from Mu Lingxi's left eye pupil. It was headed straight for Fang Jie's heart.

This ancient white sword was more slender than a needle. The moment it pierced into Fang Jie's heart, it turned into a five-meter Holy Sword.

Ancient crimson inscriptions were flashing along the surface of the sword. The inscriptions moved up and down, increasing the ancient sword's power.

Fang Jie was a battle-seasoned veteran demon. Although Mu Lingxi had caught him off guard, he reacted in the shortest possible time.

“BAM!”

He let go of Mu Lingxi's left shoulder, propelling himself backward using his legs.

Fang Jie looked at the bloodstains on his chest, and at the ancient sword Mu Lingxi was holding. His stare turned cold. He started laughing loudly. “Wonderful! What an exceptional Holy Sword! Your Highness, this Holy Sword will be mine from now onward.”

Fang Jie secretly gathered his power and edged toward Mu Lingxi.

Faced with such a powerful enemy, Mu Lingxi could only move backward. Small beads of sweat started gathering on her forehead.

She was the Saintess of the Demonic Sect and had many trump cards. Even so, her cultivation was too low compared to Fang Jie's. If they were to battle each other, she simply could not win.

Furthermore, when Fang Jie was clutching her left shoulder, he had dislocated her shoulder with a subtle wrench. Now she did not have enough strength even to lift an ounce.

Mu Lingxi could have easily used an imperial edict and escaped.

But she simply could not leave Duanmu Ya behind. Despite knowing that she was not his match, she could only continue

fighting. She was trying to find a way to fight Fang Jie alongside Duanmu Ya.

Zhang Ruochen was worried that Duanmu Xingling would suffer a huge defeat in Fang Jie's hands. He could not help but say, "Two grown men fighting two feeble women. That's not quite right!"

Fang Jie stopped in his tracks and glared at Zhang Ruochen. He said coldly, "Young lad, I am the No. 8 Killer of the Blood Cloud Sect, Fang Jie. You'd better be sensible and drink your tea quietly. Don't intervene."

Zhang Ruochen sat by the table and toyed with his jade teacup. He laughed. "The Blood Cloud Sect! What an interesting name! Unfortunately, I have just concluded a business deal with the proprietress. Who will deliver my goods if you capture her?"

Zhang Ruochen changed his voice deliberately to make himself sound flippant. He wanted to let the others think he was a young, profligate swordsman.

Mu Lingxi glanced at the young man sitting by the pond. Because of a pillar, she could not make out his figure.

Fang Jie snorted coldly. "I shall deal with you after I capture this Saintess of the Demonic Sect."

Fang Jie bent his fingers quickly to form two black claws. He was using an inferior-class Ghost Level martial technique, the White Bone Ghost Claw.

The White Bone Ghost Claw had evolved from another martial technique, the Hell Ghost King Claw. The latter was a superior claw technique of the Black Market Excellence Hall. Although White Bone Ghost Claw could not match Hell Ghost King Claw's power, it was still a very sinister and profound claw technique all the same.

"CRACK!"

Fang Jie's ten fingers became longer and longer, as he swiftly clawed at Mu Lingxi.

Before his claws had reached Mu Lingxi, dozens of white bone claw prints had appeared in the air.

Within a 300-meter radius, countless shadowy claws danced about. Strong gusts accompanied them. The toxic fumes condensed into a poisonous cloud, enveloping Mu Lingxi and Fang Jie.

Mu Lingxi's present level of cultivation was too low to fend off Fang Jie's White Bone Ghost Claw. Even with the help of a Holy Sword, she could only be moving backward.

It appeared that the White Bone Ghost Claw was about to land on Mu Lingxi.

Zhang Ruochen sighed and stretched out one finger to point to the heavens.

Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi quickly gathered and condensed into a lightning bolt.

“CLAP!”

A thunderbolt—the size of a wine cup—thundered mid-air and hit the top of Fang Jie's head.

Instantly, all the paw prints and toxic fumes disintegrated.

Fang Jie's body was completely charred. His hair was standing on its ends, and his scalp had ruptured causing fresh blood to spurt.

The strike had alerted Duanmu Ya and Cao Ying who were fighting.

The two stopped fighting at the same time and stepped backward, glancing at Zhang Ruochen.

“A Master of Spiritual Power?”

A serious expression could be seen on Cao Ying's face. He started to become vigilant.

Despite his high cultivation level, Fang Jie could not escape the Spiritual Power strike. This man's Spiritual Power was very powerful indeed.

It was terrifying to see a Master of Spiritual Power casting spells using a Psychic Staff. He alone was capable of combating a group of warriors from the same realm.

Warriors could not match a Master of Spiritual Power in the same realm.

Duanmu Ya was surprised, as she stared at the mysterious man with the metal mask. She had not expected the man to be an exalted Master of Spiritual Power.

Chapter 588 - Red Wish Emissary Makes an Appearance

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

In Kunlun's Field, Masters of Spiritual Power enjoyed an elevated status. Some specialized in forging weapons, others in refining pills, while others subdued beasts or created powerful fighting formations.

Every force would try to rope in a strong Master of Spiritual Power to their side. The Black Market and the Demonic Sect were no exceptions.

Zhang Ruochen remained calm. He fixed his gaze on Fang Jie and Cao Ying and nonchalantly said, "If both of you can get away within three breaths, I will spare your lives."

"So what if you are a Master of Spiritual Power? Anyone who dares to oppose the Blood Cloud Sect is asking for death."

Fang Jie cycled Genuine Qi around his body once. He suppressed his injury and abandoned Mu Lingxi, grabbing his Twin Lethal Spears. He started attacking Zhang Ruochen instead.

The two short spears rotated quickly in his hand, one giving off an icy air, the other emanating blazing fire. Both sets of energy gyrated to form a giant vortex.

"You've overestimated yourself."

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his Spiritual Power and raised his arm.

Suddenly, a purple thundercloud condensed in front of his palms. Streaks of lightning snaked through the thundercloud, making crackling sounds.

“Nine-fold Lightning Knife!”

Zhang Ruochen swung his arm in a chopping motion toward Fang Jie.

The purple thundercloud instantly condensed into a lightning knife that smashed Fang Jie with incredible power.

Fang Jie was stunned by the sheer power of the first lightning knife. He was thrown back ten meters.

The Nine-fold Lightning Knife was a Level One Magic Art. It could strike out nine times in succession, each strike more lethal than the last.

The second lightning knife cut through Fang Jie’s defense, leaving a 30-centimeter gash on his chest.

“SWOOSH!”

The third lightning knife cleaved Fang Jie’s body into halves.

The bloody halves flew out in opposite directions—left and right.

Zhang Ruochen drew back his arm and stopped attacking.

Duanmu Ya’s beautiful eyes stared at the calm, mysterious man sitting by the pond. She said to herself,

“What a powerful Master of Spiritual Power! Fang Jie was killed easily even though he was more than 30 meters away. And this man is still so young! I’m sure he is not someone without a reputation.”

An unpoisoned Duanmu Ya could, at best, defeat Fang Jie, but it was impossible for her to kill him.

Cao Ying saw Zhang Ruochen’s powerful skills and decided to withdraw, desperately trying to escape. He flew out of Qingxuan Pavilion and headed quickly for the outskirts of Liyuan City.

“Trying to escape? You think you can?”

Zhang Ruochen released his Spiritual Power and directed his power to surround Cao Ying completely. He pointed a finger to the sky.

The crash of thunder sounded.

A flash of lightning as thick as a bowl tore across the vault of heaven. It resembled a purple saber connecting the heavens and the earth, striking down to the ground.

“BOOM!”

The entire Liyuan City quaked slightly.

A 30-meter-long charred crater appeared at the city gate of Liyuan City. Tiny lightning marks scarred the streets around the crater, wriggling like electric earthworms upon the earth.

Inside the crater was a charred corpse.

It was Cao Ying who had just been fleeing.

At the Qingxuan Pavilion, Zhang Ruochen stood up and took Fang Jie's Twin Lethal Spears into his hands. He walked out and said, “Proprietress, I shall look you up in three days at Wuwang Inn in the county town. I hope you won't disappoint me.”

Just as his voice faded, he disappeared from Qingxuan Pavilion. He reappeared at the city gate of Liyuan City, standing beside the large, charred crater.

Zhang Ruochen took Cao Ying's sword, and then he boldly walked out of the city gate and left.

Fang Jie and Cao Ying's weapons were top-grade Genuine Martial Arms. They could be used to elevate the class of Ancient Abyss Sword.

Cao Ying's death by lightning caused a huge commotion in Liyuan City.

Cao Ying and Fang Jie were famous big shots from the Demonic Sect. In the eyes of the Liyuan City warriors, they were no different from devils.

Two top masters killed by a mysterious young man. The news rocked Cyan Cloud County.

At Qingxuan Pavilion.

Mu Lingxi stared in the direction that the mysterious man had gone. Her eyes glittered fervently. “He is Zhang Ruochen. He must be Zhang Ruochen...”

She wanted to pursue him but Duanmu Ya stopped her.

“Lingxi, Zhang Ruochen was killed by Nine Serenity Sword Saint. That man is not Zhang Ruochen. You are not obsessed, are you?” said Duanmu Ya.

Mu Lingxi shook her head and said very firmly, “He is definitely Zhang Ruochen. I can tell from the silhouette of his back even though he was wearing a mask. I could tell that man apart even if he turned into ashes. Aunt, we have to go after him and make him remove that mask. He is definitely Zhang Ruochen.”

Duanmu Ya took a Detoxification Pill and started healing herself, running Genuine Qi around her body. She sighed as she did so. “That man is a Master of Spiritual Power. Zhang Ruochen specialized in the Tao of the sword. They can’t be the same person.”

“But Zhang Ruochen is also a Master of Spiritual Power,” said Mu Lingxi.

Duanmu Ya could see that Mu Lingxi was elated and agitated. She suddenly changed her mind.

If Mu Lingxi believed Zhang Ruochen was still alive, she might perk up sooner. That did not seem like a bad thing.

Duanmu Ya laughed and said, “Alright! I suppose he could

be Zhang Ruochen. Why don’t you accompany me to Wuwang Inn after three days? We could verify his identity then.

“Right now, we have to return to the county town immediately and contact the regional chiefs of each branch. They have to guard against the Blood Cloud Sect and hide.

“At the same time, we need to submit our report to the higher authorities. The High Priest must take precautions against the

Sect.

“Since Blood Cloud Sect already struck against us, the branches from other counties must have been attacked as well. We have to fend off these attacks no matter what and stand our ground in the Eastern Evil Land.”

Because Mu Lingxi absolutely believed that the man in the mask was Zhang Ruochen, her mood improved and she began analyzing the situation. She pondered seriously. “Aunt, although Fang Jie and Cao Ying were top evil masters, they ranked only eighth and ninth among the killers from Blood Cloud Sect. Many more powerful people were above them.

“Seeing as two of their highly skilled masters were killed this time, the Blood Cloud Sect won’t rest. They will dispatch more powerful killers later.”

Duanmu Ya said, “We were in trouble this time because someone disclosed information about our whereabouts. In other words, someone from the Black Market has infiltrated our organization. We have to remove the mole. Then we can take our time dealing with the Blood Cloud Sect.

“I believe the Black Market won’t dare provoke us too much. They are more likely to attack us on a small scale to test how far they could go.

“Besides, Hades Department has already surrendered to our Sect. We may not lose even if Blood Cloud Sect starts a war. Hades Department is our trump card. Now’s the time to play this card.”

Hades Department had once been under the Black Market. It was the most powerful dominator among evil forces of Omen Ridge until it offended Di Yi and had to seek the protection of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

Now, they were controlled by Duanmu Ya and were a secret card she could play.

Mu Lingxi nodded and said, “As it is, we should return to the county town first and observe how things go.”

Mu Lingxi and Duanmu Ya returned to the county town of Cyan Cloud County that very day.

The mountain gate to the Blood Cloud Sect was built bordering the God Falling Ridge. It was hidden in the mountain ranges. Very few people could find the entrance unless someone led the way.

At this moment, a detachment of Glazed Knights had just traversed the perilous mountain road and arrived at the mountain gate of Blood Cloud Sect.

A lavish carriage drawn by two Magical Ants pulled up.

Red Wish Emissary was wearing a long robe studded with rubies. A loose, date-red fur cloak was draped over her shoulders. She lifted the carriage curtain and alighted.

Her figure was seductively graceful and her skin was as fair as alabaster. Her slender frame was enclosed in a red mist, giving her beauty an added dimension of hazy mystery.

Red Wish Emissary's feet, fair as snow, were bare. Gold and blue anklets adorned her ankles. Her feet stepped on crimson clouds in the void space, resembling a pink demon of the night as she entered through the mountain gate of Blood Cloud Sect.

“Our respects to Red Wish Emissary.”

The warriors of Blood Cloud Sect all knelt down in front of Red Wish Emissary and the Glazed Knights. No one dared to breathe out.

“Where is Xu Hong?” Red Wish Emissary asked from her elevated position.

“Master is in the main hall.”

“Lead the way.”

A warrior of the Blood Cloud Sect led Red Wish Emissary outside the main hall and then left respectfully.

The Master of the Blood Cloud Sect, Xu Hong, was seated in an armchair made out of stacked skulls at the head of the main hall. He slammed his palm on a table in front of him. BAM! The green bronzed table was left with a deep indentation—a huge handprint half a meter long.

“Useless bums! Two persons sent to assassinate Duanmu Ya together and both failed! They deserved to die! They really deserved to die!”

Xu Hong was infuriated and his eyes were bloodshot.

His body exuded a formidable power that pervaded the entire hall.

The disciples of Blood Cloud Sect all knelt below him.

Their bodies could not stop shivering. They were afraid that in his fury, Xu Hong would display the Qi Sucking Skill and absorb all of their Qi, leaving just their desiccated corpses.

“Master Xu, what happened? Why are you so angry?”

Red Wish Emissary stepped on void space and entered through the main door. She stopped in the middle of the main hall.

Xu Hong immediately calmed down upon seeing Red Wish Emissary. He left his seat and walked down the steps, halting at her feet. He bowed and said, “My respects to Red Wish Emissary.”

Although Xu Hong was the Master of the Sect and, at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, his cultivation level exceeded hers, he dared not act haughty before Red Wish Emissary.

Red Wish Emissary was not only an Emissary chosen by Black Market Excellence Hall, but she was also a disciple of Phantom Saint.

The Blood Cloud Sect could pretend to be the overlord of Cyan Cloud County, but before the Phantom Saint, the Sect was just a trifling—a fourth-class Suzerain. The Phantom Saint could exterminate it just by moving a finger.

Chapter 589 - Forty-fourth Level Spiritual Power

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Red Wish Emissary's bright eyes swept over the Blood Cloud Sect disciples kneeling in the main hall. "Leave us, all of you!"

The Blood Cloud Sect disciples in the main hall all looked at Red Wish Emissary gratefully. They rushed to leave as though granted amnesty.

Red Wish Emissary's sudden appearance had saved them from impending disaster.

Red Wish Emissary remained in midair. She took one step forward and flew across to the skull armchair at the head of the hall. She sat down without any prompting.

She lifted her eyes, gazing at the deformed bronze table and laughed. "What has happened, Master Xu?"

Xu Hong looked coldly serious. "Today, I dispatched Fang Jie and Cao Ying to assassinate the Cyan Cloud County Chief of the Demonic Sect. They failed in their mission and were killed by a mysterious man instead. Two useless bums!"

Red Wish Emissary nodded. The corners of her lips rose as she finally understood what had happened.

Fang Jie and Cao Ying were among the top ten killers of the Blood Cloud Sect yet they were killed in their own territory. No wonder Xu Hong was flaming mad.

It was difficult to cultivate a killer. It was even more difficult to cultivate a top killer of Fang Jie and Cao Ying's caliber.

“You better resolve your problem yourself.”

Red Wish Emissary’s fingers gently twirled her ebony hair. “I have come here to tell you two things. First, you must stop all your activities against the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.”

Xu Hong was puzzled. “Why?”

Red Wish Emissary answered. “The battle at East Region Saint City has infuriated the Chens and Martial Market Bank. With the imperial court’s blessing, the Chens have assembled 2,800,000 elite troops at Fallen-gods Mountain Range. They are poised to invade the Eastern Evil Land anytime. They will not retreat unless the Eastern Evil Land pays a hefty price.

“At the same time, the Martial Market Bank has gathered many top masters to infiltrate the Eastern Evil Land. They are planning to retaliate against the Black Market.

“Therefore, the higher authorities have decided to postpone operations against the Demonic Sect. They have decided to gather our forces to drive back the imperial court and the Martial Market Bank instead.”

Xu Hong pondered for a moment and then said, “We can suspend our actions against the Demonic Sect for the time being, but the man who killed Fang Jie and Cao Ying must die.”

“I don’t care who you kill as long as it doesn’t affect important matters.”

Red Wish Emissary solemnly said, “There’s the second matter. Thanks to the battle in East Region Saint City, many of our moles within the various forces of Eastern Holy Land have blown their cover. They need to return to Eastern Evil Land. Settling them down again is quite a problem.

“This is what the Master would like to do: Allow a party of them to merge into the Blood Cloud Sect. You will then rule over them.”

Xu Hong’s face suddenly brimmed with joy. He bowed quickly to Red Wish Emissary. “My thanks to the Phantom Saint! Please convey my gratefulness to His Excellency. I shall bring him a lavish gift the next time I visit Phantom Valley.”

Red Wish Emissary smiled and stood up. She walked out in a leisurely manner, speaking lazily in a very alluring voice.

“Master Xu, my Master will remember your faithfulness. Please remember who supported you once Blood Cloud Sect attains the rank of a third-rate Suzerain.”

“I won’t forget. Definitely not.”

Red Wish Emissary spoke without turning back her head.

“Within the 27 counties around God Falling Ridge, there are sure to be many fierce struggles. I will remain in Cyan Cloud County. Look me up in the county town if there are any changes.”

Xu Hong’s eyes followed Red Wish Emissary as she departed from the main hall. He felt very excited.

Many Black Market moles were retreating from the Eastern Holy Land and would soon join the Blood Cloud Sect. This would multiply the Sect’s strength within a short period of time.

Blood Cloud Sect would develop into a third-rate Suzerain in no time.

However, the troops from the imperial court were a big headache. Should the imperial troops travel through God Falling Ridge, the first power they would attack would be the Blood Cloud Sect.

He had no idea how determined the imperial court was this time.

Xu Hong gradually calmed down. He recalled Fang Jie and Cao Ying’s deaths and his eyes turned ice-cold. He called out in a deep voice. “Men! Ask Luo Shi to come into the main hall. I have a task for him.”

“Yes.”

Outside the hall, a black figure immediately retreated.

Luo Shi was the No. 4 Killer of the Blood Cloud Sect. He had reached the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm and had once succeeded in assassinating a Monk of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Xu Hong had analyzed the strength of the mysterious man who killed Fang Jie and Cao Ying. The man was a Master of Spiritual Power.

A Master of Spiritual Power was indeed very powerful, but killers who could hide their aura were the most formidable opponents of such Masters.

Luo Shi's cultivation level was not the highest among the killers of Blood Cloud Sect.

But he was the most adept at disguising his aura.

As long as he could get close to a Master of Spiritual Power, he would have no problem assassinating him.

“Luo Shi can fulfill this mission.”

Xu Hong snorted. His aging face became even more grotesque as one hand tightly gripped the other.

After Zhang Ruochen left Liyuan City, he did not head for the county town. Instead, he found a hilly, secluded spot and retreated into the Scroll World.

There were three more days before his meeting with Duanmu Ya.

The three-day period would be enough for him to raise his cultivation by a level.

If he entered into the Scroll World to practice, Zhang Ruochen would have 10 times more time, which meant he would have the equivalent of a month.

“Disguising myself as a Master of Spiritual Power is a good way to hide my identity. To do that, I must improve my Spiritual Power. Can I raise it to the 44th level within one month?”

Zhang Ruochen sat with his legs tucked beneath him under the Sacred Prime Tree. Inhaling and exhaling Spiritual Qi, he was trying his best to adjust his physical condition in order to reach a realm of self-unconsciousness.

Right now, his Spiritual Power had reached the peak of the 43rd level. He was just one step away from the 44th level.

Once his Spiritual Power reached the 44th level, he could fight a Monk of the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Practicing Spiritual Power was very difficult. The next level might seem a mere step away, but that one step might be as wide as a moat. One could not simply stride over it.

Of course, with each increase in Spiritual Power level, a Monk's real power would increase by leaps and bounds.

After adjusting his Heart State, Zhang Ruochen took out a Redcrown Mushroom with a nine-meter diameter and lay it by his side.

The Redcrown Mushroom was huge—four meters high. It resembled a fiery lotus in full bloom. Zhang Ruochen's body looked puny beside it.

In fact, the Redcrown Mushroom came from the crest of a redcloud python. It was a treasure for raising one's Spiritual Power.

Of course, a Redcrown Mushroom from an ordinary redcloud python could not help Zhang Ruochen raise his Spiritual Power from the 43rd to the 44th level.

This Redcrown Mushroom, however, was from the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King. It constituted almost all of its Spiritual Power and wisdom.

If he could refine it and then ingest the Half-Saint flood dragon blood, Zhang Ruochen was 90% certain he could raise his Spiritual Power to the 44th level.

He took off and soared to the center of the Redcrown Mushroom cap. He sat down with his legs tucked beneath him and started running Genuine Qi around his body as he practiced the fifth level of the Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean.

“Devil-taming Mysterious Fetus Heaven.”

The Genuine Qi from the Qi Sea in his lower abdomen poured out from his 36 Meridians. It gathered around Zhang Ruochen's navel, forming a Qi vortex.

The navel has been called “the root of one's inborn Qi.”

A fetus can survive and grow thanks to an umbilical cord that links it to its mother's Blood Meridians.

After leaving the mother, although the umbilical cord is cut, the navel does not completely lose its function.

Some practitioners could use some special methods and open up a second Qi Sea beneath the navel. This was known as "the mysterious embryo."

After reaching a certain realm in the fifth level of the Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean, one could open up a second Qi Sea and practice "the mysterious embryo."

However, because Zhang Ruochen had just begun practicing the fifth level of Scripture of Emperor Ming's Empyrean, he could only condense a Genuine Qi vortex under his navel.

"BOOM!"

The vortex split as Genuine Qi poured out like air columns from ten thousand pores all over his body. It first turned into a green flame, and then into a fire cloud, completely enveloping the 9-meter-wide Redcrown Mushroom.

The Genuine Qi refined the Redcrown Mushroom into fine powder. Then the powder traveled into Zhang Ruochen's navel, and from there, into the 36 Meridians of his body.

After 15 days of refining, Zhang Ruochen finally absorbed all of the Redcrown Mushroom into his body. It merged into his bloodstream, Genuine Qi, bones, and sinews, becoming part of his body.

At the same time, he swallowed a large amount of Half-Saint flood dragon blood to help stabilize the vast energies from the Redcrown Mushroom acting on his body.

Zhang Ruochen had not expected that a large part of the vital essences from the Redcrown Mushroom and the Half-Saint flood dragon blood would be absorbed into his bone structure. His martial cultivation now broke through to a new level—the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was called "Bone Refining to Jade."

The Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm caused Zhang Ruochen's bone structure to turn lustrous and translucent like white jade, exuding a faint white glow.

Even with a layer of skin and flesh, one could make out the shape of his skeleton.

All 206 bones in his body seemed to have gotten a life of their own and were absorbing Spiritual Qi.

His white jade-like bones were soaking up Spiritual Qi. After constant tempering, his bones had become even more resilient. Even the bones in the innermost parts of his body had turned jade-like.

Zhang Ruochen felt that his physical strength had at least doubled.

After five days of refining, Zhang Ruochen had completely absorbed the Redcrown Mushroom into his body. As expected, his Spiritual Power immediately reached the 44th level.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and stretched out his palm. BAM! A purple lightning ball the size of a pigeon egg materialized above it.

It was a Level One Magic Art—Spherical Lightning.

Prior to this, Zhang Ruochen had not practiced this sort of spell.

With his current Spiritual Power, all he needed now was to visualize a Level One Magic Art in his mind, then he could easily exude its power.

Chapter 590 - Wuwang Inn

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

In other words, once he reached the 44th level in his Spiritual Power, Zhang Ruochen could utilize any Spiritual Spell involving a thunderbolt.

Of course, it was not so easy for him to cast a Level Two Magic Art spell. He needed to study for several days before he could master it.

As for the Level Three and Four spells, he needed to spend an even longer time to study them.

Even though he had not mastered any powerful, high-level spells, he was able to fight the weaker Monks of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Moreover, he had just reached the 44th level in his Spiritual Power.

With the increase in his Spiritual Power, his real power would increase as well. He would soon be able to fight a group of Monks in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

If he could raise his Spiritual Power to the 45th level, just one more, he would become a Spiritual Half-Saint.

Although it was just one level from the 44th to the 45th level, there was a huge, unimaginable gap between the two. One belonged to the earth and the other to the heavens.

Zhang Ruochen spent another six days trying to master and consolidate his martial cultivation and Spiritual Power in the new realm.

“It’s almost time. I’d better leave for the county town of Cyan Cloud County to carry out my Holy Stones transaction.”

Zhang Ruochen stood up and flicked away the dust on his shoulders. He left the Scroll World and entered the desolate hills outside Liyuan City again.

Liyuan City was 6,000 kilometers away from Cyan Cloud County. An ordinary man would take four months to complete the journey, travelling at the speed of 50 kilometers a day.

But Zhang Ruochen was a Master of Spiritual Power. He took far less time than a normal person to reach his destination.

“Rolling Thunder Skill.”

Zhang Ruochen mobilized Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi and turned them into powerful thunderbolts. Flashes of lightning condensed around his body and wrapped him within.

BOOM! A loud crash of thunder resounded over the fields. Zhang Ruochen soared into the clouds like a streak of lightning and flew far away.

Rolling Thunder Skill was just a Level One thunderbolt spell. It was not that special.

But Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power had reached such heights that even a Level One Magic Art would take on great power. His speed was increased to a terrifying level.

At dusk, Zhang Ruochen finally reached the outskirts of Cyan Cloud County. He dashed down from the clouds and landed on the ground.

“Ch-ch!”

The lightning streaks around his body slowly dissipated.

“No wonder a Master of Spiritual Power is more powerful than a warrior. A warrior can only fly when he reaches the Half-Saint realm. But a Master of Spiritual Power needs just a spell to fly in the sky or tunnel underground.”

Zhang Ruochen did not know that he could keep casting spells and flying thousands of miles because his Spiritual Power was so strong.

A Master of Spiritual Power at the 40th level would have been exhausted, crawling on the ground.

Navy-blue walls, 50-meter wide moats, towering altars, lofty tactical towers... Cyan Cloud County was several times bigger than Liyuan City. It imparted a feeling of quaint solemnity, as if it had witnessed much.

An ancient city.

In the eyes of the Evil Warriors, everything was based on interests. Whoever had the toughest fists spoke the truth. These warriors resembled a plate of scattered sand, unable to know how to govern the world or how to guide their people.

In a word, it was incredible to see such an orderly, ancient city within a land of chaos.

Zhang Ruochen did not go to Wuwang Inn after entering the county town. Instead, he went to a vehicle dealer and bought a savage beast carriage.

The savage beast pulling the carriage was an inferior-class level-three beast called the Single-Horned Tiger. It had a massive body, and it was very strong.

Why had he bought a carriage?

It was to transport the Spiritual Crystals used for purchasing Holy Stones.

Duanmu Ya had said she could sell him three Holy Stones. Zhang Ruochen needed to prepare 33,000,000 Spiritual Crystals for three Holy Stones, at the price of 11,000,000 Spiritual Crystals per stone.

Since Zhang Ruochen already knew Mu Lingxi and Duanmu Ya were together, he could not use the Spatial Ring. He could only carry the Spiritual Crystals with a carriage.

Zhang Ruochen could trust Mu Lingxi. But he had come to the Eastern Evil Land in order to kill the young master of Black Market Excellence Hall.

It was a very dangerous operation. He did not want Mu Lingxi to join him.

Therefore, he could not let Mu Lingxi know his true identity.

He could only tell her after he had killed Di Yi.

Zhang Ruochen reached a street near Wuwang Inn and stopped for a while. He released his Spiritual Power to test the area around the inn.

No matter what, Duanmu Ya was from the Demonic Sect. It was reasonable for her to prepare an ambush for Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen had to be extra careful. He needed to ensure that he could deal with her if she intended to kill him and take his money.

There was no ambush around Wuwang Inn.

“The Moon Worship Demonic Sect is indeed more principled in their dealings than the Black Market.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and re-gathered his Spiritual Power. He continued driving the carriage and arrived outside Wuwang Inn.

Duanmu Ya stood on the fourth floor of the tower. She saw Zhang Ruochen’s carriage from a distance and immediately dispatched her people to bring him into the inn.

The carriage entered Wuwang Inn and arrived directly in the rear courtyard.

By now, dusk had fallen and the sky had darkened.

Many colorful lanterns had been raised inside Wuwang Inn. These hazy, colorful lights illuminated the night scene surreally.

Duanmu Ya was wearing a white lace dress. She stood beneath the lanterns, watching the arriving carriage and laughing in the distance. “Master Zhang, you are so bold! The men from Blood Cloud Sect are all looking for you, yet you have dared to just march right into our county town.”

The savage beast carriage halted.

Zhang Ruochen stepped on a shaft of the carriage and disembarked. He asked, “Boss, where are the Holy Stones?”

“Don’t you think my charms are a match for the Holy Stones?”

Duanmu Ya walked over to Zhang Ruochen, her firm-yet-supple breasts quivering. Every curve of her body exuded a

seductive charm.

Zhang Ruochen felt a faint aroma assault him, and he could not help retreating a step.

Duanmu Ya looked hurt. She said, “Master Zhang, why are you so unappreciative? I’m most grateful to you for killing Fang Jie and Cao Ying, and I would like to show my gratitude. Why are you avoiding me? Your actions make me very sad.”

Zhang Ruochen replied, “If Madame is really grateful, please let me have the three Holy Stones for free.”

“The Holy Stones are too precious. I can’t make this decision. Why don’t I offer... myself to Master Zhang?”

Duanmu Ya walked over to Zhang Ruochen and observed his eyes and figure up close. She discovered that this man really did resemble Zhang Ruochen.

Could what Lingxi said be true? Was he really Zhang Ruochen?

“SWOSH!”

Duanmu Ya attacked him swiftly, trying to remove his metal mask.

At this moment, she was merely two steps away from Zhang Ruochen. Her arm whizzed through the short distance with the speed of a Monk of the Sixth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Her move was so unexpected that she had confidence she could unmask him, no matter how skilled he was.

Duanmu Ya’s fingers were about to touch his neck. Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen took one quick step backward. He shifted and reappeared at the top of the carriage.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Duanmu Ya from his elevated position and asked coldly, “Boss, what do you mean by this?”

Duanmu Ya chuckled and said, “Don’t get me wrong, Master Zhang. I am just wondering what the Master of Spiritual Power who killed Fang Jie and Cao Ying looks like.”

Zhang Ruochen cast his eyes in the darkness. He had discovered Mu Lingxi's aura.

“Do they suspect my identity?”

said Zhang Ruochen to himself.

Zhang Ruochen's eyeballs rolled. He decided to finish the transaction quickly and leave at once before anything happened.

So he pretended to look angry, and he said in a deep voice, “I'll close a blind eye to what just happened. Why don't we begin our transaction, Madame?”

Zhang Ruochen leaped down and took out a two-meter tall copper-overlaid iron box from the carriage.

Within the box was a gigantic crimson Spiritual Crystal, as tall as a human. It resembled a luscious, divine gem, giving off fiery flames.

After the iron box was opened, the surrounding temperature soared rapidly.

Zhang Ruochen said, “This is a top-grade fire nature Spiritual Gem. It weighs 15 tons, and it can be cut into 8,000 highest-grade Spiritual Crystals. What do you think of its quality, Madame?”

Duanmu Ya carefully scrutinized the Spiritual Crystal within the box and nodded appreciatively. “The Spiritual Gem contains the Qi of a Flood Dragon. If I'm not wrong, it must have been excavated from the body of a Flood Dragon Lord.”

She was right. The top-grade Spiritual Gem had been excavated from the body of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

Duanmu Ya folded her arms in front of her breasts and smiled coyly. “8,000 top-grade Spiritual Crystals are equivalent to 8,000,000 ordinary Spiritual Crystals. That's still very far from our total price of 33,000,000 Spiritual Crystals.”

Zhang Ruochen simply smiled and removed another box from the savage beast carriage.

Inside the box was the tendon of a Flood Dragon.

“The tendon of a Flood Dragon Lord is worth 3,000,000 ordinary Spiritual Crystals. The tendon and the top-grade Spiritual Gem are worth 11,000,000 Spiritual Crystals—the price of one Holy Stone.”

“Master Zhang, if you have other treasures, please bring them all out at once.” Duanmu Ya smiled.

“No, that’s all I have.”

Zhang Ruochen added, “If Madame trusts me, I can bring you the complete skeleton of a Flood Dragon Lord tomorrow.”

Zhang Ruochen had originally planned to bring the skeleton of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King to Wuwang Inn. But it was simply too massive. At over 100 meters long, it was heavier than a hill. The Single-Horned Tiger simply could not haul it.

So, Zhang Ruochen could only bring the Spiritual Gem and the tendon of the Flood Dragon first.

Duanmu Ya pretended to think for a moment before saying, “If you could remove your mask and let me see your face, I would believe you. And, I would put the Three Holy Stones in your hand at once.”

At this moment, Mu Lingxi entered bearing the Three Holy Stones. She walked in from the darkness and stood by Duanmu Ya’s side.

But Mu Lingxi’s watery eyes were constantly fixed upon Zhang Ruochen. Her eyelids did not blink even once.

“Hide? How long can you hide? Don’t you trust me?”

Looking at the man with a metal mask up close, Mu Lingxi was even more convinced that he was Zhang Ruochen.

Had Duanmu Ya not reminded her beforehand to keep calm, she would have dashed out to Zhang Ruochen, unmasked him, and forced him to answer her questions.

Chapter 591 - Ancient Holy Body of the Ice Phoenix

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Naturally, Zhang Ruochen would not remove his mask. "Let's just exchange for one Holy Stone first, since you don't trust us. Tomorrow we will come with enough Spiritual Crystals to exchange for the remaining two Holy Stones."

A gleam of disappointment appeared in Duanmu Ya's eyes.

Duanmu Ya did not intend to force it further. She knew what Zhang Ruochen was capable of, and she did not want to provoke him to anger and make an enemy of him.

Mu Lingxi was not as cautious. She walked up to Zhang Ruochen and said, "When will you stop pretending, Zhang Ruochen? Why are you fearful of showing your true self to me since you are still alive? Don't you trust me?"

"Zhang Ruochen?"

Zhang Ruochen maintained his calmness. The ends of his lips curled up as he said, "Your Highness, I am afraid you have mistaken me for another person."

"Swosh!"

From 50 feet away, Zhang Ruochen stretched out one of his hands, curled his fingers into a claw, and directed one of the Holy Stones from the bronze salver into his sleeve.

He then turned to leave Wuwang Inn.

"Don't go, Zhang Ruochen..."

Mu Lingxi speedily made a move to try to catch up with him.

However, she quickly lost sight of Zhang Ruochen the moment she was out of Wuwang Inn.

When Duanmu Ya caught up with Mu Lingxi, she said anxiously, “Lingxi, from the back, this man does look like Zhang Ruochen. However, it may not be him after all. A man cannot come back to life once he dies. Why don’t you just let it go?”

Mu Lingxi bit her lip as she started to tear up. She could feel her heart breaking in two and tears ran down her cheeks as she said with a lovesick tone, “Why, aunt? He was just standing before of me, but why didn’t he remove his mask? Why doesn’t he trust me?”

Duanmu Ya replied, “You are the Saintess of the Demonic Sect, and there are many important things you have to handle. I can’t just sit around and watch you sink deeper into this. I am going to inform the High Priest so he can send someone here to take you home if you refuse to perk up.”

Mu Lingxi did not seem to hear Duanmu Ya’s words. On the other hand, she seemed even more determined. She said, “Please prepare an altar for me, aunt. I will personally unlock the seal on myself. When I regain my level of cultivation, he won’t be able to walk away from me.”

“No, it would be too dangerous to unlock the seal using your strength alone. You could be putting your training at risk. I would advise you make a trip back to the Ancient Moon Precipice to allow the High Priest to unlock your seal,” Duanmu Ya said.

Mu Lingxi however, was unrelenting. She said, “Cyan Cloud County and Ancient Moon Precipice are hundreds of thousands of miles apart. I wouldn’t know where he is by the time I returned from unlocking the seal.” “The world is so vast and densely populated. It would be almost impossible to find him if I miss this chance. He must have encountered some difficulties, and he didn’t wish to implicate me. That’s why he’s avoiding me. Please, will you just help me this once, Aunt?”

Duanmu Ya was unmoved by her pleading. She did not wish for her to wallow in her stupidity.

“Don’t push it, Aunt.”

Mu Lingxi took the Holy Moon Token out of her Spatial Ring and placed it on her palm.

The Holy Moon Token flew into the air and transformed into a bright moon above Mu Lingxi. Instantly, her aura became very powerful.

At this moment, she seemed to be a statue of a commanding Saint, standing in front of Duanmu Yu.

In an instant, Mu Lingxi’s temperament turned cold and sharp. “You left me with no other choice. As the Saintess of the Moon Worship Sect, I command you to prepare an altar for me. Tonight, I have to unlock the seal on my body.”

Duanmu Ya had no choice but to kneel. She saluted her, saying, “Yes, Your Highness.”

Mu Lingxi pocketed the Holy Moon Token, went forward, and helped Duanmu Ya up, saying, “Aunt, I hope you understand that I am doing this because I have no other choice.”

“What can I say, now that you have even used the Holy Moon Token on me? Since you have made up your mind, I will give you a hand. I hope I am not doing you harm instead.”

Duanmu Ya gave Mu Lingxi a long thoughtful look, and she finally understood Mu Lingxi’s deep feelings for Zhang Ruochen. It really was a cruel twist of fate.

Following a hundred years of development, the Moon Worship Demonic Sect’s great power and influence in Cyan Cloud County had allowed them to take control of an extensive area of the city.

Duanmu Ya led Mu Lingxi to the northern part of Cyan Cloud County, which was relatively desolated, and they entered a manor that spread over 130 acres.

This manor was Moon Worship Demonic Sect’s secret stronghold, and many of its masters took cover here.

“Swosh!”

A slim figure in black, carrying a sword on her back, came out of the manor, knelt before Duanmu Ya and Mu Lingxi, and saluted them with a bow.

“Greetings to Your Highness the Saintess, and to the Chief.”

She was dressed in a tight-fitting black suit and wearing a black hat. A layer of soft metallic armor covered her torso, wrists, and thighs. She was covered from head to toe, exposing only a pair of bright eyes and fair-skinned hands.

Mu Lingxi took one look at her and seemed to recognize her immediately. “Junior sister apprentice Zi, it’s been a long time.”

The lady in blacked nodded but remained silent.

Duanmy Ya said, “Get up first, Zi Qian. Bring us to the altar.”

The lady in black was Zi Qian, the lady killer of the Hades Department.

When the Hades Department offended Di Yi in the battle at the Underwater Dragon Palace, they had no choice but to join the Moon Worship Demonic Sect for protection. Naturally, Zi Qian also came under the wings of Moon Worship Demonic Sect and became the chief of one of the branch gangs.

In the center of the manor stood a thirty foot tall altar, made of an enormous heap of huge boulders, each weighing a thousand pounds. The boulders on the edge were carved with strange inscriptions.

Duanmu Ya had given an order to conduct a sacrifice in the manor at midnight.

Therefore, the Moon Worship Demonic Sect disciples started busying themselves with the preparation of the oblation immediately. The disciples of each branch gang had purchased cattle and savage beasts from the city, brought them back to the manor, and placed them on the altar.

Midnight was the time that divided the day in half. At this time, the moon would be right at the center of the sky.

The Moon Worship Demonic Sect worshipped the Moon God. They would carry out the sacrificial ceremony at midnight to communicate with the Moon God and thereby gain the power to unlock the seal.

Midnight was drawing near, and the manor's security team had been fully mobilized.

“The sacrifice begins.”

Duanmu Ya issued the command.

The heretic disciples on the altar lifted their butcher's knives and slaughtered a total of two thousand and twenty cattle, as well as three hundred and sixty-seven savage beasts.

“Swoosh!”

The blood of the cattle and savage beasts gushed out and flowed into the groove at the center of the altar. It formed a frothing pool of blood.

The moonlight reflected on the surface of the pool of blood in the center of the altar, making it appear bright red.

As Mu Lingxi ascended the altar step by step, she mobilized Genuine Qi throughout her body to begin unlocking the seal. Her skin became fairer and fairer until it looked like porcelain.

“Crack!”

Suddenly, her entire body was covered in thin crack lines.

Streams of dazzling light emitted from the cracks. The turbulent Genuine Qi in her body seemed to be on the verge of tearing her body up.

At the point of transformation, Mu Lingxi stepped into the blood pool. The blood completely covered her as she sank to the bottom of the blood pool.

The power from the sacrifice drew the moonlight into a white light column that was driven into the blood pool. The fresh blood blended with the moonlight to produce an amazing power that closed in on Mu Lingxi standing in the blood pool.

The heretics around the altar scattered. The only ones left behind were Duanmu Ya and Zi Qian, who were clad in black.

Anxiety rose in Duanmu Ya's heart as she fixed her eyes on the tall altar.

She was keenly aware of how precarious it was to unlock the seal through sacrifice. Any act of negligence would backfire on the participant. However, Duanmu Ya had faith that Mu Lingxi would be able to succeed, as she had a good control over her power.

At 1 am, the blood in the pool began to swirl around wildly and noisily, forming a vortex.

Suddenly, the shadow of a perfect human figure flew out from the center of the vortex and united itself with the shaft of moonlight.

At this moment, Mu Lingxi was stark naked, and every inch of her skin was perfectly smooth. She appeared to be emitting moonlight.

The surrounding air condensed to form streaks of nimbus which wrapped around her.

When Zi Qian saw Mu Lingxi's true body, she said in wonder, "Only inherent Holy Jade could transform Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi into nimbus to wrap around her. Could Her Highness, the Saintess, be a Saintly Being?"

A human who was a Saintly Being would be no different from inherent Holy Jade.

Duanmu Ya nodded and said, "Ancient Holy Body of the Ice Phoenix. It had been ages since any tribesman, not to mention tribesman from the Mu Tribe, awoke the Blood Meridian of the Ice Phoenix."

Duanmu Ya had witnessed Mu Lingxi's true body before, but she had still been a little girl.

When she unlocked the seal and flew out of the blood pool, even Duanmu Ya gasped in shock.

At this moment, Mu Lingxi looked as beautiful as one of the Nine Goddesses of the Empyrean. Even Duanmu Ya, who was a woman, was struck with awe.

Even Luo Shuihan, Eastern Region's new generation beauty as appraised by the 'Eastern Region Report,' paled in comparison.

As Mu Lingxi stood on the altar, the streams of moonlight fell on her like silver gauze. She looked enchanting with her long, flowing, black hair moving in the wind.

There was a little red Phoenix mark in between her brows. The mark was gently moving up and down as if it were a drop of blood sitting on the surface of her skin.

A close inspection would reveal that the red Phoenix mark was filled with the mysterious power of the Ice Phoenix. It looked to be a living Phoenix that could emerge from in between her brows at any moment.

As Mu Lingxi gradually got used to the power within her, the Phoenix mark sank in to form an Ice Phoenix suspended in her Qi Sea.

Due to the fact that Mu Lingxi was undercover in the School of the Martial Market, her body and cultivation level had both been sealed. For this reason, only she was aware of her true capabilities.

Only at this moment, when the seal had been unlocked, was her cultivation fully revealed.

"Finally I have recovered my true body. Indeed I have reached the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. I shall open the first holy meridian first."

As Mu Lingxi sat cross-legged at the center of the altar, she began to employ the Vast Universe Gong technique. Immediately, an illusory image of an Ice Phoenix appeared. The illusory image transformed into the shape of a pair of phoenix wings and wrapped around her.

The Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was not the peak of Mu Lingxi's capabilities. She continued to break through to the next level.

She could reach the the Fourth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm by opening another holy meridian.

She could reach the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm by opening yet another holy meridian.

However, Mu Lingxi was not sure how much martial power she had accumulated, or whether she could open one or two holy meridians, or even more. The more martial power she accumulated, the more power would be dissipated when the seal was unlocked.

Chapter 592 - Evil Masters

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

After Zhang Ruochen walked out of Wuwang Inn, he immediately left Cyan Cloud County.

As informed by Duanmu Ya, Blood Cloud Sect was looking all over for Zhang Ruochen. Besides, Blood Cloud Sect was a powerful and influential sect in Cyan Cloud County, therefore it would be dangerous for Zhang Ruochen to spend the night in the county.

Although Zhang Ruochen was powerful, he would still have a hard time if Blood Cloud Sect were to send the Defender Array to fight against him.

However, Zhang Ruochen could sense that someone had been following him closely ever since he left Cyan Cloud County.

Zhang Ruochen could have easily shaken them off with speed.

However, he had other plans. He wanted to teach Blood Cloud Sect a lesson.

After all, what really counted within the territories of Eastern Evil Land was true ability. The Blood Cloud Sect would stop only if they were defeated. To run away from or give in to them would only create more trouble.

Zhang Ruochen purposely slowed down his pace and lured them to a deserted open field, and then he stopped in his tracks.

The Evil Warriors of Blood Cloud Sect seemed eager to strike. A hundred and thirty of them were riding on savage beasts and approaching Zhang Ruochen in at high speed. Eventually, they surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

One of them was a cyan-robed old Taoist who was riding an Argali Beast. He said to Zhang Ruochen coldly, "Leave the Holy Stone behind, lad. That way, I may spare your life."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the cyan-robed old Taoist and said, "Are you from the Moon Worship Demonic Sect?"

Duanmu Ya and Mu Lingxi were the only people who knew of the Holy Stone transaction in Wuwang Inn. If these people were here for the Holy Stone, they must be from the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

The cyan-robed elder seemed confident that he could take down Zhang Ruochen, therefore he smiled and said without hesitation, "So, I see that you have acquired the Holy Stone from Moon Worship Demonic Sect. That means you are not a good man, after all. It would therefore be reasonable for me to take it away from you."

Zhang Ruochen frowned. The cyan-robed elder's words made him no longer certain that these people were from Blood Cloud Sect. It seemed that they were neither from the Blood Cloud Sect nor the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

Could there be a third strong power apart from the two super powers?

As Zhang Ruochen observed, these people were all clad in robes.

Apart from the elder who spoke to Zhang Ruochen, the rest were a group of good-looking young men.

Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen came to a realization. "Are you from the Yin and Yang Sect?"

The disciples of Yin and Yang Sect were about the only other people who dared to walk around Eastern Evil Land and Eastern Holy Land without any fear. This was because they neither belonged in the imperial court nor to the demonic sects.

Furthermore, the power of Yin and Yang Sect might not necessarily be weaker than that of the imperial court or the demonic sects. The imperial court and the demonic sects usually avoided offending them.

In terms of family heritage, even the Chens' could not be compared to that of the Yin and Yang Sect.

Among them, a handsome young man in his twenties in a blue robe rode a white dragon horse. With a steady voice, he said, "That's right, we are the disciples of Yin and Yan Sect. How are you, being evil, fit to use the Holy Stone? Hand over the Holy Stone, and I will spare your life."

Zhang Ruochen glanced at the young man and nodded gently. He said, "It's not easy for a man as young as you to have reached the Completion of Heaven Realm."

Standing beside the young man was a younger girl, about the age of sixteen or seventeen. Her egg-shaped face and big, round eyes were very pretty.

However, she looked furiously at Zhang Ruochen and said, "Elder brother Lin Yue is a master whose name is on the 'Heaven Board'. He has excellent abilities and a high level of cultivation. What right have you to judge him?"

Apparently, elder brother Lin Yue was an outstanding youth in the eyes of his juniors.

Hearing Zhao Han'er singing praises about him, Lin Yue became arrogant. He started to look upon Zhang Ruochen with contempt.

Was it not natural for a superior whose name was on the 'Heaven Board', and who had reached the highest level in Martial Arts, to display some air of arrogance?

"Junior sister apprentice, let's keep a low key now that we are in Eastern Evil Land. After all it is not a big deal to be on the 'Heaven Board'. Let's not be conceited," Lin Yue gently rebuked Zhao Han'er in pretense.

Zhao Han'er cast an enamored look at Lin Yue and said with admiration, "Although elder brother apprentice Lin Yue's name is on the 'Heaven Board,' he is still so humble. Who wouldn't be filled with admiration for him?"

The rest of the lady disciples were casting looks of admiration on Lin Yue. They looked ready to throw themselves at him.

The cyan-robed old Taoist let out a dry cough and said, “Lin Yue, your name has been up on the ‘Heaven Board’ for some time now. Today is a chance for you to fight with that Evil Warrior and gauge his cultivation level. Just be careful not to fall to his evil plot.”

“Rest assured, Junior Uncle Master. What harm can a mere Evil Warrior do to me? I am sure I can defeat him in three moves.”

Lin Yue drew a long spear out of its sheath and charged his dragon horse towards Zhang Ruochen.

The cyan-robed elder said to the remaining disciples, “Lin Yue’s level of cultivation is the highest among all of you, and he also has the most experience fighting battles. Watch and learn from how Lin Yue takes down his opponent.”

All the young disciples of Yin and Yang Sect opened their eyes wide, getting ready to observe how their elder brother Lin Yue would kill the Evil Warrior.

“Storm Spear Technique.”

Lin Yue thought to impress with his moves, so he twirled his long spear and kicked up a whirlwind.

He thrust his long spear forward in a skillful manner. Instantly, twenty-seven spear shadows appeared in the whirlwind. They were each directed towards one of Zhang Ruochen’s twenty-seven vital points.

Lin Yue thought that he should still move elegantly, even in the act of killing.

Zhang Ruochen shook his head gently, lifted his palms to condense a ball of lightning, and quickly pushed it forward.

“Boom!”

The spear shadows shattered and disappeared into thin air.

Lin Yue let out a cry of agony the moment the ball of lightning hit him, and he immediately fell backwards.

Lin Yue landed with a loud thud on patch of grass 100 feet away. He was completely discombobulated. His entire body

had been badly scorched. His eyes rolled back, and he fainted.

If Zhang Ruochen had not shown mercy, this ‘Heaven Board’ master Lin Yue would have been reduced to a wisp of smoke.

All the young disciples of Yin and Yang Sect were petrified and stupefied.

How was it possible for someone as powerful as elder brother Lin Yue to be defeated by an Evil Warrior with just one move?

Zhang Ruochen mocked them by saying, “Yin and Yang Sect is after all the leader of all sects in the Eastern Region. Why have you become bandits who go around robbing? You bring shame upon your ancestors.”

Yin and Yang Sect had long maintained a cordial relationship with Saint Ming Central Empire. So much so, that Emperor Ming, as a youth, was once an apprentice to the masters of Yin and Yang Sect.

For this very reason, Zhang Ruochen did not wish to make enemies with Yin and Yang Sect.

The cyan-robed old Taoist said coldly, “We, the Yin and Yang Sect, have always been forthright in our ways. However, we don’t need to defend our principles to evil warriors like you.”

Zhang Ruochen could only shake his head and sigh. He could not be bothered to continue arguing about who was upstanding and who was a bandit. All he could do was convince himself that it was inevitable to meet some black sheep among the Yin and Yang Sect’s numerous disciples.

Zhang Ruochen said, “I wonder, how did you know the Holy Stone was with me?”

“It won’t be too late for you to ask me this question again after you defeat me.”

The cyan-robed old Taoist turned into a stream of cyan light and charged towards Zhang Ruochen.

“Sun Meridian Ripple.”

He mobilized Genuine Qi and condensed its power onto the tip of his left thumb. With that, he wielded a Sword Wave from

his thumb and directed it towards Zhang Ruochen's heart.

Apparently, he was able to tell that Zhang Ruochen was a Master of Spiritual Power. For this reason, he resorted to using short-range attack techniques to mitigate the chance for Zhang Ruochen to counterattack.

Sword Ripple of Ten Channels was a martial technique developed by Yin and Yang Sect, so, naturally, the cyan-robed old Taoist was familiar with it.

The cyan-robed old Taoist had reached a high level of cultivation. In fact, he had already attained the Fifth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm, and he was able to transform Genuine Qi into thin Holy Qi. Therefore, he could wield the powerful Sun Meridian Ripple.

His finger tip emanated forceful sword Qi that was like a jet of dragon's fire.

“Wind and Thunder Finger.”

Zhang Ruochen mobilized Spiritual Power onto to his finger, which in turn ejaculated a beam of electricity forward. The beam of electricity collided with the Sun Meridian Ripple.

In an instant, the power of the Sun Meridian Ripple was subdued. It turned into sword Qi and dispersed.

“Poof!”

The Wind and Thunder Finger struck the cyan-robed old Taoist's chest and pierced through it, leaving a shotglass-sized bloody hole in his chest.

Lightning shot out and wrapped itself around the cyan-robed elder.

The cyan-robed elder shuddered and his legs gave way. With a thud, he collapsed onto the ground like a heap of burnt coal.

The disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect were stunned to realize that even their Junior Uncle master was no match for Zhang Ruochen.

Zhao Han'er was especially terrified. Her face went as pale as if she had seen a ghost.

Lin Yue, who was lying on the floor, had come to his senses by then. He witnessed how Zhang Ruochen had defeated his Junior Uncle Master with just a finger.

He quickly buried his face in the mud on the ground and pretended to be dead.

Zhang Ruochen walked up to the cyan-robed old Taoist and squatted down beside him. “Now, tell me how you knew that I carry the Holy Stone.”

Although the cyan-robed elder was severely injured, he had not lost consciousness.

He snorted coldly and turned his face away from Zhang Ruochen. He did not intend to reply.

Zhang Ruochen laughed and said coldly, “Do you believe I can kill all the Yin and Yang Sect disciples here, right now? Including elder brother Lin Yue, who is pretending to be dead.”

“Kill us, and the Yin and Yang Sect will come after your life,” threatened the cyan-robed old Taoist.

“Alright!”

As Zhang Ruochen stood up, he turned to stare at the Yin and Yang Sect disciples, pointed at each of them and said, “You have enraged me now, so all of you have to die. Let’s start from elder brother Lin Yue.”

Lin Yue was so petrified that he quit pretending to be dead and got on his knees in front of Zhang Ruochen, saying, “Don’t kill me, I’ll tell you... I’ll tell you... you could go look for it on Junior Uncle Master... you will find... you will definitely find it.”

Zhang Ruochen sighed silently in his heart. “Seems like the demonic sect people could really strike terror in people’s hearts. It is no wonder that so many people desire to join the demonic sects.”

The ways of the demonic sect were ruthless and brutal. They instilled fear in people’s hearts.

It was normal for Lin Yue to be afraid.

However, elder brother Lin Yue had shown himself a coward by bowing down to Zhang Ruochen before he even struck him with a heavy hand.

Chapter 593 - Number Four Killer

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Treasure Hunting Compass... seems like a treasure...”

Zhang Ruochen nodded with satisfaction, and let go of Lin Yue.

With the Treasure Hunting Compass, Zhang Ruochen could go ahead and search for the Holy Stone without having to return to Cyan Cloud County to carry out the transaction with Duanmu Ya. On top of that, it would save him from worrying about his true identity being exposed by Mu Lingxi.

The cyan-robed elder gave Lin Yue a cold look. He would never have imagined Lin Yue would give in so easily. Were the evil people really this intimidating?

Zhang Ruochen walked up to the cyan-robed old Taoist and pressed his electric palm on the old Taoist's head, guarding himself against any sneak attack.

Zhang Ruochen searched the cyan-robed old Taoist with his free hand and found a compass made of black iron.

“This is it!”

Zhang Ruochen took the compass from the elder's robe. He could subtly feel two distinctive Qis flowing out from it, making part of his palm chillingly cold and part of it burning hot.

“A vessel sculpted and refined from Yin Yan Xuan Stone, it's fairly impressive.”

Zhang Ruochen held the Treasure Hunting Compass in his palm and was about to ask the cyan-robed old Taoist how to use it.

Suddenly he felt his chest tighten and all the hairs on his body stand up. A cold current ran from the sole of his feet, through his spine, and up to his head.

Simultaneously, the nerves all over Zhang Ruochen's body tensed up and all his joints stiffened. He stayed still, afraid to move an inch.

A murderous feeling.

A terrifying murderous feeling.

Zhang Ruochen was sure that there was a killer around 33 meters or less from him.

“Qi-converging skills so powerful that this person was able to draw this close to me without me realizing it. Who could it be?”

Zhang Ruochen thought, feeling alarmed. His back was drenched in sweat.

The Blood Cloud Sect was his only enemy in Eastern Evil Land.

The person waiting in ambush was almost certainly a top killer from Blood Cloud Sect.

The disciples of Yin and Yang Sect, however, were still unaware of the killer hidden nearby. They were surprised to see that Zhang Ruochen had suddenly stopped moving and instead kept very still.

“What happened to him?”

Zhang Ruochen kept still because although he could sense the murderous feeling, he did not know the exact position of the killer. If he were to strike out rashly, his opponent would gain the upper hand and take advantage of the situation. It would be wise to wait for the enemy to strike first.

Once his opponent made a move, Zhang Ruochen would be able to locate his position.

The killer who was waiting in ambush realized that Zhang Ruochen had sensed his presence. He stopped waiting and brandished his sword toward Zhang Ruochen's back.

“Swoosh!”

Concentric rings like ripples of water appeared in the air and moved toward Zhang Ruochen.

A flashing sword with a three-finger-wide blade slashed through the ripples of Genuine Qi and pierced through Zhang Ruochen's robe, almost reaching his body.

Zhang Ruochen transformed into a beam of lightning using the Rolling Thunders Skill and moved three steps sideways, thereby dodging the killer's sword.

With a ripping sound, the sword Qi tore Zhang Ruochen's outer robe along its length.

“That was close!”

If Zhang Ruochen had been a split second late, there would have been a bloody wound inflicted on his body.

“Wind and Thunder Finger.”

Zhang Ruochen immediately retreated and began mobilizing Spiritual Power. His pointed finger struck toward the black-clad killer who had come out of hiding.

The speed at which the killer moved was alarming. Immediately after he missed in his first attack, he leaped up without any hesitation and then disappeared into thin air as if he had leaped into another dimension of space.

Zhang Ruochen's Wind and Thunder Finger, which had transformed into a lightning beam, missed the killer. He escaped unscathed.

His opponent was a top-notch killer who had killed countless people. Besides, his cultivation was formidable. Although Zhang Ruochen was quick to strike out, he still missed by a beat.

“He was so skillful in Qi-converging technique, that even I wasn't able to detect him with my Spiritual Power.”

Zhang Ruochen stopped in his tracks once again instead of continuing his attack. He began to condense his Spiritual Power quietly in defense.

A deep-toned voice rang out in the air. “His Excellency’s sensitivity to his surroundings is the keenest out of everyone I’ve met. You are indeed very capable. I guess Fang Jie and Cao Ying’s deaths by your hands were not unjustified.”

The voice resonated everywhere.

There was no way to pinpoint where it was coming from. It sounded like ten people speaking simultaneously from different locations all around him.

Zhang Ruochen had a look of indifference on his face. “Your level of cultivation is definitely not low. You must be ranked within the top five killers of the Blood Cloud Sect’s ten top killers.”

“You have guessed correctly, I indeed belong to the Blood Cloud Sect. Listen carefully. The person who is going to kill you is Luo Shi, just so you know when you go to hell.”

The deep voice rang out again in the air.

Lin Yue, who was kneeling nearby, gasped. “Luo Shi, the number four killer of Blood Cloud Sect.”

The disciples of Yin and Yang Sect were stunned once more as horror rose up in their hearts.

Luo Shi was infamous as far back as ten years ago. He was one of the most skillful killers of the Eastern Region.

The name “Luo Shi” equated to a murdering demon in the hearts of the younger generation of disciples.

Having chanced upon the legendary big devil, the young disciples who stayed with Yin and Yang Sect the whole year round were terrified.

“The masked man is the master who killed Fang Jie and Cao Ying. Aren’t we digging our own grave by trying to snatch his Holy Stone?”

“What bad luck! Here we are trying to gain some experience but we ended up bumping into two big devils from the demonic sects.”

Even the cyan-robed old Taoist was shocked. He would never have expected to meet the murder maniac. He regretted coveting the Holy Stone.

What use was regret?

Once these two evil people began fighting, the area within a radius of ten miles would become their battleground. Bystanders could be killed by the forces and powers resulting from their battle.

All the disciples of the Yin and Yang Sect went into a panic. Zhang Ruochen, however, did not show any sign of distress. He remained calm and composed.

“Looks like I have to use Space Domain to locate his position.”

Zhang Ruochen decided to stop waiting and initiate an attack. He slowly released the Space Domain and began trying to trace and pinpoint Luo Shi’s location.

Very soon, Zhang Ruochen noticed a subtle aura fluctuation seven feet to his left.

Once the Space Domain covered the place where Luo Shi was, the contour of a human figure would be exposed. However, there was no way of sensing his presence by the naked eye or Spiritual Power.

“He has proven himself to be a top killer possessing the ability to make himself invisible and undetectable. Even a superior of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, if careless, could be killed by him.”

Zhang Ruochen acted without hesitation the moment he located Luo Shi.

“Nine-Fold Lightning Knife.”

Without warning, Zhang Ruochen turned around and struck his arm in Luo Shi’s direction.

“Crash! Crash!”

Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi converged and condensed into lightning knife lines that ran over ten meters long. Knife after knife struck toward Luo Shi.

“How is this possible...”

Luo Shi never thought that Zhang Ruochen would be able to locate him.

With a “swoosh”, the lightning knife struck Luo Shi and he was thrown into the air.

Fortunately, he was carrying an amulet treasure that absorbed the impact. Otherwise, he would have been severely wounded by the power of the first strike of the lightning knife.

Despite the fact that the amulet treasure had absorbed the most of the impact, the power of Zhang Ruochen’s attack was like that of a monk who had reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Because Luo Shi was caught off guard, his blood Qi and Genuine Qi in his Meridians turned turbulent and could not be stabilized.

Initially, it was supposed to be him ambushing and killing Zhang Ruochen. He would never have thought it would be him caught by surprise and forced into a corner by Zhang Ruochen.

This was an extremely disgraceful thing for a top killer.

Luo Shi ran exercises hoping to stabilize the Genuine Qi in him, however, Zhang Ruochen did not give him a chance to do that. With a “swish”, two lightning knife lines appeared right before him.

By then, the power within the amulet treasure was exhausted. Luo Shi did not dare use his body to block the lightning knife lines. He tried to move the Genuine Qi toward his arms, which were holding a sword each, condensed the power and then struck forward.

“Boom!”

“Boom!”

...

A series of eight lightning knife lines fell on Luo Shi consecutively. The power got stronger with each strike, forcing him to retreat.

He took the blow from Zhang Ruochen's Nine-fold Lightning Knife with his arms and they instantly went completely numb and dropped to his sides.

Luo Shi had to swallow the humiliation of being beaten to such a sad state for the first time in ten years of being a killer.

Nine-fold Lightning Knife was deemed a top grade skill among the Level One Magic Arts.

Luo Shi was the first person to withstand all nine lightning knives ever since Zhang Ruochen succeeded in cultivating the magic spell. It showed that he was not merely a killer—his strength was actually quite daunting.

“Luo Shi, having reached cultivation level of the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, possesses the capabilities of a monk who has reached the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. He will be a formidable opponent if I confront him head-on,” Zhang Ruochen said in his heart.

Once a person reached the Fish-Dragon Realm, unless he was a Saintly Being or a monk with exceptional physical qualities, it would be nearly impossible to fight beyond his realm of cultivation.

After all, among those who could reach the Fish-Dragon Realm, who was not a talent?

Luo Shi was considered outstanding among the monks who had reached the Fish-Dragon Realm because he could cross over to the next realm while fighting. Unfortunately for him, Zhang Ruochen had an edge over him because he had been overly complacent at the start.

“Wind and Thunder Finger.”

Zhang Ruochen did not give Luo Shi any chance to catch his breath. He struck with a pointed finger and a thick beam of lightning powerfully shot out from his fingertips.

If “Nine-fold Lightning Knife” was said to be the most powerful move of the top-level thunderbolt series spells, then “Wind and Thunder Finger” would be the move that condensed most power. It could easily break through a monk’s Protective Vigorous Qi.

Chapter 594 - Holy Crystal Staff

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Ch-ch!”

The Wind and Thunder Finger condensed into a lightning spindle that struck Luo Shi on his left shoulder and tore off the muscles on his shoulder.

A bloody mess clung to his shoulder, neck, and armpit, and the white of his shoulder bone was exposed.

“So... formidable.”

Enduring the pain, Luo Shi turned to try to run away.

He had grossly underestimated his opponent's capabilities. Zhang Ruochen's Spiritual Power had likely reached the 44th level, and he had wounded him by merely employing Level One Magic Arts.

If Zhang Ruochen had used Level Two or Level Three Magic Arts, he would not even have the chance to escape.

Having made a mistake in his strategy, Luo Shi had lost the opportunity to assassinate his opponent on this day. He could only return home to nurse his wounds and make another assassination attempt when he recovered.

How could Zhang Ruochen let Luo Shi off so easily?

Luo Shi was highly skilled in his ability to converge Qi, as well as his ability to make himself invisible. It would have been very difficult for Zhang Ruochen to pinpoint his position if he had not made use of the Space Domain.

If Zhang Ruochen were to let Luo Shi off this time, Luo Shi would be even more cautious the next time he tried to ambush Zhang Ruochen. Then, Zhang Ruochen might not be so lucky.

Therefore, it was necessary for Zhang Ruochen to get rid of him while he was injured, so as to prevent further trouble.

The reason why Luo Shi was a top-notch killer was that he was fast in his movements and attacks. If he intended to flee for his life by wielding these skills, even a master who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm might not be able to catch up with him.

Luo Shi could successfully flee from a monk who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Zhang Ruochen would not be able to catch up with him using the Rolling Thunder Skill.

However, because Luo Shi had been severely wounded, somehow he was not able to optimize the mysterious skill of camouflage. So, Zhang Ruochen managed to follow closely behind him through his Spiritual Power.

Finally, Zhang Ruochen pursued him all the way until he came to a manor just at the outskirts of Cyan Cloud County. He stopped and took a look at the gate of the manor and decided he should not enter hastily.

He spotted some traces of blood on the floor. He lifted his eyes to see a horizontal board with the inscription, "Red Willow Heights."

The manor emanated a creepy atmosphere all around, and its inside was pitch-dark and exceptionally quiet. Not a shadow could be seen in it.

Large manors always have lots of defenses. He would be putting himself in danger by entering it.

Enter?

Or not to enter?

Two distinct powers, one cold and the other hot, emerged in his chest. They were like a block of ice and a burning flame below his layer of clothes.

“The Treasure Hunting Compass seemsto have detected something. Could the Holy Stone be within this manor?”

Zhang Ruochen took out the Treasure Hunting Compass and placed it on his palm. He saw one white and one black Qi current emerging from the center of the compass to form a Tai Chi print one meter in diameter. It rose above his palm and began to swirl around slowly.

The response of the Treasure Hunting Compass led Zhang Ruochen to believe that the Holy Stone was indeed within the grounds of this manor.

“Since I am already here, I will force my way in to have a look, even if it’s dangerous.”

Even though Zhang Ruochen knew that there would be ambush, his confidence was boosted by his capabilities, so he decided to barge in.

Mankind has always been naturally curious.

Zhang Ruochen put the Treasure Hunting Compass back into the Spacial Ring and started to ascend the stone steps. He reached the main door on top of the steps and pushed it open.

The door opened slowly, making a creaking sound.

There was not a single soul in the manor, only an eerie silence and stillness.

A mist surrounded the trees, houses, grounds, and pavilion. The whole manor looked as if it had been abandoned for a long time.

Zhang Ruochen abruptly stopped in his tracks, and he said with a smile, “This level of sorcery can deceive my Sky Eye. It’s useless.”

“A Master of Spiritual Power indeed. This is interesting.”

The seductive voice of a woman rang in the air.

The scene Zhang Ruochen had just witnesses was entirely an illusion.

Once the sorcery was removed, the mist in the air dispersed, and the manor returned to its original appearance.

The manor was brightly lit.

Surrounding Zhang Ruochen were numerous Evil Warriors, wearing sinister smiles on their faces and carrying Genuine Martial Arms.

Two hundred men in black stood further away. They were all wearing armor and carrying bows and arrows. In fact, they had all drawn their bows back and pointed their arrows at Zhang Ruochen. If they just relaxed their fingers, they would release numerous arrows.

There were a dozen of the Fish-Dragon Realm monks among them.

The combined power of having so many superiors gathered at one manor was comparable to having the capabilities of an entire level four Suzerain.

However, Zhang Ruochen appeared unflappable. He surveyed his surroundings and fixed his gaze on Luo Shi, who had tried to escape a while ago.

At this moment, Luo Shi was standing on higher ground. His eyes sparkled, and he was holding on to the hilt of his sword for support.

From the sight of it, he was definitely badly wounded from the earlier battle. Furthermore, he had been pursued by Zhang Ruochen and missed the crucial moment to nurse his wounds. As a result, his injuries were made worse.

Another master stood beside Luo Shi.

This man was Ji Gui. He looked to be in his thirties, and he was the disciple of a Half-Saint of the Black Market.

Ji Gui was trying to size Zhang Ruochen up. He smiled coldly and said, "Luo Shi, is this the man who beat you up so badly that you had to flee?"

Luo Shi said coldly, "Don't you underestimate him, Gui Ji. His Spiritual Power has likely reached the forty-fourth level."

"Forty-fourth level in Spiritual Power? How is that possible?"

Ji Gui's expression became serious, and he decided not to underestimate Zhang Ruochen.

If he had reached the forty-fourth level of Spiritual Power and also practised the level four spells, apart from Half-Saints, he would only be a level lower than a Saintly Being who had reached the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. In that case, who would dare to underestimate him?

Ji Gui did not believe Luo Shi's words. If this masked man standing before him were a Master of Spiritual Power who had reached forty-fourth level, how had it been possible for Luo Shi to successfully flee to Red Willow Heights?

Ji Gui bowed slightly to the Red Wish Emissary, who was sitting on higher ground, and said, "Your Excellency, please allow me to test his abilities."

The Red Wish Emissary, who was sitting at the highest ground, was holding a two-meter long holy crystal staff. A red Holy Stone the size of a fist had been inlaid on the top of the staff.

The red Holy Stone emitted streams of Holy Qi which surrounded the staff, adding to its mystery.

The Red Wish Emissary was a very attractive lady. As she sat there casually, the evil warriors at the scene were seduced by her beauty. They were all ready to lay down their lives for her.

Who would not want to impress such a beauty?

What's more, this beauty was the high and mighty Red Wish Emissary.

Zhang Ruochen was the exception. He fixed his gaze on the red Holy Stone inlaid on the holy crystal staff and thought to himself, "If the red Holy Stone on the holy staff were to be divided, it could be split into three Holy Stones. The aura detected by the Treasure Hunting Compass must have come from it."

Zhang Ruochen could tell from the look of the Red Wish Emissary's staff that it was a remarkable Psychic Staff.

Only a Master of Spiritual Power would be able to operate a Psychic Staff.

A Master of Spiritual Power with an instrument in his hand and one without an instrument in his hand were two totally different concepts.

A Master of Spiritual Power who utilized an instrument could increase the speed at which Spiritual Power was condensed, elevate the power of a spell, and enhance the capabilities of the Master.

In terms of natural talent, the Red Wish Emissary was considered mediocre among the Seven Star Emissaries. However, the Spiritual Power of the other six Star Emissaries combined was nowhere near hers.

She had practiced Martial Arts because a monk needed to attain a Spiritual Power level of forty before he possessed the power to attack. He was only slightly stronger than a layman.

After breaking through the fortieth level, she began to specialize in Spiritual Power and sorcery. Although occasionally she would still practice Martial Arts.

Presently, she had reached the forty-second level of Spiritual Power, and she was just a step away from the forty-third level.

Just recently, Phantom Saint had bestowed her with a Half-Saint grade holy staff. With her current capability, she might be able to stand up to Di Yi in a confrontation.

The Red Wish Emissary gently lifted her slender legs. She said, "Be careful, Ji Gui. He can see through my illusion. If his Spiritual Power has not reached the forty-fourth level, it must be at the peak of the forty-third."

"Be at ease, Emissary. Red Willow Heights is within our jurisdiction. What can he do, even if he is powerful?" Ji Gui said with a laugh.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was still staring at the holy crystal staff in the Red Wish Emissary's hand, and an amused expression broke out on his face. He wished he could have in his possession something like the Psychic Staff.

Zhang Ruochen thought in his heart, “If the Red Wish Emissary’s holy crystal staff were to be auctioned, it would fetch a price of one billion Spiritual Crystals. If I owned a holy crystal staff, it would boost my abilities to a much higher level.”

However, it was not Zhang Ruochen’s intention to take the Red Wish Emissary’s holy crystal staff by force.

It was, after all, extremely valuable. Zhang Ruochen would have alarmed the Red Wish Emissary’s protector had he snatched it away.

The Red Wish Emissary had already attained the level of capability to fight for the position of the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall with Di Yi. In this light, her protector was likely someone of the Half-Saint Class.

If it were just some minor conflict, the Half-Saint might not be bothered to intervene, even if dozens of Evil Warriors died.

However, the Half-Saint would definitely appear if Zhang Ruochen snatched the holy crystal staff away.

Although Zhang Ruochen was not afraid of a Half-Saint, he did not wish to offend one over a holy crystal staff.

When Ji Gui saw the spellbound and thrilled expression in his eyes, he thought Zhang Ruochen was enchanted by the Red Wish Emissary’s beauty. A feeling of disdain arose in Ji Gui’s heart.

A toad lusting after a swan’s flesh. How could he covet Her Excellency, the Red Wish Emissary?

Ji Gui descended the stairway to walk up to Zhang Ruochen. He hissed, “How audacious of you to come after the life of our man from the Black Market.”

“He wanted to kill me. Why can’t I return the favor?”

“It is perfectly justifiable for the Black Market to murder and kill. On the contrary, you better weigh yourself before thinking of killing someone from the Black Market. Take off your mask and let me see who you are, exactly.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, “It’s not for you to know who I am.”

“Hmph! What an arrogant fellow!”

Ji Gui was outraged and he reflexively clenched his fists. He was, after all, the disciple of a Half-Saint, and he had reached the cultivation level of the Seventh Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm. Not even people within the Black Market Excellence Hall dared to disrespect him.

Chapter 595 - A Heart of Cherishing Genius

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“In that case, bring it on and show me what you’ve got. I want to see how strong you are.”

With his right hand, Ji Gui drew a two-foot-long crescent moon-shaped dagger from his waist armor.

With a sword light flashing past, a stream of cold air flew out of the sword blade and pushed toward Zhang Ruochen.

“Swoosh!”

Amidst the cold air, hundreds of streaks of knife energy condensed into a hideous beast, making thunderous roars.

Ji Gui’s broadsword technique was an inferior class technique of the Ghost Level, “Hundred Beasts Knife Technique.”

“Hundred Beasts Knife Technique” consisted of 100 movements.

One movement of broadsword technique required refining the soul of a mighty beast and integrating it into the Martial Soul, before combining it into the broadsword technique in the end.

Even among the inferior class martial techniques of the Ghost Level, there were more superior ones.

Apparently, “Hundred Beasts Knife Technique” was top amongst other techniques inferior class of the Ghost Level. It was somewhat difficult to practice, but the power it sent out was formidable.

Only by using “Hundred Beasts Knife Technique,” Ji Gui was qualified to challenge a Monk with a cultivation of Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon realm.

What Ji Gui had employed just now was the swiftest move in “Hundred Beasts Knife Technique” called “Flying Leopard Predator.”

When a Master of Spiritual Power and a warrior are at the same realm, although the former was stronger in terms of overall strength, the warrior would gain the upper hand if he is no more than 100 feet away from the Master of Spiritual Power.

Right now, Ji Gui was no more than 100 feet away from Zhang Ruochen.

The hideous beast head in the turbulent knife energy howled before rushing toward Zhang Ruochen, leaving thick trails of axe marks behind it.

In a quick response, Zhang Ruochen used “Rolling Thunder Skill” to quickly avoid it.

“Boom!”

The surging knife energy shot toward the sky and then veered onto an array of light screen. All the knife energy immediately dispersed into wisps of cold mist.

“Excellent broadsword technique and fairly quick movement, the only thing you need to improve on is strength,” Zhang Ruochen said.

“You are just a Master of Spiritual Power. How could you possibly get the hang of “Hundred Beasts Knife Technique? Believe it or not, I can cut off your head in less than ten moves.”

“No way.”

“Dancing Dragon and Serpent.”

Ji Gui sneered back and then used a more powerful “Hundred Beasts Knife Technique” movement. The crescent moon-shaped sword in his hand glowed in an arc, ushering in a whirring wind.

Ji Gui was flanked by illusory images of a 100-foot-long dragon and a serpent surrounded by knife energy. As Ji Gui charged at Zhang Ruochen, the illusory images of dragon and serpent followed suit, making an incredible spectacle of dragon and serpent dancing together.

“”Hundred Beasts Knife Technique” really deserves its reputation.”

“I did not expect Ji Gui’s cultivation to be so profound.”

“Ji Gui has refined 100 beast souls into his body and has also been feeding on the blood of savage beasts ever since he was a child. He eats the flesh and bones of a savage beast each day. I guess he might be able to fight by skipping realms.”

“It’s impossible. The Eighth Change is a far jump from the Seventh Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. How could that be possible?”

All the Evil Warriors turned nasty and quickly retreated.

Had it not been for the array in the Red Willow Heights being put in complete use, the knife energy brought by “Dancing Dragon and Serpent” should have been powerful enough to match the Red Willow Heights.

“This man is much stronger than Luo Shi.”

As a matter of fact, Luo Shi was strong too. If he had not been overconfident about his skills of hiding himself, Zhang Ruozhen would not have been able to hurt him by only using Spiritual Power.

Since Ji Gui is stronger than Luo Shi, he could put even more pressure on Zhang Ruochen to force him back. The situation was a little to his disadvantage.

Zhang Ruochen launched four consecutive Level One Magic Arts moves before he could finally break Ji Gui’s broadsword technique.

The Red Wish Emissary was sitting on top and was watching with disbelief in her beautiful eyes. “Considering that his Spiritual Power has reached 44th level, why is he only using

Level One Magic Arts? If he used second-level and third-level magic arts, he could've defeated Ji Gui.

Luo Shi had his eyes glued to Zhang Ruochen's legs, realizing that his footwork was rather agile, he said, "This man must have practiced the Martial Arts, and his martial cultivation must have been very extensive."

The Red Wish Emissary stroked her chin and beamed a charming smile while saying, "Interesting! Has your injury been repressed?"

"After taking the healing pills granted by Your Excellency, I now have no serious problems with the injury. I am here at Your Excellency's service." Luo Shi said.

The Red Wish Emissary replied, "In that case, go lend a hand to Ji Gui. I hope that you, with your strong power, can help him fight back with all his force. I wonder how much power might a Master of Spiritual Power bring about when using the second-level magic arts?"

"Yes, Your Excellency!"

Shortly after taking the order, Luo Shi started flying in the air and joined in the battle.

Luo Shi drew a Blood Tattoo Sword and attacked Zhang Ruochen from the side.

The Red Wish Emissary stared at Zhang Ruochen without blinking, finding him very familiar as if she had seen him somewhere before.

"If he is cornered to exert all his force, I might see some clues from his spells."

"There are very few Young Masters of Spiritual Power in the entire Eastern Region. Young people who can hone their Spiritual Power to the 44th level are even fewer. Who on earth are you?"

The Red Wish Emissary's snow-white chin rested on her delicate fingers, and her eyes squinted into an enchanting line.

Luo Shi was astoundingly quick in his attacks. His sword swung out as if it was a bolt of lightning in the sky.

“Swoosh!”

In a flash, the fierce winds sent sands flying about and pebbles hurling through the air in the Red Willow Heights, with the boundary between sword Qi and knife energy obscured. The trees were ground into pieces, the pavilion was ruined, and the pool was freezing into an ice cave.

Zhang Ruochen was alone. Battling with two masters at the same time was becoming strenuous for him. He had no choice but to defend himself.

“It is a pity that I haven’t had time to practice spells of superior level. Otherwise, the situation would have been much better right now. If this doesn’t work, I have to use the power of Martial Arts.”

Zhang Ruochen thought to himself.

Zhang Ruochen was better at Martial Arts than at Spiritual Power.

Those who reached the Fish-dragon Realm were all geniuses who were hand-picked from tens of thousands. Generally, in the Fish-dragon Realm, even a Saintly Being could only challenge his rival to a fight by skipping three realms.

Zhang Ruochen has cultivated his body into Treasured Body of Three Spirits that is comparable to a Saintly Being.

Moreover, he was able to get into the Ultimate Realm four times, making him four realms higher than the ordinary people.

Therefore, in theory, Zhang Ruochen was eligible for confronting his rivals by skipping seven realms.

By “in theory,” it meant that he could only skip seven realms at his strongest state.

Zhang Ruochen’s cultivation reached the Third Change in the Fish-dragon Realm not long ago. Even if his martial technique and Tao of the sword were used at their full capacity, he could only skip six realms at best.

If his cultivation reached the peak of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon realm and completed the practice of Sword One,

then he might have the chance to skip seven realms.

Even though he could only skip six realms, Zhang Ruochen, with the cultivation of the Third Change in the Fish-dragon realm, was capable of competing with ordinary Monks who had the cultivation of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

If Zhang Ruochen used Martial Arts, it wouldn't be a difficult task for him to defeat Luo Shi and Ji Gui.

However, if Zhang Ruochen uses his martial arts, news will spread, and he would arouse suspicion from people with ulterior motives over his true identity.

If his true identity was made public, it would put Sword Saint Xuanji in danger.

As a result, Zhang Ruochen had to refrain himself from using Martial Arts, thinking that he should not expose his power of Martial Arts unless he was cornered.

Luo Shi and Ji Gui were both top masters of Evil. Although they brought Zhang Ruochen on a losing ground, they could not defeat him easily.

The escalating battle between the three masters made on-lookers more agitated.

“For Zhang Ruochen to be able to fend off the attacks from master Luo Shi and Ji Gui at the same time, makes him notorious in the Eastern Evil Land.”

“Rising to fame while offending the Black Market? I'm afraid that the battle might be his last.”

The Evil Masters standing by all could see that the mysterious masked man was already at the end of his rope and could be killed anytime.

“Being in this situation right now, the man still does not show his spells of superior level. Has he ever practiced any spells of the superior level at all?”

A shadow of a doubt was cast on the heart of the Red Wish Emissary.

In this case, he could be a rogue cultivator who is strong in his Spiritual Power but weak at his spells of superior level.

As big powers monopolized spells of the superior level, such spells were inaccessible without influential background.

The corners of her mouth twitching, the Red Wish Emissary nursed the idea of coaching him while thinking.

“Di Yi has Cyan-robed Emissary, Blue Emissary, Purple Wind Emissary and other top masters on his side. But on my part, nobody can really stand up to the three emissaries mentioned above. Ji Gui and Luo Shi are nothing but mediocrities, and I can’t rely on them.”

“If I can take him in, he is bound to be one of my strongest warriors. He can ward off at least one emissary in my fight with Di Yi for the position of young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall someday.”

The Red Wish Emissary took a while to think through the idea but finally made up her mind.

However, instead of making any immediate move, she chose to wait a little longer. After all, it was not too late to win him over when Zhang Ruochen was cornered.

Another 15 minutes passed, and Zhang Ruochen was about to be killed under the successive attacks of the two evil masters.

The Red Wish emissary stood up and said in a bewitching voice, “If Your Excellency is willing to serve me, your feud with the Blood Cloud Sect can be written off altogether. I can also instruct you in the spells of superior level. Are you interested in my offer or not?”

He could only defend himself by using Level One Magic Arts even when he was in great danger.

The Red Wish Emissary made sure that the man had not practiced any spells of superior level and he was only a mere rogue cultivator.

As long as she taught him the spells of superior level, how could he not be grateful for her? In this way, he was bound to

follow her orders submissively and become her capable sidekick.

Before this moment, Zhang Ruochen had set his mind on using Martial Arts, but now, her words changed his mind.

Now that the battle could be ended without wasting his energy, why would he run the risks?

“The siren is very ambitious, and she has always had designs on Di Yi’s position as the young master. If I can take advantage of this, it will save me a lot of trouble to defeat Di Yi.”

At this point, Zhang Ruochen thought of a new plan.

Chapter 596 - A Greedy Man

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his spiritual power and hastily retreated. Then he looked at the Red Wish Emissary and asked, "Are you serious?"

The Red Wish Emissary was happy to see that the man was considering her offer. "Of course, I mean it."

Luo Shi and Ji Gui pursued Zhang Ruochen, showing no signs of stopping the attack.

Red Wish Emissary's eyes flickered with chilly light as she shouted. "Luo Shi and Ji Gui, you two stop."

Luo Shi and Ji Gui finally stopped and held back their assault.

Luo Shi kept his guard up and said in a cold voice, "Your Excellency, this man killed Fang Jie and Cao Ying. Therefore, he is the sworn enemy of the Blood Cloud Sect. We cannot let him go like this. I can have him beheaded if you would give me a few more seconds."

Ji Gui knew that the Red Wish Emissary appreciated the man for his talents. Fearing that the man would steal his thunder in front of the Red Wish Emissary, Ji Gui added, "The man's background is not clear and he is close to the Moon Worship Demonic Sect. We'd better dispose of him now."

The Red Wish Emissary retorted. "Do I need you two to tell me what I should do?"

Luo Shi and Ji Gui instantly kept their mouths shut, not daring to speak anymore.

The Red Wish Emissary looked back at Zhang Ruochen and smiled charmingly. "Have you decided to submit yourself to

me?”

“Can you really teach me superior level spells?”

Zhang Ruochen pretended to be keenly interested in the superior level spells.

The Red Wish Emissary smiled inwardly. “My Master is a Phantom Saint. Spells of a superior level are just a matter of asking.”

Zhang Ruochen pondered for a while before replying. “All right! In that case, I can work for you for the time being. But I have conditions.”

Ji Gui snorted in contempt. “How dare you bargain with Her Excellency? I can tear you apart right away.”

The Red Wish Emissary glared at Ji Gui in anger and then looked mildly at Zhang Ruochen. She asked, “What are your conditions?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “First of all, I will work for you, but I am not your servant.”

“That goes without saying. With your cultivation, you should be treated as you like. From now on, you don’t have to kneel down in salute to me.” Red Wish Emissary replied.

Zhang Ruochen continued speaking. “Second, you should provide me with all the resources I need for my cultivation, including Psychic Staff and superior level spells.”

“You are such a greedy man! I like it. All right, conditions accepted.” The Red Wish Emissary laughed.

The Red Wish Emissary preferred that Zhang Ruochen be greedy rather than the other way around.

If he was greedy enough, it would be easier to rein him in.

Zhang Ruochen said, “My name is Zhang Shengming. That’s all you need to know, and I hope you would not ask me anything else. I will tell you things when I find the time is ripe. If you can accept the above-mentioned three points, I will be your subordinate from now on, ready to do your bidding.”

Ji Gui and Luo Shi took a step forward, wanting to dissuade the Red Wish Emissary.

However, she had already set her mind on it and there was nothing they could do.

The Red Wish Emissary agreed. "All right, I accept your conditions. Beginning today, you are one of us. Any previous discord is written off. Whoever fans the flames will be given an unforgettable lesson."

The Red Wish Emissary pointedly looked at Ji Gui and Luo Shi.

"Since the night is closing in, we should adjourn. Yaoyao, you lead Mr. Zhang to his chamber for some rest."

A pretty maid in white came up from behind Red Wish Emissary and went to his side. She gave Zhang Ruochen a composed salute and then said in a gentle voice, "Mr. Zhang, please follow me."

Nodding his head, Zhang Ruochen followed the maid called Yaoyao. She led him out of the array toward his chamber.

As soon as Zhang Ruochen was out of sight, Ji Gui stepped forward with a chill in his eyes. "Your Excellency, we do not know where he came from, therefore we should not think highly of him."

The Red Wish Emissary gave him a hard look and said, "Of course, I will not think highly of him now. I need to observe him for some time. In this period you are in charge of checking out his details."

Ji Gui smiled grimly and said, "Your Excellency, I assure you that it will not take a long time to delve into his identity with the help of the intelligence network of our Black Market. If he is an operative of the Earth Temple, there will be no need for us to treat him with courtesy. With the backing of the Red Willow Heights, we are in a position to tear him to pieces."

The Red Wish Emissary nodded her approval and said, "Go ahead and do your job."

After Ji Gui took his leave, the Red Wish Emissary looked at Luo Shi and said, “Luo Shi, send Master Xu a message saying that I will keep Zhang Shengming alive for the time being. As for the death of Fang Jie and Cao Ying, I will make amends with the Blood Cloud Sect with something else.”

“Since Her Excellency has everything at her fingertips, I shall say no more.”

Luo Shi retreated and went to send the message to the Blood Cloud Sect.

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When they arrived at the chamber, the maid Yaoyao gave Zhang Ruochen a provocative smile. “Mr.Zhang, do you need me to serve you in bed?”

Yaoyao knew that by sending her over here, the Red Wish Emissary was actually asking her to seduce Zhang Ruochen with her beauty and then take the opportunity to strip off his mask.

The maid was endowed with a beautiful face and a sexy figure. Though much less attractive than the Red Wish Emissary, she may also be considered a rarity.

At first glance, Yaoyao appeared to have a low status, being a servant girl of the Red Wish Emissary. In reality, she was the disciple of a Half-Saint in the Black Market. Not only was she good at flirting with men but her cultivation had also reached the Sixth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

The fact that she was sent by the Red Wish Emissary to seduce Zhang Ruochen emphasized the man’s importance.

“Serve me on bed?”

Zhang Ruochen glanced at Yaoyao and shook his head. “No, you go back and tell Her Excellency not to use a honey trap on me. It will not serve its purpose unless she does it herself.”

He then entered the room, slamming the door shut.

It was the first time that Yaoyao had been rejected by a man. Gritting her teeth, she snorted coldly and turned away.

Beneath the Red Willow Heights, there stood a black altar. Hanging on the walls around the altar was a picture of Saint Intention.

The Red Wish Emissary sat cross-legged on the altar. She was looking at the picture of Saint Intention while practicing her spiritual power. Seeing Yaoyao come in, she withdrew her spiritual power and put off practicing it.

“Your Excellency, Junior Uncle Master.” Yaoyao bowed to the Red Wish Emissary.

The Red Wish Emissary stared at Yaoyao in surprise and then smiled. “You’ve come back so quickly? I guess you failed to seduce him. How is that possible?”

Yaoyao angrily said, “He barely even looked at me. I’ve begun to doubt whether he is a man or not. And he has a message for Your Excellency.”

“What?”

“He said that if you want to seduce him with beauty, you have to do it yourself. Otherwise, it won’t work.”

The message gave the Red Wish Emissary a slight jolt. She smiled and said, “This man is more than greedy. You may take your leave.”

After Yaoyao left, the Red Wish Emissary shook her head with a smile on her face before continuing to practice her spiritual power. She wanted to reach the 43rd level as soon as possible.

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Inside the chamber, Zhang Ruochen summoned the Greedy Rabbit from the Scroll World and told it, “If someone comes for me, remember to tell me immediately. If someone breaks into the room, kill them all.”

The Greedy Rabbit nodded and replied, “Master Chen, as long as I am here, I will swallow anyone who dares to barge into the room.”

As it spoke, its mouth opened as wide as a washbasin and then closed again.

“Well then...”

After everything was set in order, Zhang Ruochen opened the gate to Space and entered the Scroll World.

The Greedy Rabbit was left to keep guard over the “Yin Yang Wooden Graph”. It shrank into a small white rabbit the size of a palm, radiating a hazy white sheen all over its body. Curled on the table, the small rabbit sometimes looked up, sometimes looked around on full alert.

After all, it was the sphere of influence of the Black Market and Zhang Ruochen had to be cautious. It would not be easy for ordinary people to burst into Zhang Ruochen’s room when it was guarded by the Greedy Rabbit with its current strength.

“Test the power of the refining warrior first.”

Once inside the Scroll World, Zhang Ruochen took out a black iron ball, put it on his palm and started to inject his genuine Qi into it.

The upper half and the lower half of the iron ball began to rotate in opposite directions. A chink appeared in the middle of it. With a “crack”, an iron bracket stuck out from the chink.

In a moment, the black iron ball turned into three-meter-tall refining warrior.

Zhang Ruochen put a top Spiritual Crystal into the groove on its chest. The Spiritual Crystal began to spin around quickly, giving off puffs of Spiritual Qi that activated the inscriptions inside the refining warrior’s body.

“Swoosh!”

The refining warrior immediately came to life, a cyan fire burning in its eyes. It went down on one knee and said, “My Master.”

Zhang Ruochen, who was thinking about how to manipulate the refining warrior just now, was taken aback by its sudden action. He asked it, “Why do you call me Master?”

The refining warrior answered, “The War Saint has already imprinted your information in my Soul Sea.”

“The War Saint he’s referring to must be my elder brother, Qing Xiao.”

“But, what is the Soul Sea?”

Zhang Ruochen released his spiritual power to look carefully into the refining warrior. He found a ball of holy light on top of its head.

“The Soul Sea is a result of the chemistry between Saint Light and Inscription. What an excellent way to refine weapons!”

Zhang Ruochen drew back his spiritual power and said, “Stand up. Give me a punch and show me how strong you are.”

The refining warrior rose up and said, “Master, you might not be able to bear the blow of my punch with your current cultivation.”

Zhang Ruochen felt disgruntled. After all, he was already able to challenge some weaker Monks with the cultivation of the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm as long as he put all his power into full use.

“How could I not take a blow from a refining warrior?”

“In that case, how about you deploy ten percent of your power to give me a punch? I want to know how strong you are.”

Zhang Ruochen ordered.

Obedying the order, the refining warrior clenched its fist that was as large as a human head.

With a sudden lunge, the fist shot out.

Startled by the speed and power of the warrior’s fist. Zhang Ruochen began to doubt if it had really used only ten percent of its power.

Chapter 597 - Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

“Divine Dragon’s Robbery.”

Zhang Ruochen’s center of gravity dropped. He summoned his Genuine Qi and golden sparks flew from his fingers. With a fierce clap, he executed the Sixth Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

In a split second, a clapping noise came from his palm, and the shadow of a dragon flew out.

“Boom!”

The refining warrior stood unmoving, while Zhang Ruochen was sent flying back. He landed over 100 feet away, and then he took another 10 steps back before he managed to stabilize himself.

Zhang Ruochen felt a great pain in his right arm. If he had not already reached the “Bone Refining to Jade” realm, giving him boundless strength and very hard bones, his right arm may have been destroyed already.

“What strong power. It is even more powerful than the strength of a normal monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

Zhang Ruochen demonstrated Space Moving. In a flash, he jumped through space and appeared once again in front of the refining warrior.

With his hands behind his back, he sized up the giant steel humanoid in front of him with surprise.

It was just one refining warrior, yet it was already so terrifying. If one could create a army of refining warriors, how terrifying would that be?

However, the materials required to make a refining warrior were very special, and the inscriptions carved inside were also quite complex. It would not be an easy matter to create them.

Creating a single one would probably use up a huge amount of resources.

The refining warrior said, “Just then, I only used 10% of my power. If I demonstrated all of my power, even a Saintly Being in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm would only be able to last three to five movements.”

Zhang Ruochen was slightly surprised, and he said, “A refining warrior can block a Saintly Being in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm?”

A Saintly Being in Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm was the most powerful warrior below a Half-Saint.

Just one of them could defeat dozens of monks in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Without a Half-Saint, no one could defeat them.

The internal conflict between the Red Wish Emissary and Di Yi was a good example of this. No matter how many people they brought to their side, the leaders of the Black Market could turn a blink eye.

The only thing they could not tolerate was a Half-Saint getting involved.

Not only in the Black Market, but also in Kunlun’s Field, none of the battles of succession in the different factions allowed Half-Saints to interfere.

Thus, in a battle for succession, a Saintly Being in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, and Masters of Spiritual Power in the peak of the 44th level functioned like nuclear weapons. They could even determine victory or defeat in a battle for succession.

Why did the Red Wish Emissary do her best to curry favor from Zhang Ruochen?

It was because Zhang Ruochen was a Master of Spiritual Power at the 44th level. With just a bit of time, he could reach the peak of existence below that of a Half-Saint. Even if he could not stand against a Saintly Being in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, he could at least shake up an Emissary in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The refining warrior said, “The imperial court once did an experiment. Four refining warriors each held a Hundred-Inscription Weapon. They set a trap to kill a Saintly Being in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.”

“Four refining warriors? Don’t even think about it! Refining warriors are prohibited by the imperial court. For my elder brother to give me one is already against the law of the military. If he gave me four, even if my elder brother was a War Saint, he would probably still be punished,” Zhang Ruochen said and laughed.

Although the refining warrior could not stand against a Saintly Being in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm, it was the most powerful war weapon below a Saintly Being.

Suddenly, the flames in the eyes of the refining warrior suddenly went out, and it stopped moving completely.

“What happened?”

Zhang Ruochen looked closely, and he found that the Spiritual Crystal in the dent of the refining warrior’s chest had been used up.

“It used only 10% of its strength in a strike, yet it has burned through a first-rate Spiritual Crystal. It burns through resources too quickly. It seems like a Holy Stone is required to support a refining warrior through a fight.”

Zhang Ruochen only had one piece of Holy Stone, and he did not wish to use it.

Since he already had a rough gauge of the refining warrior’s strength, he did not need to use the Holy Stone to continue testing it.

Zhang Ruochen put the refining warrior away and said to himself, "The refining warrior only needs to use 10% of its power to leave me with light injuries. I will need to develop the Seventh Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm to be able to go head to head with it using 10% of its power."

Zhang Ruochen had already analyzed it, and the reason he lost to the refining warrior was not because his cultivation was not powerful enough. Rather, it was because his martial technique was not strong enough.

Right now, his Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm had only reached the sixth stage. This first-rate palm technique was only of the Superior Spiritual Stage.

If he could successfully achieve the Seventh Palm, he would be able to raise the class of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm to the Inferior Ghost Level. The power of the entire palm technique would also rise.

The Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was the foremost palm martial technique of the Thousand Buddhas Sect. Its power was incredible.

However, among the geniuses who practice Thousand Buddhas Sect, it was very rare for someone to be able to reach beyond the Seventh Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

One of the reasons was that to reach the Seventh Palm, a warrior's masculinity had to increase to ten times that of a normal person.

To reach the Eighth Palm, it needed to increase another tenfold.

And so, very few people since ancient times were able to develop the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm to the Tenth Palm.

600 years ago, a genius from the Thousand Buddhas Sect managed to achieve the 11th Palm.

Just as he reached the next level, he could no longer suppress the masculinity in his body. He spontaneously ignited, and he

almost died. Who knows what kind of evil magic he had to practice to suppress his masculinity and save his life.

After this, he became a traitor to the Thousand Buddhas Sect. He entered the dark side and titled himself the “Evil Monk of Death.”

For these reasons, even though the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was said to be the Thousand Buddhas Sect’s foremost palm technique, very few people practiced it. The difficulty of the practice was no deterrent, but the slightest carelessness could cause death.

“The Seventh Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm is called “Dragon and Elephant Furnace.” It is the dividing line in the entire set of palm techniques. Countless people have practiced for their whole lives and have not succeeded in learning the Seventh Palm. But, once it has been learned successfully, the masculinity in one’s body will increase tenfold and the power of the palm technique will reach a new height.”

Even with the lesson of the Evil Monk of Death before him, Zhang Ruochen did not feel a trace of fear. He began to practice the Seventh Palm without a second thought.

Just because the Evil Monk of Death could not do it, did not mean that Zhang Ruochen would not be able to do it.

To practice the Seventh Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, a warrior had to either go to a masculine place or a burning place. With the aid of the external environment, he could master the technique successfully.

The Scroll World did not have a masculine place, but it did have a burning place—the inside of the body of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu.

Even though the Cyan Fire Xuanwu had been dead for countless years, its body was still enveloped by flames like an eternal furnace.

Zhang Ruochen entered the abdomen of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu and sat down cross-legged. Closing his eyes, he began to recall the spell for the Seventh Palm. He chanted,

“With the body as a furnace and Yang Qi as the fire. The outside trains the shell, and the inside trains heaven and earth...”

To practice the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm was to gather masculinity in the body. When the palm technique was executed, the masculinity burned like a flame. In an instant, it burst out with incredible power.

Of course, it was dangerous to hold over 10 times the normal amount of masculinity in the body. If anything went wrong, the body may spontaneously ignite or even combust.

Following the spell, Zhang Ruochen performed the palm technique while he absorbed the surrounding fire.

Each time he struck, a part of the flame was turned into masculinity and stored within his body. Some was stored in his blood, some in his bones, and some in his organs.

After three entire days, the masculinity in Zhang Ruochen’s body finally reached a level 10 times that of a normal person.

Zhang Ruochen’s body had turned completely red, like a hot, human-shaped piece of metal. He radiated horrifying heat. Close observation suggested that his blood and flesh were burning.

Fortunately, Zhang Ruochen had practiced the Treasured Body of Three Spirits. The physical quality of his body was better than that of a Saintly Being, and he was able to endure the tenfold masculinity.

“Dragon and Elephant Furnace.”

Zhang Ruochen struck out ferociously toward a mountain in front of him.

An ear-piercing dragon and elephant roar rang out. At the same time, a giant hand flew through the air and crashed against the mountain.

“Boom!”

The mountain shook.

Immediately after, there was a loud crash. Part of the mountain had broken off in a landslide, leaving behind a giant handprint.

The rock around the handprint showed signs of melting. Some lava even dripped down.

“One strike was able to cause so much destruction over 1000 feet away. No wonder it is the Seventh Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.”

Zhang Ruochen looked at his palm. The smile on his face gradually disappeared, and instead he shook his head gently.

He had spent three days to condense 10 times extra masculinity into his body, but it had been used up in one strike.

The masculinity in his body returned to its usual level.

This showed that his palm technique practice had failed.

Zhang Ruochen was not disappointed at all. After all, even a failed palm technique had such great power. If he truly achieved the Seventh Palm, how powerful would the strike be?

Zhang Ruochen reentered the abdomen of the Cyan Fire Xuanwu and continued practicing.

The second time, Zhang Ruochen was able to condense masculinity much quicker. In only two days, he had already accumulated the necessary amount of masculinity.

However, just like last time, after one strike, his masculinity was like a deflated football.

It was another failure.

Failure.

Failure.

...

After failing five times in a row, Zhang Ruochen stopped to analyze and consider the reason for failure.

“When the Dragon and Elephant Furnace is successful, the masculinity within the body should be endless, and it

shouldn't be used up all at once. Perhaps I should form a cycle of masculinity within my body.”

Zhang Ruochen's eyes brightened. He had finally found the key to the problem. He had the wrong idea the first five times. He had been oversimplifying the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

Thus, he eagerly began his sixth practice. After two days, he had finally gathered the masculinity he needed.

Chapter 598 - An Emissary Meets An Emissary

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

This time, Zhang Ruchen did not immediately perform the palm technique. Rather, he withdrew the masculinity and guided it into his 36 Meridians.

When the masculinity entered, Zhang Ruchen's 36 Meridians became 36 fire dragons, spreading throughout his body.

The masculinity seemed to meld with his Genuine Qi, but its movement was also completely different from Genuine Qi.

Zhang Ruchen spent an entire 10 days before he made the masculinity complete a large circle of vital energy through his body. Afterward, part of the masculinity continued to flow through his Meridians, while part of it dissipated into his flesh and bones.

Just when Zhang Ruchen thought that he had succeeded, suddenly, the masculinity in his Meridians gathered beneath his belly button and formed a Yang Qi vortex.

He felt that there was a burning ball of fire in his lower abdomen.

Furthermore, the Yang Qi vortex beneath his belly button stabilized and connected all the Meridians in his body, creating a miraculous cycle.

Even Zhang Ruchen felt that it was miraculous, and he said to himself, "Unbelievable! I have accidentally formed the shape of a mysterious embryo."

The mysterious embryo was a second Qi Sea.

According to the records in the “Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean,” only when the fifth level of the “Devil-Taming Mysterious Fetus Heaven” was practiced to the highest realm could a mysterious embryo be formed.

Zhang Ruochen had not expected that practicing the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm would create a mysterious embryo.

“Perhaps there is some connection between the ‘Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean’ and the Thousand Buddhas Sect?”

He refused to believe that it was a coincidence. The “Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean” had to have some connection with the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

He suspected that because he practiced the “Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Empyrean,” he was able to easily succeed in learning the Seventh Palm of the Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm.

Of course, presently, Zhang Ruochen had only practiced the Seventh Palm to a small success. If he wanted to really succeed, he still needed to spend a lot of time training the palm technique.

Only when he had reached a certain level of familiarity would the palm technique succeed.

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Below the Red Willow Heights, the Red Wish Emissary sat cross-legged in space. Wind blades flew all around her tender body. They spun endlessly and created a giant vortex.

At the same time, drops of water vapor condensed in the air and turned into raindrops before falling down.

In the space below the ground, with the Red Wish Emissary at the center, it had completely become a scene of crisscrossing wind and rain. Suddenly, with a boom, all of the wind blades and raindrops charged toward the center and entered the Red Wish Emissary’s body.

“My Spiritual Power has finally reached the forty-third level. At my current power, I only need to think to be able to call down wind and rain.”

The Red Wish Emissary flew down from the air and landed by the altar. A pleased smile appeared on her face.

Reaching the forty-third level in Spiritual Power at her age almost surpassed her teacher, the Phantom Saint, in his youth. If he knew about this, he would probably be very happy.

The Red Wish Emissary put away the Saint Intention Map then said, "Those waiting outside may come in now."

With a boom, the stone gate opened.

Ji Gui and Yaoyao walked in. Standing below the altar, they bowed toward the Red Wish Emissary and said in unison, "Greetings, Your Excellency."

Ji Gui spoke first. "Your Excellency, we have investigated Zhang Shengming's background. This person first appeared in Liyuan City below the Fallen-Gods Mountain Range. After entering the city, he contacted the heresy's branch in Liyuang City. It was also at that time that he killed Fang Jie and Cao Ying."

The Red Wish Emissary asked, "Why did he go to a branch of the heresy?"

Ji Gui hesitated but did not dare to hide anything. "To buy a Holy Stone."

The Red Wish Emissary nodded and said, "Continue."

"He left Liyuan City, and it was another three days before he appeared in Cyan Cloud County. He bought an old savage beast carriage. Then, he went to a heresy stronghold in the county town."

The Red Wish Emissary smiled and said, "He had probably gone to the heresy to exchange the Holy Stone. Thus, it seems that he does not belong to the heresy. Furthermore, he also does not belong to any major faction."

Ji Gui hurriedly asked, "Your Excellency, why do you say so?"

The Red Wish Emissary said, "If he truly had a powerful background, why would he have to go repeatedly to the heresy to make a trade?"

Ji Gui had feelings of enmity toward Zhang Ruochen. He said, "But before he went to Liyuan City, we couldn't find anything about him. This person is a man without a past."

"Without a past? Truly, a very interesting person."

The Red Wish Emissary's two slender fingers gently stroked her chin. Turning her gaze to Yaoyao, she asked, "Where has he gone these last few days?"

Yaoyao shook her head and said, "He has not stepped out of his home. He has not even left his own room."

The Red Wish Emissary was slightly confused. After thinking for a moment, she said, "Since it is so, I will go personally to meet him. I want to see if he is truly a self-trained genius in Spiritual Power, or if he is purposely hiding his identity."

Walking out of the underground space, the Red Wish Emissary first went to bathe. Afterward, she changed into a long crimson dress. She draped a snow-white fox fur over the top of her body and tied a moon-white belt around her waist, with a purple sachet hanging from it.

The bottom half of the long dress left a long train, but it was very thin. Two pin-straight and slender legs could faintly be seen through the long dress, full of a hazy allure.

Arriving outside Zhang Ruochen's guest room, the Red Wish Emissary did not charge in at once. Rather, she sent Yaoyao to knock.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen opened the door and walked out, still wearing the metal mask.

He stood on the steps and looked at the Red Wish Emissary in the distance. He could not help but feel surprised.

She was quite the siren. She was indeed very beautiful, and furthermore, she knew how to make herself more beautiful and attractive.

Whether she was evil or cunning, at least looking at her was a delight. Her looks did not repel or disgust.

What Zhang Ruochen did not know was that when the Red Wish Emissary saw him, she was also slightly surprised.

She could clearly feel the powerful masculinity in Zhang Ruochen's body. It was like a ball of fire, and it attracted her greatly.

It affected not only the Red Wish Emissary. Yaoyao, standing beside Zhang Ruochen, felt it even more clearly. It made her feel like a moth drawn to a flame, wanting to leap toward Zhang Ruochen without regard for anything else.

Masculinity has always been very alluring to women.

Zhang Ruochen said, "Congratulations, Your Excellency."

The Red Wish Emissary walked toward Zhang Ruochen, drawing closer with each step. She smiled and asked, "Congratulations for what?"

"Congratulations, Emissary, on breaking into the forty-third level in your Spiritual Powers," Zhang Ruochen said.

The Red Wish Emissary nodded and asked probingly, "Have you been practicing some kind of Martial Arts exercises?"

Zhang Ruochen knew that it had to be the masculinity in his body. He had not yet reached a realm where he could draw it back and release it at will, thus she had sensed it.

Zhang Ruochen did not panic and said, "I am only practicing some basic Martial Arts, nothing amazing. Us monks of Spiritual Power mostly train our Spiritual Power. Practicing Martial Arts is only to strengthen our body, nothing more."

The Red Wish Emissary did not suspect anything, because she did not believe that anyone could be like her, practicing both Martial Arts and Spiritual Power to a very high realm.

Even with her talent, she was unable to do both at the same time. She could only choose to mostly cultivate Spiritual Power and put Martial Arts second.

The Red Wish Emissary took out a book woven from gold threads and smiled. "Take it and have a look."

Zhang Ruochen looked confused. He accepted the book. Flipping through it, he was immediately drawn by the contents of the book.

A moment later, Zhang Ruochen raised his head and glanced at the Red Wish Emissary. “Second-level magic arts?”

The Red Wish Emissary laughed. “Correct. If I am not wrong, you can control the power of thunder. So, I helped you find two second-level magic arts books on thunder. How about it? I keep my word, right?”

Zhang Ruochen had once read through the Sacred Central Empire’s “Codex of Spiritual Power,” and he had memorized many Advanced Stage spells. Two second-level magic arts books were not interesting to him at all.

However, his identity was not the same right now. Of course, he had to pretend to be startled by this show of favor, and he quickly bowed toward the Red Wish Emissary. “Many thanks for your gift.”

“No need for such niceties.”

The Red Wish Emissary laughed secretly in her heart. “If only two second-level magic arts have made you so happy, would you listen to me obediently in the future if I had given you a third-level spell?”

Zhang Ruochen looked eager and said, “If Your Excellency has no other orders, then I would like to seclude myself to practice the second-level magic arts.”

“Go on!”

The Red Wish Emissary watched as Zhang Ruochen went back into the guest room, the smile gradually disappearing from her face.

Walking out of the courtyard, Yaoyao immediately asked, “Junior Aunt Master, why are you giving him superior level spells right now. Aren’t you afraid that after he has received the spells, he will turn against you?”

The Red Wish Emissary laughed, “It is only two second-level magic arts, it is nothing. If one wishes to buy another person’s heart, one has to give him a taste of sweetness.”

At this moment, an Evil Warrior enveloped in a long black robe walked over quickly. Taking a knee in front of the Red

Wish Emissary, he said, “Reporting, Red Wish Emissary. The Serene Blue Emissary has arrived at Red Willow Heights.”

The smile on the Red Wish Emissary’s face disappeared completely, and it was replaced with an icy aura. Darkly, she said, “What is he doing in Red Willow Heights?”

The Serene Blue Emissary was Di Yi’s man, so nothing good could come from his arrival in Cyan Cloud County. Of course the Red Wish Emissary was not happy.

A cold voice came from a distance. “What? Does the Red Wish Emissary not welcome me?”

The Serene Blue Emissary carried a huge deep blue sword on his back, and he had his hands behind his back. Strolling leisurely, he walked in from outside. On his face was a maniacal expression, and even when he looked toward the Red Wish Emissary, he wore a disdainful look.

If the Seven Star Emissaries were ranked by age, the Serene Blue Emissary would be second while the Red Wish Emissary would be last.

In front of the Red Wish Emissary, the Serene Blue Emissary naturally had an air of condescension.

The Serene Blue Emissary’s mood made the Red Wish Emissary very unhappy. In a cold voice, she said, “Who allowed you to charge into the Red Willow Heights without my orders?”

The Serene Blue Emissary’s gaze was very disdainful. Glancing at the Evil Warriors around him, he said cynically, “These random people you have accepted are no more than a mob. Do you think they could stop me?”

Anger appeared on the faces of Ji Gui, Luo Shi, Yaoyao... and other the other Evil Warriors present, but no one dared to act.

What a joke. Regardless of the Serene Blue Emissary’s fighting strength, his status made him someone that these people could not offend. Even the Red Wish Emissary was subdued by him.

Chapter 599 - Overbearing

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

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Serene Blue Emissary stared contemptuously at Red Wish Emissary as if she was a little girl. He said, "From now on, I will take over all matters concerning God Failing Mansion. You may return to Evil Emperor City!"

"Why?" Red Wish Emissary asked coldly.

Serene Blue Emissary took two steps forward and a powerful wave of Martial Arts exploded from his body and pressed ahead, pushing back all the Evil Warriors who were present.

He kept walking until he reached Red Wish Emissary. Only then did he stop and say, "This is the order of the young master. Perhaps, you no longer obey the young master's orders?"

It was Di Yi's order.

An inauspicious feeling grew in Red Wish Emissary's heart. Could Di Yi have sensed her ambition and was preparing to deal with her?

The battle in the East Region Saint City had caused a series of massive events.

The most direct impact was that the branch of the Black Market that was once hidden in the Eastern Holy Land had become targeted by both the imperial court and the Martial Market Bank. This caused it to retreat to the Eastern Evil Land immediately.

The upper echelons of the Black Market had decided that the warriors from the Black Market in the Eastern Evil Land

would all be settled in the 18 counties of the God Failing Mansion.

Cyan Cloud County, which was closest to the Fallen-gods Mountain Range by the edge of the God Failing Mansion, was the most important of them all.

This meant that whoever controlled Cyan Cloud County also controlled the warriors of the Black Market who had returned to the Eastern Evil Land.

Red Wish Emissary had jostled for this opportunity with difficulty. She had been the first to reach Cyan Cloud County to handle the planning and organization, how could she offer up such a succulent piece of meat to Serene Blue Emissary just because of one word from Di Yi?

However, her wings were not yet fully grown, and she could not afford to clash head-on with Di Yi.

If she did not respect Di Yi's order and continued to stay in Cyan Cloud County, Di Yi would certainly deal with her swiftly to prevent problems in the future.

What could she do?

Red Wish Emissary had to appease Serene Blue Emissary and then do her best to stall for time. Only then could she start thinking about her next move.

When night fell, Red Wish Emissary gathered her most powerful confidants to come up with a solution.

However, how could these Evil Warriors dare to offend Di Yi?

All of them suggested that Red Wish Emissary not clash with Di Yi so as not to anger him. In the end, it boiled down to the advice that she should act cautiously. First she had to endure, then endure, and in the end, still endure.

When the Evil Warriors left, Red Wish Emissary angrily threw a wine jug. Her eyes glittered with a cold light and she said, "Usually, each of them is more unreasonable than the last, and each one more arrogant than the other, but once they hear Di Yi's name, they all turn into cowards. Not one of them is useful."

Yaoyao was apprehensive as she hesitantly said, “Everyone knows Di Yi’s methods. Furthermore, Di Yi has a multitude of masters and talented people by his side. Even though he has lost Green-robed Emissary, Yellow God Emissary, and Orange Star Emissary, he still has three Emissaries. Any of the Emissaries could kill us all. Who would not be afraid?”

Red Wish Emissary glared at Yaoyao and an icy light shone in her eyes. “Even you think that I should go back to the Evil Emperor City with my tail between my legs? Obey all of Di Yi’s orders in the future without resistance?”

“Bang!”

Yaoyao’s heart jumped and her face became deathly white. She immediately fell to her knees.

She dared not say a single word.

It was obvious that she felt that Red Wish Emissary’s wisest course of action would be to return to Evil Emperor City. If she fought Di Yi right now, it would be like trying to crack a stone with an egg.

Red Wish Emissary looked at Yaoyao’s expression and was even more disappointed.

Her heart was very dissatisfied.

Coming to God Failing Mansion, planning and moving the Black Market’s power from the Eastern Holy Land—this was a chance for Red Wish Emissary to make allies and increase her influence.

If she lost this opportunity, how could she stand against Di Yi in the future?

Red Wish Emissary walked out of the main hall. Her emotions were very complicated. As she walked forward, she thought of ways to deal with this. Subconsciously, she walked toward Zhang Ruochen’s courtyard.

She stopped, glanced inside, and saw that the candle in the room was still lit.

Thus, she pushed open the courtyard door and walked in.

“Your Excellency, is there a reason for this late night visit?”

Zhang Ruochen’s voice rang out from inside the room.

Walking under the moonlight, Red Light Emissary was like a nighttime spirit. She walked until she reached the maple tree before stopping. Her voice carried a hint of tiredness. “There are matters that I wish to speak with you about.”

“Swoosh!”

The door of the guest room opened and Zhang Ruochen walked out in a long white robe, holding a pot of tea. He gently closed the door and walked toward Red Wish Emissary. “Your Excellency, please feel free to talk.”

The two of them sat across each other at a stone table in the courtyard. Their moods were very calm and they appeared particularly quiet. Around them, only the rustling of the wind could be heard.

A moment later, the Red Wish Emissary sat up straight. There was no fawning manner on her face and she appeared very classy, like a beauty that had walked out of a scroll. Her two crystal-like red lips opened slightly and she slowly said, “The young master has sent someone with an order for me to return to Evil Emperor City. We might need to leave Cyan Cloud County tomorrow.”

Zhang Ruochen observed Red Wish Emissary’s eyes closely and noticed something. “I seem to see some dissatisfaction in Her Excellency’s eyes. Does she not wish to return to Evil Emperor City?”

The Red Wish Emissary looked at Zhang Ruochen strangely and said, “Indeed, those who can become Masters of Spiritual Power are clever people.

“To be frank, I came to Cyan Cloud County to take over some warriors of the Black Market who have moved from the Eastern Holy Land to the Eastern Evil Land. Right now, I indeed do not wish to go back but the young master’s orders cannot be disobeyed. Do you have any idea that can help me stay in Cyan Cloud County?”

Red Wish Emissary was just saying things. She did not really think that Zhang Ruochen would be able to come up with a solution for her. After all, even she, with her intelligence, could not think of anything. Could he be any cleverer than her?

Zhang Ruochen thought for a moment and then picked up the teapot to refill Red Wish Emissary's cup. "It's actually not a difficult matter."

Red Wish Emissary's heart jumped. Her beautiful eyes immediately stared at Zhang Ruochen and she quickly asked, "You have a solution?"

He lightly said, "The most decisive method would be to kill the person who brought the order, then you can pretend to know nothing. This way, you will not have disobeyed the young master's order and you can continue staying in Cyan Cloud County. Is that not so?"

Red Wish Emissary smiled and her eyes dimmed. She couldn't help but shake her head.

Originally, she had hoped that Zhang Ruochen actually had some clever trick. She had not expected it to be such a bad idea.

However, Zhang Ruochen's guts were something she greatly appreciated. At least he hadn't been intimidated by Di Yi and Serene Blue Emissary's names.

Red Wish Emissary elegantly lifted her teacup and gently took a sip. "Perhaps you did not know. The person who brought the order was one of the Seven Star Emissaries, Serene Blue Emissary. He is not someone who is easy to kill."

It had to be said, no wonder Red Wish Emissary was a disciple of a Saint—when she was behaving enticingly she could knock someone head over heels; when she was being elegant, she was more noble, more refined, and more beautiful than a princess of an empire.

"I don't think so."

Zhang Ruochen's finger knocked gently on the table. "If Her Excellency wants to fight for the young master's position, now

is the best time to kill Serene Blue Emissary. Killing him would be like chopping off one of Di Yi's arms."

Red Wish Emissary's eyes turned cold. Raising a slender arm, she slapped her hand against the stone table and icily said, "You dare speak such treasonous words! Do you believe that I can kill you right now?"

However, Zhang Ruochen remained calm and said, "If Her Excellency does not wish to fight for the young master's position, then why is she unwilling to return to Evil Emperor City?"

Red Wish Emissary stared into Zhang Ruochen's eyes and saw his calm expression. Afterward, she drew back her murderous feeling and smiled. "You are indeed very clever. You're right, I do want the young master's position. However, your method will not work because I cannot kill Serene Blue Emissary at my current level."

Zhang Ruochen smiled and said, "I can give Your Excellency a hand."

"You?"

Red Wish Emissary shook her head and said, "You are indeed quite powerful, but Serene Blue Emissary's cultivation has already reached the peak of the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. Furthermore, he holds a Holy Weapon and several trump cards—enough to challenge a Monk in the Ninth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm.

"Although he is not a Saintly Being, he is not much weaker than a Saintly Being. Even if all the Monks in Red Willow Heights attacked together, they may still not be able to kill him. On the other hand, when you fought against Ji Gui and Luo Shi, you were already straining your power. How could you be a match for him?"

Zhang Ruochen said, "Times change."

Zhang Ruochen released his Spiritual Power. The Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi around them began to tremble violently and then turned into purple lightning. It gathered behind him and formed a giant God's Shadow of thunder.

“Crash! Crash!”

The God’s Shadow made of lightning was fierce and had glowering eyes. It held a thunderous hammer in its hand and was about 10 meters tall. Two horns grew out of its head and a horrifyingly powerful aura emanated from it.

Red Wish Emissary abruptly stood up and exclaimed with disbelief. “The Wrath of the Thunder God. You have already succeeded in practicing one of the second-level magic arts?”

The Wrath of the Thunder God was one of the two second-level magic arts that she had given him just today.

Red Wish Emissary’s expression changed slightly and she took a step back. She immediately summoned her Spiritual Power and adopted a defensive posture. She warily asked, “Who exactly are you?”

Red Wish Emissary was a Master of Spiritual Power. Naturally, she knew how difficult it was to practice a second-level magic art, so she did not believe that Zhang Ruochen would be able to successfully learn the Wrath of the Thunder God in half a day.

Even with her current forty-third level of Spiritual Power, it would still take at least half a month to successfully learn a second-level magic art.

“Your Excellency, why are you so nervous? Do you suspect that I have practiced second-level magic arts in the past?”

Zhang Ruochen won Red Wish Emissary’s trust and slowly abated his Spiritual Power. The God’s Shadow formed by lightning behind him also gradually dissipated until it completely disappeared.

The powerful aura also disappeared with it.

Chapter 600 - One Night

Translator:

Transn

Editor:

Transn

Sure enough, the Red Wish Emissary was rendered less alert, and she asked, “Can you manage to master the second-level magic art in half a day?”

“Why not?” Zhang Ruochen answered.

The Red Wish Emissary asked suspiciously, “How can you prove it?”

Zhang Ruochen was quite confident. He said, “Just give me one more night. I can manage to learn the other second-level magic art.”

The Red Wish Emissary gave Zhang Ruochen two second-level magic arts, “Wrath of the Thunder God” and “Lightning of Great Destruction.”

“Wrath of Thunder God” was not a rare second-level thunderbolt spell, and it had been recorded on many Codexes of Spiritual Power.

However, “Lightning of Great Destruction” was a much more powerful spell. It was a top-notch second-level thunderbolt spell.

Most importantly, the spell had been invented by a Master of Spiritual Power in the Black Market. Even Masters of Spiritual Power trained by the Black Market itself were mostly not adept at the spell, let alone Masters of Spiritual Power trained by other groups.

It was a safe bet that Zhang Ruochen had never practiced “Lightning of Great Destruction” before.

The Red Wish Emissary meticulously sized up Zhang Ruochen with a smile while seating herself by the stone table again. She said, "If you can manage to practice 'Lightning of Great Destruction' overnight, I can grant you a psychic device."

"If you say so. I might as well seclude myself for refining right now. Tomorrow morning, I will show Your Excellency 'Lightning of Great Destruction.'"

Zhang Ruochen rose up with confidence written all over his face and strode back into his chamber.

Of course, it would be impossible for Zhang Ruochen to acquire the second-level magic art overnight.

But, he owned the "Yin Yang Wooden Graph." One night in the external world equaled several days in the Scroll World, giving Zhang Ruochen ten times the practice time.

Also, his spiritual power was level 44, one level higher than that of the Red Wish Emissary. Presumably, it would take Zhang Ruochen much less time to practice the second-level magic arts.

One night was more than enough for him to practice "Lightning of Great Destruction."

The Red Wish Emissary, of course, did not believe that Zhang Ruochen could manage to learn it in one night.

However, what if he made it?

The Red Wish Emissary involuntarily started to wonder about what Zhang Ruochen had said before.

If she wanted to stay in Cyan Cloud County, the Serene Blue Emissary had to be killed to remove one of Di Yi's capable sidekicks.

"Can this method work out?"

The Red Wish Emissary closed her eyes, considering all of the possibilities.

For instance, she had to gather manpower to deal with the Serene Blue Emissary's guards if she wanted to kill her.

Then, after the Serene Blue Emissary was killed, who should be framed for it? The Yin and Ying Sect? The Heresy?

Third, could she and Zhang Shengming kill the Serene Blue Emissary on their own?

Fourth, after they killed the Serene Blue Emissary, would Di Yi come to the Cyan Cloud County himself? Could she bear Di Yi's revenge with her current power?

Assassinating the Serene Blue Emissary was of vital importance, therefore everything needed to set in perfect order beforehand. Otherwise, a minor mistake would bring unimaginable consequences.

She kept thinking it over all night until dawn broke. When she opened her eyes, her pupils were burning with a sharp, murderous feeling.

The Red Wish Emissary had already made up her mind. No matter what happened, she had to take her chances. She could not sit doing nothing until misfortune came for her.

When the door squeaked open, Zhang Ruochen came out.

He saw the Red Wish Emissary still seated by the stone stable and smiled. "Did you stay here the whole night?"

The Red Wish Emissary flipped away the dewdrops on her sleeves. She smiled. "I was worried that you might run away, so I thought I'd better keep watch."

"You are such a joker. I have already managed to practice 'Lightning of Great Destruction.' Why would I want to flee?" Zhang Ruochen asked.

The Red Wish Emissary looked deeply at Zhang Ruochen, who believed deeply in himself. He did not seem to be bragging, so she could not help but get excited at the prospect.

She said, "All right, come with me. I want to see with my own eyes if you really learned it."

The Red Wish Emissary stood up and led Zhang Ruochen toward a hall. After entering a stone gate, they climbed down a stone ladder stretching underground. They passed through the

defenses, and finally, they arrived in the space beneath Red Willow Heights.

In this pitch-dark space, cold and serenity reigned supreme and only the footsteps of Zhang Ruochen and Red Wish Emissary could be heard.

If they released spiritual power, they would strongly perceive the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi nearby.

In the darkness, Zhang Ruochen said, “Your Excellency might be too careless. If I harbored evil thoughts against you and took any actions here, Your Excellency, with your current power, you would be no match for me.”

The Red Wish Emissary remained silent. She stopped walking and lifted her hands, pushing her Genuine Qi out.

“Swoosh!”

Basked in Genuine Qi, the Spiritual Crystals on all the walls twinkled and sparkled. The whole room was immediately lit up.

In the center of the space stood a colossal black altar. The edge of the altar, the ground, and the stone walls were all heavily carved with inscriptions. Some of them even extended deeply to connect with the others.

The Red Wish Emissary turned around and stared at Zhang Ruochen. She smiled. “Where you are standing now is the hub of the 147 defensive spells in Red Willow Heights. A mere thought of mine can activate all of them. If you really wanted to hurt me, I could turn you into a mass of dust.”

Zhang Ruochen wore the same expression. He said, “It turns out that Your Excellency brought me here to test me.”

“Is that all right? This shows that you are someone worthy of my trust.”

The Red Wish Emissary gave Zhang Ruochen a provocative look and then said, “You claim to have already managed to acquire the second-level spell ‘Lightning of Great Destruction.’ Show me.”

Zhang Ruochen did not hesitate. He lifted his arms and held his hands together to unleash all of his spiritual power.

“Lightning of Great Destruction.”

With a boom, tens of thousands of wisps of electricity formed, flowing around the whole underground cavern.

The light became increasingly stronger and more intense, as if it had turned into an ocean of electricity.

The defensive spells in the cavern had been activated, and they securely enveloped the power of the thunderbolts. If not, Red Willow Heights would have burned to the ground in no time if the power of the electric ocean ran its course.

The Red Wish Emissary could barely hide her inner astonishment. She thought to herself,

“He actually managed to acquire the second-level magic art ‘Lightning of Great Destruction’ in one night! What a genius!”

The Red Wish Emissary considered herself highly talented in practicing spiritual power, but she paled next to Zhang Ruochen.

Above all, he was a Master of Spiritual Power of the thunderbolt series.

Of all the kinds of Spiritual Power, the thunderbolt series had the strongest attack force.

On the battlefield, a Master of Spiritual Power of the thunderbolt series could unleash a force that would totally destroy a whole regiment.

What a windfall!

The Red Wish Emissary was instantly beside herself with excitement. She counted herself lucky enough to have met him and won him over before anyone else. Zhang Ruochen alone was more valuable than ten Monks with the cultivation of the Ninth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The Red Wish Emissary was secretly determined to keep Zhang Ruochen as her right-hand man at all costs.

After Zhang Ruochen withdrew his spiritual power, the electricity ocean in the cavern gradually dissipated.

BANG! BANG!

The Red Wish Emissary applauded and exclaimed in amazement. "Excellent, very excellent! Your talent in practicing spiritual power dwarfs mine."

The fact that she complemented his power over hers showed her deference to him.

The Red Wish Emissary presented Zhang Ruochen a purplish crystal ball the size of a fist. She said, "This psychic device is called a 'Thunder Pearl.' It can make your spell-casting three times quicker and ten times more powerful."

Zhang Ruochen reached out for the Thunder Pearl and feigned an expression of surprise. He asked, "It can make the power of spells ten times stronger?"

The Red Wish Emissary smiled, "Yes. I don't think I need to explain the importance of a psychic device to a Master of Spiritual Power. The 'Thunder Pearl' is just a top-level psychic device. A Half-Saint level psychic device is much stronger.

"However, Half-Saint psychic devices are not only expensive, but also rare, even rarer than Holy Weapons. You can not buy one without luck, even if you have many Spiritual Crystals."

Zhang Ruochen said, "How dare I expect to have a Half-Saint psychic device? The 'Thunder Pearl' alone can improve my power greatly. With even a level-one magic art, I could easily defeat Ji Gui and Luo Shi."

The Red Wish Emissary sneered. "Lord Zhang is a Master of Spiritual Power in the 44th level. How noble! How can you compare yourself with them?"

Zhang Ruochen looked at the altar and then at the array inscription nearby. He said, "In fact, I am curious. The defensive spells of Red Willow Heights can kill the Serene Blue Emissary. Why does Your Excellency hesitate?"

The Red Wish Emissary turned grim. She said, “The Serene Blue Emissary has impressive influence. We cannot plan to kill him in Red Willow Heights. Otherwise, serious trouble will follow.”

Zhang Ruochen could see that the Red Wish Emissary had already been persuaded. Then he added, “We can lure him to somewhere else and set a trap there and have him killed. I believe that it would not be difficult for us to remove the Serene Blue Emissary with Your Excellency’s sorcery and my current power.”

Zhang Ruochen was trying, of course, to fan the flames for his plan.

Killing the Serene Blue Emissary would be like cutting off one of Di Yi’s arms, and it was sure to draw him to Cyan Cloud County.

If Zhang Ruo went to the Evil Emperor City and succeeded in killing Di Yi, it would difficult for him to escape.

Luring Di Yi to Cyan Cloud City and killing him there would be less risky and less difficult.

The Red Wish Emissary’s eyes wavered and her long eyelashes fluttered slightly. She said, “Are you really willing to take such risks and conspire with me against him?”

“As the old saying goes: man struggles upwards and water flows downwards. Who is willing to bow down to others forever? All I want is that if Your Excellency becomes the young master of the Black Market Excellence Hall someday, she can assign me the post of Emissary.” Zhang Ruochen smiled.

The Red Wish Emissary tilted her slender body and gave a faint smile. “Of all the people around me, only you have the audacity to act like a man. I can reassure you that I will save the post of Emissary for you if I become the young master one day. However, killing the Serene Blue Emissary is not something to underestimate. We need to make a plan.”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Seeing that you have such drive, I am sure I have chosen the right master.”

Afterwards, Zhang Ruochen and the Red Wish Emissary started to plan in the underground cavern.