

God Emperor 571

### **Chapter 571: Fighting Over One Woman**

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**

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 Qianfan.

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 commandery. 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 commandery, 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**

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 Kylin 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?"

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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**

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**

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**

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 Ruo Chen 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 to 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**

“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**

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**

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**

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 Ruo Chen 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!"