

God Emperor 581

Chapter 581: Wan Zhaoyi From the Nine States of the Central Region

Even though Wan Ke was usually calm, he was still astonished upon hearing Wan Zhaoyi's words.

At the present time, only one person dared to be called the Empress. She was the Holy Queen of Majesty and Morality, the Dominator of the First Central Empire.

"What did the junior fellow apprentice do? Why did the Empress send people to arrest him?"

Wan Ke immediately came to his senses. He held his fists in both hands, stepped forward and bowed. He asked cautiously, "Prince, what did Zhang Ruochen do wrong?"

In the East Region Saint Mansions, the man identified himself as the prince, so he should at least be equal to the Prince of the Eastern Region.

For example, the Qianshui Commandery Prince did not dare to call himself a prince when he came to the East Region Saint Mansions, because his rank was far lower than the Prince of the Eastern Region.

The Prince of the Eastern Region held the rank of "inferior prince", but he enjoyed the rights of a "medium prince".

If the man before him was a prince, Wan Ke could already guess who he was from the surname "Wan."

Only one man had become a prince at such a young age.

This was the Little Holy King, Wan Zhaoyi.

Although Wan Zhaoyi and the Prince of the Eastern Region held the same title, they had different rights and influences.

A Golden Armored Soldier stared at Wan Ke and said arrogantly, "Does the Empress need to give you a reason to arrest a person?"

Wan Ke was irritated, and he glared at the soldier furiously. After all, he was a Half-Saint. He thought that even though the Golden Armor Soldier was an imperial sergeant, he should not be so arrogant as to shout in front of him.

Just then, Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian walked out of the gate side by side. They were not able to suppress their Holy Road aura. They stood before the gate of the Saint Prince's Mansion, like two lofty mountains.

Saint Qing Xiao glanced at the soldier.

He suddenly felt like a needle poked his eye. Everything turned black and his body was jolted. With a bang, he fell from the Golden Armored Beast's back.

Saint Qing Xiao did not kill him, but rather, he taught him the lesson of showing Half-Saints and Saints the respect they deserved.

After Wan Ke and Zhu Hongtao spread the news about, Sword Saint Xuanji did not come back in time because a very important matter required his immediate attention.

Sword Saint Xuanji had sent a message to Saint Qing Xiao. In it, he asked him to run back to the Eastern Region first to protect Zhang Ruochen.

Saint Qing Xiao had arrived in the East Region Saint Mansions today. He was negotiating with Chen Wutian how to strike back the Black Market when he perceived Wan Zhaoyi's arrival. Therefore, he stopped the negotiation and came out to meet Wan Zhaoyi.

Wan Ke took a step backward and whispered, "Senior Brother, this man is..."

Saint Qing Xiao raised a hand and hinted Wan Ke to stop.

Saint Qing Xiao stared at Wan Zhaoyi, who stood on top of a white flood dragon, and looked stern. He said, "Wutian from the East and Wufa from the West. Xinshu from the South and Yutian from the North. Wan Zhaoyi from the Nine States of the Central Region. How can I not know of him?"

Wan Zhaoyi laughed and said, "Qing Xiao, you have made great contributions in the Battlefield of Primitive World over the years. Do you have enough military merits to obtain an inferior prince title?"

"Wan Zhaoyi, you're telling me that my title of nobility is inferior to yours. So, should I bow to you?" Saint Qing Xiao said grimly, with his hands behind his back.

"Right!"

Wan Zhaoyi said frankly.

All of the monks in Kunlun's Field knew that Wan Zhaoyi was wildly arrogant.

However, they took his arrogance for granted. He never tried to disguise his haughtiness, and perhaps he even thought that he should be arrogant.

If he were not proud or arrogant, he would not be Wan Zhaoyi.

Both Saint Qing Xiao and Wan Zhaoyi were from the Ministry of War, where subordinates had to bow when they met their superiors.

Certainly, the War Saints had noble status, so they did not need to bow. In the Ministry of War, no prince would force the War Saints to bow to him.

However, Saint Qing Xiao and Wan Zhaoyi had personal grievances, so Wan Zhaoyi was deliberately against him.

"Wan Zhaoyi, I'm afraid that you will be disappointed!"

Saint Qing Xiao took out a prince token and played with it in his hands. Then, he put it away.

Wan Zhaoyi remained calm and said, "Why did you not tell me in advance that you've been conferred the title of prince? If I had known about it earlier, I would have gone to your mansion to congratulate you."

Chen Wutian said, "Since that's the case, let's go to the mansion to have a drink."

Wan Zhaoyi shook his head and looked serious. "I came here this time to do an errand for the Empress. I'm afraid that I have no chance to drink with you. Next time, I'll treat you in the Imperial Capitol. You must give me the favor of your presence."

Wan Zhaoyi gave an order to the two Golden Armor Soldiers behind him. "Bring out Zhang Ruochen, and don't delay too long."

The two soldiers jumped from the Golden Armor Beast's back.

They wore golden armor with golden swords at their sides. They looked grim and arrogant. They strode up the stone steps and ran into the Saint Prince's Mansion.

"Slow down."

Chen Wutian did not stand on ceremony with Wan Zhaoyi. He said hoarsely, "Wan Zhaoyi, you are too presumptuous to take him away from the East Region Saint Mansions without declaring his crime."

As he let out a bellow, the two Golden Armor Soldiers were overwhelmed by his unique Saint's momentum.

The two soldiers were not able to withstand his powerful momentum. Their bodies crunched and they hit the ground with a thump.

The ground beneath their knees sank down.

Wan Zhaoyi raised his head and gently touched his jade thumb ring. He glanced at Chen Wutian and then looked at Saint Qing Xiao. "Zhang Ruochen colluded with the demonic sect and killed sergeants from the Ministry of War in the Battlefield of the Primitive World. He is an outrageous traitor and villain. Qing Xiao, don't tell me you don't know about these events."

Saint Qing Xiao shook his head and said, "This is the first I've heard of it."

"Really?"

"Wan Zhaoyi, you claim that my junior fellow apprentice committed those crimes. Do you have any evidence?"

Wan Zhaoyi straightened his body and fixed his eyes on Saint Qing Xiao. After a moment, he said, "So, you want to protect Zhang Ruochen?"

"Every legal action needs evidence. Without any evidence, you would be taking him away based only on your word. If there has been a mistake, who will be responsible for it?"

Saint Qing Xiao said severely, "To be honest, my junior fellow apprentice is now one of the nominated young masters of the Martial Market Bank. If you want to take him away, you have to go to the Langhuan Palace of Warlord Mountain to ask for permission first. Who dares to control him without Venerable Wu's permission?"

Wan Zhaoyi said with a smile, "What if I must take him away?"

"Swoosh!"

Without warning, Wan Zhaoyi moved his body and disappeared from the top of the white flood dragon. He suddenly appeared before Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian and unleashed both his hands at the same time.

“Howl!”

“Howl!”

After uttering the dragon’s roar twice, two giant dragon shadows rushed out of the center of his palms. They attacked Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian with threatening gestures.

He had performed the tenth movement of Dragon and Elephant Prajna Palm, Dragon Flying in the Ninth Heaven.

Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian simultaneously struck out and collided with Wan Zhaoyi’s hands. With a boom, two circles of energy ripples erupted between their hands, sending the Chens’ guardians and the Golden Armor Troops flying into the air.

Even two Half-Saints of the Chens, who stood not far away, were not able to withstand the power. They were knocked backwards more than 100 feet.

“Swoosh!”

As he shook his body slightly, Wan Zhaoyi flew backward and turned a circle in the air. Then, he landed on the top of the white flood dragon again.

Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian took three steps each before steadying themselves. Meanwhile, they left three deep footprints on the ground.

The Chens’ guardians turned pale with fright.

Because they always stayed in the Eastern Region, they only knew Wan Zhaoyi, but they did not know his strength. However, they clearly knew Saint Qing Xiao and Chen Wutian’s strength.

They were both dominators of the present age. Their cultivations were profound enough to strike terror into evil people all over the Eastern Region.

Wan Zhaoyi was at a disadvantage in the previous battle, but he was so powerful that he could fight two enemies at once.

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He mobilized Holy Qi and unleashed the power of his arms. He said with a smile, “In the present world, only a few people can fight with me, so it’s hard for me to find two opponents. If I had not received an imperial order, I would really want to fight you guys.”

Chen Wutian said, “Our forefather helped the Empress to suppress the Eastern Region and was one of the 12 distinguished people of the foundation of the state. He was given the title ‘superior prince’. The ‘East Region Saint Mansions’ presented by the Empress was the best reward for our Chens. Now, you dare to break into the East Region Saint Mansions. Undoubtedly, I can arrest you as a rebel.”

“What if I have an imperial edict?” Wan Zhaoyi said with a forced smile.

“An imperial edict.”

Both Chen Wutian and Saint Qing Xiao changed their looks.

In Kunlun’s Field, only one person could issue an imperial edict. This was, of course, Empress Chi Yao.

Wan Zhaoyi took out a foot-long brocade box from the white flood dragon’s back. Then, he pulled out a golden scroll.

Although the scroll was folded, the embroidered word “Imperial” was clear and distinct.

” Boom!”

When he opened the box, it gave off a bright golden light. The imperial majesty radiated over all of East Region Saint Mansions.

All of the warriors had to kneel down on the ground, except for Half-Saints and Saints, as if the Empress had appeared in person,

“Your Majesty, I’m so honored to meet you here.”

Outside the Saint Prince’s Mansion, crowds of people kneeled down.

Inside the mansion, all the guards, maidservants, slaves, and housekeepers kneeled down, influenced by the majesty.

It was a kind of spiritual repression. As long as one kneeled down, the repression would be invalid. If one did not kneel, it was a disrespect for the Empress. The majesty’s power would break a warrior’s will and force him to kneel down.

Once human will was knocked down, in very severe cases, a warrior would become an idiot and lose the ability to think.

If the cases were relatively minor, it would also cause a great impact on a warrior’s Martial Arts. His martial cultivation would halt.

At present, Zhang Ruochen was also subdued by the majesty.

“After all, it still comes.”

Zhang Ruochen walked out of the room and stood in the garden. He looked at the gate and saw a golden light gradually rising. Furthermore, the golden light moved quickly toward him.

Chapter 582: Death?

Wan Zhaoyi gripped the imperial edict in his hand. It was as if Empress Chi Yao had arrived in person to walk into East Region Saint Mansions. No one dared to block his path wherever he went.

Anyone who stood in his way stood in defiance of Empress Chi Yao.

Unless they wanted to rebel, even Saints must make way for the imperial edict.

Before long, the detachment of Golden Armor Troops headed by Wan Zhaoyi had entered the garden and completely surrounded Zhang Ruochen.

Wan Zhaoyi stared at Zhang Ruochen standing beside the lake in some amazement, because the young man appeared very calm, relaxed, even leisurely. The mighty imperial power had not intimidated him one bit.

Would a mere Monk of the Fish-Dragon Realm resist the imperial power of the Empress?

Even the Golden Armor Soldiers present stared at one another, feeling incredulous.

The reason why the Golden Armor Troops were unaffected by the imperial power was because their armor had undergone a sacrificial ceremony, allowing them to resist its power.

But how had this young man in front of them resisted Her Majesty's imperial power?

They did not know that Zhang Ruochen had experienced the four Chords of the Gods and that he had Gods' Mark on his body. How could a mere imperial edict coerce him into kneeling?

Only Wan Zhaoyi had somewhat guessed the reason. He sized Zhang Ruochen up for a brief moment, but he saw that the young man's face looked totally unchanged.

Not many Monks could remain as collected as Zhang Ruochen in his presence.

Wan Zhaoyi laughed and said, "Well, I'm not surprised. This is the man the Empress would like to see. He's exceptional. Put him in chains and bring him away."

Two Golden Armor Soldiers brought out iron chains and unsheathed their golden swords. They had the cold look in their eyes of messengers from hell.

The white iron chains clanged against themselves.

Had Zhang Ruochen dared to resist, they would have struck him down with their swords unhesitatingly.

But Zhang Ruochen remained unusually calm. He did not even blink.

"SNAP!"

Both his wrists and ankles were instantly fettered.

The two iron chains looked possessed a spiritual power that sucked away Zhang Ruochen's Genuine Qi. In the blink of an eye, the iron chains siphoned the Genuine Qi in his Meridians out of his wrists and ankles.

Once the chains had absorbed the Genuine Qi, they emitted streaks of lightning and crackled loudly.

Now, Zhang Ruochen's wrists and ankles were mangled, despite his attainment of the "Skin Refining to Gold" realm. And the lightning scorched his skin black.

Zhang Ruochen tried to mobilize some Genuine Qi and force it into his right-hand Meridians.

"Ch-ch!"

The iron chains instantly absorbed all of the Genuine Qi, and a streak of lightning struck Zhang Ruochen's right wrist. Quite suddenly, blood gushed out from his right wrist.

Wan Zhaoyi warned him. "To prevent convicts from escaping, these iron chains can absorb Genuine Qi from both wrists and ankles and unleash the Qi on the convicts instead. The higher the Monk's cultivation level, the more power the chains will rebound. I am warning you not to mobilize your Genuine Qi to save yourself from suffering."

From the depths of the palace now rang the voice of the Prince of the Eastern Region. "Tomorrow is his wedding day. Can't you wait a day more?"

Wan Zhaoyi raised his head and stared into the Saint Prince's Mansion. Then, he bowed with both hands folded. "Unfortunately, Prince, it's impossible for us to defy an imperial order."

Then, Wan Zhaoyi straightened his body again and waved his arm. "Bring him away."

As the Golden Armor Troops departed, the imperial power also dissipated away slowly.

Wan Ke walked up to the side of Saint Qing Xiao looking solemn. He said, "Eldest Senior Brother, I feel like something is very wrong. Her Majesty is too elevated to write you a personal warrant for the arrest of Youngest Junior Brother. It wouldn't have been much trouble, would it?"

"You suspect Wan Zhaoyi is faking an imperial edict?"

Saint Qing Xiao shook his head, saying, "Faking an imperial edict is a heinous crime which could lead to your nine clans being exterminated. No one has the guts to do that. Wan Zhaoyi might be very arrogant, but I'm certain he doesn't have the guts to challenge the authority of the Empress."

Wan Ke said, "Even highly treacherous Saints did not prompt Her Majesty to write warrants to arrest them. Our Youngest Junior Brother may be highly talented, but in the eyes of the Empress, he is no more than a speck of dust. He is not qualified for such a consideration."

"Could it be because his identity as the Time and Space Descendant was exposed? Perhaps, even the Empress feels threatened and wants to have him eradicated," said Zhu Hongtao.

Wan Ke shook his head at once and said, "Impossible. Our Youngest Junior Brother just revealed his identity as the Time and Space Descendant yesterday. It was just a day ago. It's impossible for any news to reach the Eastern Region from Central Region within this short period, even through a wormhole. In other words, the Empress must have issued her imperial edict before yesterday."

Saint Qing Xiao wrinkled his brows. "This is indeed a most strange affair. The Martial Market Bank has investigated our junior fellow apprentice's identity very thoroughly—he couldn't have been someone from the heresy. So, why did the imperial court arrest him on this charge? To offend East Region Saint Mansions and Martial Market Bank for a Fish-Dragon Realm warrior—what exactly is this move Her Majesty is contemplating?"

Wan Ke said, "I think it's better to simply deliver the news and let the top leaders of the Martial Market Bank think of a way out. Through their imperial court operations, and the Chens' influence, they might be able to keep Youngest Junior Brother alive."

Saint Qing Xiao nodded and said, "This looks like the only way out now."

Then, Saint Qing Xiao, Zhu Hongtao and Wan Ke left East Region Saint Mansions immediately and hurried back to Saint Academy.

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A Golden Armor Beast was a savage beast of the fifth level lower order. It was 30 feet tall and its scales were a handspan thick. It had a pair of scaly wings on its back, which stretched to 100 feet wide when extended.

Only the Royal Golden Armor Troops could ride on Golden Armor Beasts.

At this moment, Zhang Ruochen was seated on the back of a Golden Armor Beast. But, he was locked in a cage.

Of course, It was not actually possible for a cage to hold Zhang Ruochen.

But chains now shackled Zhang Ruochen's wrists and ankles. He could not activate even an ounce of Genuine Qi to escape.

A man in his 30s, clad in golden armor, sat cross-legged on the head of a Golden Armor Beast. He turned his head to look at Zhang Ruochen and smiled. "Very few people are honored enough to have an arrest warrant written by the Empress. You should count yourself most fortunate."

"Oh, is that so? Have you seen the Empress herself?" asked Zhang Ruochen.

The man in golden armor gave an awe-stricken look and shook his head. "The Empress is a person above the nine heavens. Although we may be Imperial guards, we have never looked on her royal visage."

Zhang Ruochen nodded and closed his eyes once more.

It was a distant journey from Eastern Region to Central Region. Normally, it took many years to fly there.

Therefore, traveling between the two domains required passing through a space wormhole.

It took three days and three Space Jumps before everyone arrived at the border of the Eastern Holy Land.

Then, the company hurried through the fourth wormhole.

According to the Golden Armor Troops, they were 3,000 kilometers away from the fourth space wormhole. The company saved two years of traveling by using the wormhole. In addition, they would not need to trek through the Uncivilized Secret Zone in between the Eastern and Central Regions.

The Uncivilized Secret Zone was a vast expanse, dividing the Eastern and Central Regions. Even the swift Golden Armor Troops would need two years to trek through that zone, without any accidents.

Not even 200 years was enough for an ordinary warrior to travel from the Eastern to the Central Region.

As this wormhole connected both regions, the imperial court attached great importance to it. They stationed numerous troops at either end to prevent anyone from destroying it.

Midway through the journey, Wan Zhaoyi suddenly felt like something was amiss. He rested his white flood dragon, and he raised his head to gaze ahead.

Nearly seven miles away, a cotton-clothed elder in his 70s was standing on the edge of a cliff.

With aging eyes, the cotton-clothed elder looked to the distance and eyed Zhang Ruochen sitting on the back of the Golden Armor Beast. An heartless smile lingered on his lips.

Zhang Ruochen opened his eyes and looked at the the elder standing in the distance. He could tell who he was at once. "So he's here. Looks like it will be impossible for me to reach the Central Region."

The elder was the Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

The appearance of the Nine Serenity Sword Saint had rendered Zhang Ruochen's situation worse. But he did not panic, and instead he began to reflect calmly, trying to find a means to escape.

Although the Genuine Qi at both his wrists and ankles was sealed, his Spiritual Power was not. It would not be difficult to break through the iron cage.

The real question was whether he could escape from Wan Zhaoyi and the Nine Serenity Sword Saint, even supposing he could use his Spiritual Power to escape from the cage.

He could not afford a rash move. He must wait for his chance.

"Roar!"

The white flood dragon under Wan Zhaoyi sensed imminent danger, and it became restless. White air columns poured out from its nostrils as it bellowed a soft dragon's roar.

Wan Zhaoyi could not control the beast, and it kept moving backwards.

Undeterred, Wan Zhaoyi remained collected. He mobilized Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi, and he asked at the same time, "This junior is Wan Zhaoyi. How should I address you, senior?"

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint stood on the precipice, and transmitted his voice from six miles away. "Leave Zhang Ruochen here. You people may leave."

"Does senior know that Zhang Ruochen is wanted by the Empress?" Wan Zhaoyi asked in a low voice.

"I don't care who wants him. Today, I must have his life!"

"Swoosh!"

The Nine Serenity Sword Saint's figure flashed, and he disappeared.

Wan Zhaoyi knew the other man's cultivation level was extremely high and that he could not repel him. He quickly took out the imperial edict to help repulse the man with its power.

But Wan Zhaoyi had unfurled the imperial edict only halfway when a pillar of fiery sword Qi came out of the sky and struck the ground.

"His sword technique is so fast!"

Wan Zhaoyi's face changed color, and he immediately launched himself three miles away.

Within a three-mile radius, chaotic sword Qi was hurtling about, making loud swishing noises.

When Wan Zhaoyi turned back to look, he saw that the rocks and soil had all melted in the center of the sword Qi column. It had formed a lava lake, giving off heat waves.

The sword strike was horrifically powerful.

Had he not evaded quickly, he would have been badly wounded already.

Wan Zhaoyi's countenance began to look terrible. He had seldom met such a strong master since the start of his practice. The other man's sword techniques, both in speed and power, had reached the ultimate stage.

"Swosh!"

Wan Zhaoyi's figure shifted. He soared to the edge of the lava lake and landed on the ground.

The sword strike had smashed all the Golden Armor Troops and Zhang Ruochen into bits of floating ash, leaving no bones or body parts. Even the white flood dragon mount had died under the sword Qi.

Because the dragon had such high cultivation, it did not disintegrate. Its tattered skeleton remained, flashing indistinctly within the lava pool.

"Which one of the Three Great Sword Saints from Eastern Region are you?" Wan Zhaoyi was greatly incensed. Staring in all directions, he bellowed loudly.

Chapter 583: 36 Changes

A sword rang out harshly, and then a sword radiance quickly flew at Wan Zhaoyi.

Actually, the sound of his opponent's sword notified him of the attack.

The attack itself was far beyond the speed of sound.

"Awful."

Wan Zhaoyi's pupils contracted and he activated his Holy Qi. When he unfolded his arms, eight 1000-foot-long dragon souls instantly rushed out of his backbone to face the sword radiance in front of him.

"Bang!"

The sword Qi smashed the eight dragon souls in a flash.

Wan Zhaoyi spit out blood and lost control of his body. Abruptly, he flew backward and hit a cliff six miles away.

"Crash!"

The cliff, which was over 1,000 feet high, suddenly collapsed. Gravel fell down and buried Wan Zhaoyi under a mountain of debris.

He half knelt on the ground and gritted his teeth. With a roar, he sent forth golden light and the lofty mountain fell apart.

” Boom!”

He rushed out of the dirt and flew up 1000 feet. Then, he dropped to the ground again. The blood gushing out of his arms dripped from his fingertips.

“Scorching Sun Sword Technique, Nine Serenity Sword Saint.”

He had recognized his opponent’s sword technique. It was Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s unique skill, called the Scorching Sun Sword Technique.

The voice of the Nine Serenity Sword Saint rang out from above. “Wan Zhaoyi, you were able to ward off my strike, so you can carry on living. Since Zhang Ruochen has died, I will leave now.”

Hardly had his voice faded away before the Nine Serenity Sword Saint was already a thousand miles away.

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An ancient misty river flowed out of a boundless forest, with a great roaring. The river was more than 200 yards wide. Sometimes, giant savage beasts came out of the water to breathe the Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi.

The ancient forest was 5000 miles away from the place where Wan Zhaoyi fought the Nine Serenity Sword Saint.

Right now, Zhang Ruochen stood face to face with the Nine Serenity Sword Saint down by the old riverside.

Zhang Ruochen immediately knelt down and bowed to the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. “Master, thank you for your help.”

Nine Serenity Sword Saint’s body shape and appearance slowly began to change. His long black hair turned grey. His face became a little thin, with a long beard on his chin and more wrinkles around his eyes.

In just a moment, he had turned into a completely different person. He was Zhang Ruochen’s Master, Sword Saint Xuanji.

“Please stand up quickly.”

Sword Saint Xuanji promptly stretched out his hands to help Zhang Ruochen up.

Sword Saint Xuanji said with a smile, “Even Wan Zhaoyi did not recognize me. How did you?”

Zhang Ruochen said, “Master, your Magic Change has reached the acme of perfection. I did not recognize you, of course. However, I know that among the Three Great Sword Saints of the whole Eastern Region, only my master would risk saving me.”

Saving Zhang Ruochen was indeed risky. Once discovered, it would be considered an act of defiance of Empress Chi Yao's authority. The man who saved Zhang Ruochen would be punished as a traitor and villain.

Even the Nine Serenity Sword Saint might not dare to kill the person whose arrest Empress Chi Yao had ordered.

Sword Saint Xuanji heaved a deep sigh. "I thought for a long time, and I figured out this way to save you. Fortunately, I had already understood the Nine Serenity Sword Saint's Scorching Sun Sword Technique, so I could cheat Wan Zhaoyi."

Zhang Ruochen was a little worried. "Master, what if this matter is brought to light?"

Zhang Ruochen did not care about himself, but he did care about Sword Saint Xuanji.

If someone found out that Sword Saint Xuanji killed Royal Golden Armor Troops and saved a principle imperial court criminal, he would certainly come to no good end.

With hands clasped behind his back, Sword Saint Xuanji looked over the torrential river. He said with a smile, "Impossible. I did this after deep consideration. The imperial court will definitely think that you've been killed by the Nine Serenity Sword Saint. The Nine Serenity Sword Saint will think that the imperial court was jealous of real talents, and that it cast the blame on him after it secretly executed you."

Zhang Ruochen suddenly nodded and sighed secretly. Ginger really does get spicier with age. Everything's copacetic.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, "Since you've died, you can't appear as Zhang Ruochen in the future. Sorry to have wronged you."

Zhang Ruochen shook his head and smiled. "It's been uneasy for me to remain alive. So what if I change my appearance and conceal my identity?"

Chi Yao had noticed "Zhang Ruochen" from the Eastern Region. Now, he could deal with the changes calmly only by feigning death.

He had revealed his identity as a Time and Space Descendant. Even if Chi Yao were not to kill him, the Black Market and heresy, as well as other forces, would deliberately seek all means to frame and kill him.

Only with Zhang Ruochen dead could they feel at ease.

He was only worried about his relatives and friends. He guessed that they would be very sad at the news of his death.

Of course, as long as he died, they would be safer because nobody would do harm to them.

Sword Saint Xuanji glanced at Zhang Ruochen and asked, "What do you intend to do next?"

Zhang Ruochen's eyes were cold as he said, "I will go to the Eastern Evil Land to kill Di Yi. He hurt my mother and nearly killed her. As a son, how can I not get vengeance for her?"

Sword Saint Xuanji contemplated for a while and said, "The Eastern Evil Land has gathered numerous evil masters, including people from the Black Market and heresy. With rogues of all kinds running wild, the land is in chaos. It is the most dangerous, dark place in the Eastern Region."

"Your cultivation is powerful enough to go there. However, you need to know that the Eastern Evil Land is the base camp of the Black Market. Di Yi can mobilize countless evil masters to hassle you. Furthermore, he has many evil masters to protect him secretly. Are you sure that you can kill him?"

Zhang Ruochen answered, "Di Yi can play tricks in the East Region Saint City. Why can't I go to the Eastern Evil Land to kill him? Last time, he lurked in a secret place while I was in a public place. Right now, it's reverse. This trip is intended to take his life. I will succeed or die trying."

"That's great!"

Sword Saint Xuanji said he would fully support Zhang Ruochen if his will was so strong.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, "Actually, I made two plans for you. If you want to train in seclusion in the mountains, I can find an isolated cave for you where you won't be interrupted. You can concentrate on practicing the Tao of the Sword."

"Since you are going to the Eastern Evil Land, I can impart you with a special martial technique which may be helpful to you."

Zhang Ruochen asked, "What is it?"

"36 Changes."

Sword Saint Xuanji looked at Zhang Ruochen with a smile.

Zhang Ruochen was a little surprised. He felt as if he had heard of this name, but he could not remember anything about it.

Even after thinking carefully, he still could not recall it.

He shook his head and asked with confusion, "Master, what are the 36 Changes?"

Sword Saint Xuanji laughed, raised his right hand, and pointed forward with his index finger.

A rush of white frost flew out of his fingertip. Suddenly, a rushing river made a "Chi-chi" sound and was instantly frozen.

Sword Saint Xuanji walked on the ice. Every step he took, his appearance changed once. Sometimes he was a bearded, burly man, sometimes he was a handsome, young boy, sometimes he was a hunchbacked old woman...

He changed into 13 different people over a short distance. Every time he changed flawlessly. Even his aura changed. Sometimes it was strong, while sometimes it was weak. He kept shifting like the clouds, which was extremely strange.

Sword Saint Xuanji said to Zhang Ruochen, "This martial technique is called '*Change of 36 Forms*', which is from the Chens' secret code, '*Four Nine Mysteries*.'"

“In the medieval times, the book was divided into three parts: 36 exercises, 36 unique skills, and 36 changes.

“The Chens have experienced tens of thousands of years in the Eastern Region. During this period, they have encountered disasters a couple of times. Several times, they were almost overthrown.

“Because of those disasters, ‘Four Nine Mysteries’ was fragmented.

“Of all the 36 exercises, only 27 exercises in the first three volumes are well preserved. It’s said that you discover the other 9 exercises for yourself.

“As far as I know, a smaller part of the 36 unique skills in the ‘Four Nine Mysteries’ has been lost. The 36 changes are completely lost to the world.”

Zhang Ruochen was more curious. “The Change of 36 Forms has been lost among the Chens. How did you get the techniques?”

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “I found the Change of 36 Forms when I was exploring a medieval relic. Through my investigation, I finally determine that it was the 36 changes from the Chens’ ‘Four Nine Mysteries.’”

While speaking, Sword Saint Xuanji took out a fist-sized white jade stone and gave it to Zhang Ruochen.

The jade stone was engraved with more than 100,000 words. The words were small, and it was hard to read them.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his Spiritual Power and read it with fixed attention.

“Swoosh!”

In a flash, white characters appeared before his eyes line by line.

The words at the top read, “Change of 36 Forms.”

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his Spiritual Power and kept the jade book properly.

Sword Saint Xuanji said, “If one can practice the 36 changes to the Realm of Success, he can not only change into another person, but he can also change into birds, beasts, flowers, fish, and insects. Also, he can become water or fire and enter into a body of water or fire. The change is mysterious and unpredictable.”

However, Sword Saint Xuanji immediately threw cold water on him. “Only if you practice ‘*Four Nine Mysteries*’ can you perform the 36 changes successfully.”

Chapter 584: Eastern Evil Land

Zhang Ruochen frowned slightly and asked, “Do you mean that it isn’t useful to master the *Change of 36 Forms*?”

Sword Saint Xuanji said with a smile, “The *Change of 36 Forms* is just a magic trick, instead of being a way of practicing. Of course, if one can make good use of it, it will naturally generate endless magical effects.

“If you have practiced 10%-20% of it, you will be able to change into another person, at the least. And with the martial skill, you will be safer when you go to Eastern Evil Land, right?”

“Furthermore, you have mastered the fourth volume of the *Four Nine Mysteries*. If you combine the two, the *Change of 36 Forms* may become more magical.”

Zhang Ruochen finally understood the reason why Sword Saint Xuanji had imparted the *Change of 36 Forms* to him.

Indeed it was true, if he could change the shape of his body and his appearance, he would be able to kill Di Yi effortlessly.

Previously, Sword Saint Xuanji displayed the *Change of 36 Forms* and turned into Nine Serenity Sword Saint. In this way, he tricked Wan Zhaoyi.

And that meant that sorcery was not comparable to the *Change of 36 Forms*. Not only could it change a monk's appearance and body shape, but also his aura. Even a Saint was unable to distinguish what was true and what was false.

After Zhang Ruochen thought it over, he took out a Spatial Ring and gave it to Sword Saint Xuanji. He said, “Master, the copy of the fourth volume of the *Four Nine Mysteries* is inside the ring. If you are able to perceive it, your *Change of 36 Forms* will become more profound.”

Sword Saint Xuanji did not refuse it, but he put the ring away and said again, “The *Change of 36 Forms* is supported by Holy Qi. Thus, you are not able to change by transforming Genuine Qi into Holy Qi through the holy meridian until you practice to the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm and develop the first holy meridian.

“Of course, you should not expend so much energy on it that you neglect the Tao of the sword.”

Zhang Ruochen held his fist in his palm and bowed. “Master, I will bear your teachings in mind.”

Sword Saint Xuanji stared at Zhang Ruochen. After a long while, he said, “The world is dangerous and man's heart is incomprehensible. In the future, you have to depend on yourself. Perhaps you are able to achieve success and win recognition with another identity. Perhaps you will die among strangers with another identity.

“On the Holy Road, disasters and happiness are unpredictable. If you meet with difficulties, please tell me. Please go! You should leave now. I hope I can be proud of you in the future.”

Sword Saint Xuanji stepped on the ice surface, moved about 33 meters with each step, and gradually disappeared down the lower course of the ancient river. From the beginning to the end, he had not mentioned the “Time and Space Descendant”.

The lower course of the ancient river led to Eastern Holy Land.

The upper course led to Eastern Evil Land.

The master and apprentice took different paths.

Zhang Ruochen seemed to understand Sword Saint Xuanji's mood. As long as Empress Chi Yao remained alive, Zhang Ruochen would not be able to restore his original name.

His sixth disciple, Zhang Ruochen, had died today.

"Master, please take care of yourself."

Zhang Ruochen spoke in a low voice as he stared at the lower course and watched his master leave.

Then, he took out a metal mask from his Spatial Ring and wore it on his face. He went against the current and resolutely started his journey to Eastern Evil Land.

It was only upon reaching the Fourth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm that one could practice the *Change of 36 Forms*. But now, he had to use a mask to conceal his appearance in order to not be discovered.

The primitive forest was called God Falling Ridge. In the north, there were 36 Mansions ruled by the imperial court, called "Eastern Holy Land".

On the right, it was Eastern Evil Land.

Because of the natural barrier of God Falling Ridge, the troops of the imperial court had not yet conquered Eastern Evil Land.

Even if it was conquered, it would be difficult to manage Eastern Evil Land.

After all, this land had been ruled by evil men for many years. There were numerous killers and evil masters there. And among the ordinary people who did not practice martial arts, there were few good people.

It was difficult for a good person to live in Eastern Evil Land.

When he walked in the primeval forests, Zhang Ruochen could encounter strong savage beasts at any time. He had killed six fifth-level inferior savage beasts and countless fourth-level and third-level savage beasts.

Among them, the most amazing one was a fifth-level superior savage beast. Its fighting strength was comparable to a monk at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm. Zhang Ruochen could get away by using the Shooting Star Invisible Cloak.

Half a month later, he came to the edge of God Falling Ridge and was leaving the primeval forests.

During this period, he hurried on with his own journey in the daytime and went to the Scroll World to practice in the evening. He refined 850 g of Bloody Saint-cultivating Soil into his body and successfully practiced to the Treasured Body of the Earth Spirit. He had become the Treasured Body of Three Spirits now.

The Treasured Body of Three Spirits was equal to a Saintly Being within the same realm. It was extremely hard to practice to such a body. Perhaps because he had experienced four Chords of the Gods, he succeeded without any extra effort.

His cultivation had improved a lot. He reached the peak of the Second Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

If he refined one more drop of Xuanwu Sacred Blood, Zhang Ruochen would be confident in breaking through to the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm and reaching the Realm of Bone Refining to Jade in the near future.

At dusk, he finally went through God Falling Ridge and arrived at the first city of Eastern Evil Land, called Liyuan City.

Liyuan City was located at the edge of God Falling Ridge. The city walls were high but shabby, they had collapsed and exposed gaps that were dozens of meters wide. It was obvious that they had not been renovated in many years.

Zhang Ruochen entered the city through a gap of the broken wall.

He had come to Liyuan City for two purposes.

First, he wanted to purchase Holy Stones.

Second, he wanted to look for someone.

He was purchasing Holy Stones to test the refining warrior's power. After all, he had not tested his power since Eldest Brother gave him the refining warrior.

Of course, he needed some helpers.

If he wanted to kill Di Yi on his turf, he had to look for some helpers. Moreover, he needed to plan well in advance and wait for the right time to reach his goal of killing with a single strike.

He had considered going to Saint Huo Villa to look for the former subordinates of the Sacred Central Empire. With their help, he would be able to deal with Di Yi.

However, he dismissed that strategy soon afterward.

Since 800 years had passed, even though they had been loyal subordinates, they would probably not be loyal to him now. And if they betrayed him, he would slide into desperate straits.

Because he had come to Eastern Evil Land alone, he had to be more careful. He could not make any mistakes.

And he certainly also considered another person, Duanmu Xingling.

Other people might be not worthy of his trust but Duanmu Xingling was trustworthy. Furthermore, in Eastern Evil Land, there were forces from the Black Market and the demonic sect.

If he was able to resort to the demonic sect, Zhang Ruochen would be a little bit more confident in killing Di Yi.

To kill Di Yi was a really a big thing. He did not want to trouble Duanmu Xingling or incriminate her. In the end, he shook his head and determined to act alone.

While he was thinking, he suddenly stopped and looked up at a shop on the right side of the street. He saw three characters with vigorous and bold handwriting on its horizontal inscribed board over the gate.

"Qingxuan Pavilion," Zhang Ruochen said.

In the Yunwu Commandery, Qin Ya, who was Duanmu Xingling's aunt, opened a Qingxuan Pavilion in the Martial Market.

He bought his first Pills in the Qingxuan Pavilion, so he still remembered it very well.

He never expected to see a Qingxuan Pavilion again in the first city that he came to in Eastern Evil Land.

However, this Qingxuan Pavilion was larger than the one in the Yunwu Commandery. It not only sold Pills, but also Genuine Martial Arms and savage beast mounts.

Liyuan City was chaotic, but it was orderly outside the Qingxuan Pavilion.

There were warriors going in and out, some of which were herbalists who collected medicinal herbs in God Falling Ridge and sold them here, and some were warriors carrying weapons. Obviously, they came here to buy Pills and Genuine Martial Arms.

Just as he walked in, he heard an old voice, which was both familiar and strange.

"Childe, do you want to buy Pills or Genuine Martial Arms?"

He turned around and saw a familiar elder. There was a mole at the corner of his mouth and a huge smile on his face.

Seeing this elder, Zhang Ruochen felt as if he had gone back to the Yunwu Commandery.

This elder looked the same as the shopkeeper of the Qingxuan Pavilion in the Yunwu Commandery.

He was both surprised and delighted. He controlled his emotions and said coldly, "May I ask your name?"

The elder smiled and said, "I'm Mo Hanlin, the shopkeeper of this store."

Even the name was the same.

"I was unlikely to be wrong!"

"Did the Qingxuan Pavilion in the Yunwu Commandery move to Liyuan City? Or, are there many Qingxuan Pavilions in the Eastern Region?"

Back in the day, his cultivation was not profound, so he was not able to see through Mo Hanlin's cultivation. Now, he was able to see that Mo Hanlin had reached the Advanced Stage of the Heaven Realm.

If he was in the Yunwu Commandery, he would definitely be a martial arts legend with such a realm.

Zhang Ruochen said calmly, "I want to buy some Holy Stones. Can you help me get some?"

"Holy Stones?"

Mo Hanlin widened his eyes and his old body shook slightly. Then, he started to look Zhang Ruochen up and down.

If not for his impressive appearance, Mo Hanlin might have kicked him out.

Buy Holy Stones? How could someone dare to boast so shamelessly?

A Holy Stone could be exchanged for 10,000,000 common Spiritual Crystals, which was equal to 10,000,000,000 silver coins.

And that was just for exchange. If someone wanted to buy a Holy Stone, its value would be increased by 10%, which meant 11,000,000 common Spiritual Crystals.

Under normal circumstances, only those who had reached the Half-Saint Realm would use Holy Stones.

Some Half-Saints without a background might not be able to afford a Holy Stone.

And although he wore a mask, Zhang Ruochen looked only 20 years old. How could he be a Half-Saint?

Mo Hanlin looked solemn as he said, "The Qingxuan Pavilion has tens of thousands of stores in the entire Eastern Region, so we have a profound background. As long as you can afford it, we can help you get Holy Stones. However, it's an important matter. I can't make the decision by myself, so I have to ask our hostess for instructions first."

Chapter 585: Duanmu Ya

Zhang Ruochen deliberately hid his aura. Let alone Mo Hanlin, even superiors at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm were not able to see through his real identity.

Mo Hanlin withdrew and went to tell the hostess.

Zhang Ruochen sat on the second floor of the lobby and waited quietly.

Two beautiful maids came over. One maid was 16 or 17 years old. She was gentle and lovely, with delicate skin. She held a crystal teapot and poured a cup of tea for Zhang Ruochen.

Wisps of hot white smoke rose from a jade cup.

The other maid was about 18 or 19 years old. She leered at Zhang Ruochen and then put a dark gold book on a console table nearby him.

The book had the prices of all the Pills, Genuine Martial Arms, and savage beasts in the Qingxuan Pavilion written in it, which were clearly seen at just a glance.

If he wanted to buy other practicing resources, he could mark it on the form. Then, the maids would naturally bring those resources to him.

Other warriors did not receive such treatment, which was given to him because he had come to buy Holy Stones.

Of course, they should serve such a big customer well.

The elder maid ogled him and said softly, "Sir, what do you need to buy?"

If he bought in bulk, they would naturally get a certain percentage of the total. And especially such a big customer, if he were to buy several practicing resources, they would get a large fortune.

Zhang Ruochen picked the book up, leafed it through, and put it down. "I will talk to your hostess personally."

The two maids were disappointed and retreated behind him.

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At present, Qin Ya and Duanmu Xingling were sitting on opposite sides of each other in a tower with Pills. The tower was the hinterland of the Qingxuan Pavilion.

Qin Ya in a red, phoenix-embroidered gown was sitting on a Gold Phoebe bench. Her hair was combed high with three golden hairpins in it. She had bright eyes, red lips, and smooth skin. Her plump breasts could be vaguely seen through her light veils.

Her fluid glance was like autumn water, which was really tempting. She said with a smile, "Since you have been exposed, you should not go back to the Saint Academy. You should go to Nine Serenity City first, ask the High Priest to unlock your seal, and restore your identity as a Saintess."

Duanmu Xingling seemed to not hear Qin Ya. She had glazed-over eyes and red, swollen eye sockets, and was twitching her mouth while sobbing. "Aunt, I went to Yellow Stone Field. However, there was only a cooling rock lake and collapsed mountains. I did not find a single bone. Aunt, is he really dead?"

Qin Ya looked at Duanmu Xingling with anxiety. "Because Nine Serenity Sword Saint struck personally, even a Saint could hardly survive it. And once dead, the departed one cannot come back again. Lingxi, you should cheer up."

Duanmu Xingling shook her head and said, "He was so excellent. Furthermore, he was a Time and Space Descendant. How could he... die? Impossible... definitely... impossible..."

She seemed to not believe that. Her voice became weaker and weaker, and in the end, it completely faded.

Qin Ya stood up gracefully and looked into the distance. "Since ancient times, many outstanding talents have been born. However, more than half of them fell before fully developing. After all, the Holy Road is unknown and full of danger. No matter how excellent someone is, he will only be a nobody if he is unable to become a Saint.

"Lingxi, you're the Saintess of the Moon Worship Sect. How can you sink into degradation?"

Duanmu Xingling's true name was "Mu Lingxi". She was a descendant of the Mus.

On the contrary, Qin Ya was a real member of the Duanmu family. Her original name was "Duanmu Ya".

When the Moon Worship Demonic Sect decided to send Mu Lingxi to the Martial Market Bank to go undercover, they thought that the Martial Market Bank would check her out.

Therefore, she was sent to the Martial Market Bank in Omen Ridge first under the alias of "Duanmu Xingling".

Omen Ridge was located in a remote area, so the Martial Market Bank did not pay attention to it. Thus, it was hard for them to discover any flaw in her.

Duanmu Ya, Mo Hanlin, and others had sneaked into Omen Ridge to protect Mu Lingxi and help her enter the Saint Academy.

After the mission had been accomplished, Duanmu Ya retired and returned to Eastern Evil Land.

It was quite risky for a Saintess to enter the Saint Academy to go undercover. If Mu Lingxi could practice to a Saint successfully and enter the High-level of the Martial Market Bank, it would bring enormous returns to the demonic sect.

Mo Hanlin walked up to the red tower and went behind Duanmu Ya. He bowed to her respectfully and said, "Chief, a mysterious young man has come to the Qingxuan Pavilion and wants to buy Holy Stones."

"Buy Holy Stones?"

Duanmu Ya's eyes were sharp as she asked, "Where does he come from? The Blood Cloud Sect, the Yin and Yang Sect, or the Black Market Excellence Hall?"

Mo Hanlin replied, "I've sent people to investigate but I haven't gotten the result yet."

Duanmu Ya suddenly looked solemn and started to think.

"Who would come to Liyuan City to buy Holy Stones?"

"Although there are hundreds of thousands of people in Liyuan City, it's only a medium-sized city in Cyan Cloud County. Why didn't he go to the county town to buy Holy Stones?"

"Did he come to deal with me because he knew in advance that I was in Liyuan City?"

Duanmu Ya had been the Chief of the 36 heresies in Omen Ridge before. But now, she was in Eastern Evil Land, where she had been sent back to serve as the Chief of Cyan Cloud County in God Failing Mansion.

And she had come to Liyuan City to aid Mu Lingxi.

It was worth mentioning that Black Market Excellence Hall learned methods of governing from the First Central Empire. Eastern Evil Land was divided into 12 mansions, and each mansion was divided into 18 counties.

In Eastern Evil Land, there were neither officials like Mansion Masters and Commandery Magistrates, nor united armies.

Each mansion and each county had a clear sphere of influence.

For example, Cyan Cloud County was quite vast. It extended 25,000 kilometers from north to south, and 14,000 kilometers from east to west. It was as large as a superior class commandery.

Cyan Cloud County had more than 1,000 cities and 500,000,000 people.

Its largest evil force was the Blood Cloud Sect, which meanwhile, was also the manager of it. All other evil forces in this land obeyed their orders.

Iron Lady was the No. 10 killer of the Blood Cloud Sect, who had chased after Zhang Ruochen to kill him in the Xuanwu Primitive World.

And because they were able to train a master like Iron Lady, the Blood Cloud Sect was a really formidable evil sect.

Duanmu Ya was the Chief of the demonic sect in Cyan Cloud County. However, the demonic sect was not powerful enough in Eastern Evil Land and was highly inferior to the Black Market.

Duanmu Ya contemplated for a while and then said, "Originally, the Black Market invited our Moon Worship Sect to Eastern Evil Land to fight against the imperial court. Thus, we sent a lot of masters there. Over the past hundreds of years, we've trained a lot of disciples.

"Now, the Black Market regards us as a threat, so they want to expel us from Eastern Evil Land."

Mo Hanlin said with a smile, "It is easier to invite the devil than to send him away. Since our Moon Worship Sect has come here, how can we leave when asked to?"

Duanmu Ya said, "Through hundreds of years of development, the Black Market has greatly recovered its force. Recently, it is reinforced by taking back the Nine-phoenix Cauldron. Now, the Black Market does not need us to help them fight against the royal troops, so they will take action."

Mo Hanlin got a sudden idea and said, "Chief, are you suspecting that the young man comes from the Blood Cloud Sect? He wants to test us by pretending to buy Holy Stones?"

Duanmu Ya licked her crystal red lips lightly and squinted her eyes with a smile. "If he wants to test me, I will test him first. Go and arrange it. I will meet him personally."

"OK. I will go at once."

Mo Hanlin saluted Duanmu Ya once again and then retreated.

Duanmu Ya stared at Mu Lingxi and said, "Lingxi, will you go with me?"

Mu Lingxi was still dull-looking. She held her chin in her hands and shook her head mechanically.

"Oh! Please think again! If you figure it out, please go to Nine Serenity City with me to meet the High Priest. He will unlock your seal and restore your identity."

Duanmu Ya sighed and walked down the red tower.

Zhang Ruochen followed Mo Hanlin through many corridors and entered the hinterland of the Qingxuan Pavilion. He finally met Duanmu Ya by a blue pond.

Duanmu Ya was sitting in a tetragonal pavilion, with four maids around her. A white silk curtain hung in the center of the pavilion. At a glance, Zhang Ruochen could only see a graceful figure.

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his strong Spiritual Power and carefully probed over there. He finally saw the beautiful woman behind the curtain. It was exactly Duanmu Xingling's aunt, Qin Ya.

"Please sit down," Duanmu Ya said softly.

Zhang Ruochen withdrew his Spiritual Power. Without hesitation, he walked in the pavilion and sat on a chair outside the white curtain.

Duanmu Ya's voice came from behind the curtain. "Sir, your cultivation is really amazing due to your light footwork and smooth breath."

Zhang Ruochen said, "As is yours, hostess."

Duanmu Ya laughed and said, "My family name is Duanmu and my given name is Ya. Your Excellency, can you tell me your name?"

"My surname is Zhang," he said briefly.

Duanmu Ya said again, "Childe Zhang, how many Holy Stones do you want?"

"The more, the better," Zhang Ruochen replied.

Duanmu Ya was a little surprised. Then, she added, "How can I believe that you can afford them?"

Chapter 586: Fang Jie and Cao Ying

After thinking it over, Zhang Ruochen stuck his hand into his sleeve and quietly draw a purplish spinel card from the Storage Ring.

Then, he took the spinel card out of his sleeve and held it between his fingers, saying, "Is this alright?"

"It's the nine-star VIP card from the Martial Market Bank." Duanmu Ya gave a start again.

Only those who had a deposit of a hundred million pieces of Spiritual Crystals in the Martial Market Bank were qualified to get a nine-star VIP card. Generally, most Half-Saints only had an eight-star VIP card.

Duanmu Ya nodded her head and whispered something to a maid next to her.

The maid then walked up to the pillar and reached out her hands to pull the rope.

"Clomp, Clomp!"

The white curtain between Zhang Ruochen and Duanmu Ya was gradually lifted. With the curtain out of the way, Duanmu Ya was finally able to size up the man across her.

To her dismay, the man wore a metal mask that completely covered his face.

Nevertheless, using a woman's intuition, she felt that the man was very young. Curiously, such a young man had no evil thoughts nor impurity in his eyes when he looked at her.

Duanmu Ya began to wonder if she had lost her charm to men.

"He is so strong-minded, he must be no ordinary person."

This was Duanmu Ya's first impression of Zhang Ruochen.

"It is a cultivation of the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm."

Zhang Ruochen gave Duanmu Ya a quick once-over before looking away. He could immediately tell what level her cultivation was.

The fantastically charming landlady had such a formidable cultivation. The mere thought of it made Zhang Ruochen cringe a little.

Fortunately, back in Yunwu Commandery, he had not done anything to offend her. Otherwise, Zhang Ruochen would not have known how he had gotten himself killed.

Zhang Ruochen saw through Duanmu Ya, but not the other way around. As a result, Duanmu Ya felt quite disgruntled.

“Who the hell is he?”

Duanmu Ya straightened up and walked gracefully toward Zhang Ruochen, smiling. “With the nine-star VIP card, you can only withdraw Spiritual Crystals from the Martial Market Bank. There is no Martial Market Bank in Eastern Evil Land. Instead, there is a Black Market. What can I do?”

As she spoke, Duanmu Ya swiftly reached out her soft and slender hands. In a flash, phantoms of her ten fingers sprang up in the air.

The phantom of each hand charged toward the nine-star VIP card between Zhang Ruochen’s fingers.

Her movements were seemingly nonchalant, but, in fact, was quick as lightning.

It was just that Zhang Ruochen was faster. He easily warded off Duanmu Ya’s hands by slightly waving his arms to form an arc.

With her combative soul aroused, Duanmu Ya wiggled her slim waist. In a whiff of perfume, her body sank into Zhang Ruochen’s chest. In no time, she had used “Evil Storm Claw”, an inferior class martial technique of the Ghost Level, to snatch the nine-star VIP card again.

Her body pitifully fell on the chair, all her movements in vain. Unexpectedly, the chair Zhang Ruochen had been sitting on tumbled down, almost sending her crashing to the ground.

Out of the blue, Zhang Ruochen was suddenly standing behind the chair, holding it with one hand. Staring at Duanmu Ya’s eyes up close, he said, “Landlady, since I can produce a nine-star VIP card, I can also produce the Spiritual Crystals to buy holy stones. You don’t have to worry about this.”

Duanmu Ya was irked, feeling humiliated by Zhang Ruochen.

She was, after all, a top-notch beauty with both top-notch body and face. Zhang Ruochen wouldn’t even look at her squarely, even trying to avoid her on purpose.

“What does he mean?”

Zhang Ruochen’s reaction trampled Duanmu Ya’s confidence.

Back when they were in Yunwu Commandery, Zhang Ruochen shunned Duanmu Ya whenever he saw her because the landlady was an expert at flirting with men, often deliberately teasing him.

Zhang Ruochen was no match for her back then.

Now, Zhang Ruochen's spiritual power and cultivation had improved immensely, his old self was not even comparable. Of course, he could handle it with ease now.

Duanmu Ya straightened her posture. Her plump breasts heaved as she stared at Zhang Ruochen while saying in a cold voice, "Good, I can mobilize three holy stones in three days. But it will be in the county city of Cyan Cloud County rather than Liyuan City. You need to go to the Wuwang Inn where we will exchange the Spiritual Crystals for holy stones on the spot. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Three holy stones? Although few, I can make do with them."

Zhang Ruochen sat down again. He picked up his teacup and took a sip.

Duanmu Ya chuckled. "Mr.Zhang, are you not afraid that I might set an ambush in the county city? Not only will your holy stones be stolen, but you can also get yourself killed."

Zhang Ruochen raised his head and looked at her full-figured, buxom body. He smiled as he said, "Since I dare to go, I am positive that I can leave there unscathed. Moreover, I would like to warn you that though you may want to kill me, there is also someone trying to kill you. Don't let your guard down or you may not know how you've gotten yourself killed."

"What are you getting at?"

Duanmu Ya wore a confused expression.

Zhang Ruochen gave another warning. "Watch out."

"Swoosh!"

In the pool next to the pavilion, the shadow of a red figure radiating murderous feeling broke out of the water surface. Its body paused in mid-air before swooping into the pavilion on its left like a ray of flowing light.

The red figure held a three-foot-long spear in each hand – one shot toward Duanmu Ya's head and the other was aimed at her heart from behind.

The man's breath-holding technique was so superb that even Duanmu Ya, with her high cultivation, failed to sense him lurking in the water.

Moreover, his murderous feeling was extremely overwhelming such that shortly after he flew out of the water, it quickly froze.

Obviously, the man was a well-trained top-class killer. Lurking at the bottom of the pool, he was definitely trying to assassinate Duanmu Ya.

As luck would have it, Zhang Ruochen had released his spiritual power beforehand to patrol the surroundings. Otherwise, even he would not have perceived the killer.

As soon as Zhang Ruochen shouted "watch out," Duanmu Ya instantly realized the danger. She hurriedly ran her genuine Qi and employed the bodily movement martial technique "Shadow of Light". She flew around the pavilion like a colorful butterfly and then perched on top of a rockery nearby.

"Boom!"

Although the two spear movements of the red figure failed to kill Duanmu Ya, they sent out two strong shockwaves that shook the pavilion into pieces.

Zhang Ruochen held out a hand to run his genuine Qi and pulled Duanmu Ya's four maids behind his back across the air, saving them from calamity.

Otherwise, the man's spears and Qi would have been strong enough to quake them all to death.

"Mind your own business. I will give you a lesson later."

The red figure's face was deathly pale like a zombie. He cast a callous glance at Zhang Ruochen and then he stormed out to continue attacking Duanmu Ya.

Zhang Ruochen stayed put on the chair with a cup in hand. He shook his head slightly and did not take the threat seriously.

Despite Zhang Ruochen's warning, Duanmu Ya's response was still a little bit slow, so one spear had brushed against her back and her clothes were rent open. A bloody gash was left on her snow-white skin.

It was quite apparent that had her response been delayed by just a moment, she would have been killed by the spear.

Standing on the top of the rockery, Duanmu Ya said in a cold voice, "Fang Jie, how dare you assassinate me?"

"Duanmu Ya, I am under orders from our master to kill you. However, if you are willing to join the Blood Cloud Sect and be my mistress, you could be spared today," Fang Jie said.

"A mere Blood Cloud Sect wants to take me in?"

Duanmu Ya shook her head and smiled wryly as if mocking Fang Jie's ignorance.

"You really want it the hard way. In that case, I might as well drain your cultivation and then teach you how to be a woman."

"Double Dragon Death Spear."

Fang Jie let out an evil laugh and swiftly wielded his two spears to launch successive assaults on Duanmu Ya.

Fang Jie had been drooling over Duanmu Ya, the stunner, for a long time.

Duanmu Ya was a member of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect, and, in the past, Fang Jie had no choice but to repress his inner desire for her.

Now that the relationship between the Black Market and the Heresy had turned nasty, a secret order had been issued from the higher-ups. The first move was to get rid of the Chiefs of the Heresy in each county. By flexing their muscles and frightening the Heresy into submission, the latter would have to retreat out of the Eastern Evil Soil.

Since that was the case, Fang Jie discarded his scruples and volunteered to take the order to kill Duanmu Ya.

If he could take the stunner, he was willing to have his lifespan cut down by 20 years for this.

“” Boom!”

One of Fang Jie’s attacks turned into a spear shadow as wide as a pillar. It cleaved the top of the nine-meter-high rockery, causing it to crumble to pieces.

Duanmu Ya had intended to fight back, but as she started to run her genuine Qi, bouts of sizzling pain crept up her back and meridians, making it harder and slower for her to run her genuine Qi.

“Poison!” Duanmu Ya screamed inwardly.

The weapons in Fang Jie’s hands were called Soul-taking Twin Spears. They fell into the category of the eleventh level Genuine Martial Arms. Aside from that, the short spears had been soaked in highly-poisonous toxin all these years. As soon as they cut a bloody wound on the body of a Monk, the toxin would quickly spread inside and erode the Monk’s genuine Qi.

“Crash!”

Nevertheless, Duanmu Ya ran her genuine Qi by force and gave two handprints, narrowly striking back Fang Jie’s blow.

The Soul-taking Twin Spears, one giving off puffs of cold air and the other billowing leaping flames, both went through her handprints and barely stabbed her waist. The sharp-edged spears snapped her belt amidst the sound of ripping cloth.

“Fang Jie is the No.8 killer of Blood Cloud Sect. His cultivation has reached the peak of the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm. Being poisoned, I am no match for him. I have to get out of here.”

Duanmu Ya was keenly aware of her situation and she also knew how strong Fang Jie was. Now that she could not defeat her enemy, she had to retreat.

When the toxin inside her body has fully served its purpose, it would be too late to flee.

Of course, she had to bring Mu Lingxi with her when she escaped. Since the seal inside Mu Lingxi remained unsplit, her cultivation had not recovered, and therefore, she could not possibly be Fang Jie’s opponent.

If the Saintess of Moon Worship Sect fell into the hands of Blood Cloud Sect, the consequences would be unimaginable.

Using the bodily movement martial technique “Shadow of Light”, Duanmu Ya flung her tender body up from the ground as if stepping on wind and then hurried away to the Dan Tower.

“Duanmu Ya, there is no escape.”

With a “Swoosh”, a tall, thin man clad in a black skin-tight suit appeared from nowhere on the colored glaze-tiled roof below.

Then, the man zoomed toward Duanmu Ya with a long sword in hand, about to stab her in the throat.

Unlike Fang Jie, the tall, thin man was a cold-blooded killer. Each of his sword movements was meant to take away Duanmu Ya's life.

"It is Cao Ying, the No.9 killer of Blood Cloud Sect." Duanmu Ya's face became ashen.

"The Blood Cloud Sect sent out two master assassins. Could there be other superiors hiding in the neighborhood?"

Duanmu Ya's heart sank, thinking that escape was now just a dream.

Chapter 587: A Master of Spiritual Power

Duanmu Ya clasped her palms and activated her Genuine Qi. She struck her palms downward and a gigantic, seven-meter handprint appeared.

"Break through it!"

The man in black, Cao Ying, quickly turned his wrist and thrust his four-meter sword forward. 36 sword shadows broke through Duanmu Ya's handprint. He aimed for another strike at her.

Duanmu Ya pointed her forefinger and middle finger together in the form of a "jianjue." The "jianjue" clashed with Cao Ying's sword, making a clanging noise.

Qi columns from the two burst forward. They turned into thousands of razor-sharp sword Qi, permeating the entire courtyard.

"CRASH!"

The frames of the building started collapsing one after the other. The sword Qi left bowl-sized marks on the ground, covering it with cavities.

The fighting noises caused the Demonic Sect warriors to come from all corners. But they could not go against their superiors of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The sword Qi soared around the courtyard and pierced through these intruding warriors, killing them on the spot.

Zhang Ruochen observed silently and gently shook his head.

Earth Realm and Heaven Realm warriors should not intervene in a fight between Fish-Dragon Realm superiors. Anyone who did that was asking for death. Even if he tried, Zhang Ruochen would not have been able to save many warriors.

Zhang Ruochen did not want to intervene between the Demonic sect and the Black Market. After all, he needed to be extra careful on this trip to the Eastern Evil Land. To keep his identity a secret, it was best for him not to provoke anyone.

He had only one goal: to kill Di Yi.

Duanmu Ya landed rather hastily on the ground. The five fingers of her left hand were bloodied.

Quite clearly, she did not have the upper hand in the fight.

Cao Ying landed too. He walked over with a long sword in his hand and snorted. "This Chief of the Demonic Sect is just so-so."

"You two wouldn't have been able to beat me had I not been poisoned."

Duanmu Ya's breath became feeble and her arms kept shaking.

Fang Jie strode up from behind her and sneered. "Duanmu Ya, you won't be able to escape today!"

"Whizz!"

All of a sudden, there was a sound of a subtle sound of something whizzing through the air.

A green needle, as fine as a cow's hair, flew in from the direction of the red tower. It was heading for Fang Jie's back.

Fang Jie's ears were wriggling. He turned swiftly to face behind him and thrust his short spear forward. It struck the fine green needle.

"Wham!" The green needle exploded. A massive, whirling mass of energy hit Fang Jie, and he had to take three steps backward.

"Astral Wind Breaking Needle!"

Anger shone from Fang Jie's eagle eyes. He looked around and shouted. "Who is it? Get out now!"

The Astral Wind Breaking Needle was a Level-Eight Genuine Martial Arms. It was capable of ripping through a Monk's Protective Vigorous Qi and causing an explosion in his body after emitting massive energy.

Even a superior in the Sixth Change of the Fish-dragon Realm would probably die after being hit.

From outside the courtyard came the sound of rushing wind. Someone appeared to be moving around quickly, constantly changing her positions. She sometimes emerged from the east and sometimes from the west. No one could tell where she was.

A loud female voice rang out in the air. "Fang Jie and Cao Ying, you impudent rascals! How dare you fight people from the Moon Worship Sect! Don't you know the Blood Cloud Sect will be exterminated for that?"

The hidden woman injected Genuine Qi into her voice, forming powerful, piercing sound waves.

Cao Ying's eyes turned icy cold. "Since Your Highness the Saintess is here, please show yourself!"

It was obvious that Cao Ying and Fang Jie were well prepared. They had known beforehand that both Duanmu Ya and the Saintess of the Demonic Sect were in Liyuan City.

Zhang Ruochen's heart felt a slight tremor. He raised his head in the direction of the red tower. He was certain he had heard the voice of Duanmu Xingling.

Did she leave the Saint Academy and return to the Demonic Sect?

When Wan Zhaoyi was arresting Zhang Ruochen at Saint Prince's Mansion, he had claimed that Zhang Ruochen was colluding with the Demonic Sect and to kill the soldiers of the Primitive World.

Since the Ministry of War knew about this, Zhang Ruochen believed that the Ministry could unravel Duanmu Xingling's real identity from the happenings in the Wood Spirit Primitive World.

As her identity had been exposed, Duanmu Xingling could only return to the Demonic Sect.

Zhang Ruochen guided his Genuine Qi to the Meridians around both of his eyes. He began scrutinizing his surroundings and soon detected Duanmu Xingling.

Her movements were very quick but her cultivation level was too low. How could she possibly fool Zhang Ruochen?

"Lingxi, be quick and run!" said Duanmu Ya.

"I can't escape."

Fang Jie stared coldly and soon pinpointed where Mu Lingxi was. He dashed forward.

"Bang!" He rammed his body against the wall and stretched his huge hand out to try to grab Mu Lingxi's left shoulder.

Duanmu Ya had wanted to help her, but Cao Ying forced her back. He stabbed Duanmu Ya in her belly, leaving her a deep wound there.

Mu Lingxi had just reached the Completion of Heaven Realm. She was no match for Fang Jie!

Mu Lingxi was captured by Fang Jie within one move.

"The Saintess of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect is just so-so too."

Fang Jie's five fingers clutched Mu Lingxi's left shoulder tightly. Poison from his fingers ate into her War Suit and dark toxic fumes started billowing.

Mu Lingxi was fortunate enough to be wearing a War Suit. Otherwise, the poison from Fang Jie's hand would corrode her skin, resulting in blood and pus.

"You wouldn't be my match had my cultivation not been sealed," Mu Lingxi remarked coldly.

"SWOSH!"

A white ancient sword soared out from Mu Lingxi's left eye pupil. It was headed straight for Fang Jie's heart.

This ancient white sword was more slender than a needle. The moment it pierced into Fang Jie's heart, it turned into a five-meter Holy Sword.

Ancient crimson inscriptions were flashing along the surface of the sword. The inscriptions moved up and down, increasing the ancient sword's power.

Fang Jie was a battle-seasoned veteran demon. Although Mu Lingxi had caught him off guard, he reacted in the shortest possible time.

“BAM!”

He let go of Mu Lingxi’s left shoulder, propelling himself backward using his legs.

Fang Jie looked at the bloodstains on his chest, and at the ancient sword Mu Lingxi was holding. His stare turned cold. He started laughing loudly. “Wonderful! What an exceptional Holy Sword! Your Highness, this Holy Sword will be mine from now onward.”

Fang Jie secretly gathered his power and edged toward Mu Lingxi.

Faced with such a powerful enemy, Mu Lingxi could only move backward. Small beads of sweat started gathering on her forehead.

She was the Saintess of the Demonic Sect and had many trump cards. Even so, her cultivation was too low compared to Fang Jie’s. If they were to battle each other, she simply could not win.

Furthermore, when Fang Jie was clutching her left shoulder, he had dislocated her shoulder with a subtle wrench. Now she did not have enough strength even to lift an ounce.

Mu Lingxi could have easily used an imperial edict and escaped.

But she simply could not leave Duanmu Ya behind. Despite knowing that she was not his match, she could only continue fighting. She was trying to find a way to fight Fang Jie alongside Duanmu Ya.

Zhang Ruochen was worried that Duanmu Xingling would suffer a huge defeat in Fang Jie’s hands. He could not help but say, “Two grown men fighting two feeble women. That’s not quite right!”

Fang Jie stopped in his tracks and glared at Zhang Ruochen. He said coldly, “Young lad, I am the No. 8 Killer of the Blood Cloud Sect, Fang Jie. You’d better be sensible and drink your tea quietly. Don’t intervene.”

Zhang Ruochen sat by the table and toyed with his jade teacup. He laughed. “The Blood Cloud Sect! What an interesting name! Unfortunately, I have just concluded a business deal with the proprietress. Who will deliver my goods if you capture her?”

Zhang Ruochen changed his voice deliberately to make himself sound flippant. He wanted to let the others think he was a young, profligate swordsman.

Mu Lingxi glanced at the young man sitting by the pond. Because of a pillar, she could not make out his figure.

Fang Jie snorted coldly. “I shall deal with you after I capture this Saintess of the Demonic Sect.”

Fang Jie bent his fingers quickly to form two black claws. He was using an inferior-class Ghost Level martial technique, the White Bone Ghost Claw.

The White Bone Ghost Claw had evolved from another martial technique, the Hell Ghost King Claw. The latter was a superior claw technique of the Black Market Excellence Hall. Although White Bone Ghost

Claw could not match Hell Ghost King Claw's power, it was still a very sinister and profound claw technique all the same.

“CRACK!”

Fang Jie's ten fingers became longer and longer, as he swiftly clawed at Mu Lingxi.

Before his claws had reached Mu Lingxi, dozens of white bone claw prints had appeared in the air.

Within a 300-meter radius, countless shadowy claws danced about. Strong gusts accompanied them. The toxic fumes condensed into a poisonous cloud, enveloping Mu Lingxi and Fang Jie.

Mu Lingxi's present level of cultivation was too low to fend off Fang Jie's White Bone Ghost Claw. Even with the help of a Holy Sword, she could only be moving backward.

It appeared that the White Bone Ghost Claw was about to land on Mu Lingxi.

Zhang Ruochen sighed and stretched out one finger to point to the heavens.

Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi quickly gathered and condensed into a lightning bolt.

“CLAP!”

A thunderbolt—the size of a wine cup—thundered mid-air and hit the top of Fang Jie's head.

Instantly, all the paw prints and toxic fumes disintegrated.

Fang Jie's body was completely charred. His hair was standing on its ends, and his scalp had ruptured causing fresh blood to spurt.

The strike had alerted Duanmu Ya and Cao Ying who were fighting.

The two stopped fighting at the same time and stepped backward, glancing at Zhang Ruochen.

“A Master of Spiritual Power?”

A serious expression could be seen on Cao Ying's face. He started to become vigilant.

Despite his high cultivation level, Fang Jie could not escape the Spiritual Power strike. This man's Spiritual Power was very powerful indeed.

It was terrifying to see a Master of Spiritual Power casting spells using a Psychic Staff. He alone was capable of combating a group of warriors from the same realm.

Warriors could not match a Master of Spiritual Power in the same realm.

Duanmu Ya was surprised, as she stared at the mysterious man with the metal mask. She had not expected the man to be an exalted Master of Spiritual Power.

Chapter 588: Red Wish Emissary Makes an Appearance

In Kunlun's Field, Masters of Spiritual Power enjoyed an elevated status. Some specialized in forging weapons, others in refining pills, while others subdued beasts or created powerful fighting formations.

Every force would try to rope in a strong Master of Spiritual Power to their side. The Black Market and the Demonic Sect were no exceptions.

Zhang Ruochen remained calm. He fixed his gaze on Fang Jie and Cao Ying and nonchalantly said, "If both of you can get away within three breaths, I will spare your lives."

"So what if you are a Master of Spiritual Power? Anyone who dares to oppose the Blood Cloud Sect is asking for death."

Fang Jie cycled Genuine Qi around his body once. He suppressed his injury and abandoned Mu Lingxi, grabbing his Twin Lethal Spears. He started attacking Zhang Ruochen instead.

The two short spears rotated quickly in his hand, one giving off an icy air, the other emanating blazing fire. Both sets of energy gyrated to form a giant vortex.

"You've overestimated yourself."

Zhang Ruochen mobilized his Spiritual Power and raised his arm.

Suddenly, a purple thundercloud condensed in front of his palms. Streaks of lightning snaked through the thundercloud, making crackling sounds.

"Nine-fold Lightning Knife!"

Zhang Ruochen swung his arm in a chopping motion toward Fang Jie.

The purple thundercloud instantly condensed into a lightning knife that smashed Fang Jie with incredible power.

Fang Jie was stunned by the sheer power of the first lightning knife. He was thrown back ten meters.

The Nine-fold Lightning Knife was a Level One Magic Art. It could strike out nine times in succession, each strike more lethal than the last.

The second lightning knife cut through Fang Jie's defense, leaving a 30-centimeter gash on his chest.

"SWOOSH!"

The third lightning knife cleaved Fang Jie's body into halves.

The bloody halves flew out in opposite directions—left and right.

Zhang Ruochen drew back his arm and stopped attacking.

Duanmu Ya's beautiful eyes stared at the calm, mysterious man sitting by the pond. She said to herself, *"What a powerful Master of Spiritual Power! Fang Jie was killed easily even though he was more than 30 meters away. And this man is still so young! I'm sure he is not someone without a reputation."*

An unpoisoned Duanmu Ya could, at best, defeat Fang Jie, but it was impossible for her to kill him.

Cao Ying saw Zhang Ruochen's powerful skills and decided to withdraw, desperately trying to escape. He flew out of Qingxuan Pavilion and headed quickly for the outskirts of Liyuan City.

"Trying to escape? You think you can?"

Zhang Ruochen released his Spiritual Power and directed his power to surround Cao Ying completely. He pointed a finger to the sky.

The crash of thunder sounded.

A flash of lightning as thick as a bowl tore across the vault of heaven. It resembled a purple saber connecting the heavens and the earth, striking down to the ground.

“BOOM!”

The entire Liyuan City quaked slightly.

A 30-meter-long charred crater appeared at the city gate of Liyuan City. Tiny lightning marks scarred the streets around the crater, wriggling like electric earthworms upon the earth.

Inside the crater was a charred corpse.

It was Cao Ying who had just been fleeing.

At the Qingxuan Pavilion, Zhang Ruochen stood up and took Fang Jie’s Twin Lethal Spears into his hands. He walked out and said, “Proprietress, I shall look you up in three days at Wuwang Inn in the county town. I hope you won’t disappoint me.”

Just as his voice faded, he disappeared from Qingxuan Pavilion. He reappeared at the city gate of Liyuan City, standing beside the large, charred crater.

Zhang Ruochen took Cao Ying’s sword, and then he boldly walked out of the city gate and left.

Fang Jie and Cao Ying’s weapons were top-grade Genuine Martial Arms. They could be used to elevate the class of Ancient Abyss Sword.

Cao Ying’s death by lightning caused a huge commotion in Liyuan City.

Cao Ying and Fang Jie were famous big shots from the Demonic Sect. In the eyes of the Liyuan City warriors, they were no different from devils.

Two top masters killed by a mysterious young man. The news rocked Cyan Cloud County.

At Qingxuan Pavilion.

Mu Lingxi stared in the direction that the mysterious man had gone. Her eyes glittered fervently. “He is Zhang Ruochen. He must be Zhang Ruochen...”

She wanted to pursue him but Duanmu Ya stopped her.

“Lingxi, Zhang Ruochen was killed by Nine Serenity Sword Saint. That man is not Zhang Ruochen. You are not obsessed, are you?” said Duanmu Ya.

Mu Lingxi shook her head and said very firmly, “He is definitely Zhang Ruochen. I can tell from the silhouette of his back even though he was wearing a mask. I could tell that man apart even if he turned into ashes. Aunt, we have to go after him and make him remove that mask. He is definitely Zhang Ruochen.”

Duanmu Ya took a Detoxification Pill and started healing herself, running Genuine Qi around her body. She sighed as she did so. "That man is a Master of Spiritual Power. Zhang Ruochen specialized in the Tao of the sword. They can't be the same person."

"But Zhang Ruochen is also a Master of Spiritual Power," said Mu Lingxi.

Duanmu Ya could see that Mu Lingxi was elated and agitated. She suddenly changed her mind.

If Mu Lingxi believed Zhang Ruochen was still alive, she might perk up sooner. That did not seem like a bad thing.

Duanmu Ya laughed and said, "Alright! I suppose he *could* be Zhang Ruochen. Why don't you accompany me to Wuwang Inn after three days? We could verify his identity then.

"Right now, we have to return to the county town immediately and contact the regional chiefs of each branch. They have to guard against the Blood Cloud Sect and hide.

"At the same time, we need to submit our report to the higher authorities. The High Priest must take precautions against the Sect.

"Since Blood Cloud Sect already struck against us, the branches from other counties must have been attacked as well. We have to fend off these attacks no matter what and stand our ground in the Eastern Evil Land."

Because Mu Lingxi absolutely believed that the man in the mask was Zhang Ruochen, her mood improved and she began analyzing the situation. She pondered seriously. "Aunt, although Fang Jie and Cao Ying were top evil masters, they ranked only eighth and ninth among the killers from Blood Cloud Sect. Many more powerful people were above them.

"Seeing as two of their highly skilled masters were killed this time, the Blood Cloud Sect won't rest. They will dispatch more powerful killers later."

Duanmu Ya said, "We were in trouble this time because someone disclosed information about our whereabouts. In other words, someone from the Black Market has infiltrated our organization. We have to remove the mole. Then we can take our time dealing with the Blood Cloud Sect.

"I believe the Black Market won't dare provoke us too much. They are more likely to attack us on a small scale to test how far they could go.

"Besides, Hades Department has already surrendered to our Sect. We may not lose even if Blood Cloud Sect starts a war. Hades Department is our trump card. Now's the time to play this card."

Hades Department had once been under the Black Market. It was the most powerful dominator among evil forces of Omen Ridge until it offended Di Yi and had to seek the protection of the Moon Worship Demonic Sect.

Now, they were controlled by Duanmu Ya and were a secret card she could play.

Mu Lingxi nodded and said, "As it is, we should return to the county town first and observe how things go."

Mu Lingxi and Duanmu Ya returned to the county town of Cyan Cloud County that very day.

The mountain gate to the Blood Cloud Sect was built bordering the God Falling Ridge. It was hidden in the mountain ranges. Very few people could find the entrance unless someone led the way.

At this moment, a detachment of Glazed Knights had just traversed the perilous mountain road and arrived at the mountain gate of Blood Cloud Sect.

A lavish carriage drawn by two Magical Ants pulled up.

Red Wish Emissary was wearing a long robe studded with rubies. A loose, date-red fur cloak was draped over her shoulders. She lifted the carriage curtain and alighted.

Her figure was seductively graceful and her skin was as fair as alabaster. Her slender frame was enclosed in a red mist, giving her beauty an added dimension of hazy mystery.

Red Wish Emissary's feet, fair as snow, were bare. Gold and blue anklets adorned her ankles. Her feet stepped on crimson clouds in the void space, resembling a pink demon of the night as she entered through the mountain gate of Blood Cloud Sect.

"Our respects to Red Wish Emissary."

The warriors of Blood Cloud Sect all knelt down in front of Red Wish Emissary and the Glazed Knights. No one dared to breathe out.

"Where is Xu Hong?" Red Wish Emissary asked from her elevated position.

"Master is in the main hall."

"Lead the way."

A warrior of the Blood Cloud Sect led Red Wish Emissary outside the main hall and then left respectfully.

The Master of the Blood Cloud Sect, Xu Hong, was seated in an armchair made out of stacked skulls at the head of the main hall. He slammed his palm on a table in front of him. BAM! The green bronzed table was left with a deep indentation—a huge handprint half a meter long.

"Useless bums! Two persons sent to assassinate Duanmu Ya together and both failed! They deserved to die! They really deserved to die!"

Xu Hong was infuriated and his eyes were bloodshot.

His body exuded a formidable power that pervaded the entire hall.

The disciples of Blood Cloud Sect all knelt below him.

Their bodies could not stop shivering. They were afraid that in his fury, Xu Hong would display the Qi Sucking Skill and absorb all of their Qi, leaving just their desiccated corpses.

"Master Xu, what happened? Why are you so angry?"

Red Wish Emissary stepped on void space and entered through the main door. She stopped in the middle of the main hall.

Xu Hong immediately calmed down upon seeing Red Wish Emissary. He left his seat and walked down the steps, halting at her feet. He bowed and said, "My respects to Red Wish Emissary."

Although Xu Hong was the Master of the Sect and, at the Ninth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm, his cultivation level exceeded hers, he dared not act haughty before Red Wish Emissary.

Red Wish Emissary was not only an Emissary chosen by Black Market Excellence Hall, but she was also a disciple of Phantom Saint.

The Blood Cloud Sect could pretend to be the overlord of Cyan Cloud County, but before the Phantom Saint, the Sect was just a trifling—a fourth-class Suzerain. The Phantom Saint could exterminate it just by moving a finger.

Chapter 589: Forty-fourth Level Spiritual Power

Red Wish Emissary's bright eyes swept over the Blood Cloud Sect disciples kneeling in the main hall. "Leave us, all of you!"

The Blood Cloud Sect disciples in the main hall all looked at Red Wish Emissary gratefully. They rushed to leave as though granted amnesty.

Red Wish Emissary's sudden appearance had saved them from impending disaster.

Red Wish Emissary remained in midair. She took one step forward and flew across to the skull armchair at the head of the hall. She sat down without any prompting.

She lifted her eyes, gazing at the deformed bronze table and laughed. "What has happened, Master Xu?"

Xu Hong looked coldly serious. "Today, I dispatched Fang Jie and Cao Ying to assassinate the Cyan Cloud County Chief of the Demonic Sect. They failed in their mission and were killed by a mysterious man instead. Two useless bums!"

Red Wish Emissary nodded. The corners of her lips rose as she finally understood what had happened.

Fang Jie and Cao Ying were among the top ten killers of the Blood Cloud Sect yet they were killed in their own territory. No wonder Xu Hong was flaming mad.

It was difficult to cultivate a killer. It was even more difficult to cultivate a top killer of Fang Jie and Cao Ying's caliber.

"You better resolve your problem yourself."

Red Wish Emissary's fingers gently twirled her ebony hair. "I have come here to tell you two things. First, you must stop all your activities against the Moon Worship Demonic Sect."

Xu Hong was puzzled. "Why?"

Red Wish Emissary answered. "The battle at East Region Saint City has infuriated the Chens and Martial Market Bank. With the imperial court's blessing, the Chens have assembled 2,800,000 elite troops at

Fallen-gods Mountain Range. They are poised to invade the Eastern Evil Land anytime. They will not retreat unless the Eastern Evil Land pays a hefty price.

“At the same time, the Martial Market Bank has gathered many top masters to infiltrate the Eastern Evil Land. They are planning to retaliate against the Black Market.

“Therefore, the higher authorities have decided to postpone operations against the Demonic Sect. They have decided to gather our forces to drive back the imperial court and the Martial Market Bank instead.”

Xu Hong pondered for a moment and then said, “We can suspend our actions against the Demonic Sect for the time being, but the man who killed Fang Jie and Cao Ying must die.”

“I don’t care who you kill as long as it doesn’t affect important matters.”

Red Wish Emissary solemnly said, “There’s the second matter. Thanks to the battle in East Region Saint City, many of our moles within the various forces of Eastern Holy Land have blown their cover. They need to return to Eastern Evil Land. Settling them down again is quite a problem.

“This is what the Master would like to do: Allow a party of them to merge into the Blood Cloud Sect. You will then rule over them.”

Xu Hong’s face suddenly brimmed with joy. He bowed quickly to Red Wish Emissary. “My thanks to the Phantom Saint! Please convey my gratefulness to His Excellency. I shall bring him a lavish gift the next time I visit Phantom Valley.”

Red Wish Emissary smiled and stood up. She walked out in a leisurely manner, speaking lazily in a very alluring voice. “Master Xu, my Master will remember your faithfulness. Please remember who supported you once Blood Cloud Sect attains the rank of a third-rate Suzerain.”

“I won’t forget. Definitely not.”

Red Wish Emissary spoke without turning back her head. “Within the 27 counties around God Falling Ridge, there are sure to be many fierce struggles. I will remain in Cyan Cloud County. Look me up in the county town if there are any changes.”

Xu Hong’s eyes followed Red Wish Emissary as she departed from the main hall. He felt very excited.

Many Black Market moles were retreating from the Eastern Holy Land and would soon join the Blood Cloud Sect. This would multiply the Sect’s strength within a short period of time.

Blood Cloud Sect would develop into a third-rate Suzerain in no time.

However, the troops from the imperial court were a big headache. Should the imperial troops travel through God Falling Ridge, the first power they would attack would be the Blood Cloud Sect.

He had no idea how determined the imperial court was this time.

Xu Hong gradually calmed down. He recalled Fang Jie and Cao Ying’s deaths and his eyes turned ice-cold. He called out in a deep voice. “Men! Ask Luo Shi to come into the main hall. I have a task for him.”

“Yes.”

Outside the hall, a black figure immediately retreated.

Luo Shi was the No. 4 Killer of the Blood Cloud Sect. He had reached the Seventh Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm and had once succeeded in assassinating a Monk of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Xu Hong had analyzed the strength of the mysterious man who killed Fang Jie and Cao Ying. The man was a Master of Spiritual Power.

A Master of Spiritual Power was indeed very powerful, but killers who could hide their aura were the most formidable opponents of such Masters.

Luo Shi's cultivation level was not the highest among the killers of Blood Cloud Sect.

But he was the most adept at disguising his aura.

As long as he could get close to a Master of Spiritual Power, he would have no problem assassinating him.

"Luo Shi can fulfill this mission."

Xu Hong snorted. His aging face became even more grotesque as one hand tightly gripped the other.

After Zhang Ruochen left Liyuan City, he did not head for the county town. Instead, he found a hilly, secluded spot and retreated into the Scroll World.

There were three more days before his meeting with Duanmu Ya.

The three-day period would be enough for him to raise his cultivation by a level.

If he entered into the Scroll World to practice, Zhang Ruochen would have 10 times more time, which meant he would have the equivalent of a month.

"Disguising myself as a Master of Spiritual Power is a good way to hide my identity. To do that, I must improve my Spiritual Power. Can I raise it to the 44th level within one month?"

Zhang Ruochen sat with his legs tucked beneath him under the Sacred Prime Tree. Inhaling and exhaling Spiritual Qi, he was trying his best to adjust his physical condition in order to reach a realm of self-unconsciousness.

Right now, his Spiritual Power had reached the peak of the 43rd level. He was just one step away from the 44th level.

Once his Spiritual Power reached the 44th level, he could fight a Monk of the Eighth Change in the Fish-dragon Realm.

Practicing Spiritual Power was very difficult. The next level might seem a mere step away, but that one step might be as wide as a moat. One could not simply stride over it.

Of course, with each increase in Spiritual Power level, a Monk's real power would increase by leaps and bounds.

After adjusting his Heart State, Zhang Ruochen took out a Redcrown Mushroom with a nine-meter diameter and lay it by his side.

The Redcrown Mushroom was huge—four meters high. It resembled a fiery lotus in full bloom. Zhang Ruochen’s body looked puny beside it.

In fact, the Redcrown Mushroom came from the crest of a redcloud python. It was a treasure for raising one’s Spiritual Power.

Of course, a Redcrown Mushroom from an ordinary redcloud python could not help Zhang Ruochen raise his Spiritual Power from the 43rd to the 44th level.

This Redcrown Mushroom, however, was from the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King. It constituted almost all of its Spiritual Power and wisdom.

If he could refine it and then ingest the Half-Saint flood dragon blood, Zhang Ruochen was 90% certain he could raise his Spiritual Power to the 44th level.

He took off and soared to the center of the Redcrown Mushroom cap. He sat down with his legs tucked beneath him and started running Genuine Qi around his body as he practiced the fifth level of the Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emyrean.

“Devil-taming Mysterious Fetus Heaven.”

The Genuine Qi from the Qi Sea in his lower abdomen poured out from his 36 Meridians. It gathered around Zhang Ruochen’s navel, forming a Qi vortex.

The navel has been called “the root of one’s inborn Qi.”

A fetus can survive and grow thanks to an umbilical cord that links it to its mother’s Blood Meridians.

After leaving the mother, although the umbilical cord is cut, the navel does not completely lose its function.

Some practitioners could use some special methods and open up a second Qi Sea beneath the navel. This was known as “the mysterious embryo.”

After reaching a certain realm in the fifth level of the Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emyrean, one could open up a second Qi Sea and practice “the mysterious embryo.”

However, because Zhang Ruochen had just begun practicing the fifth level of Scripture of Emperor Ming’s Emyrean, he could only condense a Genuine Qi vortex under his navel.

“BOOM!”

The vortex split as Genuine Qi poured out like air columns from ten thousand pores all over his body. It first turned into a green flame, and then into a fire cloud, completely enveloping the 9-meter-wide Redcrown Mushroom.

The Genuine Qi refined the Redcrown Mushroom into fine powder. Then the powder traveled into Zhang Ruochen’s navel, and from there, into the 36 Meridians of his body.

After 15 days of refining, Zhang Ruochen finally absorbed all of the Redcrown Mushroom into his body. It merged into his bloodstream, Genuine Qi, bones, and sinews, becoming part of his body.

At the same time, he swallowed a large amount of Half-Saint flood dragon blood to help stabilize the vast energies from the Redcrown Mushroom acting on his body.

Zhang Ruochen had not expected that a large part of the vital essences from the Redcrown Mushroom and the Half-Saint flood dragon blood would be absorbed into his bone structure. His martial cultivation now broke through to a new level—the Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

The Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm was called “Bone Refining to Jade.”

The Third Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm caused Zhang Ruochen’s bone structure to turn lustrous and translucent like white jade, exuding a faint white glow.

Even with a layer of skin and flesh, one could make out the shape of his skeleton.

All 206 bones in his body seemed to have gotten a life of their own and were absorbing Spiritual Qi.

His white jade-like bones were soaking up Spiritual Qi. After constant tempering, his bones had become even more resilient. Even the bones in the innermost parts of his body had turned jade-like.

Zhang Ruochen felt that his physical strength had at least doubled.

After five days of refining, Zhang Ruochen had completely absorbed the Redcrown Mushroom into his body. As expected, his Spiritual Power immediately reached the 44th level.

Zhang Ruochen stood up and stretched out his palm. BAM! A purple lightning ball the size of a pigeon egg materialized above it.

It was a Level One Magic Art—Spherical Lightning.

Prior to this, Zhang Ruochen had not practiced this sort of spell.

With his current Spiritual Power, all he needed now was to visualize a Level One Magic Art in his mind, then he could easily exude its power.

Chapter 590: Wuwang Inn

In other words, once he reached the 44th level in his Spiritual Power, Zhang Ruochen could utilize any Spiritual Spell involving a thunderbolt.

Of course, it was not so easy for him to cast a Level Two Magic Art spell. He needed to study for several days before he could master it.

As for the Level Three and Four spells, he needed to spend an even longer time to study them.

Even though he had not mastered any powerful, high-level spells, he was able to fight the weaker Monks of the Eighth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Moreover, he had just reached the 44th level in his Spiritual Power.

With the increase in his Spiritual Power, his real power would increase as well. He would soon be able to fight a group of Monks in the Ninth Change of the Fish-Dragon Realm.

If he could raise his Spiritual Power to the 45th level, just one more, he would become a Spiritual Half-Saint.

Although it was just one level from the 44th to the 45th level, there was a huge, unimaginable gap between the two. One belonged to the earth and the other to the heavens.

Zhang Ruochen spent another six days trying to master and consolidate his martial cultivation and Spiritual Power in the new realm.

“It’s almost time. I’d better leave for the county town of Cyan Cloud County to carry out my Holy Stones transaction.”

Zhang Ruochen stood up and flicked away the dust on his shoulders. He left the Scroll World and entered the desolate hills outside Liyuan City again.

Liyuan City was 6,000 kilometers away from Cyan Cloud County. An ordinary man would take four months to complete the journey, travelling at the speed of 50 kilometers a day.

But Zhang Ruochen was a Master of Spiritual Power. He took far less time than a normal person to reach his destination.

“Rolling Thunder Skill.”

Zhang Ruochen mobilized Heaven and Earth Spiritual Qi and turned them into powerful thunderbolts. Flashes of lightning condensed around his body and wrapped him within.

BOOM! A loud crash of thunder resounded over the fields. Zhang Ruochen soared into the clouds like a streak of lightning and flew far away.

Rolling Thunder Skill was just a Level One thunderbolt spell. It was not that special.

But Zhang Ruochen’s Spiritual Power had reached such heights that even a Level One Magic Art would take on great power. His speed was increased to a terrifying level.

At dusk, Zhang Ruochen finally reached the outskirts of Cyan Cloud County. He dashed down from the clouds and landed on the ground.

“Ch-ch!”

The lightning streaks around his body slowly dissipated.

“No wonder a Master of Spiritual Power is more powerful than a warrior. A warrior can only fly when he reaches the Half-Saint realm. But a Master of Spiritual Power needs just a spell to fly in the sky or tunnel underground.”

Zhang Ruochen did not know that he could keep casting spells and flying thousands of miles because his Spiritual Power was so strong.

A Master of Spiritual Power at the 40th level would have been exhausted, crawling on the ground.

Navy-blue walls, 50-meter wide moats, towering altars, lofty tactical towers... Cyan Cloud County was several times bigger than Liyuan City. It imparted a feeling of quaint solemnity, as if it had witnessed much.

An ancient city.

In the eyes of the Evil Warriors, everything was based on interests. Whoever had the toughest fists spoke the truth. These warriors resembled a plate of scattered sand, unable to know how to govern the world or how to guide their people.

In a word, it was incredible to see such an orderly, ancient city within a land of chaos.

Zhang Ruochen did not go to Wuwang Inn after entering the county town. Instead, he went to a vehicle dealer and bought a savage beast carriage.

The savage beast pulling the carriage was an inferior-class level-three beast called the Single-Horned Tiger. It had a massive body, and it was very strong.

Why had he bought a carriage?

It was to transport the Spiritual Crystals used for purchasing Holy Stones.

Duanmu Ya had said she could sell him three Holy Stones. Zhang Ruochen needed to prepare 33,000,000 Spiritual Crystals for three Holy Stones, at the price of 11,000,000 Spiritual Crystals per stone.

Since Zhang Ruochen already knew Mu Lingxi and Duanmu Ya were together, he could not use the Spatial Ring. He could only carry the Spiritual Crystals with a carriage.

Zhang Ruochen could trust Mu Lingxi. But he had come to the Eastern Evil Land in order to kill the young master of Black Market Excellence Hall.

It was a very dangerous operation. He did not want Mu Lingxi to join him.

Therefore, he could not let Mu Lingxi know his true identity.

He could only tell her after he had killed Di Yi.

Zhang Ruochen reached a street near Wuwang Inn and stopped for a while. He released his Spiritual Power to test the area around the inn.

No matter what, Duanmu Ya was from the Demonic Sect. It was reasonable for her to prepare an ambush for Zhang Ruochen. Zhang Ruochen had to be extra careful. He needed to ensure that he could deal with her if she intended to kill him and take his money.

There was no ambush around Wuwang Inn.

“The Moon Worship Demonic Sect is indeed more principled in their dealings than the Black Market.”

Zhang Ruochen smiled and re-gathered his Spiritual Power. He continued driving the carriage and arrived outside Wuwang Inn.

Duanmu Ya stood on the fourth floor of the tower. She saw Zhang Ruochen’s carriage from a distance and immediately dispatched her people to bring him into the inn.

The carriage entered Wuwang Inn and arrived directly in the rear courtyard.

By now, dusk had fallen and the sky had darkened.

Many colorful lanterns had been raised inside Wuwang Inn. These hazy, colorful lights illuminated the night scene surreally.

Duanmu Ya was wearing a white lace dress. She stood beneath the lanterns, watching the arriving carriage and laughing in the distance. "Master Zhang, you are so bold! The men from Blood Cloud Sect are all looking for you, yet you have dared to just march right into our county town."

The savage beast carriage halted.

Zhang Ruochen stepped on a shaft of the carriage and disembarked. He asked, "Boss, where are the Holy Stones?"

"Don't you think my charms are a match for the Holy Stones?"

Duanmu Ya walked over to Zhang Ruochen, her firm-yet-supple breasts quivering. Every curve of her body exuded a seductive charm.

Zhang Ruochen felt a faint aroma assault him, and he could not help retreating a step.

Duanmu Ya looked hurt. She said, "Master Zhang, why are you so unappreciative? I'm most grateful to you for killing Fang Jie and Cao Ying, and I would like to show my gratitude. Why are you avoiding me? Your actions make me very sad."

Zhang Ruochen replied, "If Madame is really grateful, please let me have the three Holy Stones for free."

"The Holy Stones are too precious. I can't make this decision. Why don't I offer... myself to Master Zhang?"

Duanmu Ya walked over to Zhang Ruochen and observed his eyes and figure up close. She discovered that this man really did resemble Zhang Ruochen.

Could what Lingxi said be true? Was he really Zhang Ruochen?

"SWOSH!"

Duanmu Ya attacked him swiftly, trying to remove his metal mask.

At this moment, she was merely two steps away from Zhang Ruochen. Her arm whizzed through the short distance with the speed of a Monk of the Sixth Change in the Fish-Dragon Realm.

Her move was so unexpected that she had confidence she could unmask him, no matter how skilled he was.

Duanmu Ya's fingers were about to touch his neck. Suddenly, Zhang Ruochen took one quick step backward. He shifted and reappeared at the top of the carriage.

Zhang Ruochen stared at Duanmu Ya from his elevated position and asked coldly, "Boss, what do you mean by this?"

Duanmu Ya chuckled and said, "Don't get me wrong, Master Zhang. I am just wondering what the Master of Spiritual Power who killed Fang Jie and Cao Ying looks like."

Zhang Ruochen cast his eyes in the darkness. He had discovered Mu Lingxi's aura.

"Do they suspect my identity?" said Zhang Ruochen to himself.

Zhang Ruochen's eyeballs rolled. He decided to finish the transaction quickly and leave at once before anything happened.

So he pretended to look angry, and he said in a deep voice, "I'll close a blind eye to what just happened. Why don't we begin our transaction, Madame?"

Zhang Ruochen leaped down and took out a two-meter tall copper-overlaid iron box from the carriage.

Within the box was a gigantic crimson Spiritual Crystal, as tall as a human. It resembled a luscious, divine gem, giving off fiery flames.

After the iron box was opened, the surrounding temperature soared rapidly.

Zhang Ruochen said, "This is a top-grade fire nature Spiritual Gem. It weighs 15 tons, and it can be cut into 8,000 highest-grade Spiritual Crystals. What do you think of its quality, Madame?"

Duanmu Ya carefully scrutinized the Spiritual Crystal within the box and nodded appreciatively. "The Spiritual Gem contains the Qi of a Flood Dragon. If I'm not wrong, it must have been excavated from the body of a Flood Dragon Lord."

She was right. The top-grade Spiritual Gem had been excavated from the body of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King.

Duanmu Ya folded her arms in front of her breasts and smiled coyly. "8,000 top-grade Spiritual Crystals are equivalent to 8,000,000 ordinary Spiritual Crystals. That's still very far from our total price of 33,000,000 Spiritual Crystals."

Zhang Ruochen simply smiled and removed another box from the savage beast carriage.

Inside the box was the tendon of a Flood Dragon.

"The tendon of a Flood Dragon Lord is worth 3,000,000 ordinary Spiritual Crystals. The tendon and the top-grade Spiritual Gem are worth 11,000,000 Spiritual Crystals—the price of one Holy Stone."

"Master Zhang, if you have other treasures, please bring them all out at once." Duanmu Ya smiled.

"No, that's all I have."

Zhang Ruochen added, "If Madame trusts me, I can bring you the complete skeleton of a Flood Dragon Lord tomorrow."

Zhang Ruochen had originally planned to bring the skeleton of the Black Skeleton Flood Dragon King to Wuwang Inn. But it was simply too massive. At over 100 meters long, it was heavier than a hill. The Single-Horned Tiger simply could not haul it.

So, Zhang Ruochen could only bring the Spiritual Gem and the tendon of the Flood Dragon first.

Duanmu Ya pretended to think for a moment before saying, "If you could remove your mask and let me see your face, I would believe you. And, I would put the Three Holy Stones in your hand at once."

At this moment, Mu Lingxi entered bearing the Three Holy Stones. She walked in from the darkness and stood by Duanmu Ya's side.

But Mu Lingxi's watery eyes were constantly fixed upon Zhang Ruochen. Her eyelids did not blink even once.

"Hide? How long can you hide? Don't you trust me?"

Looking at the man with a metal mask up close, Mu Lingxi was even more convinced that he was Zhang Ruochen.

Had Duanmu Ya not reminded her beforehand to keep calm, she would have dashed out to Zhang Ruochen, unmasked him, and forced him to answer her questions.